

A Time of Poetry

Goldfinch60



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

summary

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My River Awaits

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'Escaping from Life's Prison.

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Count Rainbows.

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Goldie Christmas.

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For Hilary and Mike.

Happy Christmas MPS.

Shakespeare verses Conan Doyle.

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Realising Belief.

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The Moon - Senryu.

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Ravishing Rioja.

Edge - Co-Written by Goldfinch and Hood.

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Watta Lotta Excrement.

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Help Me Lord.

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My World of Age.

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The Man in the Mirror.

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The Intensity of Silence.

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Calliope Asks.

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Church Meeting.

The Return of the Dove.

Oh What a Beautiful Morning.

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The Cost of Nature.

Changing Clouds.

Rare Day.

Soul Centre.

Contentment in Wine.

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The Sea of Life.

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Tablet Trouble.

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This Old Codger.

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Love Unknown.

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Lifes Tanka.

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New Life 2020.

Morning Stranger.

Pot of Gold.

Wishing for More.

The Force of Destiny.

The Glory of Life Acrostic

Status Quo.

Saturday Meal.

Hair Dyed.

Wonder and Delight.

No Regrets.

What Happened to Yesterday?

Released From Despair.

All Was Well.

Every Time I Walk.

The Good Life Acrostic.

Unique Nature.

Chet.

Beauty.

Golden Girl.

Live to Die.

Stars Shine.

Cheating Exercise.

Star Trek Lives.

Garden Boundary.

Music and Lyrics.

Respect.

Mr Myers.

Touching 2.

Arguing with Myself.

Starlight Acrostic.

Starry Eyed and Laughing.

Clothes Flattener.

Music is My Life.

Do Not Look Back.

Kathleen.

Hello Gorgeous.

If Only.

The Two Ladies.

Wandering in the Wood.

Each New Day.

Listening to Ella.

Extended Life.

The New Day - Senryu.

Star Spangled Soul.

Shown the Way.

Out Beyond the Ideas.

Andy's Tin.

Hothouse Plant.

Such a Wonderful Day.

Solace of Time.

My Valentine.

Nature's Glory for Me.

What is in Your Life?

No, There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

Do You Tread the New Path?

Sixty Nine Acrostic.

Birthday Drive.

Handels Music Flows Senryu.

Beauty Within.

Where Music Takes Me

Day Wonder.

Acrostic for Helena.

Just For Me.

Is She a Bad Mother.

Waiting at the Tip.

Being Bilingual.

Lost in Words.

Stoicism Acrostic.

Whose Round Is It?

Art Where No Men Tread

Ennio Morricone.

Not a Bad House.

Guilty People.

Poet's Day.

It's Your Road.

My Grandchildren.

Got That.

Coded Haiku.

Towards My Lover. Senryu. (Plus answer to coded Haiku)

In These Strange Times.

In My Long Life.

No Separation.

Steaming Entitlement.

Adrift With Nature.

I Love You

Refilled.

I Was There.

A Moment in Nature.

A Happier Place.

Thinking Back.

So Many Happy Times.

Struck Down.

Imagination and Dreams.

What Else Would I Want?

Guilt Trip.

In Life FIB

Star of Eternity.

Smile For All.

From There to Here.

Two Way Clouds.

I Hear Music FIB.

The Sixties, Was I There.

MSM

Is History Right?

Bottles of Pandemic.

Back to School.

It Rained.

Times of Youth.

Steph at Thirty.

New Consideration.

No Edgeways.

One Heart.

Natures Glory.

Driving in the Rain.

Experiences Enjoyment.

Carol's Autumn.

That Smile.

Tosca Acrostic.

Bohemian Rhapsody.

Stop Washing.

Behind Their Peers!

Twice Taken.

Mine to Enjoy.

Hiss Undone.

I Walk Onto the Lawn.

Still in Love.

Pictures at an Exhibition.

No Return.

Driving the Other Way.

Absolutely Stunning!

That Annoying Drop.

Tame Your Unquiet Minds.

Balls.

Clarity and Freedom.

Diverse Paths.

How Are You? Goldiku.

Weird Enjoyment.

Oxtail Stew.

Opening and Shutting Doors.

Together.

Pyotr Ilyich.

Touched by Literature.

Stella.

Venus Destroyed.

Hippie Am I.

Before Lockdown.

The Queen of Sheba.

Littered with Masks.

Sex Saves Lives.

Where Am I.

Cheese Straws.

Hope is There.

Will She Sing to Me?

Shallow Brown.

Laughter For All.

Autumn's Glory.

The World at My Table.

Playing Fair.

Kathleen Sings To Me

New Joys.

Another Year Gone.

Cleansing Our Lifetimes.

Happiness Butterfly.

Happy Trad.

Laughter Wins.

Missed With a Smile.

Another One of Those Times.

Sometime Life Happens.

Goldie and Orchi at Hastings.

Death Missed.

Very,Very Fast Food.

Driving Into Daylight.

Into Your Future.

caring church minister.

Chemistry of Love Acrostic.

Lost Pictures.

The Man From The Pru.

Awash With Sunlight.

In The Last Century.

Darkness to Light.

Time Restabled.

My Place of Dreams.

Tides of Fortune.

Language and Music.

Summit of Life.

The Witching Hours.

Autumns Wonder.

Survive Limerick.

She Was Back Once More.

Violence Solved?

Smiles Are Always There.

Lockdown Once More.

Total Confusion.

Happy Anniversary Joyce.

The Unknown Is Out There.

Cinema Paridiso.

Winning.

Sugar Coated.

Where Did This Come From?

Such a Good Start.

Here We Go!!

Keys Lost.

Hippies.

Beginner to Winner.

Into Another Place.

How Far.

This Moment.

With Every Step.

It Is So Easy.

Nature's Comfort.

In My Mind.

Always There For Me.

Where Nobody Has Gone Before.

Choice.

Emotive Tears.

Life Changer.

CAD.

With Nature Once More

Strictly, Here I Come!

Morecombe 2

She Was Standing There.

To School.

Brubeck Lives On.

Happy Birthday Joyce.

Tapestry of Words.

More back In Return.

The Village Ghost.

The Moon's Call.

Dream a Little Dream.

Two Muses.

What Was Wrong!

Changing the Ending.

Farewell to Stromness.

Kept Away?

Death Is A Moment. Senryu

Strange Lady.

Killing People!

My River To Eternity.

Happy Birthday Chet.

Wet Stupidity.

Christmas Day's Upon Us.

Some Things In Life.

As I Sit Here Thinking.

Treasured Moments.

Snow Happy Family.

Infinite Travel.

Tomorrow's New Day.

New Year Limerick.

Symphony of Harmony.

Seeing People.

She Is Always There - Tanka.

Croquet in the Snow.

That Place of Peace.

Gerry Marsden RIP.

Passed Into Our Future.

Maybe I Am Old.

Memories of Poetry.

Where Would I Be Without It?

Old Laughter.

Lockdown Life.

Better Ones To Come.

Emotional Art.

Laughter Acrostic,

Snooker Limerick.

In Reality.

Mirror Image Goldiku

Oh Look!

We Are Still Here.

I Await Expectantly.

For Eternity.

Magic Moments.

Wordiku Seven.

That Clock.

Goldfinger.

Another Happy Day.

The Eighth Trumpet.

That Photograph.

What Words?

Use By Date?

The View From The Window.

Steps Into My River.

No Holidays.

Numbers Do Not Exist.

Led To Wagner.

It Is Back.

Love For Eternity.

The Green Disappears ? Haiku.

Talking On The Screen.

One At A Time.

Resurrected Flower.

The Power Of Music.

Peaceful Buzzard.

That Handbag.

The New Day

My Star Of Dreams.

Beautiful River.

Is It Art?

New Door.

The Fountain.

Feeling Poetry.

A Good Day.

Scream Graffiti.

Mind.

Goldie Limerick.

Snow Moon.

Meistersingers.

Love Is Forever.

Beauty of Age.

Ahmed.

Words To Moments.

Getting Older.

Never Parted.

Zoom Coffee.

Nothing Would I Change.

Windmills Of Your Mind.

Minds Your Into.

Never Forget.

Duty Of Love.

Corona Kids.

Aah Bach.

Daily Door.

Roadwork Gods.

A Single Flower.

One Day More.

My Life With Nature.

Morning Present.

Stepping Onto The Lawn.

Even In The Darkness.

One Day When.

Playing In Heavens Band.

The Old Man.

Perfect Afternoon.

Zadok The Priest.

This Wonderful Game.

So Little Time

The Great Indoors.

Another Wonderful Day.

Best of Both Worlds.

Vacancies.

Radiant Love.

Imagine If You Will.

Vincent.

Musical Opening.

British Springtime.

Almost Praying.

All Will Be Fine.

Island Heaven.

Light In Our Lives.

Truthful Lives.

Doggerel Dave Limerick.

Life Book.

Ignorance Reigns.

Talking With My Brother.

Bookitis.

Dancing In Her Arms.

Custer.

New Light Ahead.

Good Lives For Each Of Us.

In My Dreams.

Virtual Event.

Visions Senryu.

Guilty Pleasures.

Only The Lonely.

Covid Jabs.

Light Ghost.

Life FIB.

Worried Days.

This Wonderful Life.

That Journey.

Musical Glory.

Paying For My Haircut!

All Through The Night.

Early Morning Love Noise?

Painting To Music.

Coffin Dodger.

The Light Of The New Day.

Life Anchors.

The End Of The Day.

Work Enjoyment.

Love Day

Unjustified Violence.

She Found Herself.

Golden Girl.

Experience Counts.

Nothing To Prove.

Laughter On The Lawn.

What Is A Youth.

And The Wind Blows.

Diogenes.

Sentimentality.

Creating Happiness.

Is The Livin' Easy In Summertime?

Mary Lou Williams.

What Is Tomorrow?

British Summertime.

People In Life.

Happiness.

Exist For Eternity.

Daily Drops.

All's Well.

Natures Symphonic Day.

Orchid Love.

The Day Is Ended.

Tears Stream Tanka.

So Very Long Ago.

The Man In My Life.

Humanity and Love.

Am I Just Getting Old?

Emotions Pour Out.

Which Is The Greater?

My New Lady.

Sanctuary of Peace.

All Through Music.

Calmness Abounds

Match Mask.

What Is Life?

Memory To Come.

The New Day Ahead.

I Arise.

Another Year Gone;

Picture of Love.

One Step At A Time.

Red Dress.

Lost In Artwork.

But Is It Poetry?

Infinite Universe.

This Light.

Under The Hammer.

My Little Boy.

My Love Of Nature.

Book Time.

The Last Words of the Night

Across the Kitchen Floor.

Has He Returned?

Telephone Trepidation.

Where None Have Visualised Before.

Passed The Universe.

At The Top Of The Hill.

Field Of Dreams Tanka.

I Awake Into A New Day.

The Lost Words.

Live As You.

Hippie Warning.

At One With Nature.

Age Of Wisdom.

Love's Home.

No Longer At Home.

Singing Once More.

The Sixties, I Was There .

Night Club Time.

Stumbling Blocks.

The Kiss In The Wind

New Bloom Tanka.

Something For Yourself.

Just Conversing.

Sit In The Garden.

The Light Of Music.

Croquet At Broadwas.

Experience Learned.

Life Storms.

Father And Son Togther.

Recovering From The Shock.

Love Is There.

Another Fine Day Haiku.

Winner Takes All.

Oops!

Incoming Waves.

Life With Nature.

Disposable People.

That Music.

Laughter All Around.

The Lady In White.

Clouds Of Life.

The Greengocers Shop.

HOW MANY!

Lonely People.

Their Last Day.

River Spirit Senryu.

Road Works God.

Looking Around.

A Night At The Opera.

Where Did The Time Go?

Do I Qualify?

That Ideal Place.

Into The New Light.

Guilt Is There.

Thankfulness.

It's Not My Problem.

Starwatch.

Worry.

Music Revelation.

Smaller Balls?

Look At The Moon

Wasted Day - Almost.

Slow Train.

Decisions

Their Lips Move.

Lets Sing Again!

Nelson Went To Battle.

Just Waiting For Me.

Dowlish Wake

Freedom Found.

Yesterday, Tomorrow, Today.

Technology Passed.

Shark Cloud.

The Gravyard.

Who Dunnit?

Woodpigeon And Me.

Moonlight.

Natures Gymnopodie.

La Traviata.

Our One God.

Into The Authors World Tanka.

It's What Life Is.

There Are Good People.

The Rest Is History.

Grief Safe.

Jazz Was Back.

Reinforced Love.

A Very Bad Accident.

Surprisingly More.

Keep Walking.

Music To Infinity.

Did It Rain?

The Light Of My World.

As Autumn Comes.

The Echo Of Voices.

It Happened Again.

Nature's Orchestra.

Removing Boundaries.

So Many Days.

Nine Hundred And Fifty Five Years Ago.

She Was My Sun.

Cloud Art.

Where Music Rules.

An Individual Is A Community.

The Good In Life Tanka.

Plucked Strings.

I've Been A Good Boy Today.

My Two Ladies.

Age Celebration.

Finding Old Music.

People Do Not Care Rant.

Dad's Back.

Coincidence

Good Times FIB

I Paid For That!

Eternal River.

Vacancy.

The Glory Of My Llife.

Eternal Love.

What Traffic?

Madly Flowering.

Come Outside.

No Chips!

Day Of Rubies.

Cooking Curse.

Left A Memory.

Waiting For What.

Shining Brightness.

Problems or Challenges?

True Love.

Singing With Angels.

Backgammon To Croquet.

Walking With Trees.

Into A New Day.

The Greatest Gift.

Freedom Abounds.

What Failing Memory?

Don't Think Too Much.

A Man Of Infinite Leisure.

One Of Our Favourites.

Lost Worries.

Solitude Acrostic

Dip Your Brush Into Sunshine.

From Experience.

Be Careful.

What Ghost!

Looking.

We Never Know.

Everyday Acrostic.

Striped Tie.

The Lesson Of Life.

Floccinaucinihilipilification Acrostic.

Cherish People.

My Christmas Present.

Day Of Your Birth.

Croquet With Nature

Camel Drive or Putt?

The Final Rehearsal.

Taken Into Peace.

The Right Direction.

Trilby Lady.

Bigger Than We Can Imagine.

Shining Life Tanka.

Cards Sent.

Butterfly Mind.

Noisy Neighbour.

Daily Gifts.

Our Paradise.

What A Wonderful Day I Had Had.

Happy Birthday Again Chet.

Future Of Light

Dance The Day.

Christmas Senryu.

Trials Of Life.

Such A Lucky Man.

Singing In The Bar.

Raining In My Heart.

Respect.

The New, New Day.

No Washing Up!

Point A Finger.

Am I Now A Romantic?

Twelfth Night

Live Long And Prosper Acrostic

Looking Forward.

Drawing God.

So Much Music.

What If.....?

For The Tinkling Of Glasses.

Paul.

Leading To That Place.

Jacob Rees-Smogg. (sic).

Moments.

Feelings In Life.

Respect For All.

Empty Can.

After A Dream.

Is Anybody There?

Evading The Truth.

My Island of Peace

All That Jazz.

That First Sign.

Made Into One.

What Is Your Name?

The Jazz Quartet.

Hot Air.

Best Friends.

Unknown Answer

Beauty Within.

Snogging And Kissing.

Some People.

Is It Love?

My River And Us.

Question Of Sport.

New Life Ahead.

Sealed With Laughter.

Forever And Beyond.

This Is Me.

Multicultural Meal.

Thinking Old.

What A Wonderful Day 1.

The People Who Matter.

Love To Eternity.

Test Of Faith.

Each Day Is Special.

Filthy Acrostic.

Making It Perfect.

Rushing Waters.

Bringing Us Closer Tanka.

Struck Down.

At One With Nature Once More.

Who's God.

Singing In Love.

Starts Once More.

One Of Two.

Hooked.

Symbols Of Music.

Searching.

Space And Time.

Second Gift.

In The Game.

A Good Day On The Road

New Life Together.

Total Success.

More Wonderful.

That Book.

Schubert Starts The Day

Who Needs Perfection.

Love FIBS

Bridge Chatter.

Les Mis Took Me.

Taunting Muse.

Darkness To Light.

Moon Love.

Peace Like My River.

Being Kind.

Pain In The Proverbial.

Life Reset.

Am I A Romantic.

Don't Tell Anyone!

Back Together.

Accept Truth.

The Eruption Of Spring.

Sailing With Love.

To The Top Of The Hill.

World Piano Day.

Mary Had A Little Lamb 16.

Gutter Gardening.

Where I Need To Be.

Another Wonderful Day,

Four Seasons In A Day.

Ageless Love.

Escape to the Dark.

Differing Words.

Our Undying Love.

Acceptance In Life.

Hey - Hey Rise Up,

William Who?

Shining Love.

Strange Friend.

Full English.

Stronger Love.

Kitty.

Aged Tree.

Live Life. FIBS.

Stopped By Music.

New Life With Nature.

Touching Ways.

My YOUNGER Brother.

My Sunset Sky.

Deep Love Tanka.

Good Life Senryu.

Pedantry Limerick.

What Memory?

Children's Moments.

But The Wine Was Better.

New Wonder In Life.

Pictures At An Exhibition.

Helping Others Is Special.

Spring To Life.

Music Is My Life Once More.

Expensive Liquid.

Croquet and Nature.

We Do Not Understand.

Why Do I Smile?

Morning To Night.

Thank You Please.

Rising In Love.

Life From Rain Haiku.

I Am Behind You.

Chet Is There.

Bag O' Pipes.

Fur Elise Again.

No Croquet Today.

Haiku To Senryu.

Such Beauty Is Ours.

Wordiku Eight.

Bouncy Clouds.

Together Forever More.

To The End

Shadows Of Love.

The Code Of Delight.

Winner In Life.

Another New Day.

Naked Times.

Examining the Status Quo.

Be Positive In Life.

Walking To Infinity.

Sitting With Natures Realm.

New Life To Come.

My Life Of Music.

Life Is Wonderful Tanka.

Why Does It Happen?

Money Greed.

Emotive Art.

Came The Days.

Importance In Life.

Four Together.

Three For A Girl.

Why Do I write Poetry?

New Life Is Here.

Different Every Time.

Every Storm.

Camerton And Peasedown.

Non Existent Troubles.

Buzzard.

Fathers Day.

Seven Wonders.

Bumps And Creaks.

So All Is Well.

The Road Ahead.

Climbing A Mountain.

And Beyond.

Pigs Flying.

What Rain? Tanka

The Boat Of Pleasant Dreams.

Mighty Ocean.

Memory Moments.

I Am Becoming My Dad.

Happy Birthday Simon 47.

A Man Alone.

Leading To Eternity

Cry Of Pain!

Apathy.

So Good.

Love Forever FIB.

Wordiku Eight.

Red Lorry Yellow Lorry.

Hard Week.

Venerunt, Viderunt, Vicimus.

Cups And Sugar.

Into The New Day.

Mary Had A Little Lamb 17.

Natures Artwork.

At Specsavers.

Love And Nature.

Dream Car.

Wake Up World.

Leaky Day.

More Important.

Joy To All.

Calmness Into Reality.

As Each Day Dawns Acrostic.

Wonder In Life.

The Concert Ends Tanka.

Strange Dream.

There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

Laughter And Sleep.

Wonderful Life.

Dad Dancing.

RIP Uhura.

Through The Mist.

Harry Shalgosky.

The Lost Idea.

Wordsworth Reversed.

Life's Arrow.

Goldie And Orchi At Hastings.

And I Was Free.

Strange Sight.

Life's Library.

Ruined By Heat.

What Is Wisdom?

Keith Nichols.

Door Of Faith.

Early One Morning.

The Music Of Time.

Fresh Bread.

Changes In Time.

Trapped In A Telephone.

Thai Dining.

Uncaged Birds.

Laughter's Healing.

Creating Memories.

How Did That Happen?

Three Things.

The Final Over.

Peace In Music.

Resignation To Life.

Indispensable People.

Innocence.

Fiery Fred.

Experience.

Family Meeting.

We Met On A Crossing.

Nature's Anger Tanka.

Nature Enlivening.

Past And Future.

The Song Rang Out.

The Sea Of Eternity.

Songs Of Yore.

Never Regret Any Day.

She Is Poetry.

Harmony Prevails.

The Wonder Of Life.

Respect Of The Past.

As I look Back.

Cane Lady.

A Wise Person.

Addicted For Life.

Cygnets At Rest,

Deeds Of Love.

Fishermen's Friends The Musical.

Back To That Time.

Smoke Filled Days.

That Creation.

Just Unbelievable!

Morning Mozart.

What Abuse?

Stepping Stones.

That Special Time.

What! No Strawberries!

Forego Grudges.

Coffee Days.

Dame Janet Baker.

Bird Feeding.

Another Year Gone.

Reality From My Dream.

Good Friends.

Turn That Page.

Bad To Better.

Forever Memories.

Brilliance Or Kindness.

Ironing Goldiku.

Ten Sixty Six.

So Very Strange.

Smoke No More.

Thoughts In Life.

Natures Orchestra.

Strong Love FIBS

Finding Paradise.

Nelson Went to Battle 2

Music For Love.

Pie Fever.

Words Of The Wise.

Together In Jazz.

Big Band Swing.

Magic In Music.

Fond Holiday Memories.

Flowing Around Your Life.

Live In Peace.

Teaching Respect.

Bach Spoiled.

The C Word.

Treasures In Life.

Storms Of Clearance.

Brain Full.

Field Into Lake.

How Did This Happen?

They Are Here.

A Wonderful World?

Not My Problem.

For Remembrance Day.

Handels Music Flows. Senryu.

Warm Days

Lessons In Life.

Wishful Thinking?

My Good Life.

Glass Full.

Peace And Love.

Such A Glorious Day.

Scatter Sunshine.

Simon And Garfunkel.

Flaming Computers!

And It Rains.

Fulfilment of Life.

Creating Music.

Walking To School.

Protecting Moon.

Full Life.

Slithered Moon Haiku.

Bad Drivers.

Peace And Harmony.

Tomorrows Garden.

Blessed Laughter.

Stories Of Life.

Daily Teacher.

Nature's Life.

Moon Of Love.

The New Watch.

Joy And Freedom.

Long Life Pleasure.

And It Snowed.

Just A Shower.

Another Fine DAy.

New Life Of Wonder.

Be That Light.

Easy Lives.

Gratefulness.

Music In Life.

Why Can?t We Always be Like This.

Spring Approaches Haiku.

Together And Forever.

Liebestraum.

Prince Of Cool.

Fine Future.

For Mary.

Good Cheer To All.

Our Path To Eternity.

Each Day I Arise.

Imagine A Time Like This.

Raining In My Heart To Sunshine.

The Next Year Senryu.

Welcome New Year.

Observe Wisdom.

Death In The Night.

Weird Age.

Musical Travels.

Beautiful Destinations.

Believe In Dreams.

Tears And Joy.

Dad In The Mirror.

Keep A Smile.

Glory Once More.

Mozart's Morning.

Philosophy And Reason.

Walking With Nature.

Come On Tomorrow Senryu.

Dogs.

Paddy Power First.

Acromegaly.

Where Were You?

My Kind Of Day.

Painting On Silence.

Cannot Get Back.

The Knife's Edge.

Watson And Holmes Went Camping.

Laughter Acrostic.

That's Jazz.

Jacqueline.

Ageless Hippie.

Rainbows And Stars.

The Good Side.

Possibilities.

Compliments And Criticism.

Baldies.

Who Was There?

The Six Nations.

Music Remembered.

River And Time.

Dancing To Infinity.

Music To Clean By.

Individual Journeys.

Nothing For Granted.

To A Place Of Happiness.

Kindness Given.

Storm Clearance.

Beautiful Person.

Oldest And Youngest.

Kindness Of Snow.

Tomorrows Smile.

My Type Of Day

Better Is There.

Love Into Your Life.

Grateful Life.

Cloudy Coffee Day.

Blessings In Life.

Footprints.

AT OUR AGE!!

The Lost Idea.

Changes In Life.

Brain Awakening.

Respect Deserved.

But Is It Poetry?

Dancing With Joy.

Small To Large Steps.

Lost In The Cinema.

The Beautiful World Of Music.

New Way In Life.

Green Or Grey.

Hands Dealt.

As I Walk Forward Tanka.

Little Things.

The Innocence Of Pens.

What Is Time?

If Music Be....

Dullness Removed.

Nature's Cure-All.

I Can Deal With That.

We Are Here,

The Good Life,

Our Shining Love.

Isn't Life Strange.

Music Is Always There.

To The Stars.

Music In Time.

Negative Or Positive.

These Men Of Wales.

Another Year Together.

The Silence Within.

What City?

I.

This Empty Page.

Love Changes Everything.

Parting Question.

Singing In Harmony.

But Where Has The Time Gone?

The Day Is Here.

Slàinte Mhath.

Joyful Day.

Back In The Sixties.

Walking From The Mist.

Back, Forward and Today.

Beethoven's Grave.

Nature's Harmony.

Sheila.

Music Into My Heart.

Dodgy Dogs.

Knowledge And Wisdom.

Sculpture Of Happiness.

Make Love Not War Acrostic.

Into A Darkened Room.

Sorry I Am Alive.

Only By Giving.

I Have A Dream.

Thankfully Happy.

The Heartbeat Of The Universe.

Letting Go.

The Poem What I Wrote (Sorry Ernie).

Frog And Henry.

Signals?

Desire Achieved.

Earth's Music.

The Hill Of Life.

Biggest Mistake.

The Month Of May.

Spring Haiku.

Another Day Started.

Her New Chapter In Life.

We Have Memories.

Old Is Beautiful.

The Loss Of Family?

I Do Now.

Not The Place To Travel.

One In Life.

Air Instrumentation.

Life And Death.

Dancing On The Water.

Gratitude For Where We Are.

Lesson Not Disappointment.

Councillors.

Nature Never Disappointing

I Shall Be Back.

Problems To Opportunities.

Build A Table.

Book Life.

I Have.

Along The Seashore.

Love Of Nature.

Tad Newtons Jazz Friends.

Each Moment.

Hi-Yo Silver.

Marbles.

Form A Circle.

Cinema Paradiso.

Magical Life.

Were We Twins?

Musical Feelings.

Guys And Dolls.

The Magic Vase.

Confused Of Evesham.

Only Three Hundred Yards!

Indicating Beema.

New Life Is Good.

Missing Balls.

With People.

Blessed And Blasted Mahler.

Lost Words.

I Am So Very Happy.

What A Day.

My Wonder Of Life.

Our Hotel Of Peace.

Do We No Longer Care?

Our Journey To Eternity.

Leaving Today.

Guests?

Morecombe.

Django Alive.

Our Love For Each Other.

Memories.

Brass Band Day.

When You Are Gone.

My Lover Senryu.

Respect For Elders.

Laugh, Sorry, Dismiss.

Another Better Day.

Morpheus Sings.

Bebop.

Just Me.

I Believe.

Ignored By Others.

The Undarkened House.

Singing Our Hearts Out.

Freedom To Happiness.

Sunlight To Rain.

Welcome To The New Guard.

My Love Is All Around.

Haircut.

Challenges In Life.

I Will Remember That!

Sunrise To Sunset.

Tony Bennett.

Hooked On Rugby.

Today, Yesterday and Tomorrow.

The New Day Tanka.

Where All Was Beautiful.

Smile For More.

African Proverb.

Me A Pedant!

What If....?

Forever And Beyond.

Awake At Six.

A Flanders Tale.

Together Forever

Multicultural Evening.

Rock For Heroes.

Against The Flow.

Our Place.

Flaming Computers!

Tony Hudgell.

I Do Not Understand.

Miracles Written By Mary.

Jazz On A Suumers Day.

The Final Match.

Give What You Can.

Need To Be Right.

Can We Live Happily.

The Dahlias.

Don't Feel Bad.

A Superb Day.

Dame Janet Baker.

Three Balls.

Path Of Life.

I Have A Dream 2.

Peace At The End Of The Day.

The Glory Of Croome

Musical Language.

You Never Know.

And All That Jazz.

We Do Not Understand

Ludwig.

Seasons Of Love.

Life's Mistakes.

Angry Words.

Pointless Job.

Replace Coffee?

Such A Lucky Man.

No, There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

Madama Butterfly On The Lake.

Thank You Dad.

Our Issue In Life.

The Gentlemen's Game.

Lovely Mary Acrostic.

That Day Came.

God's Humour.

Four In Eternity.

Bouncy Clouds.

Dreams Of Peace.

The Joy Of Children.

Broken Heart Fixed.

Nature's Artwork.

Let's Eat!

Music To Normality.

In Among The Blackbirds.

Such A Beautiful Game.

Simple Life.

The First Rose.

Good People.

Jack's Depatrture.

A Good Day Today.

A Night AT The Musicals.

Twilight Three Ways.

Chaos Disorganised.

Golden Girl.

Gratefulness.

Simple Understanding.

How Old!

Gutter Gardening.

The Years Ahead.

That Wonderful Life.

Overheated.

The Walk Up The Hill.

Hilary Limerick.

Memories Of Brubeck.

That Day In 1066.

The Clock Strikes Six.

Digging Up Roads.

Our Love Goes On And On. (Written by Mary).

Calliope Inspiration.

Focus On Yourself.

Our Future Being.

Nelson Went To Battle.

I Will Be Back!

Afternoon Love.

Back Again.

Sun On The Sea,

In Spite Of The Rain.

Senility?

Breadwork.

Privilege Of Life.

That Glorious Game.

Confused Of Evesham 2.

Brubeck's Back

Hakuna Matata.

Beauty Is Light.

One Step.

Answering The 'Phone.

Our River.

Forty Two Years Today.

Be Thankful.

Fighting For Peace?

Abounding In My Life.

That Morning.

The Lady In The Van.

We Met On A Crossing.

One Day More.

Roll On This Evening.

Is It Me!

Happy Birthday Dad.

What A Wonderful World.

Our Deep Love.

In Her Little Room.

Love Of A Woman.

In Peace.

Look To Infinity.

Computing Starts.

Chopin's Nocturne.

Different Masks.

Waiting For A Saviour.

Arise In The Darkness.

My Barber.

Love Is The Sweetest Thing.

Grateful Life.

Against The Flow.

Walking With Autumn.

Mary Celeste.

Understanding Art.

Using The C Word.

The Band Of Joy.

I Stand On The Bridge.

Beauty.

Clothes For The Weather.

My Forward Path.

The Christmas List.

Meet Our Future.

The Cats Played.

What Happened To Pop.

The Game We Love.

The Optimist.

Status Quo.

Life's Exam.

Each New Day Haiku.

Understanding Silence.

The Longest Night.

Happy Birthday Chet

Blessings To All.

Harmonious Life.

Our Boxing Day.

Dreaming On.

Breakfast Music.

Generous Life.

To Eternity And Beyond.

Me? A Rugby Nut!

Let Love Be The Way Tanka.

The Checkout.

Line Dancing.

Walking The Beach,

Our Second Home.

A Man Of Strong Resolve.

Sunny Winter Morn.

Lunchtime Discussion.

Walk In The Woods.

Together As One.

A Pint To Remember.

Looking Out To Sea.

My Wonderful Daughter.

Unbelievable.

The Most Dangerous Animal In The World.

Glorious Sunny Morn.

My Spirit Of Life.

River To Sea.

Past And Future.

Broadway Is Closed.

Life's People.

The Irony Of Life.

That Beautiful Dress.

Filled With Laughter.

Shanty Time.

The Moon Looks Down.

Old Codgers Love.

Resilience.

Painting The Day.

Clouds.

Dance To The Silence.

Immortal Music.

The Six Nations Once More.

A Scruffy Man.

Welcome Shivani.

Understanding Love.

The Light Of Spring.

The Friday Boys.

House Is Home Tanka.

And It Rained.

Listen, Speak, Act.

I Want To Go Back.

The Future Of Stevie Mulrooney.

Pyracantha Battle.

Valentines Day And Beyond.

Fresh Coffee?

What Matters.

Answer Phone.

Sitting With A Harem.

Always Respect.

What Ghost!

Kathleen Sings Again.

Painting, Poetry, Music, Silence.

What Day Is It?

Father And Son.

The Friday Boys.

The Book Of Life.

March Birthdays! Tanka.

I LOVE YOU.

Time To Text.

Every New Day.

Freedom In Life.

Beauty Of Life.

Peace On Earth Acrostic.

Walking The River Of Time.

Looking Forward.

The George.

Joy, Love, Sadness and Hate.

The Hippies World.

Music And Love.

Dancing In The Rain Tanka.

Times Of Great Pop Music.

Guinness Is Good For You.

Shanties Getting Better.

Books Like People.

Art.

Oh What A Night.

The Isle Once More,

Our Isle Of Joy.

The Pub With No Beer.

Spring Equinox.

Today Is The Day.

The Final Over.

Calliope Acrostic.

Digestives.

Please Achieve Peace.

My Beautiful Lady.

Make The Days Count.

Words Tanka.

Dog Walking.

Happy Birthday Anne.

Examining Status Quo.

A Day Of Natures Symphony.

The New Season.

Strengthening Love Senryu.

So All Is Fine.

The Village Ghost

In Harmony Together.

Buzzard.

My World.

Cheltenham Croquet.

Unitarians.

Weak To Strong

Custer.

The Shadows Were Back.

Contented Happiness.

People Watching Once More.

Apathy.

They Came To The Door.

The Mountain Of Life.

Daily Artwork.

Our Love Will Never Die.

Nature's Blanket.

Struck Down.

The Happiness Of Life.

Peace, Love And Joy.

It's So Unusual.

My Saving Grace.

Music Conquers All.

For Eternity And Beyond.

Phone Cook.

Into Summertime.

Sibling Rivalry.

The Joy of Old Age

The one thing that we cannot stop
Is time, and getting older.
I have seen many things in my life,
Been on life's journey.
Laughed through childhood,
Lusted through teenage years,
Matured with marriage when I found love.
Enthralled by children,
Laughed with grandchildren.
Worked all my life
Until the day of retirement came.
As I now progress towards my end
I realise that I am a lucky man.
I have had a good life,
The ups and downs have been there,
But many more ups than downs.
In this latter time of my life
I realise that many responsibilities
And worries have decreased.
So I go towards my end,
Cherishing the freedoms
And the rewards of old age.

You Are What You Are.

In this life you see others,
Others who you want to be.
They may be better looking
And you wish to look like them,
They may be able to solve impossible problems
Problems that you don't understand,
Their art work may be sublime
Where you find it impossible
To draw anything recognisable,
They play music that tears the emotions from you,
But all you can do is make a strange noise,
They can write words of wonder and passion on a page
Instead of the ramblings that you create.
This state of mind is normal,
You may have something that others would like,
Compassion, kindness, generosity and love.
You cannot be anyone else,
You are what you are,
Everybody else is taken.

My River Awaits

I cross the road,
Walk down the familiar path
And there to greet me like a long lost friend
Are the Swans, gliding towards me,
They sail in silence
On My Friend, My River.
It is such a long time since the last time,
The time has been hard
With no time to walk by My River's side,
But I am back
It may even be just the once for a while.
As I walk along by its side
I can feel the smile growing,
And the peace starts to swell
Inside my body and mind.

"Teacher! Teacher!" I hear
As the Great Tit calls through the canopy,
The canopy of sycamore awaiting new buds
As Spring comes upon them, to bring new life,
To bring new life to all Nature.
Overhead I hear the Geese fly noisily
Towards the water,
The sound of their raucous voices
So noisy, so wonderful,
As I walk towards the bridge
The sound of the traffic seems muffled
In comparison.
Then over the traffics growl I hear children,
Children shouting and laughing,
Laughing on their way to school.

The bridge is above me,

Then behind me,
And now I am back with Nature.
The noise receding into the distance,
Leaving just Natures Symphony
Surrounding my being.
The Symphony having a moment of silence,
The silence that surrounds a Buzzard
As its gentle flight takes it above My River.
The silence is broken by the slap of wings
As the Woodpigeon take flight.
I look across the field and see a Magpie,
So beautiful in its white and blue iridescence.
I am pulled back to My River,
I hear and see ducks
Quacking in their flight
Just skimming above its surface.

As I move further into Natures realm
I see a cygnet slowly sliding by
Still exploring its new and wonderful world,
That world of absolute beauty and joy,
That world of which I am now part.
My River at my side,
My Mind clearing for a moment
As I see My river and My Spirit combine,
Both leading me to infinity,
One day I will follow its path to the end,
And be with it forever

I come to the paths end and turn back,
Back towards the life awaiting me,
Back to my love who needs me.
Needs me more and more each day
As she slowly glides into her own world,
The world where her mind is closing,
Closing inside a bubble of her own,

That bubble becoming stronger
And harder for me to penetrate.

I near the end of my walk and see the road
But as I reach the gate a blackbird is beside me,
Looking at me and seeming to say,
"Good bye, come back soon".

I know that I will be back,
My River awaits me
And is calling me,
To walk again by its side.

Stealing Mind and Body.

Every morning I come down the stairs,
And every morning I get lost,
Lost in a world of music and words.
I listen to the works of the great composers,
As I write these words Beethoven plays for me,
Taking me into his world of musical wonder.
Words flow onto the page with a stutter
As the music steals my soul,
I have to listen to those beautiful sounds.
The words then come back into my mind,
And they seem to write themselves
Onto this page,
And on many other pages.
Every morning I get lost,
Lost in a world of music and words,
Until that time the real world
Interrupts my glory,
And its reality steals my mind and body.

The Old Man

There he sat,
A man of many years,
Sitting quietly by My River,
Looking around
At the natural world
That surrounded him.
He would pause,
And a smile came upon his face.
I wonder what he was thinking?
Was he thinking of a happy time
Back in his long life,
Or was he smiling
On the joy of nature,
As it unfolded around him.
A look of sadness was seen,
Some memory of times gone by.
The smile returned,
And a look of contentment
Pervaded his face and his body.
As I looked at the old man once more
I recognised him.
That old man,
Was me.

Chet.

Yes, I was there when it happened;
The day he died.
I was always there, he depended on me,
And I didn't ever fail him; did I?
This man chosen by The Bird to play in his band;
Dizzy wanted him, and bebop rang out,
Loud and long, until that day
When he was joined with Gerry,
And the Quartet struck gold.
And that is when I joined him, this man
Who could play like a nightingale,
And sing like an angel.
All the time I was there, supporting this man,
Never left him, followed him all over the world.
He played those gentle tunes that we know
With a sound so mellow, that the birds stopped to listen.
That day when he went looking for me,
The saddest of all, beaten to a pulp;
No longer able to play for months but he found me,
I wasn't far away that day but not close enough
To protect him.
But he came back and the music swelled again
From this genius of Jazz.
Then came that day in Amsterdam;
Just the two of us in the hotel room.
I as ever supporting him
As he injected me into his arm.
He got up and stumbled, and as he fell from the window,
I was still there, when his eyes closed forever.

Watson and Holmes Went Camping.

Watson and Holmes went camping,
One fine, clear summer's day,
They pitched their tent in a large, green field,
Surrounded by high, bright, hay.

They sat round the campfire.
Holmes smoking on his pipe,
And Watson writing in his diary,
Which later he would type.

When at last they went in the tent,
As tiredness upon them crept,
They slid upon their camp beds,
And on them they just slept.

At three o'clock that morning,
Or maybe there about,
Holmes awoke with quite a start,
And to Watson gave a shout.

"Watson, wake and look, what do you see?"
"I see a clear sky full of stars,
With the bright moon shining over us,
And above me there is Mars"

"Your vision of the stars above
Dear Watson is not tricked
But all that I can now deduce
Is that our tent has just been nicked"

Live in Peace - FIBS

I
Climb
The hill,
The green sward
Flows all around me
As I commune with the glory
That the beauty of nature has allowed me to join.
I reach the top and see the light,
The light that guides me
In my life,
To live
In
Peace.

Searching for Answers.

In life you are always searching,
Searching for answers to unanswerable questions.
How can I make my life better?
How can I become a better person?
How can I help others?
You ask people what to do,
Can they help you in your search?
Always looking for that one person
Who can lead you to a better life.
There is only one person who can answer the questions
To get your life to the place you want it to be,
This person is always with you,
So to see this person,
All you need to do,
Is look in the mirror.

Face.

Looking at someone face
You see the normal things.
Ears, eyes, nose and mouth.
The chin, or maybe two,
Eyebrows, hair or none.
But all faces can show so much more,
Hate, despair, anger, jealousy, loathing;
Love, hope, calm, mercy, admiration.
So much to show, so many emotions.
Remember this though above all others,
If you fill your face with laughter,
There will be no room for crying.

Dementia - Senryu

It's so sad to see
My love full further into
Dementia's cruel world

Morpheus Sings.

The tune just would not go from my mind,
I came home from rehearsal
With the tune dancing with the endorphins
As they both raced around my head,
This wonderful tune had taken over my body.
The choir sang so well this night,
The enjoyment was almost tangible.
Then came this song,
New to the choir to sing,
But the tune so well known.
From the start the smile
On the faces of the singers broadened,
As they learned the four parts.
When the rehearsal ended,
The song was beginning to come;
The pleasure was already there

I reached home on a cloud of music
As the song still ran through me;
My beautiful wife was there,
Awaiting my return.
We had a drink and chatted
Until it was time for bed,
Into bed we went, to sleep.
Morpheus arrived,
But his arrival did not bring rest,
As all through the night
He was singing this glorious song to me;
"She was beautiful,
Beautiful to my eyes"

Vacancies.

I got off the train,
The new town,
Where my first job was found,
A new man in the world of work.

I have a room ready,
All I want is a young man,
Looking for lodgings,
I shall put up the sign, VACANCIES.

I need to find some digs,
I look up the street,
And there in one window,
I see the sign, VACANCIES.

There he is, coming up the path,
The young man, my new lodger,
He will stay for a long time,
I will make him so comfortable.

The door opens,
There stands a lady,
Not old but not young,
A welcoming smile, for me.

"I've been waiting for you,
Your room is already,
My name is Mrs Shaw
You will like it here."

"Hello Mrs Shaw,
My name is Mr Weaver,
I am sure I will like it,

It is a big house".

I take him up the stairs,
Passed the closed doors,
To the open door at the end,
This is his room.

I walk into my room,
Clean and tidy it is,
The bed looking comfortable,
I will enjoy living hear.

"Once you have unpacked
Come down to the sitting room,
I will have a cup of tea for you,
And some cake as well"

I put my clothes away,
Make sure I look tidy,
Go passed the closed doors,
Downstairs to the lounge.

I can hear him coming,
The tea is ready,
I am sure that he will like it,
My special brew.

There is quite a sight,
Around the room are animals,
Dogs, cats and parrots,
So still, all stuffed.

"How do you like your tea Mr Wilson?"

"My name is Weaver Mrs Shaw"

"Sorry Mr Wilson was here before"

"That is alright, milk no sugar please"

"Do you collect stuffed animals?"

"After a fashion,
Taxidermy is my hobby,
Been doing it for years"

I give him his tea,
He seems to enjoy it,
I do hope so,
I prepared it well.

As I sip the tea,
There is a unique taste to it,
It seems to taste of almonds,
I have never tasted that in tea.

Good he has drunk it all,
It will do him good,
I will keep this young man,
Here in my house.

That is odd,
I feel quite strange,
As if I am going to sleep,
I must be very tired.

It is working,
His eyes are drooping,
My work is at hand,
I will soon get started.

"You look very tired Mr Watson"
"The name is Weaver"
"Why don't you go to your room
And have a rest?"

I go upstairs,
Getting more and more drowsy,
I lay on the bed,
I fall asleep, and remember no more.

I go into his room,
He is still on the bed,
Ready for me,
To keep him forever.

I go into each room
As I go for my tools,
"Hello Mr Wilson,
You look well Mr Watson".

"Mr Weaver will soon be here,
Such a nice young man"
I get my tools, go to his room,
My hobby to start.

It is finished,
Three young men with me forever,
I must put the sign back,
And await the next.

I pass down the street and see the sign.
VACANCIES.

Custer.

A man of such vast riches,
We could never count his wealth.
Was going away on holiday,
To indulge his selfless self.

Before he went on travelling,
He asked an artist proud,
To paint a vast, large mural,
That would attract a stunning crowd.

He wanted a special type of work,
To depict the words of Custer,
As at the Little Big Horn fight
He and his troops did muster.

The man went on his sojourn,
To places far and wide.
Spending great sums of money,
With all those at his side.

Some weeks later he came home,
Fit and bronzed and tanned.
Still with loads of money,
Always close to hand.

He came into the room,
To see the artist's work.
And stood in shock and anger,
And called the man a burke.

A fish was standing upright,
With a halo up above.
And at its side were Indians,

Making wild and furious love.

As he turned with red-face anger
Towards the cowered man;
He said "Just what is this?
This was not the plan!

The man said, "It is what you asked for,
To show what Custer said.
And that's what I've depicted,
Just get it in your head!"

"With all those braves approaching,
Some several hundred millions,
He turned and shouted loudly
Holy Mackerel, Fucking Indians!"

The Boat of Pleasant Dreams.

I gaze into the night sky and see the moon,
The moon bathes me with subtle light
And brings peace to my soul.
I look further into the night
And the stars look back at me,
The stars so wonderful,
So mysterious.
One day I will be with the stars
As My Spirit moves from this body,
Travelling the Universe,
Transporting me into its never ending love.
The love that gives us all peace,
The peace of love,
As I sail to infinity
In the boat of pleasant dreams.

Acromegaly.

I wonder if.....?

Those were the glorious words
That stopped me sliding ever downward
To that black hole that was pulling
Me to the end of this existence.

Four in a million....

Were the odds of developing
This debilitating condition that was
So difficult to diagnose
I wonder if.....?

The registrar, newly qualified?
In discussions with her mentor
About my lack of sleep, never-ending
Headaches and absolute fatigue said:
"I wonder if.....?"

So then I was tested.
The blood so freely taken by anyone
Who seemed to want it.
Almost dragged from the street
As I passed any Doctors' surgery.

Then that day when the diagnosis
Was confirmed, the Doctor said
"Yes, This is what you have!"
"We will now need to operate,
Deep within your head!"

The surgeon, dressed in white,
All powerful to his pupils,
Full of confidence that relayed to me

The complete certainty,
That all would be right!

The surgeon came onto the ward
He told me that the operation may result
In my awaking with a headache!
I smiled as I told him that,
I was used to them by now!

Where does the time go?
I was talking to a Doctor as he
Anaesthetised me when, he changed,
Into a nurse asking me,
"Was I alright?"
.

Having lost four hours of my life.
Not knowing where the time went
Puzzles me.
Asleep you are aware of time passing
But not when drugged. Strange!

Where was the headache I was promised.
The old "friend?" gone at last!
Free from pain after so many years,
Was all going to be fine now, after,
Thirteen years of suffering!

God was back in my mind!
My faith lost; the last thing to go
As I fell into the pit of despair, that was
So hard for loved ones to cope with.
But God came back!

The ward, full of humour became
My home for a week, I laughed,

And I cried, although not of despair.
The staff also joking, laughing with me.
But the air professionalism, paramount!

I listened to music on the miniature player
That held much of the music that was important to me
So my thanks go to God and all of the staff,
To Johan Sebastian, Wolfgang Amadeus and
Ol' Satchelmouth himself!

Since leaving the hospital totally cured,
A second chance at life changed me!
I see things in a positive way, always looking for
The good, in both people and situations, despite
The pessimism of most!

So my thanks to the registrar who,
When discussing my case with her
Professorial mentor, that time back when she,
Uttered those words of such value to me
I wonder if.....?

(This poem has been both long in coming and in writing but I needed to write this, it is important to me ? AndyB)

Words on This Page.

As I lay in bed my mind cleared
And into it flowed words,
Words to write on this page.
Each one so meaningful,
They were of love,
Love for all around me.
My wife and family,
Always there for me,
As I am for them.
The glory of nature,
As I walk with it in its realm
Can be written
With the words in my mind.
Words that can bring bad and good to all,
But which must be used to bring good,
To this broken world.
The words are there to bring peace
To end the suffering of others,
To end all the tragedy around us.
The words are there,
All those in power need to do,
Is use the right ones,
And maybe the world will be saved.

Protecting Moon.

I awake with the dawn,
Look out into the pale blue sky,
And there shining on my life
I see the full moon shining brightly,
Heading towards the horizon.
Its job of keeping us safe,
Keeping us safe for another night,
Now at an end.
An end for us as it rises on others,
Keeping them safe in their night,
Looking down on them,
As it looked down on me.

She.

She is leaving this world,
She knows that death is calling her.
She has had a good life,
She has a loving husband,
She has a loving family,
She knows they will miss her.

She wants to come to peace
In the place that she loves,
That cottage on the beach
Where the sun always shines,
That place far away,
With her husband at her side.

They arrive at her heaven on earth,
Their last days together full of joy,
Full of love, and full of laughter,
Until that day when she knew,
She knew her end was near,
And her life on this world was ended.

She lay on the beach with her lover,
His arms around her,
Looking out to the setting sun.
She slowly rose and walked to the sea.
As she walked into the sunset
She looked back and saw herself
Laying there, as if asleep,
In her loving husband's arms.

As You Like It.

If 'All the world's a stage'
And "All the men and women are merely players"
Why do so many of them play bad people?
This stage that we live on could be glorious.
So much is in this world,
Enough for all,
But no, some want more,
Want to keep it for themselves,
No thought of helping others,
Only thinking of themselves
And not the starving or the dying,
That are leaving our world in droves.
One day I would like the world to be saved,
To be the place where all are at peace,
All are safe,
All are fed,
And love abounds around us.
The world would become a stage,
'As you like it'.

Dinner in the Dark.

In the dark of night I wander the streets;
Keeping to the shadows.
Waiting for that person
On whom I can perform my charm.
Women will be unable to resist me.
Men will want to be with me.
I wander on, and there they are,
That first unsuspecting person!
We walk together, talk together.
And as we go down an alley
To consummate the friendship,
I pounce!
Our lips start to come together
For that first wondrous, expectant kiss.
My lips move down to their neck.
My teeth stab into them
And I suck the blood from their body
Through the vein standing out before me.
I wander through the night,
Finding different victims,
Until at last I am sated.
I return to my coffin
Until the sun falls from the sky this evening.
Will you be out tonight?

Music Conquers All.

The lights go out
And there I am in the dark,
Just music as my companion.
The beautiful sounds,
Sounds of the orchestra
Playing the beauty,
The beauty and the wonder,
The wonder that is Mozart.
This glorious sound
Flowing around me,
Flowing in me,
Flowing through me
As I sit in the dark
Within the music.
My life is wondrous,
Mozart and I sharing the moment,
This moment of heaven,
This moment of Joy,
This moment where music conquers,
Conquers all the ills in the world.

Golden Girl.

The Golden Girl walks as though gliding on ice,
In a world of her own , where no others intrude
On the thoughts of her loves, that have long flown past.
She smiles serenely, at a moment remembered,
In a time, almost forgotten.

Others just watch the gentle sway of her hips
As she smoothly goes past them, ignoring their stares.
She's deep in her thoughts, for those whom she cares,
Only seen by the light formed by her blue shining eyes,
Of a time, just recalled.

The swing of her long blonde hair moves in time
With the gentle glide of her steps, that transport her,
Away from your view, into her past, that only she
Can unlock, with a key to a box recently found,
To a time, thought lost.

Time No Longer.

It is the one thing that is always there,
Always there in our lives,
It is both consistent and inconsistent.
Sometimes when things go badly
It just does not seem to move at all,
But when things are going well
It moves so quickly as if flying.
Time never stops,
It measures the length of our lives.
Those lives may have many years,
Or few seconds,
Each life is timed.
Flowing through our time,
Our time on this earth is our Spirit.
Our Spirit is always with us,
Never stops being with us,
Has always been there,
As it was before our birth.
As our earthly body ceases to exist
Our Spirit goes forward to infinity,
And as our Spirit goes on
We come to know
That time is irrelevant,
As there will be time no longer.

Falling Faith.

Faith!

Why should I have Faith?

Most of my life I have followed,

Tried to follow the Christian way,

The way of forgiveness,

That Jesus has shown us,

My wife more so.

But what happens?

Her voice is taken from her,

That voice which has sung your praises,

Sung them for over seventy years!

Now you take her body from her,

So she struggles to get to Church,

But still goes as her Faith is still strong!

And now you take her mind,

Can no longer remember,

Always repeating.

Even now losing her Faith,

Even she questions it,

As do I.

Is this a punishment to me?

What have I done?

Now she suffers

And now I suffer as well,

As my life is spent

Caring for the one I love.

Caring for her,

To keep her safe.

My Faith is going,

Hers is increasing,

But it is changing,

To have Faith in me.

But I am only human

And can only help
Until I fall,
Fall into a chasm of despair.

Towards That Place.

You enter life not knowing where you will go,
Or where you will end.
You see that path you want to follow,
The one that will lead you through life,
To the conclusion that you want.
Off you go following the way,
Suddenly there is a barrier,
And another path is needed.
Life is like that.
It has barriers and choices,
Choices that take you
From your chosen way.
When you reach the place,
The place where life has put you
You then realise
That you may not be
Where you intended to go,
But you may well have ended
At the place you needed to be.

The Unwritten Book.

When you read you are transformed,
Transformed into an unknown world,
A world where reality ceases to exist,
Only to exist in your mind,
And the mind of the author.
Throughout our lives we read continuously,
Reading good books,
And bad ones.
Always searching for that one book,
That one book that you want to read,
But it always seems to allude you.
Maybe then that book you want to read
And cannot be found,
Has not been written yet,
If that is the case, then,
You must write it.

A Man of Infinite Leisure.

The eyes open from a deep, dream filled sleep,
Dreams of joys and wonders that had filled his life.
His life's work, now at an end, work he had enjoyed,
But now completed, leaving time for complete relaxation.
Time to do the things he wants and wanted.
The things that became rushed while at work,
Now able to be done with ease, and time to spare.
That time for a gentle stroll in the park,
Enjoying the open space but filled with children's laughter.
The café by the River where he stops for coffee,
Looking at the water, gently gliding by.
The slow walk around the town,
Looking in shops, talking to friends he meets on the way,
No hurry to get away, no pressure.
Lunch beckons, so into the pub he goes,
A place where he is known as a gentle soul
Who has time for everybody, and his company enjoyed by all.
A pint, maybe two, to wash down a simple repast.
Chatting to and laughing with friends.
Lunch over so back home for a rest.
Changed into comfortable relaxing clothes
Music fills the air as he settles down to read.
The rest changes to a short nap.
Awaking again the music still a joy,
He listens to the notes entering his mind,
So relaxed, so happy.
Unhurriedly, he gets himself ready;
Tonight, dinner and the Opera,
With a lady friend, no ties
Just pure unalloyed friendship of many years.
An evening of good food, friendship and Verdi.
He parts from her at her door and slowly walks home;
Enjoying the stars shining down on this happy man.

A man of infinite leisure.

A Man of Infinite Leisure - alternate version.

The eyes open from a deep dream filled sleep,
Dreams of joys and wonders that had filled his life.
His life's work, now at an end, work he had enjoyed
But now completed, leaving time for complete relaxation.
Time to do the things he wants and wanted.
The things that became rushed while at work
Now able to be done with ease, and time to spare.
That time for a gentle stroll in the park,
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A pint, maybe two to wash down a simple repast.
Chatting to and laughing with friends.
Lunch over so back home for a rest.
Changed into comfortable relaxing clothes
Music fills the air as he settles down to read.
The rest changes to a short nap.
Awaking again the music still a joy,
He listens to the notes entering his mind,
So relaxed, so happy? So alone!
His wife now the angel seen in his dreams.
Their life so happy together,
But now he is on his own.
He must move on though
Until he at last comes to her again,
In that place where loved ones meet forever.
But at the moment he is doomed to be:

A man of infinite leisure.

I Wonder.

Most of us go through life
Following rules.
The supposedly correct way
To do those things
That living puts in front of us.
But as I age I look back,
Look back at those rules
And wonder.

They seemed to suit me,
Made my life happy,
Contented,
Free.
Free to come to old age
Feeling a life well spent,
But I wonder.

I wonder what I had lost,
Losing things in my life
Doing those things
That were expected of me,
Instead of doing those things
That I had wanted to do,
I wonder.

The Past is Another Country.

Through our lives we do many things,
Some are good, some are bad,
But each one adds to our experience.
That experience we take forward
Into our life ahead.
Each new day is an adventure,
An adventure into a new world,
Into a new place in our lives.
So as we go forward
We must remember
That the Past has brought us
To where we now are,
And that you must always go forward,
As the Past is another Country.

So Alone.

We met in supermarket,
Joe and I,
We meet every Saturday morning
And chat.
It started long ago
With just a nod of recognition
As we shopped early
On a Saturday morning.
It changed to a "Morning"
And then the odd word,
We found that we both loved rugby
And so our meetings became longer
Until at last we spent several minutes
Just chatting, always starting with rugby
But now we talk of many things.
This morning was different,
Joe said that he had gone to a local arboretum
And this saddened him.
He saw couples walking round
Holding hands or with linked arms.
He missed his wife,
Only gone a year ago,
He felt so alone,
In a place where couples roamed.

Nelson Went To Battle.

Nelson went to battle,
Against the French one day,
And saw three ships a coming
Right along his way.

"Fetch my Red Coat Hardy,
So that if I get a wound,
The blood won't show upon me
And ship's company will stay sound".

He beat those damned bad Frenchies
And sent his coat below,
Then sailed across the sea
In wind and rain and snow.

Another group of French ships,
Total thirty so it seemed,
And Hardy brought the coat again
Duly pressed and smart and cleaned.

Once more he saw the Frenchies off
With cunning, guile and power,
To him there's no way he'd give in
To that Gallic speaking shower.

Then across the horizon did he see
Three hundred ships bear down.
So again he called to Hardy;
"Fetch my trousers coloured brown!"

Now.

Each day passes too quickly,
We look back at all those days,
Those days we seem to have lost.
We then look towards tomorrow
Wondering what it may bring.
Will it bring joy?
Will it bring sorrow?
We may never know.
We must live for the now,
The now is always with us,
We can do something about it,
Now is our future,
Live it and be strong,
As tomorrow may be too late.

Aching With Pleasure.

I ache.

My legs ache from tapping my feet,

My arms ache from beating my knees,

My neck aches from nodding my head,

But it was all self inflicted.

All I was doing was sitting in a room,

Sitting in a room of over a hundred people,

Listening to music,

Listening to a band.

Not just any band,

But a Jazz band,

They were so good,

So very good.

I was in heaven,

The music they played spoke to me.

I could hear Chet playing,

Playing as though he was there,

And I was there with him,

And he was playing just for me.

Shades of The Bird came through,

Sailing up and down the saxophone.

All were supreme,

And they spoke to me,

Spoke through brilliance,

The brilliance of their playing.

The time went so fast,

So very fast.

I like and listen to Jazz of all types,

But if all Jazz were a dartboard,

And I was that dartboard,

They hit my bullseye.

Lost in a Book.

I picked up a book,
I opened it,
In I strode.
Now,
Nobody can find me.

To Infinity and Beyond.

I sit on the hill looking at all below,
The fields of green
So many shades,
More than my mind can count,
Each one distinct.
Each one separated from each other
By lines of stone walls,
Walls that go for miles.
Crossing each other,
Crossing in a myriad of angles.
The occasional space where gates stand,
Gates upright and closed,
Gates slanted and broken,
Gates on the ground,
Acting as a path or bridge.
Within this land stand trees,
Only here and there,
Windswept and alone,
Alone with nature,
Alone in its own world
As I am, as I survey my world.
Alone with nature,
At one with its glory,
And wonder.
I wonder at its beauty,
And know that It will be with me,
Be with me as my Spirit rises,
Rises above my life,
And continues,
Continues to infinity,
To infinity and beyond.

How Did That Happen?

How did that happen?
I was cleaning my glasses,
Listening to the Radio,
When the announcer said
That the Orchestra,
An Orchestra that I do not know well,
Were playing this, their last ever performance
At the Proms.
And this, their final encore, they played
In memory of their times together.
As the glorious sounds of Nimrod
Came through my ears, into my mind,
Tears just streamed down my face.
Why did that happen?

Banquet Places.

The banquet was about to be laid,
The great and the good ,
The rich and the bad,
Would all be there.
The great and the good,
Confidant in their goodness,
Saying nothing.
The rich and the bad,
Money their only God,
Bragging about their power.

The table was ready
The place names to be set,
The young waiter
Approached the Maitre'd
And asked "Who goes where?"
The Maitre'd replied:
"Those that care don't matter,
Those that matter don't care."

Saved By A Robin.

I was saved from death!
A herd of horses were charging at me
When suddenly the glorious sound of a robin
Woke me from my dream.
I lay there listening to the song,
The beautiful song of the bird.
Such a small creature
But such a loud sound,
Whose voice showed me the Glory,
The Glory of this world,
Where even horses are gentle.

"Where's My Stick?"

"Where's my stick?"

A question often asked

In our house,

"Where's my stick?"

My wife needs a walking stick

To get around in safety.

She walks from room to room,

Puts her stick down to do a job,

Walks off,

Forgets to use her stick

And then the shout comes,

"Where's my stick?"

And off we go searching,

Going from room to room,

Until the stick is found.

It had become a joke between us

"Where's my stick?"

We both now say it

"Where's my stick?"

And now we have decided

That on her gravestone

Must be the words,

"Where's my stick?"

Infinity.

I look into the void
And flow with the colours,
Flow into the mystery within,
The mystery within the art,
The art from the imagination,
The imagination of the artist.
The artist whose mind is full of colours,
Full of colours and words,
Both of which pull me into the ether,
The ether where I see the void.
The void which leads to immortality
The immortality of My Spirit.
My Spirit who comes from,
And goes to,
Infinity.

Dedicated to Michael Edwards. Thank you Michael for the inspiration.

Lost To Reality.

I sit here in my world,
My world of words,
My world of music,
Lost to reality,
Lost for so short a time.

Reality will soon come upon me
As I need to be there once more,
Be there for my wife
As she falls further into her own world,
Her world of forgetfulness,
Forgetfulness and repetition.
It is so very hard for me,
For me to see her fall.
This lady, my love, my soulmate,
This lady who brought love and joy,
Brought love and joy to all,
To all who knew her,
Now becoming surrounded,
Surrounded by a bubble,
A bubble of dementia,
A bubble that gets stronger,
Stronger and harder,
Harder for me to penetrate,
But I am here for her,
And will always be so.

My love for her always there,
A love that has never dimmed,
A love that is so strong,
And has strengthened,
Strengthened each moment,
Each moment of our lives,

Our long lives together.

So I value so much
My world of words,
My world of music,
Lost to reality.
These are my lifeline,
In my world of reality.

No Money In Good.

There is so much wrong with this world,
So many people suffering.
Suffering through lack of food,
Suffering through lack of water,
Suffering through abuse,
Suffering through war.
All these things can be stopped,
The world can be a good place for all,
The means and the money are out there,
Out there to protect our world.
But the bigger problem is the money,
As those who have the money
Want to keep it
Want to keep it and increase their wealth.
When faced with the ills in the world
All they look for is profit,
What is in it for them.
They realise that there is no money for them
If they do the right thing.
The right thing done in this world
Is just not profitable.
There is no money in good!

Acts of Kindness and Love.

As we go through our lives
We do many different things,
Others see us grow through experience.
Grow from the youngsters we once were,
Through the teenage years,
Into maturity and into old age.
During that time we are seen to do many things,
Some bad but hopefully mainly good.
There are many good people in our life,
And when you look into their lives
Some parts are unseen.
The best part of their lives are the little things,
Those little nameless unremembered things,
Those acts of kindness and love.

My Nemesis.

I look out of the window and see it,
See it standing there, innocent and still,
But I know it is dangerous.
My Nemesis and I have battled,
Battled over many years.
I normally triumph
But have never been left unscarred.
Today is the day,
The day when battle recommences,
The first time this year.
I clad myself in armour,
That armour covers all of me.
So weapon in hand I approach it,
I take a gentle swipe with my weapon,
My weapon of choice.
There is no reaction,
So another cut goes into my Nemesis,
And once more no reaction,
So bolder I go and swipe deeper,
Deeper through it,
Until at last I have won.
My Nemesis is defeated once more,
And I being left without a scar,
Makes the victory so much sweeter.
As I walk away it is watching me,
It will always watch me.
But now I have won
It will be planning its revenge,
Knowing full well that another day will come
And we will battle again.
I am under no illusions
It is planning its revenge,
That revenge will take its toll,

Take its toll on me,
When I fight my Nemesis,
And prune the Pyrocantha once more.

Unexpected Beauty and Dreams.

Once more My River called;
By its side I walked and dreamed.
The pigeons were there,
There in abundance.
Watching me walk,
Walk through their domain,
Flying up to the trees
As I approached them.
Then the dream struck me,
What if I could fly with them
And fly into the sky,
Away from the ills of this earth,
Dreaming of places of peace and wonder.
I was pulled back,
Realising that at this moment there was peace,
Peace and wonder in my life
As I walked with My River.
Gently, quietly, in harmony
In harmony with both My River
And My Spirit.
My Spirit that was always with me,
But so much more apparent
As I walked by My River.
I passed a large growth of nettles
But there in their centre,
The wonder of Nature was shown
Three beautiful daffodils shone,
Shone in the sunlight,
Showing me that even in tragedy
Wonder and beauty can shine through.

Neighbour Watching

It was a beautiful Summers day,
It had arrived early in Spring.
Our neighbours came out,
The table came out from the shed,
The chairs likewise.
The parasol was opened,
Created a beautiful shade
In which they could sit out of the sun,
Sit in relative comfort.
The cups of coffee came out
And there they both sat.
This wonderful weather,
So glorious all around them,
And there they were,
Sat there in silence,
Ignoring all and everything,
All and everything of this beautiful day,
Playing with their mobile 'phones!

From the Sun to the Moon - FIBS.

The
Sun
Arose
Shone on us
And our day ahead
That day so full of joy and love
As my lover and I head towards our horizon
Knowing that our day together
Will be full of love
As our day
Leads to
The
Moon

The Last Station of The Cross.

The nails pierced the flesh,
Struck the wood
With a resounding thud,
As the crowd watched.
The Cross was raised
And He hung there,
His head bowed.
Looking at last up to heaven
He shouted to God,
"Father forgive them,
They know not what they have done".
As these words rose from his lips
All the sins of the world were lifted
Into a darkness
That covered the world.
The head bowed once more,
Saying "It is finished",
Jesus died for us.
"Surely this man
Was the son of God"?
Said the stranger,
Standing before the Cross.
The Cross that means so much
To you,
To me,
To the world.

The Roar of Silence.

The pianist walks onto the stage
Dressed in all his finery.
White shirt, with white bow tie,
Shoes glistening under the lights,
Black trousers and tailed jacket,
Hair neatly combed.
He approaches the piano,
A grand piano of course.
He sits down,
Gets comfortable,
And moves his hands to the keys.
He starts the first movement,
Starts by starting a watch,
And closing the lid.
His hands stay above the piano.
The first movement ends,
The watch is stopped,
The piano lid is raised,
The keys can be seen again.
The pianist settles once more,
Starts the watch,
Closes the piano,
Holds his hands aloft.
At the end of this movement
He stops the watch,
Raises the lid of the piano,
Adjusts his position,
Starts the watch
Closes the lid,
Holds his hands at his side,
Until the finale is reached.
Stops the watch,
Opens the lid,

Stands up and bows.
Bows to the thunderous applause
Of the assembled throng,
As once more the music ends,
And the four minutes thirty three seconds
Of John Cage's masterpiece comes to its end.

Finding Words.

We are always looking to find the way,
Find the way ahead in our lives.
Sometimes we stumble
And come to a halt,
We need to think,
To find a way to go further,
That's where words can help.
So many words are out there,
Sometimes they elude us,
But when they come
We know that if the words are found
We have a chance,
A chance to find the way.

If you have the words, there is always a chance that you will find the way ? Seamus Heaney

Gnossienne.

I came quietly down the stairs,
Sat down with dawns early light,
Put on the radio
And the almost silent sound greeted me,
The almost silent sound of Satie.
The piano gently playing
Bringing my day to a gentle start.
I sit here writing these words
In the hope that peace and tranquillity
Will stay with me this day

The music was by Eric Satie, Gnossienne No 1.

Feathers.

We talk often of feathers in our caps
When we have achieved something,
But I now have a feather in my hand,
A quill to write down those achievements.

False Politicians.

There will be no General Election she said!
She insisted, really insisted that it will not happen!
Then she said it again!
And again!
And again!
And again!
Then once more!
Six times she said it,
There will be no snap election!
So what does she do?
She calls an election!
Where is the trust in this woman?
Where is the trust in any politician?
It all comes back to a question,
A question I often ask:
"How do you know when a politician is lying?"
"Their lips move!"

Stop and Look Back.

Every day you strive,
Strive to climb further,
Further up the ladder,
The ladder of life,
That life which is yours.

You are always striving,
Striving towards your dreams,
Those dreams to which you aim
May be unattainable,
But always work towards them.

Sometimes though just stop,
It can be good to stop climbing
Stop climbing and look back
Look back at the view
Appreciate that view
The view from right where you are.

Healing Ourselves.

Within each of us there are three things,
Three things that make us what we are.
Sometimes they may become ill,
But in our lives there are ways,
Ways in which to heal ourselves.

The body heals with play,
The mind heals with laughter,
The spirit heals with joy,
And all can be healed with love.

Fighting for Peace?

We hear them so often
Those words to try and stop wars,
To fight for peace.
The Hippies had it right,
Make Love Not War,
Or Lennon when he said
Give peace a chance,
As fighting for peace
Is like fucking for chastity!

Cure the World.

There are many of them out there
But they are never seen,
Little pebbles of kindness,
Kindnesses given each day to others.
Could it happen one day
That one of these pebbles
Could be tossed in a pond
And the ripples of kindness flow,
Flow out to all in the world
So that the pond of our lives
Becomes smooth and calm,
And our world finds peace for all.

In Sickness and in Health.

In sickness and in health I made my vow,
Made my vow before God.
That vow I shall keep,
Shall keep it at all times,
Shall keep it while my wife drowns,
Drowns in dementia.
The thoughts now lost,
Or repeated constantly,
The intensity spent on insignificance,
Minutes, maybe hours looking,
Looking at a page,
A page in her diary,
Not wanting to miss anything,
Anything that is weeks away.
It is so hard to see her like this,
This woman who is the light of my life,
That light so dimmed now
Occasionally the spark shines
And the woman I married is back.
Those sparks are becoming infrequent,
But for her I will be there,
I will always be there,
Be there in the knowledge,
The knowledge that when we leave,
When we leave this human existence
We will be together,
Together as our unaging Spirits join,
Join with God and fly,
Fly in joy and love,
Fly together towards infinity,
Knowing that our life together
Will be eternal.

Island of Words and Music.

Every morning I sail to my Island,
My Island where reality is different.
There is peace and love,
Laughter and joy,
It never fails to enthrall me.
I step onto the shore knowing
Knowing that all is well
As the sound of Music enthralls me,
Enthralls my body, mind and soul.
It could be the beauty of Brahms,
The melancholy of Chet,
The glory of Mozart,
The power of The Bird.
It could be Johnny,
Johnny Walkin' the Line,
But I know it will be there,
All the Music I enjoy
As I sit down to read,
To read and write Poetry
On My Island,
My Island of Words and Music

Reaching Perfection.

Throughout your life you are striving,
Striving to get better,
Get better in things you enjoy.
Some may play sport,
Some play music,
Some paint pictures,
Some write words.,
The choice is almost infinite
But no matter which is your choice
You have an aim,
The aim to perfect whatever you do.
Always strive towards it
But it is impossible,
As if you reach perfection,
Where, in your life, do you go?
For what do you aim?

Home, Love and Family.

In our lives, if we are lucky
We have somewhere to go,
Somewhere we call home.

In our lives, if we are lucky
We have somebody to love,
Someone we call family.

In our lives, if we are lucky
We have both home and family,
Some of us have a blessing.

In my life
I have a home.
In my life
I have a family.
In my life
I am blessed.
In my life,
I am a very lucky man.

Jazz was Born.

The room was awash,
Awash with people.
They had come to hear,
To hear the band,
And here they were,
Just the three of them.
Only three!
They started and my smile came,
The smile that stayed with me,
With me all the evening.
Their music sent rapture,
Rapture to all.
Their playing enthralled us,
The applause rang out,
Rang out time and time again.
A fourth joined them,
The lady sang the blues,
Her voice so easy on the ear,
No effort did she show.
As with all of them
Playing and singing was their life.
We were amazed,
Where did the time go?
They were walking off stage,
It seemed they had just started,
But no two hours of jazz,
Jazz of the twenties and thirties,
Had transported me back,
Back to that time,
That time when jazz was born.

Awakening.

I awake from the night,
Taken away from Morpheus' arms,
The new day calls.
I gently arise from my bed,
Stand up straight.
This is a good start,
I am still in this world.
I walk downstairs,
Walk slowly but not stumbling,
That too is good,
I am mobile,
I feel good,
Feel ready to face the day ahead.
I may not be full of vim and vigour
But I am full of words,
Those words come onto this page
And as long as I can write them,
All is well in my world.

Acceptance.

Well the results are in,
And what we knew was true,
Dementia has come to her.
The bubble that has been growing,
Growing around her is real.
That bubble hardening,
Hardening as the weeks go by,
But I will still find ways,
Ways to penetrate it.
My love for her is stronger,
Stronger than any armour,
Any armour that may surround her.
Those at Church have been told,
And as she arose this morning
She said to me,
"I will go to Church this morning,
Stand up straight and be proud".
At her side I will be with her,
With her as we walk into Church,
And I too will be proud,
Proud of her,
Of her acceptance of her life.

Walking Into The Wood.

Taking careful steps,
Watching as I should,
And careful not to slip,
I stepped into a world
Where troubles disappeared.
The trees around me
Protecting me from the evil
That pervades our own world.
The rustling leaves the backdrop
For the symphony
That only nature can write,
The birds above singing away,
A chorus of beauty
Embellishing the music with their song,
And then above it all
The wonderful sound of a blackbird,
Accompanied by a robin,
Their delightful duet
Showing the wonder that this world can have.

I walk into a clearing
And there before me is a lake,
Its mirrored surface reflecting the clouds,
The white clouds flowing above me,
Bringing peace to my soul.

The animals around me just look,
No aggression in their eyes
As they lap the water,
The water that brings life,
Life and hope into the world.
They accept me for what I am,
Another member of the natural world,

A world that is alive with wonder.

I start to walk to the edge of the wood,
Back into my life,
My real life where war, drought and famine
Bring horror to us all.

I stop,

I stop and look back.

I turn,

I turn and go back into the wood.

Covenant Arc.

I stood in the garden and looked up
And there before me shone God's Covenant,
Stretching from horizon to horizon.
That wonderful arc of colour,
Its absolute beauty reminding me,
Reminding me that My Spirit is with me,
With me all the time,
It never leaves me
And will stay with me for eternity.
My Spirit has always been with me,
The Rainbow reminded me of this,
As it too went from infinity to infinity.

Island of Acceptance.

There it is!
I can see it
Waiting for me!
It seems forever
That I have been searching,
Searching the seas,
For somewhere to land.
I can see it,
My saving grace.
There must be food,
There must be water,
There must be hope.
I get nearer and nearer
And then see what it is,
It is a castle in the air,
And those with no money
Cannot land.
So once more I am left,
Left sailing the void
Looking for an island,
An island of acceptance
Where all are equal
And all live in harmony.

Raindrop.

My life starts so high above your world,
Born by vapour coming together
Forming my droplet within the cloud.
I am not alone, my siblings born as well.

At last we are big enough to be set free
And fall down to your earth in gentle harmony;
I fall and am stopped by the leaves of a willow
Waving gently by the water's edge.

I slide down the leaves and caress the ground,
And again I am with my brother and sisters
Gathering together, trickling into a stream,
Where we flow together in ripples of laughter.

We come to the river where we meet others,
And together in a huge silent body
We join ourselves into this mass,
Drifting slowly to our death and rebirth.

We come at last to the sea,
Where we are caressed by waves and the sun.
Once again I am lifted from your world
Into the vapour, to become reborn.

Remembering Natures Wonder.

I remember that day so well.
The summit of the hill was behind us,
That hill so full of beauty and memories.
Our love had carried us up
And now it was taking us down.
We both stopped and looked,
Looked towards the valley,
The valley below us.
There it sat in all its beauty,
The multifarious greens seemed to call,
Call us into natures realm.
The greens spotted with white specks,
The specks of sheep
Grazing away in absolute calm.
That calm was all around us
As we just sat and glorified,
Glorified in the beauty of nature,
That beauty laid out before us.
That image will always be with me
Even after all the years that have passed,
We still talk of that sight,
Even in our old age.
That site that showed us nature
And the beauty that God's love
Brought to us,
And can bring to all.

Have the Aliens Landed?

Have the aliens landed?
You see them all around,
Walking down the street
They are there,
Walking with nature
They are there.
They walk along talking,
Seemingly talking to themselves.
Then you see it,
The wire coming out,
Coming from their heads.
They are obviously in contact,
In contact with another world,
Certainly a different world
From the one on which I live.
Have the aliens landed?

The Lily.

There it glows in all its glory,
It never fails.
The blue highlights the yellow
Of this beautiful flower.
Every year it is with us,
It greeted us in the first spring,
That first spring in our house,
Many years ago,
And here it is again,
Showing us the glory of its beauty.
Our lily of delight.

Sunset of Life.

The clouds in my life have always been there,
They brought the sadness that sometimes came into it,
The tears they brought mingled with the rain.

I look back at those clouds in my aging life,
Those clouds have changed,
Changed the way that my life is now.

Those clouds who once brought me rain,
Now just add colour to my sky
As they and I go towards the sunset of my life.

Orange and Yellow.

There it hangs on the wall
This vast canvas,
This vast canvas drawing me in,
Drawing me in,
Into the mind of the artist.
Or is it my impression of the artist?
What thoughts of his went into this work?
What thoughts of mine come out of it?
I sit in front of it and lose myself,
Lose myself into his mind,
Wondering what he was thinking.
My mind reaches out into his world,
His world of colour,
The colours that paint my mind.
Or is it that all I see in this work
Are the colours?
The colours of Orange and Yellow.

Mozart Acrostic.

Music flows from his soul into mine,
Often bringing me to tears as the
Zeal that pervades the ether
Approaches infinity, and beyond.
Raining beauty, joy and love as
Together we meet in its sound.

Only Remembered.

Only Remembered,
A song that came into my life
So many years ago.
A song of sorrow,
The sorrow of death in war.
A song that came to mean so much,
Mean so much to me.

Those three voices in harmony
Pervading My Spirit
With so much emotion.
Three men whose songs called to me,
Called to me with passion.

At last I was going to see them,
And there they were,
Singing to the audience,
Singing to me,
Singing to me for the first,
And for the last time,
They would sing together no more.

There work done they walked off the stage
But the roar from the crowd pulled them back,
And then they sang it,
The first song that I had heard from them
Became their last,
As they too drifted away to become,
Only Remembered.

The Wall.

Were they there back then In The Flesh?
This group of musicians coming together
Seemingly skating on The Thin Ice
Of a new musical genre.
They started Part One
With Another Brick In The Wall,
And to me they created
The Happiest Days Of Our Lives.
To confirm it they went to Part Two,
And laid Another Brick In The Wall.

They saw a Mother with a Child
Looking up into the void
As if to say Goodbye Blue Sky,
All they saw were Empty Spaces.

They were of an age where Young Lust
Just seemed to be One Of My Turns,
They wanted to move away
But I begged them,
"Don't Leave Me Now"
But they just went on to Part Three,
And just put Another Brick In The Wall.

They went off to another place
Saying Goodbye Cruel World,
They called over the wall,
"Hey You, Is There Anybody Out There?"
But there was Nobody Home.

Has the sunny day gone
That Vera sang about so long ago,
Did she help us all,

Bring The Boys Back Home.

We sit her in our freedom
Feeling so Comfortably Numb,
The Show Must Go On,
And we must go on In The Flesh.

If we are wrong
We must Run Like Hell,
Or we may just be Waiting For The Worms
But then we may have to Stop,
And end up at The Trial,
Outside The Wall.

Let's Get Lost.

The music sails through me
Like a Spirit from the world,
That world of Jazz,
That world where Chet was found.

A troubled man,
A man whose music speaks to me
Takes me into 'The Cool'.
His smooth trumpet calls me,
The sounds sibilantly slides though me,
Bringing me to peace.

He did get lost,
Lost to that world of heroin,
But came back,
Came back better, stronger.

The world was at his feet
And his sounds ruled the world.
Then he played "Lets Get Lost" once more,
That final time,
That day he fell,
Fell and was taken from us,
Taken from me.
His legacy lives on,
Lives on in his music.

That music that seems to talk,
Talk to me,
Showing me he is there.
He is alive in his music,
And he is still there for me,
As he always will be.

Chet ? Chet Baker, December 23, 1929 ? May 13, 1988

Elusive.

It is always there,
It just cannot be avoided,
But sometimes it can be so elusive.
Why does it happen
When we need to do something,
We cannot do it
Because we do not have enough of it,
That elusive thing that surrounds us,
Is always with us,
Time!

Race for Love.

Our life together goes on,
Together all these many years,
That love we found so very long ago
Was so strong,
And through our life together
Has got so much stronger.
We have been through many things,
The good has always outweighed the bad,
And our love has never failed us.

I look back from old age and wonder,
Would we have done anything different?
Would we have run our life in the same way?
Then as I sit here in contentment,
I sit and realise,
Realise that the race for life
Through which we have come,
Is a race that we have already won.

Reflections in My Life.

As I look into the brightening sky
I reflect on my life,
A life nearer its end than its beginning,
A life that has been filled with joy and love.
The joy and love that family can bring,
From parents and siblings.
Parents now on their celestial voyage
Sailing down the Rhine forever,
As they often did in life.
My younger brother
So happy in his life
Now that the shackles of work
Are no longer pulling him down,
As his wife and he travel the world
In their new-found freedom.

The wonder of life with my loved one
Together now for so many years,
Our lives so wonderful as our souls combine
Going together as one towards our destiny.
The joy of children and grandchildren
All so talented in their given sphere of life,
Their gifts giving so much pleasure to me,
As they have always done.

My life with music.
Music has always been with me,
I cannot remember a time when it was not there.
The glory that the great composers give me,
The emotions they have created within me,
Within my Spirit,
Knowing that their music will be with me,
Be with me to infinity and beyond.

The wonder that is Jazz,
So profound in so many ways,
Bringing trad and modern,
Mainstream and swing in all its guises,
And of course that glory of Jazz,
Cool Jazz,
born that day in forty nine,
When Miles and Chet found that sound,
That sound that talks to me,
That brings calm my life each time I listen to it.

These words that I write on the page,
Taking me to a world where troubles cease.
Writing takes me over and reality stops
As words flow from my mind, my soul, my Spirit
Sometimes without thought,
Into the world around me,
This broken world in which we live.
But words and music can cure this world,
All it takes is for people to listen,
To listen not just hear.
Then one day when I look down on the world
From My Spirit travelling the ether,
I will look down
And see all will be good,
All people will be helping each other
The ills of the world perished
And the world will be full of love,
Full of love, laughter and joy.

The Innocence of Pens.

The pen dips in the ink,
The nib approaches the paper.
What word will it write?
Will that word start words of wisdom?
Words of humour?
Words of love?
The pen will never know
Until the person who wields it
Writes that word.
The pen can be dangerous,
But the danger comes from the writer,
Comes from the words,
The words they force,
Force the pen to write.
The pen is always innocent.

Knowledge.

Going through life it increases,
Knowledge.
You cannot avoid it,
Each thing you see or do increases it.
That knowledge that you gain
Is always getting bigger,
And it is something that cannot be stolen,
As no thief, however skilful can rob you of it,
That is why knowledge is the safest
And the best treasure to acquire.

Breaking the Code.

You look at the page and are baffled,
All you see are straight lines
And on these lines are dots and circles.
What is it?
What does it mean?
Is it a code that needs to be broken?
Some secret message that needs translating?
The one who can translate it appears
And then all is revealed
As the dots on the page are transformed,
Transformed into the sound of the masters.
It could be Bach or Beethoven,
Mozart or Glass,
But this code is transformed
Into the glory and wonder of music.

Ludwig.

He composed so many works,
His compositions are renowned,
Loved by all.
The nine symphonies live on,
Live on in concert halls around the world,
Their sound embedded in the fabric,
The fabric of the building.
The piano concertos and sonatas are the same,
Sounds so wonderful, so joyous.

I had to visit his graveside
And sit with this man of music.
As I sat there in humble contemplation,
I heard this strange sound,
The sound of his music,
But it was being played backwards.
I just did not understand,
Then I realised what was happening,
Beethoven was laying there,
Decomposing!

Sunlight - Haiku.

As the sun rises
The light of my world brightens,
Shadows grow darker.

Struggle to Nobility.

There are many struggles in your life,
Some bring you glory,
Some bring you failure.
Some bring you laughter,
Some bring you tears.
Some bring you love,
Some bring you hate.
But in any struggle
You will find nobility,
As in any struggle
You do not have to win.
You need to be able to try,
To try and do your best.

The Bubble.

The bubble surrounding her gets stronger,
Gets stronger each passing day.
There are many moments each day
Where I find a hole in the bubble,
And my loved one is back with me,
But as each day goes on those holes get smaller
And I cannot break through.
It is so sad to see this once vibrant lady
Fall into the world of dementia,
A world where she is alone
Although I am by her side,
As I always have been,
And I always will.
All I can do is help as I can,
Be with her constantly,
And love her more each day,
As each day the bubble closes.

Strengthened by Words.

I sit with the paper in front of me,
The pen in my hand,
And I write.
I write words that take me away,
Take me away from my life
Into a world of joy and love,
Where the sadness of my world disappears.
The pen writes so many thoughts
Some meaningless,
But more are meaningful.
As I sit and write I start to rise
Like the Phoenix from the ashes,
The words raise me to the day,
To the real world
And all its struggles.
Those words keep me strong,
Strong enough to face reality,
The reality in my life.

Nature's Bounteous World.

They arrive in droves
The parents and their young.
The young with their beaks wide open,
Shrilling with a piercing scream,
Saying "FEED ME! FEED ME!"
The parents pecking and picking
At the food on the table,
Forcing it a speed
Down the gaping hole
That the young present
To their non-stop parents.
We just look on in wonder
At the beauty of nature
Regenerated for another year,
As we do every year,
Just glorying in the beauty
And rejuvenation that comes
To us each year,
Every year,
And every day,
We share the wonder,
Of nature's bounteous world.

But Nothing is There.

You walk down the street
The darkness surrounds you,
A sound is heard!
You look around,
But nothing is there.
Was that a movement
In the shadows?
You look intently!
But nothing is there.
Your footsteps get faster,
Someone is following you!
You look round!
But nobody is there.
Another sound!
Another movement!
Another follower!
You look for them all,
But nothing is there.
As you enter the safety,
The safety of home,
You look back,
But nothing is there,
Except your imagination.

On the Nature of Daylight.

The long slow notes of the cello
Draw me into the mind of the composer,
My soul relaxes and I am drawn
Into world of peace and harmony.

A viola sings a song of contentment
Flying above the cellos,
In a melody of sublime music
Each complementing each other.

The low sound of the music
Rising into a dawn on the horizon
As the violin sails above all,
Like the sun bringing the day
Sailing high in the ether.

I am rising with this day
As the music brings light,
Brings light into my life,
With calm and harmony
Created by the beauty of the sound
As My Spirit rises into the wonder,
The wonder of this music.

Stillness Around Me

I sit quietly in the garden,
The day drawing to a close,
The stillness around me,
The soft sounds of Debussy
In the background,
Accompanying the orchestra of birds
As they settle for the evening.

I look up from my book
And listen,
Listen to the music,
Listen to nature,
Transported to ecstasy.

The stillness still surrounds me,
Protecting me from the rigours of haste.
I quietly calm down from the day,
With reading, music and nature,
Preparing me for the night,
Where sleep will strengthen me,
To be ready for another day.

The Church of No Thanks.

For five years I have done it,
Five years a Steward at my Church.
So much time given to help,
Help people, ministers and everyone.
I had to stop
As my loved one needed me,
Needed me more as her health was lost,
Lost to the world of dementia.
So the annual meeting was held,
They said that I and another were retiring,
Both of us having carried out five years,
Five years of a four year assignment.
We had given so much to the Church,
So much of our lives given,
No reward was expected,
But a thank you would have been nice.

It had happened before,
The thank you that was never given.
I wrote and ran the Church website,
Ran it for twelve years
And when I gave that up it was the same
Not one word of thanks.
Is thank you from my Church banned,
Banned to those who work so hard,
To help the Church.

All Greek To Me.

Into the restaurant we walked,
Me the old Grandad,
She the young granddaughter,
As we have numerous times before.
We were taken to our table,
The menus presented in front of us.
The waiter approached,
A man of middle age,
A man of good humour.
"Kalo apogevma, Good evening " He said,
"What would you like to drink?"
We gave him our orders,
Followed by "Thank you"
"No" he said "it is efcharisto",
So we said "efcharisto".
We ordered our food,
And said "efcharisto".
The drinks came,
"Efcharisto" we said,
And he smiled as he replied
"Parakalo, you are welcome".
The starters came,
The mains came,
And after each course we said
"Efcharisto",
He replied "Parakalo".

We had a beautiful meal,
A wonderful evening together
In each others company.
We got up to go
And as we left the waiter said,
"Antio sas, good bye",

I replied "Au revoir",
My granddaughter replied "Adios".
I haven't a clue what was happening,
It was all Greek to me!

Which Path?

The path of our life lies ahead,
The way is straight and the end is in sight.
It is a long way away at our beginning
But walking our lives in a straight line
Gets us nearer to that end,
Just taking the right road.

Sometimes though we look in another direction
And see another path.
A path with bends and hills and valleys,
Where it's end cannot be seen.
What if we took that path?
What would it bring to our life?
Where the unknown was before us?

That is the choice in our lives,
The straight and narrow and boring,
Or the bent and wide and adventurous.
Which one would you travel?

The Glory of Jazz.

The assembled throng gathered,
Gathered in anticipation,
In anticipation of the band.
They arrived on stage
And they played,
And the glory of Jazz
Once more brought smiles,
Smiles to our faces and our hearts.
Looking round at the people
The heads were nodding,
Feet were tapping,
Fingers were drumming.
The happiness that jazz can bring
Was all around,
Music both fast and slow abounded.

That moment then came
When only clarinet and piano
Were heard.
That moment when the atmosphere changed
And a slow blues glided into our souls.
The tapping stopped.
The nodding stopped.
Replaced by a gentle sway,
Or absolute stillness.
The soft slow tune reached us all.
Its beauty filled us all with such emotion,
An emotion that took us to another place,
A place where peace, joy and love existed.
As the song drifted into silence
The assembled throng were in raptures,
The applause rang out like tears,
Tears of emotion,

Brought to us all,
By the glory of Jazz.

Tomorrow Will Do

"I'll do it tomorrow" comes the call,
There may be many tomorrows,
But tomorrow may never come.
So if it needs to be done
Do it now,
As sometimes doing it tomorrow,
Becomes doing it never.

The Swan's Diversity.

Sitting beside the lake I look up
There coming towards me are three swans
Flying gently down to the water,
Elegance personified.
Suddenly their wings pull back,
Their legs stretch forward,
And the silence is broken
As they drop into the lake,
Trying hard to stop
As their webbed feet
Create tidal waves as they hit the water.
They land safely and sail away,
Sail away in the sibilance of silence
With barely a ruffle on the still water.
As they pass me in quiet beauty
I watch as they wind their way round the lake,
A joy to behold in their pure white grandeur.

I look at them once more
And they are getting faster,
Their wings stretch out
They lift from the water
Their feet start running
Splashing all and sundry,
The noise waking all around.
Suddenly they take to the air
And their elegance is once more with them.
A bird of such beauty giving me a show
A show of such opposites
Of quiet elegance,
And noisy unsophistication.

Nan.

The tears fall down my face
As the memory comes to my mind
When I pick up the 'phone,
She is no longer there,
No longer with us,
But as the tears flow
I look around and see her,
See her in the flowers,
The flowers that were hers.
The white lily standing tall
Showing me her love,
The amaryllis flowering in June
Reminding me of her,
And showing me she is there.
She will always be with me,
In my mind and in my soul,
As I remember her
And the wonderful times we had,
Those times we had together.
I look at the flowers
And remember my Nan,
Remember her with love.

The Cook.

The oil goes in the pan,
And my love goes in with it.
As I prepare the meal I wonder,
I wonder what will it be this time?
Will it be an Italian dish
Full of reds and greens
With tomatoes and basil?
Or will glorious spices
Create the smell of India
With the yellow richness showing through?
I never know,
I never plan until I stand in the kitchen,
But in any dish that I make
It will be always have two things in it,
My passion for cooking,
And as ever,
It will be seasoned with love.

Impossible Conquered.

Things block our paths,
How do we get over them?
There are always ways
Ways to surmount them
As all things are possible,
If you don't believe
They are impossible.

Max Richter.

I just don't understand,
Am I listening to nothing?
The notes are there
Softly created by the instruments,
But is there a tune?
I listen and the harmony is there,
Sailing through the ether
Into my body and soul,
Why should I like it?
It is like a drug though,
I just cannot get enough of it.
It stirs my soul,
Takes my Spirit to places,
Places it and I have never been.
So many different types of music
Is mine to enjoy,
But I keep on coming back
To the solace that I get from this composer,
This new composer I have found,
This man called Max Richter.

Uplifting Sounds.

In the room they sit,
This tribe of gloom ridden people,
Some whispering to each other,
Sitting there as though the troubles
And the cares of the world are on their shoulders.
Suddenly comes a sound,
A wondrous sound that lifts the gloom.
The people smile and laugh and look,
Look for this sound,
They find it,
The most uplifting sound in the world,
The sound of absolute innocence,
Absolute pleasure,
That comes from a young child's laughter.

Scary Night.

Night had fallen,
I was free to come out,
Out into the dark,
The dark that would hide me
As I walked the shadows.
Looking at people,
People laughing and loving.
They passed me by,
I could almost touch them,
But the one I wanted
Was not here yet.
So I passed silently from archway,
To door way in shadows.
Unseen by all.
Until I suddenly saw you,
You were walking towards me,
A smile on your face.
I would wipe that smile away,
You wouldn't smile again.
You were at my side,
I jumped out,
I shouted loudly,

BOO!!

Boy did you jump,
It's your turn next.

Broken Country.

Whose to blame?

It was us oldies

Living too long,

Using all the money,

The money we had paid

To live in our retirement.

But no, it was now our fault,

We were living too long,

And those in power,

And those with money,

Wanted more,

Through their greed

For their own gains.

The election was a farce,

She didn't get her way,

Her lead was removed,

And the youngsters were blamed.

They went out and voted,

Voted for the first time.

They voted differently

And it was said that

It was their fault,

Their fault that the election failed.

Cannot those in power see,

It is not the oldies fault,

Or the youngsters fault,

It is theirs!

Their need to give profit,

Give profit and power,

To themselves,

To their party

Is all they can see!
And all they want!
The people don't matter to them!
The country doesn't matter to them!

We live in a broken country!
Changes must be made!

Storm - Haiku.

Lightning cleaves the sky,
Thunderous rain falls to earth,
Cleansing our dark lives.

Words of Life.

When we were young the words were always there,
They were scattered,
Scattered all around us.
As we grew we caught them,
Caught them and brought them into our lives.
The older we got more were being gathered,
Gathered within us.
Each sentence assembled,
Assembled with experience.
As we start to reach old age
We can look at those words,
And find that those words we had gathered,
The sentences that were assembled,
Have written a book,
And that book is the story of our life.

Know Alls.

Throughout your life you see them,
These people of self-importance.
They think that they are the best,
Nobody can do the things they do.
In all spheres of life they are there,
Knowing their knowledge is theirs,
It cannot be shared with anybody,
They alone now how to do these things.
But what they will never understand,
As they are too self-possessed to realise,
That the graveyard is full
Of indispensable people.

Every Morning.

Every morning I have a shower,
Every morning I wash my hair,
Every morning I dry my body,
Every morning I dry my hair,
Every morning I comb my hair,
Every morning I part my hair,
Every morning some goes to the left,
Every morning most goes to the right.
Then the other morning I wondered
How often do the same number of hairs
Go to the left,
And the same number of hairs
Go to the right.
It certainly will not be
Every morning.

Dementia - Acrostic.

Days of forgetfulness,
Every day the same.
Mindless repetition,
Everlasting intensity.
Needless concentration,
To know simplicity.
Intense incapability to
Achieve balance of mind.

Solution or Truth.

In this life obstacles get in the way,
Each one is there to be solved,
And as they are solved
Your experience increases,
And your life moves on.
Sometimes though you have a problem
To which you have no solution.
Perhaps it is not a problem to be solved,
It may be a truth,
A truth which needs to be accepted.

'Escaping from Life's Prison.'

Sometimes in your life you feel trapped,
Cornered into a place that you do not want to be.
It is usually of your own making,
You try to please others all the time,
To do what others expect of you,
Not what you want to do for yourself.
You worry about what others think of you,
And the trap becomes a prison.
But that prison can disappear
The moment you stop worrying,
Stop worrying what others think of you.

Time - Acrostic.

The moments fly through our lives,
Increasing in speed as age comes upon us,
Making each of those moments
Evermore valued in our lives.

Each of My Days.

As the sun rises so do I,
The world is out there
For me to enjoy.
I sit in the garden in the early morn
Listening to natures symphony,
As it awakes to this fine day.
I look up and see natures canvas,
Blue with a scattering of white,
The white moving so slowly
Through the blue.
This is the peace of my world,
This peace always is there as the sun rises,
It is always there as the sun sets.
I am there as well, I enjoying the glory
At the beginning and at the end
Of each of my days.

Grenfell Tower.

There it stood,
Twenty four floors
Of burnt blocks.
Blackened holes
Of peoples homes.

They were warned!
The authorities were told
This would happen!
But did not listen.

People have died!
Homes are gone!

This was preventable!
But the option taken,
To refurbish the block
Was the cheapest.

The lives lost meant nothing,
Meant nothing,
To those who had the power,
The power and the money
To prevent this disaster.

As I look
I see the blackened windows
And realise
That I am looking,
At open graves.

God's Words.

In the beginning was the Word.

This Word lead to other Words,
The Words that are written on this page.

And the Word was with God.

My hand writes each Word,
From where did those words come?

And the Word was God.

My Spirit guides my hand,
As it guides my life

.

These Words I write
Come from within me,
But within me is My Spirit,
And My Spirit is My God.
So each of my Words,
Come from God,
And my Words are God.

Lost Mum.

I walked our daughter to her car,
She had been with her Mum,
While I had to go out.
As we reached her car
I said "How did you find your Mum?"
She replied with the saddest of words
"I am finding it hard to accept,
That the Mum I knew,
Is no longer there"

Trust in Nature.

I looked into the garden and saw it,
Saw it sitting there on the table,
The young blackbird.
I watched it for a while
This beautiful young soul
Not long into this world.
Some time later I came back
And there he was, still sitting there,
Sitting there so contented.
I went out to him,
He looked at me,
I looked at him.
I walked closer towards him
And he just stayed there
Looking at me,
Not a care in the world.
We conversed in looks
As I got closer,
He just stayed there,
No fear, no fright.
Just two beings of this world
Being together.
The trust he had in me was wonderful
In this beauteous world of nature.

Parliamentary Truth.

Over two hundred years ago
It happened,
A Prime Minister was shot,
Assassinated in the Houses of Parliament.
Spencer Perceval went down in history,
Two things put him there.
He was the only assassinated
Prime Minister ever in the United Kingdom.
As he lay at deaths door
He said "I am dying".
Those words are thought to be
The only true words ever said in Parliament
For over two hundred years.

From Here to There.

They come into your life,
People who want to help,
But have no idea what the problem is,
Or how it affects you,
But they need to show you
How to do it their way,
Where their way makes it worse.
These people just do not understand,
So please God, please save us,
From people who mean well
But have no understanding.

They come into your life,
People who want to help,
They can see the problem,
And how it affects you.
They are just there,
They have no answer,
They could make it worse.
They do understand,
So please God, thank you for friends,
Friends who are just there for us
And do understand.

Frustration to Love.

In goes the flour,
In goes the yeast,
In goes the salt,
In goes the olive oil,
In goes the water.
All mixed vigorously
Until the dough is formed.
Out onto the surface it goes,
And pummelled with vigour,
All the frustrations of my life,
Get pounded into the dough,
All my troubles are there,
All dispersed as the dough smooths out.
All those who have upset me,
All beaten to a pulp,
Until the dough has had enough.
Into a dish it is put,
Covered and warmed,
Left to rise.
Once risen,
Back onto the surface it goes
And kneaded gently with love.
The love of all around me,
Those things important in my life,
Wife, family, friends,
The love for them all,
Is gently woven into the dough,
Until it is ready,
Ready to be shaped,
Shaped into bread.
Left to rise
And cooked with care,
In every loaf I make

The love in my life,
Always takes away,
The bad in my life.

Picture of My Spirit.

I look at the picture before me
And enter into a world of the unknown.
But is it unknown?
So many things I see,
And the more I look,
The more intrigued I become.
Whose world am I in?
Is it the world of the artist?
Or the world I am creating
Within my own mind?
Each speck on the canvas
Gives me new insights,
New thoughts,
New feelings,
Entering into my soul.
Am I looking at my life
Spread out before me?
Or is it a picture of My Spirit
As it flows from infinity,
To eternity.

That Tune.

That tune is there again,
That tune which takes me away from here,
Into another place, where all is well,
And I am at peace with myself.
Music has that ability,
That ability to bring peace to My Spirit,
And that tune that took me away,
Took me to my Utopia,
Is whatever one I am listening to,
Listening to at that moment.

Whose Problem.

Each of us is unique,
We each see things in different ways.
Some may be acceptable to all,
But sometimes we may be so different
That others do not understand,
Or they disagree with you.
If that is so just remember this,
That it is THEIR problem,
Not Yours!

Back in the Sixties.

I was there, back in the day,
Those days in the sixties,
Those days before discos,
When groups played on stage
And we all danced.
Danced to songs of the time.
That time when music changed,
And the music changed our lives,
Changed our attitudes,
And led us into a new way,
A new way of enjoyment.
Yes I was there
Dancing the night away,
Until at least ten thirty,
When the last dance was played,
The slow one and I danced close,
Close to the girl I was with.
I would slowly walk her home,
Not wishing to break the spell
Of our time together.
A sweet kiss as we parted,
Complete innocence
Yes I remember the sixties.

Some say that if you remember the sixties
You were not there,
But I was there looking for life,
Not war, not drugs.
I was looking for and found happiness,
Happiness in those times,
When the young people took the country by storm.
The dowdiness of the fifties dispelled,
And changed into the glory of the sixties.

Here I am looking back,
Looking back at those times,
And I find that during that time
I have one thing that has not changed.
On the very rare occasions that I dance
Some fifty plus years later,
I still step to one side,
And then step to the other side,
As I did back in the sixties.

Little Joys.

We go through our lives looking for it,
Looking for that time of absolute pleasure,
But as we search for it
We use our precious time
Looking for that big goal,
That big goal of happiness.

In our search for it
We can miss many things,
And there are so many of them.
We may miss the little joys,
Those many joys that are there,
There all around us,
Around us all the time.

Summer is Alive - Haiku.

The buds are open
Glorious colour abounds.
Summer is alive.

Beyond Existence.

Into space you look,
You know they are out there
But can you see them.
Can you see the darkness of them?
Or are they so dark
That they are invisible.
All that reach their boundaries
Disappear without trace.
So could it be true,
That Black Holes
Crush all life,
All thoughts,
And all memories,
Beyond existence?

What is Death?

We know it is waiting for us,
It cannot be avoided.
It could happen quickly,
It could happen slowly.
But what is it?
What is death?
We know that the body stops,
Stops breathing,
Stops working,
Stops existing.
But what else is there?
Does anything else exist?
Is there a Spirit,
Or a Soul,
Within us?
Many say they know,
They know that our Spirit,
That Spirit within us,
Goes on and never dies.
But are we right?
We just do not know.
Death is a vast mystery
That we may never solve,
Except for those who believe.

And I believe with all My Spirit
That My Spirit will go on,
Go on to infinity,
Go on to eternity.

"What we don't know about death is far, far greater than what we do know." Captain Janeway, StarTrek Voyager ? Emanations.

Bouncy Clouds.

There they were at the top of the building
Looking down on the city obscured by clouds.
One looked down and said "Those Clouds look so solid,
As though you could bounce on them".
"Surely not" said another, "You'd just fall through".
"I'll try it" said the first,
So off he jumped, he hit the cloud
And bounce straight back.
"Wow!" said the second, "I don't believe that!"
So the first jumped off once more,
And bounced back again.
The second said "I must try that!"
So he jumps off the building
And passes straight through the cloud,
To meet his death on the path below.
The third man turned to the first and said
"You can be a right swine sometimes, Superman!"

Better Days.

We live each day of our lives,
And each day we try to do our best.
Sometimes we make mistakes,
And do things we regret.
We must realise within ourselves
That life doesn't allow us to go back,
Go back and fix things,
To fix that we have done wrong,
Done wrong in the past.
But those errors of life
Gives us experience,
That experience is important
As it allows us to live better,
To live better each day,
To make fewer mistakes,
And to make each day,
Better than our last.

Clairvoyancy.

Can you see it?
Are you aware of it?
Can you answer questions
Before they are asked?
Can you see what will happen
Before it happens?
Many say they can.
Can you?
Can I?
Do you have feelings of dread,
Or feelings of joy,
Of events
That are about to happen?
If you do,
Or if I do,
Why can't we change our world
So that we will be able to see it,
At peace,
And full of love,
Or cannot peace and love
Ever be foreseen.

That Sound.

Sitting in the café,
Just drinking our coffee,
And there it came,
That sound,
That sound that brings pleasure,
Brings so much pleasure to all.
You just can't help smiling
As the sound abounds,
The sound of young children,
Young children laughing.

Nature's Wondrous World.

The day was nearly over,
A day where its heat drowned me.

At last the evening came
And the oven of the day receded.

Into the garden I went,
Book and drink in hand.

I sat in the peace of the evening,
That peace interrupted by the calls.

The beautiful song of blackbird,
And the glorious voice of the robin.

I tried to read my book,
But nature's wonder pulled me from it.

So I sat and listened,
And peace came over me,
The peace that I find in nature,
That I find in nature's wondrous world.

Dancing Like an Idiot.

It can always be with you,
The power that music has.
The soothing gentle sounds
Can calm the soul and body.
The melancholy of it
Can bring tears to the eyes.
But in those times when stressed,
Music can be there for you.
And never underestimate
How it can heal you.
Playing some wild rock music
On full blast,
Dancing around the house
Like a demented idiot
Brings joy and laughter
Back into your life.

PEACE? - Acrostic.

Perhaps it is a myth
Expecting that the earth will be calm
As tensions rise within the world
Causing distrust and enmity
Ever has it been thus

Words on a Page.

The words go onto the page.

They may be of love,
They may be of despair.

They may be of good,
They may be of bad.

They may be of music,
They may be of writing.

Thy may be of nature,
They may be of science.

They may be meaningful,
They may be meaningless.

They may be understood,
They may be misunderstood.

They may be of truth,
They may be of politics.

But as each word is written,
Part of our life is written onto that page.

Why Her, Why?

Why does it have to be this way?
Why is she drifting from me?
This woman who I love so much
Is changing.
She is not the woman I knew,
She lives in a confined world,
A world of her own thoughts.
Those thoughts creating contexts,
Contexts that bear no relation to reality.
I try to make her see
But she is so convinced she is right.
So I just accept her way,
She will soon forget,
Until another context forms
In her much confused mind.

Task Achieved.

Once more I have achieved it,
That seemingly impossible of tasks.
I was determined though,
Today would be the day
When I would get it done.
My wife cannot do it
Due to her ill health,
So it was down to me,
That task that never bore any pleasure,
But now I have succeeded,
And pride emanates through me.
Once more I took up my iron
And ironed,
Ironed all that was in it,
In that basket.
I emptied the ironing basket,
So proving that it does have a bottom.

Parallel Universes.

We have them every day,
Every day we have a choice to make.
That choice may be of no import,
Or it could be life changing,
Which choice do we take?

The choice does not matter,
We do take all the choices.
All are out there in this Universe,
And in the other Universes.
That infinite number of Universes
That lie parallel with the one,
The one we are in at this moment.

So don't worry about choices,
As if we take every choice
Somewhere in one of the Universes,
That choice will be taken.

All the choices in our lives are out there,
They are found in an infinite number of universes,
That run parallel to that life we are now in
As we are reading these words.

Wall of Power.

The ball was struck,
Struck with such power,
But it just came back,
Came back faster.
What skill was shown,
Shown by these ladies,
Hitting a yellow ball,
Over the green sward.
The ball kept coming back,
Like it had hit a wall,
A wall that had power,
That sent it back faster,
That wall of skill.

"I'll bet that that is the fastest wall she has ever hit a ball against" John McInroe said this when Joanna Konta played against Simona Halop at Wimbledon.

Coffee First!

Off we go into town,
Doing what we need to do,
Or not as the case may be,
But it always starts the same.
My wife says I sound like a parrot,
As "Coffee first" I say,
"Coffee first".
Into the café we go,
I order the coffee
Mines and americano,
Without milk!
Hers is a cappuccino
With chocolate on the top.
We sit there drinking,
Chatting and laughing,
Watching the world go by.
Watching people
Is so entertaining.
My coffee is finished
So I am ready to face the world,
As the caffeine does its work.
She is still drinking hers,
So I employ another saying,
Hoping to hurry her up.
I say "Come on dear,
Places to go,
People to see."
She replies,
"Don't call me Dear!"

Life's Aims.

I assemble with the Choir,
Ready to sing our songs.
The notes start to form within us
And this wonderful sound emanates.
It could be any type of music,
From classical to pop,
We will sing anything.
And as I sing I always try my best,
Sometimes I get it wrong,
But all life is like that.
If my life,
Or my singing,
Were perfect,
For what would I aim.

Vanishing Fears.

In this life you learn.
As you learn you progress,
Feel more confident.
But sometimes you do not know,
Do not know what the answer is.
The answer has not been given,
This frightens you,
And a void opens up before you.
This gap become filled,
Filled with your fears.
They pour into it
Because you do not know,
Do not know
Until the answer has been found,
When your fears vanish.

Kestrel - Haiku.

So still in the air
The kestrel hovers above,
Searching for its prey.

Seeing the Light.

I stand by the shores of the lake,
The mist laying silently over it
Hiding its surface from my sight.
I look out into this grey world,
Wondering what is out there,
What maybe floating into my life.
The fog starts to lift,
Lift from the lake,
Lift from my mind,
And I see it.
I see the reason I am here,
The reason for my being,
I see the light.

The Poem What I Wrote (Sorry Ernie)

I said I'd tell a poem
To this august crowd,
Then I had to find one,
And say it right out loud.

Would it be by Shakespeare,
Milton, Poe or Keats.
It had to be by someone
To keep you in your seats.

Words of yellow daffodils,
Or maybe love or war,
Of youth or age or beauty;
I hope I'm not a bore.

The modern type of poem?
That doesn't ever rhyme.
That seems to go on for ever,
With no punctuation or break for breath or sense of rhythm but drones on in a monotonous way that is only understandable in the strange mind of the author.

But no, you're stuck with this one,
Not a massive work of art.
But it's good enough for you lot!
So with that, I'll now depart.

Ewig.

"What is life to me without thee?"

Those words sail from her soul,
From her soul and into my heart.

This Lady of Song, taken from us,
Taken from us in her prime.

Kathleen's wonderful voice is still there,
Still there sailing through the ether,
Sailing forever.

"Ewig, - Ewig, - Ewig"

Reading Man.

In the café once more,
Sitting drinking our coffee,
I saw him
Just sitting in the corner,
That man.
He was reading,
Minding his own business,
But he was obviously lost,
Lost in that book.

Marriage to Eternity.

Their love shines through their eyes
As they join their lives together.
Loving and honouring each other,
In sickness and in health,
For all their lives.

Adele and Simon join their Spirits forever
Into their new adventure,
In marriage and in life.
A life together filled with love,
Filled with harmony.

May your lives together go on forever,
And at the end of each day
As sleep comes over you
Just turn and look into each other's eyes,
And say to each other,
I love you.

Treasure the Moment.

There twenty four of them
In every one of them;
There are sixty of them
In every one of them;
There are another sixty
In each one of them.
But how many moments are there
In each second?
Moments are precious
And should be appreciated,
They will not come again.
Each second, hour and day
Should be treasured,
But you live in the moment,
You die in the moment,
So treasure each and every one of them.

Shredded Life.

"Dad, do you still have a shredder?" She asked,
"Yes" I said.
"If I bring some documents over,
Can you please shred them for me?"
So over they came,
A huge bagful.

I started shredding,
Just shredding, not reading,
But as I was doing it
I saw the odd title to letters.
'Separation agreement',
'Divorce Settlement'.
The thought struck me
As each sheet became pieces
That it was like her life was being broken,
Her life was being shredded,
As each page of her life
Went through the shredder.

Orange Memory.

Every year they are there,
These wondrous orange flowers.
I don't remember planting them,
But in every home I have had
They have been there.
Their multi-headed orange blooms
Shining above the green.
A plant that reminds me,
Reminds me of a special person.
That person who taught me,
Taught me my life.
He is no longer with me
Except in my thoughts,
So when the montbretia bloom
Dad is back with me.
He is always in my mind
But when I see these flowers
My thoughts always turn to him.
The man who showed me calmness.
The man who showed me music.
The man who is still with me
In my mind and soul,
So when the montbretia bloom,
Dad is all around me.

Over the Hills and Far Away.

That sound comes
And I wonder who it is!
Who is screaming!
Or who is attacking me!
But no it is the pipes.
The Scottish bagpipes!!
I can understand
Their use in war and in battle,
As they are an offensive weapon
And enemies would run from them.
Whenever I hear them
I would like them to play
"Over the hills and far away",
And the further away the better!!

Books?

So sad, what the young lad said to me;
"I have never read a book."
How could I explain to him the pleasure,
That can be found in reading,
Stories that can thrill; can make you laugh;
Can make you cry.

Books to me have always been there,
The total range of emotions can be felt;
Love, anger, hate, sadness, happiness.
Not to know these feelings that are given
By the skill and imagination of authors,
Is alien to me.

Listening and looking can produce emotion,
But reading allows you to use, your own imagination,
To create those characters, brought to life on the page.
To imagine the look of the villains and heroes is something
So personal, that if recreated on screen,
Mostly lets you down.

Early Morning Troubles.

There I am once more,
Lost in words,
Writing them on the page.
I look up,
See the time,
And realise I am in trouble!
In trouble again!
Once more I am late,
Late with the wife's,
Morning cup of tea.

A Soldier of the Great War.

One hundred years ago it happened;
So much blood,
So much mud.

"I died in hell,

They called in Passchendaele".

So many died,
So many remembered,
But many unknown,
So on the stone
The inscription read
"A Soldier of the Great War".
We may not know who they are
But each and every one of them
Is known to God.

"I died in hell

They called in Passchendaele". Siegfried Sassoon.

Falling into the Night.

I was sitting in the garden,
Sitting and pondering,
Pondering over nothing,
When I came to that time,
That time when it happened,
When the Summer evening
Was closing its bright eye,
It's eye slowly falling,
Falling into the night.

Walking in Space.

There before us stood the moor,
So many colours adorned this green sward.
Natures colours, all around us,
As we trod her path up the hill.
The flowers of yellow abound,
The brown twigs of heather,
Too early for their purple haze.
The white of the sheep,
Grazing gently.
The young, their tails wagging,
As they feed from their mothers,
Then bounding away,
Skipping and jumping in gay abandon.
On we walk and nearing the top,
We look down at the water,
Cutting a gentle path through the valley,
The reeds gently moving
To the time of the river's flow.
We look all around,
This beauty is surrounding us.
We are alone in natures world,
Nobody else to be seen,
Just us and nature.
The silence occasionally broken
By the plaintiff cry of a curlew,
Or the sound of a buzzard
Circling way above us.
So much space,
Our private world,
Where we will walk on together,
Over the hill,
Towards eternity.

The Undarkened House.

I rise before dawn,
The new day to start.
I creep downstairs silently ,
Trying not to disturb the wife,
Counting each stair
Until I reach thirteen,
And know I am at the bottom.
No lights do I switch on,
The dark surrounds me,
And I know my way.
I open the living room door
The brightness attacks me
From every corner!
The brightest being the laser blue light
Coming from the telephone,
Then there is the light from the stereo,
Showing me the time and the way
Into the dining room and kitchen.
Where the light from cooker
Microwave and coffee maker
And another beam from another 'phone
Allow me to see.
The light from the radio
Again telling me the time.
My laptop on the table
With lights shining from the switch.
I turn the laptop on
And am bombarded with brightness
From the screen.
I click on my iPhone
To check for messages
And the brightness is so intense
That the sunglasses have go on.

So I sit hear writing these words,
Able to see my way through them,
Without turning on the lights.

Cleansing Rain.

I stand in the rain,
It's drops falling onto my skin,
Sliding down my body.
As each drop reaches the ground
A worry is washed away,
Washed onto the ground
Creating rivulets of water,
Forming into streams
That slide into rivers,
That get cleansed in the sea.
The purity of its vapour
Rises into the sky.
The clouds gather,
The rain falls,
Cleansing the worries
Once more from our souls.

Sitting at Heavens Door.

There I was in my heaven,
Just sitting in my chair,
The wonder of jazz
Playing from the radio,
Reading a book
By my favourite author,
A glass of red wine by my side.
What else could I ask for?
I WAS in heaven.

Harmony in Our Minds - Scionating.

These words fell onto the paper,
The paint dropped onto the canvas,
So meaningful in their own way.
Sometime seeming meaningless,
But the words and the paint intertwine,
Leaving an aura of wonder
In the minds of all.
The words falling from the mind of the poet,
The paint laid down from the visualisation of the artist,
Both mind and visualisation so creative,
Creating harmony.
Harmony on the page,
Harmony on the canvas,
Harmony in our minds.

Man in Orange.

I raised my head from my slumber,
Kissed my darling wife,
And got up.
I poked my head through the curtains
To see the outside world
When I saw him,
This man walking,
Walking down the middle of the road.
Orange coat,
Orange trousers,
Orange bag,
Black boots,
Balding head.
Not a sight I have seen before,
Not at six in the morning,
This man in orange.

Melancholy.

Throughout our lives
We have many moods.
They may bring us happiness.
They may make us sad.
But sometimes thoughts return,
Thoughts that at one time were sad,
But now feel melancholic,
And do not feel so sad.
This shows us that melancholy is sadness,
Sadness that has taken on lightness.

My Time.

This is my time,
A time when words are read,
A time when words are written,
And the realities of life do not exist.
These first two hours are special,
So special to me.
The worries in my world are forgotten,
For such a brief time.
I am lost in a world of music,
I am lost in a world of words.
This time is so precious
But all too soon it is over
And the reality of my world
Drags me into the day.
But my time will return,
Return tomorrow,
Return every morning.

Rioja - Acrostic.

Red grapes create this wonder,
Infused with the Spanish sun.
Out from the bottle it flows,
Joy pours into a glass,
A pure pleasure for my delight.

Music - FIBS.

It
Has
Been there
All my life,
These wonderful sounds.
It may be classical or jazz,
Or even country, folk, rock, blues or progressive rock.
I listen to all of it's styles,
And enjoy it all.
It's music,
It's love,
It's,
All.

New Generations.

I know it is nature's way,
Each generation changes,
Each generation gets taller.
To me this was not a problem,
Being quite tall.
But now when I walk in the town,
The two generations below me,
Are now above me.

Test of Faith?

One day they went out fishing.
The three Preachers left the cabin
Out onto the water was their mission.
They rowed the boat out a short way
And cast their lines in the water
Hoping to catch some lunch
And maybe some wayward souls.
The Anglican need to go ashore,
So he jumped out of the boat
And strode purposely and with Faith
On the surface of the water.
He came back with his flask,
And hopped back into the boat.
The Methodist need to go ashore,
So he too strode the water and back.
The Roman Catholic looked on,
Looked on in wonder,
As he saw these two Ministers
Walking on water,
Such a show and reality
Of their Faith.
He thought if they can do it,
My Faith is just as strong,
So I can do it just as well,
I too will go to the cabin.
He jumped off the boat
And sank straight into the depths.
The other two just looked on in horror,
And in guilt,
As one said to the other,
"We should have told him,
The stepping stones
Were on our side of the boat"

Do You Take Sugar?

"Do you take sugar?"

The four words she said

That felt like a dagger to my heart.

My loved one has gone,

Gone into her own world,

Her own world of dementia,

Where I am becoming forgotten.

Four simple words

That showed how lost she was,

"Do you take sugar?"

Quiet City.

I sit with the blank paper before me,
The words still to come.
And then it happens,
This sound pervades my mind,
Each note slowly meandering into another.
The words flow onto the page
As the music slowly travels through the ether,
Each note so perfect,
And in harmony with each other.
The music ends and silence fall,
And there on the paper
Sit these words,
Written by the music,
The music that flowed through my mind.

Dancing with Shadows.

I lay in the darkened room,
Just my thoughts for company.
The moon rises,
Its light pervades my thoughts.
The breeze stirs the trees
And their shadows
Dance on the walls,
And I dance with them,
Dance with Nature's shadows.

Reaching Nirvana.

Into the woods I walk
Walking familiar paths.
I look to the side and see a path
Almost non-existent,
The thought comes to me,
Could this be Frost's
Road less travelled.
I start along it,
As I walk the path gets wider,
The sky gets brighter,
Life becomes freer.
And with that new-found freedom
Love of life is found,
A new love where peace is everything,
No conflicts to be seen,
Just all helping each other,
Laughter and love abound,
People talk to each other,
All have smiles on their faces.

Have I passed beyond this Earth,
And at last reached Nirvana.

Struck Down.

On the tee they stood,
The man and the good priest,
To hit the ball round the course,
To see who could hit the least.

The man hit his ball,
And landed on the green,
The priest struck his too,
And broke the waters sheen.

The priest waded in the water,
And struck his ball to grass,
The man putted his ball,
But the hole it did pass.

The man just stood and swore,
"Sod it, missed the bugger" he uttered,
The priest just looked at him,
And "Do not swear!" he uttered.

The next hole was the same,
The man just missed the putt,
"Sod it, missed the bugger",
Every time he did tutt.

The priest then said,
"If your swearing doesn't cease
God will strike you down,
And take away your peace"

The last hole came at last,
And both were on the green,
The man missed the putt,

And was once more obscene.

Lightening flashed towards them,
The priest was looking smugger,
But the words he heard when he got struck,
Were "Sod it, missed the bugger!".

New Times.

The slither of the moon in the sky
Showing its rebirth,
The renewing of the time,
That time that always returns.
That time which gives us the chance
Gives us the chance to start again,
To start again in peaceful harmony,
Giving a sign of new times ahead.

Sometime in the future
My dream of peace will come true,
And the slither of moon
Will herald a new dawning,
Dawning into peaceful harmony.

Panic Over.

"Andy! Andy! Come quick!!" the wife yelled.
I raced to her, thinking she was hurt!
"Is that a dead bird in the garden?" she shouted,
I looked out and saw it,
A large brown bird lying still on the ground.
A smile came to my face,
I knew what it was.
I walked gently into the garden
Down to the bird.
Gently picked it up,
And replaced the metal heron
Back into its place
From whence it had fallen.

Insignificance.

I reach the top of the hill and stop,
Bringing my life to rest.
I look down at the vastness of nature
Stretching to my life's horizon.
I look up at the infinite universe
Stretching towards my eternity.
The feeling comes to my mind,
That in all this eternal space around me,
Am I so insignificant?

Stumbling Service.

It was a strange service.
The Choir traipsed in,
And sang the Introit.
Yes I was there,
Groaning out the bass line.
The Preacher welcomed all
And announced the first hymn,
He said to all,
"You may not know this hymn
The choir did not!"
The Choir had gone through it
Before the service started,
And had an idea.
The hymn started,
The choir sang,
The congregation slowly joined,
And when it was over
We very nearly knew it.
The first reader stood up,
Came to the lectern,
And started to read the lesson.
At almost every other word,
She hesitated,
Trying to form their sounds.
She got through it and sat down.
The second reader got up,
And seemed to keep stumbling
Over easy words.
The hymns were sung
And then came the Sermon,
But the Preacher kept getting lost,
Kept hesitating.
The Service was over

And the last hymn was sung,
One we all knew.
So we left the Church uplifted,
After such a stumbling service.

The Prism of Life.

Life can be so different,
So changeable.
We just do not know
What is going to happen.
Each moment can change.
It is what makes life so wonderful,
So exciting.
It is like a prism,
Whatever you do,
Depends on how the glass is turned.

Art is Feeling.

"Painting is but another word for feeling"

Constable said,

His paintings are sublime.

But where he put his feelings on canvas with paint,

I use paper and ink

To put my feelings into words.

Mozart put his feelings in music,

Rodin in sculpture.

Throughout art,

All types of art,

Feelings are seen.

So whether artist, poet, composer or sculptor,

All show their feelings in their works.

So I paraphrase Constable,

"ALL art is but another word for feeling".

The Lone Tree.

I look up the hill
And see it,
That lone tree,
With no leaves for company.
Just the boughs
Reaching up
As if searching,
Searching for life.
Reaching out,
Reaching for existence.
I sit by it and listen,
Listen for its story,
But all I hear
Is silence.
I wonder
Why so alone?
Why so naked?
Is its life so unhappy
That all it waits for
Is its end?
The thought comes to me
That unlike this tree
My life towards my end
Will be filled with hope,
Filled with love,
As My Spirit goes on.
The thought then comes
That My Spirit
Will be joined
With the Spirit
Of the tree,
That not so lone tree.

Said and Unsaid.

Going through life
We hear people talk.
Some we understand,
Some we don't ,
But much of what is said
Does not really matter.
There is also much
That is not said,
And therein lies the problem,
As much that matters in our lives,
Remains unsaid.

Is there no hope?

The man looks out from where he lay,
Into the distance from whence came,
The horror that had caused
the forlorn look upon his twisted face.

The tears run down the cheek
Of the other, looking on from outside,
At the anguish reproduced
By the skill of the artist.

The hope of the soldier has gone
From his fearful face.
The hope of the onlooker fortified
By the skill of the artist.

The Theatre of Dreams.

In life there are always choices,
Those choices lead us to what we become.
We may go through the door we chose
And enter our Theatre of Dreams
Where life is wonderful,
Full of happiness,
Full of love.
But sometimes along the way
We enter another door,
And walk on to the Stage of Nightmares
Where life pulls us into the darkness,
Full of sadness,
Full of hate.
When we enter that door be assured
That the light will be there,
Head to the light and you will find the door,
The door back into The Theatre of Dreams.

Hilary's Passing Year.

Another year has passed in your life,
Another year of experience and love.
But this year it is special,
As the number sixty is reached.
But sixty is just a number,
Your life will go on the same,
The time you spend with loved ones
Will still be there.
It will not change,
Age is inevitable,
But it is not a hindrance,
It is a spur to move forward.
Move forward in your life,
In the knowledge
That life will always be there,
And will go on,
Go on to infinity.

The Lone Poppy.

There it grew,
All by itself.
Why was it there?
Was it trying to escape
The horrors of this world?
Was it showing me the way
That loneliness can be good?
Was this poppy leading me,
Leading me to something new?
I may never know
But that lone poppy called to me,
And made me think.

FIBS.

One,
Two,
Then three ,
Make up five,
But now there are eight in this line.
What is going on,
Creating,
This thing,
Called
FIBS.

Ignorance in Age.

All my life it has been there,
Music.
I listen to it,
I play it,
I sing it.
I think I know a lot about it,
But like life,
I realise
The more I get to know about it,
The more ignorant
I realise I am.

Two into One.

I walk down the street
On these fine days,
A smile on my face,
Greeting all,
with joy and happiness.

I creep down the street
In the dark of night,
A sinister look on my face,
Hiding from all,
Getting ready to pounce.

Into work I go,
Where all greet me
With fun, happiness,
And dare I say, love,
For my helpful, happy ways.

I slink down the alleys,
Keeping to the dark,
Keeping to the shadows,
Looking for a victim,
To satisfy my blood lusting ways.

The day goes on,
The work gets done,
With joyous banter
Pervading the room,
A life of fun and companionship.

There he is!
My victim!
I pounce!

Drag him to my den!
Destroy his precious life!

Looking around the office
I see James is not there,
Where is he I ask?
Oh he was found last night,
With his throat ripped out.

Jigsaw of Life.

The pieces lay before you,
Scattered all around.
How can sense be made of it?
Suddenly you see two pieces,
Two pieces that look alike.
You try to fit them together,
It works,
It is a start,
The future seems endless.
Ever so slowly pieces come together
Until that time you have a frame,
That frame needs to be filled.
In time more pieces come together
Until a picture starts to become visible.
Some pieces fit so easily to bring happiness,
Others are a struggle to put together
And sadness and rancour come over you.
At last you can see it,
You can see a goal,
Somewhere to aim.
As each piece is found
Life becomes clearer,
Until that time when the end is in sight,
And as the last piece of the jigsaw is placed
Your life is complete,
And moves on to that infinite jigsaw,
That is Your Spirit.

She Fever Too.

I must go and see she again, to the lovely she and her pie,
And all I ask is a big plate with a fork to eat it by,
And the sauce is thick and meats cooked in her so fine baking,
And the red wine in the large glass, and my thirst there for slaking.

My Tomorrows.

The light comes into my life
As my morning starts.
Just me, the dawn,
Music and poetry.
A time where my passions
Are all around me.
The wonder of nature awakening
In this new day of my life,
The glory of fine music
Flowing into my Spirit,
These words on this page
Just flowing
From deep within me.
My new dawn is here,
And throughout each day,
No matter what life throws at me,
I always have the joy of knowing
That my new dawn
Will always be with me,
At each of my tomorrows.

View of God.

The class was in session,
The subject was art.
The paint went everywhere
As the children splashed it,
All over the paper, walls ceiling, floor.
The teacher walked round
Looking at each creation,
A house here,
Countryside there.
Pets and parents,
Friends and toys.
All manner of things,
Subjected to the rigours
Of the children's creative minds.
Then she came to the last one,
The teacher had no idea
What this creation was.
So the artist was asked,
"What are you painting?"
"God" the young lady replied,
"But nobody knows what God looks like"
Said the teacher.
"You will when I have finished this!!"
Said the girl.

Star Trek Now.

"Beam up Scotty", came the order.
There he was on his handset,
Talking to others throughout the Universe.
That handheld device,
That seemed so alien,
Back then.
But now they are everywhere,
You cannot go down the street
Without seeing people on them,
Talking to others,
Ignoring where they are,
Ignoring the world around them.

"Bones, I've hurt my arm",
Came the plea.
So out comes a probe
And a ray goes over the hurt,
All is well again.
Again, such an alien device,
Back then,
But now it can be done,
That probe is here.

Had Roddenberry seen the future?
Seen the Universe as it was to become,
Seen technology at its best,
And at its worst.
Was he in the future on Enterprise?
Did he boldly go
To where no man
Had gone before?

The Artist Within.

It can happen to you,
It can happen to us.
The artist can stand before the canvas
But the strokes do not come.
The composer can sit before the manuscript
But the notes just will not form.
The poet can have a blank sheet on the desk
But the words cannot be written.
This lack will not last,
The muse will return.
All you need to remember
Is that the Artist,
Or the Composer,
Or the Poet,
That is within you,
That is within us,
Will never die.

The Rules of Cricket.

They walk to the wicket with confidence,
The first two of the side,
Who is in.
Surrounded by the eleven in the field,
Who are out.
The two carry bats,
The men are covered in pads and masks,
Because once they are in,
They don't want to be out.
The first batter in faces a ball from the bowler,
Who is out.
The batter who is in,
Misses the ball,
Which hits the stumps;
So he is no longer in,
He is out.
He walks from the field
And is passed by another man,
Who is now in.
Once the team that come in,
Have ten men come in,
And go out,
They then become
The team that is out.
And the team that was out,
Become the team
That is now in.
The game then restarts
With the team that was in,
Out.
And the team that was out,
In.
Until ten of the men

From the team that were out,
And are now in,
Are both in and out.
Then the team that was in,
And became out,
Are now in again.
And the team that was out,
And then came in,
Are now out again.
The team that were out,
And then in,
And then out again,
Now become the team,
That is in again.
And the team that was in.
And then out,
Then in again,
Now become the team
That is out.
Then the team that is in,
Become the team that is out,
Both teams are then out.
Simples!

From Corncrake to God.

There it was, that sound, like a stick dragged down a comb ? twice,
Would it be that I would see my quarry ? I had four days so to do.
It had sounded so close, crreek-crreek , there it was again,
Look! over there, the sound came from there ? nothing.

The evening was bright so I went for a walk, bins to hand.
Passing a field the sound exploded from the grass ?crreek-crreek;
Quick look there, no only the movement of the grass in the wind
Hiding any movement of this elusive creature.

The boat went up and down, would we be able to land
On Staffa's shore near the cave where Fingal reigned .
Yes we could so off I went in search of the clowns
That fly across the sea with rapid beat of wings.

Yet there again came this sound that was haunting me
This time some way away, but even here on this deserted land.
Up I climbed to the top of the cliff and sat on the grass
Hoping my silence would allow the clowns to come close.

Here they come wings all a flutter and land at my feet
Without any care, carrying fish in their widened beaks
So trusting these little black and white auks
With multicoloured coloured bills that bring a smile to your face.

I leave my new found friends to their precarious lives
The sandeels are now hard to find due to the greed of this world
So these friendly small birds so trusting of me
May one day not return from the sea.

Back we go to Iona's beach, the Abbey looking on as we land.
Tomorrow we are to pilgrimage around this heavenly island.
So once more this evening when dinner is done

I'll go and look for this creature, that mocks me from all over.

Back went I to the field where I heard them before
There's the sound of, one, two, three even four
Rasping their call from all over this place but not to be seen
Even though they sound so close to my ears.

There! What's that out in the middle? Is that a head
That I can just perceive of the bird that has mocked me
Throughout these last few days of my trip to this Isle.
No can't be sure, so can't be a tick on my list ever growing.

Off on the pilgrimage round this blessed land
With a song to Our Lord sung by all who attend
We stop on occasion to mark each place
With readings and prayer so full of Grace

After many an hour travailing this land
We come to the Chapel of St Oran
And here mid this dark and the prayer filled Church
I am struck by my God. Have I ended my search?

This feeling of power just overwhelms me
Although the Corncrake I have still yet to see
My God has taken me straight to his heart
And I am aware of his magnificent power.

I came to Iona with others who felt that they knew their God
and needed solace in this spiritual place
I came feeling the same until I heard that sound ? crreek-crreek
So I started a different journey from the one I had started.

The Journey was stopped in no uncertain way
In that tiny Chapel on that glorious day when God came to me

To show he was with me and always would be
Thank you Lord for reminding me of you

It is said that the veil between Heaven and Earth
On Iona's land is spread very thin;
I say that the veil does not even begin
Iona and Heaven have shown me their worth.

So the Corncrake eluded me again this time
But I found my God with a feeling so powerful
That it changed my life, I now know for the better.
Now all I need to find is the work God wants me for.

What is the Time?

We often ask the question
"What is the time?"
But do we need to know the time?
Surely all we want to know
When we ask the time,
Is how close it is,
To another time.

What is Time?

What is time?
Do we need time?
Time for what?
Time to work?
Time to play?
Time to love?
Time to hate?
Time to write?
Time to paint?
Time to create?
Time on our hands.
Time,
That never-ending
Line of moments,
Moments in our life.
Each moment different,
Each moment wonderful,
Time is moments,
Time is wonderful.

Endless Love.

"I am useless!" she said,
The tears flowing down her face.
"I can't do anything, can't do anything for you"
She shouted through the tears.
These were the words that came to me
As I came into the room.
My wonderful wife
Sitting there in abject misery,
Her body was so weakened
That walking across the room
Was an effort.
Whose mind was losing to dementia.
These times of clarity brought home to her
An awful truth,
"Do you still love me?
Are you going to leave me?"
Were the questions
That kept hurting me.
I tell her I love her,
I tell her I will always be with her,
But her mind cannot accept this.
She is scared,
Scared that I may go,
But in my mind
There is only one thing that I can do,
All I can do,
Is love her more.

Hungry Ghosts

My wonderful wife,
Just sits there so innocent.
She does not over eat,
Is careful what she does eat.
I do not see her eat between meals,
So the conclusion I have come to
Is that we must have ghosts in the house,
Otherwise why is it,
That when I go to the biscuit barrel,
It is always empty!

I'll Be Seeing You.

Once more it happened,
The power that music has over me
Found me out again.
Just sitting listening
To some Jazz on the radio,
When on came a song,
A song that I had heard
So many times before.
But as the tune flowed
From that heart rending voice,
I felt the tears
Slowly forming in my eyes,
As the song moved me.
Why this time?
Why not other times?
Was it that those other times
I heard it,
But this time,
I listened to it.

Singing.

The Choir assembles,
And I am there,
Singing my heart out ,
With hardly a care.

I sing as I can,
And sometimes I'm wrong,
But my cares disappear,
As I sing each song.

Followed in the Night.

I walk along the street,
The night is dark and foreboding,
There is somebody behind me.
I walk faster,
So do they.
I turn to confront them,
But they are gone.
I continue my journey,
Walking ever faster,
Turning suddenly,
But they are still not there.
I reach home safely,
My breathing returns to normal,
My mind calms,
And in that moment I realise,
I realise that all that was following me
On that dark foreboding night,
Were the words on this page.

Rainbow of Life.

The Rainbow entered my life
So many years ago,
She brightened my soul
With the astounding colours
That she brought to me.
As the years passed
The colours varied,
Sometimes barely there,
As the clouds of life gathered.
But the light always came back
And the brightness shone in glory,
The glory that my loved one,
Shines on me.
Together we will travel,
Travel to the end of the Rainbow.

Throat Cutting.

I placed the razor
To the edge of my throat
And slid it gently to the other side,
No feeling was felt.
So I slid it again,
Only harder,
And still all my skin was whole.
Why do they say
It is so easy to cut your throat,
With a razor,
When I struggled.

Perhaps the electric razor,
Needs sharpening.

Goldie and Orchi at Hastings.

Nine hundred and fifty years ago,
On this very day ,
There we were, Orchi and I,
Sitting on Hastings beach,
Minding our own business,
Just eating some pork pies.
Me drinking my whisky,
WITHOUT WATER!
Orchi drinking his sherry.
I was trying to explain to Orchi
The meaning of
Hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia,
While He was trying to say
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
We looked out to sea,
There approaching were these boats
Loaded with men,
All had swords and spears,
And one had a bow and arrow.
Behind us horses were galloping,
They came to us on the beach.
Harold was there,
He asked if he could have a pie,
Orchi declined,
Saying "Pigs will fly
Before I release a pie!"
He pointed into the sky
And said to Harold,
"See that flying pig!"
I had always told Orchi
That pointing was rude,
And in this case,
It was dangerous!

As Harold fell from his horse
An arrow in his eye.
And that was the day
That Orchi said to me
"Give me a scotch, without water!"
Out of the kindness of my heart
I gave Orchi a SMALL scotch.
He fell to the ground
Shouting "Alas poor Yorick
I knew him well, fill up the walls
With your English dead Romeo"
From that day Orchi and context
Have never been the same,
And water always goes in his scotch.

Seeing the World Differently

They are all around you,
These strange people,
You just don't understand them.

They could be artists
Who see the world in colours.

They could be poets
Who see the world in rhyme.

They could be writers
Who see it in words.

They could be mystics
Who see a completely
Different way of life.

But each of them can teach us,
They can teach us to see the world,
To see the world through different eyes.

The Man at the Door.

The bell rung,
I answered the door,
There stood a man
With his proof of identity
Which he insisted I read.
So read it I did,
Yes, he was who I was expecting,
But there was no real doubt
As a thief would not come in,
With an eight-foot-long rail,
That he was going to fix
Up the stairs.

Beauty Revealed.

You go through each day
Meeting people,
Talking to people,
But do you see them?
If you really see them
And see beauty within them
Don't be afraid to tell them.
It only takes a second of your life,
But for them,
It could last a lifetime.

Dark Comfort.

The dark mornings are here,
I creep slowly down stairs
In the morning of night,
Artificial light ignored.
I sit here in the dark,
Only the light of this page
Showing me the way,
The way to words,
To read them,
And to write them.
The darkness surrounds me,
Comforts me like a friend.
The dawn slowly rises behind me
And once more I can see,
See beyond this page,
But I keep on being drawn back,
Back to this page,
Until the words stop.

The Tandem of Love.

Down the aisle I walked,
Down the aisle she walked,
Joined at the altar,
Together we walk back up the aisle.
At the door we climbed on our tandem,
Our tandem of love,
Never to be apart again.
We rode that tandem,
Down the hills of life's beauty,
Up the hills of life's struggle,
But always pedalling together.
Sometimes one had to peddle harder
To help the other,
But we both shared the journey.
The tandem is old now,
But still it will take us,
Take us together,
On the road of life,
Towards eternity,
Always riding together.

My Mentor.

I sit at the table eating dinner,
Looking up from my plate
I see my wonderful wife.
We smile at each other,
Our never-ending love so secure.

I glance above her to the wall,
Hanging there is a picture,
A photograph of a man,
A man for whom my love has no bounds.
He was there when I came into this world,
He was there all the time.
He showed me the world of music,
That world that is embedded in my soul.
He showed me the world of art.
He advised me gently through all our time together.
A gentle man,
And a gentleman,
His voice never raised in anger.
He was with me always
Up until my forty seventh year,
When he left for Heaven's Concert Hall.

Now over twenty years later
I can still see him looking at me,
Waiting for me to join him,
Join him in that time,
That time when Dad and I will wander,
Wander around the heavenly jazz clubs
And all those concert halls,
Amongst the wonderful music
And great musicians
That thrilled our lives,

And will thrill us for eternity.

Calliope.

I sit at my desk,
The blank sheet before me.
I look up and see her,
See this lady
Who has come into my life,
Of whom I have just became aware.
She has been there forever,
Guiding my thoughts onto paper.
I have been aware of somebody,
Somebody who guides my hand,
As the words flow into my mind,
Through my pen,
Onto the page.
As I walk down the street,
Sit in the park,
Walk with nature,
She is always at my side,
Prompting me with words,
Prompting me with ideas,
That can be put into words.
I can now call her by name,
As I know that my life
Would be unfulfilled,
If it was not for my muse,
Calliope.

Missed Opportunities.

All through our life
We try to find them,
Those wonderful opportunities
That are so big
That they can change our lives;
If only we could find them.

But as we look for them in hope,
We miss many things.
Miss so many smaller opportunities
That surround us all the time.
They could bring so much joy
To our lives,
If only we could see them.
We appear to be blind to them,
As we look for something bigger.

Clever or Wise.

I thought that I was clever,
Thought I knew it all.
I wanted to change everything
So that it suited my life,
In the way I wanted it to be.

Then the revelation struck me,
Wisdom came my way.
Wisdom showed me
That to satisfy my life
I could not change anything,
Could not change anything around me.
I must change myself,
Change the way I think.

To Fun or Not To Fun

Looking back you see your childhood,
Those times when the fun of life
Was always with you,
Laughter never far away.

With age comes more responsibilities,
And the fun that you had becomes harder.
As life goes on fun decreases,
Until it seems to become a rarity.

What you need to realise though
Is that you don't stop having fun
Because you're are getting old,
You are getting old,
Because you stopped having fun.

Ode to Music.

There it is again,
That sound,
That sound that surrounds me,
Brings me so much pleasure.
Without it my life would have no meaning.
It has always been with me
In its various guises,
I cannot remember it not being there.
All emotions it gives me
As it surrounds my life,
Invades my soul.
It will always be with me,
Be with me for eternity,
As music and I,
Go towards infinity.

The Late Muse.

The muse was late this morning,
It normally wakes me at three,
Three in the morning.
This morning
It was ten passed four,
Perhaps it overlaid.

Imagination.

I sit in front of the blank page
Wondering what words
Will come from my imagination,
I have the knowledge to write those words,
But knowledge is what I have learned
It can be so limiting.
Imagination is the unknown,
It is the thoughts of what might be.
Imagination has no boundaries,
And will always surprise me.

Once More Her Hero.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
Came the noise from above.
Had my wife fallen again?
I raced up the stairs,
"Are you alright?"
I shouted.
"No I am not!"
She replied!
"Come here quickly!"
So I raced into the room,
"It was coming at me!
Coming straight at me!
Make it go!"
I looked down
And saw my wife's monster
Just sitting there,
Doing no harm.
I just picked up the spider
And gently put it out of the window.
Panic over,
I was once more her hero.

The Best Opera in the World.

We sat in front of the empty stage,
Just a piano sitting on it,
And a table with tea and biscuits.
Where was everyone?
Then from behind us came a voice
Asking if this was the place,
And was the man he came to meet here?
He walked to the stage,
Saw the piano and sat at it,
He said he loved the piano
And would we mind if he played.
He played with absolute ease,
And then his voice sailed,
Sailed around the room
Delighting all.
Another voice came from behind
And a beautiful lady walked in,
Walked to the stage.
They knew each other,
Kissed cheeks,
And asked if they had seen the man,
The man that had called them there.
The pianist asked her to sing,
And sing she did.
This wonderful soprano voice
Filled the theatre,
Bringing us to our feet.
Two more voices were heard from behind,
Another wondrous lady
And a big bearded bass,
All were searching for the man.
All had been asked,
Asked to come and sing,

Sing the best opera in the world.
That is when the bickering started,
What was the best opera in the world?
The bickering stopped
When a loud tenor voice
Came from behind,
They knew who it was
Knew his poor reputation.
The voice approached,
Followed by this handsome man.
He too had been asked,
Asked the same question
To attend to sing,
Sing the best opera in the world.

They each had their favourite,
Each thought theirs was the best.
We were in raptures,
As arias and choruses
Rose from these singers,
These superb singers,
Who treated us to the glory,
The glory that is opera.
In the midst of their climax
A letter was found,
Saying that the person
The person they were to meet
Had died,
And would not be with them
Except in Spirit.
They went silent
Four of the singers sat down in sadness.
The pianist played and sung,
One of the saddest of all songs
Came from his lips,

Tom Bowling floated round the room,
We, I, was in tears,
As were we all.
The audience went silent
Not a sound was heard,
Except this plaintiff singing
And the occasional sob,
Absolute silence reigned
As the song closed.
The singers rose from their sadness
And sang for us again,
Dispelling the torpor
With the glory of opera once more.
We cheered,
We applauded as these five musicians ended,
Ended a marvellous afternoon,
An afternoon of humour and sadness,
But most of all an afternoon
Of such wonderful singing.
Singing for us,
Singing for all,
Singing the best opera in the world.

Is Opera For Me?

No, opera's not for me!
Why should I be forced
To sit and listen
to those people caterwauling
in a language I don't understand,
But I must join the others,
Probably listen to them moaning,
Such a miserable lot.

Hello, what's this?
It's a YOUNG man
Sitting at the piano,
I don't know that song,
I said I wouldn't enjoy it!

What's that?
Wow a beautiful YOUNG girl
She is going to sing to us
I don't know...,
Yes, I have heard that song,
Heard it before
But I don't know where.
Her voice is mesmerising,
How could I not enjoy it?

Is this opera?
Have I been so blinded
And missed all this wonder?
There are three more
Singing another song,
A song I have heard.
Look, there is Agnes,
She has never smiled

But she is beaming.
And Jane, forever asleep,
Looking up, her eyes wide open.
I know this song very well,
They want us to join.
Look even Fred is joining in,
Mouth open,
Eyes shining,
Arms waving.
Even I am doing it!
Singing!
Singing opera!

Those voices before us
Are inspiring,
Awe inspiring.
All around me are happy,
Even Joe in the corner,
Never smiled to my knowledge,
He is almost laughing.
Can opera really be so powerful,
Powerful enough,
To get a bunch of miserable old people
To become happy,
Happy and cheerful,
Listening to songs,
Songs of such passion
That the passion that we once had
Stirs within us once more?
Yes, it can.

Days later we can still hear it,
Still sing it.
As we walk along the corridor
Greeting each other with a song,
"Toreador! La la la laa laaaa";

The beams on our faces
As the wonder of that afternoon
Brings smiles to us all.
Yes, opera is for me!

But Still We Laugh.

In all our life together it has been there.
The good times gave us laughter,
The funny times gave us laughter,
Even some bad times gave us laughter.
Now as our journey goes into old age
We still laugh.
Her ills are increasing
But still we laugh.
Her dementia is sad
But still we laugh.
Her problems do silly things
But still we laugh.
We laugh at each other,
We laugh with each other,
But still we laugh,
But still we laugh,
But still we laugh.

God's Sense of Humour.

I was sitting on my cloud,
Minding my own business.
Just contemplating,
Just contemplating contemplation,
When God arrived.
"Can I sit on the cloud next to you?" he asked,
"Of course you can" I said,
"It's a free Universe",
"That's profound" he said,
"No not profound, just a bit of fun" I replied.
"I gave you that" he said,
"Gave me what?"
"Fun" he said.
"How come if you gave us fun", I replied
"I don't see many laughing in that world"
"You are not looking hard enough" he said,
"All you can see is the bad and the sad"
"But that is all I hear about!" I shouted.
"Ah" he said, "You are looking at the news",
"All the news does is show the bad and the sad"
"But it must be right" I replied,
"It says so on the news!"
"Look passed the news" He said,
"There are so many happy people"
"So many having fun, many more than you see on the news",
"But why is there so much sorrow" I replied,
"Because people forget what I gave them" He said,
"So what have they forgotten?" I asked,
"They have forgotten I gave them a sense of humour" He replied,
"Don't be daft I said, we all know that you do not have a sense of humour",
"Of course I do." He replied,
"I have accepted you!"

Perception.

In this world you are always looking,
Seeking something that eludes you.
What is it?
Is it understanding?
Understanding how you are perceived?
Perceived by acquaintances?
Perceived by enemies?
Perceived by friends?
That perception always alludes you
Until that time when you realise,
Realise that it is within you.
And until your own perception is seen,
Seen by yourself,
Others will never see it.

Hill of Life.

I came into this world and looked up,
Looked up at the Hill of Life before me,
I crawled towards it as I began the ascent.
The shallow foot hills were full of fun,
Just playing with friends,
Parents to protect me.
As age progressed the hill got steeper,
And I had problems to solve.
I solved them all,
Solved them until the hill rose up.
I climbed steadily until I reached a plain,
A plain where the love of my life was found.
Together we traversed the flat ground.
Crossing each hillock together,
Walking together into old age.
Suddenly a mountain stood before me
And I had to help my loved one
To reach the footholds,
That she could not find herself.

As we travelled on the clouds descended,
And darkened our way,
A storm approached us,
But we fought it and battled upwards.
We came out into the light
And travelled upwards towards it.
I looked up as we neared the top.
I saw the top and our reward
Saw the steps,
The steps on the top of My Hill of Life
That would take us,
Take us from this world
Into our eternal lives together.

New Day - Haiku.

The morning light dawns
As day replaces the night.
Life exists once more.

The Magic of Mozart.

It happened again
Once more I stopped,
Stopped writing,
Stopped reading,
Stopped as this music
Sailed into my soul.
The Queen of the Night
Came into the light of my day.
Her glorious notes
Sailing through me.
The beauty so wondrous,
All I could do was listen in wonder
As this rapturous song assailed me,
Yet again he overwhelmed me
As once more his magic took me,
Took me to that heaven,
That heaven that is,
The magic of Mozart.

Narrow Escape.

MPS has lot to answer for,
It nearly put me in the doghouse.
So involved in reading the poems
Had I become
That the time just flew by.
I looked up
And saw the time,
I was five minutes late,
An absolute tragedy.
I was late with my wife's morning tea!
I made the brew
And with great trepidation
Took it up to her,
But all was well,
She was still asleep.

Orchi's Travels.

I remember it well.
I was sitting in the Blue Boar
Drinking my ale,
Talking to Robin
And to Little John.
Alan-a-Dale was playing,
Playing his lute and singing.
Then from behind me
Came the sound of a cat,
A cat screeching,
Trying to keep in time,
In time with the music.
I looked round in horror
And saw him,
Saw that person
That person who changed history.

He saw me!
"Cooee!!" shouted Orchi
"COOEE!!"
I tried to hide behind John
But it was too late.
"HELLO GOLDIE!!" he shouted
"Shall I get some water for you?"

Over he came,
Sat down, got up swiftly,
He had sat on and broken Robin's arrows,
Didn't even apologise, which was normal.

"Shall I tell them the story Goldie?
You now about ten sixty-six
When Harold looked up!"

"No" I said,
"Tell them about the time
The time you lost your dinosaur
And we went through those times,
The Jurassic and Cretaceous eras
Looking for it,
Not knowing it had changed
Changed into a guinea pig!"

I remember it well,
That wonderful time
When Magna Carta was signed,
Giving freedom to all in the Kingdom.
The King, with quill in his hand, paused
As there was a crash at the door,
Orchi came through,
And as his "Cooee!" rang out.
"Has anyone seen my dinosaur" he shouted
As he ran across the room,
He fell against the table
Knocked the ink all over the manuscript,
Thus causing it to be signed in twelve fifteen
Instead of twelve fourteen,
It took the monks another year
To write it once more.

I remember it well,
That day on the beach.
I was sitting the watching the ships
When behind me came the sound,
"Cooee!, I made it!
Is it time yet?"
"Time for what?" I replied.
"Time for the Battle"
"What Battle?"
"The Battle of Hastings!"

"I hope not, that is next year,
It is only 1065 this year" I said,
"But what are all those ships doing,
And why is Harold behind us?"
"You haven't been changing the calendar again?"
I asked him.
"I only put it back a year" he remorsefully replied,
Then he pointed up,
Pointed to the flying dinosaur,
The one we had been searching for.
Harold looked up as well,
And that, as they say, is now history,
I remember it well.

Dancing to the Music.

It is there all the time,
The music of our life.
From the first few notes
That are there at birth,
Growing into sonatas,
Which transform into quartets.
As we grow the concertos
Become the symphonies within us.
The wonder of opera travels with us.
Until at the end the mighty masses
Take us into eternity.

All the time we are dancing,
Dancing to the music,
Dancing in our minds,
Dancing in our bodies.
Others see us,
They think we are insane,
But they cannot hear the music

Against the Flow

I used to see him at the station
Waiting alone on the platform.
He on the other side,
While I was surrounded by the crowd,
Hustling and bustling, waiting for the train.
He would sit quietly reading the paper,
A gentle smile on his face,
As if he were laughing at us.
We pushed and shoved one another,
Trying to get the best spot
To get on the train.
His train arrived and he gently stepped on,
Took the seat of his choice
From the many of which he could pick.
My train arrived and the scrum would start
To try and find a space, let alone a seat.
The train would move,
I would be on my way with the crowd,
This crowd of people,
All going with the flow,
To our day of drudgery.

The day I retired that all ceased,
And I like that man I used to see
Would walk with a smile on my face,
As peace and harmony came to me,
As I then became,
The man going the other way.

From Darkness to Light.

They seem to be with you,
With you all the time,
The weight of problems.

Those problems seem to increase,
They start to push you,
Push you into a life of work and stress.

Just stop and think though.
Why do you let your problems push you
Into a lifetime of darkness?
When your dreams can lead you,
Into a lifetime of light.

Pens Drawn Ready.

There they sat,
Pens drawn like swords,
Prodding the paper between them.
Their swords sometimes crossed
As they saw a word,
Or a letter on the other side
Of the crossword they were doing.
Every day they are there,
Pens drawn,
Ready for battle,
The battle of the crossword.
Filling in the words
Until they had conquered the enemy,
The enemy of the crossword,
While enjoying their coffee and toast.

The Beckoning.

I reach the middle of the bridge and look down,
There flowing beneath me is My River.
Such a long time since I have walked
Along its beautiful side.
My life has changed,
Free time is sparse,
The love of my life is struggling,
I have to be with her and always will be,
The vow in sickness and in health was sworn
And is so meaningful,
Even more so now.

As I look at My River I remember,
Remember those times
When I was with it every morning.
Those beautiful times,
When nature spoke to me
And My Spirit joined me.
We walked together in awe,
In awe of the life that I had.
The glory of art,
The beauty of words,
The wonder of music,
They are all about me
As nature comforts me
Even in my troubled times.

I will return to My River
And will walk by it once more,
Walk once more with My Spirit,
As eternity beckons me
Towards my Eternal Life.

Poets Touch. Senryu.

We all deny it,
But all become a poet,
At the touch of love.

One of Those Days.

They don't happen very often,
But I am having had one of those days.
My hands are normally secure,
And I can catch most things.
Today is different,
Almost anything I picked up
I dropped on the floor.
The myriad of tablets
That I sort in order
For my loved one
Seemed to have a life of their own
As so many just jumped out of my hand,
Onto the floor,
Under the cooker,
Under the 'fridge,
I found them all,
And then dropped some again!

I went round with the vacuum cleaner,
And even that ended up on the deck
When I dropped the handle,
How can you drop a vacuum cleaner!!
Even as I write these words
One of them

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To the ground.

The best Idea I can think of for today

Is to go back to bed,

But knowing my luck

I would probably fall out of that as well.

Where's Mum?

She just won't accept it,
Or is it she doesn't want to accept it.
She doesn't like the way
Her Mum has changed.
The cruel world of dementia
Has turned her Mum
Into a different person,
And she just will not accept it.
She knows about it,
Knows the way her Mum is,
But is waiting for the other Mum,
The other Mum to come back,
The Mum she used to know.

Why Don't Mornings Last All Day.

I arise in the morning
Full of life,
Full of energy,
I can achieve anything.
As the day progresses
The energy wanes,
The trials of the day
Pull me down,
Until that time at last
When the bed calls
And I go to sleep
Knowing that my good morning
Will be there when I awake.
Why can't my mornings
Last all day long?

Hope in the Dark.

In our lives many just see darkness,
This darkness causes so much sorrow.
Each day seems endless
As they fall into the dark pit of despair.
But if you just look up,
Lookup with hope,
The light is there.
Hope is being able to see the light,
In spite of the darkness around you.

Water is Life.

We turn on a tap,
And it is there.
We look to the skies,
And it is there.

They walk for miles,
And it may be there.
They look into the skies,
Not a cloud to be seen.

We take it for granted,
It is always there.
We don't think about it,
As it is always there.

They treasure it,
When it is there.
Always worrying,
That it will be there.

Whether it is there,
Or whether it is not,
We would be dead without it,
Water is life.

Stopped By Music.

It has happened once more!
There I sat writing some poetry
When it infused itself,
Through my ears,
Into my mind.
The pen was raised from the page
As this glorious sound
Entered my soul.
Music is so powerful to me
It can just stop me,
Stop me doing other things,
Other things that I enjoy doing.
I have to stop and listen,
Listen and absorb those notes
As they pervade my mind,
And enter the ether,
Heading towards infinity,
Where I will find them once more,
When my time comes to follow them.

Avoidance Failed.

I was walking down the street,
Shopping in hand,
When I saw her,
Saw her with two,
Two not one,
Collection tins!
There was no way I could avoid her,
I rapidly moved towards her,
Tried to avoid her eyes.
But then I looked again,
They were not tins,
They were mugs of coffee.
Luckily she was standing outside Specsavers,
So I went in

Positive Thought.

The ups and downs of each day
Are there throughout our lives.
At the end of each day
Look back at it,
Look for the positives that were there,
They will be there.
And at the end of each day
Remember that positive thought.
That thought will then be with you
As you start the next day,
And that day will be better for it.

Can You Hear It??

It can be so wonderful.
It can clear the mind.
It can bring all emotions.
Love is always in it.
The beauty it can show
Is awe inspiring,
The calmness it gives
Brings healing to the soul.
Can you hear it?
Can you hear the silence?

KP And Orchi Got Married.

He stands nervously at the alter,
Awaiting his bride to be.
He looks round,
Nobody is watching,
So he sips his sherry,
Wishing he had brought Goldies scotch,
But Goldie knew he would ruin it with water.

The organ came to life
And played the brides song;
"Another one bites the dust!" *
Orchi stood up straight
And looked forward,
Suddenly there next to him
Her frontage went passed,
Orchi swooned at the sight,
And then KP was next to him.
The priest stood in front of them,
His prayer book laying
On KP's breasts, as they were to hand.
"We are Gathered here today
To join this man
And this woman
With enormous boobs!
Sorry Lord!
And this woman
In some short term of matrimony"
(She had already seen her next victim)

"Who has the rings"
"I do!" I replied,
I laid the rings on the breasts,
Oops, prayer book.

Orchi took one,
Put it on KP's finger
"With this ring I thee wed" He mumbled
KP took the other one,
Fastened around Orchi's neck,
"With this ring
I thee own" She shouted!
The priest concluded
"I now pronounce you
Man, boobs and wife.
Sorry again Lord."
As Orchi and KP walked back
Back down the aisle
The music was played
The notes from Chopin
Filled the Church
As Orchi was led away
Chain attached to the ring
The wedding ring around his neck.

The day was coming to an end,
The married couple still together.
They went to the marital bed.
KP removed her coat,
Orchi swooned,
But could not fall
The chain was attached to a hook.
He came too and KP was in bed,
Two mountains pushing up the bedclothes.
Orchi went to the bed
Removed the covers,
And just glimpsed his new wife
Before he swooned once more.
As he came too words came to his mind
Words of what he must do,
So he stood up and howled

In his catlike voice
"Fight the Good Fight
With all thy might!" **
And with eyes closed
He went to the marital bed,
Drank his sherry,
Ate his pork pies,
Looked at KP from the neck up,
He daren't look lower,
Said good night,
And went over to his guinea pigs,
Said "Cooee!" to them
And slept with them
In peaceful harmony.

Straight to Arrears.

There I was
On my round,
Collecting rent,
From all around.
Knocking on doors,
A smile,
A 'Good Morning'
A "Where's your rent?"
Most paid happily,
Some offered me tea,
One offered cake.
Then came the day
As I approached a door
A coffin was carried out,
I knocked on the coffin,
But no answer
Came the stern reply,
So I immediately
Put him into arrears.

Body Clock.

I cannot remember not getting up at that time,
The same time every morning.
My body clock is rarely late,
So why do they change the time,
Change the time in the world
In which I live.
It is alright they say,
You will gain an hour
When the clocks go back.
How can I gain an hour?
I am up at five now
Not six o'clock!
My body clock is right!
Why do I have to convene
With the man made,
Or man destroyed,
Passage of time?

Clarity of Mind.

"I blame God for this you know!"
She said,
This coming from my wife,
A lady who has sung Gods Praises,
Sung them throughout her life.
Followed the Christian Faith
In a devout but humble way.
Helped in the Church
Helped to spread God's word.
And here she is now,
Her fine singing voice taken from her,
Her body no longer able to walk unaided,
Her mind being lost to the world of dementia.
This morning as she struggled back from the toilet,
She looked at me,
Her mind seemed to clear
And she hit me with the words
That I would never thought she would say,
"I blame God for this you know!"

Life Within Me.

The blank sheet is there before me,
It stares back and challenges me,
Challenges me to write.
This battle happens every time,
It is a battle I can always win,
As when the pen touches the page
And the first word is written
I know I have won,
I know that my life
Is still within me.

Satisfied?

I walk down the street
The darkness surrounds me;
I creep into the shadows
Unseen by all around,
Just hidden,
Awaiting my moment.
I slither across the path
In a sibilant silence,
Back into the shadows.
There before me, I see it,
I see the way,
The way back.
Through the gate I slide,
Silence is all around.
The cemetery is there,
I see my home,
Hidden from all.
I creep into my coffin
Just as daylight breaks,
I lay there at peace
Awaiting the darkness once more,
Where maybe tonight,
My hunger will be satisfied.

My Forever After.

The wedding was over,
The vows given and received,
All were happy.
The love of the couple
Shining like the silken moon
In their eyes.

Sometime later
A drink in our hands
The groom and I stood together,
Just chatting,
"Are you happy?" I asked,
And his reply astounded me,
"This day I have found my forever after"

Thirty Six Years.

*Was it only thirty-six years ago?
Thirty-six years since she walked down the aisle,
Walked towards me.
We walked back up the aisle as one,
That day when our love shone,
And has become brighter every day.*

*Was it only thirty-six years ago?
Time has been non-existent,
Our love has conquered time.
Together our Spirits travel
Where time does not exist,
As our love takes us to eternity.*

Back With My River.

Once more I reach My River,
There to greet me are my friends.
The swans so serene
As they sail quietly through the water,
Old friends are there,
New ones still to be known,
Their life continuing,
Expanding in nature's wonder.
The geese greet me noisily
Like a long lost friend
Returning from a journey,
They paddle among the gulls
Interspersed by the ducks.
I move further along my path
Away from my friends
To be a one with My River,
Its silent sound speaking to me
In ways that others do not hear.
The leaves fall from the trees
Creating a carpet of reds and yellows
Which soften my footsteps.
As I walk further by My River
I stop and pause,
Pause to look across the water
And see where my friend lays,
Lays in his peaceful sleep,
I can see him walking with Hardy
As they transverse heavens paths
Creating ever more poems
To their absolute delight.
I move on once more,
Becoming ever more at one
With My River,

With My River and My Spirit.
I turn to return
And there across the water
Standing upright and proud
I see a heron,
We stare at each other.
It leaves the ground
And flies majestically over my head,
Once more we look into each others eyes,
And I know that I will meet it again
As My Spirit with My River,
Will follow it to eternity.

Stepping Off.

Each day we live our life
Knowing what to expect,
Our lives are always the same.
We know what to expect from others
And what is to be expected from ourselves.
Our life never changes,
Our life is comfortable,
Our life can be boring.
But what if?
What if you step out of the norm?
What happens?
Well your life begins,
Life changes,
Changes for the better
When you step off the end,
Step off the end of your comfort zone.

My Life is Nearly Led.

My life is nearly led,
But I look back and see
The life behind me,
I see how rich I am,
Rich with the glories
That came into my life.

The wonder of music,
With me from the start,
Always in my mind,
Will be with me forever.

The power of art,
The imagination of artists,
Showing My Spirit the glory,
The glory of their worlds.

The words on a page,
Written for me,
Touching my heart,
Pulling me forward.

The symphony of nature,
Painted in my world,
Written in colours,
Written in sound.

My world,
My life,
My wonder,
My glory,
There forever.

Remembrance Day Acrostic.

Remember them all today
Ever present in people's lives,
Men and women who died
Even though they knew not why.
Made to fight by others,
But they did their duty,
Reached out to do good,
As told by those in power.
Never being told the truth,
Cut down in their prime,
Ever in our thoughts now they have gone.

Do lets us build bridges
And stop conflict in the world.
Yearn for Peace in our Time.

Herosim

Throughout our lives we do it,
We go into the unknown.
Each new problem
We tackle with trepidation
Until it is behind us.
It may just be a little thing,
A thing of no significance,
But if unknown it grows in our mind.
It may be of importance,
But until it is overcome,
We may not know.
Life is like that,
The older you become
You look back on your problems
And see that they have gone.
There will be more ahead,
But your experience will help,
Will help you to deal with them.
Once all your problems are solved
You will realise that in your life
You have been a hero.

Towards Infinity.

I look up into the sky
And see the vastness of the Universe
Spreading to eternity,
And I am merely a speck
Barely seen in the scheme of life,
But I know that I am part of it all
And My Spirit will travel forever,
Travelling the Universe towards Infinity.

How Could I Drive It?

There it sits on the drive
Just looking at me,
Looking at me in its broken state.
How could it happen?
The car of my dreams,
Sitting there,
Useless.
So long in my life
I have waited for the moment
When I got in it,
Saved for all those years,
And at last
It was mine,
My beautiful Jaguar.

I was cruising around
Acknowledging all,
All those who were jealous,
Jealous of my wonderful car.
When it happened,
It broke!
What could I do?
I couldn't drive it like this,
It was impossible.

I called the garage,
And in a sorrowful state
Told them the problem.
They were so sympathetic,
Said they would fix it
In as short a time as possible.
They came,
And as they took it away

The tears ran down my face,
My beautiful car,
Being taken away,
But how could I drive it
With the driver's seat
Not getting warm?

Unexpected Moments.

There is that song again,
A song so beautiful
Its tune reaches straight into my heart.
Once unknown,
But I remember when,
So many, many years ago,
That I first heard it.
It spoke to me then,
As it does now,
And yet I forget about it
Until those times it comes back,
To remind me of its beauty.
Of its wonder,
Of its sadness,
Of its melancholy,
Such a special song,
That comes to me,
In unexpected moments.

In The Moonlight.

I looked up into dawns lightening sky
And I saw that sliver of light
Showing me the waning moon,
Its life going into the darkness
At the end of its present life.
As I looked with sadness
The thought came to me,
That no matter how dark it became
The light of life will arise once more
And life will continue in joy,
As the moon will again shine upon us.

In the Beginning.

In the beginning
Was the page
Bereft of words,
Bereft of words
Until the first word
Was written.
That word
Had no meaning,
But it was joined,
Joined by others
Until it became
A phrase.
That phrase
Which gave an idea,
That idea
Became a sentence,
Which seemed
To make sense.
Other sentences
Were constructed
Until a paragraph
Was formed,
Those paragraphs
Became a chapter,
A chapter in a book,
Or a chapter
In our lives.
Each word,
Each phrase,
Each sentence,
Each paragraph,
Each chapter,
Became that book,

That book grew old,
Until that book,
That book of life,
Came towards its end,
And could be read,
Read back to all
To show life,
Life in all its glories,
And in all its vagaries.

Salvator Mundi.

I told her not to do it!
But this dementia
Has a lot to answer for,
And can be costly!
I know it's a good picture,
And it was painted by Da Vinci,
But how could she spend
Over three hundred million pounds
For some paint,
On a canvas,
Surrounded,
By a bit of wood.

Lifes Highway.

We travel along life's highway
Reaching for its absolute wonder,
And as we travel we rest,
Rest at places of satisfaction.
On our journey we are stopped,
Stopped by problems in our way.
Those problems will be solved
And our journey will continue.
That journey through life
Could be taken quickly,
Or it could be taken slowly,
But no matter how we journey
Make sure that journey never stops.

A New Ending.

Our lives are what they are,
We live them with what we are given,
Or with what we have learnt.
Sometimes when looking back
We see things that are regretted,
We wish we could start again,
Start a different life,
And not do those regrettable things.

We cannot go back and start again,
What we can do is look back
And use those regrets as experiences,
Experiences to start once more,
Start once more from where we are
And in our lives,
Make a new ending.

Cupboard Love.

There it is,
A cupboard.
I wonder what's in it?
I'll crawl over and look,
Ooh! Its full of things!
Shall I get some things out
Just in case Mummy wants them.
There they are all out,
The things that Mummy may need,
I have put them all over the floor,
She will find them easier now.
Hello, there's another cupboard,
I'd better see what's in that one as well.

Morpheus, Where Did You Go?

Morpheus, where did you go?
Why did you desert me last night?
Instead of wondrous dreams
I was left with the thoughts in my mind,
The worries of my soul,
That kept sleep from me.
Morpheus, where did you go?

Prison Walls

As each day passes life gets harder
As I get drawn into her world,
Drawn into my lover's world of dementia,
That hideous disease
That pulls her into a world of her own,
A world that is becoming harder for me to enter,
And even harder for me to escape from.
My time is no longer my own,
Family, although not forgotten,
Is becoming remote
As my lover needs me more.
I have foregone many things,
Many things where I have helped others,
The time is no longer there
As my lover comes first,
And I am second
But a very long way behind,
As her world closes around her.
There are two saviours in my life,
Music is always there around me,
Showing me the beauty and pleasure
That its notes can bring to me.
Poetry is also there for me,
As I write these words
My escape from my prison is complete,
Until once more I have to climb the walls
And go back into my wife's strange world.

Build Bridges - Senryu.

Argue with others

And walls between us are made,

Build bridges not walls.

The Game Is Back.

It is back in my life once more,
That game I used to watch for days at a time,
Stolen from me so many years ago,
Taken to a channel I would not use,
Years and years of this void in my life,
Only seeing highlights,
But it is back.
I can watch its beauty,
I can watch its subtleties,
The wonder of the game,
The game that can last for five days,
That glorious game of cricket.

But to my mind it has changed,
The players are all so slim,
And the biggest change
That I see now,
So many years later,
Is that they are all SO YOUNG!

Finding Serenity.

It is always there,
But finding it can become a task,
As we look in all the wrong places.

To find serenity,
All that is needed,
Is to look within ourselves.

Walk To Eternity.

I know that I will never die,
My Spirit will go on,
Go on for eternity;
But the thought struck me
As I walk eternities path,
Where does it lead?
What will I see?
I know I will always be on it,
But will I return
To where I am now.
The path looks straight,
But is it?
Is it a circle
Of infinite diameter?
And if eternity is a circle
How long will it take,
To return from where I am?
Will it take longer,
Longer than eternity?

What! No Yorkshire!!

So many times I have prepared it,
That typical British Sunday lunch.
Roast beef, roast potatoes,
Cabbage and Carrots
With the wondrous Yorkshire Pudding,
All covered in a rich beef and onion sauce.
It was nearly ready,
The beef cooked to perfection
On top of the onions,
Just a trace of red oozing from it,
Left to rest while the veg was cooked.
The oven on full to cook the Yorkshire.
It was time to put it all on the plate,
The veg again cooked perfectly,
The roast potatoes
Crisp outside a soft inside,
The meat gently sliced with respect
And a sharp carving knife,
The gravy prepared from the meat juices
And the onions,
Thickened and flavoured
Was ready.
All was ready
Awaiting the crowning glory,
I opened the oven door
To remove the Yorkshire,
And there it sat
Sagging in the bottom of the dish!
Ruined!!
First time ever!
Why did it not rise?
Then it struck me
I had used the wrong flour,

So it couldn't rise!
There I was with the Sunday lunch before me,
The meat, the potatoes and veg all perfect,
Covered with the beautiful gravy,
But tears were streaming down my eyes,
As this idiot had failed,
Failed to cook his signature dish,
The Yorkshire Pudding.

Fevered Sea.

I shan't go down to the sea again, to the crowded sea and the sky,
As all I see are brown-topped waves with humans asking why.
The wheel is turned to left and right to avoid the gathering throng,
And the mist upon the polluted waves, where we have got it wrong.

I shan't go down to the seas again, for the cry of the dying tide,
Is a sad call and a muffled call, is nowadays left denied.
All I see is a wind-swept day with dark clouds dying,
And the black spray thrown, at the seagulls crying.

I shan't go down to the seas again, to the vastly crowded strife,
To the polluted way and the dying way where the wind just poisons life.
And all I ask is for man to mend, his greedy, selfish ways,
So I can sleep in peace and love, for all my future days.

Jazz Without Sparkle.

They came onto the stage,
These three renowned musicians,
And they played,
They played with absolute brilliance,
Their instruments part of their life,
Part of their being.
They had been playing for many, many years,
Their interpretation of jazz was superb,
Superb to most;
But for me something was missing,
The spark that most bands strike in me
Was not there.
Perhaps in age their spark had gone,
The spark they must have had,
Many years ago.
I left the venue feeling sad,
The glory of jazz escaped me this night,
Perhaps they were playing by rote,
And this saddened me.
The evening for me,
Was jazz without sparkle.

Leucistic Bird.

What was it,
That strange bird
Sitting in the tree?
It was like a blackbird
But a little bigger,
It was black and white,
A beautiful bird,
But not one I had seen
Not in over sixty years
Of watching birds.
I needed to know,
I found it,
I was almost right,
It was a blackbird,
A leucistic blackbird.
So now I know.
What I did know
Was how elegant this bird was,
And it had came to me,
Came into my garden,
For my wonder to astound.

Count Rainbows.

We go through our lives each day,
We have good days,
We have bad days.
As you go through them
We need to remember that this is life,
This is what life is.
But do not dwell on the bad days,
They will become storms
And drag us down into despair.
So look up to the light
And always remember
To count your Rainbows,
Not your thunderstorms.

The Glory of Mozart.

Can anything be better?
My wife and I at dinner,
Our favourite food before us,
And Mozart in our ears.
The wonder of love,
The wonder of food,
And the glory of Mozart.

Supermoon.

I looked out and saw it,
Yes, they were right.
It was so large,
So beautiful,
That bright light
That looks over us.
It brings lovers together
And this night
That love would grow
As it looks down
On all in love.
Protecting them,
Reminding them,
That love is forever,
And is always growing.
Yes I looked out
And I saw it,
That beautiful,
That wondrous sight,
Of that supermoon
Bringing love to all.

Thinking of Nothing.

I was sitting on my cloud
Happily contemplating nothingness
When God arrived
"Can I sit on the cloud next to you?"
He said
"It's a free heaven," I said
"You can sit where you like"
"Thanks" he said
"What are you doing?" he asked
"Thinking" I said
"Thinking of what"
"Nothing"
"What do you mean nothing?" he asked
"You must be thinking of something!"
"There is nothing for me to think about"
I answered,
"The only thing that is in my mind
Is that if I think of nothing
I have nothing to worry about",
"That's a very negative approach" He said,
"What should I think about?" I asked,
"You are supposed to look after us
So if I think and do nothing all will be well".
"What a load of drive!" he said,
" If you do nothing, nothing will change,
You were brought into the world to make it better".
"But if we weren't here it would be perfect" I replied,
"Man would not make a hash of it".
"You are not making a hash of it,
You are getting some things wrong
But you are learning,
Learning from your mistakes".
"Why should we make mistakes,

You are perfect and you made us in your image,
So why aren't we perfect!" I shouted.
"If you were perfect," he said
"You would never learn,
And learning the right way
Is what I created you for".
"But we make so many mistakes
This world could soon be dead!"
"So learn a different way" he said.

The Poem We Did Not Understand.

The Poetry Group gathered as usual,
The subject of the meeting was 'Sea'.
Poems were read,
Published poems,
Poems written by the members.
Each one was discussed,
As to what they meant to each of us.
Another one was read,
Yes it was about the sea,
He finished reading it,
And absolute silence ensued.
"What was that about?"
Was the question on our minds.
All had different views,
All were confused about it,
But then we all agreed,
This is what poetry can do,
It can confuse,
It can create discussions
Into a deeper meaning of life,
That is what is so glorious
About the wonder of poetry.

Umbrella or Parasol.

We go through our lives
Avoiding those dark moments
That may lead to ways of sadness,
The tears of the rain washing away our joy.
Those tears may have another purpose,
To wash away the sadness,
So that joy once more pervades our lives.

The black umbrella we used,
Used to save us from the rain
May become a fine white parasol
That is used within the light,
The light of our souls,
That shines around us in all its glory,
In all its glory and wonder.

The Man From The Seventies.

I looked in the mirror,
And he just looked back at me,
This man in his seventieth year.
But what else did I see,
I saw the man from the seventies.
The time when I wore kipper ties,
When I wore bell bottomed trousers,
And those wonderful white platform shoes.
I looked again and wondered why
These visions of my past came to me;
Then I saw it.
I also had long hair,
And the image had reminded me of that time,
And the resolution was found,
I had to go and get my hair cut.

The Beat of the Drum.

Dum, da da dum,
Da da dum dum dum.
Dum,da da dum,
Da dum dum dum.

The beat on the drum plays
In time to the music,
The sound of the guitar
Twangs with the tune,
Until music is around me.
The music in my life,
The music of my life,
Going on forever,
The beat never stopping.

Dum, da da dum,
Da da dum dum dum.
Dum,da da dum,
Da dum dum dum.

Poetry is....

Poetry is,
The words from my soul leaving my body
Floating through the ether,
Free for all to see,
Free for all to read.
Showing that peace in the Universe
Can be there for all.

Poetry is,
Finding peace within my escape from reality.

Infectious Joy.

There we were sitting at the table,
My wife and I,
Just chatting drinking our coffee,
When suddenly applause rang out.
I looked across at another table
And a young couple sat there,
The smile from the young lady was infectious.
She was clapping,
Happiness shone from her face,
And all around her.
I smiled at her,
She smiled back, so happy,
So obviously in love
With the man sitting across from her.
I wonder what he said to her
That created such a wondrous reaction,
It was a joy to behold.

The thought did come to me though
It was the first time that I had been applauded,
Just for drinking my coffee.

Lost In A Book.

I picked up a book,
I opened it,
In I strode.
Now,
Nobody can find me.

Goldie Christmas.

HO! HO! HO!

There I was in my red robe,
White hair,
White beard,
Bringing smiles on the children's faces
As I walked in the room
With a big sack over my shoulder,
The youngsters all cheered.
I sat before them,
Delved into my bag,
Found the first present,
Called out the name
And a little girl came towards me,
She was very shy,
But took the present.
I called each name
And the youngsters came to me.
Some came on their own,
Some with their mum,
Some were so shy
As I wished them Merry Christmas,
One was in tears,
But most smiled at me
And said "Thank you Santa."
All the presents had gone,
The sack was empty,
And as we sat there,
Smiles on all their faces,
They sang to me,
Sang "Jingle Bells"
Then "The wheels on the bus"
Laughter all over their face.

As I looked at them
The joy of life was within me,
The beauty and innocence
Of young children shone everywhere;
If only it could stay this way.

Light From Dark.

Darkness surrounds me as I walk,
The further I walk along the path
The darker it becomes.
The path starts to rise,
Each step becomes harder
As the hill becomes steeper.
I fall on my hands and knees,
Continuing the climb
Until I reach the top.

A plateau lays before me,
Shining in the dark
From the light I see,
The light I see when I look up.
There I see the stars,
And the light that is within me,
Within my life,
As I travel life's journey,
Guided by the light.

The Piano.

I sit on the seat in front of it,
Lift the lid and there they are,
Eighty-eight of them
Looking at me expectantly.
There are white ones,
Fifty-six of them,
Black ones,
Thirty-two of them.
They all stare at me,
Wanting me to touch them,
To press them down.
I press one,
And a note sounds,
That is fine.
I press another one,
A little harder,
And a louder note sounds
But it is not music.
Music comes from the soul,
Through the fingers,
To create wonderful sounds,
On this mechanical instrument
Of hammers and strings.
I try and play it,
And can get tunes from it,
But they fall into insignificance
When the masters play,
The Piano.

Light On.

Light On

By Goldfinch

Once more I stir,
Always knowing that I would come through.
A steady rising
Pulling me up to my new life.
Facing all around me
Those boundaries no longer existent,
The lightness pulling me up,
Standing my ground with my strength,
Mended I go forward.

Engulfed by the purity of light,
High into the beautiful world,
Into the heights of wonder.

***Light on; always there,
Light on; never failing,
Light on; within my life.***

Here is the rise,
Always going to be there in my mind,
Growing at its own pace,
Slowly giving me sure footing.
As I rise towards the light.
My life growing into wonder,
Lifting me to the heights.
I ran faster and faster, free from pain.
Mended, I was with the light.

**Rising, straightening, in control,
Flattening, flying,**

**Upright, forthright,
Climbing, pulling.
Ever upward, higher and higher,
There is no top,
Nothing to stop me,
Nothing to stop me reach my heights**

Opened by the light of life,
Higher into the glory beyond,
Into the arms of My Spirit.

**Blackout
By Hood**

Here comes the collapse
Never knew it was coming until it was too late
It was so fast & hard
The strike took me clean off my feet
Smacked the ground face first
Then my boundaries came tumbling down
Rubble rained down on me
I tried to stand but the weight was too heavy
Broken; I curled into a ball

Engulfed by the relentless darkness
Deep into the void beyond the abyss
Into the arms of unconsciousness

***Blackout; no warning
Blackout; no control
Blackout; consume me whole***

Here comes the collapse
Never knew it was coming until it was too late

It was so quick & harsh
The impact knocked me off my feet
Face first I smacked the ground
Then my defences began to cave in
Burying me in a pile of stone
I tried to crawl but the pain was too intense
Broken; I curled into a ball

Falling, spiralling, out of control
Twisting, tumbling
Upside down, inside out
Plunging, plummeting
Descending, down, deeper & deeper
There is no bottom
Nothing to break this fall
Nothing, nothing below me at all

Engulfed by the relentless darkness
Deep into the void beyond the abyss
Into the arms of unconsciousness

Multicultural Meal.

We sat at the table
Not knowing what to expect,
Our first time in the restaurant
That cooked West Indian food.
The blonde lady came to us
To take our order,
Her accent neither British
Or West Indian,
But there was laughter within her
As she took our orders.
Then we started talking,
My Granddaughter and I.
So long since we had sat down,
Sat down at table together.
And talk we did,
About family,
About life,
About hopes,
About goals.
The food came to us
And each dish was wonderful,
But still we talked.
We laughed,
We had moments of sadness,
But throughout it all
Our friendship pervaded.
Family is good,
But this friendship is so deep,
This friendship between us,
Between Grandfather and Granddaughter,
May seem odd,
But not to us as we can talk from our hearts,
Talk without constraint.

The meal came too quickly to an end,
A great evening,
One that will be repeated before very long.
The one thing that may seem strange
When looking back may be
These two people,
A generation between them,
These two English people,
In a West Indian restaurant,
Being served by a Latvian waitress.

Light in Death.

I travel through the ether
Bringing light to all.
The darkest of moments I see
And their sadness comes to me,
But that sadness is dispelled
With the brightness
I bring into their lives.
I see people when they are so low,
Contemplating death,
That final blow to their lives,
But I reassure them
And switch on a light
For them to follow,
To follow out of their darkness,
But they should know
That even if their body dies
I will be with them,
The Spirit of Life
Goes on for Eternity.

That even in death,
There will be light.

The Concert.

The day was over,
I sat relaxing in my chair,
The aches and pains of a hard day
Being refreshed
As I sat and listened,
Listened to the Nocturnes of Field,
So calming,
So beautiful.
A glass of good malt in my hand,
The occasional sips,
Dispelling the tension in my soul.

I looked back on the day,
The hard work of the afternoon
Rehearsing for the performance.
The performance,
All dressed in our finery
As the Choir sang,
Sang to a receptive audience.
We sang our final song,
And the applause astounded us,
We had sung well,
And all enjoyed it.

We all went home happy,
And as I sit relaxing
Soft music wafting over me
And good malt sliding within me
I look back at the day and wondered,
And in that wondering I realised,
I realised that despite the tiredness,
The tiredness that is overcoming me,
I had had a very good day.

Six For Gold.

So is gold coming my way,
It should do
Sorrow had gone,
Joy was always with me,
We already had two girls,
And also a boy.
The silver had been used,
But there we saw them,
Six of them on the roof,
Six magpies,
Six for gold.
So where is it?
But then I realised
Gold has always been with me,
The life I have lead has been wonderful
With so many golden moments,
And many more to come,
Who needs gold,
When my life is so glorious.

Through My Eyes.

Such a long time ago he saw her,
This wonderful woman of song.
He fell under her beautiful spell,
And remembered her all life long.

They went their separate ways in life,
She into the wonderful world of music,
And he into his commercial world,
Never to meet for many years.

Then it happened
They met by chance,
Her career had bloomed,
But now was towards its end.

They talked of their lives
He looking at her in rapture
While they spoke,
Still absolutely entranced.

She said that age had hurt her,
She was not the girl she was,
The vigour and beauty had diminished,
In the life she had led.

He just looked at her,
Looked into her eyes,
Saw this beautiful woman
As he said,
"You say that your beauty
Is no longer there
But it will always remain
If you looked at yourself,

Through my eyes".

The Challenge of Dreams.

Into the lecture hall went the camera,
The hall was full,
All were listening intently
To this balding man in his wheelchair.
Looking around others were wheelchair bound,
Or disabled in some other way.
The lecturer was so positive about life,
No matter what problems it had thrown at you.
This man who had been so fit and healthy
Had recreated his life,
From a two-legged physical trainer
Into a wheel chair bound skier.
A skier on both snow and water,
World champion at both.
As he spoke, and the others listened
He came up with these words
That blew my mind.
"If your dreams do not scare you,
They are not big enough!"

Chet Is Alive.

That wonderful sound pervades the room,
Pervades my heart and soul,
Played by that man who reaches out to me.
His life filled with music,
Music that reaches me so beautifully.
The sound of his trumpet
Sounding like no other,
That smooth sound so unique,
So beautiful, so Chet.
No longer with us in body
But he is always with me,
With me in my body
With me in my heart
With me in my Spirit.

For Hilary and Mike.

In life, each has things to do,
Things that are important,
Or seem so.
Now your life has changed,
Each day you will be together.
The time you needed for others
Is now needed elsewhere.
When together in love
There is only one thing
For which time is always needed,
And that time is priceless,
For when love is there,
All that is needed,
Is time for each other.

Happy Christmas MPS.

To all you super poets,
Who grace this wondrous site,
I wish you Happy Christmas,
All day and through the night.

And when the day is over,
May your words spill on the page,
From now until eternity,
From birth 'til grand old age.

Shakespeare verses Conan Doyle.

It was Christmas Day,
The girls arrived.
One daughter,
Two granddaughters,
Joined my wife and I
For that special day.
The presents were given,
And at the end
There before me were three books.
One a book of haiku,
A slim volume with beautiful words.
The second was a wonderful tome,
The Shakespeare Sonnets
With beautiful artwork
Adorning each page.
The third was a bigger tome,
The Complete Sherlock Holmes
The gilded edges gleamed in the light.
Wonderful presents
From wonderful granddaughters.
The love from all of us
Pervaded the room.
The family at peace
As we join together in love,
Join together in joy,
Join together as family.

I may be lost for the next year,
I have reading to do!

Who Is That?

Yes, it is getting worse,
The photos I took for her,
Printed and handed to her.
She loved them,
Then it shocked me
When she said,
"Who is that?"
"That!" was her elder Granddaughter,
Then she picked out the younger one
And gave her the wrong name.
This dementia is a pain in the arse,
And is getting worse day by day.
I wonder when the day will come,
When she doesn't recognise me.

Snow Stopped Play.

It was a beautiful June day,
The crowd had come
To hear the glorious sound,
The sound of leather on willow,
As the glorious game of cricket
Was played in the shining sun.
The game was over for the day,
Back tomorrow for another day
Of bat on ball.
Then it happened,
The clouds did gather,
The wind did howl,
The rain did fall,
The rain turned to snow.
The beautiful green sward
Now covered in deep white snow.
The umpire put on his boots,
Dug his way to the centre of the pitch,
Looked around and declared,
"There will be no play today!"

Specsavers Here I Come.

There we were sitting in the coffee bar,
Drinking and chatting.
I looked out of the window
And there strung from a lamppost
To the roof were strands and strands
Of barbed wire.
Why was this?
This barbed wire looked lethal,
I thought it was illegal.
What was it there for?
Was it to stop Father Christmas
Climbing on the roof?
Was it to stop robbers
From stealing the coffee?
Why was it there?
As we left I passed the manager,
Who we knew very well,
And asked, "Why the barbed wire",
She said, "What barbed wire?"
I told her where it was
She looked at me and laughed
"That's not barbed wire,
That's some Christmas lights!"
Specsavers ? here I come!

It is Here!

It is here!

I wonder what I will do with it?

Will the worries I had about it happen?

Or will it be as good as the last one?

I shall see as it progresses.

Will the next one have problems?

I will deal with this one first though,

I will deal with this day,

As this day is the tomorrow,

The tomorrow that I worried about,

That I worried about, yesterday.

The New Year.

Well it is here,
That last day of the year,
The day when I look back,
Look back at the year I have had.
It's been a funny year,
A year in which my wife disappeared,
Disappeared into her own world,
Her world of dementia.
So I now live in two worlds,
The one in which I live MY life,
And when I can get in,
The one in which SHE lives.
Her world is getting harder to break into
Where my world is shrinking,
Shrinking to accommodate hers.
It is not all bad though,
The love between us is strong,
And always will be.

Although the year has been hard
It has its compensations,
I am still singing in the choirs,
And that brings me much joy.
I still write these words,
And these words are important to me,
Almost as important as the music,
The music I have in my life,
Be it Classical or Jazz,
Opera or Country,
Folk or Modern,
It has always been in my life,
And always will be.

So like each year
It has its ups and downs,
But I am here,
And I go into the New Year with Joy,
With Joy and Expectation,
With Expectation and Anticipation,
Anticipation that the New Year,
Will be good to me once more,
Because?
Because I am here!

New Year Shower.

I step into the shower this New Year's Day,
The water washes over me,
Cleansing me,
Cleansing me of the old year,
Removing my worries,
Removing my troubles.
As I step out
I step into the New Year,
A year that will be good to me.
I have my lover still with me,
I have family around me,
I have My Spirit going through me.
My Spirit will carry me through,
Through the year,
But most of all,
I have me.
I step out of the shower
Knowing that I am still here,
Still here for another year,
Another year to enjoy,
To enjoy and move forward,
Move forward into Life,
Into a Good Life.

Smile at a Stranger.

We go through each day in our own world,
Sometimes it could be better
But we are here and that is always good.
We can see the good inside us
As long as we head towards the light,
The light that is always there in our lives.

There are people whose life may be in darkness
And they can be helped.
So when you go out today
Give a stranger one of your smiles,
It might be the only sunshine they see all day.

Contented Wealth.

Many go through their lives wanting more,
More of what though?
Will more money,
Or more power make them content?
The struggle will never stop,
Once it is inside you
You will always want more,
Contentment will never be found.

There are those who have found contentment,
They are pleased with what little they have,
And find that the greatest wealth,
Is to live content with little.

Eternity Calls - FIB,

Each
Day
Our life
Increases,
Increases in time
Increases in the joy of it.
Our lives always move on, move on to eternity,
To eternity and beyond,
Always within us,
Infinite,
At one
With
All

New Facts.

Every day you learn something new
And this must be so,
It increases your experience.
It might be of interest,
Or maybe not.
But all these new facts
Are consigned to your memory.
The downside at my age
Is that my brain is so full of facts
That when a new one is stored afresh
An older one falls off the other end.
So when I am then asked about it,
The memory is gone.
Age has many benefits,
But it also has many drawbacks,
Many of which I've forgotten.

Sailing into the Light.

As I sail through the fog
I hear the lonely bell,
It's sound so desperate,
Warning of danger ahead.

The sound to me
Was welcoming,
It meant I was not alone,
Others had been here.

As I go through my life,
Surrounded by the fog,
The fog of the unknown,
I hear the bell.
It shows me the way,
The way that others have been.

I go passed it,
And as it's sound
Fades silently in the unseen way,
I move on,
Move on to another place,
Where the light is calling me.

The bell has led me towards the light,
The light that I had lost,
Lost in the fog of my life,
But once more
I can see the clarity,
The clarity within me.

As I go towards the light
The brightness is there.

My life has left the fog,
Clarity is before me.

The bell stays behind,
Calling others into the light.

Realising Belief.

There I was sitting on my cloud,
Just contemplating,
When God turns up.
"Can I sit on the cloud next to you?"
He asked.

"it's a free heaven" I replied,

"My, my" he said
"Whose upset you?"

"Nobody" I said "I am just thinking
Thinking about my belief",

He looked at me and smiled.
"Now that is a big journey,
One that is so long to travel,
But so easy once it is made"

"What do you mean easy?"
I shouted.

"Tell me about your belief?" he asked,

"Well I think I have always known,
Known that there was a God,
I used to go to Church
Until I realised,
Realised that many went to Church
Just to be seen to be going to Church,
There was no belief there,
Only the illusion of 'Doing the right thing'.

Then the scientist in me kicked in,
And I realised what God was.
The 'Big Bang' had occurred,
The Universe was created,
And it still being created.
Many say that the Big Bang
Was the start of it all,
But I realised that the 'Big Bang'
Needed a trigger, a force,
That force I call God,
You are that force."

"I may well be that belief" he said,
"But there must be more",
"Yes you are right,
You always are.
When we moved
I started going to Church,
Only occasionally
When they needed my trumpet
In the band.
But it happened
Every time I went to Church,
Something called me,
So I became a member,
And have been ever since"

"Yes I have noticed you there,
Seen your ups and downs,
Seen your doubts,
But you still come back"

"Well that is your fault!"

"What do you mean? My fault!"

"Well you suggested I go,
Go to Iona.
While I was there you got me
In that tiny little Chapel
You overwhelmed me,
Overwhelmed me with your presence,
You touched my soul,
That touch changed me"

" I only came to say hello,
Just to show that I was there,
And I was your friend".

"I know that,
But what an affect that had,
Turned me into a blubbering idiot,
Showed that you were real,
Made my belief so secure"

"See, I told you it was easy"

"I did nearly lose you though,
I became ill,
So ill they said that I needed an operation,
And if I did not have that operation
I would die.
You were then again
Protecting,
Ensuring that you could still be with me.
But it changed my life.
No more doubts,
No more sorrows,
Everything was good,
Nothing was bad"

"See, I told you it was easy,

But sometimes you need to see,
To see from a different angle,
A different point of view.
You faced death and survived,
Now just move forward,
I will see you again"

He just moved away,
Leaving me in the knowledge
That God is real,
And is always with me,
And will never let me down.

So come on,
Come on and pull up a cloud,
And tell me your story.

Feeling Poetry.

Why do these words come onto this page?

They come from emotions,

The emotions laid out before you.

They may be sad,

They may be happy.

The love you have for others

Is always there,

And maybe hate.

But from where do these words come?

They come from when your mind stops,

Even for a moment.

For in that moment

All you do is feel,

And from those feelings

No thought is required

For poetry to be written,

Written on this page.

The Moon - Senryu.

The Moon brings me light
Its beauty shines all around
Lighting up my life

Climbing to Eternity.

The top of the hill is in our sight;
We have been climbing it for so long.
Looking back, we see the path,
The path which we have walked.
We see the barriers we have climbed,
The places where we have stumbled,
But most of the path has been smooth.

We look above, and the path is clear,
Clear all the way to the top.
My lover may reach it first,
Or I might be first,
But it does not matter
As we will both meet at the top,
The top of our hill,
Our hill of life,
And from there our Spirit will be one,
And together we will travel to infinity,
With our infinitesimal love guiding us,
Guiding us for eternity.

Ravishing Rioja.

Dinner was due,
So into the kitchen I went.
"What shall we have tonight?" I thought,
I know, we shall have risotto,
I will do a beef and mushroom one.
So all the ingredients were found,
Prepared,
All was nearly ready.
Some wine was needed,
The most important of ingredients,
As I never use water
Where wine will do.
So I go to the cellar,
(What a laugh, the cellar,
It is a rack in the garage!).
That will be the one,
One of my favourite Riojas.
So I take it back to the kitchen,
Open it,
Let it breathe.
Of course I need to taste it,
To see if it is good enough,
Good enough to cook with.
I put my nose to the glass
And smell this delightful smell,
The glass goes to my lips
And I trickle some of the nectar,
Trickle it into my mouth.
I am blown away!
It is wonderful!
I take a few sips,
And start to cook.
The ingredients are cooking,

So I add some of the wine,
This ravishing Rioja.
The smell rises from the pot,
I know this will be special,
This combination of Italy and Spain
Will be wondrous,
And it was,
As the clean plates showed,
And as the empty bottle showed.
A wonderful meal,
For my lover,
And for me.

Edge - Co-Written by Goldfinch and Hood.

As the light of dawn breaks
The dark of the night is repelled
And once more the beauty of the day
Starts to shine before us
Light winning over darkness

Bereft of illumination
I cower in the shadow
The sun's glare long receded
The cold of night reverberates
Stirring life into my aching body
Darkness consumes me whole

The noon day is with us
And once more light has conquered all
That light which shows us the way
To a life of bright harmony
Light winning over darkness

Rain clouds deprive the moonlight
Bringing a shower of pain
I stand releasing my agony
Silence comforts me with skeletal fingers
Slowly suffocating my existence
Darkness consumes me whole

***This world is so full of strife
It stands on the edge of a knife
The dark and the light
Continue their fight
To see what becomes of this life***

This world is so full of shade

It stands on the edge of a blade

The light & the dark

Continue to fight

To see what becomes of this charade

The end of the day is near
As the light slowly dims
The memories of the daylight
Will never leave us
Light winning over darkness

I smile a grimace of pessimism
Blinking as the downpour graces my façade
Inside my heart beats with regret
My hollow orbs sink to a new depth
I savour the moment in the pitch
Darkness consumes me whole

The night and darkness descends
But look up into the sky
The light shines through
The holes in Heaven's floor
Light winning over darkness

As the sun returns to haunt my world
I hide; hooded & cloaked
I no longer belong in this creation
Withdrawing to the gloom I tremble
Eagerly awaiting the return of shadowy bliss
Awaiting darkness to consume me whole

Into Sleep.

The sounds slides silently,
Slides through my ears to my soul.
Peace comes upon me
And silence pervades my body.
The sound so profound
Slips serenity within my mind,
Serenity within my body,
And lifts My Spirit to state of Euphoria,
A place where peace and love
Send me into sibilant, sorrowless sleep.

Visions of Hope.

Have we lost it?
It always used to be there,
We always looked forward
To the time that it would happen,
But it seems to have been lost.
All we see are visions of it.
We no longer have the real thing,
Is it so true that all we have are visions,
Visions of hope,
Visions of hope in a hope hungry world?

Am I There Yet?

There am I,
Just laying on a bed,
The tests and scans all done,
Blood taken,
And now I wait,
Wait for the blood test results,
To see if I am dead or alive.

Of course you're alive
You daft bugger,
If you were dead
How could you write these words?

Of course that is one way of looking at it,
But what if it is My Spirit
Who is writing these words?
As far as I am concerned
My Body and My Spirit
Are one and the same!

So all who read these words
Just ponder,
Is he still with us?

Artists.

There it sits in front of the artist;
It could be a blank canvas,
It could be a lump of stone,
But with me
It is a blank sheet of paper.
Where do we start?
That first brushstroke sets the scene,
The first tap of chisel on stone
Can create the work,
The first word I write
Leads me into a new world.
Each artist, sculptor or poet
Releases their hearts
Into their creations,
All are different
But they all come from the same place,
They all come from within,
Within the mind,
Within the heart,
Within the soul,
From within the artist.

The Key of Life.

She is still there,
The woman I have loved
For most of my life,
But she is not the woman I knew,
That woman has been taken,
Taken from me,
Taken from family,
Taken from friends,
By her new friend,
Dementia.
This friend has put her mind
Into a place that cannot be found,
Each day the hiding place is deeper,
Her world is her own,
And cannot be reached by anyone.
Even I cannot reach her
But occasionally she comes out,
Out of her world into mine,
But those occasions are so rare,
So rare
And so swift,
That I treasure them more,
They are so quickly gone,
And the door opens into her own mind,
A door for which
I do not have the key,
The key to her life.

"Where Are My Glasses?"

"I can't find my glasses!" she said,
"I've looked everywhere".
So the hunt started.
"Where were you?" I asked,
"I was in the kitchen, tidying up".
So into the kitchen I went,
Looked in cupboards,
Looked in drawers,
Looked in pots,,
Looked pans
I even looked in the 'fridge,
And in the oven,
But no even I could not find them.
Extended the search to dining room,
Into the lounge and conservatory.
"Have you looked in your handbag?"
"Yes", she said, "Several times"
So I looked as well,
But no they weren't there.
All evening I kept on looking
As I moved around the house.
Looking in all the places I'd looked,
All to no avail,
I even looked through the handbag again
But no, they weren't there.
So off to bed we went,
Slept soundly,
And then arose.
As I walked into the kitchen
The search started once more,
Again, to no avail.
I made my darling her tea,
Took it up to her

Still without her glasses.

We had looked everywhere,

Several times.

Once more I went back to her handbag,

And there hiding in the bottom were her glasses,

The ghost in our house must have put them back!

We had been to Specsavers to get the glasses,

So it could not be said this time,

That we need to go to Specsavers.

Words.

I just do not understand it,
Why is it that I can write these words?
They just seem to pour out of me,
Not like a dripping tap,
But like a torrent rushing to the sea.
They could be words on any subject,
The list is endless,
But from where do they come?
Everyday there are more words,
They are inexhaustible,
Or seem to be.
I know when the words started,
They were started when I saw
An unfinished painting,
I just had to write about it,
Write about it in verse.
It was like removing a boulder
Which let the torrent out,
This torrent of words.
Still I do not understand,
Do not understand why all these words
Get written on the page,
And are so important,
So important in my life.

Unending Light?

There it is,
The light shining in my life.
As I look into the darkness
The light is all around me,
I look out from the window,
And the light is still there.
I climb into bed
Thinking of the light,
This wonderful sight
That is always with me,
Always within me.
I sleep a dream-filled sleep,
Glorying in the light of my mind.
I awake before dawn,
Look out,
And the light is still with me,
As I come down the stairs
The light gets stronger,
And then it stops!
Darkness is upon me!
As I switch off the outside light!

Tell of Your Faith.

Tell of your journey came the request,
Your journey of Faith.
So I got up in Church
And I told them,
Told them about my beginnings,
My beginnings with The Lord
That lead to my belief.
My doubts were there,
Questions were asked,
But throughout my Journey
My Spirit was always with me.
The day that My Spirit touched me
Was the most momentous day.
In that small Chapel on Iona
My Spirit, God, touched me,
Touched my soul.
My belief has never since
Been in doubt,
My Spirit is in me,
And will take me to eternity.

I Am Here.

What will today bring?
Will bring sorrow?
Will it bring joy?
It may bring both,
But I am here.

It may be a busy day,
Doing odd jobs,
Cleaning the house,
Doing the garden,
But I am here.

I may be so relaxed,
Reading my books,
Listening to music,
Writing these words,
But I am here.

Each day is special,
Be it good,
Be it bad.
Each day is special,
Because I am here.

Whale Meat Again.

"Call me Ishmael"

"But your name is Fred!"

"Yes but for this poem,

Call me Ishmael"

"OK, so what does Ishmael do?"

"You're the Captain, you tell me!"

"OK then, go down to the Chippie,

Get some fish and chips for the crew"

"Have you got a barrow,

Its a lot of fish and chips"

"OK then, just get the chips!"

"But what about the fish?"

"its OK, I have some in stock"

"Oh no! Not Whale Meat Again!"

Alone Or With God.

Sitting on my cloud,
Not a care in my mind,
God appears.
"Can I sit next to you?" he said,
"If you want" I replied,
"The clouds are free"
"You look happy" he said,
"Are you OK?"
"Yes I am fine" I replied
"But surely you know that!"
"Well yes I did
I was just making conversation"
"Making conversation! Why?"
"It seemed the thing to do",
"Here I am sitting here quite happily"
I said "Relaxed and thought free,
Then you turn up, enquiring about me"
"Yes" he said, "I thought you were lonely"
"Alone, yes" I said, "But not lonely".
"What do you mean, not lonely?" he asked
"You are alone!"
"I need to be alone sometimes" I replied,
"To come to terms with my life".
"But I am always here for you",
"Yes you are, but sometimes
You get in the way,
Or you do not answer my questions".
" I always answer your questions" He said,
"If you always answer my questions" I replied
"Why do I not here the answers?"
"Because sometimes the answer is 'No',
And that is an answer you never want to hear".
With that he got up and left,

Leaving me alone on my cloud.
My once care free mind
Now filled with questions.

Watta Lotta Excrement.

Walking down the forest lane
In between the trees,
I turned around the corner,
And got covered all in fleas.

They stung and bit and scratched me
'Til I could stand no more;
So ran into the river;
And found a sunken door!

The passage that I found there
Led me round and round and round,
'Til I saw my bum in front of me,
Dragging on the ground.

The trail it made I followed
'Til another door stood there,
It opened of its own accord,
And before me stood a bear

The bear was red and green and blue,
And tall as any tree,
And pulled my bum into it's lair,
Followed soon by me!

It took me to his bedroom,
And threw me on the bed!
Then placed its arms around me;
And scratched me on the head.

When at last asleep it fell.
The plug hole I went down;
And came out in a squirrels dray,

Which cost me half a crown!

Down the tree I climbed and fell,
Until I hit the ground;
And there I stood dazed and amazed,
With fairies all around!

They said that they should thank me
From their elbows to their knees,
For saving each and all of them,
When blessing every sneeze!

A goblin chased me out from them
And sent me on my way;
Straight into a water fall,
Where I was splashed with spray.

The water washed me down and down
And set me on a beach;
Where a sealion gave me comfort,
That was still just out of reach!

I stretched and stretched until at last
I found a hook to grip,
And found myself upon the sea;
Aboard a sinking ship!

The ship went down and hit the floor
Of this gigantic sea;
And there before me was another door,
And through it I could see.

I saw the wood from whence I came
And hurried straight on through;

And ended up with you lot,
A strange and motley crew!

I tried to stop this poem
Far earlier in its flight;
But it just kept on going,
This awful load of excrement.

Look at the Stars.

In life we all start the same,
Where we will go is unknown,
But some of us will rise,
Rise into a world of love.

Although we know not
Where we will be going,
That way will always be upwards,
If you look at the stars

Help Me Lord.

My heartache is unceasing,
My loved one is with me in body,
But not in mind.
Why do you do this Lord?
All her life she has been here for you,
Praising you with her prayers,
Praising you with her singing,
But now she is different.
You have taken her life from her,
Is this a punishment?
If so, for what?
Not an unkind thought in her,
But now her thoughts are confused.
The smile is still there,
The love for me is still there,
But the woman and lover that I knew
Has disappeared,
Disappeared into her own world.
Why Lord, why?
I pray all the time for her
But she is still the same.
My Faith is strong but being tried,
Am I right in being Faithful?
Help me Lord,
Please help me.

Path of Love.

We walk many paths in our lives,
Some are short,
Some are long,
Some are dark,
But we often find
That the longest paths we walk
Lead us into sunlight,
When they are paved with love.

Music In My Soul.

It never fails me,
It is always there,
Always there in my mind,
Always there in my heart,
Always there in my soul.
All emotions come to me
As I sit and listen,
Sit and listen to music.

My Artist.

There I was transported,
Transported by a magnificent painting,
A painting by my favourite artist,
The actual painting.
It was real,
Or was I dreaming?
No it was real!
I looked and was drawn into it,
Such detail,
Such life,
Such beauty.
The more I looked,
The more I saw.
I became part of the image,
And there I was,
I was with my artist,
I was with William Holman Hunt.

Better World.

Once more it happened,
That grin came to me
As the first notes flowed.
This man with his instrument,
He played notes of such power,
Notes of such gentleness,
That I was in his world,
His world of Jazz.
Within moments
The evening had gone,
As time became non-existent,
The man with his clarinet
Took me to the place,
The place where time had disappeared,
All I had was the memory,
The memory of the sounds,
The sounds that glorified my soul
And took me to a better world.

Baffled.

It is a question that has baffled me,
Baffled me for so many years.
Perhaps the philosophers had the answer,
But that answer escapes me.
It is part of my life,
I see it so many times.
Is it part of life's great journey?
But a part that has no answer.
I may remain in ignorance forever,
But why does it happen,
That every time they are washed,
Short-sleeved shirts,
End up,
With their sleeves inside out?

Missing Nature.

Why do people not see?
They are there in the glory of nature,
But all they do is look down.
The world is around them,
Above them,
But they cannot see.

Why do people refuse to hear?
They are there in nature's symphony,
With earphones and their 'phones.
Music is around them,
Above them,
But they refuse to hear.

I see the world of nature.
I hear its wonderful symphony.
I know that wonder,
That wonder of what they are missing.

Light in Chaos.

Chaos is all around us,
Darkness hides the way,
But I know that all is well,
As I can see the light.
The light dismisses chaos,
And makes the dark flee.

The Book.

I look along the shelf,
So many books,
Which one shall I read?
There in the far corner,
That one looks good.
I take it down,
Such an old tome,
Covered with dust.
Seemingly neglected
I lay it on the table,
And open it.
It tells the story of a man,
His life as a small boy,
Through his teenage years.
He moves into adulthood,
Middle age,
And into his twilight.
As I read I remember,
Remember parts of the story,
And as I get towards the end
All is familiar
As I read the book,
The book of my life.

What is Life?

What is life?
I sit and wonder,
Wonder what it means.
I have lived it for many years,
What have I done with it?
Have I used it well,
Or paved my path with mistakes?
I look back and ponder,
I am at this moment,
Happy with my lot,
With the occasional sadness.
Could I have been different?
Of course I could,
I had choices,
And am happy with the ones I chose.
What if?
The most profound question,
We all say it
But what if, does not apply,
As this is where I am,
And can do nothing about it.
So I just sit and wonder,
Wonder what it means,
What is life.

Growing Love.

I silently enter the bedroom,
The light is on
But she is asleep,
Her breathing so relaxed.
I stand over her
And see the love of my life
At peace with herself,
At peace in her dementia driven world.
I see the woman she was,
So relaxed, so beautiful.
I also feel my love for her,
That love strengthens each day,
And always will
As our journey together continues,
Continues into eternity,
And our love growing ever stronger.

My World of Age.

My life continues into its evening,
The night time is drawing me towards it.
The body feels its age,
And some things cannot be done
But the mind is still active.
The eyes can see the glory of nature,
The wonder of art.
The ears can hear the music,
The music that touches my soul.
And the fingers can write these words.
So in my world of age,
All is well.

God and Religion.

I was sitting on my cloud
Thinking about religion
When God passed by.
"Hello God" I said, "Can I have a word?"
"Of course you can" he said,
"Let me pull up a cloud and sit down"
"What seems to be the problem?" he asked,
"Religion" I replied.
"Ah, now there is a problem" he replied,
"So you know about it then!"
"Yes of course I do,
I don't just drift around aimlessly!" he said.
"So why don't you do something about it?"
"What should I do, you started religion"
"I realise that, but why so many types?" I asked
"People see me differently,
So they come to me in different ways"
"But why can they not see that,
See that you are the one God,
They think they have their own God
And each one is different
And that their personal religion is the only way?"
"That is up to them, it is their free will to do what they want"
"But why do they argue with each other,
Fight each other,
Kill each other, in the name of their religion.
You are their God, do something about it!"
"What can I do, they all ask me to do something,
But they all ask different questions,
Want different results" He replied.
"You are omnipotent though, you can fix this" I said.
"I know that but if I fix it they will still argue,
They will say that their religion is the way.

The way is for them to come together
To realise that I am here for them,
Here for them all"
"So your saying religion is wrong?"
"No, it is not wrong, but they just cannot see,
Cannot see that there is only one God,
And I am here,
I always will be here,
Here for them all"

I Awoke Today

I awoke today.
Awoke into a world of adventure,
Into a world of the unknown.
What was going to happen?
I didn't know,
I never know.
Plans may be made
But this day may be changed,
Changed by chance,
Changed by circumstances,
But this is what makes life so wonderful.
Although the unknown may be frightening,
It can also be exciting.
The day may be fraught with danger,
But it is more likely
To be filled with wonder,
With wonder, beauty and love.
So each day I awake
I am filled with wonder,
Wonder and curiosity.
I awoke today.

Waiting Words.

There are so many within me,
Waiting, pushing,
Pushing to be put on the page.
So many different meanings,
So many emotions to be expressed,
But they seem to be constricted,
Constricted by time.
So many words,
So little time.

Less and More.

People say
That less
Is more,
This is less,
Is it more?

Respect for All.

We are all different,
That is the way it should be.
If we were all the same
Life would be boring.
We have discussions,
We have arguments.
Arguments can lead to fighting,
Can lead to war.
Homes are ruined,
Towns are demolished,
People are homeless,
People die,
Children lose parents.
All because of one thing,
All because of that one thing
That is missing in many lives,
That thing that can ease such pain,
And make the world better.
Such a simple word,
A word with such power.
If only we all had it,
Had it for each other;
Respect!

What Valentine's Card?

Once more that day of love has come,
That day when cards are exchanged,
When the red roses are given.
The saintly Valentine,
The saint of card shops,
The saint of florists,
When money flows towards them.
But true love is free,
It needs no reminder.
My love for you will always be true,
Will be with you for eternity,
And with these words I say
I forgot to get your card today.

Tito Gobbi

I have never heard a voice
With so much expression,
So much love,
So much sorrow,
Transported to my ears
In the opera he sings.
He can convey hate,
And anger,
In ways that make me feel
The way he is.
He can convey absolute love
And heart-breaking sadness,
With the way he sings.
No longer with us,
But Tito Gobi is with me,
With me in my mind and soul,
One of the greatest singers I have heard.

Bridges.

I stand on the old stone bridge looking down,
Looking through the green depths,
As if my soul is beneath me.
I look up and there before me is My River,
That place where I walk with My Spirit.
Stepping off the bridge,
I become one with My River,
I walk silently by its side,
The green waters
Slowly sliding with me.
Coming to the new bridge I walk beneath it,
The roar of life's traffic above me .
The rush of life is left behind me
As I move further with My Spirit,
Moving with Natures Joy beside me.
The time comes when I am at peace,
At peace within myself.
Once more My River has cleansed me,
Cleansed me from the trials of life,
And here in the peace I am at one,
At one with My Spirit and My River,
Where all is one within My Soul.
I stop,
At the end of my current Journey,
I look ahead and see another bridge,
That bridge that I will not cross,
That bridge where My Spirit leaves,
Leaves my body,
And flows with My River,
Flows towards Eternity.

Doors.

Going through our lives
We come to many doors,
Some open for us
And lead us through our lives
Along the path prepared for us.
Some are closed,
Blocking that path,
But another way is found.
As we travel a different road
That way is always before us.
Sometimes though we just look,
Look at the closed door,
So get stuck in our lives,
Unable to see the other door,
The door that has opened for us.
Always look for the open door,
It is always there.

"When one door closes, another opens. But we often look so regretfully upon the closed door that we don't see the one that has opened for us." Helen Keller.

Laptop Man.

There we were once more,
Sitting in the coffee house,
My wife and I,
Just drinking, chatting and laughing.
I was watching the world go by
When I saw him,
A young man sitting at the table,
The table in the corner,
Tapping away at his laptop.
It could have been business,
It could have been pleasure.
He finished his coffee,
As he got up he made me think,
Because he did something so alien,
So alien to me,
He wiped over his laptop.
That seemed so very strange,
Very strange to me,
I haave know truble
Tiping on a durty screne.

Skiing for Life.

Stepping off the lift
At the top of the mountain,
Skis over my shoulder,
Happiness in my heart,
I stand at the top,
The top of the mountain.
There beneath me
Lays the untrodden snow,
Not a mark upon it.
I prepare myself for the journey,
The journey down the hill,
Going where none have gone before.
The start is slow and gentle,
The sibilance of the snow
Sliding silently beneath my skis.
The speed increases,
As the adrenalin flows.
Then it comes to me,
The wonder of my world
As my journey continues,
Not just down this hill,
That has become my life,
My journey of life.
The thrill of living,
The thrill of My Spirit,
Flowing in me,
Flowing with me.
I ski down this path,
This untrodden path
Which my life is following.
The tracks left behind me,
Where I have been,
The unknown ahead of me,

But the Faith of knowing
All will be well.
The slope eases,
My way slows,
I come to stillness,
Knowing that my journey
Will never end,
And that snow-covered slope,
Will always show me the way.

God's Humour.

I was sitting on my cloud
Looking down at the world,
God came by.
"You look miserable" he said,
"Would you like to chat"
"Yes" I said. "Pull up a cloud".
"Well, what's the problem?" he asked,
I looked at him and replied
"It is the world, all seems to be bad,
On the news all you hear is tragedy"
"Well that's what you want to hear about,
Isn't it?", He said.
"Surely there must be good news!" I replied,
"There is, but nobody wants that".
"I do, my friends do, surely most people do".
"Ah yes, they do, but that does not sell,
Good news does not sell papers".
"What about being happy then,
If you look most people are happy,
It is only the few that bring the bad,
Yet they get all the headlines!"
"I know that, but that is what they want,
Those in power want you worried,
Want you to depend on them,
So keeping you happy does not work,
Does not work for them".
"Surely they must have some fun,
They must have some sense of humour".
"They do, they laugh at you, you are their fun!"

God got up to go so I asked him,
"Do you have a sense of humour?
Many people think that you are serious all the time",

As he moved away, he stopped and looked at me.
A smile made his face beam,
"Of course I have a sense of humour,
After all I accept you!"

Reflections.

I walk slowly and silently through the wood
The trees around me,
Each with their own story to tell.
I come to the great oak,
Look up through its branches,
Its leaves almost hiding the sky
But the light shone though,
Lighting the way through the wood,
Lighting the way through life.
I leave the oak behind and moved forward,
The trees parted into a clearing
Where a lake was living,
Living to give life to others.
I sat and looked,
The surface was like a mirror,
The occasional ring of circles
Flowing ever outward,
Ever outward into nothingness,
The water still once more.
I looked at this mirror,
Saw images of white,
As the occasional cloud drifted by.
The reflections of the trees
Undistinguishable from the real,
So still in their beauty.
In my quietness I heard nature
Increasing the light within me
As the symphony played around me.
The animals came to refresh their lives,
The life-giving water there for them.
Their reflections mirror images
As they drank from the water,
Accepting me as part of nature's realm

As I sat their peacefully,
Reflecting on the beauty of my life,
The beauty of my life all around me.

Time For Battle.

Well the time had come
As it does every year,
But this year it would be different.
A full bloodied assault was needed,
Needed to defeat my nemesis.
The first thing was to put on my armour,
As my enemy was so dangerous,
It always fought back
And over the years
Has drawn my blood,
But experience has taught me
That full body armour is required,
Especially this time,
As my battle will be strong.
I intend that my foe
Will be brought to its knees.
Armour on I chose my weapons,
Choose those which will guarantee
That I will win this day,
And drive my enemy into defeat.
Right I am ready!
I start at the flanks
Where the guards are posted,
I cut them down easily,
They were not looking.
The further I get into the might,
The might of my enemy,
It starts fighting back
With vigour and strength,
But my weapons are strong.
My blood is drawn
As it sneaks past my armour,
But I am winning.

I come to the final battle
And win with ease.
I stand there victorious,
Although I am blood stained
I am the Conqueror,
Conqueror of my nemesis,
As once more,
The pyracantha succumbs,
Succumbs to my strength in battle.

The Man in the Mirror.

Occasionally when I glimpse in a mirror
I see him,
I see that man that gave me my foundations,
The foundations of my life.

That man that gave me the love of music,
Music in all its different forms.
He listened to them all,
Some were not for him,
But with his open mind
He would listen.
That open mind came to me,
And I will listen to all,
But like him, some are not for me,
But his foundation in music
Became mine.
His and my love
For classical and jazz
Have no boundaries.

That man introduced me to nature,
As we walked together in nature's realm,
Listening, looking and smelling
The joys that abound in the countryside
Were his,
And are now mine.

That man showed me tolerance,
He never got angry,
He was always fair,
Would always listen
To other points of view,
Would discuss,

But never argue,
Would just accept the differences,
Then move on.
This is now me,
Carrying on his work.

This man was, is, my inspiration,
This man now passed into eternity,
Passed over twenty years ago,
I know I will be with him,
As Our Spirits join
And we will walk again together,
Listening to music,
Walking with nature.
Both in absolute harmony
Harmony with life.
Yes I still see him today
As I glance in the mirror,
I see my Dad.

Dancing to Eternity.

We were just standing,
Standing in the dining room,
My lover and I.
Nat King Cole was singing,
I was singing with him.
My wife looked at me and said,
"Shall we dance?"
I took her in my arms
And we swayed to the music,
To the wonderfully romantic song,
Being sung to us,
Being sung for us.
It brought back those so long ago
When we danced long into the night
In each other's arms.
The dancing may have stopped
But we are still in each other's arms,
And that will never cease,
As we dance together to eternity.

The Intensity of Silence.

The silence comes,
The silence goes,
But with each silence
The intensity
Becomes so loud.

The Painting of Love

Her life was rising,
Rising from the depths,
The depths of despair,
Into a new world,
A world of love and beauty,
That love had returned.

The brush touched the canvas,
Her love of painting was back,
Back from the grave,
That had been dug in her past.
Now resurrected into the light
The brush flowed,
And beauty shone on the canvas,
Shone with the love in her life.
The love of family,
That love nearly lost,
But now stronger than ever.

She stood in front of the canvas
Painting her new life,
In colours of her dreams
Now newly freed from her hell.

Communication.

In this life we hear people speak,
But do we listen?
Many people only hear the words,
They are not interested in the meaning.
Many important words are said,
Said to no avail,
As there is a communication problem.
So many people do not listen to understand,
All they do,
Is listen to reply.

Circles in the Pool.

I look into the pool of water,
So still like a mirror.
I toss a pebble into it
And the circles appear,
The larger ones showing the power,
The power of new life,
So strong moving forward,
Into life's new adventure.
The waves get smaller as life continues,
Continues into childhood,
Where new things of wonder assail us,
These things that are all new to us.
As we move forward in learning
The waves become gentle
And our lives become stable.
Flowing through adulthood
Those new things becoming rarer,
Until the waves can be barely seen,
And nothing new comes into our lives,
We have seen it all before.
Then comes the time
When the circles stop,
And life is only a memory,
A memory of circles in the pool,
Circles in the pool of water.

New Car.

Off I go in my car,
In my car for the last time.
It has served me well,
But is now due for retirement,
And a new one will take over.
As I drive towards the garage
I have checked that they have shovels,
So that my new car,
Can be dug out of the snow.

The Kids They 'Phone.

The kids, they 'phone occasionally,
So on the 'phone we answer thus:

If you are one of our children
And are asking for some money,
Will you please press one.

If you are one of our children
Asking for some help or advice
Will you please press two.

If you are one of our children
Asking about our health or wellbeing,
Please ensure
That you have dialled the correct number.

The Conquest of Time.

They explore new areas,
Where civilisations once lived,
And find wondrous works,
Works of art from so long ago.
They could be carvings stone,
Images painted in caves,
And for millennia
They have been there,
Showing that art is timeless,
Showing us that they were there
Creating beauty from their lives.

It shows those of us today
Who think about these things,
And appreciated what we see,
That all Civilisation wants,
Is the Conquest of Time.

Moments.

All through life they are there,
Those moments that happen.
Every moment is different,
Every moment is special.
Many moments are forgotten,
Many are remembered.
But the even the briefest
Of the most wonderful moments
That happen in our lives,
Can last a lifetime

Dementia Sea.

Her mind is in a whirl,
So mixed up within her world,
This wonderful woman of mine
Sinking in her dementia sea,
Drowning into the depths within her.
I keep on reaching down
And pull her to the surface,
But each time she sinks quicker
And sinks deeper into her strange world.
I am so afraid that one day
I will not be able to reach her,
Until that time when our Spirits join,
Join in our journey to Eternity.

The Angels are There.

Walking through our lives
They are always there
But we never notice them,
Our lives are so busy
That we have no time for them.
They guide us,
They protect us,
But we just don't see them.
We need to stop and think,
And think about those times
When the inexplicable occurred
And we were shown the path,
The right path towards certainty,
Towards certainty and happiness .
That is when we realise
That the Angels are there,
And are always with us,
Protecting our way,
Through life's trials,
And through life's mysteries.

House of Canvas

As I opened the screen
To read the poem,
A wondrous site came to my eyes.
A painting of such wonder
That I gasped out loud.
It was just a house,
A tudor house in a street,
But the art that stood before me
Took me there.
I was there,
Back in time,
Transported there by paint,
Paint on canvas.
The door to the house was open,
So in I stepped,
And wrote these words.

Two Cats Fighting - For Orchi

I walked into the empty Church,
So many Churches are now empty.
Is God no longer there?
Do people no longer praise God?
This Church was different,
It was comfortable,
It was warm,
But where were the people?
Then the sound came,
The organ started playing,
Wonderful music surrounded me.
Then came the song,
Or was it?
It had no words,
It had no tune,
It seemed to be a duet,
A screaming song of no meaning.
I looked back from my pew
And saw him,
This strange man
Wailing at the wall,
And the wall wailing back,
Like two cats screaming,
Screaming at each other.
The man stopped his noise
And looked at me,
I then understood all.
There was the man,
The man that told Harold,
Told Harold to look up
When the Normans invaded.
The man that left the stain,
Left the stain on my hand

As he painted the cave,
Millennia ago.
He couldn't sing then,
He can't sing now,
But Orchi will always be there,
Be there with me.
I pray to God,
Why me Lord?
Why is it us?
Me with my attuned ear,
And Orchi with his wailing,
Will I never be rid of him?
Why doesn't he stay with KP,
Surely she will listen!!

Sun and Moon.

As I look out the sky lightens,
The sun slowly pervades the darkness
And rises in front of me.
It showers me with its glorious light
This great sphere of power,
Giving light and life to all.
It rises high into the sky
Looking down on this earth,
The glory of its light
Showing its power,
And its life giving succour.
Slowly it sinks over the horizon
As the day ends,
The reddened sky darkens.
But looking up the brightness remains
As the moon looks down,
Looks down upon me,
And upon my life.
The light in my life is still there,
It never ceases.
Looking past the moon,
The stars shine in glory,
The stars,
Showing the holes in Heavens floor.

Tapped Conversation.

There they sat in the corner of the café,
This married couple facing each other.
They were young middle-aged
And seemed content in each others company.
They had had their breakfast,
The plates were pushed aside.
Not a word was said
As they both got out their 'phones,
Onto the table they went
And they both started tapping away,
Looking down,
Never looking up at each other.
Is this the way that conversation now happens?
Talking to each other by tapping away,
Tapping away to each other
Across the table.

Elusive Time.

Time that most elusive of realities.
In our most glorious of times
Time seems none existent,
As it seems to disappear in a moment.
In our most horrendous of times
Time seems never ending,
As it seems to last a lifetime.
Why is that time appears inconsistent,
Appears Inconsistent in what happens,
In what happens in our lives.
As we travel in that elusive way,
That elusive way where time leads.

Ken Dodd

No more will we hear those words
"How tickled I am"
From the man from Knotty Ash.
This man who had kept me laughing,
Laughing all my life.
He had always been there,
His shows lasting hours into the night.
No more banging his drum
Outside his window at night,
Where neighbours shouted
"What are you doing
Banging a drum at three o'clock in the morning?"
"Thank you, I wanted to know the time".
No more songs of "Happiness",
We are left with tears,
"Tears for Souvenirs"
The Diddy Men will be with him
As he makes his journey to eternity
Making all laugh on his way.
Good-bye Ken,
Thank you for the laughter.

Wake Up Song.

I am awakened from my slumber
By a song of such beauty,
I lay in the dark listening to the sound
Pervading my mind,
Pervading my soul,
As the robin sings to me.
A chorus joins,
And the robins soprano voice
Is joined by the altos of the blackbirds.
They slowly disappear
But the robins solo voice is still there
Singing to me,
Showing me that life is good,
And is always worth celebrating
Celebrating with song.

Wolfgang Amadeus.

The oboe's sibilant sound slowly rose,
Rose through the depths of the orchestra.
Its sound changed as it morphed into a clarinet,
The beauty of the notes rising into the ether,
Bringing beauty into my world once again.
Music from the man who caresses me,
Caresses me with the wonder of his world.
The sound goes on,
Changing constantly,
As the mind of this wonderful man
Beautified the world with music.
Lost to us early in his life
Yet his music will go on,
Echoing through my life,
And through all life,
Until we meet in eternity.

Spring Haiku. For Christina S

The daffodils bloom,
Their sunshine flowers show us,
That Spring is now here.

Loves Metamorphosis.

Loves metamorphosis
Awakens your repose
It may then move on
And leave you a rose.

Gibberish?

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean? "What do I mean?""

"I asked first!"

"But what was the question?"

"Yes that's right, What? Was the question!"

"But that is meaningless, there is no subject!"

"Why would you want a subject?"

"Now your asking why! Why?"

"What do you mean, Why?"

"It is what you asked"

"Why do you ask "What do you mean?"?"

"What do you mean, "Why do you ask "What do you mean?"?"?"

"Yes, what do you mean?"

"Now we are back where we started! Why!"

Distractions.

Going through life is complex,
So many things come into it.
Things that we need,
Things that we want,
Things that are interesting.
Things that we do not need,
Things that we do not want,
Things that are boring.
These things in our life
Take us away from the real pleasure,
The real pleasure of life.
All we really want is happiness,
And that can be achieved,
Can be achieved if we free ourselves,
Free ourselves from all other distractions.

Tripping Through Life.

Going through life there are many paths,
Some are flat and wide
Where you travel with normality,
And your life feels good.
Sometimes the path goes down
And your life gets faster
As the highlights in life
Beckon you towards them.
The road suddenly gets steeper,
Or gets narrower,
Where life is hard,
But that road is important
As it gives the experience,
The experience to travel on,
To be stronger in your life.
Then you come to mountains,
Those big obstacles rise before you
But with strength and determination
You climb them,
And once more the wide flat path
Is there and you go on forever.
As with any path you stumble
But they are normally of no import,
Because while you can climb mountains,
It is easy to stumble on molehills.

The Scrum.

The rugby match was in full flow,
Bodies crashing against bodies,
The oval ball moving side to side.
A fast-moving match,
Suddenly it stopped,
A scrum was called.
The rules and their vagaries
Were now to be seen.
The eight crouched,
Binded together
Faced the other eight,
They crashed together and pushed.
The whistle went,
Something was wrong,
But nobody seemed to know.
Why could it not be clear?
It is one of life's paradoxes
That can never be resolved,
The great minds kept trying,
That even Steven Hawking was baffled.

Intrigue.

It is often with us in our life
And can be there in many ways,
But never completely understood.
It can be in music
Where we are pulled into a piece,
But don't know why,
But need to hear it again
To ensure we weren't mistaken.
It is in words on a page,
That need reading again,
And maybe again.
It is that painting
That has no form,
But draws you into it,
You just have to keep looking.
In many facets of our lives
It is there,
And always will be.
That is why intrigue
Is so intriguing.

Death Has No Sting.

The Sun rises in my life,
The day beckons to me,
Showing me the way towards the light,
That light will always be with me.
Even in my darkest moments
The light will guide me towards brightness,
The brightness that is my life.
This glorious earthly life will end,
But Death has no sting,
As My Spirit will continue in life and light.
That life has come from the infinite past,
And will go on for, and to, eternity.

Never Far Away.

I am always here, travelling the world,
Unseen, unknown but never far away.
I see it all; I am here just in case.
There are times when I am so busy,
But my speed is infinite,
So I am never late!
You all know me, but wish you didn't.
I strike fear and sorrow into all;
And you wish I wasn't here.
But here I am, hovering; waiting
For you, for everybody!
I have always been here,
Since time began, never changing;
Just waiting for you to come to me;
As you will in time!

DEATH, where is your sting?
I am right behind you!

Eternal Light.

I looked up and saw the moon,
Clouds tried to hide it,
But its glory shone down,
Shone down on me
As if to show that the clouds,
And the shadows in my life
Would still have light behind them.
That light was always there,
That light will always be there,
And that light will guide me,
Will guide me forever,
Guide me forever to eternity.

Bridge.

Around the table we sat,
The five regulars,
Ready to play the wonderful game.
The green baize was waiting,
Waiting for the cards.
The cards were spread,
Single cards were selected,
The lowest picked sat out.
The cards were shuffled,
Then dealt,
Silence filled the room
As the brains went into gear.
The dealer spoke,
"No bid"
"No Bid"
"Two clubs" and a knock,
A knock on the table.
The others looked surprised
"No Bid"
"Two diamonds"
"No bid"
"Two no trumps"
"No Bid"
"No Bid"
"No Bid"
The game starts,
The lead is made,
The dealer spreads his cards,
Cards on the table.
The bidder plays a card from table,
The third plays a card,
The bidder takes the trick,
And the next,

Then loses the next eleven,
Six down on the hand.
"Why did you bid two clubs!"
Shouted the dealer,
"Well I had two clubs in my hand",
"But why did you knock?"
"There was a fly on the table",
"Do you know how to play bridge!",
"No I just thought I would try it",
"But you need to know the rules",
"But there are no rules,
Bridges just need crossing".
"Well you crossed me!
The hand was lost!"
"Maybe it is under the bridge,
I'll help you find it"
"Bridge is a game",
"Well if it's a game
Why are you so annoyed?",
"Well it's a serious game!"
"If it is so serious, why do you play it,
Games are meant to be enjoyed",
"I do enjoy it!!" he shouted,
"Why are you shouting?"
"Because we lost!!!"
"But games can be lost"
"But you lost this one for us"
"Don't include me,
You are the one shouting,
I am quite happy,
Do you want another game?"

Gethsemane.

Walking into the Garden He asked them to sit.
To sit, to wait, to watch over him.
He walked on, alone, to pray.
"Abba, not what I will, but what you will".
He knew what was coming,
And knew that it was right for all.
But they knew nothing,
And fell asleep, could not watch over Him.
But were fully awake
As the kiss from the traitor
Betrayed who He was,
And He was taken from them.

Trial.

"Crucify Him!"

That was all they could say,

Revenge was all they could see,

Revenge for what?

Their priests could find no guilt,

Pilate could find no guilt

And in washing his hands

Removed his responsibility

As he told the gathered crowd,

"The responsibility is yours".

And still the cry went out,

"Crucify Him!"

Journey to Golgotha.

He trod the path towards the hill,
Each step a journey towards,
His sacrifice.
He stumbled under the weight
He carried.
The weight of the cross?
The weight of the world?
Simon of Cyrene
Shared the weight for us all,
As they went to the place
Where Our Lord
Returned to His Father.

Repentance and Forgiveness.

As Our Lord went towards Crucifixion
Would you have been there,
Hands clasped together
Praying for His life?
Praying for forgiveness
For the wrong done to Him?
Or would you have been
The one with the hammer and nails,
Ready to Crucify Him,
For His innocence?
This innocence
He would take with Him,
Together with all our sins,
To His Father.

The Cross.

The nails pierced the flesh,
Struck the wood
With a resounding thud,
As the crowd watched.
The Cross was raised
And He hung there,
His head bowed.
Looking at last up to heaven
He shouted to God,
"Father forgive them,
They know not what they have done".
As these words rose from his lips
All the sins of the world were lifted
Into a darkness
That covered the world.
The head bowed once more,
Saying "It is finished",
Jesus died for us.
"Surely this man
Was the son of God"?
Said the stranger,
Standing before the Cross.
The Cross that means so much
To you,
To me,
To the world.

Mañana.

Into the bar they wandered
These scholars, numbered three,
And sat with drinks before them
Relaxed and talking free.

They spoke of many subjects
From alpha through to zed,
They all had their opinions
Before they went to bed.

One that troubled them the most
Was when they spoke of time,
The speed at which it travelled
It changed just like a rhyme.

The question that they pondered
Was how to slow it down,
To wait 'til they were ready
Caused all of them to frown.

The English man just told them
What he would always say,
Leave it until tomorrow
Or 'til another day.

The man from Spain then answered
And said they had a word,
That word was called manana
And slowness that incurred.

The Irish man then uttered
That they have slow words placed,
But theirs are somewhat different

And do not show such haste.

Euphoria.

The concert had ended in euphoria,
We had sung our hearts out
And the joy of our singing
Was shown in the faces,
The faces of those who came,
Who came to watch,
And came to listen.
As the Choir left the stage
To rapturous applause
That euphoria came over me,
The glory of singing embedded
Embedded in my heart.
All was so well in my world,
Happiness was mine to behold.
That euphoria shone into the next day
As once more I sang,
Sang in Church with gusto.
The power of singing is overwhelming,
Overwhelmingly euphoric.

Jealousy.

They sat there at the table
Drinking down their coffee
When the waiter arrived,
He only had two sandwiches
But could barely carry them.
Between the two thick bread slices
Sat four or five sausages,
And on them sat two fried eggs.
On went the salt and pepper
They sank their teeth into them.
They enjoyed them with such relish,
And I just sat there,
Jealous.

The Wonder of Music.

How can they write them?
These notes on a sheet of paper
That can bring such joy and wonder,
Joy and wonder to my soul.
All they are are spots on a page,
But in the hands of musicians
Those spots are transformed,
Transformed into the wonder of music.
That music can bring all emotions,
Bring all emotions to my heart,
Bring all emotions to my mind,
Bring all emotions to my soul.
The wonder of music is boundless
And each time I hear it
I know it is reaching out,
Reaching out to me.

In the Doghouse.

In the doghouse again,
And I blame it all on you!
Reading all your poems,
There is such a lot to view.
I'd forgot to make the tea,
And got in such a stew.
That the wife was not amused,
When I blamed it all on you!

This Wonderful Day.

It was a wonderful day,
My lover was back.
Her bubble of dementia
Became hole ridden for the day.
She still spent much time
Within her bubble,
But the woman I love
Spent more time with me.
These days are so rare
Why can't there be more?
But this was a wonderful day.

The Evening of My Life.

In the evening of my life
I reflect back.
I see the time of childhood
Where worries did not exist,
Running over the fields with friends
Laughter in our hearts,
Not a care in the world.
I see the teenage years,
Where a man was being created.
Good times, bad times
But I came through untroubled.
I see the working years
Where times were good,
And after forty seven years
Retired unscathed.
I see my married years
Where my love gets stronger each day
With that wonderful lady who said I do
Nearly forty years ago,
She now has her problems
But our love increases each day.
In the evening of my life
I reflect on the now,
And can say it IS a good life,
But best of all,
I am still here.

Stopping the Superfluous.

I stand and look at her,
The angel of my life.
We speak of our love,
That love so pure
That has been with us,
For many, many years.
The words falter,
We draw each other
Into our arms and kiss,
That kiss stops the words,
Those words are meaningless,
When the kiss shows so much love.

Seeing My Dreams.

I look up into the night sky,
The stars shining down on me.
And as I look at each star,
I see my dreams.

Flowers and Souls.

Walking through the woods,
At one with the Glory of Nature.
The trees standing so proud,
Their leaves rustling in the breeze.
The sounds of nature playing,
In symphonic harmony,
To my mind and heart.
I see the flowers and realise
That every flower is a soul,
A soul blossoming in nature.
Those souls will be with me,
Be with me forever.

Not a Word.

There they sat
This married couple
Of a certain age.
He drinks his coffee
And reads a book,
She drinks her coffee
And taps on her pad,
Not a word passed between them.
Is this what life could be
When you have been married
For so many years.

Calliope Asks.

Calliope looks down upon me,
Asking the question
What are you going to write today?
Will it be of love?
Will it be of hate?
Will it be of art??
Will it be of music
So many subjects to ponder,
But this day will be the same,
As every day I will write them,
I will write these words.

Clouds in My Life.

In my life of age I have seen many clouds.
Some have floated into my life bringing rain,
Some have carried darkness,
Some have been storm clouds.
But I have survived each cloud,
So that now when clouds float,
Float into my life,
All they do is add colour,
Add colour to my sunset sky.

In The Stillness Of The Morning.

In the stillness of the morning
I see her light,
The light of my life.
Now falling into dementia's clutches
But my love for her getting stronger,
Getting stronger each moment
As she drifts into her own world.
I know that the day will come
When the bubble around her
Will stop me from coming in,
But my love for her
Will never fail.

In the stillness of the morning
I hear the sound,
The sound of my life
As it travels through me.
That life so full of wonder,
The wonder of music,
That has always been there.
Music, the sound that continues
Where the words stop.
That music will be there forever
To help me as my lover drifts,
Drifts into her own world.

In the stillness of the morning
I write these words,
The words that show me,
Show me and what I feel.
Words are always with me,
With me to put on this page.

In the stillness of the morning
What more do I need?
The love for my wife is there.
The music in my life is there.
And the words on this page are there.

In the stillness of the morning,
What more do I need?

Retribution.

"You are wrong!"

"No I am not!"

Words we hear

More and more often.

"If you do not agree with me I will hit you"

Is the next step,

And those steps increase

Into an ever despairing spiral

To despair.

"If you hit me, I will throw a stone at you"

"You do that and I will shoot you"

"I'll get my friends to get you"

"But my friends will beat your friends"

"We have got lots of guns"

"Ours are bigger and more powerful than yours"

"But we have got bombs and will bomb you to hell"

"No Chance, we will bomb you first"

"You reckon, we have an atom bomb"

"Yes but....."

"Hello world, are you there?"

No answer, came the reply.

Calligraphy.

The nib of the pen approaches the paper,
The faintest touch causes a mark.
From this mark the pen is slid
Upwards in a curve.
The beginning of the letter is formed,
The stroke goes down,
Then to the side as the letter is finished.
Another letter is started until a word is formed,
The beauty of each word from the mind,
Is painted onto the page,
Showing the skill of the writer.
As each line of words is formed
The pome is finsished.
The writing has taken so much tiem,
Such intensity of thought to form eeach word,
To farm eech leter,
That the speling becums a bit odd.

Church Meeting.

The service was over,
Good words,
Good hymns,
Good prayers.
We should go home,
Home to Sunday roast dinner,
But today was different.
It was the 'meeting',
The Church's Annual Meeting.
A meeting to see where we are going,
Where we are going forward,
With our decreasing congregation.
So many words said.
Some people speaking well,
But most are so boring.
They drone on and on,
And on,
And on,
And on,
And on.
The meeting was over
And home I went,
The only thought I had
"Well that was another hour and a half
That I will not get back in my life."
As I have said before,
I shouldn't go to Church meetings.

The Return of the Dove.

I stood in front of the painting
Entranced by what I saw.
How can it be done?
This artistry,
This love that shines out,
Shines out from the image
And fills my heart with emotion.
The emotion of brilliance
That comes to life in me,
From the soul of the artist.

Oh What a Beautiful Morning.

Yet again it has happened.
Once more I was reading poetry,
The radio was on,
And this song was sung.
This song I have known,
Known all my life.
I can sing all the words,
Heard it sung by many singers,
They all sing it so well,
And yet today it was different.
It was as though I had heard it,
Heard it for the first time.
The voice so wonderful
Gave new meaning to the song.
Such mastery of words,
Of sound,
Of passion.
My world stopped as I listened,
Listened to the wonder,
That was touching my soul.
"Oh what a beautiful morning"
Moved me,
Moved into my day with wonder.

Walking with Nature.

Over the fields we walk,
Those fields of green.
The yellow flowers of spring
Shine through the field,
Filling our souls with beauty.
Natures symphony can be heard
As we walk in its glory,
At one with the natural world.
We are in our heaven,
Just the two of us,
Walking with nature.

Missed Pint.

Walking up the road to the pub
Looking forward to a chat with mates,
A pint of good ale,
And maybe a game of darts.
Into the bar I walk
And my friends are there,
"What do want to drink" one asks,
I ask for a pint of my favourite ale.
We start talking and laughing,
Friendly friends,
Amusing company,
An evening that will go well.
My pint goes up onto the bar,
As I reach for it
I wake from the dream
And have to get up
And settle for a cup of tea
Instead of that wondrous pint of ale.

Silence with Somebody.

She lived her life in absolute harmony,
Went her own way unhindered by others.
Although on her own she was never lonely,
As her life was full of friendship and laughter.
People wondered why she lived alone,
But she knew what she wanted.
She knew that nothing could be lonelier
Than spending the rest of her life,
Spending the rest of her life with somebody,
Somebody she couldn't talk to.
Or worse,
Somebody she couldn't be silent with.

The Storm's Bass

I look up to the sky
And there on the horizon
Black clouds I see
Coming towards me.
From them streaks of light,
Fire to the ground,
Lighting up all around.
The clouds and fire
Come closer.
The magnificent furore
So beautiful in its power.
The light shows my world
In all its glory.
The thunder like a loud bass drum
Showing the wonder of nature's symphony,
Nature at its most powerful.
Yet its beauty is there,
Is there to behold.
The clouds and light move on,
The storm passes
And once more quietness returns
Where the rest of nature's world
Can be heard in all its harmony.

Does She Ever Stop?

To the supermarket I went
Too get the weekly shop
Walking up and down the aisles
Thinking this would never stop

At last the final item
Into the trolley I put
Then went to pay what's due
Hurrying fleet of foot

I found an empty checkout
Put the shopping on the belt
Then I looked at the cashier
And nearly walked straight out

'Twas the lady full of words
Whose mouth would never stop
I never heard what she said
Though my ears I thought would pop

She talked of many, many things
Which just sailed passed my ears
As I couldn't get a word in
Nor have for several years

At last it all was over
And freedom was my choice
But walking to the car
I could still hear that voice

The Cost of Nature.

We go through life wondering,
Wondering where we will get the money,
The money to make our lives easier,
To make our life happier.

But then I stop,
I stop and think.
Each day is there,
The life-giving water is with me,
The light of the sun in the day,
The beauty of the moon
In the glorious night,
Are always with me,
And for these
I need no money.

Changing Clouds.

Looking up from my world
I see the clouds,
Each one individually formed.
Unique,
Captured in a moment.
How can you capture a moment?
A moment that changes,
Changes as soon as you see it.
I will never see that image again,
But that moment
Will be forever in my memory,
As I go through my life,
Glorying in each moment.

Rare Day.

We sit at the table drinking our coffee,
Talking to each other with love and laughter.
My back is to the wall,
So I look around the coffee bar,
Looking at all the people.
All are talking with each other,
As my wife and I are.
There is a lone lady,
But she smiles as she drinks her coffee
And reads her paper.
Then the reality of this moment hits me,
It is so unusual.
All are looking at each other,
Smiling, laughing and talking,
Talking a skill that seems to be lost,
And there is not a 'phone or pad to be seen.
Such a rare day,
Such a rare day indeed.

Soul Centre.

There it sat
In the middle of my head,
That special gland,
That gland which controlled all emotions,
That gland where my soul lay.
The good and evil,
The positive and negative,
All held in that gland,
All held in my soul.
Then it happened,
It became diseased,
My soul was being destroyed.
But it could be cured,
I could have an operation,
Or die.

As I awakened
All had changed,
My evil thoughts had disappeared,
There was nothing negative in my life.
Life in all its glory was wonderful,
The disease had been removed,
And in that removal
All negative thoughts had gone.
I had been given a second chance,
A second chance at life,
And that life would be wonderful,
Despite all the ills that come my way.
I always find the bright side,
As I may not have,
A third chance at life.

Contentment in Wine.

Into the wine shop I went,
A shop I had been in many times.
The staff knew me
And we always had a chat,
Just passing the day in good humour.
I started looking for my wines
When a new man approached me,
"Can I help?" he asked.
This new man was so young,
He looked about fourteen,
Mind you at my age
Anyone under thirty looks under twenty.
We started talking about the wines I wanted,
His enthusiasm was outstanding.
A young man secure in his own knowledge,
A young man who was so happy in his work.
The right man in the right place,
So contented with his life.

Diamonds of Life.

As we go through life
There are ups,
There are downs.
When we are down
We become stressed.
But what we need to remember
Is that a diamond
Is just a piece of charcoal,
A piece of charcoal
That handled stress,
Handled stress exceptionally well.

Towards Eternity.

The droning goes on
As the preacher speaks,
His voice unintelligible.
I look round the Church
And see others equally bemused.
I look out the window
And see My River floating by,
And the glory of My Spirit
Floating just above it.

I return from my dream
But he is still speaking,
In his strange boring way.
I look round the Church
And see others nodding ? asleep.
I look out the window
And see the sky,
The soft white clouds
Floating in their sea of blue.

Once more I return
But the preacher won't stop,
He doesn't seem to care.
I look round the Church
At the boredom on their faces.
I look into myself,
And see My Life within me
As My River and My Spirit
Float with the clouds,
With wondrous pleasure,
Towards that wonderful Eternity.

The Sea of Life.

I sit on the cliff and look out to sea
Watching the smooth water
Reaching towards the horizon.
I see my life
Sailing into the distance
The horizon getting near.
My sea of life has been smooth,
Sailing with the breeze at my back,
Moving me forwards,
Across the waves of my being.
There have been storm clouds,
There have been rough seas,
But so few and far between.
The journey has been long
It has been so wonderful.
As I near my horizon
I look back to the cliff
And see myself,
Looking out to sea.

Missing Conversation.

There we sat
In the coffee house,
My lover,
Our daughter, the artist,
Our Granddaughter,
The English Scholar.
We sat drinking our coffee
Talking of art,
Talking of language.
My dementia laden wife
Just listening,
Not understanding,
As we talked of our worlds.
The world of art,
The world of language,
And the world of poetry.
The time just disappeared
And it was time to leave,
We said our loving goodbyes.
My lover and I returned home
And as I was sitting in thought
It struck me,
That one thing that I missed,
In my wife's world of dementia,
Was intelligent conversation.

At One With Nature.

We walked the green hills,
My lover and I.
The meadows flowing around us
As the path we took
Took us through their beauty,
And their wonder.
At the top of a hillock
We stopped and looked,
Looked at our idea of heaven,
Our arms clasped each other in love,
Feeling so alive,
Our love so strong,
And at one with nature.
The lonely cry of the curlew
Called out as it flew above us,
A sound so sad but it passed
As our happiness abounded,
Abounded about us,
Abounded within us.
We walked on in joy,
We walked on in harmony,
We walked on in love.
A love so strong
That nothing will break its bond,
A bond that makes us one with each other,
And in the green hills,
At one with nature.

Quartet for the End of Time.

There he was captured,
This man of music.
Now a prisoner of war
But music was within his soul,
On scraps of paper he wrote
He wrote his music.

Music that would haunt my mind.

Music for the only instruments that were there,
There in that prisoner of war camp.
So he wrote for piano, clarinet, violin and 'cello.

Wrote a piece that moves me.

The music was finished
And there in the camp, in the rain,
The four musicians played,
Played the music on their decrepit instruments.
The prisoners and guards watched,
Watched with rapt attention,
And rapt comprehension,
As the end of time sank into their souls.

And still sinks into mine.

Such a meaningful piece of music
That moves me every time.
Every time I hear it,
And every time I hear it

It enters my soul.

Impossible Tamed.

A problem arises
And you say to yourself,
"That is impossible!"
But surely the word itself
Tells you it is not so,
Impossible says it,
Says I'm possible.

The Old Man by the River.

I was walking by My River,
There ahead of me sat a man,
A man of very many years.
He was looking at My River
A smile on his face,
With happiness showing all over.
I greeted him with a smile
And sat down beside him.
He started to talk to me,
He told me that as he sat there
The River flowing slowly past him
And His Life flowed before him.
A life full of love,
Love of wife and family.
The music in his life never stopped,
It was always there.
The wonder of nature,
Never ceased to amaze him.
He looked at me
And told me he had always been happy,
Happy with his life,
Now nearing its end.
I got up and started to walk away
And I looked back,
But he had gone.
Then I realised
That that man,
Will be me.

Garden Love.

My lover and I sat in the garden,
The heat of the day had mellowed
And we sat reading and listening,
Listening to nature's symphony.
Occasionally a bird would make us look up
As they came to join us.
We looked at each other with love,
A love that has lasted so many years.
We just sat there in silence,
Only the occasional word passed our lips,
We were secure in our love for each other,
So words were not always required,
Except perhaps the words,
That I write on this page.

Love to Eternity.

Calliope looks down upon me,
Calling for me to write some words.
Those words can only be of love,
The love of the woman
That came into my life
So many years ago.
That day when we said 'I do'
Meant the world to us,
That world of ours so full of love,
Full of love for each other.
Now as we come to the evening,
The evening of our life
That love we have always had
Grows ever stronger,
And we know that at our end
Our Spirits will be one,
As we go together in love,
For eternity.

Birds Now Fed - FIBS

I
Glance
Outside,
Blackbirds sing
Looking back at me,
As if to say where is our food.
So into the garden I go with fruit and seed,
The bird table is now covered
With both seed and fruit.
The bird winks
At me.
All's
Well

The Cards of Life.

The cards of life are dealt,
We all have a hand which we can play.
Sometimes the cards are low
And cannot win a way ahead,
Others are middle of the road
And you win some hands,
And lose other.
But some have the top cards
And win much more than they lose,
But in the hand I have been dealt,
I have the best of all,
As in my life,
The life I have nearly led,
I have had love,
I have had music,
I have had art,
I have had nature,
And I have found words,
Because the hand I was dealt,
Was full of trumps.

Tablet Trouble.

My wife's tablets are many,
Each day I arrange them
To be taken at the right time,
But why is it when I drop one
I struggle to find it,
As it is always the one,
That matches the colour of the floor!

Peg's Mini.

Down to the shop I walk
To get the daily paper,
In the shop I see Peg,
A near neighbour,
With whom I'm acquainted.
We chat as we pass,
But today we walk up the road together.
She is a lady of many years
But always good to talk to.
As we pass my neighbour's house
His immaculate old mini is in the drive.
"I remember them" she said,
"The mini is a very special car to me,
Because when I was young
I can remember being in one
With my boyfriend,
And my legs hanging out the windows!"

Chet Lives in Me.

His sound is with me,
That genius of cool jazz,
Now in his heaven,
Weaving his spell in my soul,
But playing for the Angels.

Just a Book.

I picked up the book,
A friend said it was good.
It was not the type of book
That I would normally read,
But this book got me hooked.
I laughed,
I cried,
As I read the pages.
It was so good
That I had to slow down,
I didn't want it to end,
I didn't want to finish,
This wonderful book.

A Gesture Against Time.

Time is always with us.
In enjoying life, time flies.
In sad times, time drags.
When we look back
The times that we had
Were always good,
And as we look at them
We let them dwell with us,
As a gesture against time.

Unbearable Bearable.

Many things in our life cause us sorrow,
But in many of these a lighter side can be seen.
So why not look for that light side,
And just laugh at it.
As humour is a great healer,
It can make the unbearable,
Bearable.

Wheeled Freedom.

A new-found freedom was with us,
My love and I could go to more places.
So on that first day we went to the lake.
We looked over the water
That shone like a mirror.
The sun so bright in the sky,
The sky so clear and blue
Except for the streaks of white,
That were painted in it heights.
The green of the trees around us,
Nature at its brand-new ripeness
Surrounded us as we stared,
Stared at the beauty so much missed
In the time of struggle,
Where my lover could not reach this place.
We were now set free
As she sat in her wheelchair,
Delight written all over her,
So relaxed once more,
Now that she, and I,
Were at one with nature.

The Office.

The Office?

Oh yes, I used to work in an office.

Work? Work?

I remember work,

It was that thing I used to do

To earn some pennies,

But that is long past.

Retirement called,

And now I am so grateful

For all you who work in an office,

And pay your taxes,

Which pay for my pension.

Yes I am so grateful.

Ragtime Trovatore.

The smile came early in the morning.
Listening to the radio,
Reading poetry,
When this tune came over the air.
I knew that tune,
But not played like that.
It is from an opera,
An opera I know so well,
Just excerpts from it.
There is the Anvil Chorus,
It is Il Trovatore,
An opera I know so well
But I have never heard it
Played like this.
I had to smile,
As they played the opera,
In Ragtime!

Coffee Meetings

We sat drinking our coffee
When they came in,
Came in by twos.
The first two sat at a table,
A few minutes later two more joined them.
They shook hands,
Greeted each other with pleasantries,
These men of business.
All in suits,
Only two with ties.
They stood and chatted
When they were joined by two more,
Both in suits and ties.
They sat at a table
And started their discussion,
The first item on the agenda,
Was the most serious of the meeting,
Which coffee would each want!

Lost Decade.

He had a drinking problem,
But it became resolved,
And he became reformed,
A reformed alcoholic.
He told his story to me.

"I lost a whole decade
Lost it to cheap whisky.
But luck was with me
As the decade I lost
Was the nineteen-eighties."

Tilly.

Into the world she arrives,
This wonderful world of love
That her parents will give to her.
May all her aims be reached,
May all her dreams be fulfilled,
And may the love that surrounds her,
Show her the wonder
That she will have in her life.

The Blue Canvas.

I look up and see a pale blue canvas,
Just waiting for natures brush
To paint a picture.
High, high above a white line
Is slowly stroked in the blue,
So slowly, as the picture builds
And that one brushstroke widens,
As time passes so slowly.
There to the side the canvas is paler blue,
The dusting of cloud painting the sky
With such a gentle touch,
That the colour is almost invisible.
Nature's canvas,
Showing the beauty
Of a pale blue joyfulness.

Life Stopped.

Sometimes in life
There is a solid wall before you,
It is stopping you moving on.
That wall may be in front of you
But all you need to do is look back,
And go out through the open door
From where you entered,
And walk on another path
To where your life moves forward.

From House to Home.

The house is there,
The house where a new beginning starts.
The furniture arrives
And is distributed around the rooms,
It takes time, but the house is yours.
Once the furniture is in place
And the family sit together, relaxed
The house changes into something special.
It is no longer a house,
It is your home,
And a home is filled with love and laughter,
And as in all things,
That love must come first

Three Score Years and Ten

Well that time has come,
All your life you have worked,
Worked through to retirement.
That day when your life's work
Had now gone.
For five years the easy life was yours,
But no, there was still work to be done.
During this time love has been there,
Love of your wife,
Love of your children,
Love of friends.
But now another milestone is reached
As the three score years and ten has come,
A time to once more reflect,
Reflect on your life
And look back at the good times,
As the good times
Always outweigh the bad.

Reflect on your long life
And look to the future
In hope, in joy and in love,
Always in love.

Natures Future.

The time has come again,
That time of the year
When the fledglings have fledged.
They come into the garden
With beaks open wide,
And parents filling them
With food from the table,
That table that is filled
With food for them to eat.
It is a wonderful sight to see new life
Flying into their future,
Strong and healthy.
It so wonderful to watch them,
Knowing that we have played our part,
Providing food for them to eat,
To allow them to fly,
Into natures wonderful future.

China Beware.

Once more she is off,
Travelling the world,
This young lady of adventure,
Fearless as she goes through her life.
A forthright lady who suffers fools
Not at all,
But whose trust is paramount
To all around her.
Into the unknown she now ventures
Firm in the knowledge
That all will be wonderful
In this new old country.
A country of both ancient
And modern times,
To where she will teach the young
And lead them into a broader life.

A young lady of whom I am proud,
No, extremely proud
As she ventures forth.
All I can give her
Is my profound respect,
And all my love,
As her Grandfather.

The Moon of Peace.

The bright summer evening draws on,
The vivid blue of the sky slowly darkening.
I look up and there in all its glory, the moon
Shining with an almost orange glow.
Its glory shining down on me,
Showing the wonder of the Universe
And bringing peace and happiness
Into my wondrous life.

The Man in Black

He sat on his stool,
Guitar in hand,
Dressed in black.
This man who had so much
To tell us;
But was misunderstood
By many.

He Walked the Line
Straight to Folsom Prison,
But escaped and found himself
Surrounded by a Ring of Fire;
Until those Ghost Riders in the Sky
Pulled him back to Jackson
Where his love for June,
Gave him the Peace in the Valley,
That he was seeking.

Starkville City Jail held him overnight;
The crime was picking flowers!
But when released he drove away
In the car he had built One Piece at a Time.
This Boy Named Sue
Drove into San Quentin,
Where the inmates showed him
A Sea of Heartbreak,
And that he wasn't a Wanted Man.

The Bitter Tears that were shed
Over the Vanishing race;
But will survive
As Long as the Grass Shall Grow,
And Drums will beat out to banish

Apache Tears.

This man, dressed in black
To remind all those in their lightening cars
And fancy clothes
Of the others that were held back.

At the end he walked the Streets of Laredo
Picking up a Tear Stained Letter.
He was Hurt, but did not see Sam Hall
Singing Danny Boy.
As he walked the Bridge Over Those Troubled Waters
To Give That Letter to Rose
He Hung His Head, as In his Life
He was such a Desperado.
But He had his Own Personal Jesus.
Without June he was
So Lonesome that He Could Cry.
The First Time Ever he Saw Her Face
The Man Came Around and knew,
That they would Meet Again.

New Days.

Each day we are blessed,
Blessed with a new day.
Yesterday has gone
and whatever happened,
has now gone passed.
Go into the new day,
Knowing that this new day
Will bring new opportunities,
Grab them with both hands.
As with each new day
The start to a new life
Is waiting for you,
Reach out into those new days.

Want or Need

Going through life we see them,
They are all around us,
Tempting us.
They look so wonderful,
We must have them.
But why must we have them,
Must we have them because we want them,
Or must we have them because we need them.
You must always have the ability to choose,
To choose what we need,
Not what we want, but not need.
Need is necessary,
Want is greedy.

Childhood Innocence.

I hear the voice,
A smile comes to my mind.
The sound of innocence,
So wonderful to be heard.
I look over the fence
And see him,
He looks at me, unsure,
This new man to him.
Each day he sees me it gets better,
I wave,
He waves,
There is almost a smile.
But it is the sound of young life
That gives me so much joy,
The wonder in his sound
When he finds something new,
To intrigue his learning mind.
The innocence of childhood
Is so wonderful.
If only it could go on forever
The world in which we live
Would be such a better place.

This Old Codger.

The path of my life has been long,
I look back as I sweep majestically
Into old age.
This old codger has had a good life,
And what is more
He is still here,
There is still much to do
To forego that life now.
There are the books I need to read,
You know that list of them
That gets ever longer.
There is music to listen to,
I have heard most of it before
But good music needs hearing,
Again and again.
There are words to write,
Like these ones going onto this page.

So be warned all
As the seven zero of my life approaches
I will be here,
Reading books,
Listening to music,
Writing words.
When that final day on earth comes
I will still be here,
As My Spirit will never cease to exist,
Going on to infinity,
And beyond.

Pre-Technology.

Before the Service started
The problems came first,
There was no projectionist!
How could we sing the hymns?
How could we read the words?
The problem was vast!
But the thought crossed my mind
How on earth did we have Services
Before the Advent of technology.

The Service started
And there on the screen
Was the Service,
Well some of it!
The words were so small
Many could not read them.
A hymn started,
The organist played,
And the Choir joined in,
The congregation,
Those who could read the words,
Joined in.
Verse one was fine,
Then verse two was sung,
Followed by verse three
Then verse four,
No, where was verse four?
It had become verse five
For no reason.
The organist was confused,
The Choir was confused,
All went quiet.

The Service continued,
The address was given,
The screen showed pictures.
Death by Powerpoint once more,
But so small it could hardly be seen.
Then a statement was made,
We should get youngsters into nature
And away from their screens.
This hit home to me,
As this Service was led by the screen!
So again it came to me,
How on earth did we have Services,
Before the Advent of technology!

Another hymn was sung,
The first and second verse,
Followed by the Chorus.
The third verse was sung,
Then a picture came on the screen,
Not the words to the Chorus!
In the Choir I sang out loud,
The Choir followed.
We sang the Chorus,
The fourth verse,
And the final Chorus.
As we were all old fashioned,
WE had Hymn BOOKS!
How on earth did we have Services,
Before the Advent of technology?

Love Unknown.

Calliope looks down upon me,
Her eyes searching my heart
For words to put on this page.
Every morning I see her
And feel her presence within me.
I sit before the page
And the words flow,
They turn towards love
The strongest of all emotions.
I think of the love of my life
And the years of passion
That have been with us,
So many years in love,
That love is so strong,
And gets stronger each day.
But each day I know
That I am losing her,
As her mind is being closed
Closed into her bubble,
Her bubble of dementia.
I can penetrate that bubble
And our love shines through,
But that bubble may soon close,
My love for her will stay strong,
But will she know.

Shrinking World

We sat around the table
Drinking our coffee,
Chatting,
Looking at photos'
When our daughter spotted one.
She said to our Granddaughter,
"Is that at the French Restaurant,
The one in Birmingham,
That you went to last week?"
Our Granddaughter said,
"Oh no,
That's the one in Paris".
My wife and I looked on
Astounded,
She had said it as though
Popping out to a restaurant in Paris
Was an everyday happening.
How small the world is,
From when WE were young.

Wondrous Enchantment.

They appear before me,
These works or art
That pull me into their being.
So much to be seen,
So much to be interpreted.
I look and see so many things,
Things that my mind creates
From the colours on the canvas.
The style of the works enthrals me,
Meaningless to some,
But to me they mean so much
As I gaze into their depths
And fall deeper and deeper
Under their spell,

A Question of Life.

Every morning I step into the shower,
Wash body,
Wash hair,
Dry thoroughly.
I stand in front of the mirror
Looking at this bedraggled man,
So I pick up my comb
And start combing my hair,
The same way I have been doing it
For over sixty years.
Comb most to one side,
Then the rest to the other side,
Leaving a parting on the left side.
But often the thought has struck me,
One of those deep meaningful thoughts
That come in life's vagaries,
I wonder how many times
The number of hairs,
On each side of the parting,
Has been the same,
As in previous days.
A mystery that I will never be able to answer,
But they say that God will know

That Old Boy Down the Road.

"That Old boy down the road".
I can remember my Grandad saying it,
I can remember my Mum saying it,
And now even I say it,
But what we always forget
Is that that old boy down the road,
Is younger than us.

Music is Life.

It has been there all my life,
So many different forms.
Has stirred my emotions,
Music can touch my soul,
Creating a euphoria within me.
It can make me cry.
It can make me laugh.
It can make me sad.
It can make me happy.
This media of no words,
Be it classical or folk,
Jazz or country,
Opera or rock.
I listen to them all.
Music is my life,
Comes within me,
It comes from me
As the notes I sing and play
Sail through the ether,
Into eternity.
The question is often asked
"What is your favourite piece?"
To this there is no answer,
Except the one I give,
"The piece of music I am listening to now"

Blocked Aisles.

Into the supermarket I went,
As I do every Saturday morning
To do the weekly shop.
I start my tour up and down the aisles
When I come across them,
Two ladies with large trollies,
Blocking the aisle,
More interested in chatting
Than shopping.
I force my way past them,
But no matter how I tried to avoid them
They always seemed to be in my way,
No matter which aisle I went,
They were there
Talking their heads off,
And blocking the aisle.
Shopping completed, eventually,
I went to the checkout,
And the most redeeming feature
Of my trips up and down the aisles,
Was that I got to the checkout before them.

Finding Peace.

All through his life he has been troubled,
Struggled with his temperament,
Flying into rages,
Hitting out at all and sundry.
The fault was within him,
He knew it was wrong,
But no help was found.
So into the depths of despair he sank,
Each day he fell further down,
Further down to the depths,
Until that day
When his soul left his body,
And all was cured.
I stood over his grave and prayed:
"May your death bring you the peace,
The peace that you never found in life"

"May your death bring you the peace you never found in life."

A Vulcan Prayer said by Tuvok in Star Trek Voyager ? Basics Part 2 1996.

New Studies.

We were sitting chatting,
My Granddaughter and I,
When she asked a question.
"If you were to study again,
Would you still study science?"
What a profound question.
My life started in science,
It was my dream at school,
I wanted nothing else
And a scientist I became.
It served me well
For many years,
And was the foundation
On which my life was built.
Looking back now
From my elder years
My life has changed.

Although music has been with me
As the years went by,
Music became more meaningful.
Then I found art,
The appreciation of wonderful works
Assailed my soul.
The final change came to me
Late on in my existence,
As I found I could write words,
Words on a page,
These words became so important.
My life was filled
With music,
With art,
With words,

And always with love.
So would I study science again?
Surely the answer would be no
As the arts of the world
Now held such a strong hold
Over my life.

Lifes Tanka.

To life we arrive,
Learning the wonder of all,
Life's experience
Showing us the path we need,
Towards our eternity.

Amazing World.

From my hill I look around,
The glory of nature surrounds me.
The shades of green in infinite numbers,
The dark green and brown of the woods,
Enchanting in the secrets within them.
Yellows are seen as the crops ripen,
White spots are everywhere
As sheep browse the fields.
The blue of the sky
So wide and wonderful,
Enhanced by the gold of the sun
As it brings life,
Brings life to my world,
My amazing world.

Problems.

As we go through our lives
We come across them,
Come across problems,
But each of them can be solved.
If it is a problem
That does not affect you,
Accept it.
If it is a problem
That can be changed,
Change it.
If it is a problem
That cannot be changed,
Leave it,
Leave it and move on,
Move on in your life.

The Pipes! The Pipes!

The telephone rang,
I answered it.
The voice said
"Hello Andy, it's Caroline here".
She is one of the choir members
Who I know a little.
She asked the oddest question,
"Do you know any bagpipe players?"
What a strange question to ask me!
Yes, I love music, always have,
But the thing about bagpipes
Is I like to hear them play "Far Away";
And the further away, the better!

It is said that the Irish invented the bagpipes and gave them to the Scots but the Scots have not seen the joke yet.

Doing Nothing.

It is so strange,
I feel so relaxed, but I feel so sad.
My loved one is away from me,
She is away for a week,
That week is to help me,
Help me recover from the hell,
The hell of her dementia.
I am living two lives,
Hers and mine.
Hers because she cannot,
Cannot do the things,
The things she always could,
I have to do them.
Each day it gets worse
But this week I am alone,
Alone to recover and not worry,
Not worry about her.
She is safe and cared for
By caring staff in the home.
It is only a week,
But I can live just my life,
Do what I want to do,
Even if it is nothing.

Cat Wars.

There is a new boy in town,
The boss is put out,
As the new boy wants to take over.
But the boss is having none of it,
So they fight and scream and yell,
The battle of the cats is now on;
Or it could be,
That Orchi has found my home
And he is singing
Beneath my window?

Kneading Emotions.

In goes the flour,
Into the bowl,
Followed by the yeast and salt.
The warm water is measured
And Olive Oil added to it,
Virgin Olive Oil of course,
The water is slowly poured
Into the well of flour,
Then mixed and mixed
Until it all binds together.
The pastry is put onto a board
Then kneaded,
Punched and kneaded
As lifes frustrations
Are taken out on the dough,
Harder and harder it is pushed
Until all those frustrations have gone.
It is time to relax,
The dough is left,
And as it sits in the warm
Life comes back from its beating,
As it grows into its new life.
The new life is then put back on the board
And kneaded one more,
But this time so gently
And the love is put into it,
Calmly, joyfully, the best of emotions
Are mixed with the dough,
Then left once more.
The love creates life in the dough
As it rises once more,
Until that time it is ready,
Ready to cook to a golden brown.

This bread is at last before you,
So deliciously full of love
It creates joy in the heart,
As the love it has,
Is absorbed by your soul.

Fitness Holiday.

There it was in the newspaper,
A headline that said,
"Could you handle a fitness holiday?"
Why should I?
A holiday is for relaxing,
Strolling gently amongst the green hills,
By cooling streams,
Or paddling the breaking waves,
The waves on the sandy beach.
I do not want to lose breath
As exercises cause muscle pain.
I want to sit by the pool,
Watching others swimming,
Just sit there,
With something wet and cool to hand.
I don't want to run in circles
Getting more and more tired.
I want to walk gently through wooded glades,
Sharing nature's peaceful world.
"Could you handle a fitness holiday?"
No, not with all the stress
That it would bring to my soul,
Relaxing is the way to go,
The way to go on holiday.

This Day - Haiku.

I wake with the dawn,
The sun shining in my life,
This wonderful day.

Still Flight.

Sitting in the garden,
The evening light around me
I look up and see a bird
So high in the sky,
Wings outstretched
Just hanging in the air,
Sailing ever upwards,
Without a wingbeat
To break the stillness of it flight.
Up and up it sailed,
Until it disappeared from sight.
I was left in wonder
At the calm and joy
Of its silent, still beauty.

The Man in the Way.

Into the supermarket I went,
To do the weekly shop,
And he was there, that man,
That man that was always in the way.
Wherever he went
He was in the way,
He was in the way of everybody!
It was not a good day,
As that man in the way,
Was me!

The Old Man in the Pub.

Every evening I would walk down the road,
Walk into my local,
The Landlord would greet me.
"Evening Fred, a pint?"
Without really asking
The pint would be on the bar
By my seat,
My seat in the corner.
I sat there and watched,
As I have been for many years.
They all know me,
All greet me with a smile,
And a 'Good evening Fred'.
Some come and chat
And pass the time of day,
Some we talk for hours,
Putting the world to right,
Many days I just sit and look,
Look at the folks in the pub.
Some playing darts,
Some playing cards,
But all with good grace,
And a smile on their face.
Many I have seen grow
From young people,
Into grown up women and men.
Each has come to know me,
The old man in the corner,
With his pint,
His wisdom,
And his wit.
But many do not know
As I finish my last pint

And walk out of the door,
I go home to my house,
The house where my lover lived,
But is there no longer.
Taken from me
So many years ago,
But every evening
That first pint in the pub,
I think of her,
And know that I will be with her,
Sooner rather than later.

Finding Freedom.

We get them many times,
Those times where we are trapped.
Cannot move,
Cannot escape.
Until we lay asleep
And fall into our dreams,
As in our dreams,
We find freedom.

The Ayes (Eyes) Have It.

The challenge was set,
Hoping to show them all, and
Ensuring that confusion reigned.

As the thoughts flowed, the
Yelling started within my
Ever confused mind,
Stopping my thoughts.

(Bracketing my thoughts,

Even though I could write words,
Yet today it seemed impossible,
Enduring confusion of thinking
Seemed to be the way.

Did not seem to help).

However, the moment
Appeared in my soul that
Vectored my brain into gear,
Even proved that I could write these words

In that way this acrostic appeared,
To show the challenge could be done.

Endeavour Imagination.

Each day we try,
Try to achieve our goals,
Our goals of life.
Sometimes they are easy,
Sometimes they are hard,
And we believe that
We have reached our limit.
But what we must realise
Is there is only one limit,
One limit to human endeavour,
And that is the limit,
The limit of our imagination.

Minutes Cynicu

Meetings attended,
Minutes are always taken,
But hours are wasted.

Coffee Rapper.

Into the Coffee House we went,
Sat my loved one at the table,
I went to get the coffee.
The young man served me
With his usual smile and politeness,
As we chatted he asked about my day,
I said that I was doing poetry in the afternoon,
I write poetry he said,
And it is on the computer.
I asked for the details.

I found his site
Rapping at me,
His voice with a beat
So great to see.
He danced and he sang
With kind words of love,
Of love for the child
That came from above.

He sang and he danced
Bringing joy to my mind.
His words and his song
So wonderfully kind.
His ended his rap
With a smile very wide.
Almost as wide
As the one in my mind.

All is Well.

I walk beside My river,
The slow deep green of its water
Flows by my side in harmony,
In harmony with my thoughts.
Those thoughts get deeper
The further I walk into the countryside,
Until I am lost in a world of nature,
Where all is well
And the troubles in my life disappear.
A swan sails by my side
His eyes looking at me,
Understanding my thinking.
We move together,
Our minds locked in nature's wonder.
He leaves me and slides calmly off
Into his world,
Leaving me with mine.
My River flows ahead of me,
My Spirit flowing with it.
I know that My River
And My Spirit
Will go on to eternity.
So, in spite of my troubles,
I know that all is well,
All is well in My World.

Pure Bliss.

Pure bliss,
Sitting in the coolest part of the house
Away from the increasingly hot summer,
Coffee by my side,
Loved one beside me,
Bach playing gently,
Wafting his wondrous tones
Into our souls.
Sitting there reading,
Reading a good book,
Pure bliss.

Good coffee.
Good woman.
Good music.
Good book.
Pure bliss.

Live Now

We go through our lives
Experiencing each day,
That experience adding to our knowledge,
Knowledge of our lives.
Those experiences become part of us,
They can never be taught.

As we get older we look back,
Look back at what has been.
As age increases we look forward,
Look forward to what might be.

Remember though where we live,
We live in the now.
Now is the most important time,
The most important time in our lives.
So live in the now,
Now will never come again.

Speed.

They race down the road
On their steed made of steel,
Straight through their hair
The wind they do feel.

Going faster and faster
On the road from their past,
Flying further away
From that which had passed.

Into the future of their new life,
Speeding away on their mighty bike,
Going quickly to their wherever,
To their wherever, wherever they like.

Into My Soul.

What an absolute treat,
My loved one sitting opposite me
As we ate our dinner.
Kathleen singing for us on the player,
An absolute joy.
Then came a song,
A song I had heard many times,
But this time the fork stopped
And I was in absolute awe.
How could a voice sing like that?
Absolute perfection.
Absolute emotion.
I could do nothing but listen,
Listen in absolute wonder
At this song.
The sound penetrating my heart,
Reaching my soul.
The tears started to run,
Run down my face,
As her sound enraptured me.
It always has,
And always will,
But tonight it seemed different,
It spoke so powerfully to me.
My world had stopped in those moments,
As Kathleen came into my soul.

The Remains of the Day.

My day started so long ago.
Into this day I was born
From loving parents.
They showed me the way,
The way the day should progress.
Each second of the day
Gave me more to learn,
And learn I did,
Through school and college
Into my working life.
Those seconds turned into minutes
As my work carried me though
The morning and afternoon.
My lover joined me at lunchtime
And we carried on together,
Through the afternoon
Into the early evening and beyond.
Now in the late evening,
I wonder what will happen,
With the remains of the day.

Human.

We go through life doing our best,
Overcoming obstacles before us.
We all make mistakes,
Most mistakes are overcome.
We make those mistakes
Because we are human.
Maybe the word human
Is the word,
The word that best explains us,
Explains what we are,
And why we make mistakes.

The Plan.

We were sat drinking our coffee,
Chatting quite lovingly
With humour and fun.
My wife said
"Do we need anything?"
"Yes" I said, "We need bird food".
And therein lay the problem.
My wife was in a wheelchair,
The bird food needed a trolley,
I couldn't do both together,
So the plan was given.
Joyce from coffee to car,
Me from car to shop,
Collect trolley,
Bird food into trolley,
Trolley to checkout,
Pay for bird food,
Trolley to car,
Unload bird food
Onto back seat,
Boot was full of wheelchair,
Trolley back to shop,
Me to car,
Car to home,
Simples.

To Shake or Not to Shake

So the England team have been stopped,
Been stopped from shaking hands,
It is too dangerous they say.
Surely the fist pump is dangerous,
A fist is a sign of aggression.
An open hand a sign of peace,
A sign of no hidden weapons.
What has happened to politeness?
Mind you I am not surprised,
After all it is football,
And I don't expect politeness,
In this hooligan's game.

Rugby ? a game for hooligans played by gentlemen.

Football ? a game for gentlemen played by hooligans.

Your Path.

The path of your life lies ahead of you,
As you walk along it you may stumble.
Others come to your aid
And walk with you for a while,
They leave and once more you are alone,
Walking the path to your future.

Ahead you see others stumble
And you help them rise,
And walk with them into their future
Until you have to leave,
And move onto a different path.

Along every path you travel
Others may join you,
Or you may join others on their path,
But the path you walk is your path,
And nobody can walk it for you.

"It's your road, and yours alone, others may walk it with you, but no one can walk it for you." Rumi

Caving Together.

Where were they?
They went into the cave
But did not come out!
A search was started
Among the treacherous rocks
And streams within the cave.
For days there was no sign,
Until that day when they were found
In the most difficult place imaginable,
Sitting on a rock,
With water around them.

The call went out,
And from all over the world
The experts came,
Came to try and save the boys.
The world watched on,
Watched on in admiration,
Watched on in anticipation.

Save them they did
Risking their own lives,
One of which was lost,
To bring the boys to safety,
And to safety they came
Thanks to the skill and bravery
Of the experts of the world
Coming together to help,

The world can be wonderful,
When people work together.

That Will Be Me.

In the coffee house I went,
Sat down with my coffee,
Got my book out
And started reading.
I looked up and saw him,
Saw this old man sitting,
Sitting in the corner
Drinking his coffee,
Reading a book.
I read some more of my book,
Drank some coffee,
And looked up once more.
There looking at me
Was that old man.
I nodded and smiled
He did the same.
That was when I knew,
I knew who that old man was,
That old man will be me.

No Flying Tonight.

It was a beautiful summers evening,
The heat of the day had cooled,
So my lover and I sat in the garden,
Sat together,
Our love needing no words.
The swifts raced above us
High in the blue sky,
The blackbirds enthralling us
Enthralling us with their songs.
Beside me was my scotch,
Malt, of course,
I picked it up
And there in it
Was an interloper,
A fly was drinking it!
I wasn't having this
So I hooked it out,
And onto the floor he went.
Not having a clue which way to go
He crashed into the wall,
Fell down a hole in the ground
Tried to fly out but couldn't.
I thought serves you right,
I can't fly either,
After I've had a scotch or three.

Symbols for Words.

I looked round in the coffee house
And there they were,
All ignoring each other.
At the first table
Sat a lady with her laptop,
Typing her life away in rhythm.
At the next table were two ladies,
They too were on laptops,
Not speaking to each other
Just tapping away.
There was another laptop lady
Sitting on the next table,
And then two more tables
Both with men tapping their 'phones.
The last table had us sitting there,
Talking and laughing,
Enjoyment to the fore.
Nobody else was talking to each other
Like we were.
Are we just old fashioned,
And use spoken words to talk,
Instead of symbols.

Preying in the Choir.

He stands in the Choir
With his voice so loud,
Thinks he can sing bass
but he hasn't a clue,
He sings the tune,
Wouldn't know a bass note
If it bit him on the bum.
If it's a song he doesn't like
He doesn't sing at all,
That's when the Choir sounds better!
He only thinks of himself,
No care for others,
So thick skinned
That he cannot be hurt,
But can use his emotion
To pull others down
So they feel sorry for him.
It is all a farce
To make himself accepted,
But most now know
That he is only after something,
Something, anything,
For his own satisfaction.
Has no feeling for the choir,
But needs to fuel his greed,
And prey upon others.

Escape.

Each day, as we go through life
We may enter a room,
A room where there is no escape.
No matter how we search
We appear to be trapped in a box,
But that box which we are in
Can always be surmounted.
As all we need to do
Is think outside the box,
And an escape from reality awaits us.

Unbroken Love.

Up the stairs I go,
Her cup of tea in my hand.
I see her sitting up in bed,
My lover, looking out of the window,
Completely at ease with the world,
With the world in which she abides.
I look at her with a love so deep
That gets stronger each day.
I walk into the room,
She looks round startled,
Startled from her thoughts.
A smile creases her face
As she looks at me,
And our world of love is complete,
Knowing that our love is so strong,
And will never be broken.

Perfection Failed.

In this life we look for it,
Look for perfection.
Strive as we might,
It is always out of our grasp.
What we need to realise
That perfection is impossible,
And if we ever reached it
For what would we strive?
Our lives would be meaningless,
We would have nothing for which to aim.
So instead of striving for perfection
Be satisfied with the good,
The good in your life,
The good in your life that can be reached.

Nature's Canvas of Majesty

Looking up to the sky in the early evening light
Nature's palette revealed its wondrous glory,
The canvas of blue streaked with bubbles of grey
Surrounded by fluff balls of pink,
Merging into patterns of orange, yellow and red,
Filling my soul with the glory of nature's wonder,
Painted with the brush strokes of its glorious majesty.

Threshold of Your Mind.

In our lives we have teachers
Who invite you in
To the house of their wisdom,
There you can learn what they know.
But in this world,
There are other teachers,
Teachers who are so wise
Who do not invite you into their house,
But they lead to the place
That is the threshold,
The threshold of your mind.

The Car of My Dreams.

There it sits in front of me,
My Aston Martin,
The Vanquish of course,
The car of my dreams.
It is mine!
I have one!
I slide into it,
Its opulent comfort.
The engine roars
With a deep growl
As start it.
Off I go
Into my travels,
At speeds unknown
Into this rapid world,
Leaving all behind me.
Then I hear a noise,
Somebody is talking,
"Wake up! Wake up!"
Then I realise,
It is still the car of my dreams.

Barge Life.

The barge sits there
Waiting for us to board,
The ropes are freed,
And so are we as we move,
Move gently down the canal.
The engine throbbing gently
Moving us past Natures canvas
Painted all around us.
At the side of the water
The birdlife looks at us
In their serene way.
Further and further we glide,
The peace only interrupted
By the soft throb of the engine,
And the wonder of Nature' Symphony.
We glide to a stop for the night,
Sitting on the deck in the evening light
Peace reigns,
Except for the song of the birds.
As darkness encroaches
The birds stop singing,
Silence surrounds us.
Into a dream filled sleep we sail
Until we awake refreshed,
Ready to continue our journey,
The journey of life,
At four miles an hour.

Changing Days.

Each day is changing,
Each day she gets worse.
What helped her yesterday,
Does not help today.
I do everything for her,
But she is just not aware,
Not aware of what I am doing,
Not aware of the pain in my heart
As she moves further from me
And into her own world,
That world called dementia.
The system tries to help
But it cannot see the pain
That is dragging me down,
And dragging me away from my life.
Each day I have to give more for her,
And each day, I have less for me.
And each day I am grateful,
Grateful to be able to write,
To write these words,
These word on this page.

Time After Time.

Time;
Chasing us throughout our lives;
It is always with us!
The need to get things done,
On time!
Must be on time!
Need to get there!
Quick!
Must run!
Got to go!
To where?
And why?
Never enough time!
Time is moving on!
Must catch up!
Time; the predator.

Looking back on my life, towards the end of my span on this world,
I look upon time from a different point of view.
Those moments in my life where time doesn't exist.
That first kiss as a boy with my first girlfriend,
So innocent and so cherished, where did that moment go?
It still seems but a moment since I met my love,
Still with me after so many joyful years, still together
Enjoying our time with each other, no need to rush now,
Tomorrow will do; or the day after.
The time spent strolling along My River,
No haste, time to get to know myself.
Time with our children and grandchildren,
So valuable, give them my time,
I have plenty to spare, for the important things,
Time will end for me before long
But it is a long way off.

Time is an experience to be cherished.

Time; my companion.

Who Could Ask For More.

Down the stairs at dawns early light,
Turned on the radio,
And the music of Smetana caused me to stop
As the Vltava sailed into my ears.
The River leading me majestically into my new day,
Who could ask for more.

I turned on the computer,
And there before me sat a stunning view,
A view of waves crashing onto the beach.
So there I was stunned,
The music of the River flowing,
Into the picture of the Sea,
Who could ask for more.

Failing Faith.

There I was, sitting on my cloud
God floated by and looked at me
"You look bloody miserable!" He said
He pulled up a cloud and sat next to me
"What's the trouble?" he asked
"You are!" I replied
"Now what have I done?"
"You have taken my lover from me!"
"What do you mean by that?"
"Well her mind is closing.
She is not the person I knew"
"What do you mean by that" he asked
"Well all her life she has worshipped you
Sang your praises.
And what to you do?
You take her voice from her!"
"It was only to protect her" He said
"She could have lost her voice completely!"
"It may well be that way, but singing was her life!"
"She has other things; she has you!"
"But you are even taking that from her!
Her mind is closing into a dementia world
Which is starting to keep me out" I replied
"What has she done to deserve that"
"She is still with you in body" he uttered
"Yes she may well be
But she can hardly walk
I have to take her in a wheelchair now"
"At least you are fit enough to help her" he replied
"But what if I am not, what happens then?"
"There are people who will help her"
"I vowed 'In sickness and in health' in front of you
Are my vows not sacred to you?"

"Of course they are, as they are to you" he said
"So why are you punishing her
Or are you punishing me!!"
"No I a not punishing you
It is a test, to see how strong you are"
"Why are you testing me?
It seems like a punishment"
God got up from his cloud and started to drift away
He looked back and said
"You will see, you will see"

Playing with Clouds.

It could be a tiger moth,
It could be a Wellington
Hurricane or Spitfire.
Seventy-six different 'planes
SHE flew during the war,
This lady of the air.
Her life in the air was wonderful,
"In the air you are on your own
and when I was up there
I could play with the clouds".

Now you are free to fly forever
As your Spirit will be above us,
Flying through the ether,
In joy and wonderment
And in absolute freedom.

Being an ATA pilot was fantastic," Mary Ellis recalled.

"Up in the air on your own. And you can do whatever you like. I flew 400 Spitfires. And occasionally I would take one up and go and play with the clouds.

"I would like to do it all over again. There was a war on but otherwise it was absolutely wonderful."

Ultimate Chastisement.

Walking down the street I passed them,
A mother and her child.
They were arguing,
The child had misbehaved.
The further I walked from them
The louder the voices became,
Until at last the final threat came.
That severest of all chastisement
That a mother can give to her child,
"THAT'S IT! The mother screamed,
"WHEN WE GET HOME
YOU WILL NOT PLAY ON YOUR X-BOX!!"
The girl was in floods of tears,
The agony was etched on her face,
The X-box had been withdrawn,
Life could get no worse,
No worse for the young child,
The ultimate chastisement had been issued.

Intelligent Conversation.

We sit together, our love shining from us,
We talk,
She says something,
We talk about it,
Then she repeats it
As though we had never spoken of it.
I repeat my reply
That she has not remembered.
I say something,
We discuss it,
I mention it again
But she says that I hadn't told her.
This scenario continues,
Continues throughout the day.
We are talking about one thing,
The context changes,
She talks of something else.
We move on ,
And she goes back
To that which we were talking about,
Or she goes back in her life,
Talking of things she said happened,
But did not.

My days are filled with this,
So that when I meet friends,
Or family,
Or acquaintances,
And I can have intelligent conversations
It means so much to me,
It means so much
To talk to people who understand,
Who remember the subject,

And have sound opinions,
No matter what the subject.

My life, surrounded by my wife's dementia,
Is so hard,
And the thing that I am realising
That I miss the most,
Is intelligent conversation.

But I still love her.

Hearing The Lone Ranger.

Can you do it?

I can't.

I hear it being played,

The William Tell Overture,

Rossini's famous work,

And all I see is The Lone Ranger

Sitting on his white horse

Riding the range,

Or on top of the cliff,

Silver, with front legs in the air,

And The Lone Ranger on his back

Shouting " Hi Ho Silver!"

If you cannot see this

What sort of person are you?

How can you hear that Overture

And not visualise The Lone Ranger?

"An intellectual snob is someone who can listen to the William Tell Overture and not think of The Lone Ranger."

Dan Rather

Anonymosity

You hear about them quite often
Those people who help people,
Help people with habits,
Help them conquer them.
Alcoholics anonymous is famous
To help the addicts
Of the demon drink.
Then there is Gamblers anonymous
Helping people to keep their money.
Narcotics anonymous tries to stop
To stop people's lives being ruined,
Ruined by drugs.
But has occurred to me
Whether there is a PA,
Poets Anonymous,
To help stop writing words,
These words that flow from me
So consistently.
Not that it matters,
It does not harm me,
Or others,
Unless poetry
Is just not for them.

Blissful Quiet.

Up just after dawn
The sun shining its peace upon me,
Natures Symphony welcoming me to the morn.
Music from the radio
Complementing nature,
As it does every morning.
The words of friends read
And then the muse struck,
Calliope looking down on me
And the words started to come,
To come on the page.
I was lost in my world,
My world of nature,
My world of music,
My world of words,
I was suddenly pulled out,
Pulled out from my reverie.
A hammer was striking loudly,
Then the sound of a saw
Hiding the sound of nature.
Then the final straw
A road drill started
Drilling holes in the path.
So it had gone,
My blissful time of quiet
Had been eaten,
By the industry in the world.

My Everlasting Friend.

There it was before me,
My Old Friend,
My River.
It had been so long,
So long since we had walked together.
But now I was back,
Looking deep into its depths,
Knowing that My Spirit would be with us
As I walked by its side.
Its surface so smooth
Like a dark green mirror,
Reflecting the trees and the sky,
Reflecting the thoughts within me,
Within my body,
Within my soul.
As I walked the worries fell gently,
Gently into My River,
And it took them away
As it flowed passed me.
The further I walked
The deeper My Spirit became one,
Became one with My River,
Knowing that one day they would combine,
My Spirit and My River would combine,
As we flowed together towards infinity,
Knowing that eternity in peaceful harmony,
Would be waiting for us.

Forward With Knowledge.

Sometimes when we look back on our lives
We see things that we should not have done,
But that is the experience of life,
Those things from which we learn
And hope not to do again.
If we do it well today,
We cannot change our past,
But we may improve our future
And go forward with the knowledge
That we will have done our best.

Encroachment in Life.

Words and music are my life,
But sometimes my life is interrupted,
When art encroaches upon it.

Captured in Art

The artist sat in the corner,
Painting a new creation,
Around her hung her work.
As soon as I entered her space
I was stopped,
Stopped by a painting,
The detail was so glorious.
I looked at this picture,
Looked in complete admiration.
I walked slowly round the room
Stopping in front of each artwork,
Admiring the skill,
Admiring the wonders in each image.
Then I saw it,
The picture that captured the essence,
The essence of the place where I was.

Walking round the gardens
I saw them,
Saw these trees
That seemed out of place.
I at first wondered,
Wondered why they were there,
Were they there in error?
On entering the Manor
All became clear,
As I walked round I saw,
Saw the beauty of those trees
Framed in the windows,
A combined artwork
Of nature and architecture,
Which said so much to me,
And touched my soul.

There in the gallery I saw it,
Saw the picture,
The picture that captured the essence,
The essence of the place where I was.
An archway was shown
Framing a tree behind it,
The artist had captured the wonder,
The wonder that had touched me,
Touched my soul,
As I walked around Croome.

What is Love?

People ask what is Love?
How can it be tamed?
Love can never be tamed.
Love asks nothing of us
But gives us all,
As Love is not of this world.

Sunday Afternoon.

There was I this Sunday afternoon
Sitting in the coolness of the lounge,
Music was playing for me,
The gentle sound of Morricone.
I picked up my book
And started to read.
The words and the music combined,
Combined in my mind,
Combined in my soul.
My relaxation was complete
As I lost myself in the words on the page,
And the music in air.
The hours flew by in seconds,
Lost in my own world,
Where the troubles of my world
Became invisible in my mind,
As I was lost in music and words.

Cropped Tops

I was around when they were worn,
Back in the seventies was the time,
Ladies fashion demanded cropped tops.
I remember the day well,
A young lady was running passed me,
Her cropped top she wore,
But there was nothing on beneath it.
So as she run towards me
Her naked boobs
Swayed from side to side.
What a wonderful sight
A twoderful sight to behold.

To the End and Beyond.

The summit is there above me,
Not much further to go,
I know that this final climb
Will be easy,
The hard part has been done.
I look back and see,
See the high and lows of the path,
The path that I have trod.
Some of the way has been hard,
But each has been overcome.
Some have been easy,
And completed with joy.
Through the journey
Two things have always been with me,
The love in my heart for all
As I met them on the way,
But the most important
Was always with me,
My Spirit never left me,
Never failed me,
Never will fail me.
I look towards the summit
Knowing that there is not far to go,
But knowing that My Spirit
Will be with me to the end,
To the end and beyond,
As we go towards eternity.

I sat with this sheet before me,
Looked up at Calliope
And the words just flowed,

Flowed from where,
From where I do not know.

Wonderful Lady.

We often see her,
In her wheelchair,
Sailing gently to a table,
Her coffee brought to her.
And there she sits
A smile on her face,
Not a care in the world.
She picks up her coffee cup
Has a sip of the drink,
Puts the cup back down.
From her bag she gets her 'phone,
Types a message,
As many do,
We cannot live without our 'phones.
But could we live like her?
Her smile as wide as ever,
With her 'phone,
With her coffee,
Without her legs,
Without her arms,
Could we live like her?

Getting the Paper.

Every morning I walk to the shop,
Two minutes there,
Buy the paper,
Two minutes home,
Five, maybe six minutes,
But
Sometimes it is different.
I could meet Stan
And we have a chat,
It could be his wife, Janice
We stand and talk.
I often meet Peg
Who always asks after my wife.
Maybe Tony is out the front,
And we chat for a while.
It could be Sara.
If it is Tom we talk,
And talk,
And talk.
And that is why the two-minute walk,
Walk to the shop,
Can sometimes
Take over half an hour!

Moments Senryu.

Each moment in time
Is a fleeting one in life,
So treasure them all.

The Lost Words.

You start a new poem with such eager ease,
The words flow like a torrent from your mind.
Then you read the rhyme that has formed,
On the paper in front of you,
And find the text,
Does not show what you meant.

Some words are changed from fresh ideas
That come from a new found river in your mind.
Yes that is better, you think to yourself,
As the page, shows the better sense,
Of the altered words
Read on this newly revised page.

But the words that you dismissively changed,
Garnered from the reservoir of your mind
And substituted for those more apt,
What happened to them?
Is it really that,
There is a place where all the lost words go?

God Only Knows.

There he stood in his pulpit,
Our Church Minister.
Recently back from India,
His place of birth,
His home.
A wonderful man
Pleasant to all,
A fine God-fearing Man.
We got used to his accent,
Difficult at first,
But we learnt.
But when he goes to India
He comes back,
His accent is much stronger,
Only God knows what he is saying!

Awakening Days.

Each day is different,
That is the beauty of our lives.
Today will not be the same as yesterday,
Tomorrow will not be the same as today.
In every day there are differences,
That is what makes life so wonderful
And why I go forward,
Go forward in my life,
Knowing that today
As I awake,
The new day awaits,
Waits for me in its glory,
Waits for me in its wonder.

The Start of the Day.

How can my day get any better?
I rise from my bed,
Come downstairs,
Switch on the radio.
A piano is playing,
Playing Beethoven,
Not just any of his music
But one of his best,
His Pathetique Sonata.
There is nothing pathetic
In this music,
The passion and emotion
Flow through the notes
And fill my soul with glory.
Such an emotive piece
Which started my new day,
With the glory of music.

Apocalypse Now?

How can that happen?
Why should it do that?
In all my many years
That has never happened,
Never happened before.
Looking back through history
It has never been recorded.
Has the apocalypse started
And no one has told me!
Is the end of the world coming?
Is this the end?
Now that the toast I knocked,
Knocked onto the floor,
Landed BUTTER SIDE UP!

What Day is it Today?

"What day is it today?" she asked,
As she asks many times a day.
I replied,
"Today is Friday,
Which is the day before Saturday,
Which is the day before Sunday,
And Sunday,
Is the day after Saturday,
Which is the day after Friday,
And Friday is today"
She looked at me,
Her face filled with laughter.
Laughter the most powerful medicine
That I could give to my loved one.

O'Reilly's Genius.

O'Reilly walked along the beach,
No thoughts were in his mind,
He tripped upon a golden lamp,
And fell on his behind.

He took the lamp within his hands,
And rubbed it free of sand,
Smoke flowed gently from the spout,
And a genie there did stand.

I'm free my friend from my dark trap,
So may I please help you,
My power is so magical,
That wishes I grant you two.

O'Reilly wondered long and hard,
A wish came to his mind,
A glass of Guinness I would like.
And always full would find.

A glass of the fine dark nectar,
Sat gently in his hand,
He sipped at the wondrous liquor,
Of Eire's most famous brand.

The cool pint he downed so quickly,
But there before his eyes,
The glass refilled before him,
Much to his great surprise.

Every time he drank his pint,
The glass filled once more,
The glass was never empty,

It never became a bore.

The Genie standing there asked him,
For the second wish to propose,
O'Reilly thought and pondered,
Then said another one of those!

Enjoyment for All.

The stage was before us,
The empty stage was before us.
From the back we started singing
And walked in beat to the stage,
Singing a joyful song.
The stage was full.
We burst into another song,
The performance had started.
We sang with gusto,
We sang with joy,
And the songs sailed out
For all to hear,
For all to enjoy.
And enjoy it they did.
We finished the concert
And the audience were on their feet,
Applauding us with vigour.
The smiles on their faces
Matching the smiles on ours.
We had done it!
Performed as well as we could
And the enjoyment seen all around
Was almost tangible.
A concert full of song,
Full of joy,
Full of absolute enjoyment,
Enjoyment for all.

Enlightened (For Unsub)

There he lays in his blackened room,
No light touches him
As his dark thoughts assail his mind,
Taking him down to the abyss of hell.

There he stands in the light of the world,
The darkness avoids him
As his mind is filled with glory,
Taking him up into natures heaven.

*The two of them,
Opposite in nature,
But together in words.*

His darkened thoughts move into reality
As his mind keeps falling,
Into the darkened chasm,
Which pulls life from him.

His enlightened thoughts move into reality,
His mind keeps rising,
Up into the star filled future,
Instilling more life into him.

*The two of them,
Opposite in nature,
But together in words.*

The blackness encroaches evermore,
Until his soul enters the ether.
The lightness abounds in him,
Freeing his soul into the ether.

*The two souls approach,
And come together as one,
Normality prevails.*

Words,,

This page starts as a blank sheet,
Onto it words are written,
Words that come from my mind,
Words escaping from my soul,
To be released to others
So that they may read
That which is within me.
Words of love come to the page,
Words of wonder transgress each line,
As the page is slowly filled
With my innermost thoughts
Until the page is complete,
And the words sail through the ether,
Towards eternity.

Opportunity.

You go through life looking for it,
Looking for that one opening
Where you can move towards success.
Looking for that opportunity,
Looking for a way to move forward.
All you see is a wall before you,
No way to get further into life.
You just need that one opportunity
But there seems to be no way to succeed.

That opportunity can be found,
Because if opportunity does not knock,
All you need to do,
Is build a door in that wall.

Running Late.

Where has the day gone?
What has happened to it?
Why am I late?
Why am I in a hurry?
Confusion in time assails me!
No time to do things!
Nearly half my day has gone!
Why, oh why did it happen?
Why did I lay in?
Until six fifteen this morning!

Speak to One Another

Speak to one another in psalms,
In psalms speak to one another.
Telling the Glory of God's word,
Gods word told in Glory.
That we may listen to the Word,
The Word that God tells us.

Speak to one another in hymns,
Each hymn sung to a tune
To be sung in the Lords Praise,
Giving him the Glory
The Glory that he shows us,
As our hymns rise to heaven.

Speak to one another in Spiritual songs
So that the glory of the Lord
Is shown to us all,
The words and the music
Reaching each other,
As we offer God's Praises.

Speak to one another,
With Psalms,
With Hymns,
With Spiritual songs,
Showing us all,
The wonder of The Lord.

Speak to one another with psalms, hymns and songs from the Spirit. - Ephesians 5:19

Miserable Man.

Sitting at his table,
Waiting for his coffee.
Such a miserable expression,
A miserable expression
On his face.
His wife returned,
Coffees on a tray.
His expression did not change,
He still had a miserable expression,
A miserable expression,
On his face.

Machined Lives.

*As our lives move forward in modern times
Machines are beginning to rule our lives.
The further we go forward
The more the computers aid us,
To make our lives progress faster.
But why do we need to move faster?
Surely life is there to be enjoyed.
We are getting led into a life of haste,
But do we have more time to ourselves?
No that does not happen,
We apparently need to be rushing elsewhere,
To where the machines take us.
What we need to realise
Is that the one thing
That machines cannot achieve, is compassion,
And that is the one thing
That will keep man ahead of the machines.
If man will only slow down
And think once more,
Think once more for themselves,
And bring that compassion to the world.*

Abstract. For Michael Edwards.

Once more my mind is opened,
Opened by the image before me.
What is it that calls to me,
This splash of colours
Seemingly thrown haphazardly
Onto the canvas.
No noticeable form,
No noticeable structure,
But to me I am pulled in,
Pulled into the painting,
As if it were part of me,
Part of my life.
The artist thrills me,
Thrills me with his works,
But his abstracts take me further,
Take me to a place,
Where my thoughts become emblazoned.
Emblazoned with light,
Emblazoned with joy,
Emblazoned with love,
That place where euphoria dwells,
And all is at peace.

Lateness Prevailed.

Once more I was on my knees,
Crawling towards my loved one,
Begging for her forgiveness
For the wrong I had done.
The first time it happened
She forgave me,
Her generosity was boundless.
But I had done it again,
The second time in thirty-seven years,
Thirty-seven years of married bliss.
Would she find it in her heart
To forgive me one more time,
For bringing her tea up to her,
Bringing it to her twenty minutes late.

Apollo Eleven.

From the earth they went,
Up into the sky,
Into space.
Further and further away
Sailing towards the moon.
Then on that day in sixty-nine
They landed.
The earth stood still
As the two men ,
Armstrong and Aldrin,
Were on the moon.
Armstrong left the Eagle
And put a foot on the Moon,
And immortalised the words,
"One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."
Heard by all on the earth.
But were they the first?
What we did not hear
Were his first words,
"They are here!"
As Goldie and Orchi moved forward,
Moved forward to shake his hand.

What an Amazing Hour.

What an amazing hour!
Sitting in the coffee bar,
Our normal haunt.
Drinking our coffee
I looked around,
Nearly every table was occupied,
All were talking to each other,
Some quite animatedly,
Others quite quietly,
But all were engaged
With each other.
There was the lone man,
The lone man in the corner,
But he was reading his paper.
I couldn't believe it though,
I looked, and looked again,
As the astonishing thing was
There was nobody, NOBODY!
Using their mobile 'phones.
What an amazing hour!

Days of Future Passed.

It was a strange start,
I had been up for a few hours,
Reading and writing poetry,
Feeling alright,
But not the brightest.
We got in the car,
The music came on,
And there blasting out
Came the sound of a band,
And that sound propelled me
Into a day that was filled with joy.
That music changed my day,
My world was wonderful,
All due to that album,
The Days of Future Passed.

Into the Light

I look out at the cloud ridden sky,
The light hidden by the darkness.
My mind reaches upwards,
Touches the clouds,
A gap appears.
I rise up into the light,
That light that is always there,
Always there around me.
I look back and the gap has closed,
But I am free of the dark.
I travel in the light
Towards that wonder,
That wonder of eternity,
And beyond.

Morecombe.

The lone man in the theatre, conjured up this image
Of a man, who made us laugh, and was loved by all.
He told the story of Eric and his partner Ern,
On this stage, where the great man died.

He made us laugh, he made us cry,
As he told the story of Morecombe,
Nee Bartholomew and Wise, nee Wiseman,
Who still make me laugh, with their timeless humour.

"I'm playing all the RIGHT notes,
But NOT necessarily in the RIGHT order"
Lines that will be remembered through history
As they were recalled once again

The memory of Andre Preview, jumping up and down,
And not laughing at this bespectacled clown.
The orchestra finding it difficult to play,
As the tears of laughter ran down their faces.

The breakfast being prepared to that
Tune that conjures up such risqué images.
And has the actor, of Hammer Horror films,
Received his pay cheque yet?

So many memories of a funny man
And yet, the man that many did not see.
"If we made you laugh ? that's good;
If we made you care ? that's better"

The man whose view on life was
"Positive Thinking"
And always left the stage bringing sunshine

Into our lives.

The curtain closes on the lone man on the stage
And on Eric at the place he left this world.
The actor and writer came back to answer questions
About the funny man.

Then from the audience came another;
Eric's daughter, so strong of character
Listening to her father's life,
In the place, where he had died.

And from this woman came the lines
That brought me many more tears.
Her son asking her the question, that I will never forget
"Does this mean that there will be no more magic?"

Autumns Wonder.

I awake in the darkness,
The summer mornings are closing,
Autumn approaches,
That time when nature changes,
Changes into its full beauty,
That colourful beauty
Of yellow, orange and red.
The brush of an artist tries
Tries to capture the feeling,
But nature has too many colours,
Too many unseen hues.
This is my time,
My time to walk within natures art,
Marvel at its creation,
Stand amongst its wonder,
Lifting me to a higher land,
Where My Spirit shows me the way.

Infinite Art.

There it sits before me,
A visual image of delight.
The whites, yellows and browns
Intermixing into a visual paradise
That pulls me into it.
The more I progress
The more I see,
The more I see in my mind.
I become lost from my world
Becoming found in the artists world.
I look, I see, I feel,
Feel what?
Feel emotion
As the picture pulls me,
Pulls me into the ether
And takes me towards infinity.

Is Christmas Early?

What was that!
What is this!
What is this I am listening to?
It is only September,
Early September!
Yet here it is on the radio,
It is so early,
Why is it playing?
Am I lost in time?
Is it December already?
And Christmas Carols
Are with us once more.

Lightness Abounds.

I rise in the early morning,
The darkness surrounds me.
I turn on the screen
And a blank page stares at me.
That is where it starts,
The words in my mind
Flow rapidly onto the light,
The light of the page.
The darkness is soon transgressed
As these words
Show that life is within me,
And the lightness abounds.

A-g-nother G-nu.

As the first words were sung
The smile came upon my face.
The words I knew by heart,
Such an amusing song
That I had not heard
For many a year,
But the happiness it brought to me
Was unbounded,
As Flanders and Swann sang,
Sang of the g-nu,
A-g-nother g-nu.

Harrowed World.

It can invade our minds,
Invade our souls.
Bring joy,
Bring sadness.
It can heal rifts
In opposing sides.
Its beauty
Can bring peace to all,
Can bring peace to all
When music flows,
Flows into this harrowed world.

The Idiot Walks.

They look at me as though I am mad!
Yes, it is cloudy.
Yes, it has been raining,
But it is stopped now.
They are all dressed for winter.
But there's me,
Short sleeved shirt,
Shorts,
Sandals, WITHOUT SOCKS.
I think it is warm,
If there is a shower,
It matters not,
Skin is waterproof!
They look at me as if I am an idiot,
But I am content,
Content in my own body.

Our Love Shows.

"I love seeing you two" she said
As I got our coffee in the bar.
"Whenever I see you my heart flutters,
You always look happy together.
You seem to be so in love.
A big smile is on my face
As soon as you walk in.
You really are a wonderful couple,
And I am so pleased that you come here,
It always makes my day."

Such kind words that greeted me
From the young lady,
The young lady who served my coffee.
The emotion inside me was humbled
At the wondrous words
Spoken by this young lady,
As we went for coffee.

Doctor Who.

The Doctor is returning,
Returning to our screens.
For fifty-five years
I have watched the Doctor,
Each reincarnation
Followed with joy.
The twelve incarnations
Bringing something different,
Different in their manner,
Different in their style.
The next reincarnation is due,
And as the lady appears
The question will be asked.
"Who is this lady?"
"That is The Doctor"
"Which Doctor?"
"DOCTOR WHO!"

Natures Power - Senryu.

Natures vast power
Takes me to a different world.
Everlasting peace.

Time Giver.

In this age all want,
Want more.
More this,
More that.
More money,
More power,
They want all,
All for themselves.

I want for nothing.
I have the love of my wife,
I have the love of my family,
I have the love of my friends.
I have good health,
I have the wonder of nature,
I have the beauty of music,
I have the glory of art,
I have words to write.

I have time,
Time to enjoy all of these.
I have time,
Time to help others,
To give that most precious of gifts,
The gift of time.
Time that can be given
From me,
To you,
Without cost,
But with love.

Lost in Words.

The page sits before me,
The first word gets written
And I am lost,
Lost the world of words,
Lost in the emotions
That flow through me
As the words grace the page.
It could be of love,
The love of others,
The love of nature,
It could be of music.
That music which means so much
As it sails into my body,
And will be with me for eternity.
It could be art,
The wonder of an artist
Showing me the world
In a different way,
So my mind broadens.
The reverie of life is always with me
As I write,
Write these words
Where time flows,
Where time no longer exists,
And where my mind is not of this world,
But lost,
Lost in the words,
The words on this page.

Eyetest.

The cops are doing tests,
Tests to check your sight,
They need a number plate read,
At a twenty metre, right.

They stopped me in my car,
Asked me to take the test,
And read the plate in front of you,
I said I'd do my best.

I looked and stared ahead,
And look as hard I might,
To find just what they wanted but,
I could see no car in sight.

Lost Lover.

I have my music,
Those wondrous sounds.
It could be classical,
The sounds of Mozart, Brahms or Richter.
It could be jazz,
From Satchmo, Acker or Chet.
It could be rock,
From the Moodies, Floyd or Unsub.
It could be folk or blues or Country.
They are all with me,
And always with me,
But my lover is not there.

I have my art,
The art that calls to me
Into the world of the artist.
It could be classical,
Da Vinci, Caravaggio or Michelangelo.
It could be the Pre-Raphaelites,
Hunt, Millais or Rosetti.
It could be modern art,
Rothko, Klimt or Edwards.
I am in awe of their works,
The feelings they bring to me,
And are always with me,
But my lover is not there.

My love for words
Flow onto the page,
They are always with me,
But my life has changed,
And is changing
As the love of my life

Falls deeper and deeper
Into her own world,
Her own world of dementia.
Deeper and deeper she falls
To that time now
Where she has almost disappeared.
Have so many things in my life,
But my lover is not there.

The Final Over.

Howzat! Came the cry.
Another wicket in this twice yearly match;
Sixth man out.
Now it's my turn, and we need quite a few runs
To win this battle, against this well known foe.

I walk confidently, purposefully, onto the field
Pull on my gloves, adjust my cap.
I reach the crease.
"Middle and leg, please Mr Umpire"
Stand up and look around the field
To see where the fielders are hidden.

The bowler approaches,
Mike, the younger of the Southwell brothers
He bowls outside my off stump,
Let it go, don't go reaching
And get an edge to the waiting slips.

Accumulate some runs,
Nothing flashy, just play safe.
Howzat! Another wicket,
Seven down, but I am still there,
Playing safe, experienced.

More runs are added until yet again,
The crash of ball into stumps is heard,
And our eighth wicket, falls,
And our ninth, the next ball.
But I am still here

Here he comes, our finest bowler!
Taken so many wickets with

His phenomenal speed.
Batsman ? huh!
Barely knows which way to hold the bat.

Still he has two balls to face,
Hope the cricket God is smiling on us.
The first ball, he plays an elegant
Forward defensive, to the bouncer
That went over his head!

The next ball he leaves alone,
Not realising that it came back
And barely missed his wicket.
Still he survived.
Now it's my turn; the final over.
Eight runs to get against Alan,
The other Southwell, their best bowler.
Only six balls from this excellent man
For me to face, can I get the runs.

The first ball straight but a half volley
I stroke it past Alan for four glorious runs.
Now only four to get,
Five balls to come.

The next ball on my off stump
But it cuts away
From both bat and stumps
Excellent delivery, I am lucky
Not to have touched it.

The third delivery bowled short;
I sway back as I avoid the ball
As it passes my chest;
Alan smiles, I smile back,
And full of bravado,

Nod my acknowledgement,
To a ball well bowled.

The fourth ball, a half volley
On the leg stump.
I hit this ball as hard as I can
Up, up it goes flying like a bullet
Over the boundary,
Over the pavilion.

We have won the match!
MY six, won the match!
The finest shot I have ever played!
My team cheer, cheer me!
Thirty seven not out.

We all meet at the pub
Both teams.
As I walk in Alan stands up and comes at me,
With a snarl on his face!
The snarl changes to a grin,
"Can I buy you a pint Andy? Well played"

The Day Begins.

I open my eyes,
Get out of bed,
And I know,
I know this is a good day.
I open the curtains
Look out the window,
My world is there,
This is a good day.
It may be clear and bright,
It may be grey and dull,
It may be raining,
But it is still a good day,
As I have learned to dance,
Learned to dance in the rain.

Downstairs I go
Switch on the radio,
The glory of music is there,
There for me,
This is a good day.
I look out into the garden,
Nature shows her beauty,
As the colours inspire me,
This is a good day.

The day sails through me
Where each moment is precious,
To be treasured
As they will not return.
I could be lost in a book,
Lost in words as I write,
Sailing through the ether,
To the sounds of music,

This is a good day.

The day is ended

And I go to sleep,

Confident that tomorrow will come,

And it will be a good day.

Music to Infinity.

A voice rings out in purity,
Another joins it in harmony.
Yet more voices are heard,
All in harmony and glorious sound.
That sound so beautiful,
It penetrates my heart,
It penetrates my soul,
Taking me up into the ether
Where that sound will resonate,
Will resonate for eternity,
Showing me the Universe
In all its beauty and wonder.
The wonder of the music
Taking me with it,
To infinity,
To infinity and beyond.

Cleaning Space.

They send a rocket into space,
At a vast cost,
And what does it do?
It gathers debris,
Man-made debris,
With a net.
Yes, it is man's debris,
And we put it there,
But if we can clean up space,
Why cannot,
We clean up Earth.

Fear of Flying.

All her life she was scared,
Scared of many things,
But the one thing that was the worst
Was she was scared of flying,
Would not get on a 'plane
For love or money.
She made a decision,
She was determined,
Determined to conquer,
Conquer her fear,
Her fear of flying.
She joined many others
And went on a course
To conquer her fears.
The message came to me,
"This is wonderful!"
Her fear is conquered,
So much so
That now she is flying,
Flying on cloud nine.

A Better Day.

Not a word was written on this day,
A day where life seemed to pull me
From normality
Into the depths of despair.
My lovers mind was lost,
Completely lost in her own world,
Her world of dementia.
No sense was spoken,
And it was repeated time after time,
Conversation was never in her mind.
She needed me with her
All the time.
My love is so strong for her,
But I need some time on my own
To write words.
But on that day it never happened,
I needed to be with her constantly,
Her mind closed in on itself.
Today I write these words,
So already,
Today is a better day.

Centrality.

The saucer had a centre,
The centre was surrounded by circles,
Each circle was a circumference of the saucer.
She put the cup onto the saucer,
It went on a circle of the saucer,
But did not go into the centre,
The centre of the circle.

Clarinet Duet

There it sat in front of us,
The new music for us to play,
A duet for two clarinets.
Our instruments went to our mouths,
And the notes were played,
My wife playing first clarinet
And myself second.
Not brilliant as it was our first attempt,
Suddenly it went wrong.
"You're wrong!" she said,
"I am not! I replied.
So we started again,
A bit better this second time
Until it all went wrong again,
In the same place.
"What are you doing" she said,
With a raised voice,
"I am playing what's written"
I replied strongly,
"You can't be! I am playing what is written,
It must be you!"
"No it must be you!" I shouted.
We studied the music
And realised that we were both
Playing what was written,
The music was wrong,
An extra beat had been put in
To the bar of the second clarinet,
And this was the cause
Of all our trouble.
We were both right,
Peace was restored.

Life's Ocean.

I sail through life's vast ocean,
On a boat of impossible dreams.
Journeying from the wonder of my past,
Into the glory of my future.
The ocean challenged me
With its rough seas,
But my dreams conquered them all.
Sailing through My Life
The smoothness was also there,
As my dreams floated from the ocean,
Through My Soul,
Into my future,
That future full of dreams,
Which will sail with me,
On life's vast ocean.

New Computer.

The computer was old,
It had served me well
For many years,
But the glitches had started,
More and more needed repair,
A new computer was due.
Into the shop I went,
Found the computer I wanted,
Spoke to the assistant.
No I did not want anything else,
I had all the programs I needed.
Paid at the till and drove home,
Struggled getting it out of the packaging,
They just don't want them to come out.
Put it all together,
Put batteries in the wireless keyboard,
And in the wireless mouse.
All looked good,
Switch it on,
This woman Cortana
Shouted at me!
Turned volume down
"Ok" she said, "type in your name".
Moved the mouse
But the pointer did not move,
Tabbed the keyboard
But nothing happened.
Attached a wired mouse,
The pointer moved.
Pointed to the entry line,
Typed name,
But no letters came.
Looked on the web for help,

Tried many different remedies,
None worked.
Turned off the computer
Packed it up,
Took it back to the shop.
Explained the problem.
The guy took the keyboard.
Checked it.
All seemed fine.
Took the mouse.
Removed the battery.
Removed the plastic wrapping from said battery.
All was fine!
On the way home
I popped into Specsavers!

To Nirvana.

It happened again!
I just stopped
As this sound struck my heart,
Struck my soul.
That voice so pure,
So intense,
Always stopped me.
I just have to listen
And be amazed.
It happens every time,
Every time that her voice,
Kathleen's voice,
Lifts into the ether
And takes me to another world.
That world of serenity.
That world of joy.
That world of wonder.
That world of love.
To Nirvana.

Reading Words - Two Liner.

If I didn't write these words,
You would not be able to read them.

Dog Walking

It was a beautiful morning,
The sun was shining,
The birds were singing,
And there was I walking with nature,
Listening to its symphonic harmony.
As I walked round the lake
The water was sparkling like liquid starlight,
So wonderful to behold.
It was then I saw them,
Sitting together,
Their dogs at their feet.
Utter contentment
Shone through them,
Shone through the four of them.
The flush of youth was long passed,
But from the way they acted
That life had been wondrous.
So that now they were free,
Free to live their lives,
Live their lives in peaceful harmony.
Their dogs were laying quietly,
Laying quietly at their side,
In perfect peace and harmony.
The thought struck me,
That is the way,
The way to walk the dogs.

Carefree?

I was so worried,
My lover was away,
Away for a week,
Away in a care home.
It had happened before,
But this time it hit me,
Really hit me.
Sleep evaded me,
It had not happened before.
I used the time to recover,
Recover my strength,
My strength to cope,
To cope with her dementia
When she came home.
But this time was different,
I couldn't stop thinking,
Thinking about her,
About how sad she was,
When I left her,
And when I went in to see her.
But once more the carers cared,
And came up trumps
As I went once more to see her.
She was sitting in the lounge,
Smiling and laughing,
Without a care in the world.
Joyce was so happy,
She saw me and the smile broadened,
Covered her face with joy.
As we spoke I knew,
Knew that my fears were groundless,
And even better,
The tears of the past

Had been smiled away.
She comes back home tomorrow,
And the love of my life will be back,
Back with me.
I know life will be hard,
But my love for her is strong,
So very strong.

Loneliness?

It was on the news,
They were the most lonely,
The sixteen to twenty-four year olds.
The scientists explained it,
Explained it in their way.
I will explain it,
Explain it in my way.
They should get off their 'phones,
Get off their 'phones and meet people,
Meet them face to face.

Jester from Leicester. Limerick.

There once was an artist from Leicester
Who thought he was a bit of a jester
He would pick up some wood
Create what he could
To see if he could get an investor

Moonlife.

In each clear night sky I look up,
Look up and see the moon.
It starts with a slither at its birth,
That slither that grows each night
As its life increases,
Going though childhood and puberty.
The half-moon shines down
As it reaches adolescence,
Its life still ahead.
That life's age increases,
Getting wider and wider
With the experience of time.
The full moon shows its life,
That life that has reached its peak.
Each day as age increases
The moon starts to decline,
Decline into old age,
Until it becomes a slither
And finally dies.
But in life,
As with the moon,
That life will come again.
And once more life and the moon
Will rise into glory.

Coffee Art.

In went the coffee,
Piping hot,
Dark as night.
Hot milk
Carefully poured,
The night lightened
Into the brown of autumn.
The froth delicately flowed,
Covering the brown
With the purest of white.
Chocolate gently shook
Covering the white,
In deep, deep brown.
The probe gently moved
Creating the glory of art,
In browns and white,
As the skill of the Barista
Created a unique image,
On the Cappuccino.

I Had a Shower Today.

I had a shower today,
In my life I regularly take them,
Whether I need them or not.
There are those special days,
The first one was at thirteen,
Reaching my teenage years.
Then there was twenty one,
The key of the door became mine.
Every birthday with a zero on the end,
Was special as well,
And a thorough shower was had.
Then there was the sixty fifth,
Where work was washed away.
And now there is today,
Another special day,
Where I will have another shower,
My seventieth shower.

Infinite Clouds.

I look up at the clouds,
Their unique formation
Sail slowly by.
A streak of a 'plane
Cuts through the air,
Creating another formation
That widens with time,
Time that changes in a moment.
And the clouds formations,
Change with infinity.

New Family.

There she was this little girl,
Brought to us by Mum and Dad,
Our sixth grandchild.
The pictures we had seen
Did not do her justice,
This beautiful baby.
Five months since her birth,
And here she was with us,
Smiling at us all,
Smiling at all around her.
She looked all over
Absorbing knowledge,
Her face full of wonder.
Her new life of intrigue,
Her new life of wonder.
Her amazing parents
So very happy,
So very happy together,
So very happy with their child.
A complete family
Who will travel life's highway
With joy,
And with love,
The love that shines out from them,
Out from them all.

To them all I give them my love,
I give them my time,
I give them the knowledge
That The Spirit will be with them,
And My Spirit will always be with them
Caring for all they do,
As their lives move forward,

Move forward into the light.

Modern Business.

In they came,
Three of them,
Obviously to do some business,
But as is right
Coffee came first,
Coffee and muffins,
For each of them.
Then the business started,
One went outside
To hear 'phone call
Above the hubbub of the coffee bar.
A second one opened his laptop
And started typing away.
The third was messaging on his 'phone.
The occasional word spoken,
But not very often.
That is the modern way,
The modern way to do business,
Just play with machines.

Birthday Poem.

The envelope was opened
And inside was a card,
A card for my Birthday,
Birthday number seventy.
But within that card was a treasure,
A treasure full of words,
A poem written just for me.
It moved my mind,
It moved my heart,
As it entered my soul,
Showing me the glory,
The glory of good friends.

Listen or Hear?

In our lives we can hear them,
Hear those words of good ideas.
But hearing them is not enough,
We need to listen to them,
Listen to them to understand them.
Then we can take those ideas forward.
But we need to listen to the words,
Not just hear them.

She Looks to the Sea - Haiku and Senryu

She looks to the sea,
The white foam transporting her
To the horizon.

She looks to the sea,
Her life flowing towards her,
Harmony prevails.

Indispensable.

But she cannot stop!
She has been doing that job for years!
Who else can do it?

He is retiring.
All his life he has worked there.
Who will replace him?

You hear this all the time,
When long serving people
Stop doing their jobs.

But what you need to remember
Is that they are not irreplaceable,
As the cemetery is full of them,
Full of indispensable people.

Hastings Remembered.

Once more the battle is remembered,
Nine hundred and fifty two years ago this day
The Normans came from the sea in boats of wood
To try to conquer the English.
Harold and his troops were there,
To stop the Normans,
Unfortunately so was Orchi,
So full of mischief, pork pies and sherry.
"Do you want water in that?" he said,
Pointing to my whisky.
I tried to hit him,
But he moved so fast,
Very fast for a man full of pork pies.
Harold came to us and spoke,
"Hello Goldie, can I have a scotch?"
"Of course you can Sire" I replied,
Orchi then spoke,
"Sire, what is that in the sky?"
Harold looked up and tragedy came,
As the arrow hit him in the eye
He spilled my scotch.
It was a good job Harold died,
As the wrath of Goldie at the spilled whisky
Would have ensured he would sing soprano
For the rest of his life.

"The Battle of Hastings, 14th October, 1066 ? Orchi and I were there"

Coffee Stitch.

So delightful,
So delightful to see.
There she was,
Just sitting there,
Coffee on the table,
But in her hands
A piece of cloth.
She put stitches through it,
Creating a bouquet
In cross stitch.
She would put in a stitch
And pull it through,
Each time she pulled
She looked up,
Looked up to see the world,
See the world around her.
But she was lost,
Lost in her own world,
Her own world of cross stitch.

Cloud Sitting.

I was sitting on My Cloud
Just pondering into nothingness
When God stopped by
"Can I sit next to you?" he asked
"It's apparently your Universe,
So just do as you like!" I replied
He pulled up a cloud and sat down.
"My, my" he said, "You sound annoyed"
"You could say that!"
"What has caused this?"
"YOU HAVE!" I shouted.
"What have I done?"
"It's what you haven't done!
You don't help my wife!
All her life she has sung your praises,
Helped others,
Believed in you,
Never done any harm to anybody,
And yet you will not help her!"
"What do you mean by that?" he replied,
"Do you not see her,
Does the Church not see her!
Her mind has gone!
Her body is ceasing to work!
Yet you cannot seem to see it,
Or you are ignoring it!"
"Of course I see it,
I see everything in the Universe" he said.
"Look at me" I replied,
"I do almost everything for her
And my strength is waning,
Others try to help,
But I am with her all the time

And see her losing her mind,
Losing her strength.
You say you see everything,
So you must see how we are suffering.
Why don't you help us!"

No answer,
Came the stern reply!

Stuff.

We all have it,
We collect it.
As our lives get longer
It accumulates,
We dare not throw it away,
It may be useful,
One day.
But that day
Rarely comes.
But still it stays with us,
Just in case.
More and more is collected,
Until that day
When entry into the home
Becomes impossible,
As the house is full of it,
Full of STUFF!

Mini Hibernation.

All summer it has been out,
No fault of its own,
Its nest was occupied
By new furniture,
New furniture for the house.
Each day it was lovingly polished,
Its pristine look rarely failed,
Rarely failed to impress,
To impress passers-by.
Every day I saw it,
And saw the love bestowed on it,
Love and money bestowed on it
By its very proud owner.
Autumn came,
Its nest was cleared,
And newly washed and polished
It hibernated.
Covered in its duvet,
Warm, safe and secure
Until Spring returns,
When it will re-appear.
Hibernation ended,
Out it comes,
Out into the spring and summer,
Travelling around the country,
To be seen by the mini world,
From which it was born.

Always With Love.

I sit here on top of the hill
Looking back I see my life,
See my life behind me.
The path that I strode showed the way,
The way that I came to this place.
There were hills,
There were mountains,
Where the problems,
Problems in my life stalled,
Stalled my trip.
There were diversions,
Diversions that led me away,
Away from the path.
Some showed sadness,
But most diverted into glory.
Each hill, mountain and diversion
Were overcome,
Until at last I was here,
Here at the top of my hill.
I looked forward and saw it,
Saw the long smooth path,
The path that I would take,
Take with My Spirit to infinity,
Where the problems of my past
Would be forgotten,
As I move forward in Glory,
In Glory,
In Wonderment,
And with Love,
Always with Love.

Music is Calm.

It happens every time
I lay down to rest,
When I put his music on
I am drawn into his world,
His world of peace and calm.
A place where my life relaxes,
Where I can gather my strength
To move on and progress
Into my future assured,
Assured that this music
Will always allow me
To move further in my life
No matter how strained it becomes
My life will stay calm
Because of the music he writes,
The music he writes for me.

Rap Man, Rap.

He raps his song
To a beat
And as he sings
Moves his feet
The beat is strong,
The sound of bass
The drums play loud
He runs the race
Within each line
A story told
His voice is loud
His voice is bold
The story ends
As does his song
The cheers go on
They want some more
Of his fine rap
So back he sings
Upon the stage
To sing his feelings
Bound in rap.

How Strange!

How strange!
Here I am
On a Sunday morning,
Poetry read,
Some poetry written,
What do I do now?
I normally prepare lunch
Before going to Church,
The full Sunday dinner,
Roast meat and potatoes,
Cabbage, carrots and whatever else
Has crept into the shopping basket.
But not today,
We have been invited out,
Invited out for Sunday Lunch
By some very good friends,
A great treat awaits.
But it still leaves an unanswered question,
What do I do now?
I know,
I will write this poem!

Want or Are.

Going through life you look to what you should be,
And in that trip the aim is important.
You want to get to a place you think you need to be,
But the more you try the more anxious life becomes.
That anxiety changes you,
Changes you into a person you think you should be.

Going through life you know what you are,
That knowledge leads you to your real life.
That life where all comes to you without effort,
You feel secure and safe and happy.
That security is you,
Keeps you as that person you know that you are.

Tension is who you think you should be.
Relaxation is who you are.

Wondrous Art.

There it was again!
That painting!
That painting that I have stood
In front of, for so long.
Each time I see it
I see more.
The detail is awe inspiring,
There is always more to see.
But like all the pictures,
All the pictures in the gallery,
I feel humbled.
Humbled and privileged
That I am seeing them for real.
Not photographs,
Not prints,
But the real thing.
The glory of art can do this to me
Almost as much as the glory of music,
Each brings so much to me,
So much emotion,
So much wonder,
So much love
At such glorious works.
Yes I am so privileged,
So privileged to see and hear,
To see and hear these works,
These wondrous works of Art.

Back into My World

Where has she gone,
This wonderful lady who I married,
Married so many years ago.
Wedded bliss stayed with us,
Stayed with us until these latter days,
These days where dementia has taken her,
Taken her from me.
Her mind is almost completely lost,
It is dying each day,
But still her body lives on.
She lives in her own world
Where sometimes I do not exist.
I watch her as she looks through her handbag,
Looks through her handbag for hours,
For hours at a time.
She cannot walk through a room
Without being distracted,
So her purpose is lost.
I have to tell her constantly
What she needs to do,
What she wants to do,
But still she gets distracted
By the smallest of diversions.
My love for her is still there,
But I wish the lady that I really loved
Would come back from her own world,
And back into mine.

Words From Music.

It's happened once more,
Once more I was stopped,
Stopped what I was doing,
Music stopped me,
I had to listen.

I was taken into another world,
The world of the composer,
The world of Percy,
Percy Grainger's music.

This voice sailed into the ether
And into my soul,
I was transfixed,
Transfixed by the sound,
That wondrous, beautiful sound.

Music has so much power
It can stop me in an instant,
As it did this time,
And I was transported,
Transported into its glory.

It stopped playing,
But that sound was within me,
And from that sound
Came these words.

Usual Day.

The night faded into a grey day,
Clouds covered the sky.
As morning reach noontime
The sky brightened,
The grey clouds turned white,
The sun was seen behind the white.
A black cloud approached,
Rain descended,
Hail streamed from above,
And was gone.
The white clouds were moved,
Moved by the grey.
The grey day faded,
Into the darkness of night,
Leaving memories of every season,
Every season in one day.

Duvet Cover.

Well it had to be done,
The duvet cover needed changing.
I had not lost the knack,
It only took me three hours,
Nearly a record time!

River to Eternity.

Once more I was there,
I was walking beside it,
Walking beside My River.
It seemed so long
Since I walked by its side,
I crossed it daily
So I knew it was there,
But to walk with it
Has been lost,
Lost to my lovers dementia.
But the chance came,
I walked with it.
Its mirrored reflections
Showing me the sky,
The clear blue sky
With white clouds floating,
Floating in heavens gateway.
swan floated serenely by,
His head turned and he looked,
Looked at me as if it could see,
See the depths of my being
As I walked in serenity
Knowing that My River was there,
Was there for me,
Was there for me forever,
Was there with My Spirit,
Both knowing that they would go forward,
Would go forward when my body failed,
Go forward,
Go forward together,
Taking me,
Taking me to eternity's wonder.

Catch a Falling Leaf Two Ways.

1.

Standing beneath the tree
Leaves starting to fall,
I caught a leaf,
My daughter said
Lots of money will come your way!
Within three days
The bank of Mum and Dad was raided,
The insurance for the car was paid,
And a bill for care was due.
I think my daughter meant to say,
Lots of money will go away.

2.

Standing beneath the tree
Leaves starting to fall,
I caught a leaf and wished,
Wished for peace in our world,
Wished for the hatred to be turned,
To be turned into love,
Into love of mankind to each other.

One Dark Night.

The road is before me,
Darkness has fallen.
I creep into the shadows,
Hide my twisted mind
As they pass me by,
Not seeing me.
I watch them smile,
That smile will soon be gone
When they hear me,
Hear me creeping behind them!
They turn round!
I am not there!
Back into the shadows I go.
They move on I follow,
I move closer,
They hear me once more,
Turn, and I am there!
But they look through me,
Through me into the darkness,
The darkness of their lives.
The lives they thought were good,
But all they see when they turn
Are the dark memories
That they have tried to hide,
To hide from their selves,
To hide from others,
But they cannot hide from me.
They will see me one day,
But for the moment
It is not their turn.
The darkness will not overwhelm them
Until they see me,
And when they do,

On that darkest of nights,
It will be too late,
As I will be upon them
When they realise
That I, Death, cannot be denied.

Knowledge's Frontier.

All through our lives we learn,
We learn new things
That improve our experience,
Of our knowledge or life
And beyond.
We move beyond the earth,
Into space,
Into the Universe,
Forever increasing our knowledge.
We examine the stars,
The galaxies.
The vastness of our knowledge
Knows no bounds
Until that time we came to them
We came to the black holes and realised,
Realised that they are the frontier,
The frontier of our knowledge.

Sunday Lunch to Prepare.

Sunday Lunch to Prepare

Andy Brister (Goldfinch60) ? November 2018.

Today we have Sunday lunch to prepare,
Yesterday, we had Saturday evening dinner,
And tomorrow we will have cold meat and mash.
The rain is pouring as I look out the window,
The water shining on the plants in the morning light,
But today we have Sunday lunch to prepare.

Starting with the potatoes, peeled and cut,
Boiled gently for five minutes, water strained
From them, butter salt and pepper added. The rain
stops. The day brightens as the sun shines down,
Lighting our lives in its beauty but
We start by peeling the potatoes.

The meat is placed in the pan, the buttered potatoes
are placed gently around it, and into the oven it goes,
the gas is lit and set for the correct heat, which is set
for the correct time to cook the meat. The flowers
shine in the glory of the sun, their colours fill the
garden with beauty as the meat is placed in the pan.

The carrots are peeled and sliced, enough for all
as they are placed in a pot, water covering them
and salt added, to highlight their taste. The carrots
are peeled, a bird comes in the garden, its plumage
so bright and wonderful, the glory of nature is with
us as the carrots are peeled and sliced.

The kale is pulled from its stalks, washed and put in

a pan, covered with water and salt added,
ready to cook at the right time, the green of the
lawn covered by shadows of trees, as the sun
blazes through their boughs, bringing art to our world,
as today we have Sunday lunch to prepare.

Treats From Kay.

She put them on the table before us,
Two small packages,
Clear smooth cellophane
Covering a white packet
Tied in gold.

We were intrigued at these gifts,
"They are for you,
For my special customers",
Intrigued we wondered what they were,
What wonder they held for us.

The gold band was removed,
The package was unsealed,
And there in front of us they sat,
Two treats of golden glory,
Just waiting to be eaten.

We ate them with wonder ,
We ate them with joy,
As the taste of their beauty,
Passed our lips in glory,
And took us to heaven.

Practice Laps.

We come into our world
Full of ignorance.
From the time we are born
Our learning progresses
As each second passes.
Knowledge is gained,
Gained by experience,
Gained from others.
We each grow in differing ways,
We each go down our own paths,
Each path different from others.
We may meet occasionally
But those paths always diverge
As we go our own way.
We may never know,
Never know what is around the corner,
Or what is through the door.
Life is always exciting,
As the unknown can frightening.
That fright can be countered
Once we have that knowledge,
That knowledge that we learn.
The unknown in our lives
Is there to be conquered,
As in life,
There are no practice laps.

Orchi and Guy Fawkes.

Well we were there,
Orchi and I,
Under the Houses of Parliament,
Robert Catesby had invited us.
We were in the pub,
Me drinking my scotch
WITHOUT WATER!
Orchi was drinking his sherry,
And stroking his dog
When Robert came in.
"Do you want to join me,
Join me for a lark?"
Before I could answer
Orchi's dog went "woof,woof",
So I knew something rude
Was going to be said.
Orchi butted in
And said "Of course we will,
As long as it doesn't make me swoon".
So off we went,
We crept beneath parliament,
And there sitting on a pile,
A pile of gunpowder,
Was Orchi's old mate Guy,
Guy Fawkes.
"HELLO GUY!!" Orchi shouted,
And that was it.
Orchi shouting so loud
That his dog started barking,
The guards woke up and came to us.
Being a shadow I hid,
Orchi climbed on the back of his dog
And they ran away,

With Robert holding on to the dogs tail.
So Guy was caught and blamed and died.
But I blame Orchi
As we still have the parliament,
The building is fine
But the people in it aren't.

"How do you know when a politician is lying?"
"Their lips move!"

Nature's Artwork.

I reach the top of the hill,
The wonder of the natural world
Stretches out around me.
So many colours to be seen
From the wonder
That is in nature's palette
On this fine autumn day.
The myriad shades of green,
So different but the same,
Spotted in white as sheep graze.
The browns of tilled earth,
Irregularly place amongst the green.
The yellows of uncut corn waiting,
Waiting to be sheared and stacked.
The woods with their glorious colours
As autumn paints the leaves
With yellows, oranges and reds.
I look up and see the blue sky
With individual white clouds
Sailing across them,
And the sun shining low,
But so bright highlighting all.

This world of nature's artwork,
So wonderful,
So wonderful to me,
Pulls me to it knowing,
Knowing that one day,
I will be part of it,
Part of the artist,
That paints this wonderful world.

Thirty Seven Years.

One more year to celebrate,
Celebrate that day
When she walked down the aisle,
Walked down the aisle
Into my life forever.
Each year our love has grown,
Grown stronger and stronger,
And we know that we will be together,
Be together for eternity,
With our love growing ever stronger
As we walk to infinity.

The George

Way back in time, when I was a young man,
There was a place that I went to every day.
A place where I met with friends.
The question "Where are you going?"
The answer was always "Up The George".

The George, a proper pub.
Public bar for us darters and carders,
Saloon bar for a more gentile drink;
And an off licence so that more booze
Could be bought almost unseen.

The public bar, almost men only,
With forthright conversations
Highlighted with intemperate language;
But when ladies came into the bar
The bad language ceased.

Every evening I would be there
Playing darts or cards,
Drinking beer, chatting with friends;
A place of friendship and humour.
And a place that I think of with fondness.

Mick, The Landlord, with Pauline, his wife,
Made sure there was never any trouble.
It was often boisterous and rowdy,
But never anything happened
That was without fun and laughter.

There were three of us
Who shared our lives,
We always went everywhere together;

To pubs and clubs and rivers and lakes.
Jack, Joe and me, like three musketeers.

The barman's name was John;
The finest purveyor of beer I have ever seen.
Sunday lunchtimes just look through the window
And our pint would be on the counter
By the time we had put our name on the dartboard.

The darts came first,
Put your name down quickly on Sunday
If you lost a match you would never get on again
So many darters, such good players,
So many laughs, so much fun.

So many characters, so many friends;
There was John and Vic always together,
Great friends who always dartsed and carded together.
Aged Eric a man of the sea for many years
Always walked side to side as though still on board ship.

Sometimes on a Saturday night
The singing beer would be served;
And there was Don with his wondrous good voice
And his Italian good looks,
Outshining any Venetian Gondolier.

There on a Friday night
There would be Bryn the Clown and Jack the Beard,
Playing euchre against me and my Dad,
For pennies and tuppences;
Not for the money, but for the love of the game.

Then there was Ron, Big Ron
A lovely man who lived a hundred yards from the pub,

But always drove to it.
He was taken from us early in his life,
And I was in one of the fifteen cars following his coffin.

The George, part of my youth;
A very special part;
A place looked back on with fondness,
Happiness and love.
A time of laughter, innocence and joy.

Hair Dying.

Well that time had come again,
She was going to dye her hair.
Into the bathroom she went
Armed with her accoutrements
To transform her hair
From silver to brown.
For many years she had done it,
Even before she met me,
I never minded.
But what I did mind
Was having to repaint the walls,
Repaint the ceiling,
And scrub the floor,
After she had finished.

What Integrity.

Whatever has happened to it?
When I was employed
I was expected to work every day,
Every day that I was due to work.
Apparently this has now stopped,
And some people work when they want,
And if they don't want to bother,
They just do not turn up
Knowing that they will not be sacked,
As the scheme of life
Knows they will be needed.
I just do not understand,
Do not understand what happened,
Whatever has happened to it?
Where has integrity gone?

The Guns Stopped.

It's eleven o'clock on this special day,
That special day one hundred years ago
When it all stopped.
The fighting lasted up to the hour,
But then it ceased,
The war to end all wars was over.
It didn't stop though,
Those who lost loved ones grieved,
And on this day, one hundred years hence
We still grieve,
Grieve at the waste of life.
They went to war as a duty,
But that duty for millions,
Was to die,
To die for reasons they never knew.
It was said to be the right thing to do,
The war to end all wars, didn't.
Still we fight wars, why?
Those in power believe,
Believe they are right,
Right to inflict their wills on others
And waste human life,
Just to get their own way.
What if they are wrong
And others are right?
But on this day we remember
As the poppies grew,
Marking a place for all who died
In that war to end all wars,
And for all who remember.

The Sea of Harmony.

The beach stands before me
Unmarked by time or tide.
I walk along it
My footprints showing my way
As I move into my untrodden future.
Each step a new time in my life,
A time of joy and wonder,
Of joy and wonder of the unknown.
I look back and see my footprints
Of my past life,
The distant ones barely seen
As my memory fades with time.
I look out to the sea,
There is the Universe of my life,
So large, so impossible to imagine.
I will be there one day
With all that have gone before me,
Living in a world of love and peace.
I look ahead once more
And there in the distance
I see My River's end as it joins the sea,
That place where My Spirit,
With My River
Will join the Sea of Love,
The Sea of Peace,
The Sea of Harmony.

The Corner of My Dreams.

Over thirty years ago I saw it,
I still remember it,
Remember it in my mind's eye.

The room was filled with art,
Art and sculpture of all types.
It was a degree show,
Showing the works
Of the students
Those who achieved degrees.

Our daughters work was there,
That piece that now dominates,
Dominates our lounge,
Amongst her other works.

I walked round the show
Looking at all,
Looking at all with my untrained eye,
That has now been trained
Into an appreciation of art,
Art of so many differing types.

But this piece stuck with me.
As I walked round it hit me,
I just stopped and looked,
Looked and was drawn in,
Into the mind of the artist.

It was a drawing,
A drawing in charcoal.
An alley was shown,
The sides were solid wooden fences,

The path went on,
Went on to a corner,
A corner turning left.

For over thirty years
That drawing has pulled at me,
Pulled at me in my mind.
All I want to know
Is what is around that corner.
I will never know,
But in my imagination I dream,
I dream that paradise is there,
And that is where I am going,
Where I am going to be,
For eternity.

Her Beauty - Senryu.

Her Beauty shines through,
Shines from Her Soul through Her Eyes,
Straight into My Heart.

Pendant Power.

There it was
Up for sale,
A chain of polished carbon
And the detritus from an oyster.
Not been seen for two hundred years.
It had hung around the neck,
The neck of Marie Antoinette.
The guillotine separated the head from the body,
The pendant was free,
Free to be sold
Two hundred years later,
For twenty-eight million pounds!
Who would pay that,
For some carbon,
And seawater garbage,
Well somebody did!

Mantovani

Once more it happened,
A tune came on the radio,
A tune I heard so many times
But not heard for tens of years.
My dad came straight to my mind,
As it was in his era
That this tune was so popular.
It was on the radio all the time,
Those good times brought to mind
As Dad and I listened,
Listened to so many types,
So many types of music.
Yes it was that time,
That time when the good times rolled,
And Mantovani was in our lives.

The Leaves.

"The Leaves! The Leaves!"

Came the cry.

I saw him sweeping

Sweeping up the leaves,

No smile on his face,

Every time he swept

The wind would blow,

And the leaves would scatter,

Scatter once more.

"The Leaves! The Leaves!"

He shouted in despair,

Such abject despair.

He swept and swept,

Suddenly the ground was free,

Free from leaves,

He had won,

He had earned his coffee.

Coffee drank,

Paper read,

Outside he went,

The ground was covered,

Covered once more

With leaves.

"The Leaves! The Leaves!"

Came the cry once more,

"When will autumn end!"

Where the Hell Are You!

Into My Church I strode,
Walked down towards the cross,
I looked up at it and shouted,
Shouted "WHERE THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU!!"
"Why have you taken her from me,
Her broken body is still there
But her mind has been taken,
My wife has been taken
By this f*****g dementia;
I pray to you,
She prays to you,
As she has all her life,
As I have all my life.
All her long life she has praised you,
Sung your praises,
Helped others,
Been there for us all,
But now she is gone,
You have taken her from us.
Are you really there?
Or is all this 'Christian God will save you lark'
Just a charade to give you a laugh,
To make people follow a falsehood.
My Faith is strong in My Spirit,
I have been touched by it,
But it is not the Christian way,
The Spirit is with all people.
The Christian God will help all,
Supposedly,
Help all if you pray to it;
But we pray,
Things only get worse.
If you are so good

Why do you not hear us
As my wife and my life
Sink deeper in hell,
The hell of her dementia.
WHERE THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU!!"

Enlightened Way.

I look up into the night sky,
There looking down on me
Shines the moon,
Bringing its glorious subdued light
Into my troubled world,
Showing me that all will be good.
The beautiful moonlight showing me the way.
The Way, My Way, there before me,
My Way seen in the path,
The path that My Spirit has set,
Lit by that glorious light,
That glorious light of the moon,
Enlightening my way ahead.

What is the Time?

There I was, in bed,
Fast asleep.
My wife woke me in a panic,
"Quick, what's the time?"
"I don't know, I'll find out".
So I put the drum out the window,
Hit it loud and hard.
A window opened down the street,
"What are you doing!" a voice shouted,
"Playing a drum at three thirty in the morning?"
I pulled the drum in,
Closed the window,
And said to my wife,
"It is three thirty".
We went back to sleep.

Autumn Is With Us - HAIKU.

The greens turn to gold,
The oranges change to red,
Autumn is with us.

Writing not Tapping.

What a strange idea,
There he was
With this book in front of him,
Not reading but writing,
Writing words on the paper.
Where others were tapping,
Or prodding away,
He was writing,
Writing words on the paper.
Such a strange idea
In this day and age,
I wonder if he,
Was a poet.

Seasons of Love.

That first sign of love
Buds with that first look
Between you
As your hearts touch
To make your souls combine.

The bloom erupts
Into the summer of joy,
Your Spirits become one
And you walk in the light
Of everlasting love.

The colours of autumn
Allows your love to mellow
In the happiness and beauty
As your days of togetherness
Confirm the love for each other.

The purity of the winter snow
Shows the constancy of the past,
Just your love for each other
As the year ends in the wonder
Of your love getting ever stronger.

That Flaming Song!

That's it!
I have heard enough!
Sitting there drinking my coffee,
Quite happily chatting
Chatting to the missus,
When on it came,
That flaming song,
Came on at least a month early.
It was still the middle of November
For goodness sake,
But blasting out
Over the sound system
Came that flaming song,
As apparently someone is dreaming,
"Dreaming of a White Christmas".

Old Fashioned? Moi?

Into the shop I went,
Picked up my newspaper,
Went to the till.
A young lady was in front
Tapping at her 'phone,
Trying to pay electronically.
The cashier was smiling,
You know the smile,
Not quite a grimace.
The electronics then worked,
The bill was paid.
I stood in front of the cashier,
Paid for the paper,
In the correct amount of coinage,
Paid in seconds.
"Thank you", said the cashier,
"My pleasure", I said.
I followed the young lady from the shop,
Still tapping away on her 'phone.
Am I really that old fashioned
That I use money,
Not electronics,
To buy my newspaper.

Success in Failure.

Going through life there are problems,
They are there for you to solve,
To ensure that you become a better person.
They create the one thing
That cannot be taught,
They create your experience,
Your experience in life.
Sometimes though
You fail,
But in that failure
You still learn things.
Life can be so wonderful,
As any time you learn from a failure,
It is always a success

FIB Sequence Acrostic.

First

It

Becomes

Set in words

Emerging on the page

Questioning the writers language

Using words as traps

Enchants you

Now you

Can't

End

Hippowhatsitphobia Acrostic - For Orchi

Have you seen the word?
It scares you,
Puts the fear of God
Parading around your head
Offering no comfort in
Pausing to let you pour
Out your worries,
The worries that
Overwhelm you,
Making you feel ill
Or scared to utter any
New words that come
So ignorance may be perceived
That shows not your
Reality as the long words
Only belong in dictionaries
Sheltered from your mind
Easing your fear of long words
Subsequently allowing your mind to
Quieten from the horror of your
Unsubstantiated eloquence
Inconsequential abhorrence of words
Parading in syllables
Participating in incomprehensibilities
Ending in floccinaucinihilipilification
Drowning in pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis
Allowing your hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia to rise
Leaving your comatose mind
In a state of pure decidophobia where
Only monosyllabic words
Prevent atichiphobia
Happening within your logophobic mind stopping your
Oneirophobia preventing you from

Basking in the bibliophobia
In the xenophobia that
Atracts bogypophobia.

XX
XX
XX

Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia ? Fear of long words

Floccinaucinihilipilification - the action or habit of estimating something as worthless

Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis -- An inflammation of the lungs caused by microscopic grains of certain types of rock. (The longest word in the English language found in dictionaries)

Decidophobia - Is the fear of making decisions

Atichipophobia - Is the fear of failure

Logophobic - Is the fear of words

Oneirophobia - Is the fear of dreams

Bibliophobia - Is the fear of books

Xenophobia - Is the fear of strangers

Bogypophobia - Is the fear of bogeymen

Washington Whirligig.

One more it happened,
That smile grew on my face,
As soon as the first notes were played
They sailed into my soul,
And I was in heaven.
The five of them spoke to me,
Spoke to me through their instruments,
And I was lost in their music.
That glorious sound abounded,
Abounded in the room.
I was in ecstasy
Never wanting to come back.
At the end of the evening
They stopped,
But their sound lives on,
Lives on within my heart.

Life Watching.

The page sits before me
The words in my mind.
I put pen to paper,
And those words from within me
Appear on the page,
Telling of the wonder of life,
The life which I have led.
Now in the Autumn of its years
But still the words flow.
I look back on my life,
Look back with happiness.
It has been a good life.

My wife is still with me,
And over those many years together
Our life together has been wonderful,
Our love never failing,
I know that it will never fail
As Our Combined Spirits
Go on for Eternity,
Towards Paradise.

Throughout all those years
Music has been with me.
My love of Classical,
My love of Jazz,
Grows each moment of my life,
And each of those moments
Was glorious,
Is glorious.
So much music, so little time,
Even in my long life
Music still surprises me.

I now realise
That the more I get to know,
Get to know about music,
The more ignorant I realise that I am.
So much music, so little time.

My life with Nature is never far away,
I know that My River will guide My Spirit
Into the wonder of the Universe.

The Art that has come to me,
So many great works,
So many styles appreciated,
Always surprised.
At the way Art can move my soul.

Then there are words,
Words that have been written,
Written on the page,
Written on this page,
So meaningful to me
And maybe meaningful to others.
So many words,
So many years,
Such a wonderful life.

I know that when that time comes
My life will flash before me,
But I know that that life
Will be well worth watching.

Will yours?

Wonderful Days Ahead.

She stood there, looking at me,
Her eyes looking through the lens
Into her future before her,
Her life full of glory,
In her wonderful days ahead.

The Delivery Man.

He often knocks on my door,
Sometimes it is a parcel for me,
But mainly the parcel
Will be for a neighbour.
We are normally always in
So we seem to collect
Many parcels for our neighbours,
This is not a problem,
Just part of being neighbourly.

This one man though
Is an enigma to me,
He knocks at the door
Asks if I could take the parcel.
There he stands,
A smile on his face,
Turban on his head,
Beard on his chin.
We chat,
And there I am
Expecting an Indian accent,
But no,
His accent is broad Glaswegian!

Artwork or Photography

Into the Gallery I went,
I walked slowly around the room
Studying each painting intently,
The images of Nature,
Portrayed in oil on canvas.
Each one brought feelings to me,
Feelings of the wonder of Nature.
I approached the last painting
And stopped.
Surely this is not right!
Why is there a photograph there
There sitting on the wall?
But no,
It was a painting.
A painting of such intricacy
That the lion looked real to me,
It was real, real on the canvas.

Up the stairs I went,
Into another gallery,
A gallery of photographs.
Each one a finalist
In a National Competition.
All were so good,
And once more I stopped.
Surely this is not right!
Why is there a painting there
Sitting on the wall?
But no,
It was a photograph,
A photograph of such wonder
That the albatross looked painted,
Painted from the photographers eye.

The Fairy on the Tree.

The day was getting worse;
The elves had gone on strike
So the presents weren't being wrapped!
Two of the reindeer were missing,
Not came back from their summer hols
And two more were pregnant!
Mrs Santas Mum was coming to stay
'For a few days',
That would go on for weeks!
Santa was getting more depressed
So went to have a scotch,
But found the bottle empty.
OK coffee will have to do.
Dropped the jar,
The coffee went all over the place.
As he was sweeping up
The doorbell went
And there was a beautiful fairy
With a Christmas Tree under her arm.
"What would you like me to do with this?"
She asked quite pleasantly,

And that is why there is a fairy
Sitting on the top of a Christmas Tree

Simply Difficult.

You hear it,
Here that tune
Played by a master.
It sounds so easy,
It is such a simple tune,
But it talks to you
As the master
Plays it just for you.
But in music,
If it sounds easy,
If it sounds simple,
It isn't,
It's difficult,
And only the master
Can play it,
So that it sounds simple.

Ripples.

The stone is cast into the water
Like a new birth,
The ripples flow from the impact,
Your life has begun.
Each ripple starts quickly
Extending your knowledge and experience.
The small ripples get larger
As your life continues,
The larger the ripples become
That middle age satisfaction is with you.
The ripples slow down
As you proceed into old age,
The ripples reach calmness
As you life comes to its conclusion,
Knowing that it will continue,
As you have cast stones
Into the water,
On the journey through your life.

The Other Side of Fear.

Progressing through our lives
We are often stopped,
Stopped by that which we fear.
We are frightened to go that way,
And chose a different path,
A safer more mundane trail
That could lead our lives
Into safety and boredom.
We think about those things,
Those things of which we dream.
Those things are there,
As everything that we ever wanted
Is always there,
It is found on the other side of fear.
Go through the gate that frightens you
And start the glory and wonder,
The glory and wonder of your life.

Integrity in Life.

In life, are you true to all?
You do your best for others,
Try to get it right,
To the best of your ability,
In the way it should be done.
But when you do things
For yourself,
Do you take shortcuts
So that the job,
Or life experience,
Is not quite right?
If you are a truly moral person
With integrity to the fore
You would always do it right,
Even if nobody was watching.

Autumn Acrostic.

A day of absolute beauty,
Unlike any others.
Tearing at my heart in
Utmost joy,
Making my life so wonderful as
Nature paints its autumn colours.

Together in Paradise.

There we were
Eating our Sunday Lunch,
Roast loin of pork, apple sauce,
Roast potatoes, carrots and greens
When my wife looked up at me,
"Isn't it quiet"
She said.
It was,
Couldn't hear any neighbours,
Only the occasional bird call,
Even our music had finished.
I listened,
Listened to the wonder,
The wonder of the silence,
It was beautiful.
I looked at her,
"Maybe the end of the world has come"
I said,
"And we two are the only ones left".
If that was the case
My lover and I were there,
We were there together,
Together in Paradise.

Their Lips Move.

"We WILL have the vote!" She said.
All the advice was not to do it.
"I am not changing,
We Will have the vote!"
For weeks she would not be moved,
Her certainty was resolute,
There was no way she would change.
Then it happened,
Her promise was broken.
"We will delay the vote" she said.
So the proof is once more there,
Her promise broken,
So proving the answer to the question,
"How do you know when a politician is lying?"
"Their lips move!"

Love Hate.

We stare at the dark
Wondering where we went wrong,
But suddenly it is there,
The light comes into our lives,
Bringing glory to us all.

There is so much evil
In this world that we are ruining it,
But good is there,
Even if it is slow to rise,
Good will conquer evil.

The hate that is around
Drags us down to the depths of despair,
But love appears
Bringing light and good to everyone,
Because love conquers all.

The Day After the Night Before.

Did that really happen last night?
Now that I am awake, was it all a dream?
Did I have too much to drink?
While I was standing, at the bar.

We only went out of interest,
My friend Norman, and I
To this club not far from us,
Just for a drink and a chat

A lady from the dance floor
Came to the bar between us
And ordered her drink.
Why between us we thought?

While Norman and she became
Engrossed in conversation
A second lady appeared,
And she too came between us.

She and I said nothing;
Just standing at the bar.
Then the odd word passed between us,
Until we too joined in conversation.

Norman and his lady went to dance;
We two, left at the bar went silent
Until she started to walk away;
I said "Shall we dance?"

I now awake from that night;
Alive, happy and hoping
That all that happened last night,

Was real.

It was! That day after the night before
Happened many years ago.
We have been together now;
From that day for the rest of our lives.

Written January 2014

The Experts Opinion.

You walk into the gallery with excitement,
Or with trepidation.
You never know what you are going to find,
Never know how you are going feel
With all these masterpieces around you.
Or are they master pieces?
With some you look and are drawn into their depths,
The artist pulls you into their minds
An artwork of such power that you get lost in its wonder.
With others you wonder why the artist bothered,
Such a waste of time and you just walk passed it.
So many types of art,
Some you like some you dislike.

Standing in front of a canvas
You declare what a load of rubbish!
The expert comes to you,
You ask what it is all about
And she replied with the most profound of answers;
"You should treat art the same as you would with books,
Or film or music,
You like what you like,
And bollocks to anyone who says you are wrong"

The Glue of Life.

You see it so often,
The couple walking down the street,
Eyes only for each other.
The parents smiling at their children,
The children keep on looking at the parents.
Even the little things in life,
Helping each other,
Smiling at people.
It all comes from that one thing,
That one thing in life,
Which is in this world,
But so many ignore.
Love in our world is so important,
It is needed so that we can all be as one,
It will work one day,
Love will conquer all,
As love is the glue of life.

Lack of Understanding.

I just don't understand it,
Every morning I have a shower,
I wash my hair,
And as I am drying myself
There always seems to be a hair,
A hair in my mouth.
How did it get there?
I certainly don't shower
With my mouth open,
If I did that I might drown.
So how does it get there?
I just don't understand.

Travel in Hope.

We all travel through our lives,
The Faith we have within ourselves,
Or the Faith we have in higher beings,
Is always with us.
As we travel through our lives
We must keep that Faith,
And always travel in Hope.

Will Never Fail.

My lover is drowning,
Drowning in her sea,
Her sea of dementia.
Each day she sinks lower,
Where context is lost,
And memory is non-existent.
At least she still remembers me,
Where friends and family
Are becoming a mystery.
The lady of my heart is still there
But it is a memory,
A memory of times passed.
My love for her is constant
And will never fail,
But each day together
Is becoming harder.
But my love for her
Will never fail.

Two Thousand.

Two thousand Poems!
How could I have written two thousand poems?
But I have.
And this is it.
If you had told me some years ago
That I would be writing poetry
I would have laughed at you.
Me! Write poetry!
You are joking!
But then I saw it,
Saw a work of art,
It brought tears to my eyes,
A picture that pulled my emotions
Into vast sadness,
The power of the art spoke to my soul,
I had to write something,
Something about it,
And my first poem appeared.
It all started slowly,
But over the weeks, months, years
More were written,
Until that time when I had to write.
It was a drug in my being,
I just could not get enough,
Get enough of writing.
So here I am
Writing another one,
My second of the day,
And there will be more to come.
So welcome to my world,
My addictive world of words,
My world of poetry.

Not Sobriety.

We were standing in the Convent,
Some Sisters were around us.
We were asked if we would like a drink,
"We make our own wine here" they said.
"I didn't know you were allowed to make wine" I replied.
When the Nun replied a smile came to my lips.
"In our lives Our Lord asks for our Poverty,
Our Chastity,
And our Obedience.
He never said anything
About Sobriety!"

Yes I Exist.

Yes I know I will die,
I know that this body will die,
But I will not.
My Spirit is Immortal
And will go on to eternity
Taking the memories,
The memories of this life
With me to infinity.

While I am in this earthly life
I need to create those memories
So my time in this body is limited,
But each moment is special,
And I will glory in each of them.

The time will come
When My Spirit leaves my body
And those Special moments
Will be with me,
Will be with me as I sail,
Sail towards eternity,
Knowing that I will always exist,
As will those moments,
Those moments within me.

Who Could Ask For More?

I arose from my bed,
Looked out of the window,
And there in front of me
The full moon shone
Shone on me in all its Glory,
Shone on me in all its wonder.
The love poured from its light
Onto me,
Onto my world around me,
Making my life one of peace,
One of peace and happiness,
Who could ask for more?

Chet's Sound.

He would put the trumpet to his lips
And from the horn this sound would come,
This sound that would bring me so much joy.
A sound that went through my heart
Into my soul.
In time My Spirit will be with him,
And throughout infinity
I will be listening to him,
With him and his sound,
As Chet and I are in Utopia.

Christmas Peace.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
A night that was full of cheer,
But the noisy ones were out there,
Full of Christmas Beer.

Then the bells were ringing,
Long and loud and clear,
Ensuring we were all ready,
As Santa Claus was here.

The stomping on the rooftop,
I thought would never stop,
As there was no flaming chimney,
Through which Santa could just drop.

Soon it will be silent,
The silence of the night,
The world will be quiet,
The world will be right.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
So my wish I give to you,
May peace be forever on us,
And love be long and true.

Mary Had a Little Lamb 1 and 2.

1.

Orchi had a great big dog,
Its coat was black as soot,
And every time it heard some porn,
A loud bark was output.

2.

Michael had a little lamb,
Whose coat was coloured many,
Cos Michael put his brush on it,
When going to spend a penny.

Into the New Year.

Just another day?
Not really,
It was Christmas Day,
A special day
Where we sat together,
Sat together in harmony.
Eating our fill,
Filling our minds
With love,
The love for each other,
Love in the family.
A wonderful day
Filled with peace and harmony,
Knowing that that harmony
Will continue,
Continue into the New Year,
Into the New year,
And beyond.

The Knowledge of Words.

The empty page is before me,
What will I write on it?
So many words within me,
So little time to write.
The first word goes onto the page,
Others follow like a torrent.
The torrent starts to slow,
The words become more meaningful,
And start to make sense.
The wisdom of each word
Starts to appear,
And knowledge is born on the paper.
That knowledge that will lead you,
Lead you into the wisdom of life.
That knowledge so profound
That words will be forming,
Forming within your mind,
So that those words within you
Can be written,
Written on this page.

Hill of Dreams.

I sit on top of the hill
Nature's canvas surrounds me,
The greens, yellows and browns
Speckled with white dots.
As I sit here I remember,
Remember those times
When the two of us sat here,
The wonder of our love
Complementing Nature's glory.
Those days when we walked the Dales
And marvelled in the world around us.
The greens of the Dales,
With the yellows of flowers
And the browns of the woodlands,
Spotted by the white of sheep,
God's Land filling us with happiness.

As I sit on the hill
Now all I have is memories,
As no more can we share them
Except in our minds eye,
And even now,
As I sit on the hill,
It is now only a dream.

New Day - Haiku to Senryu.

The grey dawn arose,
A hole appeared in the clouds,
The bright sun shone through.

Light entered our lives,
Lifting us from the darkness,
Into life's beauty.

Dream of Peace.

I look out across the sea,
The gentle flow of the ocean waves
In harmony with the world,
The world of peace and beauty.

The storm clouds appear,
The winds rise ,
The waves get higher
And crash to the shore,
Natures anger rises.

Calm is soon restored
And I once more look out,
Look out at the peace and beauty
That should be inherent,
Inherent in our world.

The storms within people
Seem unending,
They are unwilling to be calm,
All need what THEY want
Without caring for others.

I look out across the sea,
And dream of peace.

New Year Scotch.

I wonder,
I wonder if anyone will be out,
Be out and will join me,
Join me in a midnight drink.
Every New Year's Eve I am there
There outside my front door
Just after midnight,
Bottle of scotch and glasses to hand,
Willing to give anyone a drink.
But people just do not come out,
Do not come at midnight any more
So the scotch is just for me.

I look up to the heavens
And wish all good cheer,
And drink to their health
Each and every New Year.

Forever Moment.

Here it is, my first poem of the New Year of 2019. I dedicate it to you all on MPS, have a great 2019.

I awake at dawn,
A new day,
A new year.
A year where each moment will be treasured,
Those moments so fleeting
Need to be captured,
Secured within,
Within myself,
Within My Spirit.
I will go through this new year
With wonder,
With happiness,
But mostly with love.
Love that most important,
Most important of all moments,
But a moment that can last forever.

Water Shock.

Around the house I went
Mini water can in hand
Watering the plants
A regular job
Ensuring the survival
Of these indoor beauties
Then I came to a new one
Sitting there glistening
Glistening in the corner
I poured some water on it
When I got up from the floor
I realised
You should never water
And electric Christmas Tree.

Day of Bach.

I sit here in dawns early light
The day before me,
I wonder what it will bring?
Then I hear it,
I hear Johann Sebastian playing,
Playing for me.
The sound of the piano
Surrounds me,
As Bach's music enters my being
And ensures that the day,
The day before me,
Will be wonderful.

Bah! Humbug!

The decorations are down,
The Christmas has been stripped bare
And laid low,
The cards have been sacked,
The jigsaw is back on the table,
Normality returns.

Journeys of Life.

In our lives we walk many paths,
Each path takes us on a journey.
That journey could be filled with wonder,
It could be filled with sadness,
But with each journey we gain,
We gain experience.
Therefore be assured
That when we return from those journeys
We will not be the same person,
The same person as the one that left,
That person who left for each journey.

The Hunt in the Forest

I stand before the picture,
A picture of fine renown.
The first time an artist has captured it,
The idea of perspective is shown.
The hunters on their horses,
The hunters on the ground,
Dogs chasing,
Each shown smaller
As they go into the woods.
The deer they are chasing
Are smaller still.
But are the men chasing deer,
Or is the artist,
Chasing his dreams.

She.

She is leaving this world,
She knows that death is calling her.
She has had a good life,
She has a loving husband,
She has a loving family,
She knows they will miss her.

She wants to come to peace
In the place that she loves,
That cottage on the beach
Where the sun always shines,
That place far away,
With her husband at her side.

They arrive at her heaven on earth,
Their last days together full of joy,
Full of love, and full of laughter,
Until that day when she knew,
She knew her end was near,
And her life on this world was ended.

She lay on the beach with her lover,
His arms around her,
Looking out to the setting sun.
She slowly rose and walked to the sea.
As she walked into the sunset
She looked back and saw herself
Laying there, as if asleep,
In her loving husband's arms.

The Privilege of Age.

I look in the mirror and see who?
I see this man,
This man of many years staring at me.
What happened to that young man
That used to stare back at me?
He has gone with the passing of time.

I then look again at the face
And see the wisdom of age
That experience has given to me.
I then smile as I realise,
Realise that age is a privilege
That some do not reach.

Evening Malt.

Which shall I try tonight?
I open the cupboard and they sit there,
These wonderful nectars from Scotland.
The Laphroaig shouts at me
As this is my favourite,
But the others are so wonderful.
Talisker the one I have seen brewed,
Taking me back to that time on Skye
Where my lover and I shared our dreams.
There sits the Auchentoshan,
Introduced to me thirty years ago
When my brother bought me a bottle.
A bottle for my fortieth birthday.
Or will it be the new one,
The Ardbeg,
The one disliked
By my friend in the Choir.
And then there is the Christmas gift
The one I didn't know,
The Bailie Nicol Jarvie,
But so smooth to the taste.
Lastly there is the one at the back,
The Jura that I dare not touch
As that is for my friend
When he comes round.
So many choices,
So little time,
But before I go to bed,
One of them will be supped.

Bad Days to Good.

We all have them,
Those days when all goes wrong,
Days which are so bad,
That we think of giving up.

When I get days like this I stop,
I stop and look back,
And look at the bad days in the past.
I then realise,
Realise that my ability,
My ability to get through them
Is consistent.
I have survived every one of them,
I have got through them with success.
This one will be no different,
I will get through it
And move on to the wonderful days,
The wonderful days that WILL lay in front of me.

Evening to Dawn.

I look up at the evening sky,
The reds and oranges adorn the clouds,
Natures artistic brush sweeps through
Showing its wondrous glory.
Slowly the colours fade
And a grey world is upon me,
But as I look the moon rises,
This white ball of heavenly light
Shining down on me,
Showing that the light is with me,
Showing me the way.
I look beyond the moon
And see the stars emerging,
Each one a memory of hope.

The evening passes
Into the darkness of night,
The moon and stars so bright
Giving me the faith
That all is well within My World,
And that the New Day is coming.

That New day arrives,
The reds and oranges adorn the clouds
As natures artwork is with me,
And daylight fills my life once more.

Wonderful Life.

Once more a year has passed,
A year of trials and upheavals,
A year that has ended in glory
As her life stabilises into a future
That will be wonderful.
Full of happiness,
Full of acceptance,
Filled with the love
The love of family and friends
As she looks forward
Towards the wonderful life,
That will be ahead of her.

No Signalling Day.

It must be a special day today.
To the supermarket,
I went and bought the shopping,
I came back and unloaded.
And then I thought
It must be a special day today,
You know the one,
The day when cars don't signal!
Nearly all the cars I saw
That needed to signal,
Didn't,
But I did,
But then I didn't remember,
That it was "No Signalling Day"!

Trust in Politicians.

There it was,
My first laugh of the day.
Listening to the news
Brexit was mentioned,
AGAIN!
Then came the statement,
"If The Brexit deal was not accepted
Trust in politicians would be harmed."
I laughed out loud.
Trust in politicians is a joke,
Always will be.
They don't care for others,
They only care for what's in it,
What's in it for themselves.
Trust in politicians is a dream,
A dream that has been a nightmare,
A nightmare for centuries.

Morning Glory.

The time is so special,
Up early in the morning,
The radio goes on,
Classical music fills the room.
I sit and write words
And get completely lost,
Lost in my own world.
That time may only last an hour,
But sometimes it is two,
Which is wonderful.
A time for me to write my words,
Or read the words of others,
And listen to music.
The day then has to start
As my lover arises,
And I am once more with her,
With her in her own world,
Her own world of dementia.

Score for Words.

The blank page sits in front of us,
What shall we write?
Will it be words of sadness?
Will it be words of happiness?
Those words will come from within us
And written for others to share.
Whatever we write
It is created like a score.
A score for the human voice.

Teddy Man.

In he came,
Bobble hat on his head,
Thick winter coat,
Not unusual,
But there in his coat
With head popping out,
Was a teddy bear,
This was unusual,
And so strange to see
In a man of his years.
He took of his hat,
Laid it on the table,
Gently lifted teddy out
And sat him on the table,
Resting it against the soft hat
So that teddy
Could see what was going on,
So very strange.

Moments in Words.

Each day they are with us,
Those moments that bring us glory,
Bring us wonder,
Bring us love.
They may be so fleeting
That they become hardly remembered,
But poets can capture them,
They can capture moments in words.
Moments captured in words
Are captured forever.

History.

Throughout our lives
We are told what happened in the past,
Why wars were fought,
Why people died,
Died for the common good.
But what we need to realise
Is that history is written by the winners,
What if the losers were right!

Coffee Time.

"How do you like your coffee?"

"I like it without sugar,

I like it without milk,

But most of all

I prefer it,

Without cream"

Love of Healing.

In her eyes you can see it
Every time I ask,
Ask her about her veterinarian training.
Her face changes,
That look that comes over her,
That look that takes me,
Takes me into her world,
Her world of helping animals.
From that look I knew,
I knew that she had found her life,
The life for which she was born,
Her world in which she would be ecstatic
In bringing health back to all creatures.
A lady whose face showed the wonder,
The wonder of the life
Into which she would bring happiness,
Happiness and love to all.

Intelligent Conversation 2.

Every time we are there
She comes to our table,
The manager of the coffee shop,
Sometimes just to say hello,
Occasionally to chat.
This time she stopped,
Stopped for a few minutes.
We spoke of holidays
Of marriage proposals,
Of work,
We spoke of many things.

To me it was wonderful
As we spoke with meaning,
Which is something I miss,
Miss in my wife's world,
Her world of dementia.
I therefore thank her,
Thank her so much,
To lead me into a world,
A world of intelligent conversation.

Understanding.

We enter life ignorant,
Ignorant of everything.
As we grow, we learn,
Learn so many things.
Every day we search,
Search for new ways,
Search for wisdom.
Each day is special
As we learn the meanings,
The meanings of life.
Sometimes we stop learning,
We think we understand all,
But what we do not realise
Is that understanding
Makes the mind lazy.

Paid Retirement

I do admire those who work,
I admired them so much
That back in 'the day' I got paid,
Paid to watch people work.
It was wonderful
Just watching them slave,
While I timed each job they did,
To see if they were efficient at their work.

Those days are behind me,
My work days are over,
Retirement is my way of life,
A glorious retirement.
I still admire them,
Those people who work,
Slaving away,
Day after day,
Earning their money,
Paying their tax,
And with that tax
I get paid,
As some of that money
Pays for my pension,
To make my retirement wonderful.

Calliope Acrostic.

Calling to me
As she gives me the words
Likely to stir the soul,
Looking down at me
In soothing calm
Over the words
Put on this page of
Everlasting wonder.

Goldie and Orchi Seven Hundred.

Goldie and Orchi wrote poems,
From the millennia of years now passed,
They wrote at least one a day,
One wondered how long this will last.

They both joined here together,
From another fine poetry site,
That site died in turmoil,
So now it's on here that they write.

Seven hundred poems,
They both have now put on here,
A time for a celebration,
Perhaps go out for a beer.

There is the problem I know,
Drinking with Orchi, I need to watch,
As he is liable to put water,
In my fine and glorious scotch.

Mozart Acrostic 1.

Music was born within him
Offering its beauty to our world.
Zeal abounded from his soul
As it flowed into the ether
Reaching our hearts and Spirits,
To bring his musical wonder to us all.

But is it Poetry?

When people look at paintings where,
They don't recognise the form,
The thought that comes from in them says;
"But is this really art?"

Can they not see the idea that
The artist tries to show?
Why don't they open up their minds
And think of what they see.

So when I write words on the page
That neither rhyme nor scan
The thought may therefore come to some
"But is it poetry?"

Spiritual Humanity.

In life we are taught,
Taught that being a good person
Will lead us to a Spiritual Existence.
We try to better ourselves through life
As we aim for that Spiritual goodness,
But what we forget
Is that Our Spirit is always with us.
So should we look at a different way,
Use that Spirituality within us,
To become Human?

Gone Away.

The excitement is within me,
I know it is wrong,
Why should I feel like this,
Happy that she has gone,
Gone away for a week.

She has changed so much,
Dementia has taken her,
Taken her from me
Into her own world,
Leaving me to work so hard,
So hard to deal with her problems,
The problems she now has.

The normality of her life has gone,
Gone so she can do almost nothing,
Lost in her own mindless world,
Leaving me to pick up the pieces,
Day after day,
Night after night,
Non-stop working,
Non-stop worrying.

The love of my life has gone,
Disappeared into her demented mind,
Leaving me to struggle,
A struggle that gets harder,
Harder every single day.

She is away for a week,
I can relax,
But she will be back soon,
And the struggle will start again,

Start again ? until when?

Old Age Phonophobia?

There I was
Sitting in the waiting room,
Waiting for the vampire
To draw some blood from me,
Hopefully arm, not neck,
When they come in.
A couple,
Not in the first flush of youth,
She with walking sticks,
Him dragging on behind.
They sat down near me,
She rummaged in her handbag,
He felt for something in his pocket,
Out they came,
Both took out their mobiles.
So very strange from a couple,
A couple like them.
I would expect nothing less,
Nothing less from youngsters,
(By youngsters I mean
Anybody under fifty)
But they were in the twilight,
Twilight of their lives,
But they became so intent,
So intent on their mobiles,
That it seemed so very strange,
So very strange to me.

Chet Baker Acrostic.

Cherished sound
Making music in my life
Ever more important
To my waking world.

Bringing joy into to my heart,
A sound so unique
Keeps me wondering
Ever more, as his music
Reverberates in my soul.

No, There Will be no Hurricane Tonight.

The year was eighty-seven,
The year we had the storm.
The wind howled through the night,
Tiles clattered,
Trees toppled,
Rooves moved,
And fell.
The countryside changed,
Yet only eighteen died.

As I drove to work
The landscape was different.
The trees that had blocked my view were down,
Tiles were everywhere.
I got into work, Building Maintenance at the time,
The 'phones never stopped.
I sent men out to view the hell
That the wind had produced.
Yet only eighteen died.

They tales they told were both horrific,
And funny.
They told of the rooves
They found on the ground,
Lifted from blocks of flats,
And laid to one side.
Of the tree that fell between
Two blocks, yet touched neither.
Of the greenhouse in the middle of the road,
All glass still intact.
Yet only eighteen died.

The saddest part of all

Was that the wind was salt laden,
It killed the colours of autumn
All over the borough.
So that day when we drove to the west
Was so very strange,
So very beautiful,
Because we drove into autumn.

The Game of Rugby Union.

What a match, what a match!
Onto the pitch they came,
The team in the Green Shirts,
The team in the White Shirts.
The whistle went,
The ball was kicked
And sailed into the air,
The match had started.
Those in green were undefeated,
Undefeated for twelve matches,
But that came to an end
When the whites came to Dublin.
They showed how to play the game,
Play the game with power,
Play the game with skill,
Play the game with a will to win.
And win they did
In a game of such magnificence.
Yes, England were the winners,
But the bigger winner was there as well,
The big winner was the game,
The game of Rugby Union.

New or Old.

In the shop window I saw the sign,
'New feels good'.
Yes, new clothes are good,
But old clothes are comfortable.

How Can It Be?

How can it be?
So many years ago we met
And our souls joined.
Our love for each other shines,
Shines through our eyes
As we look into our one soul.
So long together
But each day our love grows,
Grows stronger each day.
So much love we have,
We have for each other.
As we reach the twilight,
The twilight of our years, we know,
We know that our love is stronger,
So much stronger.
It devours us with joy,
The joy of being one with each other.
That love will still be with us
As our soul becomes Our Spirit,
And our love gets ever stronger.
How can it be?
It can be,
As this is love,
This is true love.

"Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies" Aristotle.

Lake Walking.

The sun blazed down on the white frosty track,
I walked through nature's wonder towards the lake.
There it was before me, the white bushes surrounding it.
I started my walk glorying in this beautiful morning.
There before me was a sign,
"DANGER! No swimming or paddling. Fear of drowning!"
I looked over the water and the thought came to me,
Drowning would not be an issue on a day like this
As the lake was solid ice,
And you could probably walk across it
And would be more likely
To die of exposure!

The Lady of Shallott Rises.

The curse had struck and she had died
Within that boat to Camelot,
She floated soft towards her dream,
That Lady of Shallott.

Her life went by, into pieces many
As she searched for Lancelot,
Yet the pieces were recovered now
For The Lady of Shallott

The pieces, in a box, came to me
Each one with a delicate slot,
For me to combine together well
To raise that Lady of Shallott.

The task was never ever easy ,
To get her back to Camelot,
But at last she was now restored,
The Lady of Shallott .

The pieces became as one together,
And I gave her back to Lancelot ,
I had completed the beautiful jigsaw,
Of The Lady of Shallott.

Darkness into Light.

The darkness was there within me
Suffocating my soul,
The stress of my life pulling me down.
Illness struck ,
Taking me further into the depths of despair.
The illness gradually passed
Leaving me so weak
That my strength seemed lost.
Then it happened,
I sang,
I sang with the Choir.
As each note left my body
It took the darkness with it.
My mind was clear once more
And my life was back into the light,
The light that music always brings.
My soul was breathing again
As music once more pulled me,
Pulled me up from the depths,
The depths of my suffering.
The light was there within me,
Showing the way forward once more.

Today Not Tomorrow.

We go through each day of our life,
Each day is different,
Each day has wonders to offer,
So enjoy each day today,
As tomorrow is not here yet.

My Granddaughter.

All her life I have known her
From that curly haired young baby
To the beautiful young lady she has become.
Her studying has taken her to France,
A place that calls to her so strongly.
Her studying will take her to Italy,
A place where I long to go.
A country full of art,
Full of opera.
We talk of her travels,
We talk of her wishes,
And all the time I am proud,
So proud of this young lady.
This young lady who gives me so much,
So much pleasure,
A young lady of whom I am so proud,
So proud to call her My Granddaughter

The Sixties, was I There?

Was I there in the sixties?
I can remember it, so some say I wasn't there.
But I can remember the great bands, the great songs.
The Beatles reigned but Elvis was King.
I was in the House where the Sun rose on The Animals,
Where Satisfaction of the Stones was missing.
Gerry walked with me so I was Never Alone,
The Searchers gave me Sweets which
Really Got Me into Something Good.
Tom found life Not Unusual
Until Lucy found the Diamonds.
The Vibrations were always Good on The Beach;
The Harem became Whiter in their Pale life.
The songs ended with Serge making love to Jane.

"I was there!" said my mate Joe
"The wars in Margate and Clacton!"
"Brighton sixty four, I was there!"
Mods and Rockers, clashing on the Beach;
And where was I, I was in the bar with friends,
Drinking beer and smoking Gauloise.
Dressed in my suit with the collarless coat;
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion.

Yes I remember The Sixties with love.
The time of my young manhood.
Times with good friends and laughter;
The bands, the dances, the girls.
The girls, always so sweet and me so coy;
Days of my innocence, a world always remembered
With fondness and love.

The change of the seventies where my life became serious

And was never the same, as marriage and children took over.
But still fashion had its price!
With my long hair, beard, pale grey bell-bottomed suit,
The white platform shoes, and of course the kipper tie,
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion?

Aging Crime.

Each day you get older,
And with each day life changes.
Youth passes so quickly
That you are soon into middle age,
And before you know it
Old age rears its head.
This feels like you are being punished,
Old age increasingly feels like a crime,
A crime that you did not commit.

The Moon of Love - FIBS.

The
Moon
Rises
Light shining
On our wondrous lives
Each life so different to others
Creating the joy of human life in all of us
When we move together in joy
Making peace our goal
And the moon
Leads us
In
Love

Saint Valentines Day Senryu.

Saint Valentine's Day,
My love for her has no bounds,
My beautiful wife

Birthday Valentine.

Such a special day,
The day of love.
The day when loved ones remember,
Remember their love for each other
Is boundless and endless.
From the time they met
Until forever,
That love will never die.
But for him,
For her,
It is a very special day
As it is the day of his birth.
That day remembered
When he arrived in this world ,
Only to meet her in his life,
So they became one soul,
Going forward to eternity.

Newspaper Chatting.

They sat at the table,
A couple of moderate years.
Coffee in front of them,
A newspaper before them,
Each of them.
They read, they looked up,
Looked up and chatted,
Then back to the paper.
Such an old fashioned sight,
Reading a newspaper
And then chatting to each other,
Not a mobile 'phone in sight.

Shadows to Light.

In this life I walk towards the light,
The light of my world is always there
As my days are filled with glory,
Filled with glory and wonder and love.
The glory of nature,
The wonder of art,
The love of music.
I always move forward into life's brightness
And never look back,
As I know that if I look back
The shadows of darkness are there,
And they are of times passed
But my life is into the light,
The light of my glorious future.

Smoke Filled Days.

Well that took me back,
Back many years of my life.
Three guys came into the coffee bar,
Got their coffee,
Went outside
And sat at a table.
As they sat down
Each reached into their pockets
And pulled out some cigarettes,
Once they were lit
They sat around chatting,
And drinking,
And smoking,
And that took me back,
Back to when smoking was the norm.
Walking into a smoke filled pub,
Thinking nothing of it
As I pulled out a fag
To go with my pint.
At work it was often the case
As I walked into an office
I could barely see across the room,
The smoke from cigarettes hid everyone.
Nowadays it is just not done,
But back then it was normal,
And those three guys reminded me,
Of those fun, smoke filled days.

Spring Starts.

There it was again,
It had been missing for so long.
The morning was still dark,
The sun still to rise,
But there it was again,
That first sign of spring.
The wonderful song of the robin
Heralding nature's symphony
To start this beautiful day.

Honour Unfounded.

They were elected to represent a party,
So surely if they leave that party
They need to be re-elected.
Most people vote for a party,
Not an individual,
So surely if they are honourable
They will resign their seat,
Enter an election,
By the people they represent,
To see who will win,
The individual,
Or the party.
But surely it is a long time
Since politicians
Were honourable.

Dance the Tango.

There they were on the dance floor,
Women with men,
Women with women,
Men with men.
All enjoying their dancing,
So free from troubled lives.
They were all people
Of one accord,
Who came together,
Came together,
To dance,
To dance the Tango.

Contentment.

Throughout our lives we seek it,
We seek that place where all is fine.
The road may be hard to travel,
Hills of troubles form before us
But those hills can be overcome,
And the experience of climbing them
Makes us so much stronger.
The bends in the road frighten us
But as we turn them we find
All is well as the fear is conquered.
Throughout our lives we seek it
And we will eventually be content,
As in life contentment is a gift,
A gift that is hard won,
But contentment will be there,
Be there for us all.

Contentment is a gift hard won.

Fear of Writing.

The blank page sits before me,
I don't know what to write.
I want to write poetry,
But don't know how.

Poetry comes from within,
Just let the thoughts of your mind
Flow with the feelings from your soul.
So many emotions are within you,
So many opportunities are around you,
Each of them needs words,
Words to flow onto the page.

Put your feelings into words,
Put your opportunities onto the page,
And those words from your heart and mind
Will fill the page with poetry.

Hairstyles.

In they came,
Woman, man and dog,
Sat down at a table.
Their coffee came,
I looked at them,
Just being nosey,
But then I had to look again.
The dog sat on the floor,
His hair seemed to be parted,
Parted in the middle of his head
And it flowed down the sides.
I looked up at the lady,
Her hair seemed to be parted,
Parted in the middle of her head
And it flowed down the sides.
I was so very strange
To see the lady and the dog
With the same hairstyle.

Our Choir.

There are so many characters who sing in our choir,
The basses are low but the tenors sing higher.
The leads sing the tune and take charge of the song?
The cream are the baris who never go wrong!

The sound rumbles round from voices so deep;
Is that noise thunder that's stopping us sleep?
No only the basses whose demeanour and voice
Are both far too low to make us rejoice!

Wavering so high above all the rest
The tenors let fly, thinking they're best.
Their voices can only reach to this height
As they pull up their trousers extremely tight

The leads supposedly take charge of the song
Why do they get it so often wrong?
Are they drowned by the rest singing too loud
Or don't they want to stand out in the crowd!

Amongst the dross of all other parts
A sound can be heard that can stir the hearts
Of all those who listen with an informed ear
The baritones singing loud, long and clear!

The Musical Director in front all alone
Attempting to get us to sing the right tone
One day will learn that he needs just to mete
Out, the time the chorus wants him to beat.

Time Lost in Words.

I sit with the page before me
And the words come tumbling out.
My mind, heart and soul
Are so full of them
That all else is forgotten
And I become lost,
Lost in the world of poetry,
Where time ceases to exist.
The words go on the page
From my never empty mind
Until I look up
And find that time has disappeared,
Disappeared onto the page,
With the words that I have written,
And needed to be there,
As these words need to be.

Mary Had a Little Lamb 7.

Mary had a little lamb
Its coat was rather dirty
As when she met the great big ram
She was always very flirty.

Into Eternal Life.

I look up to the night sky,
The stars look down,
Their brightness calls to my soul,
As they want me.

I will be with them one day,
With all my friends,
Who are with them before me,
Waiting for me.

I will then be looking down
Upon my friends,
Waiting for them to join me,
As I want them.

Together we will go on forever,
Into our eternal life.

Ministerial Anger.

Once more it has happened!
Our Minister 'phoned,
He asked the questions.
"How are you?"
"How is Joyce?"
I told him that things were bad,
Joyce's dementia was dreadful,
I was struggling.
But then he asked the question I was expecting!
"Can you help me with my Computer?"
I nearly told him where to stick his computer!
But no,
I gave him some advice.

I do wish for once he would ring
And just show concern for us,
But no,
He only wants me
To do something for him.
Does he not care for his people?
Is he so wrapped up in himself
That he cannot see the troubles
That are with others around him.
I thought Church Ministers cared!

The Vltava.

They spring from the mountainside,
Two separate lives that become one,
The river of life is formed.
Flowing through woods and hills,
Flowing through meadows,
Where nature's greenery salutes,
Salutes the life giving power
Of this magnificent waterway.
It flows into the night
And the moonshine reflects its wonder
As it allows the mermaids to dance,
To dance in its flowing majesty.
It goes on towards the sea,
The sea of life where we all meet
As our journey continues,
Continues for eternity.

Valley on the Hill.

So often we go there,
Go to the Garden Centre,
All the way **UP** the hill.
Walk around the shops,
Go in for coffee,
Write these words.
So often we are **UP** there,
UP ABOVE the river,
UP to that place,
That place they have renamed,
UP to that place now called,
The Valley.

Evil in Life.

In our lives we often find evil,
Evil in others,
Evil within ourselves.
If unrestrained that evil
Will cause so much harm.

That evil can be tamed,
As what is evil
Can be contained,
Can be contained within good,
And the good will show us,
Show us the way forward,
The way forward into love,
Into love and peace.

Flower.

I know I can do it,
I have the strength,
I can push through the darkness.
I make it I am free,
Up into the world I rise.
My head still covered
But the light is above me,
And soon I will see it.
The cover on my head splits,
My petals unfurl.
I look up at the beauty,
The beauty of the world around me,
Knowing that my bloom
Will stir the passion,
The passion in the heart of people,
And my life will be fulfilled.

Know Your Worth.

All of us sit at the table of life
Interacting with each other,
Interacting to ensure that our lives combine,
Combine into a bright fulfilling future.
We may argue,
We may agree,
But as long as the respect for each other
Can be seen to be fulfilled
We can be as one at the table,
We can move forward in life.
But it often happens in our lives
That one day respect stops,
Respect is no longer being served.
When that day happens
You must find the courage,
The courage to leave the table.

You must find the courage to leave the table
If respect is no longer being served

Jacques Loussier.

He's gone!
How could that be?
All my life I have known him,
His music pervades my life.
I have heard all his interpretations,
The classical composers
Were putty in his hands
As their notes were transformed
Into the glory of Jazz.
Bach and Mozart,
Handel and Schuman,
Ravel and Satie
So many composers,
So many variations,
As he brought the joy of jazz
Into my world.
I will miss him,
But his music will live on,
Live on in my life,
Live on for eternity.

Church Swansong.

Drove into Church this morn
To set up for the hymns;
And their awaiting at the door
A swan waiting to get in.

It joined the congregation
But wouldn't sing the song,
It must have been a mute you see,
Or might have got it wrong.

It came down to the choir
To listen to the row;
But didn't like it very much
So left without a bow.

The service neared completion
The plate was passed around,
The swan donated nothing
So it didn't hang around!

Living the Day.

Each day I am blessed,
Blessed as I get up,
Get up for the new day,
Each day so different.

There are bad days
Where all goes wrong,
But I do my best,
And all is well.

There are good days
Where all is well,
And life is beautiful,
Days that shouldn't end.

The bad days,
And the good days
Will always be there,
But each day is special
As I am alive,
And being alive is wonderful.

Dressing for Seasons.

Walking down the path,
Off to get my paper,
A lady came towards me,
As we passed
Good Mornings were exchanged.
She was dressed for winter,
Stout shoes,
Thick trousers,
Fur lined coat
With fur round her head
Almost covering her face.
There was me,
Normal shoes,
Normal trousers,
Short sleeved shirt,
Dressed in my normality.
I wonder,
Wonder which of us,
Which of us is mad.

Clickety Click.

Clickety-click,
Another year has passed.
Another year in your life
Where ups and downs lead you,
Lead you to a path of experience,
Where you become more at peace,
At peace with the love in your life,
That love of those around you
Showing their joy
In you reaching another year,
Another milestone,
Clickety-click.

Such a Sadness.

Such a sadness in my life,
Together for so many years,
Our love growing stronger each day.
Then it struck,
Struck out of the blue.
She was smitten,
My love was smitten with it,
With that damned awful dementia.
Each day it got worse
Until that day it happened,
That day when she disappeared,
My beautiful loving wife disappeared,
Disappeared into her own mind.
The occasional glimpse into our world
No longer there,
My lover has gone.
My love for her will never fail
As I vowed,
Vowed in sickness and in health,
That vow is so strong,
I will be with her forever,
Never betray her.
But I do wish
That she was still here,
Still here with me.

Watching Snooker.

The red ball goes into the pocket
The white stops behind the black,
The black is then struck by the white
It too goes into pocket,
Eight points are totalled.
The red ball goes into the pocket
The white stops behind the black,
The black is then struck by the white
It too goes into pocket,
One hundred and twenty points are totalled.
What happened to the other points?
The one hundred and twelve,
Those I seem to have missed.
Falling asleep can be such a pain!

Numbers in Life.

It is only a number,
There are so many of them.
Some are frightening,
But in the scheme of things
The one that you have reached
Is just a little one.
It may seem large to you
But many others have passed it,
They live their full lives
With humour and love
At many great ages.
Be sure that you will live your life,
Live it to the best of your ability.
This time in your life is just the beginning,
The beginning of the wonderful journey,
The wonderful journey into your future.

Beware!

Beware!

Beware, it is here,

That day of death,

That day of which he was warned,

Warned by the seer,

Warned that he would die.

Die he did,

So we must all be aware,

Beware the Ides of March.

You have been warned!

The Call of The Gold Cup.

In they came,
Smiles all over their faces,
Just stopping for coffee
Before going to their heaven,
Their heaven of Cheltenham,
Going there to see The Gold Cup.
They will watch it.
They may bet in it.
Cheer their horse on to win.
But I wonder,
I wonder if they will be in heaven,
Or will they be in hell,
When the race is over.

In Our Lives

In our lives we have so many emotions.,
The sadness can overwhelm us
Nothing seems to go right.
In those times I lose myself,
Lose myself in words,
Lose myself in music,
Lose myself in art,
Lose myself in nature.
There are so many things out there,
Out there where I can get lost,
And move from the darkness.

In our lives we have so many emotions.
And happiness is there within us.
It may not be seen
But it is there to be found,
Found in words,
Found in music,
Found in art,
Found in nature.
There are so many things out there,
Out there to bring happiness to life,
And move us into the light

Dispelling Myths.

We hear of them throughout our lives,
"That's not really true ? it's a myth".
There are so many of them around,
But today I dispelled a myth,
I proved that it was true.
I have always believed in the myth,
But today my life changed
As real knowledge was shown to me,
There is a bottom to it,
There is a bottom to the ironing basket!

Intimidating Senryu.

Obscure senryus

Call on the depths of the mind,

Intimidating.

Peace in My Life.

I walk along by My River,
The further I go
The more peaceful it becomes,
The more peaceful I become.
I come to that place
Where My River becomes My Spirit,
Where My River, My Spirit and I become one,
Where all is well,
And there is peace in my soul.
I know that that peace will always be there
Be there waiting for me,
Waiting until that time,
That time when I join My Spirit
And become one soul
Where the peace that I have found
Will be with me,
With me for eternity.

Aah Bach.

On this day he was born
Three hundred and thirty four years ago.
He is held in such high esteem.
He is held in wonder.
We talk of other composers,
Talk of the wonderful music
Given to us all.
We discuss it at length,
We listen to it forever,
But when his name is mentioned
Emotion fills my soul,
And all I can utter,
Is "Aah, Bach".

Set Her Free.

Where are you God?
Why do you punish her?
Why do you punish me?
She is so ill
Why not take her
As you did Jesus,
He is now in heaven
And she will be there,
If you take her to you.
I know Her Spirit is within her,
So Her Spirit will be free,
Free to go on in joy.
Her Spirit is trapped,
Trapped in her world,
Her world of dementia,
Getting increasingly more confined,
Set her free Lord,
Set her free.

The Boy Sat on the Burning Deck.

The boy sat on the burning deck
His feet were in the water
He saw a maiden swimming by;
It was the Captain's daughter.

She said "Come on down and join me,
I'm sure we'll have a lark"
He said "Not for all the tea in China,
You're being followed by a shark".

The shark looked up and said to him,
"Don't be scared of me,
Biting's not the thing I do,
As the teeth I have count three".

So in he dived beside the maiden
And swam along her side,
The shark swam up beneath them,
And took them on a ride.

The shark took them on his back
To beaches wide and far;
A common theme was on the sand,
They had a well-stocked bar.

The boy and girl tried all the drinks
Provided by new chums;
The shark went out to sea to eat,
Fish captured by his gums

They travelled o'er this great vast world,
To places far and wide;
These good friends went together,

Side by side by side.

The three went on for all their lives
Having so much fun;
'Til the last that was seen of them,
Was towards the setting sun.

Another Good Day.

I rise from my bed,
Part the curtains,
Look out,
Look out into my world.
The clouds float by
And reveal the moon.
The moon looks down,
Looks down on me,
Showing me that all is well,
All is well with my world.
I can now move,
Move into my day,
Knowing that all will be well,
Another good day.

Her Beautiful Smile - Senryu.

Her beautiful smile
Lit up the world around her,
But from a distance.

Saturday Nights Were Special.

Saturday nights were special,
Back in those far off days.
Those days of beer and darts,
And days of carefree ways.

Saturday nights were special,
Us three in suit and ties.
Drinking pints of Courage ale,
Three happy selfless guys.

Saturday nights were special,
For Joe and Jack and me.
Always found together,
Single and fancy free.

Saturday nights were special,
When we went to the club,
As a change from the norm,
Of drinking in the pub.

The club was for working men,
And Saturdays they held a dance,
As we walked in the bar,
We gave the room a glance.

The parents would grab their daughters,
As we looked round the room,
But we went in the men only bar,
And to the snooker room.

As we walked our slow way home,
Full of beer and song,
We would sing those songs of rugby,

With words both right and wrong.

We never caused any trouble,
During those endearing years,
Looking back to then from now,
To my eyes brings many tears.

Jack's gone to the pub in heaven,
And Joe went his own ways.
But Saturday nights were special,
Back in those far off days.

Shadow Across the Sky.

I walk the path of life
Not knowing where I go,
Only knowing where I've been.
I know there is a way before me
But that course is so elusive,
As elusive as a shadow,
A shadow across the sky.

Music in the Stars.

Who was this playing,
Playing into my soul.
Right from the first note
They had captured me
Into their amazing music.
She was so young,
How could she play so well?
Straight from her heart,
Into mine.
Then he played,
Chet was back,
Reincarnated in his soul.
Such wonderful music,
Just five of them
Producing this sound,
This sound of my heaven.
Time vanished.
It was over,
But it had only just begun.
But their music will never stop
As it is flowing,
Flowing into the ether waiting,
Waiting for me on that day,
That day when My Spirit rises
And joins the music,
The music in the stars.

Humour in Life.

There we were
Drinking our coffee.
I looked around the bar
And she said to me,
"Are you looking for another woman?"
"No" I replied,
"I don't want anyone else.....
.....I have enough trouble with you"
We both burst out laughing.
Humour is so important,
Important in our lives.

At Peace Once More.

Once more I am there
And My River is waiting,
Waiting to guide me along its Path,
The Path to My Spirit.
I arrive at its side,
A blackbird is there to greet me,
A friend to watch over me.
I walk beside the water,
The crystal clear water
Shining like a mirror,
So calm,
So wonderful,
Calling me to travel with it.
The noise of the town recedes
And I am at peace,
At peace with My World,
At peace with My River,
At peace with My Spirit,
At peace with My Self.

A Plethora of Sues.

It was her birthday,
She was eighty
So had to have a dinner party.
The hall was hired,
The caterers were hired.
In I walked with some friends
Anne was there to greet us,
She told us where we would sit,
And introduced me.
I knew one couple,
Sue and Graham,
But there were three unknown to me
Two were there
The third was late
But the two there were introduced,
Anne said "This is Sue. And this is Sue."
So on our table for six
Half were Sues.
We chatted and decided
That nobody could sit on the table
Unless they were called Sue.
Ingrid arrived
And we called her Sue,
And that is why
On this night,
Graham and I became,
The Men named Sue!

Gone for a Week.

Here I am alone in the house,
My Loved one is away for a week.
I can have a chance to relax,
No longer burdened
With looking after her all day,
All day, every day,
It is so hard.
Our love for each other will never fail,
But the strange thing is
That I do not miss her,
As the wonderful lady, my wife
Went away some time ago,
Even when she was by my side.

How Can I Fail?

How can I fail
With Calliope looking down on me.
The words form on the page,
Surrounded by music,
Surrounded by art,
These words just fall onto the page.

The music in my life
Has never stopped,
It has always been there.
The more I listen,
The more I realise,
The less I know.
So much music,
So little time.

The art that surrounds me
Leading me to explore
The beauty that has been created,
Created by others.
So many ways of touching my soul
As I look into the world,
The world of these people,
These people who put colour into my life.

Music leads to words.
Art made me write,
One work that touched me,
Showed me the way,
The way to write my feelings,
Those feelings within my soul.
Those words have never stopped.
My life is so full,

Full of music,
Full of art,
Full of words,
Full of love.

Stop and Look.

This life seems to move so fast,
We join the rush,
Rush to do what?
As we race through life
Things will be missed.
As age has slowed me down
I see so many things,
That I have missed in rushing,
Rushing during my life.
The beauty of the world around us
Is there for us to enjoy,
Stop a while and look,
Look at the glory in your life.
My life has changed,
Changed for the better,
As now I have time,
Time to stop,
To stop and look
At the wonders around me.
Those wonders are there for all,
Just stop and look.

Banter.

What a load of spheroids!
Banter should not be allowed
Not be allowed in the classroom,
That's what the paper said.
Some person said it is wrong
To have banter between teacher and pupil.
Has life at school changed that much?
It may have done,
As it is over half a century
Since I went to school.
Banter is important in life,
As you only banter
With people that you respect,
That respect is essential in our lives.
Banter can relieve the tension
That permeates our being,
Banter can make you smile,
It can even make you laugh,
And laughter is a great healer.
So banter on people,
Banter on.

Choices.

Each day we get up we have choices,
Every day is different
Depending on the choice we make.
I am happy though,
As each day I get up
I only have one choice,
And I chose it again today,
I chose life.

brexit warning?

They had to stop parliament,
There was a leak,
The members were getting wet,
Wetter than they normally are.
I wonder if this was a warning,
A warning from above,
A warning about brexit,
Just to tell them,
Tell them to stop
To stop pissing about!

Bin Man.

I've seen it all now,
There we were
Drinking our coffee,
Minding our own business,
When in he came,
This man.
Nothing odd about that
But it was what he was carrying,
He brought in a rubbish bin,
Not a new one, just bought,
But a dirty used one.
I wonder why?

The View from the Window.

There they were, two of them,
Laying in the hospital beds,
Both very ill, both bedbound,
Nearing their final breaths.
One by the window,
The other nearer the door.
When lunch was over the one by the window
Told of what was happening in the park
Which the window overlooked.
There were children frolicking,
Playing on the swings,
With mothers looking on,
Smiles over their faces.
Those who walked their dogs,
The dogs running around,
Chasing balls,
Chasing tails,
Chasing each other.
The old couples,
Slowly walking with each other,
Holding hands.
Once a week a cricket match,
Which the man described with skill
And with humour.
The sun was always shining
And always plenty going on.
The man by the door got jealous,
"Why shouldn't I look out of the window?"
He thought.
He became more frustrated and annoyed.
Then one day the man by the window passed
And went to the park in the sky.
The other man was moved to the window,

He struggled to sit up to look out at the park.
But what he saw surprised him
As all he saw was a wall.

Stopped.

There I was writing my words
When suddenly it happened.
Feet started tapping,
Hands started bouncing,
Big smile within my mind.
I stopped and listened,
Listened to this music,
This music that spoke,
Spoke to my soul.
Never heard it before,
But it thrilled me so much
That I wanted to dance.

Sad Spike.

There it lay before me,
The unopened book,
What treasures did it hold.
Written by a funny man
It must be full of wit,
To raise a laugh from me.
I started to read the words,
The words of poetry
Written by this Goon,
And as I read I was drawn,
Drawn deeper into sadness,
As this man who made me laugh,
Made me cry.
Not tears of laughter,
But tears of despair.
There it lay before me,
The unopened book,
Now read throughout,
Showing how sad
That this man of humour
Had been in his life.

Only a Dream.

Once in a dream I saw it
There before me,
My future life stretched out.
A life of love and peace,
Where all in the world
Showed kindness to each other,
And rancour did not exist.
All loved each other,
Helped each other
Without thinking of themselves,
Where aiding all was the norm.
Once in a dream I saw it,
Saw this wonderful life ahead of me,
But then again,
It was only a dream.

Something Missing.

Once more I arrived,
Arrived at the hotel.
Been there many times,
Doing business on the morrow.
Had dinner in the evening,
A couple of drinks,
Then to bed,
Need to be fresh in the morning.
Got up refreshed,
Had my shave and shower.
Now came the best part,
Down to restaurant
For breakfast.
Knew the hotel well
And knew what I would have.
Walked in and sat down,
A fellow business man was there,
A stranger to me,
Sitting at another table,
We nodded at each other.
I ordered my breakfast,
"Full English please,
Round of toast,
And some coffee".
After a little while
Two waiters returned,
Both with trays full of food.
One came to me,
The other went to the other man,
Plates before us,
This luxury on a plate.
I looked at the food before me,
And then almost in unison,

We both said,
"Where's the Black Pudding!"

Where Are You God?

She is getting worse,
Why are you hiding from us?
Where the hell are you?

God, are you not there?
Meant to be the God of love,
But not there for us.

Her dementia wins,
Beats God into submission,
Have you lost your strength?

If you are still there
Why do you not fill her mind?
Where the hell are you?

Slither Moon.

I look up into the night sky,
The slither of moon looks down.
I look at it and wonder,
Wonder if the love it shines on us
Increases as it grows in size.

The Foggy, Foggy Dew.

Many, many times I had heard the song,
During my many, many years.
I sang the chorus with the tune I knew,
Heard by someone through their tears.

I heard it in the winter time,
And in the summer too,
And the only, only words that came to my mind,
Was to sing of the foggy, foggy dew.

Many times over many years,
I knew the tune so well,
And would hum it all day long,
Until the night time fell.

The words they had evaded me ,
Until this day came true,
When I listened to these so sad, sad words,
That had kept me from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I heard them fill my soul with sorrow most sad,
Those words that mean much to me,
And every time I hear that so very mournful song,
It reminds me of what words can be.

Those words that tell of the wintertime,
And of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that the song was heard by me,
To remind me of the foggy, foggy dew.

Punctuality Spurned.

It happens all the time,
You wait for somebody,
You have made an arrangement,
An arrangement to meet,
Or to do something together,
But you are left waiting,
Waiting for them to arrive.
It is just one of those things,
One of those things in life.
Many people do it,
Do not turn up on time,
That is why I find,
Why I find that being punctual,
Can be very lonely.

For What More Could I Ask?

Our meal was over,
A meal I had cooked,
Cooked with love.
That love that had always been with us,
A love of so many, many years.
We sat and relaxed,
No chatter,
Just relaxed and at peace,
At peace in each other's company.
A glass of good wine was at hand,
And music was playing.
Then it came to me,
That thought,
That thought of how lucky I was.
The lady of my life sitting with me,
The birds singing to us
Through the open door,
A glass of Rioja close to hand,
And the saxophone serenading us
As Stan Getz enthralled us,
Enthralled us with his wonderful playing.
For what more could I ask.

Play.

Each day we need to play.

Day to play each we need.

We need each day to play.

Need we play to each day?

To play we need each day.

Play to each day we need.

Faithless.

I was always there,
Always at the Services,
The Services for Easter.
Maundy Thursday for the Last Supper,
Good Friday for the Crucifixion,
Easter Day for the Resurrection.
But my Faith has gone,
Why should I believe,
Believe in the God of Love
When my loved one is so ill.
Her dementia has taken her,
Taken her from me,
Taken her into a world of her own.
I have prayed,
She has prayed,
But she just gets worse.
Where are you God,
Are you just a myth,
A myth to control people,
People called Christians.

Are you there God!!!
"No answer!!"
Came the stern reply!

STUFF!

Before you read my poem I would like to thank you all for the wonderful support that you gave to me after my poem that I put on the site yesterday. MPS is so supportive and I am so glad that I have such wonderful friends on here, thank you all.

Take care

Andy.

STUFF!

It's everywhere,

STUFF!

We all have it,

STUFF!

We keep getting more.

It can be good stuff,

It can be bad stuff.

The world,

And my cupboards,

And loft,

And shed,

And garage,

Are full of it,

STUFF!

You can't get away from it,

STUFF!

Increasing all the time,

STUFF!

How much STUFF do you have?

Nominal Amnesia.

There is that person,
You know the face,
But what is the name?
They greet me
With a "Hi Andy, how are you?"
I respond "Hiya, I am fine, how about you?"
And all the time I am wondering
Wondering what their name is?
We chat for a few minutes,
Say our farewells and move on,
I still can't remember their name.
But at my time of life
I have an explanation,
An explanation given to me by a friend,
A friend whose name I don't remember,
I am suffering from nominal amnesia;

Now how is it I can remember that?

Mouth Full of Words.

We sat there drinking our coffee
When she said to me,
"I have a mouth full of words".
What a strange expression I thought,
I wonder what caused her to say that,
But the words just did not come.
She looked at me in silence,
Smiled and drunk her coffee,
Back into her own world,
Her own world of dementia.
She looked up at me,
Smiled,
Said "I love you",
Were they the words that had filled her mouth,
I wonder.

Two Faces of Joy

I arrive at the gates of heaven,
The Gods are there waiting.
"You need to answer two questions,
Two questions before entering" they said.
"OK what is the first one" I replied.
"Have you had joy in your life?" they asked.
I thought and looked back on my life,
The glory of the love from family and friends,
The wonder of walking with nature,
The sounds of music that permeates My Soul,
The ability to write these words.
So I answered,
"Yes I have had so much joy in my life,
For which I am so truly grateful."

Then they asked the second question.
"Have you brought joy into the lives of others?"
I thought and looked back on my life,
In that life I have tried my best,
Tried my best to help people,
Showed respect to all,
Helped the young to reach a better life,
Stood by friends who struggled within themselves,
Laughed with people,
Caused others to laugh,
Made others care.
"Yes, believe that I have given joy,
Given joy to others in my life."

"Come in" They said.

In the film "The Bucket List" the two men are sitting looking over the Pyramids of Egypt and one says to the other that the Egyptian Gods ask two questions before you can enter heaven

"Have you had joy in your life?"

"Have you brought joy to others?"

Life in Art.

Once more I stand in front of it,
In front of that picture.
It's only two girls,
Two girls and a Dove
But its wonder is a delight,
A delight to my eyes,
A delight to my heart.
The Dove has returned,
Showing all is well,
All is well in the world.
The artist has captured it,
Captured it in fine detail.
That detail speaks to me,
Shows me that in spite of any doubts
The world can be so wonderful,
As this artwork show to me.

Jelly Rolls Again.

Once again the smile was back,
Four guys sat there on the stage,
Four guys of "a certain age".
The clarinet sounded,
The piano, banjo and drums came in
And that smile was on my face.
We were in for a wonderful evening,
A wonderful evening of Jazz.
The sounds of Jelly Roll permeated my world
And the world of those around me.
Such wonderful sounds
From four men who loved their Jazz.
You could see it in their faces,
Feel their souls coming through,
Coming through their sounds.
A so wonderful evening,
One that will be in my mind
And in my heart forever.

Each Day I Arise.

Each day I arise into my future.
What will today bring?
It will be different from yesterday,
Different from every day before.
So many days have passed in my life,
Each one different.
The new day awaits me,
Waiting to give me a surprise.
Will this day be filled with joy?
Or will it be filled with sorrow?
It does not matter
As there will be another day tomorrow,
As each day I arise into my future.

Curry Goldiku.

The curry is cooked,
Turmeric rice on the plate,
Where's the Rioja?

Suited Times.

Two gentlemen walked in,
Gentlemen certainly.
Suits, shirts, ties,
Polished shoes.
The thought came to me,
That was me
A long time ago,
When work was on the agenda.
Now retired
Much more relaxed,
Suit and ties
Now only occasionally worn,
Only worn for funerals,
Unfortunately worn more often,
As friends and family are getting older,
And some being crossed off,
Crossed off the Christmas card list.

Weighty Dreams.

On the scales I got
To measure today's weight,
That can't be right I thought,
It was less than that yesterday!
Stood on them again,
The weight was different,
It was more!
So on I got again,
It was less!
Once more I got on them,
And again it was different.
Over the last weeks I had lost weight,
Lost weight every day,
But today was different,
The weight kept changing,
I wonder why.
I then found out why,
The weight I had thought lost
Was wrong,
The old batteries could not deal,
Deal with the unchanged weight.
The new ones did!
And once more I was back,
Back to the weight I have always been.
Are well ? I can dream.

New World Calls.

Exams were passed,
University place confirmed,
She was off into her world.
So much advice given her,
But the final words to her
Meant so much,
As she drove off
With those words,
Those words of her Mum
Echoing in her soul,
"Be yourself.
You are lovely".

Another Week Alone.

Another week alone.
My loved one gone away,
Away to a Care Home.
Respite Care they call it.
Respite for who?
Respite for her?
Not really,
She is in her own world,
Her own world of dementia.
Respite for me?
Yes,
As it gives me a chance,
A chance to replenish my strength,
My sanity,
Myself back to me.
It is so sad
To be away from her,
From the woman I have loved,
Loved forever,
But it is needed.
Dealing with it,
This f*****g dementia
Is so hard,
Coping is becoming almost impossible.

Why has it happened?
Happened to her,
One of the kindest of people,
Who has helped all others,
Helped them throughout her life.
She has praised God all her life,
But when she needs God,
The God of Christianity,

He is not there,
Does not answer her prayers,
Or those who pray to him, for her,
So where the f**k are you God?
Are you another myth of life
Forced upon us by others,
By those with money and power?
Is Christianity just politics,
Politics in disguise?

Another week alone
That before long
Will become permanent,
As her dementia claims her,
Claims my loved one,
Into a world of hers,
Where I don't exist.

Strange Awakening.

Each day I awake at dawn
And there to greet me
Is the glorious sound,
The glorious sound of a robin.
Its melodic chant touches me,
And shows me how lucky,
How lucky I am.
Today was different,
As I know each day is different.
The robin was silent
Until it was awakened,
Awakened by a raucous noise,
The raucous call of a rook.
So today, like every day,
Will be different,
As it started out that way,
Even before I arose.

Butterfly Mind.

Mind like a butterfly
Not staying long
On any one subject
Before moving on.

Mind like a butterfly?
I'll make a short list,
Of things to be done
And must not be missed.

Mind like a butterfly!
Where is the book?
To write these thing down
I'll just go and look.

Mind like a butterfly.
Just seen the paper
Come through the door
Will save it for later

Mind like a butterfly!
Must make the tea
Just fill the kettle
What's this I see?

Mind like a butterfly
Here is an email
Must read it first
It may tell a tale.

Mind like a butterfly
Nothing gets done
So why am I tired

When down goes the sun

Life is There.

All beauty is there before us,
We walk through our lives
Surrounded by the wonder of nature,
We may look at it,
But do you actually see it?

All beauty is there before us,
We flow through our lives
With music touching our souls,
We may hear it,
But do you actually listen?

All beauty is there before us,
We walk through our lives
Surrounded by the beauty of art,
We may look at it,
But do you understand it?

All beauty is there before us,
We flow through our lives
With words sitting on the page,
We may read them,
But do you know what they mean?

Life can be a mystery,
These things are there for us,
But we must not just look,
Or hear,
Or read,
We must understand,
Understand the wonder of life,
It is there for us all.

Loves Light FIBS.

A
Day
Where love
Shone brightly
Ever brightening
Into a world of loving peace
Never failing us
Always light
Never
Dark
Times

My Wonderful World.

I walked through the woods
In harmony with nature's glory.
I looked ahead and saw the beauty,
The beauty of the trees,
So many colours unseen by many,
But to me the wonder of nature
Coloured my life.
I looked up
And the light shone,
Shone through the branches
Sprinkling light throughout my life.
The wonder of nature's art
Complemented by the sound,
The sound of nature's symphony,
That music of life
Bringing glory to my world
Enough for me to write these words.
So my life is fulfilled,
Fulfilled with art,
With music,
And with words,
My Wonderful Life.

For Michael Edwards.

Satisfaction in Life.

It was so difficult,
I have done them before,
But this one took twice as long.
All are complicated,
All are intriguing to do.
This one was different,
I was still intrigued,
But struggled all the time.
And then that time came
When I put the last piece in,
The last piece in the jigsaw.
The sense of achievement overwhelmed me,
So hard to complete,
But so very satisfying when done.
I was so pleased,
So proud,
The jigsaw was now part of me,
It was in my mind,
In my heart,
In my soul.
Satisfaction was mine to behold,
Satisfaction in life.

Peaceful Buzzard.

I hear the plaintiff call above,
I look up and see the bird,
The wide outstretched wings
Allowing the bird to float in circles
So placidly around the sky
Looking down at the world.
The thought comes to me,
I could do that,
Just float in peace
Looking down at life.
Yes that is what I want to be,
I want to be a buzzard.

God and Religion Again.

I was sitting on my cloud
Just thinking about religion,
God swept by,
Saw me and came back.
"Can I sit with you?" he asked,
"It's allegedly a free heaven,
So you can do what you like!"
"You're in a bad mood" he said,
"So would you be" I replied,
"My loved one is ill,
We go to Church to pray for her,
You know the Christian way,
But nothing happens,
She just gets worse"
"Well it could be lies" He said,
"What do you mean lies" I asked,
"Do you believe in God?" he asked,
"Of course I do;
Otherwise I wouldn't be speaking to you!"
"Yes that's right,
You know I exist,
But I am Your God,
Your Spirit"
"Yes, that goes without saying,
I know you are there
And I will be with you until the end"
"Have I ever promised you anything
Anything to help you?" he said
"No your haven't,
You will be with me
And I with you,
But nothing else has been promised,
Just us being as one forever"

"There you are then,
It is not me that is the problem,
It is the belief that the Christian God,
The father of Jesus can help you"
"So Christianity in its power to help all
Is a myth?"
"Yes, it is a myth created by men,
You know those men who believe,
Believe that there is money in it,
Money in it for them".
"I suppose that you are right,
All the money that the Church has
They keep for themselves
To buy treasures
Allegedly for the worship of you!"
"I don't want treasures
I want reality,
As you now realise
Money and power lead to distress,
Lead to greed,,
Lead to anger
Lead to war".
"So what should I do?" I asked,
"That's up to you" he said
"But one way would be to leave,
Leave the idea that Christianity
Or any man contrived religions are worthy,
Worthy of your support,
And step into a new world,
A new world of reality"

"Now that's an idea!" I replied,
"Reality for all would work".

"Only if those in power let it".
God replied as he sailed away.

Wordiku One

Abominable

Oversimplification

Obligatory.

Ordered Serenity.

The new week started
In the chaos left over,
Chaos left over from the previous week.
But order prevailed,
Prevailed by those,
Those who new what they were doing.
So all was right in the world once more,
And life continued in its serenity,
Its ordered serenity.

Raindrop.

The window was in front of me,
I looked out and stopped,
Stopped and looked at the raindrops,
The raindrops on the window.
Each one so still,
Each one unique.
I looked into one and saw its world,
The world from which it came.

Born of mist,
Mist risen from the sea,
Rising into clouds
As they formed in the sky.
Those clouds sailed over the earth
And gathered,
Became thicker,
Until that mist came together,
Came together to form drops.

Those drops fell from the sky,
They landed on the earth,
And one landed on a window,
Landed on a window for me to see.
I looked at it,
I looked in it,
And found it's world,
It's world sitting there before me.

Chet Blow Your Horn.

He was taken from us,
This man of music.
So much joy he gives me
Even though he is not of this world,
His sounds live on forever.
A sound so compelling,
So compelling to me
That he has never died,
And will always be with me.
Chet may not be with me in body
But his Spirit is within me
Every time I hear him play,
Hear him blow his horn,
That sound will never die.

Winning Belief.

You hear about God throughout your life,
The way God is always with you,
Will help you through the hard times.
God will be waiting for you
As your Spirit rises from your body,
When your time on Earth is over.

But what if you don't believe?
Don't believe in God.
It is therefore possible
That you arrive in heaven
Realise that you are wrong,
And become a winner,
And a believer.

Dame Janet.

Her voice sends shivers down my spine,
This lady of music,
With a voice so pure that is stirs my soul.
Her life was filled with music
That she shared with all,
Until that day,
That day when she sang Mahler,
And never performed again.
Her retirement was unknown
Until that night,
When she walked off the stage
Never to sing for us again.
But her voice is there forever,
As it sails through the ether,
Still stirring my soul
Into absolute joy.

Smoking in Time.

Blimey! That takes me back,
Back to those days of old,
Those days when smoking was the norm.
I was there,
Smoking myself to death.
Golden Virginia was my choice,
Rolled into thin cigarette paper,
Enjoyed with coffee
But more enjoyed with a pint,
A pint of fine ale.
How could you have a pint
Without a cigarette as well?
Well today took me back,
Back to those more innocent times
As I saw this man,
This man roll his cigarette
Ready to smoke
As he left the coffee bar.

That Clock.

Tick,
The pendulum swung.
Tock,
Back it came.
Tick, tock
It continued,
As it has
For all my life.
That clock,
Sat on the wall,
As it always has
For as long
As I have been alive.
That clock
Is part of me,
And the tick
Of that clock
Is the heartbeat,
The heartbeat
Of the house.

Back in the Day.

Back in the day,
So many years ago
We danced to it,
To that song,
To that group,
That even today
Makes my head nod,
As it did
When we faced each other
On the dance floor,
Heads rocking each side
Of each other's
To the beat of the song.
So fast,
So loud,
So wonderful.
Every time it happens
If I hear Status Quo,
A smile comes on my face,
A quiver comes to my soul,
As I remember those days
When we danced for hours,
To the sound of 'Quo.
Back in the day,
So many years ago.

As I write these words
I can feel tears inside me,
Tears of emotion
Of times long passed,
When all was well,
And times were good.
Back in the day,

So many years ago.

Wine for Water.

Into the pan the butter goes,
Melts away.
Olive oil added,
In go the onions
Fried to softness,
In goes the meat,
In go the spices,
The stock cubes are added,
Followed by the wine.
Of course the wine
In all cooking,
The rest does not matter,
That wine added
Has already been tested,
Tested by the tasting method.
If the wine tastes good
It is good enough to use,
To use in the meal.
So remember this in cooking,
Never use water,
Where wine will do

A Night at the Opera.

The hero struts on stage with a swagger,
This handsome, charming man opens his mouth
And a sound of such indomitable beauty
Fills the house and my mind.
I am transported into the world of opera,
All other thoughts disappear,
As the music permeates my body and soul.
The heroine appears and a sound of such power
Amazes me as it is done with no effort.
How can they do this, produce this music,
So powerful, so beautiful and so fulfilling to me.

Wonderful Evening.

All was quiet,
The early evening was upon us.
My lover was sitting quietly,
Almost asleep,
So to the conservatory I went.
Put on the gentle sound of Chet
And sat down at my puzzle.
The joy of those few minutes so profound,
Just me, Chet, my puzzle and the evening,
A beautiful evening.
In my own world,
A world lost from normality,
The normality of my life,
My life of living two lives,
Mine and my lover's dementia.
A rare evening,
Such a rare time,
Such a wonderful evening.

Obscurity Goldiku.

Obscure Senryus,
Emotionally untrue,
Abominable.

Pretty.

What is it about it?
It is another jigsaw,
So enjoyable to do.
But that picture
Emerging before me
Draws me into it,
It captivates me.
The mind of the artist
Pulls me,
Pulls me into her world,
Her world of fantasy
Which intrigues me.
The puzzle is completed
Only to leave behind
That puzzle in my soul.
What is it about this picture?
This picture that has captivated me,
Captivated me into the mind,
The mind of the artist.

Manna from the Oven.

I know I shouldn't do it,
But it is compelling.
I keep on saying to myself
I must not do it,.
I must not make it
But sense leaves me
And I am pulled in,
Pulled into doing it.
I know I will regret it
But the taste when it is made
Is so good.
It takes time to prepare it,
Little time to cook it,
Even less time to eat it.
But I fell into the trap again
And made this manna,
This manna called ciabatta.
It does not last long!

Aiming for Dreams.

In life we have our aims,
Those aims lie in front of us.
We may think them high
But if we set our aims low
And achieve them with ease
Life will become boring.
Always set your aims high,
And throughout your life
You will progress to new heights,
As you rise towards your dreams.

World in the Sky.

Sitting in the garden,
Beautiful sunlit day.
I looked up,
The pale blue sky so clear,
The white clouds
Sailing gently below the blue,
So many different shapes.
Then I saw it,
I saw Australia,
Painted white.
Then strangely two more clouds,
Smaller, that were New Zealand.
The wonder of nature and imagination
Can create the world within us,
Create the world for us to see.

Work Again?

I look out the window
Down onto the street
I saw her
Saw this lady walking
Walking to work
Then a car drove by
Somebody else
Off to work

The thought came to me
That I used to do that
Used to get up and go to work
A feeling of nostalgia came over me
Of times when working was my life
Those times of meeting colleagues
We could have a laugh
But the work came first
All helped each other
As problems occurred
Times of camaraderie
And respect for each other.

Now as I think
And watch people go to work
Would I go back to work
The answer came
No I would not
Retirement is treating me well
Being able to do what I want to do
And do it when I want to do it
This freedom is priceless

Thinking of work is nostalgic

Being retired is so much better

Hippopotamus.

I was walking down the street,
Glancing in the shops,
When I saw it,
Saw it in the window,
The window of a charity shop.
I thought it was wonderful,
But can I justify buying it.
So I walked passed
With the thought,
If it is there next week
I will buy it.
So along the street I walked,
Came to the shop,
And there it was.
So I went in,
Bought it,
And now I am the proud owner,
Of a carved wooden hippopotamus .

New Direction.

Along the path I travel,
The way ahead is clear,
I see the final corner,
The end is very near.

I walk around the corner,
Fulfilment in my mind,
The path that I had followed,
Was not what I should find.

The path was blocked in this life,
A new path to be found,
My life's direction will change,
New glories WILL abound.

Young of Age.

Who was that!
This young blonde haired lady.
What was she doing here,
Here at the Jazz club.
Never seen anybody that young
Sitting in the audience,
She must have lowered the average age,
The average age of the audience,
Lowered the average,
By about three days.

Up With the Lark.

That show in the night
Comes back in the dark
But as night finishes
I am up with the lark.

From Darkness to Light.

The black days are upon us,
Those times when all goes wrong,
But look ahead and see.

The grey days fill us with fear,
Where do we go from here,
Look ahead and see it.

The white days are upon us,
All is well in our lives,
It has been found.

Where once there was darkness
Now there is light,
And no matter how bad life appears
That light will never fail.

I Sit at the Table.

I sit at the table ? alone.
My loved one away for a week
To give me a rest,
A rest from her dreadful dementia.
It is so hard,
She is in a world of her own
Where I almost don't exist.
I do everything for her,
I lead two lives,
And the second one
Is so exhausting.
No rest, day or night
So these days alone
Help me to recover,
But here on Saturday evening,
The meal prepared as usual,
I sit at the table ? alone.

The Senses For This Site.

I see the glory of the world around me.
I hear the wonder of music in nature.
I taste the glory the fruits in my life.
I smell the beauty that the world can give.
I touch the softness in all creatures.

I love the senses that are mine.
I love the world that they feel.
I love the friends in my world.
I love the glory of my family.
I love the support from you all.
Thank you my friends,
My friends on My Poetic Side.

Continuing Life.

I look up to the sky
Passed the clouds,
Passed the sky,
Into the heaven beyond.
The place where I came from,
The place where I will be,
As this brief span on earth
Is but the blink of an eye
In the life that I have lead,
The life that I am leading,
And the life I will lead.
As my journey of life
Continues in the light,
Continues in joy,
Continues in love,
Continues towards infinity,
All will be glorious.

Nature's Canvas.

I sit upon the hill
And there all around me
I see natures beauty,
I see the greens of the fields,
I see the browns of the trees.

I look up to the sky,
And there all above me
I see the blues of the sky,
I see the whites of the clouds

With such wonderful beauty surrounding me.
I sit there and realise,
Realise that I am so lucky,
So lucky to see it all,
All of Natures artwork,
Shown to me
On Nature's vast canvas,
For my absolute enjoyment.

Mary had a Little Lamb 14.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was full of muck,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to frolic.

Memory Lost.

I remember those times,
Those special times
When together we explored,
Explored our world together.
Walking the Dales,
Just us and nature,
And our love for each other.

Listening to music,
Going to the opera,
Going to the ballet,
Our love for each other shining.

The concerts in which she sang
And I looked at her,
With her voice sailing towards me
With the love,
The love that never dies.

I remember that special day
When she walked down the aisle,
Walked towards me,
This beautiful lady,
My lady.
And forever we have been one,
One soul full of love.

I remember all these things
And tell her of them,
As she does not remember.

Coffee Sir?

The question often gets asked,
How would you like your coffee?
I like it the simplest of ways,
Although I can drink coffee
Anyway it is set before me.
With or without milk,
With or without sugar.
But my preference has always been
Without sugar,
And without milk.
But my absolute favourite
Is to have my coffee
Without sugar,
And without cream.

The Light of Music.

It was one of those moments
When all was not well.
It could be emotive,
It could be physical,
But my world was at a low.
Then it happened,
That piece of music played
Sending joy into my mind,
And glory into my heart.
All was well,
All was better.
That is the power of music,
It can drag me from the depths,
The depths of despair,
Into the light of my world.
The music in my world
Is so varied, so wonderful,
From jazz to classical,
Country to opera,
Folk to ballet.
So much music out there
All waiting to be played,
To be played for me,
And to keep me in the light,
The light of my world.

Does Size Matter.

Into the showroom I went
Looking at the cars
All pristine and shiny,
Then I saw it ,
A car that intrigued me.
It was just a car,
A modern type of car,
The ones that are getting ever bigger.
I looked in it,
It was so big.
The thought struck me,
If I sold my house
I could live in this car.
Why are cars so big now?

Michael's Artistic World

Once more art has struck me down.
The picture appeared before me
And I stopped,
My life stopped and I was drawn in,
Drawn into the world of the artist.
I looked into the picture,
The longer I looked
The further my mind became part,
Part of the wonder,
The wonder of the art.
I left my real world and I walked,
Walked into that dream,
That dream created,
Created by the artist,
That creation became my dream,
My dream of beauty, peace and wonder.

Who Am I - FIBS.

I
Am
I am
I am me
I am that person
I am that person who is me.
Am I that person?
Am I me?
Am I?
Am
I?

Transported from Reality.

I get transported so easily
Transported from my normality
Into a world of beauty
A world of wonder
A world of surrealism
All it takes is a note that I hear
Or the stroke of paint on canvas
And I can be in another world
A world of wonder and beauty
That is what my life can do
When I listen to music
Or look at art
I get transported into another world
Where life is sublime.

That Wonderful Place.

The week had been hard,
No let up from the caring,
The caring of my loved one,
But tonight I was going out,
As I do each week,
Going out to the choir.
The carer arrived
And off I went,
My loved one still in my mind.
The choir assembled
The first notes were sung.
Then it happened,
I was transported,
Transported into a new world,
A world of music and words,
Where all was well,
Where I was well.
Gone to that wonderful place
Where singing carries me
And troubles no longer exist.
Like a flash it was over,
Two hours gone in a moment.
But as I went home
I was uplifted,
Maybe only for a short time,
But that feeling was wonderful.
It is the thing that singing can do,
It can take you to a different world,
Where life is beautiful,
And all is right in my world.

Imagination Managing.

Can you imagine
An imaginary menagerie,
Is that imaginary menagerie managed?
Managed by a manager,
Or managed by an imaginary manager.
Do imaginary menagerie managers exist,
Or do we just imagine them?
Even if we imagine them
Do we know what they do?
Do they actually manage them,
Manage imaginary menageries?
Do imaginary menageries exist?
Or do you just imagine it,
Do you imagine that,
Imaginary menagerie managers,
Manage imaginary menageries?

Lady Lost.

She sits in her chair
Lost in he own world,
I glance at her,
The love of my life,
But she is not there.
She then turns and smiles,
She is back for a moment,
But that moment is gone,
Gone in a flash
As her world takes her,
Takes her from me,
This lady who I love.
That love is still there
And always will be,
But the lady that I once loved
Has gone,
Gone into her world,
Her world of dementia.

Hitchhikers Guide.

Driving along the roadway
With joy in my heart,
A man was there before me
Looking rather smart.

His thumb he held asunder
Looking for a gift,
I had no need to hurry
I gave him a lift.

We chatted with each other
As through miles we sped,
We spoke about our lifetimes
Many things were said.

He then asked a question
Which had come to mind,
"What if I were a killer
Of the serial kind?"

"That would be so unlikely"
I said with a smirk,
"Two serial killers in the car
Would not really work!"

Past and Future - Tanka.

On top of my hill
I look down into my life,
I see all was good.
I look up to the future,
And see all is wonderful.

Word Struggle.

Into the workshop she strolled.
This elegant lady of moderate years.
She saw the man with her saucepans
And the molten metal to put on them.
She spoke to him in an eloquent voice,
"Are you copper bottoming them, my man?"
He replied in his workman like accent,
"Na, I'm aluminiuming 'em, ma'am

Life's Choices.

Life throws so many things at you,
We have no choice in what comes to us
But what we do have is a choice,
A choice of how to deal with it.
So deal with it in your own way
And move on to a better life,
As life is always the better way.

Modesty? Moi?

"You are so clever" My wife said,
How could I argue with her,
So I just smiled and said "Of course."
"I am so lucky to have you" she replied,
I wouldn't disagree,
So I said "Of course you are".
"And you are so modest" she sighed,
"No I am not" I replied,
"With qualities like mine,
I do not need modesty"

Word Choice.

The blank page lays before me,
It gives me so many choices.
I could always write this word,
Or I might even write that word.
This or that,
What choice shall I take?
Which one will enhance my life?
This or that?
Or shall I take the other?

My Spirit.

Each day I wonder,
I wonder about god.
I know my god, My Spirit,
Is always with me.
It is not the god of religions,
It is the force within me,
That force that holds me,
Holds me within myself,
Within My Spirit,
My Spirit
Who has been with me
From Infinity,
And will be with me
To Eternity.

Miracles Exist.

They say miracles never happen
But once more a miracle has happened,
A miracle has come into my life.
It sits their ignored,
I walk passed it as the fuller it gets,
Until it happened,
That miracle had happened.
Something came over me,
This feeling of guilt.
I needed a miracle to help me,
And it came,
And I did it.
I can now look at it in satisfaction,
And report to you all
The ironing basket is empty,
Now what a miracle that was!

Art into Words.

The artwork stands before me,
What do I see?
I see a world of colour in the life of the artist,
The dark times being hidden,
Hidden in the brightness surrounding them.
I look deeper into her world
And the darkness pulls me in,
Pulls me into the blackness that went before,
Maybe times of sadness,
Or of grief,
But they are being covered by the lightness
As her life moved on into its glory.
The sparks of light come through
To show that her world now has light,
And the light will increase
As her life moves on from the dark,
Into the light of life,
Where peace, happiness and love,
Especially love,
Will be with her forever.

Two Brothers.

As kids we played together in the home,
A home where sport was watched ,
Then played at school.
A home that gave us our love of music.

We went to the same school,
Where our love of sport was enhanced.
I went onto play tennis and hockey for the school,
But my brother went other ways.

We always competed,
He won at squash,
I won at badminton,
But tennis was a lottery.

We would book a two hour slot
And hammer the ball at each other,
Trying to win at all costs,
But over the years it became a draw.

I went on to play tennis for county,
Cricket for local clubs.
Thirty plus years playing table tennis
For club and town, a sporty life.

He went on to go to concerts,
Listening to bands of high renown.
Everywhere he went to follow
The bands of his joy.

In work we went our different ways.
Me into science,
He into engineering,

Working all our life.

Our chosen careers changed during the years,
But at the end they ended up near the same.
Mine as a computer analyst,
His as a computer engineer.

Both now retired,
We are closer than we have ever been.
But where I listen to music and write words,
He rides his bicycle for miles and plays golf.

It seems odd to me that in old age
That the sporty one, became arty,
And the one that went to concerts,
Became sporty.

Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry?

What colour is that lorry?

It is a red lorry.

But what about the other lorry?

That one is a yellow lorry.

Are you sure it is a red lorry?

Or a yellow lorry?

Or are they a red lolly,

Or a yellow lolly?

That Day When.....

I sit here and look back,
Look back at our wonderful life,
Our wonderful life together.
In each others arms for so many years,
Those times of joy walking the Dales
Where life was so green,
And our wonderful life was before us
Travelling the country both north and south.
The happiness being with our children,
Enhanced by our grandchildren.
Such wonderful times
Until that day,
That day when that word came,
Came into our lives,
Dementia!

All things changed
As that word attacked my lover,
Taking her brain and memories,
Taking her thoughts and feelings
Into her own world,
Her world where no one can enter.
The spark of love is there,
Her love for me.
My love for her will never fail,
But my lover has gone,
Changed into a person
Where context means nothing,
Where mood swings exist
That were never there.
I now live two lives
Doing everything for her.
Where once we shared our tasks

It happens no more,
Her mind has gone to another place,
A place where she can do nothing,
And I have to do it all.

It has been so long since normality
Where I could do things for me,
My strength of body
And my strength of mind
Is weakening,
I try not to show it to her
But each day it gets harder.
I am trapped in her world,
Her world of dementia,
But the one thing that will not fail
Is my love for her.
My love for her will go on
Even if it gets to that day,
Which may be with us soon,
Where she does not know me,
But I will love her still.

Gutter Gardening.

Bang!
Want was that?
Thud!
Another one!
And again.
Into the conservatory I go
And look up.
There in the roof gutter
A blackbird is gardening.
Thud!
There it goes again,
As he removes moss
From the gutter.
And drops it
Onto the glass roof.
There is now so much there
I can barely see out
The conservatory roof!
Don't you just love nature!

Escaping From Reality.

Sometimes in this life you try to escape,
Escape from reality, into a better imaginary world,
And an imaginary life,
A place where problems cease to exist.
Your life goes on so smoothly,
Everything comes to you without effort,
Every question answered without thought.
This is not real; it is an illusion!
In reality you need to play the cards
That life has dealt to you;
Sometimes in life you win,
Sometimes in life you lose.
But always remember,
That win or lose,
You are still in the game.

Wordiku Two

Mathematical
Superficiality,
Unbelievable.

FROM the New World!

Why do they do it?
This wonderful piece of music
Is so often mistitled by people!
His ninth symphony,
Dvorak's last symphony
Is so often called "The New World Symphony".
It is not called that!
It is entitled "FROM the New World".
Am I just being a pedant once more,
I don't think so,
As the music was taken from the new world,
That New world that he travelled.
I do wish people would honour Dvorak,
And call it by the correct name.
"From the New World".

The First Move.

There are many of them in this world,
You see them every day.
They seem fine,
Many smile and greet you,
But what we do not know
Is how they really are.
They return to their homes
And sit there alone.
The people in their lives have gone,
Maybe moved on to another world,
Or moved on to another place.
So these lonely people are just that,
Lonely.
If only they could realise,
Realise that others can be there for them,
Others who too may be alone,
But they too just sit at home,
Sit ensconced in their loneliness.
The world is full of lonely people,
Lonely people waiting,
Waiting for someone,
Someone to make the first move,
If you are alone,
Will you make that first move?

Strange Friend.

Each day you see them
And maybe wonder about them.
Are they good?
Or are they bad?
You may just walk passed them
Not knowing who they are.
But those people are all around you,
Strangers?
You wonder who they are,
But strangers are friends,
Friends that you haven't met yet.

But Worse Than That.

Such a sad state of affairs,
He was going deaf,
His hearing would be gone,
No longer to hear his music.
Music was his life,
His passion.

But worse than that,
His working life
Was going to go.
Teaching music needed to be heard,
But this he would have to leave.

But worse than that,
He was told
'Teaching does not matter!'
"All we need is a person,
A person to sit in front
Sit in front of the class
And keep them in order;
Teaching them does not matter!"

This to a man whose passion for music,
Passion for teaching was paramount.
But those in charge are all the same,
They just do not care,
As long as there is no rancour,
No rancour in the classroom,
Those in charge have done their job,
There was no trouble in the school.
But there was no teaching either!

Missing You.

"I miss you" she said,
As I walked into the care home.
"I miss you as well" I said.
My lover has missed me for a day,
But with me it is different,
For me it has been months,
Even years,
When my loved one became trapped,
Trapped in her own world.
She had gone,
Gone into that world of dementia,
A world I could not enter.
So yes I miss her,
Miss the lover that she once was,
She no longer exists.
So I often wonder
Where she is,
She is no longer within my world,
Not the woman that I married
So many years ago.

Musical Brass.

I look around me,
Look at the faces of the people,
The people watching the performance,
They are all enraptured, enlightened.
The band is playing,
Their glorious sound engulfs them,
Engulfs me.
As they play
I am lifted into another world,
A world of beautiful music.
A feeling of wonder comes over me,
The hairs on my body rise,
Goosebumps come all over me
As the music permeates my soul.
I am lost in that glorious world
Where the brass shines through me
With the sound of their notes.
Again I look around,
I find the others too are in my world
As the brass band plays,
Plays through their souls,
Into ours.

A Game of Tennis.

Here I am again sitting high in this chair
Looking down on these two white clad ladies.
Oh no! One of them is the screamer,
That Sharapova woman.
Why does she do it,
Is she in such pain.
Here we go then.
Thwack! Fault!
Thwack! Thwack ? scream! Thwack!
"Fifteen love" I announce.
Why fifteen, surely it should be one!
Thwack!
Here we go again. Why do I do it?
I sit in this chair, as I have done for years.
Watching the ball go from side to side,
Thwack ? scream!
It normally goes in, but sometimes it's wide
And then it can be fun
If they disagree with the call.
Thwack!
I remember back to the time
When "You cannot be serious!"
Was shouted by that curly haired youngster.
Thwack ? scream!
"Fifteen all".
A man of great talent but a big mouth.
"Thwack!
Thwack ? scream!
I am sure that scream is getting louder,
And others do it now.
The Williams amazon does it,
But only when she is in trouble.
Thwack!

"Thirty, fifteen"

Wonderful player is Serena,

But she frightens me.

So powerful, so unforgiving,

But after the match all is sweetness and light.

Thwack! Thwack ? scream! Thwack!

"Forty, fifteen"

I must stop doing this soon,

The matches are no longer elegant

As the used to be,

Back in the days of Maria Bueno and her like.

Thwack!

And I am starting to go back into the past,

I've being doing this for too long now,

And my mind wanders.

"Game, Miss Navratilova!"

Clarity Resumed.

I sit by My River,
I look into its crystal clear water
Which mirrors the clarity,
The clarity I wish I could find,
Could find within my mind.
As I look I see flecks of dust
Passing by,
Passing as if it were my thoughts
Leaving my mind,
Leaving my life.
The more I look
Bigger pieces start flowing,
Flowing by,
Taking my concerns away,
Away from my mind,
Condemned into another place.
A large piece of the world goes passed
Taking many worries from me.
I look back into my mind
And I find that clarity of thought,
All now seemed well,
My River had cleared my thoughts.
My River and I were back,
Back with My Spirit.

Two Drivers.

Driving happily along the road,
Listening to Chet Baker,
Life was good.
A new beat came into the song.
As I drove along
The louder it became,
That is not in time I thought,
Surely it is wrong.
But no the beat was there,
Beating its own time,
Getting louder and louder.
Chet always plays in time,
So why not this time?
Is it a bad recording?
The beat was getting louder
And then all became clear,
As I passed the pile driver
At the side of the road
Beating its own time.

Chatterbox.

We were sitting drinking our coffee,
Three young ladies came in,
Bought their coffee,
And sat at the table,
The one next to ours.
Then it started,
They started talking,
I say they,
I meant one.
And talk she did,
So loud I heard every word.
She went on and on and on,
Her voice so penetrating.
The other two just sat there,
Waiting for an edgeways,
To get a word in.

Guilt Ridden.

I feel so guilty,
My loved one needs care,
More care than I can give.
I have given my all
And now I am suffering,
Suffering because I love her.
I have given her my all
And it is running out,
The tiredness is overwhelming
Taking my life from me,
That life which I have given,
Given to her
The most wonderful person in my world.
But she has changed,
Changed when dementia assaulted her.
I do everything for her
As she cannot do it herself,
And each day it gets harder,
And I get more and more tired,
Living one life can be hard,
Living two lives is impossible.

That time has come,
That time when my lover must go,
Go into a care home
Away from me.
She is already in her own world
And she has left mine,
The love of my life is no longer there.
My love for her will never fail,
I will always love her
And I know that we will meet,
Meet and be together again

When Our Spirits become one,
Become one once more,
As we sail together in our love
To infinity,
To infinity and beyond,
That love will never end.
But still I feel so guilty.

Smaller Mouth.

There I was,
Happily eaten my breakfast,
I was eating my usual Granola.
Then it happened,
I don't know how it happen
But as the spoon went to my mouth
A large piece of the cereal missed
And fell onto the floor.
Goodness knows how it missed MY mouth!
I looked down to pick it up
And that once piece had broken,
Broken into its component parts.
So instead of picking it up
I had to get the vacuum cleaner out
And Hoover it all up.
I still have no idea,
How it missed MY mouth.

Doves.

The food goes out to feed the birds
And down they come to eat their fill
Squawking and fighting as they will
Until the seed does fill their bill

We don't mind who comes in to eat
As they all have this hungry need
So to our garden they come to feed
And spread and demolish all the seed

But recently things have changed
As to our garden have flown white doves
A bird that many people come to love
For the sign of peace it so does prove

But why are they coming to eat with us
When they should feed at their dovecote home
Although they fly and are free to roam
They should stay away from our wild bird dome

We chase them off when they come down
But off they fly into the air
And fly around 'til we're not there
And then come back without a care

To make things worse last night a Church
As the Service was in full swing
Preacher gave us all something
And one was a card with a dove on wing.

Forgotten.

The idea came into my mind,
The idea for the best poem ever,
The best poem that I would write.
I went from the kitchen
Towards my notepad,
But something distracted me.
I went towards my desk,
I sat down, picked up my pen
To write those wonderful words.
The idea had disappeared!
So you will have to
Put up with these words.

Never Lonely - Senryu.

Care now supports her
My life I now live alone
But never lonely.

My New Life.

That time has arrived,
That time when my New Life is with me.
The change has happened,
On my own in the house,
Our home is now mine.
My wife, my loved one is no longer here,
Moved into a home
Where there care is supreme.
My care was starting to fail,
I was becoming beaten in my life,
Each day was getting harder
As her dementia controlled her,
Leaving me to do all for her.
It had to be done,
Now I am in the house alone.

My New Life is with me,
That life where I am back,
Back being able to be myself,
Doing the things I want to do.
Yes I will miss her being with me,
But I am used to that,
My lover has not been with me,
Not been with me for a long time.
Yes, I am alone in the house
But I am not lonely.
I have music to listen to,
Instruments to reacquaint myself with.
I have words to write,
Art to see,
Choirs to join.
At last I can see my friends,
Much ignored but now I am back.

I might be on my own
But able to do things,
Do things that I was unable to do.
My New Life is with me

Yes I love her,
That will never change,
And I will see her,
But her care comes first.
The care where she is
Is wonderful,
So much better than I could give.
In all the sadness of the past
New light has been given,
Given to us both,
That light will join and become one
As our lives travel into eternity.

The Peace of Music.

Peace exuded from the music,
Its harmonies flooded over me
Like a dream filled ocean
Bringing peace throughout my soul.
The sound of the trumpet,
So tender in its sound,
Sailed into the ether,
Through my mind,
Bringing joy and beauty
To me,
To all.
The sound faded into peace
As the music ended,
And as I write these words
That peace remains within me.

Silent Coffee Time.

There they were
Sitting side by side,
Not a mobile to be seen.
He was reading a letter,
She was doing a crossword,
Not a word crossed their lips.

Words Do Not Matter.

I sing in the choir,
In fact I sing in three choirs.
Why do I do it?
I do it for my enjoyment,
My enjoyment of singing.
It is the music that is sung.
The words may be meaningful.
They could be serious,
They could be light-hearted,
They could be religious,
They could be wicked.
But to me the words mean nothing
As the voice is an instrument,
An instrument to create a tune,
It brings the enjoyment of singing.
Singing my heart out
As the joy of music fills me,
Fills my body,
Fills my mind ,
Fills my soul,
As I hope it does for others.
The joy of music means so much,
So much to me,
So much to me in my life.

The Choir - Senryu.

The Choir sang the song,
Music filled the peoples ears,
And entered their souls.

Greeting My River.

Once more I was with My River,
So long since I had walked with my friend.
It was still there and greeted me with passion,
A passion that had grown between us.
Its clear green water smiled at me,
The more I looked into its greenness
The deeper became the smile,
And I knew that all was well.
The swans seemed to wave at me,
The crows bowed as I walked passed them,
The birds in the trees sang their hearts out
As I walked beneath them.
The further I walked
The deeper into pure harmony I became,
Knowing that My River
And My Spirit would meet
And together we would go on,
Go on together into eternity.

Facing Fear.

We all have them in our lives,
Those fears come to us all.
Fear of moving forward,
Fear of moments,
Those moments that stop us,
Stop us progressing.
In our lives we need to move on
So we must face our fears.
Every time we face fear
They no longer remain a fear,
But enhance the strength in our life.
As we face each one
The strength within us increases,
The strength that will take us forward
Into each wonderful moment
That will be our future.

Nature's Anger.

The rumble was in the distance,
Light flashed though the sky,
I was woken from my sleep.
The light intensified,
The dark sky became light
As the flashes increased,
Increased in number,
Increased in luminosity,
Until it was almost like day.
The noise increased,
Like a bass drum crescendo,
Until the bass was replaced
By the crack of a whip,
Magnified by the amplification
Of a Black Sabbath concert.
I stood watching and listening
As light and noise became more intense.
I seemed to be in the middle,
In the middle of nature's anger,
As she vented her ire
On the world around me.

Crucifixion?

As I walked by My River I saw him,
I saw this man with his dogs.
Two of them,
A lead in each hand
Pulling his arms apart.
As we passed I said to him,
"You are going to need longer arms"
He smiled and replied,
"Every morning I get crucified!"

Ignorant People.

Around and around she went,
Food in her hands,
Looking for a customer,
But she could not see them.
Those who had ordered the food
Looked at her
But didn't indicate
That the food was theirs.
So around she went again,
But still the customer said nothing.
Why do people do this?
The young lady was doing her best,
But life can be so hard,
So hard to deal with,
When dealing with ignorant people.

Fishing Again.

There I was fishing rod in hand.
As soon as I had picked up
I was in another place,
Back so many years to that time
When fishing was part of me.
I pulled the line through the rod,
It was as if I hadn't stopped,
Stopped so many years ago.
I cast the fly line,
Backwards, forwards, backwards, forwards
As I used to back in the day.
The rhythm was still there,
I could still do it,
I could still hit the spot,
The spot where I would see the trout.
It was then decided,
I will go fishing again,
Only this time it will be on water,
Not on a green grassed field!

Conclusions.

She sat at the gate every day
Watching people coming in
And out of the town.

A stranger arrived early one evening
Went up to her and said,
"I have travelled far
I need to rest,
What are the people like in this town?"
She responded
" From where did you come?"
"From a town called Netherly,
The people in there are awful.
They will not help you,
They never smile,
Just go their own way,
Not caring for others at all!"
"Well I think that you will find
That those in this town
Will be much the same".

Another stranger arrived
Went up to her and said,
"I have travelled far
I need to rest,
What are the people like in this town?"
She responded
" From where did you come?"
"From a town called Netherly,
The people in there are wonderful.
They will always offer help,
They are always smiling,

They go out of their way
To care for others."
"Well I think that you will find
That those in this town
Will be much the same."

People Feeling.

In this life you meet many people,
Some you share your life with,
Others just pass after time.
Some are important and meaningful,
Others are just acquaintances
Who move on into their lives.
No matter who they are
They may forget what you said,
They may forget what you did,
But the one thing they never forget
Is the way you made them feel.
Be sure that in your life,
You always make people feel happy
And ready to seek their futures
In kindness and joy.

How Are You Today?

I awake in the morning,
I get up and look out the window.
The glorious dawn light
Shines upon me,
Upon my body,
Upon my soul,
And I know that I am alive.
Each day I arise,
I know it will be a good day.

Conned to the End.

The building site was there,
The work was going well.
It was an enclosed place
As there was much of value
On the grounds,
So Fred was on the gate.
A man of years
Who had been protecting,
Protecting sites like this
For a long time.
Not much got passed him
But he knew he was being conned,
Conned by Joe.
Now Joe was a con man
Who could steal things from anybody,
Every evening Joe would pass Fred,
"Hello Joe, can I look in your wheelbarrow?"
"Yes of course you can Fred" he said with a smile.
Fred would look and nothing was found,
Every day this went on.
Fred knew that Joe was stealing
But just could not find out what.
The time came to pass
When Fred had to retire,
On his last day
Joe came out from the site
And stopped by Joe,
He gave Joe a bottle of scotch.
"This is from me for your retirement Fred"
"Thank you Joe, much appreciated."
Now that it is all over Joe
Can you tell me something,
I know you have been stealing stuff,

But I have never found anything on you"

"You are right Fred" said Joe,

I have fooled you many times"

"What were you stealing?" asked Fred,

"Well you saw them every day" said Joe,

"I was stealing wheelbarrows!"

Knowledges.

There it was at the back of the school hall,
Written across the top of the memorial board.
Those words which we all knew,
Those words which we all dreaded.
They just sat there reminding us of their dread
As they were used to punish us.
We didn't get lines,
We got 'Knowledges'.
Write out fifty, or a hundred knowledges,
They were the words
That were used ,
Used as a 'minor, punishment.
And even today, fifty three years later
I remember them with ease,
Those words of horror.
"Knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
while duty is a path which all must tread."

At One With Nature.

I walked over the green land
And there it was before me,
The lake,
The lake that I would walk around,
Not just walk around
But cast a line into the water.
I put the fly on the line
But stopped,
Stopped and listened,
Listened to the silence,
That silence only interrupted
By the sounds of nature.
I became one with nature.

I cast my line on the water
And watched the line
Floating on the surface,
The fly sank,
I gently pulled the line
Dragging the fly slowly
Hoping for a fish to bite.
I looked about me
At nature's glory,
The young swan slowly swimming,
The ducks and coots
Both with their young.
The sedate grebe
Passing in absolute majesty.
I walked around the lake
Casting my line,
Hoping for a fish.

It was not my turn today,

But I did not care,
As once more,
I was at one with nature.

Mary Had a Little Lamb 12

Mary had a little lamb
She went and called him Mike
And everywhere that Mary went
He followed on his bike.

Health and Stupidity.

In it came some years ago,
'Health and Safety' became relevant,
All for the protection
Of us poor ignorant souls.
We didn't know what was safe,
Or what was dangerous
So how had we existed,
Existed for millennia
Without 'Health and Safety' to warn us.
Perhaps we didn't exist,
Perhaps we were all dead!

Some rules were important,
Some were just plain stupid.
The one I thought was worse
Was the one I saw years ago,
I bought a tin of peanuts
And there on the tin,
It said "May contain nuts",
I would hope so
As that is what I bought.
But today I found another,
There I was at the fish counter
To buy some fish for dinner,
There was salmon and trout,
Cod and haddock,
Monkfish and hake.
Then I spotted the one ,
The one I wanted,
A tuna steak had called to me.
As it was being wrapped
I looked at the labels ,
And there in front of every fish

Was a label
Saying what it was ,
And how much it cost.
And there I saw it,
Every label
In front of the fish
On the fish counter
Said "May contain fish".

Dreamworld Acrostic.

Days of beauty in the
Realms of Nature giving me
Everlasting glory and wonder
As my life continues showing
More wonder of life where
Walking with it brings me
Overriding joy in my soul
Raising the glory that
Leads me into my
Dreamworld.

Reuben had a Brother.

Reuben had a brother,
A little boy named Seth,
They would grow together,
Savouring every breath.

Their lives would grow in sunlight,
So full of light and joys,
As the love of mum and dad,
Was ever with the boys.

Each day an adventure,
Throughout their wondrous lives,
Wonder all around them,
As joy about them thrives.

I wish you both a long, long life,
In the life that you will know,
Knowing that love will be there,
Along every step you go.

To The Right Place.

As I travelled through my life
I had a road before me
That I knew I would travel,
There were forks,
Forks in that path.
Which one should I take?
I would choose one
Which took me close,
Close but not where I wanted to go.
At each fork I would move,
Move further from my road.

I came to that time,
That time where I stopped,
Stopped travelling
And came to the place I am.
I may not have gone to where I intended to go,
But I have ended up where I needed to be
And I am so glad to be here,
Here in this place.

Abandoning christianity.

Most of my life I had believed,
Believed in the Christian way,
The way of Christ.
Said to be Christ Our Lord,
The Saviour of Our World,
Son of God.

But where was He?
Where was He when my wife was ill?
Struck down with dementia!
All her life she had sung His praises,
Always there for Him,
But He was not there for her,
Or for me!

I looked after her
Often praying to my Christian God,
But nothing happened.
Each day she got worse
Until that time,
That time when I could not help her,
Help her any more,
So to a Care Home she went.
I was so sad,
So guilty,
But it had to happen,
Or I would also be there.

My Faith had become strained,
My Spirit was still there,
But not the spirit of the christian church,
My christian faith failed completely.
Then came that day,

That day at Church when I stopped,
Stopped praising Jesus,
Jesus as the son of god.
Yes Jesus was a good man
But not the saviour
Believed by the christian church.
That day changed my life,
It was like a weight had been shed,
Shed from my body.
All was well within me,
My own life had returned,
My Spirit was with me
And always will be.
But the ways of the christian church have left me
And relief pervades my body,
My body and mind.

Walking Home.

There I was last night
Walking home,
Lost in thought.
I was heading passed the cemetery.
Three young girls were in front of me,
Chatting,
Looking frightened.
They said they were scared,
Scared to walk passed the cemetery,
Could they walk with me.
I said of course you can,
I can understand how you feel,
I too used to be scared
Scared of walking passed the cemetery,
When I was alive.

Modesty Acrostic.

Making time to help
Others without
Demanding any reward
Ever conscious to
See the good in others
That they may go forward
Yearning for the good in us all.

But Not Yet.

I look into the night sky
And there above me
Shines a three quarter moon,
Its beautiful light
Shining upon me,
Saying all is right in my life.
My loved one is safe,
I am relaxed as I go forward,
Forward into my new life.
My love is still there,
But that love is endorsed
Knowing she is in a good place
Being cared for by wonderful people.
Now I can live my life again,
The words of joy flow from me,
Flow from my mouth,
Flow onto the page.
I look passed the moon
Into the Universe,
Knowing that I am just a speck
Within its vast glory.
But I am here,
I know who I am
And I will go on,
Go on into the Universe,
When My Spirit takes me,
Takes me into it.

But not yet.

Fed With Music.

Our life goes on,
In that life we may have problems
But these can all be solved,
Be solved by love.
But if love is not there
There is another solution.
Music is the solution,
As music feeds the heart
With what it needs most,
Needs most in the moment.

Time? What Time?

There's just not enough time!
Up at dawn, or before,
Doing the things I need to do,
Or doing the things I want to do.
Can't fit it all in,
Things come to mind
That need doing,
Then words like these come
And I have to write.
Always writing,
Always writing in the morning,
Occasionally in the evening.
But when lunch time comes
I need to stop,
Lunch calls,
Then rest calls,
As my life stops in the afternoons.
That time when I just sit,
Sit and read,
Listen to music,
And fall into my dream world
Where relaxation is to the fore,
Until that time when dinner calls.
And into the kitchen I go
Cook my meal,
Eat it,
And then I am awake again,
Ready to write words,
Read the words of others.
Then it's time for bed!
What happened to the day?
It just went in a moment!

Living Life.

That day came when you were born,
On that day you cried,
On that day the world rejoiced.

As you go through life
Live it so well that
On the day you die the world cries,
Cries in sorrow,
And on that day you rejoice,
Rejoice in joy.

Not My Day.

Not my day on the road,
Went to turn into one road,
Blocked by a refuse lorry.
Went another way,
Went up the road
Found roadworks,
Roadworks with traffic lights,
Lights on red!
Went round a roundabout,
Articulated lorry cut in front of me.
Just not my day,
Not my day on the road.

Each Day.

Each day I get up and the thrill is there.

What will I do today?

There is always something to do.

My life is so full,

Each day is wonderful,

As I am here to enjoy them,

And will enjoy all my days.

Then the reality hits me!

My loved one has gone!

Eating to Save the Earth.

Yes I eat beef,
As much as I can.
I only do it
To rid the earth
Of the flatulent ruminants.
Once I have protected the earth
By eating all those nasty cows
I will then start on the sheep.
Who says I am doing nothing
To save the earth
From global warming!

Towards the Top.

I look up my hill,
My hill of life,
The top is still ahead of me.
I look back
And there is so much below me.
I sit and stare back,
Stare back at my life.
There at the bottom
I can just see the start,
The start of my climb.
The fun of childhood.
So free and so innocent.
Climbing through school days
With hardly a stumble.
Into work days that lasted,
Lasted for more than half,
More than half the climb
To where I am now.
The joys in my life,
The woman of my love
So wonderfully in love with her,
And still am.
We will go on forever,
Our love getting ever stronger.
The joy of children,
Then the wonder of grandchildren.
The beauty of nature
Always part of my soul.
Music never lost in my life,
So much music,
So little time.
These words that come to me,
Come to me to keep me sane.

As my climb is nearly over
My path below has been filled with love,
And that love will always be with me
As I climb towards the top,
The top of my life.

Wordiku Three.

Intimidating

Conceptualisation.

Obligatory.

I Told You So.

Greta Thunberg, climate change activist, is sailing across the Atlantic Ocean in a zero emissions yacht to speak at the UN climate change conference.

She sailed the ocean in her belief,
Her belief that climate change was real.
Only sixteen years old
But such a brave young lady,
Needing to show the world,
Show the world its error,
It's error of its ways.
Producing so much gas
To heat earth,
Melt the icecaps,
Flood the world.
She reached America
Sailing the Atlantic,
And she saw just the head,
The head of Liberty.
The rest was drowned,
Drowned in water.
She just looked at the world
And said,
"I told you so"

Gateway to Where?

I looked up the green path
And there at the end was a gate,
An iron gate.
I was rooted to the spot,
Could not walk to it,
But it mesmerised me.
I wondered what was there,
What was on the other side.
I could see through it
But the view was unclear.
I looked and looked
But nothing was seen,
If only I could get closer
But I just could not move,
Something was holding me,
Keeping me away.
I walked on wondering,
Wondering why I could not
Get to that gate.
Was the gateway to hell
And I was kept from it?
Or was it the gateway to heaven,
Waiting for my time,
My time on earth to end?

Car Trouble?

There I was,
Driving to see my loved one,
Safe and sound in the care home.
Suddenly there was a problem!
I wanted to go left,
But the car was turning right!
Struggle as I did
The car just didn't want to go,
Want to go the way I wanted.
So I let the car have its head,
Around the roundabout it went,
Up the road to the shopping precinct,
Into our normal car park,
And it stopped.
The engine went quiet
And try as I might
It would not start,
So I had to think about this
And went into my local,
Local coffee bar and had a coffee,
Americano, no milk, no sugar.
Drank my coffee,
Went back to the car,
It started easily,
And off I went,
Off to see my loved one,
With my coffee inside me.
My car really knows,
Really knows what I need.

Prom of Peace.

The music came towards me,
I stopped,
Stopped and listened.
I was drawn into the passion,
The passion and emotion.
It could be felt,
It was so powerful to me.
The music filled my heart,
Filled my mind
With such power of emotion.
It was a statement by the cellist
That his country was wrong,
Wrong in attacking that place,
That place where the composer,
The composer of the work was born.
Even now, so many years later
The emotion can be heard,
As I heard it this morning,
As the Russian Cellist played,
Played Dvorak on that day,
That day when Russia attacked,
Attacked Czechoslovakia.
The power of music defying,
Defying war.

Apathy.

The preacher stood there and said it,
He said "Apathy is a great enemy".
Yes if we do nothing
And those around us are doing wrong,
Apathy is an enemy.
But if those around us
Are doing wrong to get a reaction,
A reaction from us,
Apathy is a great weapon.

Steadfast.

He's always there like some ancient watchmen
Ever vigilant, ever reliable
A comfort in the darkest hours
A beacon in the lightest days
Never asking, never taking
Just waiting in the background
A patient guardian
I never realised until today
That he is always there
In the wind, shine or rain
I never acknowledged what he does for me
He fulfils my wants but more importantly my needs
I've not had to ask, I've not had to beg
He doesn't judge, he only cares
My steadfast dad, my rock, my friend
I love you father, until the end

Mistakes.

We all make them in our lives,
When young we make so many
And each one we make shows us,
Shows us what life is about.
As we go through life we learn,
We learn from our mistakes,
Until that time where few are made,
That is life's experience.
Be sure to remember you mistakes,
As they are what make you,
Make you what you are.

New Life.

She was new in my life,
Her birth gave new meaning to me.
I saw her grow through childhood,
Through to adulthood
Into the beautiful woman she became.

Once more I will see new life
As my daughter gives birth,
Birth to a young one
Into her world,
Into my world.
A world where joy will abound,
Where love will be given
To the mother,
To the father,
But especially to the child.
That love will never fail
As I will be there,
Surrounding my family,
With all my love.

Crossing Out.

The words go onto the page,
Each line a gem from your mind.
Words follow word,
Lines follow line,
Until the words from your mind
Come to an end and your work is complete.
A masterpiece once more,
Until you read it through
And see the problems,
And each word is crossed out
And rewritten.
Then it is finished and all is right.
OK Lets start again.

Page the onto go words the,
Mind your from gem a line each.
Word follows words,
Line follows lines,
Mind your from words the until
Complete is work your and end an to come.
More once masterpiece a,
Through it read you until
Problems the see and,
Out crossed is word each and
Rewritten and.
Right is all and finished is it then.
Better that's!

I Knew I was Right!

I knew I was right!
All my adult life I said so
And now they have proved it again!
Every year or so that prove it,
Prove that it is so good for you.
It is so good to know,
To know that I am right,
And that red wine is good for you.

Cheers!

Candle or Mirror.

In this enlightened life light is there,
It is always there
But so many do not see it,
Or do not want to see it.
Everyone can spread the light,
Even those who are not the candle,
The candle that holds the light.
They can always be the mirror,
The mirror that reflects it.
So go on then,
Go and do it,
Spread the light
So all can see,
Can see there tomorrows.

Bouncy Clouds.

There they were at the top of the building
Looking down on the city obscured by clouds.
One looked down and said "Those Clouds look so solid,
As though you could bounce on them".
"Surely not" said another, "You'd just fall through".
"I'll try it" said the first,
So off he jumped, he hit the cloud
And bounce straight back.
"Wow!" said the second, "I don't believe that!"
So the first jumped off once more,
And bounced back again.
The second said "I must try that!"
So he jumps off the building
And passes straight through the cloud,
To meet his death on the path below.
The third man turned to the first and said
"You can be a right swine sometimes, Superman!"

She is.....

She is in my arms,
Our love so strong,
It will never fail.

She is in my mind,
Love in my soul,
Forever in me.

She is in my heart,
Never apart,
Unrequited love.

She is in care,
Parted from me,
Damned dementia.

Two Friends.

I followed them back,
The two of them.
Been to get their newspaper,
As had I.
There they were chatting,
Chatting away like two old friends,
Totally relaxed in each other's company.
It gave me hope,
Hope for the future,
That it will always remain this way,
And that the young boy will remain,
Remain relaxed,
In his father's company,
And the father will remain,
Remain relaxed in his son's.

To Church.

My faith has died,
My faith in the Christian way
Has died.
So why, you ask,
Do I still go to Church?
I go there to sing in the choir.
I go there to talk with friends.
I go there as I get free parking
In the centre of my town.

I Can Listen.

"I am starting to worry" she said,
"Worry about my age,
And what may happen,
Happen to me."
My friend said these words
We were sitting drinking coffee,
Talking of many things,
When she said this.
It surprised me,
She is so full of life
Full of energy and joy.
Perhaps on her own
She thinks these thoughts
Which lead to despair,
It is something that I, as a friend,
Had not seen before.

There is no need for her to feel this way,
Her life is full of wonder,
Her belief is strong.
She knows where she is going
As her life will never end.
Her Spirit will go on for eternity,
But before that time
I am here,
I can listen,
Listen to my friend.

State of Death.

It will come to us all,
One day our body will fail
And death will happen.
Yes it is sad,
But!
Death is that state which exists,
Exists in the memory of others.
So death is not the end,
Death is the memory of you,
The good memories of you
Kept by those who are left behind.

*"Death is that state in which one exists only in the memory of others which is why it is not an end.
No goodbyes, just good memories." Tasha Yar ? Star Trek the Next Generation, Series 1,
Episode 22 ' The Skin of Evil'*

Autumn Haiku.

Autumn comes to us,
Each morning staying darker.
The sun will still rise.

Strong is Quiet.

We hear them shouting,
Shouting loud and long.
They think they are right,
That they are so strong.

We struggle to hear them,
As their words we do seek.
But try as we might,
We believe they are weak.

We see both in our lives,
Both loud and quiet.
But we must not assume,
Not assume that loud is strong,
And that quiet is weak.

The Book of Life.

We open the book to our life,
Our story starts.
Each chapter tells our story.
The wonder of childhood
Moving into the chapter of youth.
Age increases as the book is written,
So many things go into our story.
Then it may happen,
That chapter where all goes wrong,
This is where we show our strength
Our strength we have gained.
We need not close the book,
All we need to do is turn the page,
And there before us is a blank sheet
Where we can begin a new chapter,
A new chapter in our lives.

Treasure Hunt.

We started down the road,
With joy and time and fun,
Looking for the clues,
In the late fine evening sun.

The voices were all quiet,
As we travelled full of joy,
And finished with no rows,
From man, wife or old boy.

Sailing to Eternity.

Artwork by Michael Edwards

The sea so smooth beneath the hull,
The yacht sailing on, in the lull,
Ahead the world's oceans to see,
Traveling towards eternity.

Letting Go.

From the mother's womb they come,
These beautiful people of the future,
They who will inherit the love of parents,
As they start their wonderful lives.

The parents love them like no other,
Always there for them,
In times of joy,
In times of sadness,
That love of mum and dad unbounded.

Then that day comes,
That day when they leave.
When you leave them,
Leave them as they start their new life.
You know they must go,
Go into this new adventure.
That first day at school
It is so hard,
So hard for the parents,
So hard to let go
And see your child walk away.

Sometimes life can be hard,
So hard when that love is so strong,
But sometimes,
Sometimes love means letting go,
Letting go,
When all you want to do
Is hold on tighter.

Croquet.

We arrive at the green,
The green sward
Cut within an inch of its life,
So flat, so smooth,
Deviations will not happen
As the ball travels towards the hoop.

FLASH!
The dream is over.
There we are on the green,
Yes, it is green
But the grass has not been cut.
The weeds push through,
Becoming obstacles to the balls.
The ball is hit with a resounding thud
But barely reaches half way,
So many lumps and bumps.
So it is hit again,
It reaches the hoop,
It is going through!
But no, the final bump pushed it passed,
Passed the hoop.

The game continues,
Overcoming the obstacles
As the teams go round the hoops.
Laughter and joy abound
As the enjoyment of the game
Can be seen on the faces of all,
Of all of us as we play,
Play and enjoy,
Enjoy the wonder,
The wonder of the game,

The game of croquet.

Starship Is Anybody Out There.

These are the voyages of the Starship "Is Anybody Out There?"
It's never ending mission to find new life, any life.
Sailing through the Universe
Hoping that the message "Is anybody out there?"
Will be answered, and new intelligent life discovered.
Life that will help us cure our planet
From the destruction into which it is plunging.

As we travel through the ether
Our wish is to find life,
Life that is moral and kind,
Life that helps each other
To a better future.
It is out there and has been with us,
Seen our world,
Seen the humanoids that are supposedly intelligent,
But they would not stay.
All they saw was the destruction of our world
That homo sapiens is bringing
To its catastrophic demise.
These creatures that rule Earth
Have no thought of this beautiful planet,
Only how much more can I have?
What force do I need to get more?
The more they take, the more we lose,
Until one day, there in space,
Will be this sphere,
Devoid of all life,
A barren wasted planet
That once was so vibrant.
It now sits circling its sun,
Just waiting to be reinhabited
By others from space,

Who wish to lead
A peaceful and fruitful life.

So once more the Starship asks the question
"Is anybody out there?"
"Anybody who can save us?"
The answer came there none.

Another Good Day to Come.

I rose from my slumber,
The dawn was nearly with me.
I drew back the curtains,
Looked out at my world,
And there looking at me
Was the wonder of the moon.
The clear, bright, full moon
Shining its glory on me,
Showing me the light,
The light that was to come.
I knew,
I knew that today would be good,
Today would be wonderful,
As the light of the moon,
Shone its protection over me.

Manners Abandoned.

I walked into the shop,
Just to buy a couple of items.
The shop assistant saw me,
I walked up to him,
He walked away,
So did I!

Mind in Overtime.

I awoke this morning,
Had two ideas in my mind,
Two ideas to write.
I wrote them both down,
And then ended up with a third,
This one.

That Fine Evening.

What a fine evening it was,
Sitting there listening,
Listening to The Proms.
Smetana started the evening.
The Bartered Bride came along,
Showed her beauty,
In the sounds of the music.
Then came Pyotr,
Tchaikovsky by name.
An aria sang by a glorious soprano
Filled me with delight.
Theses were just the starters,
The main was to come.
A fraught symphony
Showing the pain of his life
As he came to the fore
In the Russia of old,
Shostakovich showed them,
Showed them that music had power,
Such wonderful power.

There was I in the dimmed light,
Music surrounding me,
Poetry being read,
And a fine malt being sipped.
For what more could I ask?

Three Parables.

He lost one sheep from his hundred,
Left them all to find the one,
He rejoiced having found the one,
Didn't seem to worry about the others.

She lost one coin from the ten,
Scoured the house to find it,
She rejoiced having found the one,
The others were safe.

I lost my faith in the church,
Left it there and walked away,
Found my life again,
Rejoiced at my journey in life,
Now back on track.

All Was Right.

Sitting in the care home,
My lover at my side,
Her friend sitting with us,
Chatting and laughing.
The window slightly open,
When it happened.
A feather floated in,
We picked it up
And looked at it in awe,
As I knew,
I knew an Angel was with them,
With them,
Caring for them.
I knew that all was fine,
And all would be okay,
As their friendship was strong,
And all was right in their world.

Acceptance.

In life you can meet so many people,
All have their own views on life,
As do I,
As do you.
You may not agree with them,.
But in life it is important to find peace,
And peace within yourself can be found.
Peace of mind comes to you,
Comes to you by not wanting to change,
Not wanting to change others,
But by simply accepting them,
Accepting them as they are.

Boundless Admiration.

They go about their work with humour,
With kindness,
With respect,
With skill.
They go about their work with love,
With love of caring,
Caring for others.
So many situations occurring
Throughout their days
As they look after the people,
The elderly people in care,
People in their care.
I watch them when I visit,
Visit my loved one.
I talk to them
And all say they enjoy their work,
Work that I could not do.
Caring for my wife was hard,
But caring for many would be impossible,
Impossible for me,
But they do it every day.
And every time I see them
I am astounded,
Astounded at what they can do,
So I respect them,
Respect them, everyone.
My admiration for them is boundless,
And my thanks and appreciation
Is not really enough.
I can write these words,
And these words I give to you,
Give to you all.

Beginnings.

We all have them,
We all have beginnings,
Beginnings in life.
Each new beginning hold promises,
The promise of new things to be learned,
The promise of new places to explore,
The promise of old lessons,
Lessons of experience recalled
To be practiced in our new life,
Showing the appreciation of the old,
As we travel through the new beginning.

Why Do You Write Poetry?

I started with a picture
That created such emotion,
Such emotion within me,
That tears run down my face.
I had to write some words,
So my writing was born.
Occasionally at first
Words would go on the page,
But then Calliope came,
Came into my life,
So the writing would not stop.
It was part of me,
Every day I was writing,
My life had been reborn.
All types of subjects,
So many words.

My life went on as well,
My lover at my side,
The love of my life,
So wonderful,
So loving,
So mine.
But then it struck!
Dementia started,
Started claiming her mind.
So I wrote about it,
The worse it got,
The more I wrote.
And then my lover disappeared,
Disappeared into he own mind,
She was no longer there.
But one thing never changed,

The words in my mind were there,
Still there.
So throughout those hard days
My words saved me,
I could lose myself,
Sometimes only briefly,
But my words saved me
From going mad within myself.
I cared for her so much
But could do nothing,
Nothing to help her.
My words became my saviour.

My lover became so ill
She had to go into care,
Into a place of safety.
A wonderful place was found,
And all was well with her world,
Though so sad for me.

I knew she was safe,
Safe in a wonderful home.
Knowing that I relaxed,
Each day was easier,
My worries for her were over.
I was reborn,
Reborn into a life,
A life without worry.
My love for her will never fail,
But I can go on with ease,
Ease in my world.

And still I write words,
I write words every day.
Those words within me
Fighting to get out,

Get out and onto the page.
Every day Calliope looks down,
Looks down on me and calls,
Calls for my words.

So each day I write,
I write for her,
I write for you,
But most of all,
I write for me.

The Lightening in My Dark.

Each day I get up
It is darker.
One of these days
It will have to happen,
I will have to turn it on,
I will have to turn on the light!!
But not today,
The lightening showed me the way.

Looking or Seeing?

How many of us do it?
We go through our lives,
We look at all around us.
But how many of us just look,
Look but never see?

No Longer Jazz.

Forty years they had been together,
The six of them,
Playing their instruments.
Once they played jazz,
They still tried,
But have never changed a note
For thirty years.
They could play their instruments,
Play them well,
But it was not jazz.
Jazz is new,
Composed as they play,
But not in this band.
Nothing drew me,
Drew me into the wonder,
The wonder of jazz.
They always played the same,
Jazz is innovative,
This nights music wasn't,
To me it wasn't jazz.

So.

So.

So I got up.

So I had a shower.

So I had breakfast.

So the 'phone rang.

So I answered it.

So it was a wrong number.

So I ignored it.

So then I went out.

So I drove.

So I drove to the coffee bar.

So I ordered an americano .

So I sat down.

So I drank it.

So slowly.

So I read the paper.

So I wrote these words.

So I finished writing.

So then I went home.

So then.....?

So.

Help Never Forgotten.

We go through our lives,
We have good times,
We have bad.
Sometimes we need help
And as we look around
People just look away,
Not caring at the misfortune,
The misfortune of others.
But then it happens,
A person comes to you.
They may be known,
Or even unknown,
But they have kindness,
Kindness in their heart.
So in this life be sure,
Be sure to never forget,
Never forget those,
Those who helped you out,
While everyone else just looked away.

I Miss Her.

I know she is in the best place,
Being looked after by wonderful people.
But I miss her.

Her dementia was so bad,
I tried my best to care for her .
But I miss her.

I just could not cope,
The worse she got the harder it became.
But I miss her.

She is being cared for,
I am much more relaxed.
But I miss her .

I have time for myself,
Doing things I used to do,
But I miss her.

She is no longer with me,
She needed more care than I could give.
But I miss her.

So long we've been together,
I will always be in love with her.
But I miss her.

My wonderful wife is in the best place,
I am getting back to my own life.
But I miss her.

I really miss her.

Wordiku Four.

Intimidating

Conceptualization.

Unbelievable!

Jessye Norman.

Another one leaves us,
A voice like no other.
Her sound was there for us,
For us all.
So many songs
Given to us
As her wondrous voice
Reached out to me.
And now she is gone,
But she is still with us,
Singing with the angels.
Jessye Norman,
Singing for eternity.

Message to My River.

I needed to go to My River.
There it was flowing silently,
Silently by my side.
All was fine within me
As I walked with its gentle flow.
The swans glided passed me,
Each looked at me
As if to greet me
As they sailed slowly,
Sailed seemingly without a care.
I too glided with them
As My River took my worries away,
All was right with my world.
I sat on a bench and watched,
Watched the water move forward,
Move forward with My Spirit.
As I sat there I spoke,
I had a message for My River,
The reason I needed to be there,
"Hello My River,
Rich asked me to tell you,
Hello"

Croquet and Nature.

I stand on the bright green sward in ecstasy.
I look around and see nothing but Nature's wonder,
The fields going on to infinity,
Trees swaying gently,
The hills of the land rising in majesty.
I hear the plaintiff calls of Buzzards,
Looking up I see them
Sailing in majesty in the sky's blue ocean,
That ocean a background for white clouds
Gently sailing to eternity.
I stand here at peace,
At peace with Nature's wonder,
Peace about me,
Peace within me.

I then hear another sound,
A gentle 'thwack' resonates.
I look across the lawn
And see a ball rolling,
Rolling towards a hoop.
I come back to reality
As I approach my ball,
I hit it towards a hoop,
The ball passes through
Bringing a thrill into me
Into my already peaceful being.
For what more could I ask,
Surrounded by Nature's wonder
As I play the game,
The game that has become,
Become part of me,
Part of my life,
When I pick up that croquet mallet.

Michele Marrulo.

It is there to buy!
You could be the owner,
The owner of a Botticelli.
It is up for sale,
So buy it now,
It is quite cheap,
Quite cheap if you have the cash,
The cash to spare.
It is only twenty four and a half,
Twenty four and a half million,
Twenty four and a half million pounds.
Go on,
You can afford it

A Good Day on the Road.

I always moan about them,
The idiots on the road,
But today was different,
Today the good drivers were out.
Drove at correct speeds,
Left sufficient gaps between each other,
Were polite to others,
Allowed others out with courtesy.
To cap it all
I saw the weirdest thing,
I saw the lone BMW,
The one that had an indicator fitted,
Fitted at the factory.
I almost stopped in shock,
I don't think I had seen that before,
A BMW indicating which way it was going!
I looked in my mirror
And there coming towards me
Was a Ferrari,
It could have flashed by me,
But no it stayed behind,
A reasonable distance behind.
So today was a good day,
A good day to be on the road.

Definitions in Music.

In music you see them written,
Written above the stave.
Those letters to show you,
Show you the volume,
The volume the music should be played.
The softest is when you see PP,
Pianissimo, very quiet.
Slightly louder you have P,
Piano, quietly.
Even louder you read MP,
Mezzo Piano, fairly quiet.
Then it all changes
When you see MF,
Mezzo Forte, fairly loud.
The volume goes up again with F,
Forte, Loud.
Then deafness creeps in
When you see FF,
Fortissimo, very loud.

Then there are the other ones,
The ones a friend of mine uses,
Uses on his trombone.
His PP is loud,
Which is Pretty Powerful,
Where P is only Powerful.
Then comes MP,
Which is Mighty Powerful,
Equalling the volume of MF,
Might Forceful.
Slightly quitter is F,
Forceful.
Then comes the quietest,

The quietest of them all,
Where FF is forceful,
But only Fairly Forceful.

Walk Together to Eternity.

Well it has happened once more,
Another year in my life has passed,
A year that has changed my life.
My lover is no longer with me,
She has not left this earth
But is being cared for,
Cared for by wonderful people,
Leaving me alone,
Alone in our home.
Being alone can be sad
But I am not lonely.
My life was being lost,
Lost in the care of my lover.
But my life is back,
I now only have to deal with my life,
Not two lives.
As my wife's dementia got worse
I was struggling,
But two things were still with me,
My music that has been with me,
With me all my life,
And words,
Words like the ones I am writing,
Writing now.

As I stood in the shower on my birthday
I washed away all the worries of that last year
And stepped out into my new year.
Looking forward to MY life,
A life that I will fill with joy,
Fill with music,
Fill with words,
Knowing that the love for my wife

Will still be there.
Even if we are apart
That love will stay strong,
Then one day the time will come
When we leave this earth,
And our lives will be whole again,
As we walk together to eternity.

To App or Not to App.

To app or not to app, that is the question.
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The chance of losing your identity to the ether,
Where your life being altered by the powers
That control this life with computer takeover.
Into the arms of your God you need,
Need to go for your daily intake of life,
That life that is found within,
Within your cup of coffee.
But confusion reigns in the provision,
As the computer takes over my life,
Takes over my life once more.
And all I want is a cup of coffee.

The Lady in White.

In she walked,
This tall slim lady.
Blonde hair waving,
Waving from side to side.
Her face beautiful to look at,
Her long chiffon dress
Sailing in the breeze.
Her slim legs walking,
Walking in high heels
That glided across the floor.
All looked around at her,
She just looked ahead,
In her own world.
A beautiful elegant lady,
The lady in white.

Lonely? Not I.

Here am sitting,
Sitting in my home,
Alone.

Alone I may be,
But what I am not
Is lonely.

I have music,
Music always there,
In my soul.

I have words,
Words to write,
On this page.

I have my thoughts,
Of the love of my life,
Safe and cared for.

Yes I might be alone,
But loneliness
Is not with me.

My life is sadder,
Without my lover
By my side.

My life is freer,
As I can move on
Into life.

That life was taken,

Taken by her dementia,
Mine is back.

Challenges to Experience.

Each day we face challenges,
They may be small,
They may be large.
Each challenge we have
Moves us on,
Moves us on in our lives.
Conquering each challenge
Gives us experience,
And that experience strengthens us,
Gives us power to face new challenges.
Experience is important,
Important in our lives,
As experience cannot be taught.

Mozart is Here.

I was just sitting there writing words
When I had to stop.
A sound came into my ears,
A sound which stole my heart.
Mozart was with me,
Was within me as the notes played.
I was taken on a journey,
A journey into the wonder,
The wonder of his music.
Such a glorious sound,
A sound that was within me,
Showing me the power,
The power of music,
Flowing from the piano
Into my soul,
Stopping my world
Until the notes subsided.
I knew all was well,
All was well in my world,
As Mozart will be there,
Always be there, for me.

Croquet Prize.

She struck the ball,
Struck with accuracy.
Each hoop she played
Took her nearer,
Nearer to the prize.
She finished.
She won.
The prize was hers.

So as the four men played,
Played croquet,
She treasured her prize,
Her prize of mowing,
Mowing the other lawn.

The Hastings Wake.

I staggered from the pub,
The Battle by name,
And fell onto the beach
Into a dream-filled daze.

There out at sea were ships,
So many of them.
There was I on my horse
Riding with my men
Towards the invaders.
We had to drive them back,
Back to their Norman lands.
The battle was fought,
We were driving them back
The King came towards me
To praise me for my efforts
When it happened.
My serf, Orchi, spoke,
He pointed into the sky
And said,
"Your Majesty, what is that?"

I awoke at that point
As a raucous sound assailed me.
Orchi had arrived,
Singing in his strangled voice
With no tune to be heard.
He was late as usual to the wake,
The wake of our defeat,
Our defeat to the Normans,
On this beach
Back in ten sixty six.
He looked at my red rimmed eyes

Pulled out his bottle of water
And told me,
"I should have been here,
And watered down your drinks!"

953 years since the battle of Hastings, 14th October 1066.

Her Love For Me.

I look at her photo and her smile,
That smile that was always there.
Her eyes gleaming with delight,
Always on her face looking at me.
Her silver hair curled in beauty,
Curled around her laughing face,
Always happy, always cheerful.
In love with life,
In love with me,
As I am with her.
The memories of being with her
Never changing,
That love so strong,
And always will be.
She is away from me now,
Dementia took her,
Took her into her own world,
But I have that picture
Looking at me,
Showing me the woman she was
And each night I look at her.
My love is so strong
But she is no longer there,
I want her back
But fate has taken her.
My love will never weaken
And I know that one day,
One day we will be together again,
Together where we will never part
As our love carries us to eternity
With her smile still there,
As it is in the photograph,
That shows me her beauty

Shows me her happiness,
Shows me her love,
Her love for me.

Gift of Time.

They come into our lives with joy,
It may be a girl, it may be a boy,
But each one is part of us,
Part of us for all our lives.
From their birth,
Through their childhood,
Into adolescence,
To adulthood,
We are there for them,
As we can give them a gift,
The most important gift we have,
We give them time.

They fly the nest
Into a world of their own
We are still there for them
But then it happens
That day comes
That day when they ask,
Ask what they can do for us,
What they can give us,
And once more that gift is within them,
The most important gift they have,
They can give us time.

Imagining.

We go through lives and see all,
See all around us.
We know what is there,
What is ahead of us.
But if we look and see nothing
Thoughts come to us,
And new images are seen,
Those images of beauty and wonder.
Images that we imagine,
And that imagination can show us,
Show us things that are not there,
Bringing light into our lives
As we dream,
Dream of our life,
Our life that is not there
But is the one for which we aim,
And will one day be ours.

Music Acrostic.

So much music,
Overcoming all ills that befall me.

Making my life so wonderful
Uniting my heart and mind,
Causing me to stop and
Hear those wonderful sounds.

Melodies of beauty causing
Unreal wonder within me,
Showing such melodic melodies
In the feelings that they
Create in endless time.

So little time
Offered in this life.

Longing to hear so much music
In the composers minds,
To be heard in the ever failing
Time in which I live,
Loving every note that
Erupts from their souls.

Time that endless time,
Infinite in the Spirit beyond life,
Marking the beginning of
Everlasting musical wonder.

So
Much
Music,

So
Little
Time.

Judgements for Experience.

Going through our lives we make judgements,
The good ones that we make come from experience.

Going through our lives we gain experience,
That is gained by the bad judgements that we make.

Gentlemen become Hooligans.

Two more to watch today,
Leaving just four to play,
Four of the forty eight
And I have seen them all.
Forty two matches of the game
The gentleman's game,
The gentleman's game played by hooligans.
Each game has been different,
In each game power has been seen,
Skill has been seen,
But tempers are rarely raised.
The beauty of rugby is just that
When the final whistle goes,
The hooligans become gentlemen
And leave the field together,
Talking, laughing and joking.
Those watching are the same,
All intermingled,
Wanting their team to win,
But only on the pitch.
They laugh, sing and drink with each other,
Before after and during each match,
As the most important thing is the game,
The game of Rugby,
Rugby, that game for gentlemen,
Played by hooligans.

Nelson Went to Battle.

Nelson went to battle,
Against the French one day,
And saw three ships a coming
Right along his way.

"Fetch my Red Coat Hardy,
So that if I get a wound,
The blood won't show upon me
And ship's company will stay sound".

He beat those damned bad Frenchies
And sent his coat below,
Then sailed across the sea
In wind and rain and snow.

Another group of French ships,
Total thirty so it seemed,
And Hardy brought the coat again
Duly pressed and smart and cleaned.

Once more he saw the Frenchies off
With cunning, guile and power,
To him there's no way he'd give in
To that Gallic speaking shower.

Then across the horizon did he see
Three hundred ships bear down.
So again he called to Hardy;
"Fetch my trousers coloured brown!"

Autumn Into Winter.

I walk by My River,
Its smooth green mirror
Reflecting the blue in the sky.
The trees I walk passed
Slowly changing,
Their leaves slowly changing colour,
Changing to yellow and orange.
As autumn comes into my life
I look back at My River,
Its timeless journey
With My Spirit
Showing me the way through,
Through the autumn of my life.
As it travels into winter
And the year comes to an end
I will be there at that end.
With My River,
With My Spirit,
As the New Year starts,
Starts my new journey
Into the spring of my future,
At one with My River,
My Spirit,
Travelling into eternity together.

The Poem What I Wrote (Sorry Ernie)

I said I'd tell a poem
To this august crowd,
Then I had to find one,
And say it right out loud.

Would it be by Shakespeare,
Milton, Poe or Keats.
It had to be by someone
To keep you in your seats.

Words of yellow daffodils,
Or maybe love or war,
Of youth or age or beauty;
I hope I'm not a bore.

The modern type of poem?
That doesn't ever rhyme.
That seems to go on for ever,
With no punctuation or break for breath or sense of rhythm but drones on in a monotonous way that is only understandable in the strange mind of the author.

But no, you're stuck with this one,
Not a massive work of art.
But it's good enough for you lot!
So with that, I'll now, depart.

Morecombe

The lone man in the theatre, conjured up this image
Of a man, who made us laugh, and was loved by all.
He told the story of Eric and his partner Ern,
On this stage, where the great man died.

He made us laugh, he made us cry,
As he told the story of Morecombe,
Nee Bartholomew and Wise, nee Wiseman,
Who still make me laugh, with their timeless humour.

"I'm playing all the RIGHT notes,
But NOT necessarily in the RIGHT order"
Lines that will be remembered through history
As they were recalled once again

The memory of Andre Preview, jumping up and down,
And not laughing at this bespectacled clown.
The orchestra finding it difficult to play,
As the tears of laughter ran down their faces.

The breakfast being prepared to that
Tune that conjures up such risqué images.
And has the actor, of Hammer Horror films,
Received his pay cheque yet?

So many memories of a funny man
And yet, the man that many did not see.
"If we made you laugh ? that's good;
If we made you care ? that's better"

The man whose view on life was
"Positive Thinking"
And always left the stage bringing sunshine

Into our lives.

The curtain closes on the lone man on the stage
And on Eric at the place he left this world.
The actor and writer came back to answer questions
About the funny man.

Then from the audience came another;
Eric's daughter, so strong of character
Listening to her father's life,
In the place, where he had died.

And from this woman came the lines
That brought me many more tears.
Her son asking her the question, that I will never forget
"Does this mean that there will be no more magic?"

Computers.

They sit in front of you
Doing your will,
Or do they?
You use the hardware
To talk to the software,
Hoping it understands.
But come the day
When the software decides,
Decides to go its own way
And that is when you find out,
Find out why hardware is called hardware,
And software is called software.
You throw the computer against the wall,
A resounding crash shows you,
What the hardware is,
While the software silently skulks off,
Skulks off into the ether.

Help for Friends.

We arrive in that place,
In that place where miracles happen.
The Doctors can cure her,
Cure her from that disease,
That awful disease
Where C starts the word.
We sit and wait,
She is knitting,
Knitting to pass the time.
We chat as well,
Talk about our lives,
Talk about meaningful things,
Talk about trivia.
The time passes and she is called,
Called for her treatment.
All goes well and she returns,
Ready for me to drive her,
Drive her home,
Home where she can rest.
I am just the chauffeur,
But more than that,
I am her friend,
And with that friendship
I can help,
Help whenever I can.

Extended Ripples of Life.

I toss a pebble into the water,
The mirror like image is disturbed.
Circular ripples race from the centre
Like the beginning of new life,
So many things learned in a short time.
The ripples start to slow becoming bigger
The time for learning starts to be more profound
As life extends into childhood
The ripples extend into waves
Smoothing the path to the future
Where calmness comes into my life
Until old age causes the ripples to meander
Meander slowly getting ever bigger
But never stopping
Those waves may become unseen
But age is just a passing that moves
Moves into an endless time
And those waves show you the way
Into eternity.

Pedantry - Limerick.

A pedant called Andy was I
Who just couldn't let it pass by
The scan was all wrong
In this lim'rick long
So this verse I must now decry

Tin Whistle Player.

He sits there on the street
Playing his tin whistle,
Sad tunes waft into my heart.
I used to walk by,
But then I paused,
Put some money in his cap,
He said thank you.
Then I stopped and spoke,
We spoke of music,
I too play the tin whistle.
We spoke of playing,
Of the enjoyment it gives.
He said he wished he knew more,
Knew more tunes.
That is when it happened,
The thought came to me,
I had music for tin whistles.
Then came that day
When I stopped with him once more
And gave him the music,
His face became full of smiles,
And almost brought tears,
Tears to both him and me,
As he looked at me
And with the kindest look said
"Thank you boss
Thank you so very much"

Adversity Acrostic.

Acting as though all is right,
Deceiving all that see him
Viewing this man of smiles,
Ever thoughtful to others.
Racked with pain within,
Seeing his life in tatters
In the way he walks the streets,
Treading the path to oblivion,
Yet unseen by those who could care.

The Last Cut of the Year?

Well it's done once more,
Once more the moss grass has been cut,
Been cut for the last time,
The last time this year.
Or has it?
Many times I have cut it,
Cut it for the last time,
The last time in the year,
Once five times,
Five time before it stayed,
Stayed short until Spring.
I wonder how many times this year
I will cut the moss grass for the last time?

St Stephen's Autumn.

The seasons come and go,
Come and go in our lives,
When suddenly we find
Autumn is upon us once more.
As we go wandering with nature
Changes can be seen,
The beautiful colours abound,
The reds, oranges and yellows
Show us the canvas created
In this wondrous colourful time.
The leaves falling around us
Giving us a carpet of brown,
And there in the carpet
We see the red apples,
Red apples fallen,
Fallen from the trees
Laying side by side with mushrooms,
Pure white mushrooms,
And berries gleaming,
Gleaming on the bushes,
All waiting to be picked.

Those are the days
When we gather in our home.
As the days get colder
The fire gets lit,
And we gather around it
To be together for warmth.
The clocks change,
The evenings are earlier,
And as darkness falls
We await that knock,
Knock on the door

Where the Halloween witches
Demand trick or treat.

We look out the window
The flowers are dying,
Leaves are on the ground,
But they will be raked away
Leaving the green grass,
The green grass glowing
Until that time,
That time when winters snow
Covers all in pure white,
And the New Year calls us,
Calls us into Spring.

The First Hippie.

He stood there,
His long hair hanging around his face,
His beard laying upon his breast.
A long white robe covered him,
Hanging from his shoulders
To the ground.
He professed that love meant all,
Love for everybody.
It was in his soul,
It was in his words.
Those who believe
Say he was the son of god,
But to my new found focus
He was not,
To me he was
The First Hippie,
Bringing love,
Not war,
To all.

Words to Page.

It sits here in front of me,
Absolutely blank!
What can it mean?
It means I haven't written,
I haven't written anything,
Yet!

What will I write today?
It could be fun,
Full of humour
To make others laugh,
Or just grin.

It could be sad
Bringing tears to your soul,
Showing the Ills in this world,
A world that is losing,
Losing the battle,
The battle with survival.

It could be happy,
Showing that in spite of worries
People can move on,
Move on to a better life,
Whether they live on this world,
Or not.

But no!
Today I am a writing these words,
These words that have fallen,
Fallen from my heart,
Onto this page.

The Winning Sport.

Well it's all over,
Now I have another four years,
Another four years to wait
'Til the Rugby World Cup is back.
What a wonderful tournament,
Rugby played at the highest level,
Enjoyed by all.
After all forty four matches,
All seen by me
The final was here,
England playing South Africa.
It was hard,
It was brutal,
But no animosity.
Won by the Springboks,
Deservedly so on this occasion,
Well done South Africa.

But throughout all the matches,
Both on and off the pitch,
There has been humour,
Humour, good heartedness,
Good heartedness and respect,
Respect for all.
Yes South Africa won the cup
But there was another winner,
Another winner in sport,
And that winner was the game,
The game of Rugby Union.

She is Not There.

I wander round the house,
Wander like a lost sheep,
She is not there.

I am not lonely in the house,
So much to do and enjoy,
But she is not there.

I meet with friends for coffee,
Talking meaningfully,
But she is not there.

I cook my meals each day,
Enjoy their wonderful flavours,
But she is not there.

I go and see her regularly,
In the home where she lives,
But she is not there.

She sits there at the table,
The staff caring for her,
But she is not there.

Every time I visit her
She is there in body,
But in her mind
She is not there.

Looking Back.

Reaching that certain age,
That certain age where life,
Where my life, is behind me.
I look back,
Look back at those people,
Those people I met.
I remember some of the words,
The words spoken between us,
But on looking back I realise,
Realise that more could have been said.
Words that could be so meaningful.

So before you reach that age,
That age where most of your life
Is there behind you,
Take that opportunity
To converse more meaningfully
To those people in your life,
Before it is too late.

Flying to Eternity.

Another year has passed,
Another year where our love has stood strong
From that day when we vowed,
Vowed that we would love each other,
Love each other in sickness and in health.
That day when our love was so strong
To this day thirty eight years later
When that love has strengthened,
Strengthened each year.
This day when my undying love for you
Will always be there,
Our two souls joined as one
And forever will be,
Flying to eternity,
And beyond.

The Coffee Angel.

All the time I have been coming
She has been there,
Her golden hair surrounding her face,
A face so full of smiles and laughter.

Whenever I see her my soul lifts,
Lifts it into a peaceful place,
That peaceful place
Where all is right in my life.

But now she is leaving,
Leaving for pastures new,
Where her smile will lift the souls,
Lift the souls of others.

She will share her life
With new people,
To enhance their lives,
As she has mine.

Strange Evening.

What a strange evening,
I was playing bridge,
Playing bridge with friends.
We played once a month
This time it was in our house.
We sat down and played,
Enjoyed our games,
Had some wine,
Had some eats.
But it was a strange evening
As this evening
In our house,
It was quiet.
There was no music playing,
There is always music playing,
Playing in our house,
But tonight it was silent,
Such a strange evening.

Fighting for Peace?

We hear it all the time,
"We must have peace in our world".
This is so very true.
But you also hear those words,
"We must FIGHT for peace!"
But surely we should not fight,
As "Fighting for peace"
Is like "Fucking for chastity".

More New Music.

There I was driving,
Driving along the road
Looking forward to croquet,
Croquet the game that is now part of me.
But then it happened!
A piece of music came from the radio,
I was listening to jazz
When on came this sound,
Such a glorious sound,
A sound I did not recognise.
So I waited,
Waited in glory,
Listening to this wonder.
The music stopped
The announcer said who it was,
I repeated the name,
Repeated the name time after time
While I drove along the road.
At the club I stopped
And then I could write down the name,
The name of Rick Braun,
A name I did not know.
But I knew him in the evening
As his music surrounded me
As I sat in my lounge listening,
Listening to this new sound,
This new wonderful sound
Piercing my heart,
Piercing my heart with its wonder.
Yet again music had done it,
It had surprised me,
Surprised me in an unexpected way.
That is the power of music.

Kids Eh?

The telephone rang,
I answered it.
"Da-ad?" she said
In that pleading way.
OK I thought,
What does she want,
What does she want this time!
"You know I'm moving?"
"Yes" I replied hesitantly,
"Can you help me?"
"It depends what it is" I replied,
But of course I'll try"
"Well" she said,
"I have been to IKEA,
Been and bought some things
And was wondering,
Wondering if I could put them,
Put them in your garage,
Then collect them when I move?"
"OK" I said, "If they are not too big"
"They are all flat packs
So will fit in" she replied.
She arrives in her overladen car
And into the garage went:
Two wardrobes,
Two cupboards,
And two sets of shelves!
"They will be gone when I move
When I move in three weeks" she said.
Off she went,
And there was me with half her house,
Half her house in my garage.

The telephone rang,
I answered it.
"Da-ad?" she said,
In that pleading way
OK I thought,
What does she want,
What does she want this time!
"Can I send one more item,
One more item to your garage?"
She asked.
"OK I said "just one more"
It arrived by truck,
And now apart from half her house
I now have her shed,
Her shed in my garage.
Kids eh?
But I wouldn't be without them.

That Wonderful Voice.

Why does she do it?
How does she do it?
I sit there happily writing,
Putting words on the paper
When it happens.
Her voice soars from the radio
And I have to stop.
It happens so many times
When I hear this glorious voice,
Nothing else matters,
I need to listen,
Listen to that voice as it sails into my soul,
As it pervades through the ether,
Going on forever,
Until that day,
That day,
When she will sing to me,
Sing in all her glory,
Sing in all her wonder,
As I sit in tears
Listening to her.

Nature's Wonder.

As I wondered through the countryside
I saw them,
I saw the trees in autumn.
The yellow, gold and orange of the leaves,
The wonder of colour around me.
I was with them,
With them, inside nature's artwork,
Created from its palette of autumn.

I looked ahead across a field,
I saw them,
The branches shed of leaves
As the wind of nature
Blew the leaves away,
Leaving the branches reaching up,
Reaching up to the sky
As if pleading to heaven.
I was with them,
Reaching for the stars.

Nature's journey continued,
I was there looking at its world,
So beautiful,
So wonderful,
And I was there,
Part of nature's wonder.

Lack of Death.

We are losing money came the cry!
We do our best to bury the dead,
With respect and honour,
At a price!
And what do they do,
They stop dying,
Leaving us with no money.
Why are they not dying?
We will have to do something,
Do something about that.....

Valley to the Sea.

I was stunned,
Totally stunned.
The picture swallowed my heart
As it appeared before me.
The multicoloured blue sky
Merging into the sea.
The valley ahead of me,
The sandy path flowing,
Flowing below the rocks,
The rocks escaping,
Escaping from the sand.
I walked slowly down
Looking all around,
All around at the beauty,
The beauty created,
Created in my mind,
In my body,
From the brush of the artist.
I followed the path,
Followed the path forever,
Towards eternity,
And beyond.

Play Your Music Louder

I see him most days.
I look in the mirror,
And he is there.
I say a phrase
And hear him,
He is there.
I look at my brother,
And he is there.
My brother speaks,
And he is there.
Every day he is with me,
The man who taught me,
Taught me to be calm,
Showed me the wonder of music.
His Spirit lives on in me
As he is up there
Looking down,
Listening to his music,
Listening to our music,
Happy Birthday Dad.
"Play your music louder"

A Wonderful Evening

What a wonderful evening,
An evening of good food
Served with pleasure,
And cooked with love.

An evening of humour,
An evening of laughter,
An evening of words,
Words so meaningful
All served with glory,
With glory and wonder
The glory and wonder of good friends.

Thank you is not enough,
Not enough for that evening,
But that is all I can say,
But I can say it with these words.

Nearly Won!!

He went to New York City
To run the long, long race,
He ran the New York Marathon
At a fast and furious pace.

He finished it in glory
With twenty eight thousand behind him,
He was nearly at the front,
As there were only twenty five thousand,
Twenty five thousand for him to run and beat.

Yesterday was Wonderful.

I sit here and remember yesterday,
What a wonderful day.
Breakfast eaten,
Poetry read,
Music heard.
Drove to my coffee bar,
Drank some wonderful coffee
While writing two poems.
Wonderful morning.
Home for lunch
Then off to croquet,
Played so well,
With so much enjoyment.
Drove home for dinner,
Cooked by me,
Relaxed for a while.
Went out to sing,
Sing in a choir
A choir I had to give up
While my lover was ill.
So much enjoyment
Singing my heart out,
The joy in my heart,
So meaningful,
So wonderful.

So here I am this morning
Looking back on yesterday,
Such a wonderful day
That ended with sleep,
A good night's sleep
From which I awoke,
And wrote these words.

Into The New Day.

As your dreams fade,
Life awaits.
A new day is yours,
Yours to enjoy.
Go forward into that day
With the love within you,
Shining to those around you.

Is There No Hope?

The man looks out from where he lay,
Into the distance from whence came,
The horror that had caused
the forlorn look upon his twisted face.

The tears run down the cheek
Of the other, looking on from outside,
At the anguish reproduced
By the skill of the artist.

The hope of the soldier has gone
From his fearful face.
The hope of the onlooker fortified
By the skill of the artist.

Car Cleaned

What was I thinking?
There I was getting my car cleaned,
Why!
I rarely clean my car,
But it needed cleaning,
Cleaning before its regular clean,
Every six months.
It had only been three months
Since the last clean.
So there it was
Shining,
The crew had done a good job
As they normally did.
I drove it home,
It was strange,
I could see,
See out of the windows,
ALL of the windows.
Arrived home,
Parked it in my drive,
Showing it off,
Making neighbours jealous.
Left it there overnight
As usual
Came out in the morning,
Somebody had been jealous,
As there on the bonnet
There was bird poo,
So much poo,
Never seen as much before.
The thought went through my mind,
That'll teach me,
Teach me not to get the car cleaned,

The car cleaned earlier than usual.

Tunnel of Life.

Throughout my life there have been hills,
Each one climbed,
Some easily,
Others harder,
Until I came to the one,
The one that could not be climbed.
I looked at it,
I worried,
I decided to dig,
To dig through the hill,
Make a tunnel beneath.
It was hard,
So hard I nearly gave up,
But came that day,
That day when I dug through.
I was so tired
But so relieved.
As I now look back,
Look back at the tunnel,
I am now free,
Free to move on,
To move on with freedom,
Into my new found life.

Lost in Fiction.

Once more I was lost!
All I did was open a book,
That was all I did,
And I became lost.
Life outside that book had gone,
I was drawn into the words,
Words that pulled me,
Pulled me into another world.
A world where love was at the fore,
A love that was never to be,
But as I read the words
The two souls got closer.
Would their love be fulfilled,
Would they be together,
Together for all their lives.

I have no idea!
I have not finished the book yet!

Door of Wonder.

Through your life you wonder,
Wonder if life can get better.
In your life there are good days,
There are bad days.
There are the occasional wonderful days.
These days can always be with you,
As deep within your soul is a door
A door which opens a world of wonder.
So make today,
And every day wonderful.
Open that door
And let the magic pervade your life.

Boredom Personified.

The hall was booked,
The man was going to speak,
To speak to the assembled throng.
He arrived at the hall
His script ready,
Full of boring words
To tell all.
He looked down from the stage
And saw three people,
And a dog,
In the audience.
He said to the organiser
"Did you tell them,
Tell them I was coming?"
"No, I didn't,
Word must have got out!"

Risen to the Light

Those days happen
Where I do not feel right,
So I write words.
Words take me away,
Away from that place,
That place of sorrow.
They lead me into life,
Into my new life,
That life where I am back,
Back being me,
Doing good things,
Good things in my life,
Things that I enjoy,
And the greatest joy
Is the joy of writing,
As it always raises me,
Raises me to the light.

Life to Love. FIB.

Your
Life
Is yours
To enjoy
As you move forward
Into the dreams that you have made
Leading to that life
Giving you
The joy
Of
Love

Wrong or Right.

You see and hear them
Preaching their beliefs,
There apparent beliefs.
These religious people
Do what they are told,
They don't think for themselves,
They just do what they are told,
No matter what is right.

You see but don't hear them
Alone in their spiritual lives,
Their beliefs within them,
Within their hearts.
They do what is right,
What is right in their world,
No matter what they are told.

Gardening?

There we were
Sitting together,
My lover and I,
Sitting in the Care Home.
We were sitting by a window,
A window to the garden,
Chatting and laughing.
We looked out the window
And there he was,
One of the residents,
Sweeping leaves,
Only gently ,
But he was tidying them up.
My lover looked out
And said,
"I would like to do that"
I said "That would be fun,
Your frame in both hands
And presumably,
The broom in your teeth!"

She was Back!

She was back!
My wife was back!
Full of laughter,
Full of love
Caring for me,
Caring for all.
But no,
It was only a dream.

Illusion of Time.

Up at my normal time,
Downstairs ,
Switch on radio,
Switch on computer,
Put kettle on.
Settle down to write,
To write and read poetry.
Kettles boiled,
Makes tea.
Back to computer ,
Write and read poetry,
Check messages,
Answer those that need,
Need answering.
Pour cereal into bowl,
Add milk,
Eat while reading poems.
Check washing up is done,
Potter around
Doing other tasks.
Back to writing poetry.
Potter some more.
Look at the clock.
BLIMEY!
Look at the time,
I need to go out!
Now in a rush!
The three s's need to be done,
S...,shave and shower.
Dress in a hurry,
All ready to go,
I shouldn't be late.
But what has happened?

What has happened to the time?
I had plenty when I got up
But it has disappeared,
Gone like magic.
A typical morning,
Of being retired!

Stunning Unique Patterns.

At dawns first light I saw them,
Such stunning patterns.
As I looked through the glass
They were there,
Natures artwork in all its glory,
Each one unique.
There just for a moment
Before Nature took them back,
But captured in my memory,
Showing the wonder of Nature
In all its many guises.

Doctor Respect.

We sat by the table,
The Doctor and I.
He said he must speak to me.
So in a gentle, respectful manner he spoke,
Spoke of my wife.
Her illness was getting worse
So the question had to be asked.
"Would you want us to resuscitate her,
Resuscitate her if she passes?"
And awful question,
But one I had already dealt with.
My answer was no,
As the wife that I loved had gone,
Had gone three years ago,
When dementia took her from me.
Her life was now full of pain,
As well as full of turmoil.
He then asked
"If she became so bad
Should we use invasive procedures,
Or should we just make her comfortable?"
Again I had already dealt with this,
And said to make her comfortable,
As I did not want her to suffer more.
The conversation went on,
Went on in a gentle manner,
Until all was resolved.
I was left with a feeling of calmness,
Brought on by a man, a Doctor,
A Doctor who understood my mind,
And who I now look on with thankfulness,
Thankfulness and respect.

Words on the Page.

These words go onto the page,
They bring joy to me.

Words can express my emotions,
They can express my sadness
That has come into my life,
But I know that sadness will go,
As I know my life will move on.
My words will bring me,
Bring me into the light,
The light of joy and wonder.
No matter how bad life is
I will find happiness
As I write these words,
These words on the page.

Alternate Facts.

The lies are always out there,
Can they ever tell the truth?
They say they can fix it,
The words come from their mouth.

But every time they utter,
Another lie is told,
To try and get elected,
Into the protected fold.

They deny that they're are lying,
They always tell truth,
Well the truth that they envisage,
Before the election booth.

Their lies may be so different ,
They say they will ban tax,
But all they are really doing,
Is stating 'alternate facts.'

Swarm of Fiats.

There I was
Driving up the road,
Minding my own business
When they appeared,
Appeared all around me,
Like bees round a honey pot.
What was it that attracted them,
I could have swatted them
But no, I just moved on,
And there ahead of me
Were more of them.
Why were they doing this?
What was it that attracted them.
Attracted them to me?
I had to do something,
So I put my foot down,
Swept passed them
And left those pesky Fiat Five Hundreds
In my wake.

Not My Problem.

Each of us is unique,
We live our lives differently,
Differently from others.
That difference must be respected,
As respect can make life flow,
Make life flow smoothly,
Smoothly with joy.
But you always meet them,
Those who don't like what they see,
What they see in others,
And show no respect,
Want to change people,
Into a way that suits them.
Well with me it will not work,
This is me,
If you don't like what you see,
It is not my problem,
It is yours!

Lost in Transaltion.

All my life I have known three words,
Three words in French.
The only words I needed were
"Dercs beers garkon".
They were the words I knew,
The words learnt at school.
But I need to change.
As calling someone 'garkon' is rude,
"Two beers boy" is not polite.
So I need to change,
And learn three more words.
I know need to say,
"Dercs beers sill voo plat".

Toute ma vie j'ai connu trois mots,
Trois mots en français.
Les seuls mots dont j'avais besoin étaient
« Dercs beers garkon ».
Ce sont les mots que je connaissais,
Les mots appris à l'école.
Mais je dois changer.
Comme appeler quelqu'un «garkon» est impoli,
«Garçon de deux bières» n'est pas poli.
J'ai donc besoin de changer,
Et apprenez encore trois mots.
Je sais que je dois dire,
« Dercs beers sill voo plat ».

Wonder and Love.

I stand on the green
Mallet in hand
Ready to strike the ball.
But I look up,
Look around,
And there on this morn,
This cool winter morn,
I see the world,
The world surrounding me.
The grass so green beneath me,
The trees free of their burden,
Their burden of leaves
So I can see through them.
I look further and see the hills
So clear in this sun filled day.
All around beauty is seen,
Natures glory in my world.
I look once more at the hills,
And look further,
Into my life.
My life of wonder and love,
Natures wonder is part of me
And that love for my world,
Will never fail.

Covered.

**He came through the gate
His throat was exposed
But his voice was steady
His demeanor composed**

I stood there before him
Light in my hand
To show him the glory
That glory was his
He just needed to see
To find his new life
A life that would be
Full of bright light

The gate was now closed
His throat now covered
Into his future
He walked with such pride
The wolf was behind him
No need to now hide
Becoming the man
He should always have seen
His future secure
As it always had been

**He came through the gate
His throat not exposed
His voice was so steady
His demeanor composed.**

Live Your Days Well.

Once more I awake
The new day is here
This will be different
Of that I've no fear.

I live my good life
A day at a time
Knowing the next day
Will always be fine.

The bad days are there
It is true to say
But can be forgot
In each brand new day .

So live well your lives
As bad days dispel
Go through your life
And live your days well.

Infamy! Infamy!

It was going to be one of those days!
Got up,
Got ready to go to the hospital
To see my lover.
Drove up the road, on my way,
Just pop into the coffee shop,
Went in.
Sorry they said,
We are late,
Coffee won't be ready
For another ten minutes.
I couldn't wait so off I walked
Into another coffee shop,
Had a cup of awful coffee,
Not like my usual fine brew.
As I walked back to the car
Words came into my mind,
"Infamy! Infamy!
They've all got it in for me!"

Ol' Blue Eyes.

He came into the world one hundred years ago,
This scrawny little kid from New Jersey.
He changed the world,
And Flew to the Moon
With me hanging onto his coat tails.
The Songs for Swingin' lovers,
The album that has been with me all my life,
An anthem for the world to follow.

This insignificant man grew into an immortal,
One that will always be remembered.
His soft velvet tones flowing through the ether,
A legacy of his love of music,
That comes through his voice,
And stir so many emotions within us.

He sang to us for years,
He retired and then came back.
He retired many times,
And his comebacks were legion,
But he could not comeback from his final breath
Except in my mind,
Where I can still hear his voice
Transporting me to his presence,
And knowing that throughout his life,
He always did it, his way.

Alcohol.

That glass of wine with dinner
Can enhance the meal,
Allowing the glory of its taste
Relax the body
Into the enjoyment of life.

That glass of scotch after the meal
Brings the mind to contentment
As love and laughter
Surround the table
With friends enjoying their lives.

That extra drink may be too much,
As they say that alcohol
May be man's worst enemy,
But the bible says,
Love your enemy.

Highlighted.

The distant dark clouds,
Formed in a straight horizon,
Highlighted the sun.

What is Christmas?

What is Christmas?
That time of year
Where celebrations abound,
There is joy all around.

What is Christmas?
Some believe it is the birth
Of the son of god,
If you believe.

What is Christmas?
That time where families
Come together in joy,
With food and wine.

What was Christmas
With my loved one?
So many joys,
Over so many years.

What is Christmas?
Now her mind has gone
Where she does not know,
One day from another.

What is Christmas,
What is Christmas to me?
Without my lover
No longer at my side.

Sunday Drivers?

You see them driving down the road,
The old codgers at the wheel.
Leaning over the steering wheel
Wondering where they are going,
Grey hair covering their eyes.
They lead the traffic
Going along the road,
Travelling at a speed
That is slower than all others.
Or they vary their speed,
Up and down it goes
No thought to those behind.
Or maybe they don't look,
Don't look in the mirror.
Sometimes these old codgers
Drive so slowly,
Maybe they are looking for him,
The man with the red flag.

Hold on though,
What am I saying?
Many of those old codgers,
Are younger than me!

By Her Side.

I sit by her bed in the hospital
Watching her in her troubled sleep,
I sit there and wonder,
Will she ever awake.

I think back,
Back to those times
When walking the Dales.
The beauty all around us
As we walk up those hills.
I think of that time,
That time when we went from Cray
And walked up Buckden Pike.
Near the top we saw it,
Saw the remembrance mound,
With the fox looking at us,
The fox who saved the airman's life.
As we reached the top we were stunned,
Stunned at the view,
Still in my mind this day.
Nature's glory shone,
Shone down the vale.
That beauty enhanced by her,
My loved one,
My loved one by my side,
As she has been all my life.

I sit by her bed in the hospital
Watching her in her troubled sleep,
I sit there and wonder,
Will she ever awake.

Move Forward - Tanka.

Yesterday has gone,
Today is now upon us.
Enjoy this new day
As you move forward in life
This day will not come again.

A Subaltern's Marriage.

At last I was married
To Miss Joan Hunter Dunn.
And a little while later
She bore us a son.

Birthday Trumpet.

Ninety years old he would have been,
Would have been today,
That trumpeter who takes me to another place,
That place where his music shows me his glory,
That glory fills my heart with wonder.
No longer with us,
But Chet lives on,
Lives on in my life,
As his sound pervades my mind.

Golden Silences.

The music plays,
The notes sail into the ether
And into your heart,
But within those notes
There can be silence,
Silence is so important,
So important in music.
Listen to those silent notes
And realise,
Realise that silences can be golden.

Life of Cheer?

We are at that time of year
When all is meant to be good cheer,
But some are struggling,
Struggling with their lives,
As life becomes very hard.
So all I can do is wish,
Wish that soon the world will see,
Will see what is wrong,
And fix all lives,
So that we can all move forward,
Move forward into that life,
Into that life of cheer.

Christmas Was Over.

We sat down to Christmas dinner,
The four of us.
Our daughter,
Her daughter,
And her daughters friend,
With my loved one there in our thoughts.
We feasted on turkey
And the usual vegetables,
Yes the brussels were there again!
The meal went down well
And we retired to the lounge.
We sat around chatting and laughing,
Enjoying each other's company.

I wondered into the kitchen,
A cup of tea was needed.
I boiled the kettle,
Put the tea in the pot.
Proper tea,
Not that bagged rubbish!
The boiled water went in
And left for two minutes,
Milk went into the cups.
The tea was poured,
Poured through a strainer
Into the cups,
All was ready.
I carried the tea into the lounge
And I saw it,
I saw that Christmas was over!
All three ladies were sitting there,
Sitting on the sofa,
Tapping away,

Yes tapping away on their 'phones.
Yes, Christmas was over!

Back to My River.

Once more I was with her,
Walking by her side,
My River.
She rushed passed,
In such a hurry
That the water was brown,
Mud laden with the earth.
The earth that had come down,
Come down from the waters,
The waters that had soaked our world.
As I walked her path I looked,
Looked all around.
The grass in the fields,
The fields by her side was so green,
So green and so long.
There were pools over the land,
Pools where birds gathered
In conversation with themselves.
I kept walking and peace came to me.
In my sad times I needed to be here,
To be walking with My River.
As I looked I became aware
Aware of another sadness,
As all along My River I saw plastic,
Plastic caught in the trees and bushes,
The beauty of Nature defiled.
But I could look passed this
And still see the beauty,
The beauty of Nature's art,
That had been created,
Created for me.
So I walked on,
As I will do one day forever,

To the place where My River,
My River and My Spirit meet.

Together Forever.

I look into my mind and see her,
This glorious lady who made me whole,
The time we had together.
Our love never questioned,
That love combined into one soul
That would never fail
Would go on forever,
Into eternity.

As she lays in the hospital bed,
Her eternity is nearly here
Taking her soul from me.
But I know that all will be well
As in time we will meet again,
And be together forever.

The New Watch.

There he came into the house,
The first thing he showed us
Was the watch,
Of which he was so proud.
My son and his partner
Had started kayaking,
And he needed a watch
That could survive in the wet,
So here it was.
It goes down to the depths,
It told when the tides were rising,
Or receding,
It could even tell the time!
We were sitting chatting
And he needed to know the time.
So there it is,
His new watch on his wrist,
Ready and waiting for him,
And what does he do?
He looks at his 'phone!
I just laughed and laughed.
"What are you laughing at?
My son said.
So I asked him
"Why do you have a watch,
Of which you are so proud;
But tell the time on you 'phone?"
He looked at me dumbfounded,
And he too burst out laughing.

Waiting Together.

I sit by her hospital bed,
I look at my lover with tears in my eyes.
She does not see me,
Our years looking into each other's eyes
No long possible.
She lays there, waiting,
I sit there, waiting,
Waiting for that moment,
That moment when she leaves,
Leaves me.

I relive the past,
Our wonderful times,
So many years with our love
Fuelling our beautiful life,
But now it is over.
She lays there, waiting,
I sit there, waiting.
It will come soon
And my lover will be gone,
But I know she will be waiting,
Waiting for me,
As our hearts re-join
And will sail together to infinity,
To infinity and beyond,
Fuelled by our love,
A love so secure
As it was from that moment,
That moment we first met,
First met so many years ago.

She lays there, waiting,
I sit there, waiting.

Last Breath.

As I sit next to her, listening,
Listening to her breathing,
So loud, so hard.
I await that breath,
That final breath,
That tells me she has gone.

The breathing quietens,
I look deep into her face,
My love is with her
As she draws that final breath.
She moves on into a new world,
Free of pain,
Her mind clear at last.

The light of my life
Now gone,
Casting a shadow over me.
That shadow so heavy,
So heavy in my life,
Pulling me down,
Down into the depths,
The depths of my soul.
I sit looking at her,
The waiting has ended.

But I know that she will be waiting,
Waiting for me,
On that day when I will join her,
And our never failing love,
Will go on to eternity.

Into the New Year 2.

I would like to thank you all for your kind words and thoughts after the passing of my wife, they are much appreciated

May your New Year be filled with love and happiness.

Andy.

Into the New Year I go,

A year of change,

My lover passed

Into her New Life,

Waiting for me,

I will be with her,

But not yet.

My New Life

Is before me,

I will go on.

The wonderful thoughts

Of our life together

Will always be there,

But my life

Will move forward

Into my New World,

Where all will be fine.

Words To Music To Words.

That sound drew me,
Drew me from my words
Into the glory of music.
The sound entered my heart,
All I could do is sit and wonder,
Wonder at the sound
Produced from love,
The love of music.
My day started with words,
Which turned to music,
That created these words.

The New Day - Haiku.

As dawn approaches
The sun rises from darkness,
The new day begins.

Early Summer?

I stand on the lawn,
Mallett in hand,
Balls in front of me.
I look up and am amazed,
The sky is clear blue,
Not a cloud in sight.
A beautiful summers day
Playing croquet with friends.
But is it an illusion?
How can it be so fine,
So wonderfully sunny,
On the third day of the year.

The Universe Waits.

I look up at the clear night sky,
There shining down on me is the moon,
My friend always there for me.
I look passed my friend and I see it,
I see the new star,
The new star in my life,
The brightest star in my Universe.
I know she is there,
My lover is there
Looking down on me,
Waiting for me.
She has always been there,
Been there for me,
All our glorious life together
So wonderful,
And still she is there
Looking over me,
Protecting me with her love,
Her love for me.
I look up,
Look up at her
With my love sailing towards her.
That love never failed,
And never will fail
As she waits,
Waits for my journeys end,
My journeys end on this earth,
And our two stars will join
And sail the Universe forever.

Wordiku Five.

Assimilating

Oversimplification,

Appreciated.

Life Changes.

I walk along My River,
There in front of me I see him,
See this man
Sitting on a bench.
His expressionless face
Becomes tinged with sadness.
He looks into My River
And a smile arises.
As I near him I listen
And find I can hear his thoughts,
His life has changed,
He is now on his own,
But this sorrow moves on
As he remembers the good things,
The good things that were there,
Those times with his lover.
The smile hovers,
But comes back
As more good times are remembered.
He sits there knowing,
Knowing that all will be well
And he will move on,
Move on into a changed life,
A life that will be good.
New memories will be made
Complementing those that have passed.
I get close to him,
He looks up at me,
I look down at him,
That man is me.
I will go on,
Go on into my new life,
Go on with memories,

But will create new ones,
As my life goes forward,
Goes forward in wonder.

Buzzard.

Just hanging in the sky with effortless motion,
Swirling in wide lazy circles, going ever upward,
No wing beats on this fine, sunny, still day;
The occasional mew breaking the peace.

Eyes looking around for mile on mile;
Still going upwards, on this windless day,
Until at last the prey is seen, and like an arrow
It stoops to the ground with incredible speed.

When I come back I want to be a buzzard
Hanging in the sky with that effortless ease.

Time?

Time,
So much to do,
But where does it go?
Time,
There should be enough,
But it disappears.
Time,
It is always with me,
Why does it vary.
Time,
It takes seconds.
That last hours,
Time,
That inconsistency
In my life.
Time,
Sometimes too much,
But mostly not enough.
Time,
So much time,
But where does it go?
Time.

Another New Day.

I wonder what will happen today?
I arise with joy,
Knowing another new day is mine.
What will I do?
What I do
Does not matter
As I am here,
And every one of my new days
Will always be wonderful.

Shining on My Life. Senryu

The Full Moon looks down,
Spreading its glory all round,
Shining on My Life.

The Innocence of Childhood.

There we were, the four us
On this dark, chill afternoon,
Striking the balls towards the hoops.
We were obviously mad,
Mad about the game of croquet.
Or were we just mad?
The sky was grey,
The wind was strong,
But we played.

Then on the next field
Came the sound,
The sound of children shouting,
Shouting and laughing
As they kicked their football.
Then two fathers came,
And the kids and dads played,
Played football.
The joy in their playing so wonderful,
The sound of children laughing,
The joy of their dads
Playing with their children
Brought joy to me.
The innocence of childhood
So wonderful,
I wish it was always so.

Mushrooms Again.

They met again after many years,
Two old mates.
They spoke of old times,
Those times when life was ahead of them.
"How is your wife?"
Came the question,
"Oh my first wife died?"
"Oh I am sorry to hear that, what happened?"
"She was poisoned,
Poisoned by mushrooms"
"That is so sad, so you remarried?"
"Yes that I did,
She died as well"
"What happened to her?"
"She suffered a blow on the head"
"That is awful, how did that happen?"
"She wouldn't eat the bloody mushrooms!!"

Paths in Life.

Throughout my life I have walked them,
Walked the paths of my life,
Each one so different,
Creating so many emotions within me.
As I look back I can see them,
Those paths that ended in sadness,
The ones that ended in anger,
But each of them gave me experience,
Experience not to tread them again.
There was always the main path though,
That wide path that was my life.
Each path I trod went back
To the life I was going to lead.
Here I am looking forward,
Forward to the new path before me.
My life has changed,
Given me a sad path which I followed,
But I know I will return,
Return to the way I need to go.

We all need to look ahead,
Look to our own new paths,
As if you do not tread them,
Where will you go?

Pill for Fitness.

It had to happen,
No more running the streets,
No more sweating at the gym,
Those days are over.
All you need to do
Is climb out of your bed
Take a pill,
And fitness will pervade,
Pervade your body.
So you can just drive to the park,
Sit on the bench,
Drinking your coffee,
Eating your food,
Indulging in gluttony,
While you look at them,
Look at them and laugh
As they run around the park
In their quest to get fit,
And you are now fit,
As you have taken your pill.

Grave Walking.

Well they want to change things again,
Change things in the Church.
The Welcome Area is not right,
Apparently,
So somebody said!
It must be changed,
The main door is in the wrong place!
It has only been there a few years,
One hundred and sixteen of them!
But no, it is in the wrong place,
It must be moved,
Moved to the centre.
But the raised bed is in the way!
We will board over that,
And have a ramp.
We can put tables and chairs there,
For people to enjoy their tea and coffee;
But there are peoples ashes
In that raised bed,
It is a resting place for them,
Their final resting place.
Would you therefore walk on it?
Would you walk on someone else's grave?

I Am Becoming My Dad.

I must apologise for not commenting on many poems at the moment but I am very busy sorting out things for my wife's funeral which is next week. Normal Service will be resumed before long.

I look in the mirror
And the person I see is changing.
I can hear a new person when I laugh,
Such a distinctive sound
That I have always known.
The mannerisms that I have
I have known them as well.
So not only has my love for music,
And for nature,
Come from this person,
I am changing into him,
I am becoming my Dad.
A man I had always admired.
A gentle man,
And a gentleman.
No longer with us,
This man who went from life
Over twenty years ago,
Is now resurrected in me.
Thank you Dad.
I will join you soon,
And together we can sit and listen
To, and with our heroes of music.

Unanswered.

As we go through our lives
Questions come to us,
Come to us in many ways,
So we need to find the answers.
Or do we?
Maybe those answers
Are better unanswered,
And remain hidden
As we move through this wonderful life,
That life where we have arrived,
Arrived at this moment in time .

Sunny, Frosty Morning.

The morning had come,
I looked out and saw the clear sky,
The frost on the ground,
And I knew,
I knew it would be my kind of day.
As the sun rose I was there,
There walking in the sunlight,
With the whiteness on the leaves.
The beauty of nature
Portrayed in art,
The brightness was around me
As I looked,
Looked and listened,
Listened to nature's symphony
Sending its music to my ears,
While I saw its art with my eyes.
A sunny, frosty morning,
My kind of day.

Map of Life.

The moment we are born
We are given them,
We are given maps,
Maps of our life.
At first we don't see them
But as we travel the roads
We find the way,
The way to our destination.
What we do not have,
And what we need is a goal,
As without a goal
The map of our life
Will still lead us
But lead us where?

The Day Started Well.

The words were said,
The words that put joy in my heart.
I turned the radio on
And these words were said,
"We now have Mozart,
Mozart to start the day."
What a glorious sound
Came into my ears,
Into my heart,
Into my soul.
Today will be a good day,
As it started with Mozart.

Forest of Dean.

She drove along the road,
The forest around us,
Its beauty was mesmerising.
The branches reaching out,
Reaching out to me.
I looked deeper and deeper,
The glory of nature seen,
Seen in the depths,
The depths of the woodland.
The further she drove
The deeper became the wood,
The unboundless glory all around.
A magnificent drive
Where I could look around.
One day I will return,
Return and walk with nature
Among this wonderful forest,
The Forest of Dean.

Ooh Ironing!

There I was at home,
My son was visiting.
We were chatting amiably
When suddenly a look came over his face,
He said in a worried voice,
"Ooh! Ironing!"
I said "What?"
He said "I must do some ironing!"
So out comes the ironing board
The iron and the clothes.
He starts to iron his trousers.
Then he made the big mistake,
"Dad, do you have any ironing
That needs doing,
I enjoy Ironing?"
I just laughed!
Gave him the basket
Full of clothes,
He was not amused.
But to give him his due
He did dispel the myth,
There is a bottom
To the ironing basket.

Final Parting.

Now it has happened
That third time,
That third and final time.
My love has now departed,
Departed permanently
From this earth.
I lost her first to dementia,
Then her Spirit left her body,
Now her body is gone.
But the celebration was there,
The celebration of her life.
So many friends,
So many kind words
As we all said good bye to her.
The love of my life
Has now left this world,
But she has not left me,
Her soul is still within me
As our love will never die.
I will be with her one day
And we will go on together,
Go to eternity.
Hand in hand,
Soul in soul,
Guided by our love,
Our profound love for each other.

New Chapter.

A chapter in my book of life
Has closed,
The longest chapter in my book,
A chapter full of great love,
Love for my loved one.

A new chapter has started,
That start has shown me glory,
The glory of friendship,
A friendship from many people.
So I know that this chapter
Will lead me into a new era,
A new era of life.
An era when life will be full,
Full of wonder and light
As my friends will be with me.
We will see new life
As we all travel its path,
Travel life's path together,
In the new chapter
Of my book of life.

Where Roses Grow.

We know of dark places
Where the lamps no longer shine,
Our lives are bleak
Where hope has left us,
And no roses grow.
That darkness is often there,
But knowledge will tell us
The darkness will subside,
The light will be back in our lives,
And the roses will grow.

Stay Weird.

We try to live our lives
In the way we want them to go.
Others look at us and try to change us,
Change us into the person they want,
They want us to be.
But we are ourselves,
Unique in this world,
So be yourself.
I will be myself
And will not change,
Not change to be accepted,
Accepted by others.
So come on people
Be like me
And stay weird!

My River of Joy.

I walk by My River and wonder,
Wonder what my life will be like.
I then look into the deep green water
And see the depths of my future
Pushing ahead with wonder,
With wonder and joy.
My River, always going forward,
So that will be me
Looking back to the beauty,
The beauty that was in my life,
But always moving forward
To that life ahead,
That is bound to bring me joy.

What Shall I do?

What shall I do?
One of the biggest decisions,
Biggest decisions of my life
Needs to be made!
But what do I do?
Croquet has taken over,
Taken over my life,
But I need to make a choice,
As the competition is near.
That competition that happens,
That happens every year,
Where the Six Nations battle it out,
Battle around an oval ball.
Every match I have watched,
And before that,
The Five Nations.
But they clash,
Clash on a Saturday afternoon.
Croquet or Rugby?
Rugby or Croquet?
What shall I do?
Shall I record the croquet
And play the rugby?
That is daft!
So I shall have to play the croquet
And record the rugby,
But woe betide
If anybody,
Even you!!
Tell me the result
Before I have seen my recording.

Another Drug?

He stood in the pulpit and spoke,
Spoke of the ills in the world,
The bad things that people do,
That people get drawn into.
They become besotted by their convictions,
Like taking a drug of choice.
They become embalmed
Into their singularity
To follow the path that is bad.
He said there is a way out,
The way to get on in life
Is to follow Jesus,
And believe in Christianity.
But surely this too
Becomes a drug of choice,
And the box gets confined,
Confined around you,
Where you cannot see outside.
And that confinement
Traps you in your life,
Where you cannot see outside,
See outside that box,
Where life is good.

New Meaning to My Life.

The start of the morning was busy,
Needed to do this and that.
All completed.
So I could go,
In my car I went,
Gear all packed.
I drove to the main road
And sailed along easily.

Then this feeling came over me,
A feeling of absolute calmness.
I was free of sad thoughts,
All was well in my world
In spite of the recent sadness.
That calmness was so wonderful,
It meant so much to me,
I was going to do something,
Something that I enjoy,
Thoroughly enjoy.
It has brought a new meaning,
New meaning to my life,
And that joy abounds around me
As I walk onto the croquet lawn.

Medicine of Laughter

In our lives we have good days,
We have bad days.
Those bad days can be turned,
Turned into good days.
There is a medicine that works,
It can turn bad days into good days.
That medicine is free to use,
And can be with us all.

In any situation use that medication
And laugh,
Always laugh,
It is the cheapest medicine.

So Much Music.

Yet again it happened,
Another piece of music,
Another piece I did not know.
Listening to music
Throughout my life time
There is still music,
Music that I do not know.
The more I learn,
Learn about music,
The more ignorant
I realise I am.
So much music,
So little time.

Empty House.

I walk up the drive to my house,
To my home.
All is as I left it,
Nothing has changed.
I wander from room to room,
The silence is stifling.
No laughter,
No words.
Nothing but the quiet
Where once there were sounds,
Where once there was music,
Only silence can be heard.
Alone I sit opposite where she sat,
I realise that I was never prepared,
Nobody warned me,
Warned me that when she died
I would not be prepared
For the silence of an empty house.

A Hundred Years Ago.

We spoke of olden days,
Those days a hundred years ago.
Those times we worked together,
And I drove her to work.
The memories recalled
Of people we knew,
Of times we laughed,
Of times we cried.
The friendship we have
Has never stopped,
Even though we now live far away,
Far away from each other.
But on this day
We met once more,
And we talked,
Talked of wondrous times.
We talked of my loved one,
Of my loved one passing,
The tears shone in her eyes,
As they did in mine,
But all was well
As we spoke of olden days,
Those days a hundred years ago.

Island of Dreams.

I know I will find it
As I look through my life,
That place where sadness,
Sadness is not there,
Where love fills the air.

I know I will find it,
That place where all are kind,
Help each other
In their lives,
To progress into future .

I know I will find it,
Where all are friends
And enmity does not exist,
That place where all care,
Care for each other.

I know that I will find it,
That island of my dreams,
And life and love
Will go on,
Go on for eternity.

Stunning Art.

Once more he has done it,
The artist has sent me into raptures.
The diversity of colours draw me in,
Draw me in to the scene,
And as I look I start walking,
Walking through the picture
Towards the horizon,
Towards my future,
Towards my eternity.

This Must be a Special Day.

This must be a special day.
I draw the curtains
And the bright moon
Shines its light upon me,
Bringing light to my world.
I turn on the radio
And Mozart is there,
Bringing music to my heart.
Such wonderful music
There to greet me
Into this new day,
A day that will be wonderful.
This must be a special day.

From the Ether.

The sound streamed into the ether.
That sound that is still with me,
Every time he is mentioned
I hear him play.
No longer with us
But Chet will live in me,
Live within my memory,
Live within my soul
Every time I hear his trumpet,
Hear his trumpet calling me,
Calling me from the ether.

Calliope Acrostic

Clearing my mind of
All sad things she
Leaves my heart clear
Letting new words
Into my freed mind
Opening new worlds to
Pour new wonder into my
Everlasting future.

Departed Manners.

Into the petrol station I went,
Filled up the car with petrol.
Into the shop to pay the bill ,
Got to the counter.
"Good Morning" I said,
"Pump number 7 please"
"Thank you" said the lady,
The lady behind the counter.
To the counter next to me
Came a young lady,
"Five!" was all she said.
The lady behind the counter
Told her the price,
The young lady handed over the payment
Then just walked out!
This stunned me,
The only word the young lady said
Was "Five!"
No please,
No thank you.
As I was thanking the lady,
The lady who served me,
I asked if this happened often.
"Many, many times" she said
"People have no manners these days".
What has happened to manners
And politeness in this era?
It costs nothing
And is worth everything.
So come on people,
Just to remind you,
There are only three words,
Three words you need to remember.

Please,
And Thank you.

Today.

I look out at the morning sky,
The dark grey clouds above me.
They float by so slowly
But there on the horizon
I see it,
I see the light of day,
That light sails towards me.
The more I look
The brighter it becomes,
So I know all is well,
And today will be a good day.

Porch Light

They come into our world,
Such tiny beings
Who we love so much.
They grow before us.
Gaining experiences each day,
And each day they see us,
See us there for them,
Always there for them.
Bigger and bigger they get,
From childhood into adolescence,
That time where they may struggle,
Struggle to find their way,
But we are always there for them.
Then comes that day when they leave,
Leave our home
To make a home of their own.
As they leave they know,
They know that we will always be there,
Be there for them,
As there shining for them
When they come back
Will be the signal,
The signal of welcome, and love
As we leave on,
The porch light.

There Are Good People.

There are good people around.
In these winds fences have come down,
Needed to be fixed.
There comes the knock on the door,
The door of an elderly lady.
A young man stood there,
"Good day ma'am" he says
"Would you like me to fix your fence?"
He asks,
"What will it cost me?" she replies,
"Oh there will be no charge,
I'll do it for free"
The lady is taken aback,
But he meant it.
A young man doing his bit
Helping the elderly
Wherever he could,
For no charge,
Except maybe a cup of tea.
It is so good to see,
That there are good people around.

Penny Senryu.

The light above us
Brings joy and love to us all,
Penny's from heaven.

Amazed by Music Again.

Why does it happen?
I sit happily writing
Or reading poems
When a sound comes,
Comes from the radio,
A sound that stops me
And pulls me,
Pulls me into its glory.
Once more it has happened.
I heard,
I stopped,
I listened,
I felt.
I was in awe
As that voice sailed,
Sailed through my soul
Into my heart.
Such a wonderful voice,
Once again I am amazed,
Amazed by music.

Every Day's a Saturday.

I see them going about their lives,
Each day they go to work.
Some enjoy their work,
Others do not.
In their working week
They look forward,
Look forward to that day,
That day after Friday,
When their work for the week
Is complete.
Saturday is a special day.
Many have said to me
I am glad it is Saturday,
I just look at them and smile.
Having worked my forty seven years
And one month,
Never forget the one month,
In my life now,
Every day's a Saturday.

For Unsub.

In our lives we can walk into tunnels,
Dark tunnels of life.
And as we travel them we look forward,
Look forward to the light,
The light for which we search.
There in the distance we see it
And as we move towards it
Our lives get better.
The nearer we reach that light
The better our lives are.
Then comes the time,
The time when we reach out,
Reach out for the light,
And that is when it happens
The bloody roof caves in!!

Into My New World.

Her body has gone from my world
But the memories are still there,
Those times of wondrous joy
We shared during our long life,
Our long life together.
The love and laughter
Are deep in my soul
And will never be forgotten.
Then sad moments come
But then I just remember,
Remember the good moments.
Those moments are wonderful
As they are still within me,
Still within me as I move on,
Move on into my new world,
Where all will be wonderful.

Into Life.

Into my new life she came,
My life was broken,
But she came into it.
Her mind and soul were there,
There for me,
Pulling me from the depths,
The depths of despair
That had taken me,
Taken me from my world,
And into my new life.

Into her life I came.
Her life was lonely
But I entered in,
Into her life,
With my mind and soul.
Loneliness was passed
As I came to her,
And together we went forward,
As a new world awaited us,
Which we will travel together.

Drug of Choice.

So many times it happens!
I need it so much!
Every moment I think of it!
Wanting is more and more!
It is all I talk about!
Why am I hooked on it?
All I am doing
Is hitting some balls,
Hitting them across a lawn!!
So why has croquet now become,
Become my drug of choice!

Guilty Acrostic.

Good feeling prevails in my life
Uplifting the sorrow that was there
In the passing of my loved one
Lying there released of her illness
Thus releasing me into a better place
Yet as these good feelings prevail, I feel guilty.

Laughter Abounds.

In our lives we need fun,
We need to laugh and smile,
And it is there,
As it was with what I found,
What I found on YouTube.
This amazing pianist
Playing his Boogie-woogie,
And there around him
Danced and sang
Punk Rockers,
And of course, Mary Poppins.
The feeling of joy and happiness
Swept over me as I watched,
Watched them play sing and dance.
Their enjoyment became mine
As tears of laughter and happiness
Sailed from my body and soul.
Laughter cures all ills
So come on you lot,
Start laughing,
Laughing with me,
Laughing at me,
Laughing at life,
Life is so good.

" 'Ello Andy".

"Ello Andy it's Mollie 'ere 'ow are you
Are you flooded out
We're not too far from the sea
And.."

BEEP, BEEP

"..the water does not come up to us
I am still decorating
Nearly finished..."

BEEP, BEEP

'.. the bedroom ceiling
Only the walls to be done
And then I can start getting new fur.."

BEEP, BEEP

"..niture for the flat
I've seen some I li..

BEEP, BEEP

"..ke and it will fit in nicely
I still think of mov.."

BEEP, BEEP

"..ing back to Kent
But I will have to thi.."

BEEP, BEEP

"..nk about that.
What IS that beeping!"

"It is an edgeways,
Trying to get a word in!"

The Untrod Path.

We travel though our lives,
The path is there before us.
Along our path others are seen,
Seen diverging from the one
The one we are travelling.
We take a new path,
Walking down this new path
May lead us into despair,
So we see another path,
And love and light are there,
There before us.
This now becomes our new path,
Leading us towards another path,
Which we ignore.
But our path starts to darken
And we are left wondering,
What was along that other path,
Was our life there
Along that untrod path.

Four Words.

The words from his mouth
Brought joy to her world.
Once more she could go forward,
Forward into her life
With that smile on her face,
That smile that shone like a light.
She shined for me
As she said,
"I am floating high",
She was so full
So full of life once more,
Looking around her in love,
Love of the world,
Love of all people.
And all it took was four words,
Four words to change her life
As the Doctor said to her
"You have no cancer".

Coloured Nonsense.

When I walked out the rainbow door,
I wasn't sure quite what I saw.
The street was red with amber spots,
The path was blue with light green dots.

The lights gave out a vibrant green,
And gave a shade I'd never seen.
The sky was coloured darkish brown,
With clouds of purple looking down.

I went back in to lay me down,
My forehead wrinkled with a frown.
The thoughts I had were weird and vague,
And wondered what was in that last Laphroaig.

(As many of you may know Laphroaig is my favourite Scotch tippie. Other Scotch whiskys are available.)

The Gaz Hughes Sextet.

The first notes sounded
And it came to me,
That smile came onto my face.
They were playing music,
My type of music
From the time
That bebop ruled,
Ruled the jazz world.
Just the six of them
Sending this amazing sound
Into my heart,
Into my soul.
And evening of unbounded delight
Taking me to new places,
To new places in my Universe.

Alan Barnes ? alto/baritone saxophone

Bruce Adams ? trumpet

Dean Masser ? tenor saxophone

Andrezej Baranek ? piano

Ed Harrison ? bass

Gaz Hughes ? drums

The Croquet Myth.

On go the clothes
Preparing for the day,
The day when the game,
The game is to be played.
Pants, vest and socks
Go on first,
Then the thick shirt
And the corduroy trousers,
On goes a jumper,
Then a thicker pullover.
Walking socks,
Go over the socks,
Then the thick soled shoes,
And the fur lined coat,
I am ready.

Off I go to that place,
That place that is so meaningful,
Meaningful to me.
I arrive in good time
To that lawn where the rain
Sweeps over it,
In the ever increasing wind.
On go the waterproof coats
And the waterproof trousers.
I am ready,
Ready to play,
To play the game,
The game that has taken me,
Taken me to vibrant pleasure.

There is a rumour,
That beacon of belief,

That croquet can be played,
Be played in the sun,
Where it is so warm
That short sleeved shirts
And short are warn.
But no,
That rumour,
Is surely a myth.

Nature's Orchestra.

Walking through the wood,
The gentle sound of the breeze
Rustles the leaves,
The opening bars of the concert.
The staccato sound of beaks on trees
Drumming holes for homes,
Beating the time
As the pigeons coo in harmony.
The deep roar of deer
Singing the bass line,
Supporting the sound.
Above it all comes the duet
Of blackbird with robin,
Completing the sounds,
That make up
Natures Orchestra.

Awaking Each Day Tanka.

Awaking each day
I know that all will be well
As I am still here,
And each day that I awake
My world will be full of joy.

Crossing Out/Thinking Again.

Well that's it then the words are there,
Or are they?
Perhaps they are wrong.
Perhaps they don't say what I mean.

Well that isn't it then the words aren't there,
Or aren't they?
They will be right
Once I determine what they mean.

Well that's it that isn't it then the words are aren't there,
Or are aren't they?
Perhaps they are wrong right,
When they say I determine what I mean .

Self Belief.

There are things in life
That you feel you have to do,
Do to help others in your life,
But sometimes this encroaches,
Encroaches into your life,
The life you need
To move forward,
To move forward for yourself.
At those times it can be hard,
But opportunities in life,
Opportunities in your life,
Can be infrequent.
If that gateway opens
Walk through it,
Walk through it into a new world,
A new world of happiness,
Happiness and self-belief.

First Rant of the Year!

Through the front door I went
And there on the floor was a letter,
Nothing unusual in that.
Opened it,
Read it,
And swore!
It was a bill,
Again nothing unusual in that,
It was from the Council,
An invoice for my lovers care,
My lovers wonderful care,
Care in the care home
Where she was treated so well.
All the time she was there
I had the bills,
And paid them every time,
But this one was different.
My lover had to go into hospital
So no longer in the care home,
The staff knew she would not be coming back,
Coming back to the care home
And this bill was for the time,
The time she was in hospital
With no hope of returning,
And to make things worse
There was a charge for a week,
A week after my lover had passed!
Do the council now charge,
Charge when we are in heaven!

Tom Bowling.

It came on the radio,
That song,
The saddest song I know.
Every time I hear it
I stop,
The tune is so mournful,
The words even sadder.
But it brings me joy,
As in my life
That sadness is with me,
But I know that all will be well
As I move on,
Move on towards the light,
And be with my lover,
With her for eternity,
And beyond.

Tom Bowling
(Charles Dibdin)

Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty, his heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, Tom did his duty
And now he's gone aloft
And now he's gone aloft

Tom never from his word departed

His virtues were so rare:
His friends were many and true hearted
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly
Ah! Many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy
For Tom is gone aloft
For Tom is gone aloft

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd
For tho' his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft
His soul is gone aloft

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814)

Within Our Worlds.

We sat drinking coffee
Looking out across the lawn.
The raindrops falling like diamonds
Enriching our lives as they fell.
Then it happened,
It appeared before us.
A rainbow shone,
Shone on our lives,
Showing us all
That our lives were good,
And all will be well
Within our own worlds.

Acceptance

Acceptance in life,
We must all have this.
Sometimes things go wrong,
Can we do anything about it?
No?
So move on.
Worrying about those things
That cannot be fixed
Only delays your life
Into that future
Which is there for you.
If things are hard,
Move on.
Accept the simple things
That will take you forward
And your life
Will progress.
But in all life
There is one thing
That must always be accepted,
Even in its many forms,
Always accept love,
Love for one another.

Annie's Poem.

In our lives challenges are thrown at us.
In your life you are facing one,
But you have the strength to conquer it.
Within you is resilience,
I can see it within you,
That purpose to move on in your life.
There are friends around you
Who will be there for you.
I too will be there as always.
I look into your eyes and see,
And see the beauty that is you,
That has always been there.
That beauty will come out
And you will move forward,
Move forward into a better place,
A better place in your life.
Yet in those sad moments
I will still be there,
Be there to listen,
And to pull you up,
Up into your wonderful world.

My Life in Music.

Music has always been with me,
All my life it has been there.
Classical and jazz ruled
And have lasted the test of time.
I was there in the sixties
When the world was changed,
And life became open to the world.
Where the old music was changed,
Changed into the modern sounds.
The modern sounds were fine,
But still in my heart classical and jazz
Ruled supreme.
There were songs of the time
That I saw as being for slow old people,
But now I am a slow old person
And accept that those songs were good.
And the older I get
The more music I listen to,
So that I now listen to music
That I would never have done
In my youth.
I now know that there is so much music,
So much music to listen to.
But there is also
So little time.
I believe I know a great deal
A great deal about music,
But it has come to me
That the more I know about music,
The more ignorant about it
I realise I am.
So much wonderful music
Is still out there

Out there for me to hear.

Today Will Be Good - Senryu.

Each day I arise
I know my life is still there.
Today will be good.

Spring Arises.

Each day starts earlier
As the darkness becomes shorter
And the light comes swifter,
Swifter into our lives.
I arise from my slumber
Into the morning
And out into nature's realm.
I walk down the road,
Walk towards the wood
And it is all around me,
The vibrant colours of new life
Painting a new artwork
Into my life,
Each one unique.
I walk passed the blackthorn,
Whose bright white flowers
Belays its name.
As I reach the wood life stirs.
The birds gathering twigs and moss
Lining their nests for new life,
And their songs pervade my mind
As nature's symphony assails my soul,
Bringing music to my heart.
New life abounds around me
As nature's glory shows me,
Shows me that spring arises.

Wallpaper Row.

So many years they were married,
A wonderful loving relationship
Where arguments were trivial,
And rows never happened.
Except once.
Just over the one thing.
The battle was fierce
But no blows were struck,
But in no way could they agree.
Except that once,
So many, many years ago.
And that is why
The wallpaper in their house
Is over fifty years old

Gratitude.

In our lives there are many virtues,
Each one takes us further in our lives.

The friendship of others
Who bring light to our souls,
Lifts us to a new world.

The love of a loved one,
Brings joy to our heart
And takes us into loves wonder.

In my life music pervades me,
As I listen emotions grab me.

The wonder of nature
Creating art and sounds
That are unique each moment.

For these virtues
I am so grateful,
Grateful to be able to realise,
Realise how wonderful they are.

Then I realise something else.
Gratitude is not only the greatest,
The greatest virtue,
But the parent of all others.

Gratitude is not only the greatest of virtues, but the parent of all others. Cicero

Consumed by Mercs.

Driving down the road,
Minding my own business
When I caught up with one.
Looked in my rear view mirror
And there was another behind me.
Then I looked to my right
And there was one coming out,
Out into the road
To join the traffic.
And then blow me
Another came from the left.
I looked ahead,
There on the other side of the road
Was another one,
Coming towards me.
It was just not my day
To be driving my Skoda,
As I was being consumed,
Consumed by Mercs!

Thoughts Version 1.

I sit here with the blank page before me,
Words and feelings circling within my mind.
Then it happens,
A thought comes through,
And the words become clear.
I know what I am going to write,
Those words so important
That others need to know about them,
They must be written on this page.
So here we go!
Um,
Now what was that thought?

Thoughts Version 2.

I sit here with the blank page before me,
Words and feelings circling within my mind.
Looking back I see my life,
A life that has been so wonderful.
My lover of so many years
Recently passed,
But is still with me in my soul.
Those wonderful times together,
Our minds and bodies joined as one.
And still our minds are intimately combined,
As I go through my life she is there
Showing me the way to go
So that in my life joy is always there.
That blank page becomes filled,
Filled with these words,
And I know,
There will be more to come.

William Holman Hunt.

The Light of the World shines over us all,
As it shined through his life.
This man who was no Scapegoat,
But painted his thoughts onto canvas.

Wordiku Six.

Intimidating

Oversimplification,

Unbelievable.

Beautiful Lives Tanka.

The path lies ahead
Our lives follow its future
To the land of dreams
Where we will live in wonder
Throughout our beautiful lives.

They Paved Paradise.

We see those times in our lives
Where everything is so wonderful,
People love each other,
Going about their lives in happiness.
Where we have all before us,
And joy is all around.
All that is meaningful to us
Is within our lives,
And sorrow is never there.

Help to others is always given,
Nobody goes without
As there is enough for all.
The smiles in all our faces
Show the kindness towards each other
That will never be missing,
We know that we are there,
And have found Paradise.

We then awake,
And find that Paradise
Was paved with our dreams.

Ironing Sadness.

It was so very strange
And made me so very sad,
All I was doing was the ironing
And I finished by ironing the handkerchiefs,
Nothing odd in that.
But a sadness came over me
When the thought crossed my mind
That none of the hankies
Belonged to my lover,
And my tears started to flow,
As they do now
As I write these words.

My Road to Paradise.

My path to Paradise was started so many years ago
As Dufay, Tallis, Byrd and Dowland put notes down
Only to be modernised by Bach and Handel
As they led the way for Mozart to stun the world
Which woke up Beethoven and Tchaikovsky
To produce their wonderful way with notes
The glory of Verdi and Puccini's words in music
Showing the way for Rachmaninoff and Scriabin
For Mahler, Debussy, Sibelius and Ravel
To move forward to the place that others took
And Barber, Cage and Reich moved forward
To that place where Richter and Adams continue
To pave my way to Paradise.

And the Sun Rises.

And the sun rises,
As I do to.
A new day is born.
It will be a day of joy,
A day of wonder,
As the sun shows me the way,
The way towards the light,
The light of my joyous life.
I am still here,
Going through the day
With nature's glory,
Taking me to places
Where life is wonderful,
Where my life is wonderful
And forever will be,
As I know that
Tomorrow the sun will rise,
Will rise once more,
And so will I.

Strange Times Acrostic.

Staying at home alone
Takes resilience in life,
Replacing going out with friends
And doing other things on your own.
Never give up life is there,
Getting your mind into gear,
Existing within your heart.

Taking time to contact other
Individuals with modern technology,
Making sure they are fine,
Ensuring they remain happy,
Showing that you care.

What a Wonderful World.

I sit quietly on the ground
My back resting on a grand old oak tree
The stream flows gently before me
It bubbling water singing in sibilance,
The wonder of nature all around me
As new life springs into being
The buds almost growing before my eyes
As the rebirth of spring is before me.

The birds fly from tree to tree
The glory of their voices enhancing my world
As I sit and become one with nature's glory,
A song come to me that belongs in this world
And in my mind I sing it
Knowing that my life with nature
Is so wonderful as I sing
"What a wonderful world"

Together for Infinity.

As I walk into the room I see her,
See her smiling face looking at me.
Her picture sitting there,
Sitting there above her ashes
Where she will be with me,
Be with me throughout my life.
Her Spirit is still there
Within my heart and soul,
So that in these strange times
I will never be alone.
I look at her face
And once more the joy of our love,
Our love for each other is there,
And will be forever.
Once more I look at the picture
And words come from her,
From her into my mind
When she says "I love you" to me.
As the tears flow down my face
The only word I can say to her
Are "I love you too,
love you with all my heart,
We will be together again
And take our future to infinity".

A Walk to My Willow.

"I am back" I say to My River.
It has been so long,
So long since I could walk,
Walk by its side.
The floods have abated
And My River is back,
Its water flowing gently,
Flowing gently by my side,
Barely a ripple to be seen
Except where the swans sail by
In their elegant style,
So calm,
So beautiful.
Then I see the ducks
Sitting on the land,
Bathing in the sun,
So elegant in their iridescence,
At peace with nature.
I walk further
With the trees for company,
The new life
Springing from their buds.
I come to my turning point,
My friend, the Willow, is there,
Is there to greet me,
Greet me as she always does.
Her branches weep for me
In tears of joy,
Glad to see me again
As I am seeing her.
I greet her with a smile,
A smile of joy
At nature's beauty,

And nature's resilience.
Happiness pervades my heart
As I walk back along My River
Knowing that all is well,
And My River will always be there,
Be there for me.

Victim of Loneliness?

Into isolation he went,
A man of older years
Trying not to get the virus.
He was told to stay at home,
Nobody could visit him,
It was not allowed.
He was 'phoned each day,
His daughter 'phoned him.
Then one day he didn't answer,
And his daughter cried
As she said these words,
Such sad words:

"He lived alone,
He died alone,
He was buried alone".

Corona Limerick.

There once was a witch name of Rhona
Who was always a serious bug owner
She came by some more
And called them all core
And that's how we now have corona

Battle with Nature.

Nature looked at her world
And saw it was dying.
So she cried,
Those tears became so heavy
That our world started drowning.
Did we do anything?
Of course not!
There was no money in it,
No money for those in power.
So the tears stopped,
And all started to mend.

Nature looked at her world
And saw no lessons learned,
So she breathed gently,
Gently on her world.
That breath contained death!
As the bug surrounded the world
We listened.
We listened, as people died,
Many people died,
But the world of Nature improved,
And the world became a better place.

I wonder if we will learn
Learn not to battle with Nature
Because if we do
It will happen again
And we ALL may perish next time.

River Journey.

I arrived at My River
And there it was,
As smooth as glass,
Not a ripple to be seen.
I walked beside it
Looking across
The silent surface,
A fish rose
And ripples circled
Until they too expanded,
Expanded into extinction,
Leaving My River as a mirror.
A gentle breeze touched it's surface
And ripples were seen
But as I rounded the bend
The smoothness was back.
That smoothness came to me,
Came to me in my life
And I new all would be well
As My River and I sailed,
Sailed on into our wonderful world.

Came the Day.

Came the day,
The day when it happened.
New life was within me,
That new life that brought joy,
So much joy to my world.
A son would be born,
Bringing light to my future.

Came the day,
The day when it happened.
That new life went from me,
That joy was taken from my heart,
So much sadness to my world.
My son was no longer there,
Too beautiful to live on this earth.

Came the day,
The day when it happened.
I looked up into the sky,
A new star was there
Looking down on me
As I stood near the ocean.
I knew that new star was him,
Shining on me through heavens floor.

Blimey!

Blimey! That took me back,
Back to those days of childhood
Where we would mark the pavement,
The pavement by the side of the house.
One ,
Then two and Three,
Four,
Then five and six,
Seven,
Eight and nine,
Then ten.
Now there it was
Across the road,
A mum and her boy
Hopping and skipping
From number to number.
So much fun they were having
From a game so very old,
And all it needed
Was a piece of chalk
And a small stone.
Hopscotch was still alive,
And my childhood had returned,
Returned in my mind.

Annie's Smile.

That smile is never far from her,
We talk I can see it lingering,
Lingering within her eyes.
We speak of many things,
Of the good times,
And the bad,
And even in those bad times
That smile is still there,
A smile that can burst,
Burst into laughter
And bring light to our lives.
So that whenever we talk
I know all will be well
As happiness is within her heart,
And that happiness is always there
For everybody,
And especially for me,
For she is my friend.

Hooligans.

So many workers cannot work
So we pay for them out of our taxes,
That's OK it can't be helped.
But what about the footballers
Being payed thousands of pounds per week
While others suffer in our country.
Why should they still be payed,
Payed thousands by their employers
While you and I
Pay for their staff?
Have they no care,
No care for others
Who come and watch them cheat,
Cheat at the game every week?
Soccer is a game for gentlemen
Played by hooligans
Who are over-payd
And show no care for others,
Others who need help.

Flying Towards Eternity.

As I stepped out of the bathroom
I saw a white feather on the floor,
I knew my angelic wife was with me,
Waiting for us to fly together once more,
Fly together towards eternity.

Hello!

There I was walking by My River
When a shout came from behind me,
"Hello!"
I looked round and saw her,
Saw this lady running,
Running towards me.
She ran passed looking ahead
And once more shouted
"HELLO!"
I shouted back
"Hello."
But she ignored me,
I then realised
As she ran towards her dog,
She was shouting at her dog,
A dog whose name
Was Hello.

Frustrated Calendar.

Every morning I come down stairs,
Put the radio on,
Switch on the computer.
Load up my email accounts
To see if anybody wants me.
Load up my calendar
To see what is in store for me,
In store for me today.
And there it sits,
Full of things to do,
Which of them can I do,
Can I do today?
None of them!
Such a shame
To have a full calendar,
But not allowed out,
Allowed out to follow,
Follow my old life.
So I stay,
Stay indoors and create,
Create my new life,
Which will be fine,
As I have music,
I have words,
And I have my mind.

Such a Sadness.

My River and I were as one,
The glorious sun shining on us.
The River so placid,
So still,
A wonderful day for us both.
Then I saw them,
A couple of significant age
Walking beside each other,
As they obviously had
Had for many, many years.
So wonderful to see,
But then I was saddened
They were walking hand in hand,
As my lover and I used to.
So wonderful for them,
Such a sadness for me.

Good People.

In our lives we meet many people,
Most of them are good,
Some are bad.
Then there are the best people,
Those who come into your life
And make you see the sun
Where once there was darkness.
They believe in you,
Believe in you so much
That you believe in yourself as well.
These are the ones who love you,
Love you for being you.
They are so rare,
They are there maybe only once,
Only once in your lifetime,
But they will always be there,
Be there for you.

Back to the Seventies.

Here I am
In my seventies,
But I am expected to go back,
Back to the seventies,
The nineteen seventies
When long hair was the fashion.
Yes I was there,
Long hair,
Moustache,
Flares,
Platform shoes,
Kipper tie
A dedicated follower of fashion.
So I will go back
But the clothes don't fit,
The ties have departed,
But the hair will be back,
Not the moustache though,
Not this time.

Dream to Where.

There were many ahead of me
As I walked my path of life,
And many behind me.
We kept walking,
Stumbling occasionally,
But finally we reached a door.
I walked through the door
And saw some stairs,
I walked up them
Following those ahead of me,
Each step I climbed became narrower
Until there ahead of me was nobody,
The steps had disappeared.
I took the next step.

Walk On.

"Walk on," he said,
But I was walking,
Walking as fast as I could!
"Walk on," he said
I turned to him
"I am walking!" I said
"Walk on", he said
He said to his dog!

Days in Life.

Every day in our lives is different,
And none of them is wasted.
Each day has a meaning within us,
So never regret a day in your life.
Each good day give you happiness,
The odd bad days give you experience.
We do have those worst days in our life
But even they can give you lessons.
Then there are days so special
That become the best days,
And those best days give you memories.

That Empty Chair.

I sat at the dinner table,
There before me was my meal,
A meal cooked with love,
As ever.
I started eating,
And looked out of the window.
Hover flies were out there
Looking at me,
And the birds in the trees
Singing for me,
The glory of Chet and Gerry
Playing their jazz for me.
All these wonderful things around me,
All there for me,
But there in front of me was a chair,
An empty chair,
And to one side was a picture,
A picture of my lover,
Who should be sitting in that chair,
In that empty chair.

Talking to Yourself.

"I am fine then" I said,
"They say it is OK to talk to yourself."

"Is that what you are doing?"

"Who are you!"

"I am you."

"What do you mean,
You are me?"

"Well you started talking,
I only answered"

"But you're not supposed to answer,
There is nobody else here"

"You are here, and that's me"

"But they say you should not answer!"

"Well I am, you need answers."

"But I am only supposed to be talking,
Talking to myself, not having a conversation".

"Well, if you will talk, who are you talking to?"

"I am talking to myself."

"In that case I am joining in."

"But they say if I answer, as I am doing
I must be going mad"

"OK, who am I to disagree!"

At the Turning Point

I had come to the turning point,
The turning point of my daily walk,
My walk along My River.
As I waited taking in the scenery
A lady I had walked passed,
Also stopped.
She too had met her turning point,
The turning point of her walk.
So instead of returning at speed
I walked with her,
And we talked.
We talked of many things,
And of coincidences.
Her husband was in a Nursing Home
He had dementia,
As My Lover had.
So we spoke of that awful disease,
Spoke from experience of living,
Living with one who has the problem.
But then we moved on,
Moved to talk of the wonder,
The wonder of nature,
And being allowed to walk with it.
We both felt the glory around us
As we walked with Our River,
Until we parted,
Back into our separate lives.

Virtually.

It was on the news!

It must be true!

"Parliament is working virtually".

It's a pity it does not work for real!

Wonderful Morning.

What a wonderful morning,
Up with the sun
Showing nature's wonder to me.
With breakfast eaten and tea drunk
Off I went,
Went for my walk,
My daily walk with My River.
A beautiful time
With Nature's artwork,
And of course her symphony.
Walk completed
Went home.
What to do now
In these strange times.
Had my shower,
Put the coffee on,
Found something to read.
With book and coffee
Sat in the sun filled conservatory
Reading and listening
As Maria and Tito sang to me
As I played Rigoletto on the Hi-Fi,
My favourite opera
Sung in a way that always moves me,
Moves me to tears,
Sadness yes,
But also of joy,
As their voices sail though the ether
And will do forever.

The Lost Words.

You start a new poem with such eager ease,
The words flow like a torrent from your mind.
Then you read the rhyme that has formed,
On the paper in front of you,
And find the text,
Does not show what you meant.

Some words are changed from fresh ideas
That come from a new found river in your mind.
Yes that is better, you think to yourself,
As the page, shows the better sense,
Of the altered words
Read on this newly revised page.

But the words that you dismissively changed,
Garnered from the reservoir of your mind
And substituted for those more apt,
What happened to them?
Is it really that,
There is a place where all the lost words go?

Blue and Orange Arrow.

As I walked by My River
Nature was all around me,
Spring was here and all were busy.
The blackbird left the bush
And hopped in front of me
With a mouthful of worms,
His family had arrived.
The swans and geese floated by
In beautiful silence,
And then I saw it,
Like a bright blue and orange arrow
Streaking along the river,
Not deviating.
At a speed so fast
It flashed by,
But I saw it,
One of the most beautiful of birds.
That kingfisher made my day wonderful,
As I walked by My River.

Ghost Cooks.

I am in trouble now,
Oh boy am I in trouble!
Its not really my fault,
The ingredients just seem to fall,
To fall out of the cupboard.
And just because the amounts that fell
Were the weight to create them
It had to be done.
The mixture was made,
I didn't mean to do it,
Honest!
They were flattened
And then cut.
The oven seemed to come on alone,
Was it those ghosts again
Forcing me,
Forcing me to create them?
Into the oven they went
And cooked,
Cooked to perfection.
They looked wonderful.
Then came the problem,
Were they OK,
Ok to share with others?
I tasted one,
I had found heaven,
Or was it hell?
As I had to try another
Just to be sure.
And that is my undoing,
They are so delightful
That I will eat them,
And my waist will get bigger,

That is the problem
When they get made.
It is nothing to do with me,
It is not my fault
That they are so good,
It is not my fault,
Honest!
It was the ghosts
Baking shortbread,
Again!

What Life Should Be.

The sun was up,
And so was I,
Looking out,
At the clear blue sky.

The day was here,
And all looked fine,
And best of all,
The day was mine.

I had my choice,
I know I'd walk,
And along the way,
With people I'd talk.

These so Strange Times,
People seemed so nice,
But why did this come,
With such a price.

When it is ended,
People might just see,
That good humour,
Is what life should be.

Unused Words From dusk arising.

These are the words that dusk arising has been trying to give away.

anal.... bubonic....crumpet....defoliate....erstaz (ersatz).... fluctuate.... germinate...
hump...inseminate....jack....kilo....lumpy.....mentionable.....nubile.....oh...pee....queue.....ripple
.....stoat... teet....uvuncular (Avuncular)....vermin....whinney... xylophonic..... yew... zygomycota.

That ersatz bubonic crumpet
Was in a queue before me,
Its whinny like a xylophonic ripple,
With Zygomycota in a queue
Ready to inseminate pee from my anal hump.

The yew was about to germinate,
And defoliate on the stoat
Mistaken for vermin,
Showing its avuncular kindness
Through its teet in a kilo
Of oh so nubile ways.
Only to jack and fluctuate
In lumpy ways so mentionable,
In such poems like this
As each word is rubbished
And becomes the problem of
Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia,
Which comes to some
Each time a long word is written.

Tears in Music.

Why does it happen to me?
Suddenly I hear some music
And my world stops
As the sound penetrates my mind,
Goes through my heart
Into my soul.
The tears flow from my eyes
As music so wonderful
Reaches me from the heart of the player
As she blows the wonder of her music
Into the ether,
And forever for me to bathe
In the wonder of her sound.

Peaceful Buzzard.

I hear the plaintiff call above,
I look up and see the bird,
The wide outstretched wings
Allowing the bird to float in circles
So placidly around the sky
Looking down at the world.
The thought comes to me,
I could do that,
Just float in peace
Looking down at life.
Yes that is what I want to be,
I want to be a buzzard.

New Life 2020.

There they were,
Swimming up My River,
New life was with me.
I saw them
And rejoiced,
As a mother,
And her four ducklings
Swam passed me,
Showing that
In these Strange Times
Nature can progress
Into new life.

Morning Stranger.

I get up in the morning,
Walk into the bathroom,
And there in front of me
Is a stranger in the mirror.
The face looks familiar,
But the hair is strange,
It is in a new style,
As it seems to be,
Every morning.

Pot of Gold.

I look across the land through the rain,
The sky brightens as the sun shines.
There in front of me is a rainbow,
Its colours bring joy to my mind.
I look for the rainbows end
Knowing that a pot of gold is there.
I start walking towards the rainbows end.
As I walk I have my ups and downs in life,
Until that time when I reach the rainbows end.
I look back at the wonder of my colourful life,
Knowing that I have found that pot of gold
In the life I have led to reach this place,
This place of wonder and fulfilment,
My wonderful life, my pot of gold.

Wishing for More.

Our lives can be so wonderful,
We go through them
Living each day doing our best,
Giving help to others,
Receiving help from them.
This harmony between all
Makes us realise life is good,
And in our life we become contented,
Contented with little,
But it does not stop us wishing,
Wishing for more.

The Force of Destiny.

For so many years I have listened,
Listened to music,
Music of all types.
I even listen to opera,
And go and watch it.
I have my favourites of course,
Rigoletto and Tosca
Both at the top of my list,
My list of so many I enjoy.
Now there has come another,
Although I have heard it
I have never listened to it,
Yesterday I did.
Such a wonderful sound assailed me,
Why I had I not listened before?
The wonder of the music stopped me
As each note played and sung
Sailed through my heart,
Bringing all emotions to me.
I was so enthralled with the music,
The music of La Forza del Destino,
That Force of Destiny was with me.
I played it once more,
Six hours of new found wonder,
Bringing so much joy to my life.

The Glory of Life Acrostic

Taking each day as it comes
Helps us to find our way,
Each and every one of them.

Gaining the wonder of the new,
Learning to accept the bad,
Overcoming the problems,
Reaching out to all,
Yearning for that future.

Only seeking the light,
Freeing each day for its beauty.

Living in the glory of life,
Instilling its uniqueness within us,
Filling us with love for all,
Every day of our lives.

Status Quo.

Every time I hear their sound
A smile comes to my face.
So once more I went back,
Went back to the seventies.
Head bobbing,
Feet tapping,
Memories becoming alive.
Such a wonderful rock group,
Status Quo.
They could bring me
From the deepest gloom
Into the light of rock.
Strumming their guitars
In such a way
That I always knew it was them,
And that smile
Would always be there,
Back from the seventies.

Saturday Meal.

Well Saturday evening was here again,
What shall I cook tonight?
I know I'll have some salmon.
So there it was sitting on the plate,
Salmon fried in butter
Sitting on turmeric rice
That had been laced with cumin.
The salmon covered with a sauce,
A sauce of mushrooms
Made with white wine and cream cheese.
I took my first mouthful,
A wonderful taste,
I ate some more.
Then had a sip of wine,
A rather fine white wine.
All went down so well,
But it would have been so much better,
If I wasn't eating alone.

Hair Dyed.

Here we are in lockdown,
Can't go out,
Can't get hair cut.
So she decided,
Decided to dye her hair.
Just a cheap dye
She said she would use,
And yes it was cheap,
It would only cost a little,
About two hundred pounds
To redecorate the bathroom!

Wonder and Delight.

My River flowing gently by my side
So clear, like sheer green glass.
The trees and shrubs
Lining its sides with new leaves,
As the wonder of Spring turns,
Turns towards summer,
And the beauty becomes highlighted,
Highlighted by the sun's rays,
Shining down on nature's glory
And into My Life with My River.
Two swans fly passed me
And gently sail onto My River,
Their majestic beauty there for me
As they float by my side.
I hear the call "Teacher, teacher"
And there above me I see it,
I see the beautiful black and yellow bird
Teaching me the glory of nature.
I am so alive in body and soul
As I walk along My River
With nature surrounding me,
Surrounding me with such wonder,
Such wonder and delight.

No Regrets.

Looking back in my life
I see them,
I see the corners turned,
The doors opened,
The hills climbed,
And the choices taken.
In every one I made the choice,
The choice to move forward.
I can now look back
And can be pleased,
As the road that I have taken,
With all the choices I made
Have brought me to this place,
This place in my life,
Where I have no regrets.

What Happened to Yesterday?

So what happened,
What happened to yesterday!
Up at normal time,
Wrote some poetry,
Read some poetry.
Had breakfast and cup of tea,
Then went for my walk
Knowing that when I returned
I would go to the supermarket,
Just to buy a few supplies.
Got home from walk
And the window cleaner was there.
He cleaned the windows,
I made his coffee,
As I do every time.
By that time the time was moving on,
Needed to do the shopping.
Shopping done.
I was then expected at the croquet club
To aid in keeping the lawn tidy.
Spent some time there,
Even knocked a couple of balls around
Just to see all was well.
Came back too late for lunch
So prepared dinner.
Spoke to a friend over the web.
And there it was,
Or wasn't?
The time had gone,
So I went to bed!
What happened to yesterday!

Released From Despair.

*Our lives bring times that pull us down,
Down towards the depths of despair,
The times where you perceive,
Perceive you should have taken a different path.
But the path you are on cannot be changed,
So in the bad times just accept the meaning,
The meaning of those times and move on,
Move on into the better times that are around you.
They have been there for so many years,
Just think of those good times and they will pull,
Pull you out of that despair back into the joy,
The joy that you know can be in your life.
That joy is within you,
That joy has been seen and captured,
Captured by me
And can be released back into your soul
Whenever you talk to me,
As I will listen,
And be there for you.*

All Was Well.

I awoke with the dawn,
I lay there and listened,
Nature's chorus was starting.
Life was with me once more,
All was well in my world.

Every Time I Walk.

Walking with Nature
Brings glory to my eyes,
It's beauty surrounds me
With so many colours
From its infinite palette.
As the seasons flow
It brings different colours
Every time I walk.

Walking with Nature
Brings glory to my ears,
The sounds all around me
Astound me in their wonder.
Natures Orchestra plays
And its sound consumes me.
Each day a different tune
Every time I walk.

Walking with Nature,
Is my life's glory and wonder,
Every time I walk.

The Good Life Acrostic.

Taking each day as it comes
Has the beauty of the unknown
Expressing itself anew

Granting us the wonder
Of everlasting optimism
Overtaking our minds
Deep within our souls

Living each day
In the awe of glory
Filling us with wonder
Each and every day.

Unique Nature.

You take those familiar steps
Walking through the countryside,
But every time you look around
The sight you see is unique,
Every time something has changed.
This is the wonder of Nature
It changes in a moment.
You may look up and see the clouds
Each one will be different,
And each one changes as you look.
Nature wonder and uniqueness
Thrills all around.
So look at each moment of Nature
When you walk in its glory
As it will only last for that moment
Before the next moment appears.
Moments in Nature are special.
As each one is unique.

Chet.

Yes, I was there when it happened;
The day he died.
I was always there, he depended on me,
And I didn't ever fail him; did I?
This man chosen by The Bird to play in his band;
Dizzy wanted him, and bebop rang out,
Loud and long, until that day
When he was joined with Gerry,
And the Quartet struck gold.
And that is when I joined him, this man
Who could play like a nightingale,
And sing like an angel.
All the time I was there, supporting this man,
Never left him, followed him all over the world.
He played those gentle tunes that we know
With a sound so mellow, that the birds stopped to listen.
That day when he went looking for me,
The saddest of all, beaten to a pulp;
No longer able to play for months but he found me,
I wasn't far away that day but not close enough
To protect him.
But he came back and the music swelled again
From this genius of Jazz.
Then came that day in Amsterdam;
Just the two of us in the hotel room.
I as ever supporting him
As he injected me into his arm.
He got up and stumbled, and as he fell from the window,
I was still there, when his eyes closed forever.

Beauty.

Her long sweeping hair flows
Flows side to side
As she slides passed,
Her eyes crystal clear
As she looks ahead.
She knows she looks beautiful,
Her figure flowing in and out,
Flowing up and down
As she ignores all around her,
Knowing that all are looking at her.
Knowing that the women are jealous,
Jealous of her astounding looks.
Knowing that the men are panting,
Knowing that they want her,
Want to be with her,
To hold her,
Hold that beautiful body close,
Close so that they can feel her curves.
But that beauty is all a sham,
As when you look into her eyes
You can see,
Can see that in her soul there is evil.
She just wants to hurt people
And lead them to follow her,
Follow her bad ways.

In any person beauty can be seen
But it must be seen by looking into their eyes.
The heart and soul of all can be seen
Not from their outward appearance,
But from the depth of their eyes.

Golden Girl.

The Golden Girl walks as though gliding on ice,
In a world of her own , where no others intrude
On the thoughts of her loves, that have long flown past.
She smiles serenely, at a moment remembered,
In a time, almost forgotten.

Others just watch the gentle sway of her hips
As she smoothly goes past them, ignoring their stares.
She's deep in her thoughts, for those whom she cares,
Only seen by the light formed by her blue shining eyes,
Of a time, just recalled.

The swing of her long blonde hair moves in time
With the gentle glide of her steps, that transport her,
Away from your view, into her past, that only she
Can unlock, with a key to a box recently found,
To a time, thought lost.

Live to Die.

Such sad times in which we live,
This disease is killing so many,
But such sadness came to me.
The young lady was ill,
She was ill from cancer.
But then she was infected,
Infected with this awful virus.
She looked at the camera
And said this words,
These words that shook my life.
"I want to live!
I want to live long enough,
Long enough to die from Cancer,
And not to die from Covid 19!"

Stars Shine.

I look up at the night sky,
Its darkness pricked by light.
The stars waiting for me,
Showing me that life is endless.
Each star a memory of someone,
Someone who has passed,
Passed from this world.
Looking down on loved ones,
Always there for them
Until their time comes,
And they too become a star
Looking down on their loved ones.
The light of the stars is there for us all,
Showing us the way to a full life.

Cheating Exercise.

There I was walking by My River,
My daily exercise in these Strange Times,
Walking as fast as I could.
Seeing the dog walkers,
Greeting them all with a 'MORNING',
And they greeting me back.
We are getting to know each other,
Occasionally stop for a chat.
The joggers and runners are there,
They too are greeted
And they respond,
Even the cyclists do as well.
All of us out for our exercise,
Then he flashed passed me,
This man on a bike,
As he went passed I saw it,
I saw that he was cheating,
Cheating on his daily exercise,
As the bike he was riding,
Was an electric one.

Star Trek Lives.

There was that sound,
The first notes that took me,
Took me to my world,
My world of Star Trek.
There on the stage
Was the orchestra,
Then the young lady.
From her mouth came the tune,
The tune that has been with me,
With me for over fifty years.
Her voice so wonderful
Took me to those places,
Those places where no one,
No one has gone before.

Garden Boundary.

I sit in my garden and look out,
There before is the wonder of nature,
The innumerable green swards
Flowing before me,
Interspersed with the browns of woods
And the bright yellows of hayfields.
The bright sun shining down
From the clear blue sky.
I look out in absolute bliss
As I know that the only boundary
To my garden is as far as my eye can see,
Knowing that the boundary to my garden
Is the far horizon.

Music and Lyrics.

It is always there for me,
The music in my life
Has been there forever.
It can mean so much,
Bring on so many emotions.
Then it happens,
A song is sung,
One you know so well
That your emotions
Determine your hearing,
Because,
When you are happy
You hear the music,
When you are sad
You hear the words.

Respect.

It was one of those qualities,
One that was highly treasured.
Young people would use it,
Use it when greeting their elders.
Many used it when meeting strangers,
It was one of those beauties in life.

Nowadays it shocks me,
Shocks me when it is used,
And I am sorrowful,
Sorrowful about its loss,
Its loss from so many people.

I would like to believe it will return
But I may not see it in my lifetime.
That so meaningful way of life
Which costs nothing to give.
It is known as,
Respect.

Mr Myers.

There I was on the rugby pitch,
My first sports afternoon at school.
I knew nothing about rugby,
At that time.
A ruck was forming in front of me,
A teacher came to me,
Put his arm round my shoulder,
Grabbed a boy from the opposition ,
Bent us forward,
Pushed us into the ruck.
He shouted
"Heads down and push lads!"
That was my first contact,
First contact with a man
Who during my time at school
I came to respect,
As did all the other pupils.
He never shouted at students,
Except on the rugby field.
To my knowledge
He never punished anyone,
But as soon as he arrived,
Arrived at the classroom door,
The pupils became quiet.

I learned a great deal from that man,
Not just the maths that he taught
But also respect,
Respect he gave to all,
Teachers and pupils alike.
A man I was proud to know,
And proud to have been taught by.
Thank you Mr Myers.

Touching 2.

At the time it was nothing special
Just a shake of the hand,
Or a clasp on the shoulder.
With friends and family a hug,
With loved ones a kiss on the cheek,
With your lover a kiss on the lips.
But all that is missing now,
Certainly missing for me.
Only me in the house,
Left with memories,
Memories of hugs and kisses.

What many do not realise
Is that touching is a memory,
And in these days
Touching is not allowed.
So many memories
Will not be made,
Made for our future,
From these Strange Times.

Arguing with Myself.

Confusion reigns once more,
What day is it today
I ask myself?
It is Saturday I reply.
No it isn't I argue,
It is another day!
No, it is Saturday!
I will have to look it up.
Oh go on then!
See on the computer it is Friday.
It cannot be Friday it is Saturday!
No look its Friday!
No it isn't!
Yes it is!
No its Saturday,
Ever since we have retired
It is Saturday,
As every day is Saturday.
Oh yea, you are right,
It is Saturday!

Starlight Acrostic.

Stars shine above us in the night sky
Telling us that all is well
And life will never end,
Revealing our future,
Looking down on our loved ones,
Inspiring them every moment.
Goodness flows from each star
Hanging in the night sky,
Telling everyone, that all is well.

Starry Eyed and Laughing.

I look into her eyes
And the stars shine
Shine through them
And shine into mine

I look at her face
And her lips curl up
When her smile
Turns into laughter

When she laughs
The stars shine brighter
And the world is happier
As am I

Clothes Flattener.

I open the cupboard and see it,
See this strange looking object.

It has a flat bottom of steel

With holes punched in it.

There is a point at one end,

And a flat end at the other.

A handle is above with a dial,

And from the back of the handle

There is a lead with a plug on it.

I wonder what it is?

A memory stirs

Of times long passed,

When this was used,

Used to make clothes flat.

GOT IT!

It is an iron!

Music is My Life.

The music played,
I listened,
I was drawn in.
The more I listened
The more I became part,
Part of the music,
The music became part of me.
It happens so often,
The glory of music
Brings wealth to me,
To my mind,
To my heart,
To my soul.
It is always there,
Always there for me.
And will for ever be,
Music is my life.

Do Not Look Back.

In our life we walk our path,
Our path of life.
That path is in front of us
Leading us to wonders in our lives.
There is another path,
The path of our life before,
It lies behind us.
But remember,
Do not look back,
We are not going that way.

Kathleen.

I was drowning,
Drowning in the beauty,
The beauty of her voice.
I had treated myself,
Treated myself to an evening,
An evening of her singing,
Singing just for me.
Such a wonderful voice
That fills me with glory,
Glory at its beauty.
That voice has been with me,
Been with me forever,
And will be when I leave,
Leave this earth.
She will be there,
Kathleen will be there,
Singing to me,
Singing just for me.

Hello Gorgeous.

"Hello Gorgeous"

I said to my daughter,

Meeting at last

After having to stay away,

Stay apart for so long,

So long in these strange times.

"Hello Dad, wonderful to see you"

She replied,

"Isn't your hair long?" she said,

"And now at last I can see the grey bits!"

She said with laughter surrounding us.

If Only.

If only?

That question that has been asked,
Asked so many times.

If only,

Would we have been in a better place,
A better place in our lives.

If only.

What would be different

If we went along that other path.

If only,

We had not met,

Not met that person.

If only,

We had agreed to do that task,
Or take that risk.

If only,

I had not taken up that pen,
And started writing these words.

If only?

The Two Ladies.

Each day they look down on me,
These two wonderful ladies.
My lover of so many years
Now passed, and waiting for me,
Looks at me with her wondrous smile.
That love between us, still there
As she looks at me with love
Which shines all about me.
Calliope is there as well,
Showing me the way to form my words
So that each word can reach out,
Reach out and touch the world,
Showing my love for all,
As each morning I write,
Write these words.

Wandering in the Wood.

I walked through the wood
Looking at all around me,
The glory of nature so wondrous.
The deeper into the wood I go,
Where the trees are getting older.
Then I see it,
I see this gnarled trunk,
Lichen and moss covering it.
I stand there listening,
Waiting to hear the stories,
The stories it could tell.
My imagination runs riot,
But the secrets the tree knows
Stay within its body,
Leaving me wondering in my thoughts,
And wandering further into the wood.

Each New Day.

Every day it happens,
Or so it seems.
I step into the shower,
The water streams over me.
It takes away the sweat,
The grime.
It also washes my mind,
Taking any worries,
Worries from the previous day,
Takes them away,
Leaving only good thoughts,
Good thoughts within me.
So I am ready to face the day,
Face the day with goodness,
The goodness that is with me,
That is always with me,
As each new day begins.

Listening to Ella.

Her voice transcends all around her
As her scat surrounds us all,
She sings like no other
And brings wonder to our world.
So when you listen to Ella
It makes it worth it,
Worth being on this planet.

"Listening to Ella makes it worth being on this planet" Jamie Cullum

Extended Life.

In my long life I have had no regrets
And looking back I only see the good,
The good that has been with me forever.
The lady in my life so loving,
Who I loved throughout.
Even though she has left this world,
That love is still there,
And she is still with me.

My working life has ended,
Ended with no regrets.
So in my dotage I now realise
That I have become an old man,
But I have become an old man in good time,
Because I know that I will become
An old man for a long time,
And enjoy every moment in that extended life.

The New Day - Senryu.

The new day is born,
I arise in the new light
Full of hope and cheer

Star Spangled Soul.

As I look up to the stars I know,
I know she is looking down,
Looking down upon me
With the love from eternity
That she has for me,
And I have for her.
That love will never fail
As each night we meet,
We meet as I look up,
Into her star spangled soul.

Shown the Way.

As we travel through our lives
We may not know where we are going.
Each path we take is different.
Some may be wrong.
But to get where we are today
We must be back on the right path.
Then we seem to realise,
When looking back on life,
And when looking ahead,
The Universe has shown us the way,
Shown us the right way,
Even when we don't realise,
Don't realise that we were looking.

Out Beyond the Ideas.

I know of a wondrous place
Where peace and love abound,
A spacious field of luscious green
Where I know that I'll be found.

It is out beyond those ideas,
Ideas that may well be right,
Ideas that may well be wrong,
Out where darkness fails in light.

So look beyond your mind
And to the future yield,
I will be there for you,
So join me in my field.

That field is there waiting for you,
My wondrous field of dreams.

Andy's Tin.

I make bread,
Each week I make loaves,
And every time I make them
I give one to my neighbour.
My neighbours bake cakes,
And bake biscuits,
They share them with me.
They come over the fence
In one of their tins,
But that tin now has a name,
A new name,
It is now known
As Andy's tin.

Hothouse Plant.

The heat is so welcoming to her,
She calls herself a hothouse plant
Which has become so beautiful,
So beautiful over the years.
The edges are curling she says,
As the days in her life increase,
But when I see her, I see her blooms,
And those blooms are full of colour.

Such a Wonderful Day.

There we were my friend and I
Standing on the croquet lawn,
Playing the game we both enjoy,
Enjoy so much.
As we were going round the lawn
We spoke and bantered as normal,
And then we stopped,
As the thought came to us.
What a beautiful day it was,
The sun was out,
Sometimes hidden by a white cloud,
A gentle breeze cooling us,
The wonderful world of nature
Surrounding us,
As far as the eye could see.
Such a wonderful day,
A day to be with friends,
And to be with nature's wonder,
And of course,
A wonderful day to play croquet.

Solace of Time.

That quantum of time that surrounds us
Passes in so many variable ways
That it can be so very mystical.
When things are going well
It rushes by barely allowing us enough of it.
When things are going badly
It is so slow that unpleasant thoughts come to us,
But sometimes,
Sometimes comes that period
Where we are in a time when all is well
And our dreams are with us,
Life is so perfect and wonderful.
We have reached that so rare period,
Where we have entered that solace of time.

My Valentine.

The first bud was there,
My Valentine was with me.
Each day it will grow
Showing that My Lover is there,
Is still there,
As she always will be,
There in my heart.

Nature's Glory for Me.

The sun rises In all its glory,
Shining shades of pink, red and orange
Onto the morning clouds.
As the sun gets higher
The clouds become white,
White balls of fluff,
Each unique in their appearance.
I look out at this wonder,
This wonder of nature,
And start to see the countryside
With so many different colours
Bringing its beauty into my heart.
I listen and the birds are singing,
Singing to me as I walk with them.
The glory and wonder of art and song
Is all there for me,
As I walk within Nature's Canvas
Accompanied by Nature's Symphony.

What is in Your Life?

A question came to mind,
'What is in your life?'
I thought and pondered.
The love of my life has gone,
Waiting to meet me
When I go to her,
After my journey in this time
Has ended.
So what do I have now?
I have family
Who I love,
And who love me.
I have friends
Who are there for me
As I am for them.
But for me
Just for me I do have three things.
Music will always come first,
It has been there all my life,
And my life without music
Would be non-existent.
Poetry has been with me,
With me for several years.
The idea of not writing,
Not writing every day is an anathema,
An anathema to me.
And then there is the third,
The one that still surprises me.
I enjoy it so much when I play,
When I play croquet.
So looking back on my life,
My long life,
I am happy with what has passed,

I am also happy with what I have,
My life of music, poems and croquet.

No, There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

The year was eighty-seven,
The year we had the storm.
The wind howled through the night,
Tiles clattered,
Trees toppled,
Rooves moved,
And fell.
The countryside changed,
Yet only eighteen died.

As I drove to work
The landscape was different.
The trees that had blocked my view were down,
Tiles were everywhere.
I got into work, Building Maintenance at the time,
The 'phones never stopped.
I sent men out to view the hell
That the wind had produced.
Yet only eighteen died.

They tales they told were both horrific,
And funny.
They told of the rooves
They found on the ground,
Lifted from blocks of flats,
And laid to one side.
Of the tree that fell between
Two blocks, yet touched neither.
Of the greenhouse in the middle of the road,
All glass still intact.
Yet only eighteen died.

The saddest part of all

Was that the wind was salt laden,
It killed the colours of autumn
All over the borough.
So that day when we drove to the west
Was so very strange,
So very beautiful,
Because we drove into autumn.

Do You Tread the New Path?

In life that path has been trod,
You have reached where are
With patience and fortitude,
It has been a good life.
Then came that day
When all changed,
Where your life could take a path,
An unexpected path,
One that had never been entertained,
Entertained before.
A decision needed to be made,
What should you do?
It is such a different route,
A different route in your life.
It is so appealing to you
But the change frightens you.

In our lives we have walked many paths,
Some were wonderful,
Some were full of sadness,
But the good always overcome the bad.
So the choice is yours
The good is there for you.
Do you want to reach for it?

Sixty Nine Acrostic.

So many years have passed
In your wonderful life where
Xenodochialism is in your life
Threading your way to love from all
Year after year.

Nearing that new time in life
Intrigues your mind
Now that things may change but
Ever sure that you will do the right thing.

Birthday Drive.

It was her birthday,
She wanted a surprise.
So surprise her I did!
Drove her to the coast,
Walked along the beach,
The beach at Broadstairs!
We had a cup of coffee,
Sitting by the shore.
Then she wanted an ice cream,
So I bought her one,
When I drove her,
Drove her to Dover!

Handels Music Flows Senryu.

Handels music flows
In time to the dipping oars,
Floating to the sea.

Beauty Within.

It is so sad that it is expected,
Those expectations of how you look,
How you should enhance your looks
To that look,
That others deem to be right.
It is a farce!
Beauty is not always seen
Outside the body.
To see the true beauty,
The true beauty of anybody,
All you need to do
Is look in their eyes.
True beauty within
Will be seen,
Seen in their eyes.
The eyes show you the world,
The world of beauty within everyone.

Where Music Takes Me

Once more it has happened,
That sound came to me,
That sound which took me,
Took me to another place,
A place of harmony and love.
That glory of music does it,
Does it so often to me.
I have to stop and listen,
Listen from that place,
That place where music,
Where music has taken me.

Day Wonder.

Once more I awake,
The day is before me.
Each new day is a wonder.
I wonder what today will bring?
This day will bring me wonder,
A new day of wonder.

Acrostic for Helena.

The time has come once more
When another year comes to your life
Enriching your dreams in the future
Negating the sorrows of your past
Taking you into that glory where
Years do not matter

Towards your future
With passion and beauty
Out into your wide world

Just For Me.

That love between us was so strong,
Each day it became stronger,
A love that would go on forever.
Then came the day,
That dreadful day when she passed,
Passed into a new world.
A world where we would meet
And go on together for eternity.
That day will come,
But not yet.
So as I live my life alone
I am learning,
Learning not to live without her,
But learning to live with the love,
The love that she left behind,
That love she has left for me,
Just for me.

Is She a Bad Mother.

Is she such a bad mother?
Her two wonderful girls,
Brought up with love and respect.
That love can be seen,
See whenever they're together.
But the time has come,
The time for them to leave,
To leave home,
To pursue their lives,
Their lives and careers.
Sailing into their futures
Towards their wondrous lives.
Most children go around the country ,
But not these two!
One is going to France,
The other back to China.
Is she such a bad mother
That they need to leave the country,
Leave the country to get away,
Get away from her.

Waiting at the Tip.

Well more gardening had been done,
Bushes stripped,
Battle with the pyracantha won, just.
So off to the tip I went
To dump all the twigs and leaves.
I knew I would need to queue
In these strange times,
When the tip seems to be home,
Home for so many.
Not to worry I had my music,
My music in the car,
I could listen with joy.
Joined the long queue,
Started waiting,
Eventually got to the tip.
And how long did it take me?
It took me the whole of Act One,
Act One of Tosca.

Being Bilingual.

They are out there,
Those clever people
Who can speak other languages,
As well as their mother tongue.
When people talk about them
I tell them
I am bilingual.
They look at me in awe
And ask which languages I speak,
So obviously I tell them
English is the one I have known,
Known all my life,
But in that long life
I have learned to speak another,
One that comes so easily to me,
As it comes to me quite naturally.
Apart from English
I am totally fluent,
In speaking Rubbish!

Lost in Words.

I was just sitting there,
Creating words,
Enjoying every moment
As my thoughts became visible.
Each word so meaningful,
So meaningful to me.
I suddenly looked up,
I was amazed,
So much time had gone,
Where had it gone?
Then I realised,
I had become lost,
Totally lost in words.

Stoicism Acrostic.

Showing ethics to all around,
Taking life as it comes.
Offering help to everyone
In both good and bad times,
Creating a uniformity of living
In a moral way that is free from anger,
Showing love for all,
Making life so wonderful in our world.

Whose Round Is It?

It had happened!
The pubs are open once more!
It seems so long,
So long since I had a pint,
A pint in a pub.
So there we are,
Me and my mates
Gathered in the pub,
But with distance between us.
Then come the question,
"Whose round is it?"
"It's not mine,
I bought the last one
Before lockdown!" I said.
"Its not mine" said Orchi
"You won't let me buy a round,
As I'll put water in your drinks!"
"I bought the one before Goldy,
So its not mine" said d a.
TUOAP said "I would love to buy a round
But 'er indoors" gave me no money!"
Michael then said "It can't be me,
I bought the three rounds before d a,
So you all owe me three pints!"
Then came the saviour,
Fay walked into the pub
And we threw ourselves at her
All offering to buy her a drink.
"She said no thank you Gentlemen,
I came here to have a good laugh at you,
So for that, I will buy the first round."

Art Where No Men Tread

As I see those lands ahead
Those lands where no men tread,
I see that wondrous piece of art
Which pulls me so strongly,
So strongly to its heart.
I will find a way to tread those lands,
And along those lands I'll go.
I'll reach that painting,
That painting which pulls me,
Pulls me into it so strongly,
And to that painting I will bow.

Artwork by Michael Edwards.

Ennio Morricone.

The tears came to my eyes,
He had died,
This man who created so much music.
But it wasn't just music,
He wrote emotion
That would enter my body
With so much feeling
That my world stopped
As I sat and listened in awe.
As I listened the voices would come,
Sailing above the tune,
In complete harmony
With the music,
And with me.

Not a Bad House.

It was such a shame,
Such a shame we said yes,
Said yes to our friends.
They asked us to dog sit,
Dog sit for a weekend.
They were very good friends,
So we said yes.
We arrived on the Friday Evening,
They were going early on Saturday.
Such a shame we said yes.

Two fine dogs greeted us,
So laid back no trouble,
But the house was the problem.
It was a six bedroom house,
A Kentish farmhouse.
Such a shame we said yes.

Our room was on the second floor.
Large bedroom,
Picture window looking over the land,
We had to walk through the dressing room
Just to get to the huge bathroom.
We sat down to dinner with them
That Friday night,
A wonderful meal.
Such shame we said yes.

Off they went and we were left there,
We decided we had to do something.
We could always play table tennis,
The table was there in the games room.
Or we could go swimming,

Well there was a large swimming pool outside,
Outside next to the tennis court.
Such a shame we said yes.

We could always walk through the forest,
The forest they had on their land.
I know I would cook something,
Into the kitchen I went,
A kitchen so big,
So big that you could hold a ball there.
But there were no dancers today,
Only me and my wonderful wife,
And the dogs.
To dance and sway to the music.
Such a shame we said yes.

Guilty People.

Looking back on our lives
We can see all that we have done.
We see all the good,
The good we have done,
Have done to help others.
We see the bad things,
The bad things we have done,
And wish that we had not.
And then we see something else,
We see the good we could have done,
But we did nothing.
That makes us all guilty people,
Guilty of the good,
The good we didn't do.

Poet's Day.

In all my working life they were there,
Those very special days.
They occurred every week,
They still do in my retirement,
But are not as special
As when I was working.
Those Fridays were always special,
So very special.
They were POETS DAYS,
Push off early,
Tomorrow's Saturday.

It's Your Road.

The road of life you have walked is behind you,
As you look back you see the hills and troughs
That have brought you to this day.
You can see where life has been so wonderful
But interspersed with those moments hurt.
Others have joined you on your road
Bringing goodness and love to your life,
Some walking with you for most of it
In that never ending love until they leave,
Leave for another path that has called them.
That is when you must realise it is your path,
And yours alone.
Others may walk it with you,
But nobody can walk it for you.

My Grandchildren.

As each year passes
I see them grow,
When all are together
There are eleven in a row.

It started twenty eight years ago,
The first of the eleven.
He came into my world,
My first grandchild.
Not believing how wonderful,
How wonderful he was.
But then came another,
And then many more.
Every one of them is special,
So special to me.
As my life continues,
My life full of the wonder,
The wonder of grandchildren,
My grandchildren.
I love them all,
Each and every one,
With a love so powerful
I could never be without them.
And never will be.

Got That.

There it was a list from Amazon,
Recommendations for me,
I read through them.
Max Richter "From Sleep",
Got that.
Mahler "The Symphonies",
Got them
Max Richter "Recomposed"
Got that.
"The Best of Beethoven",
Got that.
Max Richter "The Blue Notebooks",
Got that.
Dvorak "Symphonies 8 and 9",
Got them.
Vivaldi "The Four Seasons",
Got them.
There is so much music
And I have much of it,
But this was funny
As every piece they recommended,
I had every one.

Coded Haiku.

Rsvj fsu ntomhd epmfrt
Dit[todmh id gtp, fstlmrdd
Yjr dim dyo;; todrd

Towards My Lover. Senryu. (Plus answer to coded Haiku)

My River so clear,
Flows so gently beside me,
Towards my lover.

Coded Haiku.

Andy Brister (Goldfinch60) ? July 2020.

Rsvj fsu ntomhd epmfrt
Dit[todmh id gtp, fstlmrdd
Yjr dim dyo;; todrd

Each day brings wonder
Surprising us from darkness
The sun still rises

On your keyboard look at the letter in the poem and take the letter to the left. On the first word of the second line I made a mistake and took the letters to the right.

Dove cracked the code. Well done!

In These Strange Times.

In these Strange Times
So many things have changed.
The burglars are not profiting,
People are always at home,
So they too,
Have stayed at home.
Few robberies on the street
As there are not many people
Walking the streets.
But you must feel sorry for shoplifters,
Shoplifting has decreased,
Decreased by sixty percent.
It is such a shame for them,
When the shops shut.

In My Long Life.

In my long life
I have had ups and downs,
But the ups far outweigh the downs.
My life has been so fortunate,
So that in my old age
I can say to all,
Every new day
Is a reason to smile.

No Separation.

We meet so many people in our lives,
Some only briefly, in passing,
Others for much longer.
Then there are those,
Those who are always there,
Always there for us,
Such wonderful people.
They may drift away
But are still there for us.
To many of these people
We say goodbye,
But these goodbyes are only there,
There for those who love with their eyes.
But those special people,
Who we love with our heart,
Will always be there,
As there is no such thing as separation.

Steaming Entitlement.

So the time has come
When we walk the streets like criminals,
Masks on our face
Disguising who we are.
The law says we must were them,
But for those who wear glasses
The glasses steam up.
That being the case
We may be entitled,
Entitled to condensation.

Adrift With Nature.

There before me was a clearing
Surrounded by the trees of the wood.
I stopped and looked,
Looked around at natures glory.
The green lush grass beneath me,
Above me the bright blue sky
Dappled with pure white bubbles of clouds.
And around me the beautiful woodland,
So many wonderful colours to admire.
I lay down and let nature breath on me,
And in me.
A gentle breeze rustled the trees
Giving a beat to natures symphony,
The birds sang through my heart.
As I lay there it was strangely enervating,
Both enervating and calming as I drifted,
Drifted in my world,
My world with Nature.

I Love You

It was that day,
That day a year ago
When she had to go.
Dementia had taken her,
Taken her from me.
I could do no more
As her dementia was pulling,
Pulling me down.
Into a care home she went.
Such wonderful people
There to look after her,
She was safe and secure.
I was alone in the house,
I missed her so much.
No more laughter,
No more hugs.
But worst of all
That final cuddle in bed
And the last words we said,
Said every night to each other
Before going to sleep.
Those last words of every day,
Every day of our marriage,
"I love you".

Refilled.

You see them all the time,
Those people who see negatives,
Only see negatives in their lives.
Their glass is always half empty.

The contrast are the others,
Those who live a positive life,
And are always looking for the good.
Their glass is always half full.

What people never seem to realise
Is that whether the glass is half empty,
Or whether the glass is half full,
The glass can always be refilled.

I Was There.

I was there,
There in the cinema
When Carrie was first shown,
Shown in 'seventy six,
Not quite hiding behind a chair.
But I was there
The moment she sent the knives,
The three knives at her mother,
And pinned her to a door.
I was there
When a man shouted out.
"ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY!!"
I was there.
At the film's end
A friend kneeled in front of her grave,
I was there
When the hand shot up,
Shot up from below the ground,
I was there
When the whole audience screamed!
I was there.

A Moment in Nature.

I looked out of the window
I saw this magnificent site,
The green trees had turned red.
The beauty was astounding,
I had never seen this before,
Not this wondrous image,
Which I captured in my heart.
I looked back at the site
The trees were green once more,
But I had captured the image,
An image of that moment,
That moment in Nature.

A Happier Place.

Walking down the street you see them,
Those people with grim faces
Whose lives seem to be full of troubles,
With thoughts of bad things in their lives.
But when I walk down the street
A smile is always within my eyes,
And when you smile at others
You can bring your happiness forward.
That happiness can be shared,
Shared with others in your life,
And they too may start smiling
Thus bring happiness to others,
And if we all end up smiling,
The world would be a happier place.

Thinking Back.

When we think back,
Think back of the life we have led
So many things are seen.
Those of which we are proud,
Those which we are not.
And then we see other things
Where the thought comes to our mind,
"I can't believe that I did that"
When we did things
We thought we never could.
Remember though that is so much better
Than to look back on life and say,
"I wish that I did that"
That will leave regrets within us.

So Many Happy Times.

I sit at the table
Eating my dinner,
Just me,
But around me are pictures,
Pictures of those departed,
Departed from my life.

My Dad.
A placid man
Who never raised his voice,
But showed me the way
Into my wonderful life.
He brought music to me,
That music has been with me,
With me all of my life.
And when I listen I think of him,
So he is always with me.

My Mum.
Showed me the way to live,
To live by helping others,
She gave her all to help.
But on her death bed
I recall her final words,
"I have had enough,
I want to go now Andrew"
And that was her final word,
My name was her final word.

My Wife.
That lady of my life
Who I loved with everything,
Everything I had within me.

She was my life,
Now gone,
Taken from me by dementia.
So many, many years we had together,
Years of love and peace of mind,
Never a cross word between us
In all the years of our life together.
Taken from me even though we believed,
That belief is no longer mine.
If christianity was so forgiving
Why did it take her?
She sang its praises ALL her life
But that god and Jesus were not there!
Not there for her!
Or for me!

So I sit at the table
Eating my dinner,
Just me,
With thoughts of them around me.
Yes I miss them
But they can always bring happiness
As in my life with them
There were so many happy times.

Struck Down.

On the tee they stood,
The man and the good priest,
To hit the ball round the course,
To see who could hit the least.

The man hit his ball,
And landed on the green,
The priest struck his too,
And broke the waters sheen.

The priest waded in the water,
And struck his ball to grass,
The man putted his ball,
But the hole it did pass.

The man just stood and swore,
"Sod it, missed the bugger" he uttered,
The priest just looked at him,
And "Do not swear!" he uttered.

The next hole was the same,
The man just missed the putt,
"Sod it, missed the bugger",
Every time he did tutt.

The priest then said,
"If your swearing doesn't cease
God will strike you down,
And take away your peace"

The last hole came at last,
And both were on the green,
The man missed the putt,

And was once more obscene.

Lightening flashed towards them,
The priest was looking smugger,
But the words he heard when he got struck,
Were "Sod it, missed the bugger!".

Imagination and Dreams.

In life we see many things
But some things we imagine
And if we have that imagination
That imagination can be achieved

In life we see many things
Some we see in our dreams
And if we can dream
We can become that dream

Imagine to create achievement
Dream to create reality

What Else Would I Want?

I was completely lost,
Lost in the world of Mozart
And in the words of a book.
I listened and I read with complete joy,
Lost to the world outside,
Outside my world,
My world of music and words.
I would stop reading
When the music pulled me,
Pulled me into the wonder,
The wonder of Mozart.
Mozart would then accompany me,
Accompany me as I read.
The fading light went by
And darkness was outside.
But I was filled with light,
The light of Mozart,
And the words on the page.
For what else could I want.

Guilt Trip.

It's my own fault.
I admit it!
I did it!
It shouldn't have happened
But it just came over me.
I could not stop,
Try as I might,
It just had to be done.
So there it was,
I had done it
And knew I would regret it.
They were sitting there
Just waiting,
Waiting for me,
For me to eat.
I shouldn't have done it,
I shouldn't have cooked them,
Shouldn't have cooked the shortbread.

In Life FIB

In
Life
You need
Challenges
To take you forward
Learning from your experience
So towards your end
You can say
My life
Was
Good.

Star of Eternity.

I look up into the night sky,
The moon shining it's glory all around me,
I reach towards it and it pulls me into its wonder.
I go further beyond the moon
And the stars fill my vision,
So many of them surround me,
The galaxies so vast in their numbers.
Then I see a star that calls to me
And to that star I flow,
And there she is,
The love of my life,
Taken from me,
But now we are together again.
Our lives combined into one once more
As we sail together for eternity,
Never ever apart again.
Our one life now combined
Into our never ending love.
I awake from my dream,
But I know this dream will become reality,
And my loved one and I will always be together.

Smile For All.

I walk the streets and see these people
Looking down at their screens,
Wires dangling from their ears,
No interest in what's happening around them.
Others walk and their faces so sad
As though the troubles of the world weigh them down.
I walk from the streets into nature
And still they are there,
Missing so much of the glory around them.
Just looking down,
Not a smile to be seen.

I walk my life in happiness
Despite any troubles in my life
I am still here,
And each day I get up
I know my life is good.
The smile comes upon my face
And I know that smile
Will be seen by all that I pass
When I walk the streets,
Or walk with Nature.

From There to Here.

I looked forward in my life
And see the place where,
The place where I wanted to go.
But in my life's journey
I travelled other paths
That came before me,
And those paths also diverted,
Diverted me from my intention,
To go to that place.
But in my old age I know,
Know that I am in the right place.
So I know that I may not have gone
To that place where I intended to go,
But I think I have ended up,
In that place where I needed to be.

Two Way Clouds.

I look up into the morning sky,
The blue interrupted by white,
The white of the clouds.
In the height clouds just flow,
Flow slowly and gently by.
But beneath those clouds are others
As if in a morning rush hour,
Hurrying over the sky
As if late for an appointment.
But strangely in their rush
They are going the other way.
If I were a cloud I would want to be
One of those clouds on high,
Gently moving against the rush,
Moving the other way,
To those below me.

I Hear Music FIB.

I
Hear
Music
In my life
Every new day
Bringing love and joy to my heart.
A life without music in it is unthinkable
As it has always been with me
Through every day
Of my life
Always
For
Me

The Sixties, Was I There.

Was I there in the sixties?
I can remember it, so some say I wasn't there.
But I can remember the great bands, the great songs.
The Beatles reigned but Elvis was King.
I was in the House where the Sun rose on The Animals,
Where Satisfaction of the Stones was missing.
Gerry walked with me so I was Never Alone,
The Searchers gave me Sweets which
Really Got Me into Something Good.
Tom found life Not Unusual
Until Lucy found the Diamonds.
The Vibrations were always Good on The Beach;
The Harem became Whiter in their Pale life.
The songs ended with Serge making love to Jane.

"I was there!" said my mate Joe
"The wars in Margate and Clacton!"
"Brighton sixty four, I was there!"
Mods and Rockers, clashing on the Beach;
And where was I, I was in the bar with friends,
Drinking beer and smoking Gauloise.
Dressed in my suit with the collarless coat;
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion.

Yes I remember The Sixties with love.
The time of my young manhood.
Times with good friends and laughter;
The bands, the dances, the girls.
The girls, always so sweet and me so coy;
Days of my innocence, a world always remembered
With fondness and love.

The change of the seventies where my life became serious

And was never the same, as marriage and children took over.
But still fashion had its price!
With my long hair, beard, pale grey bell-bottomed suit,
The white platform shoes, and of course the kipper tie,
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion?

MSM

I thought it was just BMWs,
The only cars without indicators.
But no
The disease is spreading.
There was a Ford in front of me,
I thought that it too
Had no indicators,
But yes suddenly they were there,
Indicating what it was doing.
Not as they should be,
Indicating what they INTEND to do.
Is it just me
Or are newbies on the road
Not taught to indicate properly,
Indicate there intentions,
Not when they are doing it.
So to all out there
Please remember MSM,
Mirror, look what's behind you,
Signal, well before you
Manoeuvre.

Is History Right?

All through our lives
We are told of things in the past,
The battles that have been fought
To get us where we are today.
Those who rule our lives
Exalt those who put them,
Put them where they are.
Praising them for winning,
For winning and creating a path.
A path where they now lead us,
Lead us into a life,
Where THEY think it is right,
They impose their ways on us all.
But just suppose,
Just suppose,
That in history the winners of battles
Got it wrong,
And the losers were right,
I wonder where we would be today?

Bottles of Pandemic.

Walking round the supermarket
I saw them,
I saw this stack of cardboard boxes.
Nothing unusual in that,
But what was in them was staggering.
In this time of the pandemic
They were selling it,
As in these boxes were bottles of it,
Bottles and bottles of Corona!

Back to School.

Yes of course they must go back to school,
The minister said.
They are missing out on education,
They must go back to learn,
To learn about the lies we dispel.
And we know there is little risk
Of them developing the disease,
After all it has not happened in the schools.

OF COURSE IT HAS NOT HAPPENED IN THE SCHOOLS
YOU ACRIMONIOUS LYING BASTARD!!
THE CHILDREN HAVE NOT BEEN TO SCHOOL!!!!

It Rained.

It rained.
It woke me from my slumber.
It rained as though millions of buckets
Were being emptied together.
I heard it crashing on the roof,
Splashing on the roads,
So much rain in these sun soaked days.
I fell back into my sleep of dreams,
But when I awoke,
Awoke to dawns chorus.
I looked out
And the roads were dry,
The heat of the land
Had dispelled the wetness,
As if it had not rained at all.
Or was it just a dream?

Times of Youth.

Memories stirred in me
Of times in my youth,
Where time had no meaning
Except to others.
Up to the pub I went,
Drank some beer,
Threw some darts,
Played some cards.
Then ten minutes before closing
The bell would go,
The landlord would shout
"Last orders please."
At eleven o'clock
The bell would go again
With the call of
"Time gentlemen please."
We then had just ten minutes
To finish our pints.
I would walk home
Where my parents would greet me.
Whoa betide me though
If my timing was wrong.
If I got home before eleven
Mum would say to me,
"Your early, are you alright?"
Or it I got in after twenty passed
She would say to me,
"Your late! Where have you been?"

Then there were the times
When I went out with girls
And time just passed by so swiftly,
But the end of the evening would come.

And I am sure my Mum believed me
About the number of times
My watch stopped,
During those glorious times,
Those glorious times of my youth.

Steph at Thirty.

All her life I have known her,
My wonderful granddaughter.
Now reaching a magic age
Where a zero comes beyond the three.
A lady of confidence,
A lady who says what she means,
Does not suffer fools at all.
But in her time with me
We have an understanding,
Where we can talk of all things
And know exactly where we stand.
A wonderful relationship
Where two generations apart
Come together in harmony,
In harmony,
In respect,
And with love.

New Consideration.

As we go through our lives
Both good and bad come into them,
Sometimes the bad seem to outweigh the good.
But then it could happen
That the bad can open our eyes,
Open our eyes to the good,
The good that we had never considered,
Never considered before.

No Edgeways.

They met,
Met over coffee,
My daughter
And my lady friend.
I was worried,
Would they get on?
I need not have worried,
I never found an edgeways,
An edgeways to get in,
Get into their talking.

One Heart.

I stare deep into her eyes
Straight into her heart,
The love between us
So very strong.

My love for her has never failed
In all the long time
We have been together,
That love strengthened every moment,
Every moment of our lives.

Her eyes look back at me
Deep into my heart,
The love between us
So very strong.

Her love for me has never failed
In all the long time
We have been together
That love strengthened every moment,
Every moment of our lives.

I pull her into my arms
But she is not there.
Once more I was dreaming,
Dreaming of the love of my life,
Taken from me,
Leaving me alone
Without her.
Leaving me with nothing but memories
Memories and dreams,
Dreams of our life together
And knowing that we will be together,

Together again,
Where eternity will keep us together
Looking into each other's eyes,
Bring our hearts together,
Together as one,
One love that has,
And will,
Never fail.

Natures Glory.

I look out at the dawns early light
And the redness of the morning clouds
Flow all around me.
Their beauty so wonderful
As Natures Artwork thrills me,
Thrills me once more.
Its uniqueness given to me
As I arise for another day,
Another wonderful day,
To be shared with Natures Glory.

Driving in the Rain.

Into the car I get,
The rain is falling hard,
But off I go.
I need to go for a drive
In this falling rain,
It needs to be done.
As how else would it happen?
How else would the car get cleaned?

Experiences Enjoyment.

Each day I awake I am grateful,
Grateful for my life,
As each new day is an experience,
An amazing experience
In my life.
And in my life,
My very long life
I have enjoyed those experiences,
And even now
With many years behind me,
I still enjoy every new day.

Carol's Autumn.

Every morning she is with me,
Looking down over me.
That picture of autumn
So meaningful.
My favourite season
With me every day
As she looks over me,
As I write my words.

That Smile.

She would walk into a room
Her smile on her face
And people would look
And become happy,
Smiling with her,
With her infectious smile,
Always happy.
Everybody who knew her
Would comment,
Comment on her smile,
A smile that never left her face
Except that day,
That day that she passed.
But the memory of her smile
Will always be with me
As it will with all her knew her
And knew her smile.
I know that smile is there ,
Will always be there
As she looks down on me
Waiting,
Waiting for me,
Waiting for me to join her,
And we will smile together
As we sail towards eternity.

Tosca Acrostic.

The music rushes from the stage,
Operatic arias so intense
Summoning all emotions,
Causing anger, love and tears
As she throws herself off the battlements.

Bohemian Rhapsody.

Where does the time go?
Forty five years since that day,
That day when Bohemian Rhapsody
Came into my life,
Forty five years ago today
When it began its creation,
A song that stands out,
Stands out from so many.
I have heard it so many times,
Seen it sang so many times,
Sang it myself,
But still that song is special,
So special.
It will sail into music's history
And be heard forever,
And when I pass
I will still hear it
As it sails through the ether,
Sails through the ether with me.
Where does the time go.

Stop Washing.

Time, that never ending momentum,
It goes so quickly as age increases,
Where does it go?
Sometimes it seems to slow down
In those moments of unrest,
Or sadness.
But in those moments of joy,
Or happiness,
It just flies by.
Time always goes though,
It seems to drift away
Never to be seen again.
It just flows down the plug hole,
Flows down every time you pull the plug.
So is there a way to stop time,
Stop time from passing.
Why don't we stop washing
And stay young?

Behind Their Peers!

Behind their peers!
How can they say that,
Say that on the news?
That poorer children in education
Are eighteen months
Behind their peers.
Surely in this day and age
Peers is an anachronism,
We should not have peers,
Not now,
Not when it comes to young people,
They should all be educated equally.
But those with money don't care
As long as they
And their children can tread over others,
It just does not matter!
Are not children due equal education?
Or do those with the power
Not care for others?
Behind their peers!
What a load of bollacks!!!!

Twice Taken.

Why was she taken from me?
Our love was so strong
Nothing will ever break it,
But she was taken,
Taken twice.

That first time where her mind,
Her mind was given dementia,
So she could not remember
Or do things for herself.
My love was so strong
I did it all for her,
Did it all with love.
The love that has never failed
For that wonderful lady,
That wonderful lady in my life,
That wonderful lady who was my wife.

That second time she was taken
Was a release for us both.
As her Spirit left her body
She smiled down on me,
I watched her Spirit,
And I smiled at her
Knowing that a new normality
Had become her way of life.
She was back as herself,
That wonderful woman
Who I love so much,
Not that dementia riddled paraphrase,
Paraphrase of herself.

She was there,

There waiting for me
And I will be with her soon
As life on earth is so short,
Only a blink of an eye.
So I will be with her
As we travel together,
Our Spirit and our hearts
As one,
Travelling the highway of immortality.

Mine to Enjoy.

Yet another day comes into my life,
Another day where life's beauty,
Life's beauty and wonder enter,
Enter into my new day.
Each day has been so meaningful,
So meaningful in my life.
Some have been sad,
But as I look back
Most have been wonderful.
So I go into each new day,
Each new day of my long life
With thankfulness and wonder,
Knowing that each new day
And each new moment is so special
As they will not come again,
And every moment will be mine,
Mine to enjoy.

Hiss Undone.

Those dreams mislead you
As you sail into the darkness.
The blackened dream attacks,
Attacks your mind and heart.
That dream is a nightmare
Of your distant past
But into the future
The joy of good life
Will be before you
Where your joyful dreams
Will forever last.

I Walk Onto the Lawn.

I walk onto the lawn
To strike my first ball of the day,
But I stop,
Stop and look up,
Stop and look around,
Look and feel the wonder,
The wonder of nature all around,
All around me.
The blue of the sky
Dotted with white puffs of cloud.
The beauty of the buzzards
Hanging in the sky,
Looking at the world below them.
The greens of many colours
Shrouding the hills in glory.
Nature's artwork cannot be beaten,
Each day, each hour, each minute.
It is different,
Every unique look captured,
Captured in my heart.
I approach my first ball
Thrilled with the glory,
The glory that abounds around me.

Still in Love.

I open a door,
Walk into the room,
And she is there.
I open a cupboard,
To take something out,
And she is there.
So many memories,
So much love,
Still in the house,
From the one I love,
Still with me in Spirit.

Each day I am with her,
My love has never waned.
That love of my life
Forever there,
With me,
As I will be
With her,
In time,
Still in love,
So much in love.

Pictures at an Exhibition.

The Hartman works on canvas, hardly known to art
But known to music, with sounds so profound and wonderful.
You go on the journey through the sounds
That come to your ears

The Promenade through the Academy of St Petersburg
Showing Viktor's works assembled
As a tribute to the young artist,
Taken from us before his time.

Stopping at The Gnome, running clumsily,
His legs at odds with his body;
He stops when he hears the Troubadour
Playing before The Old Castle

The Promenade continues on to
The Gardens of the Tuileries
Where children play
To sounds so sublime that are formed in your mind

The sound of the Cattle in the distance
Come to you from the sounds from the orchestra
Then BANG! The sounds and the Cattle stop nearby
Only to move on to the sound dying away

The Promenade moves to the Ballet
And there performing on stage
Are Unhatched Chicks to Petipa's steps
And Gerber's music

The Canaries hatch, while watching from their frame
Are Goldenburg and Schmuyle.
But now written in music, as well as cast in paint.

The sound meanders along the floor

Until it reaches The Market at Limoges,
Where women are violently quarrelling.
So scuttling away through the Catacombs
Lit by the light of the lamp in hand.

Suddenly the witch is seen in her Hut on Fowl's Legs,
Baba Yaga! A horrendous sight with her teeth of metal,
long nose and spindly, skinny legs.
The music dies away from this awful place

The Promenade is ending and at the door
The Gates of Kiev, in all their splendour
Give a sound so uplifting, as once more
Mussorgsky moves back to his piano;
To compose "Pictures at an Exhibition".

No Return.

We all go through our lives
Doing many things,
Going through the ups and downs
That life gives us.
Each foot we place
In our lives
Takes us to a better place.
So if you look back
And believe that you should return
Do not do it,
As the many things we go through
Take us to where we are,
And going back
Will give us no satisfaction.

Driving the Other Way.

I saw it so often,
It was my favourite car,
That navy blue DB Eleven.
So many times I saw it,
I wanted it,
Wanted to get in,
Get in and drive it,
But every time I saw it
It was going the other way.

Absolutely Stunning!

Stunning!

Absolutely stunning!

I looked out of the window

And saw it,

Saw natures wonder

In all its beauty.

My breath was taken from me

As I looked into the depths,

The depths of the reddened sky.

Tears of wonder flowed

Flowed down my cheeks

As I looked out at this sight,

This glorious sight.

Stunning!

Absolutely stunning!

That Annoying Drop.

In these Strange Times
So much has changed,
We all need to wear masks,
Wear them in situations,
In differing situations.
They may be uncomfortable,
They may be a nuisance,
But they do have one thing,
One thing that is good.
You no longer have to wipe,
To wipe that drop,
That annoying drop off the end,
The end of your nose.

Tame Your Unquiet Minds.

In life there are situations,
Situations that disturb us,
Fill our minds with troubles.
We can get over this
But we need to tame this,
Tame this in our minds.
Tame this in our unquiet minds.
We need to live in joy
And with that joy we can offer compassion,
Can offer compassion to everyone,
To every living being on this earth.
We will all then be able to live
To live in joy and harmony
With compassion for all.

Balls.

OUCH!!

That hurt!

Why does he do it?

Why does he hit me,

Hit me with that damn big mallet?

Here I go rolling across the lawn

Gradually slowing down

Until I stop,

Stop near that blessed hoop,

That hoop that he hopes to knock me through,

So I sit here and wait.

Here it comes,

The opponent ball.

Misses me this time,

I so grateful.

Here comes my mate,

His other ball,

We greet each other

As he passes,

Passes off the lawn,

He hit it much too hard that time.

Now it is the other one,

The opponents other ball,

It is coming straight for me.

OUCH!!

That hurt again!

The pain inflicted on is awful,

Not only hit with a mallet,

But also with other balls.

What did I do?

How do I deserve this?

To be hit and hit again,

After all,

We are only a lot of balls.

Clarity and Freedom.

As I looked back in my life,
Into my cup of life,
I found things that I had done,
Found things that I had believed in
That were not right for me,
Found beliefs forced on me,
Forced on me by others.

Came the time when I drained that cup,
That cup of materialism and self-obsession,
And those beliefs that others had put in that cup,
Until there were only the dregs left.
Then I saw clearly my new life,
My new life that showed clarity,
Clarity and freedom into my future.

Diverse Paths.

Looking back at the paths,
The paths that brought us,
Brought us to where we are now,
We see all differing types.
Some along which we stumbled
Tripping over the varying stones,
Others take us to a place
Where we need to take a leap,
A leap of faith.
Many are so variable
That we struggle to find a way.
But in our lives
No matter how difficult it is
To walk to where we are now
We are here,
Here in that place we should be,
Knowing that the paths in front,
Those paths we will be taking,
Will be easier now,
Now we have the experience,
The experience of walking,
Already walking so many diverse paths.

How Are You? Goldiku.

"How are you today?"

"I got up from bed today,

So all is very well"

Weird Enjoyment.

For over twenty years I have known him,
Known my next door neighbour.
We get on very well,
Chatting and laughing over many things,
Helping each other whenever help is needed,
Never ever a cross word.
Like me he is now retired
But still does the odd job for others,
After all he was a gardener
And gardeners are always in demand.
But the other day we were chatting
And he said something that I found disturbing,
Very disturbing.
He said that he enjoyed ironing,
IRONING! How can you enjoy ironing?

Oxtail Stew.

How could I resist it?
Standing in the butchers
It was staring at me through the glass.
I had asked for my joint of pork,
But looking down I saw it,
I saw the oxtail,
I had to have it.
Dreams of olden days
Where oxtail was cooked,
So I asked for some oxtail,
So that I could create a stew,
An oxtail stew as of old.

Here I was in the kitchen,
The oxtail went into a pot,
Water went in over it
And it was boiled,
Boiled for a long time
So the meat would fall off,
Fall off the bone.
The meat was ready
So it was put back in the water,
The water contained the juice,
The juice from the oxtail.
In went carrots, swede and onions,
Then parsley and thyme,
Worcestershire sauce,
Salt, pepper and red wine.
It was then boiled until cooked.

Then came the pièce de resistance,
I made some dumplings.
As I made them memories came back,

Of those times with my loved one
And the laughs that we had,
As I made and ate dumplings,
While she made and ate doughboys.

Into the pot they went,
And half an hour later
All was cooked.

So there I was sitting at the table
With a plate of oxtail stew in front of me
And a large glass of Rioja to the side.
A wondrous meal,
A meal of old,
But eating alone.

It brought back such wonderful memories
Memories of eating with my love
Before she passed,
Passed to that restaurant in heaven,
Where one day I will be,
Be sitting with her,
Eating oxtail stew.

Opening and Shutting Doors.

When we go through our lives
We pass through many doors,
Those doors led us on the path,
The path to where we are now.
But in our lives
We also open doors,
Open doors for others.
Most are there to show us,
Show us a way we may need to travel.
But then sometimes
We shut the doors,
Shut them on some people.
Is this right?
Or are we doing wrong?
Are we shutting doors on humanity?

Together.

As the tears run down my face
I feel so lost,
Lost without her.
Those times together,
Our love so profound,
So deep.
That joy was with us,
Forever with us.
But now as I sit in our house
I know she is not there,
I look around
Looking at things she touched,
Things she loved,
But she is not there.
I sit and dream of her
But the tears just increase.
The many, many years we had together
Are forever in my heart,
And will always be there.
One day the day will come
When my tears stop,
That day we will be together,
Together once more
And more wonderful memories
Will be there for us both
When we travel into our future,
Together.

Pyotr Ilyich.

How could that happen?
Not quite a disaster
But certainly a blow to me.
I heard the music on the radio,
A piece I had heard before
And thought I will play it all today.
I have got it somewhere,
But no!
I did not have any of them,
Did not have any recordings of them.
How in the world did that happen?
I had to get them.
So now I am happy,
I have them now,
I have those String Quartets,
Those Tchaikovsky String Quartets.
All is well now.
So much music,
So little time.

Touched by Literature.

The words sit there on the page,
I read them into my heart.
It happens so very often,
The words become part of me,
As I am touched by literature.

Stella.

Into the coffee bar I go,
Walk to the counter,
Order my coffee
Then walk to my table.
That is when I see her,
And she sees me.
She is all excited
Pulling on her lead,
Trying to reach me.
My coffee goes on the table
And I go towards her.
She jumps as I reach her,
The joy she shows is so wonderful.
I put my hands on her
And stroke her,
Both gently and roughly.
She is in her own world,
Her own world of joy
When I touch her.
Touch to anyone is wonderful
But to Stella it is so much more,
It shows love for all,
For all who are with her.
Such a loving dog
Who makes her owners
So very proud of her,
And the love flows
From them to her,
And from her to them.

Venus Destroyed.

Is there life on Venus?
Or was there life on Venus?
It may well have been there,
Scientists have found evidence.

I wonder if there was life
And it was destroyed,
Destroyed by its inhabitants.
Maybe it was,
Maybe some left that planet
And moved to another.
Maybe they were homo sapiens
And maybe it was they that moved,
Moved to the planet Earth
And are now continuing their way,
Their way of life,
And destroying our planet.

Hippie Am I.

Make love not war,
That was their mantra,
Those dishevelled
Long haired people,
So full of colour,
So full of love for all,
For all people,
For all animals,
For all the earth.

In my mind
I have become one,
I agree with their way.
I have so much love in me,
Love for all people,
Love for all animals,
Love for this earth.
So come and join me,
Become a hippie
And let us all do it,
Make love not war.

Before Lockdown.

Before lockdown.
How many times have you heard it?
So many things were done,
Before lockdown.
Families went out together,
Before lock down.
People went on holiday,
Before lockdown.
We all hugged each other,
Before lockdown.
We shook each other's hand,
Before lockdown.
But will our lives be the same
Before lockdown,
When we reach that time
After lockdown?

The Queen of Sheba.

Driving in my car,
The radio on,
Music playing,
Listening to requests.
Then it happened,
A lady asked for some music,
Music she had
When she walked down the aisle
On her wedding day.

The tears streamed down my face
As the music was the piece my lover chose
As she walked down that aisle to me
On that wonderful day we married
And we became one
And were that one person for many years
Until that day when she was taken,
My Queen of Sheba was taken,
Taken up into heaven.
Now waiting for me in her chariot
Waiting for me,
And we can ride off together
Into eternity.

Littered with Masks.

They hang on people wrists,
Are stuffed in pockets,
Around people's necks,
Over people's faces.

You see them everywhere,
In the sea,
On the ground,
Littering so many places.

Yes we have been told,
Been told to wear them
To protect others,
Others around us.
But why do they litter,
Litter our world.
Do we now not care,
Not care for our world.
We have enough trouble,
Trouble with plastic,
But now we heading,
Heading towards another problem
Where the world in being littered,
Littered with masks.

Sex Saves Lives.

So sex is good for you!
Have a heart attack,
Then increase your sexual activity,
And you will live longer.

Where Am I.

Where am I?
A question that often comes to mind.
I am living here in the twilight of my life
Having lived for so many years,
And as I look back I am grateful,
So grateful for the life I have led.
A life filled with love,
Love of so many types.
A loving mother always there for me,
A wonderful father who instilled a love in me,
A love of music which is forever with me.
He also showed me nature
Walking through those natural highways,
Being at one with our world.
My children are so wonderful
Seeing them born and grow into adults,
Now with their own children,
My grandchildren so special to me.
Then there was her, that wonderful lady
Who came into my life so long ago
And gave us a love that grew every moment,
Forever together, a love that never failed.
Came the day when she was taken,
Taken into a heaven where she waits for me.
So today I ask the question once more,
Where am I?
Yes I am now without my lover
But she is in a good place waiting for me.
I am in a good place
As I have had a wonderful life
And know that my future will be better,
As one day I will be with her
And we will sail together for infinity.

Where am I?

I am in a good place.

Cheese Straws.

Why did I do it?
I knew it was a mistake,
A big mistake!
I should have known better,
But no I did it,
I admit it,
I did it.
I had made a pie,
There was pastry left over,
I couldn't waste it.
So I did it,
I made some cheese straws.
I knew it was a mistake,
But they were made.
They just sat there on the side
But every time I passed
I took one.
Why did I do it?
Why did I make cheese straws?
I wonder what happened to them?

Hope is There.

We have all heard it,
We have probably said it,
Hope for the best,
Prepare for the worst.
Is it right to say this?
Surely the best is there,
Is out there for us,
So why not just look,
Look for the good we want.
Frame those goals,
Those goals that will give pleasure,
Give the pleasure we look towards.
We need to achieve those goals,
So instead of hoping for the best
And preparing for the worst,
Why not hope for a better future
And start acting,
Acting to make those goals happen.

Will She Sing to Me?

Why is it so strong,
So strong in my life?
I had music on,
Nothing odd in that.
I was listening to Les Misérables,
A show that my lover and I saw
Many years ago.
A wonderful day it was
Me and my lover
Watching this superlative show.

Then as I was listening
That song came;
The tears just streamed down my face,
I couldn't stop them.
As all I saw was my loved one
Singing that song
Sang that evening at Church.
She sang it at a concert.
A Church Concert.

There she was singing this song,
Singing to all
But looking at me.
The love she had for me
So powerful as she sang,
Sang to me.

That song was played
And she was back with me
Singing her heart out ,
Singing her heart out to me.
The tears just would not stop,

Will she sing to me again?

Shallow Brown.

Why does it happen so often?
I sit here reading poetry,
Writing poetry ,
Listening to music,
When it happens.
Music comes on
That just stops me,
Stops me reading,
Stops me writing.
I am taken to a place,
A place where life is wonderful,
That wonder created by music.
It has happened again
As this magnificent voice
Flows to my soul,
Bringing such music to me,
To my mind,
To my heart .
Once again music shows itself
Shows itself to me,
And brings me to peace,
To peace in my world,
As I know music is there
And will always be there,
Be there for me.

Laughter For All.

I was just coming back,
Back from getting my paper
When I saw them.
A dad pushing his young son,
Pushing him in a pram.
The young lad looked at me,
A smile come over his face,
He waved to me.
I waved back,
The young lad started laughing
Still waving,
His dad started laughing,
As did I.
All laughing together
Showing the wonder,
The wonder and glory,
That the innocence of childhood can bring,
Can bring to us all in our lives.

Autumn's Glory.

The glory is coming upon us
That time in Nature's life
Where it's artistry
Fills my life with so many colours
The colours that only Nature can paint.
So many colours in its artwork
As Autumn comes into my life
The greens turning yellow and gold
Into orange and red
Different every day
As Nature's brush paints glory
Such colourful glory into my world

The World at My Table.

I went travelling last night.
Cooked a curry,
Where I was in India.
Made some ciabatta
To wipe the plate,
So I was in Italy.
And all washed down
With a beautiful Rioja,
Which took me to Spain.
Brad Mehldau's music
Took me to America.
For what more could I ask?
Good food,
Superb wine,
Great music,
And travelling the world.
With me just sitting
Sitting at the table.

Playing Fair.

A game for gentlemen
Played by hooligans.
You see it so often,
The tug of the shirt,
Tripping others,
Arguing with the ref,
Handling the ball
Then denying it.
Why is football
So full of cheats?
So many fouls.
The refs have no respect,
All argue with the ref.
Why cannot this game,
This game for gentlemen
Be played by gentlemen?
But no,
It's played by hooligans.
Did the journalist have it right
When he wrote:
"There's more chance
Of Trump paying his taxes,
Than a footballer
Playing fair with a referee."

Kathleen Sings To Me

I was sitting in my armchair
Just wondering what music to play,
Then it came to me,
The choice was made.
That voice took me into a new world,
A world that only her voice can take me,
That place where all is so wonderful
As her voice transcends the bad
And fills me with the goodness
She portrays as her voice sails into the ether
Via my heart, mind and soul.
Such a voice of so much beauty
That I always hold in wonder,
And there we were,
Me sitting in my armchair,
And Kathleen singing to me

New Joys.

Each day I awake
New joy is there for me.

I wonder what it will be today?
There are so many joys to be had.
I will listen to music,
Write my words,
Meet good friends,
Eat fine food,
Drink good wine,
Be happy all day.

But then I will come home,
Home to that empty house
Where my loved one used to be.
She is there in Spirit
But her body has gone to rest,
And is no longer there for me to hug.
As I walk up the stairs
And go to bed she is not there.

But I know when I awake each day
New joys will be there for me.

Another Year Gone.

As I step in the shower this day
Another year of my life swims away,
A year I would rather have missed
When my loved one passed from me.
But that year has now gone
And my new year of birth starts.
As the old year drains away
I look forward to the new year
And know that all will be well.
As I now look forward,
To another birthday next year.

Cleansing Our Lifetimes.

The rain tumbles down
Streams over the countryside
Cleansing our lifetimes.

Happiness Butterfly.

We look for it all the time,
Happiness is like a butterfly,
When we see it just in front of us
So wonderful and appealing,
But when we reach out for it,
It is just out of reach.
Try as we might it cannot be captured,
Yet when we rest in the quiet in our lives
Happiness, like the butterfly
May land upon us,
And fill our lives with wonder.

Happy Trad.

I get into the car
And have a problem,
What music shall I play
While going along the way?
So many different types to enjoy.
Then I saw it on the list,
I put it on and there I was,
Feet tapping,
Hands tapping,
Head nodding.
A smile throughout my body
As the Trad Jazz blasted out,
Blasted out around me.

Laughter Wins.

Laughter is so important,
So important in our lives.
So many people seem sad
But if you can make them laugh
That sadness disappears,
And joy can be brought back,
Brought back in their lives.

Missed With a Smile.

There I was all prepared,
Just waiting for the time
When the A.G.M. would start.
All was prepared by me
So I could attend this meeting,
This meeting on Zoom,
The meeting where minutes are taken,
But where hours are wasted!
Then came that 'phone call,
I had to take it,
It was from my best friend.
So we spoke and put the world to right
For over an hour, maybe two.
Once we said our good byes
I looked at the time,
And realised that I had missed it,
Missed the meeting,
So I just sat there thinking,
Thinking what a shame,
With a big smile on my face.

Another One of Those Times.

It was another one of those times
Where my loved one was so greatly missed.
Sitting there eating my dinner
Her soul all around me,
The picture of her ever smiling face
Looking at me with love,
So much love.
That love was always there between us,
It never ever failed during our years together
And now she has departed this life
It is still there between us,
As she is always with me.
But is always so sad that the love of my life
Is not sitting across the table,
As I eat my dinner on my own.

Sometime Life Happens.

We wend our way in our lives,
Heading for the future
Along the route we have planned.
That journey is filled with joy
As we travel that path,
But sometimes there is a glitch
And the road seems to be blocked.
We may struggle to get around it
But eventually we will,
As in our lives,
Our beautiful planned lives
Sometime it happens,
That life interferes with our life.
What we need to remember
In all the times we go forward,
In our beautiful planned lives,
Sometimes life just happens.

Goldie and Orchi at Hastings.

Nine hundred and fifty four years ago,
On this very day ,
There we were, Orchi and I,
Sitting on Hastings beach,
Minding our own business,
Just eating some pork pies.
Me drinking my whisky,
WITHOUT WATER!
Orchi drinking his sherry.
I was trying to explain to Orchi
The meaning of
Hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia,
While He was trying to say
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
We looked out to sea,
There approaching were these boats
Loaded with men,
All had swords and spears,
And one had a bow and arrow.
Behind us horses were galloping,
They came to us on the beach.
Harold was there,
He asked if he could have a pie,
Orchi declined,
Saying "Pigs will fly
Before I release a pie!"
He pointed into the sky
And said to Harold,
"See that flying pig!"
I had always told Orchi
That pointing was rude,
And in this case,
It was dangerous!

As Harold fell from his horse
An arrow in his eye.
And that was the day
That Orchi said to me
"Give me a scotch, without water!"
Out of the kindness of my heart
I gave Orchi a SMALL scotch.
He fell to the ground
Shouting "Alas poor Yorick
I knew him well, fill up the walls
With your English dead Romeo"
From that day Orchi and context
Have never been the same,
And water always goes in his scotch.

This poem was on a previous site that Orchi and I used to inhabit before it closed down and we found MPS.

Death Missed.

I know that Death will find me one day,
It nearly found me some time ago
But I escaped its clutches
And was given a second life.
That life is so wonderful,
It has given me freedom,
Freedom of purpose
To do the things I want to do
Without need to worry,
As I may have done in my first life.
The positivity in my life is so strong,
Everything I see and do is so good.
Sad things do happen
But deep in my heart I can resolve them
And keep moving forward.
They say "Death where is your sting?"
It tried to sting me once,
And missed,
Leaving me with a new freedom in life.
So I no longer look behind me
To see if Death is coming,
I just look forward into my joyous future.

Very, Very Fast Food.

It was my birthday,
What should I do in celebration?
I know
I'll invite the family to dinner.
So I sent out the invite
To my daughter
And granddaughter,
And my granddaughter's friend,
Saying I will be cooking salmon.
The invite was accepted,
They were all coming,
Except.
Except granddaughter's friend
Does not eat fish.
Do not worry she said
She will bring a steak,
That was fine,
Steak, like salmon,
Was fast food.
They arrived on the evening
And I was given the steak,
Talk about fast food,
I had seen rashers of bacon
Thicker than that steak.
I prepared the meal
And the last thing I cooked was the steak,
Ten seconds each side it took,
Very, very fast food.
I just could not stop laughing
At this lack of steak I had cooked.

Driving Into Daylight.

It was a long drive,
The road ahead of me
Stretched for miles,
The blackness of the sky above
So very dark,
Not even stars could be seen
As the dark clouds covered
Covered the sky.
Mile after mile went by,
When suddenly I saw it,
A break in the sky ahead,
The lightness of dawn
Was there in front of me
Then it came to me.
I was driving this long road,
And was driving into daylight,

Into Your Future.

In your life you meet people,
Maybe this is the one,
But no,
Something is not right.
So you must move on,
Move on into your future.
That person who is right for you
Will be waiting,
Waiting for you
In your future.

caring church minister.

Well he has done it again,
Our 'caring' church minister,
Has done it again!
The 'phone went,
I knew it was him.
So I answered,
Asked him how he was.
Being the 'caring' church minister,
He asked me how I was,
So I said all was well.
We chatted about things,
About what we were doing,
And then came the crux,
The reason he 'phoned me,
He had problems with his printer!

When first he arrived
I installed his computer,
And every so often get the call.
Something had gone wrong,
I always helped.
But when my loved one was unwell,
He still 'phoned
Asking if she was alright,
But every time
He 'phoned because he had a problem!
He never, ever 'phoned
Just to see how we were!
And now in these shutdown times
He still hasn't changed!
Our 'caring' church minister!

Chemistry of Love Acrostic.

Lead our lives full of
Oxygen polished like
Vanadium with visions of
Einsteinium giving us love.

Lost Pictures.

They were everywhere,
Pictures that I could see with my eyes.
The beauty of the sea,
The wonders of the tide,
The boats in the harbour.
So much for me to enthuse about
It was such a pity though
I could not capture these images,
Apart from in my mind,
I forgot to bring my camera!

The Man From The Pru.

Mr Leonard would come around on a Friday evening
With the groceries that Mum had ordered.
A man of gentle humour and polite manner.
He sat at the table notebook in hand,
Where Mum paid what was owed,
And gave next week's order.
Then take his leave with a cheery wave,
And a "See you next week".

Twice a week, or maybe three,
The baker would knock at the door.
Stood there with his basket
Full of fresh bread and rolls,
And this new-fangled sliced bread already wrapped.
The quote of "Best thing since sliced bread"
Is so wrong, sliced bread is not good
Compared to a fresh baked loaf.
One day he came and nobody answered,
So he went around the back.
I went out to see why the dog was barking;
And there was the baker
Pinned in a corner. with Prince, our boxer,
Licking his face!

The Corona man used to come,
Where Mum would buy pop
For my brother and me,
Enough to last the week,
Until the man returned with some more.

There on the steps every morning
Stood the milk in bottles with silver tops;
There without fail,

It appeared as if by magic.
But occasionally if I was up early
I would see him,
This man in a silent van,
Creeping towards our door.
A crate in his hand,
And a cheery smile on his face.
Then on a Friday he would come
To collect his money.
These men who knew all in the street,
And knew when something was wrong.
Many a time it has been known
That they have saved lives,
As the milk was not taken in. **
A breed of man that has now been lost.

The last regular caller of course
Was the man from the Pru.
Collecting money in case of death,
And my brother and I would be cared for,
If Mum and Dad passed away.

All these regular callers,
So polite, seemingly so benevolent,
To us kids.
They would chat to us,
Make us laugh and smile,
Never a word in anger or remorse.
A time no longer with us,
A sadness of people no longer
Communicating with each other.

***I have experience of this, a friend of my mother-in-law was unwell and her milk was not taken off the step so the milkman raised the alarm ? she was saved because of the milkman. When was the last time you saw a milkman?*

Awash With Sunlight.

I was walking along the seashore
In dawn's early light,
My thoughts at random.
Just looking at my life,
My wonderful life,
The one that was behind me,
And the one I was heading towards
When I saw it.
I looked out to sea
And this wonderful sight was there,
As I saw in this early morn
The sky and the sea are awash,
Awash with sunlight.

In The Last Century.

It sounds so long ago,
But most of my life
I lived in that time.
That time when I was young
I grew from a child,
Into a man.
Went from school,
To work.
I spent many years
Happily married
During that time.
But it always seems
To be a very long time,
A very long time ago
When I say
That it was during that time,
In the last century.

Darkness to Light.

Going through life can be hard,
So hard for some.
It maybe because they do not look,
Do not look around them
So all they see is the despair,
The despair that seems to take them,
Take them into a place of darkness.
In our life though it can be different
But you need to seek out these places,
These places where beauty is around you,
So that you can move from the darkness
Into that wonderful world of light.

Time Restabled.

The time has come,
That time I have been waiting for,
Waiting for six months.
That time when time changes
And all is the same once more,
That very special time in my life,
That time when it happens,
When I get into my car,
And the time in the car,
Is the same that I see,
That I see on my watch.

My Place of Dreams.

I walk along the path towards the lake,
There it is in front of me,
The burnished sun reflecting from it stillness.
I look across it and see the green life around the water,
That green slowly turning to gold,
With the occasion orange turning red.
The mirror images of the trees
Sweep across the mirror like surface
Showing me Nature's wonder,
That wonder lives in my heart,
As Nature and I become as one.
Walking around that pool of iridescence
Reflecting the blue and white of the sky
I am now in my own world,
That world where Nature's Glory
Moves within me,
And takes me to the place of my dreams.

Tides of Fortune.

We go through our lives
Hoping that life will be good,
And the plans we make
Come true in our lives.
Many do,
And we live life to the full,
But sometimes the tides,
The tides of fortune flow
And take us to another place.
We then realise that those tides,
Those tides of fortune take us,
Take us to where no man may know.

Language and Music.

We go through our lives
And hear so many languages,
Spoken in different ways,
With different meanings,
So that understanding them
Can be so hard.
But among all those languages
There is one that all understand,
And can, and will, bring us together,
The language of music.

Summit of Life.

For many, many years I have been climbing,
Climbing my mountain of life.
I stop as I near the summit and look back,
Look back down that rocky path
That has led me to where I am.

Along that path I have stumbled many times
But each time I arose into a better person.
There have been fissures and boulders,
Some taking time to overcome,
But overcome them I did
And they helped me to where I am.

Most of that path has been one of joy.
The places that I have seen
Bringing so much beauty and wonder to me.
The glory of Nature always thrilled me
With its unique wonder that changed every moment
And brought me to where I am.

The Music I have found along that path
Has led me to such wonderful times.
Listening, playing and singing such vastness
Has always been there from the foot of the mountain
Bringing such joy to me forever,
Leading me to where I am.

Then there is the love of my life
Walking up that path with me.
Our love for each other never failing,
With me for most of my life
Until that time she was taken off the mountain,
Leaving me to go to where I am.

I look up to the top of my life.
Many, many more steps to walk
Into the future above me,
And I will walk in joy to the top
Where I will step off into my lovers arms,
Waiting for me from where I am.

The Witching Hours.

The day has come at last
Where I prepare for the dark,
The black clothes are there,
The teeth are growing
And the light in my eyes glows
As I reach out from my coffin.
When darkness falls
Into the streets I walk,
Keeping in the darkened shadows,
Seeing you all having a good time
Smiling laughing and dancing.
But I am there!
You are unprepared for me,
You pass by me and I touch you
You do not feel it and walk on.
Then the power comes to me
I walk amongst you all,
You think nothing of me,
Just believe I have dressed up
To enjoy a good time.
But I will live on
As every time I touch you
You may die.
That Vampire within me
Has been renamed,
I am now called
Covid Nineteen.

Autumns Wonder.

The last bloom of summer had left
As autumns glory came into my sight,
The beauty of its artwork
So thrilling in my life.
A time of change
As I walk in Nature's Wonder,
The yellows, gold and reds around me
Showing me the wonder of life
In this natural world,
A world that resonate with me,
Within my body,
Within my heart,
As its wonder surrounds me.

Survive Limerick.

There once was a time in our lives
When we had a good chance to survive
But crowds in the street
Did not give a 'sheet'
For those who wanted to thrive.

She Was Back Once More.

She was back,
Back with me.
Lying by my side,
That smiling face
Looking at me.
I looked into her eyes,
Deep into her eyes,
And saw the love,
The love she had,
She had for me.
Knowing she would see
The love in my eyes,
The love I had,
I had for her.
We brought our lips
Together once more,
And that kiss took us
Took us to a world
A world remembered
For many years.
But then it happened,
I awoke from my dream
And she was gone once more,
But I knew she would be there
Waiting for me to join her,
On that day My Spirit rose,
Rose from my body.

Violence Solved?

It happens so often in this life
That so many problems seem to be solved,
Solved by using violence.
But maybe one day the reality may come to men
As if you see a mosquito
And it lands on your balls,
You have to realise
There must be a way to solve problems
Without using violence.

Smiles Are Always There.

Life can be so strange,
We lead it hoping all will be well,
But sometimes we fall down,
Fall down into those dark crevasses
That seem to always be there.
But in my life there is always a way out,
As in all my life
In all those darkest of moments
I can always find something,
Find something that makes me smile.

Lockdown Once More.

Here we are,
In lockdown once more,
But I do have places to go.
Where shall I go today?
I went to the lounge yesterday,
I know I will go to the kitchen today
To see what treasures I can cook,
Maybe a steak and kidney pud,
That would be nice.
I would need to plan for tomorrow,
Maybe into the conservatory
And count the leaves on the plants,
Or even the prickles on the cacti.
Such a full life awaits me,
As I sit in lockdown once more.

Total Confusion.

All my life I have heard the piece,
That piece of jazz called Take Five.
Heard played by Dave Clark,
Seen him play it,
Seen Nigel Kennedy play it,
I know it almost note for note.
One of my friends plays it
But in all that long time
Throughout my long life
I had never heard it played like this,
Where the five notes in a bar
Was played as four notes in a bar,
My foot kept on trying to tap five
But it got confused,
Totally confused.
I managed it eventually
And once more came to realise,
That there is so much music out there,
But such little time to listen to it all.

Happy Anniversary Joyce.

Our anniversary had arrived
And there I was on my own.
I needed somewhere to go,
So down to My River I went.
Walking along in harmony
Thinking of our wonderful life
That we had had for so many years,
Until that day when she passed on.
But as I was walking she arrived,
Arrived by my side.
And together we walked along Our River
Walked in harmony,
Walked in joy,
Walked in unfounded love,
That love was with us for so many years..
And as I walked with Her Spirit
That love was still growing stronger
I looked back at Our River
Saw her there as I said
Happy Anniversary Joyce.

The Unknown Is Out There.

I stand on a field
Deep in the countryside
And there around me
On this chilled autumn morn
The beauty of the sun filled sky
Fills me with wonder
As the bright blue is bubbled with white
Where the clouds drift slowly by
Filling my body, heart and mind
With the glory of nature
As I wonder what is beyond that sky
The unknown is out there
Just waiting for me to arrive

Cinema Paradiso.

The music started and my heart wept.
I had heard it so many times
But the notes just took me to another place,
A place where sadness and happiness combined
Bringing such emotions within me.
Bringing back memories of that film
Which brought me to tears so many times,
But also brought happiness.
Whenever I hear that music my heart weeps,
Showing that music can bring so many emotions,
Where no words are necessary.

Winning.

In life people can be very competitive
Be it in sport,
In your work,
Or even just in life.
But sometimes you lose,
Be prepared for that.
So you always hope to win,
You must aim to win.
But be ready,
Be ready
To congratulate the winner,
If it is someone else.

Sugar Coated.

I walked across the meadow,
The white covered the green
As the grass crunched underfoot,
Each blade sugar-coated with frost.
The wonder of Nature
Filling my eyes and heart.

Where Did This Come From?

Where did this come from?
I thought I knew Liszt,
Knew his music,
But then this came on the radio,
Never heard it before.
My life stopped as I listened
To this so wonderful sound,
I was taken to a place of dreams
Where life was so wonderful,
Where all helped each other
And acrimony did not exist,
To that place we all hope for
And love for all filled the world.
Music can do this for me,
And this piece of music took me there,
To that place where I want to be forever.

Such a Good Start.

I wake up,
Downstairs I go,
Put on the radio
Expecting my usual classical music.
But no today was different,
The announcer said
Now for an hour of jazz
From his collection.
And then it started,
Started with one of my favourite groups,
Weather Report started playing.
They enthralled me as ever
And left me knowing
That today would be a great day,
As it had started out so well.

Here We Go!!

Here we go!!
The christian churches say it is illegal!
It stops peoples lawful rights
In stopping people meeting in church!
They are taking it to the courts in the land,
But if their god and their beliefs are true,
And their beliefs are real,
Their christian god would not have allowed,
Not allowed this to happen.
Despite all their prayers
Covid has spread,
No amount of praying has stopped it.
So are their beliefs wrong?
Or do they believe that their god
Wants to spread this disease,
And kill all the people who go to church!

Keys Lost.

The paper
I needed
To get,
Keys in pocket,
Door closed.
Walked down
Into shop,
Mask on,
Got paper,
Paid assistant.
Out door,
Mask off,
Walked home.
Open pocket,
No keys!
Keys lost!
What's happened?
Search pockets,
Keys found,
Not lost,
Wrong pocket,
Tragedy averted.

Hippies.

Did the Hippies have it right?
Was the world they had
The way it should be?
Free love was the way to go,
Love for all.
Is the normality
Of marriage and sex obsolete,
It was no longer limited
To just one person,
That love was extended to all,
And was shared with everyone.
As they shared their life and love
They found that the more you shared,
The more you received.
So why should we select love
For just a few,
Love everyone in our world
So that we can then always
Make love,
Not war.

Beginner to Winner.

In our lives we look ahead,
Look ahead to see what we can achieve.
We compete to try and win,
But we often fail.
But those who keep trying
And never give up and get better.
The more we try the better we get.
As we climb nearer and nearer to the top
We admire those ahead of us,
Those winners in the competition,
Wondering if we will beat them.
What we need to realise though
Is that winner ahead of us
Was once a beginner,
As we are.

Into Another Place.

I sit there reading my book
And suddenly I am no longer there.
I have slipped helplessly,
Slipped involuntarily
Into the words on the page
Taking me to the life
That the author has created.
It could be a world of mystery,
Of love or hate,
Of humour or sadness,
But I am out of my body
Enjoying that life,
Created for me to read.

How Far.

Our lives move forward all the time,
We travel those paths ahead of us.
Some may be dark with problems,
Some may be light with answers,
But they are there for us to travel
Into the future laid before us.
Sometimes we are tempted to look back,
Look back at the paths we have travelled,
To see if anything should have been changed.
But the only reason we should look back
Is to see how far we have come
On our journey of life.

This Moment.

We sit and wait for many things,
For that special day,
That time when the sun shines on us
Or that time looking for love.
Sitting and waiting can be endless
And brings such sadness to our lives.
So stop waiting and look around you,
Glory and wonder can be found in this moment,
As happiness is achieved when you stop waiting,
Stop waiting for it and make the most,
Make the most of the moment that you are in,
That you are in right now.

With Every Step.

Each day I walk by My River,
Each day I try to walk faster,
Doing my exercising
In this locked down world.
But this day I slowed
As thoughts came to my mind.
My River had reached out to me
And said "Why are you ignoring me?"
So My River and I became one again.
Its beauty shone for me.
The smooth, clear green water
Giving me the clarity of thought.
Each breath I took cleansed my heart,
Cleansed my heart and mind.
In came the good thoughts,
Out went the bad.
The freedom from sorrow was with me
As my lover joined me
And we walked together in love,
As we had for so many years,
For so many years during her lifetime,
But she was always with me,
And in walking slowly by My River
She was with me once more.
We came to My Rivers end
And she walked on into her Spiritual World,
I walked back but I knew,
I knew that one day as we both came
To My Rivers end we would walk on together,
Walk in Our Spirits in eternal life forever
With our so strong love
Increasing with every step.

It Is So Easy.

It is so easy to make.
Just one egg,
One hundred grams of flour,
Mix them together into a dough.
Flatten the dough,
Again and again,
Again and again.
Run it through a press,
Again and again,
Again and again,
Thinner and thinner each time,
It is so easy.
Then cut the dough
Into a quarter inch strips,
And there you have it
The tagliatelle is prepared.
It is so easy,
But then you have the problem.
There is flour everywhere,
Small lumps of the pasta hide away
All round the kitchen,
All through the house,
And you spend the next few days
Finding it in strange places,
At least I do!

Nature's Comfort.

I walk alongside My River
In dawn's early light,
The clear water shrouded in mist.
The green grass at her side
Whitened with frost.
Nature's beauty and wonder
Showing me how wonderful it is.

The sun shines through the mist
Bringing Nature's art into my eyes,
The trees and landscape unfocussed
As the light comes through to me,
Through the mist highlighting this wondrous time,
A time unique in life but caught in my mind.

As I walk on the mist clears.
My River now in focus,
It's clear green waters are back with me,
Enjoying Natures comfort,
As I walk along my path of life.

In My Mind.

All day she was in my mind.
Everything I touched
Reminded me of her,
Such simple things
All around our house
Were ours,
But are now mine.
But she is still there,
Still there within me.
Why was she taken?
The love of my life
Only there in spirit,
Not there to hug,
Not there to cuddle.
Such a sad day in my life
As she was in my mind,
In my mind all day,
And on this day especially
I missed her so much.

Always There For Me.

Yet again I stop.
The power that music has over me
Makes me stop and listen.
I have to listen,
I become the music
As it goes through my body
To my heart and mind.
I seem to leave my body
And follow the notes into the ether
As they sail away to infinity,
Always there for me to hear.

Where Nobody Has Gone Before.

She was going to do what!
Our daughter had picked up some furniture
She was going to 'up-cycle' it!
I thought this is different,
She had not done that before,
She was an artist though
And that was her strength,
That was her life,
So maybe art was being used
To reform the furniture.

I did reply though
With my thoughtful words,
Saying that when she had finished
And created her spaceship
I would join her, to explore.
To explore strange new worlds,
To seek out new life
And new civilisations,
To boldly go
Where nobody has gone before.

Choice.

In our lives we have many choices,
These are so important for us,
As we have found that
Without freedom of choice
There is no creativity,
And these words
Would not be on this page.

Emotive Tears.

There I was driving along,
Quite happily going to a shop.
Music playing in the car
As always,
When this piece started,
Started playing.
I have heard it so many times,
I have played it,
I have sung it.
So what was different this time?
Because as I listened
Tears came to my eyes.
Why did it happen this time?
I was in a good place in my life,
All was going well.
I may have changed
And my loving emotions
Are more prevalent,
Music always affects me,
Sometimes with tears
But this piece I know so well.
So why did the tears come,
These tears of emotion,
Come this time.

Life Changer.

As we go through our lives
Sometimes we want it to change.
Things may be going wrong,
Life may be a struggle.
So we go looking,
Looking for someone to change our life.
It can be a long hard struggle
But with experience of life
We eventually come to realise
That in looking for that person,
That person who will change our life
All we have to do is look,
Look in the mirror.

CAD.

Down the road I drive,
Down the main road
When it pulls out,
Pulls out in front,
In front of me.
I had to brake,
Beep my hooter,
But it took no notice
Well it wouldn't
It was a BMW,
They own the roads.
But then I laughed
As the number plate
Said it all,
GM11 CAD.
Yes it was a cad.

With Nature Once More

My River and I were walking in harmony
On this wonderful chill frosty morning,
The Full Moon guiding me along My Path,
The Glory of Nature surrounding me.
My River so calm and beautiful
In Dawns early light.
I turned found and there it was,
The Sun was lighting the horizon
In bright oranges and yellows.
I was there,
I was there in Natures full glory,
The Moon guiding me,
And the Sun pushing me,
Pushing me into my glorious life.
At peace within myself,
And at one with the Glory of Nature.

Strictly, Here I Come!

I just do not know what happened,
There I was preparing my dinner,
A glass of Rioja to help me,
Music playing as normal,
Listening to a favourite rock band.
When this tune started playing
The foot started tapping,
The legs went from side to side.
And there I was dancing,
Dancing around the kitchen.
This was just not me,
I had not danced for years,
But here I was moving to the tune.
Strictly, here I come!

Morecombe 2

The lone man in the theatre, conjured up this image
Of a man, who made us laugh, and was loved by all.
He told the story of Eric and his partner Ern,
On this stage, where the great man died.

He made us laugh, he made us cry,
As he told the story of Morecombe,
Nee Bartholomew and Wise, nee Wiseman,
Who still make me laugh, with their timeless humour.

"I'm playing all the RIGHT notes,
But NOT necessarily in the RIGHT order"
Lines that will be remembered through history
As they were recalled once again

The memory of Andre Preview, jumping up and down,
And not laughing at this bespectacled clown.
The orchestra finding it difficult to play,
As the tears of laughter ran down their faces.

The breakfast being prepared to that
Tune that conjures up such risqué images.
And has the actor, of Hammer Horror films,
Received his pay cheque yet?

So many memories of a funny man
And yet, the man that many did not see.
"If we made you laugh ? that's good;
If we made you care ? that's better"

The man whose view on life was
"Positive Thinking"
And always left the stage bringing sunshine

Into our lives.

The curtain closes on the lone man on the stage
And on Eric at the place he left this world.
The actor and writer came back to answer questions
About the funny man.

Then from the audience came another;
Eric's daughter, so strong of character
Listening to her father's life,
In the place, where he had died.

And from this woman came the lines
That brought me many more tears.
Her son asking her the question, that I will never forget
"Does this mean that there will be no more magic?"

She Was Standing There.

I looked up from my computer,
She was standing there
Her silver curls surrounding,
Surrounding the smile,
The smile on her face
That was always there,
Was there for all to see,
But at this moment it was for me.
Her eyes full of love
Looking at me
Showing me that love in her
That was for me,
For me alone .
She came towards me
And came into my arms
Where we kissed.
That kiss so full of love
Love we had for each other,
That love had been there for so long
And had never failed,
And never would fail.
We looked deeply into each other's eyes
And saw the love that was within us,
Within us for each other.
She took me by the hand,
We walked together away,
Away from this world
Into that place of peace and love
That is there for us,
Where we will be together for eternity.
Then I awoke,
With tears of love streaming down my face.

To School.

Into town I went,
Slightly earlier than normal
And they were there,
Hundreds of them
Chatting, laughing, playing,
All going the same way.
There was a queue of them
Outside Greggs waiting,
Waiting to buy their breakfast?
They were all going my way
But where I turned left
They went straight on.
As an old codger
I was totally ignored,
As these kids
Wended their way,
Their way to school,
As I did so many years ago

Brubeck Lives On.

One hundred years ago he was born
And for over sixty years I have known him,
Known him through his music.
A man who brought jazz into my life,
Opened my life into a world.
A world of cool and bebop,
Of trad and modern.
So many styles
That started with that one tune,
Take Five played on the gramophone.
One of the many records
Played by my father.
Then came the day I saw him,
Saw him play.
This little wizened old man
Creeping slowly to his piano,
And the first notes were played
A web came out from those notes
That surrounded the audience
And pulled us into his music,
An evening I will never forget,
As the man that brought me into jazz
Played to me,
Taking me into his life.
A man I will never forget
And will forever play.
Brubeck lives on,
Lives on in my life.

Dave Brubeck: Born December 6, 1920 ? Died December 5, 2012

Happy Birthday Joyce.

She was born on this day,
That wonderful woman
Who became my wife.
So many wonderful times together,
Our love for each other always shining
As we went through our lives in happiness,
Total happiness.
Those times came to a close
When she passed on that sad day,
But she will always be there in my heart
And will be waiting for me.
So until that day arrives
With this rose for you and your love,
Your love for me,
And my love for you
I say Happy Birthday Joyce,
I will be with you when time flows
And we go together into eternity.

Tapestry of Words.

The words go onto the page,
Gliding in the ink
As they form on the vellum
Like diamonds from the sky
Bringing beauty into life
For people to read
As they see
The gold in your words
Flowing like a tapestry clinging to the world.

More back In Return.

In life you see people,
People with their own ideas.
They want to go their way
No matter how it affects others,
They do not give to anyone,
They just take.

You then see people,
Who need to help others.
Not thinking of themselves,
Not expecting any rewards,
No matter how much it costs them,
They just give.

In life you come to realise
That when you give,
When you help people,
You always get more back,
More back in return.

The Village Ghost.

As we sat around the village inn
Supping good dark ales,
We regaled ourselves with stories,
And ever taller tales.

The one about the village ghost
Intrigued us most of all,
About the way he used to sit,
Upon the village wall.

The wall was at the village end
Where the road went out of town,
And there the ghostly figure sat,
And looked out with a frown.

I left the pub one evening
And went down to the wall,
And down I sat upon the bricks,
To fool them one and all.

I saw them all on the next day
Gathered around the bar,
And told them what I did last night,
To show what fools they are.

Yes we saw you on the wall they said
Right there at the end,
But who was that sat next to you,
Was he just a friend?

The Moon's Call.

Oh what a beautiful Morning,
I was there walking with My River
And there before me in this dawn light
Shone the full moon.
I walked towards it
Glorying in its beauty and wonder.
It shined on me leading me into my future
And I rose towards it,
Being pulled by this glorious sight.
One day I will reach it
And from there take off,
Take off into eternity with my lover.
We will tour the infinite Universe
With our love propelling us once more,
Into the glory of our life together.

Dream a Little Dream.

Once more I was sitting eating my dinner,
Looking across the table at the empty chair
Where my lover used to sit and look at me,
Where we looked at each other.
The profound love we had for each other
That was seen through each other's eyes,
So strong and never ever leaving us.
Never leaving me now she has parted this life,
Leaving me sitting at the table alone,
Thinking of her and that so deep love we had.
Then that song came on and took me to her,
As we dreamed a little dream together.

Two Muses.

I look up and see them,
See the pictures of them,
The two muses in my life
Giving me the gift,
The gift to write words.
Each day they are there,
There for me as I write.
Their thoughts coming
Coming into my mind
As I sit at the table,
Writing each day.
Calliope watches over me
To show the words,
The words that mean,
Mean so much to life.
Joyce, my lover, looks at me,
Her love giving passion,
Passion to my words.
So this day I can write,
As I can every day.
My muses are there
And care for me
Each and every day.

What Was Wrong!

What was wrong!
There was definitely something wrong!
There I was reading poems
Written on the website,
But something was wrong,
Something was seriously wrong!
Then I realised what it was,
There was no music,
No music in my life!
I had forgotten,
Forgotten to turn on the radio!!

Changing the Ending.

In life we often look back
And see our faults where we started,
Started our lives.
Sometimes we wish we could change,
Change the beginning
So that we could be in another place,
But we realise that we cannot go back.
We can do something though,
By starting anew from where we are
We can change the ending.

Farewell to Stromness.

There was that sound,
Like a silken web it surrounded me
In such golden beauty,
Pulling me deeper and deeper
Down into its glory and wonder.
I was lost in that sound's world,
Into a place where satisfaction reigned,
Showing me that all was well
And my life was beautiful.
I would go on in peace and love
Even when that time came,
When I said farewell,
Farewell to Stromness.

Kept Away?

The warning goes out,
Although lockdown has passed
And all are in tiers,
The message went out.
Be careful,
Be careful of you behaviour
Especially when you going out,
Going out to visit,
To visit elderly relatives.
Then it came to me,
I am elderly,
Although in good health.
Does it mean I will not have visitors?
Is it a warning to others
To keep away,
To keep away from me
Because of my age.

Death Is A Moment. Senryu

Death is a moment
Between our here, and our life,
In eternity.

Strange Lady.

Into the chemist I went
Just to collect some medicine,
Mask on face
So I wouldn't be recognised.
There was a lady at the counter,
Fully masked of course.
She turned and looked at me
"It's Andy isn't it?" She said,
I said "Yes I am."
She looked at me and then said
"You've lost some weight, haven't you?"
"Yes" I replied, "Just a bit".
She looked back to the counter,
Collected her medicine and left.
I was left there bemused,
Who the hell was that lady?
Or am I just notorious!

Killing People!

Why are people so stupid?
They are told the virus has changed,
This new variant spreads faster.
So by midnight, travel from the area
Will not be allowed!
So what do many do,
They flee!
Flee the areas where the virus is
Get onto trains and go to other parts,
Other parts of the country.
So many on the trains
Spreading the virus among themselves,
When they leave the trains
They spread the virus further,
Further into to country.
So many more will get the virus
All because of the stupidity,
Stupidity of those who do not care,
Do not care that they are spreading,
Spreading this disease
That is killing so many people!
Why are people so stupid?
Or do they just not care,
And need to kill people!

My River To Eternity.

I walk by My River
Its clear green mirror
Hidden as the brown water
Rained from the hills
Causes it to rush past Me
In a torrent of sorrow.
I look up and the grey clouds
Cover the bright blue above.
I am surrounded by bare trees
Their brown and black leaves
Covering the green swards
Of the beautiful meadows
That were once there.
I walk on in sadness
But then it happens
A hole appears in the clouds
And the bright blue is there,
It expands and the Bright Sun
Shines down upon Me
As I walk the path of wonder
Realising that She is now with Me
As I walk this glorious path
With the Love of my Life
Who I will be with one day
And Our Spirits will join as one
Walking Our River for Eternity.

Happy Birthday Chet.

That day has come once more,
That day he was born
And brought so much joy,
So much joy into my life.
He blows his horn
And the melodious sound
Reaches me in mind and heart.
So many problems in his life,
So full of drugs,
Yet his music never suffered.
His music so important,
So important to me.
So once more as I listen,
Listen to his music,
I wish him Happy Birthday,
Happy Birthday Chet.

Wet Stupidity.

"They must be mad!" I heard him say,
As two cyclists in their cycling attire
Passed us.
At least we were dry(ish)
Standing on the lawn playing croquet
Covered in our waterproofs,
The cyclists were not!
Yes we may well have been mad,
Enjoying our game in the rain.
We may well have been mad
But not as stupid
As the soaked cyclists!

Christmas Day's Upon Us.

Christmas Day's upon us,
That magic time of year,
When all get together,
For times of love and cheer.

Joy's there for all of you,
My friends on MPS,
Next year will be better,
Sadness will be much less.

So good health to you all,
And may your days be long,
And each and every day,
I'll bring you a new song.

Some Things In Life.

In our lives we find ourselves challenged,
Each turn in the path,
Each door we need to open
Give us a different way to the norm,
The norm we have been travelling.
Some are so wonderful
They take us into a brighter time,
A brighter and better time.
Some just lead us to a path
We already know,
And make our resolution stronger.
We often come across obstacles
And we learn to overcome those
Thus increasing our experience,
So our coping with life eases for the future.
But some we cannot fix
No matter how we try.
Those we carry with us
With the hope that one day
Our increasing experience will help,
Help to overcome these problems.
Then there are those that cannot be fixed,
Cannot be fixed at all
And they remain a burden,
A burden we carry for life.
But as each day passes we get stronger
And that burden becomes easier,
Easier to carry with us.

As I Sit Here Thinking.

As I sit here thinking,
Thinking back
Of those times now past
I wonder,
Why they didn't last.

The thoughts that come to me
From those times,
Bring her to my mind,
My lover,
Now left me behind.

Days in each other's arms,
Love so strong,
Only now apart,
My loved one
So deep in my heart.

One day I'll be with her
For ever,
For eternity,
Shining love
To infinity.

Treasured Moments.

The year's end is near
Another one gone by
And I am still here
Having seen so many
So many years end
And with the changes
The changes in my life
I am still here
And intend to be so
For a very long time
So there will be no goodbyes
No goodbyes from me
As there is so much to do
So many words to write
So much music to listen to
This passing year is just a moment
A moment in time
And there will be so many more
So many more moments in my life
Which I still wish to treasure.

Snow Happy Family.

I looked out the window,
The snow was dropping
In large white flakes,
But then I started smiling.
As there walking down the road
Was dad and daughter,
Not really dressed for the occasion,
But there was the girl
Snowman's ears on her head,
With a big smile over her face
Enjoying the moment in the snow.
The dad was smiling too,
Obviously a very happy family.

Infinite Travel.

Well the day has come,
As I knew it would,
That day to remember,
One year ago today
When I sat by her side
As her last breath flowed
And the Light of her world
Left her body,
Left my body.
I sat beside her in tears,
The Love of my life had passed,
Passed from this earth.
Our Love had never faltered
From that day we met
Until this moment.

But my Love for her
Will never fail
As she is still with me,
With me every moment.
I know that we will be together,
Be together when my Light goes out,
Goes out in this world,
Only to combine with,
With her Bright Light
That is above me.
That Light of both of us
Will be carried in such brightness,
In such brightness and love
By Our Spirit for Eternity,
And it will never fade,
Only get brighter,
As each glorious moment

Of our lives back together
Travel in Infinity.

Tomorrow's New Day.

Well it's the last day,
The last day of the year,
A year that many of us
Want to forget.
So much illness,
So much misery.
Not going out,
Not meeting family,
Or friends.
And many died.

Was everything bad?
Not everything,
As neighbours came closer,
Closer together.
Helping each other
In these times of trial.

As I walked by My River
People smiled,
We would say hello
Then utter more words
As each day happened,
Forgetting our sorrows,
Laughing with each other,
Enjoying Natures Realm.

Yes it has been a bad year
But we are still here,
And the New Year starts tomorrow
So go forward into it,
Knowing that it is the start,
The new start to our lives.

New Year Limerick.

There once was a year twenty twenty
Which gave us such sorrow in plenty
It is now finished and gone
Now let us get on
Without covid's divertimente

Symphony of Harmony.

Once more my ticket had not arrived,
And as I looked at the concert
Nobodies ticket had reached them.
The orchestra were playing their hearts out
Into the empty auditorium.
Such a sad sight,
Such wonderful music,
But nobody listening,
Except perhaps people like me,
One of the millions around the world
That always listen to the concert,
The New Year's Concert from Vienna.
The music so beautiful
Played with such love,
But nobody there to listen.
I was totally entranced,
I was there in Spirit
But then the tears began.
Not through music
This time,
But through the words,
The words of the conductor
Addressing the watching world,
And those words meant so much,
So much to me when he said
"Musicians bring Joy,
Hope,
Peace,
Brotherhood,
And Love with a capital L".
The speech ended,
That speech meant so much to me.

Music is so important,
So important in my life
As it can be in all our lives,
It can bring us together,
And if the world can listen,
Listen to that symphony,
That symphony of harmony,
Then the world will be
Such a better place.

Seeing People.

We see so many people in our lives
But how do we judge them?
Is it by their looks?
If they are beautiful or handsome
Do we think more of them?
Or if they are plain or ugly
Do we think less of them?
We go through our lives
Making judgements on what we see,
What we see on the outside of people.
But to see people properly
We need to look into their eyes,
As in their eyes you see them,
See them for what they are,
What they really are.
As on the outside they are so different,
So different to the real person they are.

She Is Always There - Tanka.

She is always there
Shining down with Her Spirit,
The love of my life.
That love that has never stopped,
Which now shines down from Her Star.

Croquet in the Snow.

Another day on the lawn,
A strange day
With inclement weather.
I have played in all seasons,
The wonder of spring
With the temperature rising,
The heat of summer
Where the heat draws the strength
From my body,
The wonder of autumn
Who shows Natures Palette
At its absolute best.
Then I have played in winter
Where the cold rain drops,
But I am dry in my clothes
And all is well.
But then this day was different,
It was snowing!
I had never played in snow.
I saw the people in their cars
Looking at us with humour
As they passed by,
Thinking "Look at those idiots,
Playing croquet in the snow".
I did not care,
I was having a great time
As each ball ploughed the snow
On its way to the hoop.
Yes It was a great time
And I give it my highest honour,
I would do it again,
And play croquet in the snow.

That Place of Peace.

Sitting quietly in a trance
Listening to Dvorak
The slow glorious sound started
I was in euphoria
Taken to another place
Where peace reigned
And all was well
The slowness of life was with me
No rush, no hurry
Just me and the music
That took me there
Took me to that place of peace.

Gerry Marsden RIP.

Back in the days of my youth
I took that 'Ferry Across The Mersey'
And found that 'I Liked It',
And listened to it in joy.
I thought about those songs
And wondered 'How Do You Do It?'
Then it came to me
That with so much music around me,
And whenever Gerry sang
'You'll Never Walk Alone'
I would never be alone.

Passed Into Our Future.

It is just one year since she passed,
Passed from my life into our future.
She will be there waiting for me,
Waiting for when my time comes.
My life has changed,
She is missing from it
Except in My Spirit.
But now I have moved on,
Although sad at her passing
I have now become happier
As I remember the oh so happy times,
Those many happy times we had together.
And that is what is in my life now,
The happiness we had,
That will not change,
And I know that she is waiting,
Waiting for me,
Since she has passed into our future.

Maybe I Am Old.

I have never seen myself as old,
But then it came to me,
Maybe I was old.
As I talked to my grandson
I mentioned my father,
His great grandfather.
That really shook me up,
As a such important person in my life
Was never known by my grandson.
That's when I realised,
Maybe I am old.

Memories of Poetry.

I was back with My River,
Walking beside it on this cold drab day,
But it was with me,
Its cloudy green surface looking at me,
Old friends travelling together.
I then saw him sitting on a bench,
A friend from the past
Who I shared memories with,
Memories of poetry.
I sat with him and we talked
Talked of many poets
And the joy they brought us.
I looked across My River
And saw the cemetery,
Saw where he lived
As I remembered the day
When I read for him that time,
That one final time as he was laid to rest
And am so sure that he remembers,
Remembers Adlesdrop.
I still see him
As I walk with My River,
When he joins me in my thoughts.

Where Would I Be Without It?

Where would I be without it?
It has always been in my life,
From the moment of my birth
All through my childhood
Thanks to my father.
I caught the bug from him
And for that I am forever grateful.
So it is always in my life,
There is so much out there
I am overwhelmed by it,
But the enjoyment I get from it
Brings me all emotions.
Its power can bring such joy
And such sadness,
But I am never without it.
I have played it.
I have sung it.
But mostly I listen,
Listen to that glory,
That glory that is music,
Music in my life.

Old Laughter.

That laughter comes from us at birth,
The smile erupts into that wonderful sound.
The joy of children laughing is wondrous
As they have no limitations to their innocence.
We get older and it is still with us
Through schooldays and teenage years.
We may not laugh as much through middle age
But it is still with us.
Then we grow old and maybe stop laughing,
Thinking it is not right at our time of life.
But you don't stop laughing
Because you grow old,
You grow old
Because you stop laughing.

*You don't stop laughing because you grow old,
You grow old because you stop laughing.
Michael Pritchard.*

Lockdown Life.

Well here we are,
In lockdown once more!
As I arise each day
I am grateful for that,
As I realise I am still here.
Downstairs I go
And switch things on.
The music always comes first,
Then the computer,
Reading poems from my friends.
I then write something.
By this time it is nearly seven,
So breakfast is eaten,
Tea is made,
Drink some tea.
Change into outdoor clothes
Down to My River I go,
Walk beside it in glory
And wonder.
Pick up Newspaper on the way home.
Indoors.
Finish cup of tea,
Upstairs to do ablutions.
Clean and dressed
Ready for the adventures of the day.
The plan has been made.
Make some coffee,
Sit down and listen to music
In my ever busy day.
Stop for lunch.
Sit down once more with a cup of tea
And music playing as ever.
And then it is near dinner time,

So dinner is prepared
And eaten with a glass of wine.
Put crockery in the dishwasher
Pour out another cup of tea,
Sit down, exhausted.
The music plays,
Then the end comes to my day,
My oh so busy day,
So off to bed I go
Ready to enjoy the next day,
The next day tomorrow.
Such an exciting life,
In this lockdown.

Better Ones To Come.

We go through our lives
Doing the best we can.
Our lives can be so happy
But sometimes we have bad days
And that happiness becomes lost.
In our lives we must learn
That staying positive is the way to be.
We must also realise
That staying positive
Does not bring happiness all the time,
But what it does mean
That even on hard days
We know that
There are always better ones,
Better ones to come.

Emotional Art.

I listen to music,
I look at paintings,
And so many times I am drawn ,
Drawn into them,
Wondering why it was written,
Or why it was painted.
But then I realise
That any art
Is not there for understanding,
It is there to create emotion,
Create emotion within me,
And those emotions
Become part of my life.

Laughter Acrostic,

Leaving our lips
As amusement bursts into sound
Until we lose control
Gasping for air as our laughter
Hastens from us
Taking any misery we may have
Entering that joyfulness
Reacting to the funny side of life

Snooker Limerick.

There was a young player called Yan,
Who struck every ball like a man,
He played with such cool,
As he hit every ball,
To win the Masters his plan.

In Reality.

She was back,
There we were walking,
Walking up the hills
Towards the top of the Dales.
Our steps in harmony
Looking around at Nature's beauty,
It's beauty and wonder.
The green multicoloured swards
All around us
Dotted with the white dots
Of the sheep.
The plaintiff call of the curlew
Sounding so sad
But we were so happy,
Our love was so strong
And increased with each step,
Each step we walked in our life.
We reached the top of the hill,
Stopped and looked all around
At our world.
She walked up onto another hill
And I watched as she turned
Waved, smiled and said,
"See you soon",
Leaving this world,
Leaving my world.
I walked back down
Knowing that we would meet again,
But she was still with me
As she was in this dream,
This dream that one day
Will take me back to her,
In Reality.

Mirror Image Goldiku

Your mirror image
Reverses the view of you
That all others see.

Oh Look!

Oh look!
Another Christmas present.
It's a little late
But still much appreciated,
It's from my granddaughter.
It is a picture,
A picture that shows
She knows me so very well.
It shows my daily schedule
The one that is now my life,
My life that has changed
Now my lover has passed on.
But this new chapter is getting better
As my day can be filled
With the life
My granddaughter sees,
Sees for me.
Eight in the morning ? coffee.
Nine in the morning,
'til five in the afternoon ? croquet.
Six in the evening ? Happy hour.
What better way could I have
In spending my day.

We Are Still Here.

In our lives we have so many days,
Each one is different.
Some are good days,
Some are bad days,
And some are indifferent.
But each new day is an adventure,
An adventure into the unknown.
Things may happen
That we never expect,
So the routine of our lives
Goes along another path,
Maybe good,
Maybe bad.
But what we must always realise
Is that each tomorrow is a new day,
And that by reaching each tomorrow,
We are shown
That all is right in our world,
As we are still here.

I Await Expectantly.

There was that light,
It was flashing on Alexa,
Something was due to arrive.
So I asked Alexa,
"What are my notifications?"
The reply totally surprised me,
It said:
"A shipment including Beethoven
Is due to arrive today."
I must admit I was expecting some CDs,
CDs by Beethoven,
But I was not expecting Ludwig himself.
I await expectantly.

For Eternity.

One year ago today
I said my final goodbye,
My final goodbye to her,
My love of so many years.
But it was only her body,
Her body that disappeared
As she was with me
As we watched the curtain close,
Close around her body.
Her Spirit was within me
And together we walked out,
Walked out into our future,
Our new future together,
Knowing that one day
It will be only Our Spirits,
Our Spirits joined as one
Sailing into our future,
Just Our Spirits travelling,
Travelling together
For eternity.

Magic Moments.

In these dull times
Perhaps it is a time for a change,
A change in our minds
And we all recapture those times,
Those times of our childhood
When everything was amazing,
Amazing and thrilling.
Each moment really mattered,
And the one that mattered most
Was the moment that was happening now.
Relive those magic moments,
And bring wonder to our minds.

Wordiku Seven.

Unbelievable!

Megalomaniacal

Communication!

That Clock.

Time,
That constancy in our lives,
It never changes,
Each second, minute and hour
Are exactly the same.
But why is it in our lives
Time seems to vary,
Vary from moment to moment?
That clock with in us
Is so different to time.
Every time we enjoy ourselves
Time just races by.
But every time sadness is within us
Time just gets slower and slower.
Why is our time so variable,
When we know it is constant?

Goldfinger.

I have heard it so many times,
That song.
A good song
But why did I react
Like I did that day,
That day I heard it
As I drove in my car?
I've seen the film,
Seen it many times,
Can remember some of the words:
"No Mr Bond, I expect you to die!"
But why did the song move me
As Shirley Bassey sang it?
What was different today?
I may never know
But Goldfinger affected me,
Affected me that day,
Showing the power that music
Can have on my life.

Another Happy Day.

I look upwards to see the sky
But all I see is the gloom of grey
From horizon to horizon,
So many people see this
And become so sad.

As I look upwards I see further,
My mind sails through the grey
And the light is there
Shining on me,
Another happy day.

The Eighth Trumpet.

The seventh trumpet has sounded
From Orchi's religious words,
But now the eighth trumpet will sound,
As I blow my horn
To drown out the wailing
That comes from Orchi's lungs.
I have been trying to drown that sound,
Drown it for millennia,
But still he screeches.
And the louder he sings,
The louder I have to play.

That Photograph.

That really took me back!
A photograph was found,
My lover and I
Before we were married,
That short period
Of seven months
Between meeting and marriage.
The love of my life was with me
For such a long time,
With our love getting stronger,
Getting stronger each day,
Each day of our lives.
On the day of her passing
Our love was still there,
And each moment she has been gone
My love for her still gets stronger.
That photo showed our beginning,
And I was with her 'til her end.
I will be with her once more
When I meet her,
And we go forward together for eternity,
In our never ending love.

What Words?

What words shall I write today?
Shall they show the love I have
For being alive in these Strange Times,
Or the glory I see with My River.

Shall it be the sadness surrounding us
In this dreadful time,
Where so many are suffering,
And many are dying.

Those better times will return
And we will meet our friends,
And be able to touch them,
Laugh with them,
Love life with them.

So what words shall I write today?
Those words are these words,
There WILL be better days soon.

Use By Date?

It had to be done,
The toilet seat was breaking
So a new one I bought.
Replaced the old one
With the new one,
No problem,
Until I saw that there was a date,
A date on the underside of the seat.
It said three/ twenty twenty,
I do hope that is not the use by date,
As it was already
Twenty twenty one!

The View From The Window.

There they were, two of them,
Laying in the hospital beds,
Both very ill, both bedbound,
Nearing their final breaths.
One by the window,
The other nearer the door.
When lunch was over the one by the window
Told of what was happening in the park
Which the window overlooked.
There were children frolicking,
Playing on the swings,
With mothers looking on,
Smiles over their faces.
Those who walked their dogs,
The dogs running around,
Chasing balls,
Chasing tails,
Chasing each other.
The old couples,
Slowly walking with each other,
Holding hands.
Once a week a cricket match,
Which the man described with skill
And with humour.
The sun was always shining
And always plenty going on.
The man by the door got jealous,
"Why shouldn't I look out of the window?"
He thought.
He became more frustrated and annoyed.
Then one day the man by the window passed
And went to the park in the sky.
The other man was moved to the window,

He struggled to sit up to look out at the park.
But what he saw surprised him
As all he saw was a wall.

Steps Into My River.

The rain has stopped and My River is back,
No more flooded fields to stop me,
Stop me walking by its side.
As I walk there is much water in the fields
And My River is high
But all my friends are there.
The swans, the geese and the gulls
All greeting me like long lost friends,
I stop and greet them as they come to me.

As I walk on I have to smile
As there are the steps to a path,
A path the other side of My River,
But the path is hidden by water
So the steps lead straight down,
Straight down into My River.

I walk on and see the beauty
That I always see along My Path,
My Path along My River
Knowing that That Path
Will lead me to Eternity one day,
And My Life will be fulfilled.

No Holidays.

There are so many beliefs
That many people have.
Some believe in Christ,
Others in Judaism,
Or in Buddha.
There are so many religions
Where people get trapped.
But some people are atheists
And have no belief in any gods,
But they do have a major problem
As in atheism there are no periods of time
Where there are holidays,
As there are in all the religions.

Numbers Do Not Exist.

In our lives we know that we will not be here forever,
Be here forever on this earth.
How long will we be here is an impossible question,
We will never know.
Its like asking what is the highest number,
Or how many snowflakes are in a blizzard.
Questions that can never be answered.
So when we die we do not stop,
It is like putting ink into water
And we expand from this tiny world
Into the unknown expanse of the Universe
Where numbers do not exist
As we float into that unknown infinity
That we will know as eternity.

Led To Wagner.

Once more it surprises me,
Music surprises me so often.
All my long life I have known of him,
I have heard him so often
And just ignored his work,
Thinking it is not for me.
But I know my life has changed
And I listen to much more music,
Even music I had dismissed.
I heard an excerpt of his music
And I thought "I like that".
I had the recording in my collection
And put it on.
This time I listened,
Listened not just heard it.
Once more I was taken,
Taken by the sound
Into the glory of this music
As Tannhauser took over,
Took over my life
And led me to Wagner.

It Is Back.

How can I write poetry when it's back,
When cricket is back on television?
Up I get in the morning
And the tele goes on.
It is unheard of normally
But on this day I had cricket all morning,
And rugby all afternoon,
I was in my 'field of dreams'.
At a time where I write poems
I was watching cricket,
The first time live test cricket
Was available to me.
It took me back to those days long ago
When cricket was always on the tele,
Those days of Cowdrey, Close and Dexter
Hitting the ball on black and white tv,
Wonderful childhood days.
Now it was back,
Back in my life in these Strange Times,
So some good had arrived in my life.

Love For Eternity.

There she was laying next to me,
The love of my life was back.
I looked deeply into her eyes
As she did into mine,
That love so strong between us
As it always had been.
We were back in each other's arms,
Our hearts as one
As they had been since that first day,
That first day we met and fell,
Fell into a love that would never fail,
And in all our years together
It grew stronger each day.
Now she was back with me
As she always will be.
I woke from my dream
But knew that she was there,
Would always be there with me,
And one day
Our Spirits would be as one
As we go together towards eternity
With our love forever with us.

The Green Disappears ? Haiku.

The white flakes sail down,
Lay so gently on the ground,
The green disappears.

Talking On The Screen.

She sits there on the screen
Looking at me,
I sit there on the screen
Looking at her.
And we talk,
We talk of so many things.
Some are so sad
Where we talk of my lover
Now left this world,
But still with us both,
In memories of wonderful times,
Those wonderful times of the past
When the three of us
Were together.
But we laugh as well,
The humour in our lives
Always to the fore.
There are many miles between us
But that distance means nothing
As we sit by each other
Talking on the screen,
For hours at a time.

One At A Time.

I look out the window
And see the snow,
See each individual flake
As they fall gently from the sky
Into my world
Showing me that individuals matter
And that crowds can only bring sorrow
As they gather together and become one,
Their individuality rescinds
Into the mind of the many.
But when stepping away
Into your life as one
You move into that world,
Where snowflakes fall
One at a time.

Resurrected Flower.

Like a beautiful flower
She grew more beautiful each day,
She reached maturity and glowed,
Her life so full of the joys of life.

One day she stopped maturing,
Her flower was beginning to wilt
Back into the ground.
A weed was growing near her,
Entwined itself around her.
The goodness was taken from her,
Her beauty was fading
As her life started to fail.

The gardener approached her,
Saw the plight she was in
And he took that weed away,
Fed her with love and tenderness.
Once more she grew stronger
And her beauty emerged once more,
Never to be dulled again.

The Power Of Music.

I stopped immediately,
Immediately I heard it,
Heard that piece of music.
As I listened I was almost in tears
As the emotion flew,
Flew through my body and mind.
That tune took me to places,
Places where I could do nothing,
Nothing but listen.
The notes rose into the ether
And took me with them
To travel the Universe
Filled with love and glory.
The music stopped
But I had been taken,
Taken on a journey,
A journey towards the stars
Knowing that in time
I would join my lover's star
Travelling the Universe together,
Together once more.

Peaceful Buzzard.

I hear the plaintiff call above,
I look up and see the bird,
The wide outstretched wings
Allowing the bird to float in circles
So placidly around the sky
Looking down at the world.
The thought comes to me,
I could do that,
Just float in peace
Looking down at life.
Yes that is what I want to be,
I want to be a buzzard.

That Handbag.

My daughter arrived,
Arrived for Sunday dinner.
She took of her coat
And put her handbag down.
When I saw it tears came to my eyes,
It was my lovers handbag,
The one that was always with her.
It was even by her side on that day,
That day when she passed from life
Into her wonderful Spirit World.
The tears just came,
But not only tears of sadness
But tears of joy as well,
Remembering those days
When we would go for coffee,
That handbag would come as well,
It brought back so many memories.
The ones of sadness were there,
As I remember so well
Checking that handbag
When she was taken by dementia.
I had to ensure all her needs,
All her needs were catered for,
Including what was needed,
Needed in that handbag.
That handbag brought back so many memories
That the tears flowed from my eyes,
When I saw it with my daughter.

The New Day

The new day is with me,
I wonder what it will bring.
It will bring the glory of life
As I am still here,
Looking towards the wonder,
The wonder that this world
Will bring into my life.
It could be music,
It is always words,
And nature is always there.
Such a good life
With all these wondrous things
That are mine,
That are mine for the pleasure,
The pleasure of living,
Living my wonderful life.

My Star Of Dreams.

I look up into the glory of the clear night sky,
Passed the moon looking down on me in wonder,
Into the darkness I go towards the stars,
That myriad of jewels that make my dreams.
I come to my star that is waiting for me,
It is that place where my dreams exist,
Where all the people are happy,
Their lives filled with the joy and love of life.
Where all help each other and nobody wants,
All needs are given to all without prejudice
But given with love, joy and harmony.
I walk around My Star laughing and smiling with all
Knowing that all is well in this world
And forever will be full of joy and love.
I therefore say to you all,
Welcome to My Star of Dreams.

Beautiful River.

I walk beside My River and see them,
See my guides.
Blue tits flutter from branch to branch
Showing me the way to go
As they sparkle in the sunlight,
Full of Nature's wonder.
There in front of me was a squirrel
Skipping along the ground towards a tree,
Up the tree it climbed with such ease,
Another wonder of Nature brought to me.
A swan flew majestically passed me,
Low over the water
His flight so wonderfully calming
As his wings moved so gently
Towards the place I was heading.
I looked around,
There were signs of new life all around,
The buds on the trees and bushes,
The snowdrops rising from the ground.
Around some trees daffodils were growing,
Their buds not yet open
But showing that new life was coming.
I was filled with joy at the rising of Nature
As I walked on this Beautiful Morning
By the side of My Beautiful River.

Is It Art?

What is art?

Is it just a depiction,

A depiction of a scene

Or of a person

Painted onto canvas

To show what one can see,

Can see through your eyes.

It can be like a photograph

So immaculately created,

Yes it has been painted,

Skilfully painted,

But is it art?

What is art?

Can a photograph be considered,

Be considered as art.

It is just a depiction,

A depiction of a scene

Or of a person

Printed on paper

To show what one can see,

Can see through your eyes.

It can be like a painting

Showing exactly what was seen,

No errors

It is real.

But is it art?

What is art?

If that photograph is altered

Into a vision that is not real,

Something that is only seen

Within the mind of the person,

Changing the reality
Into a scene within his mind
That cannot exist in reality
So it is not real.
Is it art?

New Door.

I awake from my slumber
Before dawns early light,
Get up from my bed
And open the door to a new day.

Yesterday has passed away,
The door closed on that day,
That unique day of wonder
Where I existed once more.

There have been many closed doors
On each day of my life
Where my world was good to me,
That is why I am still here.

Beyond this new door is joy
As I go into this new day,
Knowing that my life is good,
And each new day will be wonderful.

The Fountain.

The water rises up into the air
Until the spray falls back
Creating a spectacle of beauty
In its circular spiral.
The sunlight glistening through,
Sparkling to the rise and fall
Of the waters beauty.
I stand before it and see
See the beauty in this world,
This world of water,
Spraying up and down
Bringing spectacular sparkles
To the beauty that I see,
See in the world
Of which I am part.

Feeling Poetry.

Why do these words come onto this page?

They come from emotions,

The emotions laid out before you.

They may be sad,

They may be happy.

The love you have for others

Is always there,

And maybe hate.

But from where do these words come?

They come from when your mind stops,

Even for a moment.

For in that moment

All you do is feel,

And from those feelings

No thought is required

For poetry to be written,

Written on this page.

A Good Day.

The day was over,
Into bed I slid
And just lay there,
Thinking,
Thinking about my day.

A feeling of peace came over me
As I lay there gently breathing,
Awaiting sleep to come.

As I drifted into my dreams
I realised,
That today
Had been a good day.

Scream Graffiti.

Who did it?
Who put graffiti on it,
On such a famous work of art?
The Scream sits on the wall
Its oval mouth shouting out,
But somebody ruined it,
They put graffiti on it,
They scrawled on it
In tiny soft writing
"can only have been painted by a madman".
Who did it?
Who wrote it and ruined the painting?
At last the mystery was solved,
The culprit was found,
Found to be Munch himself.
He is probably screaming himself now,
Screaming with laughter.

Mind.

In our life many things come to us,
Some we accept,
Some we dismiss.
In dismissing them
Do we miss something?
Something that could take us,
Take us to a better place.
Our minds must be kept open,
Open to look at those things,
Look at them properly.
We may then ignore them
But at least they have been seen,
Have been investigated.
We must come to realise
That our mind is like a parachute,
It does not work
If it is not open.
So always keep an open mind,
We may be pleasantly surprised
At what comes into it,
And comes into our lives.

A mind is like a parachute, it does not work if it is not open. - Frank Zappa

Goldie Limerick.

There was an old codger called Goldie
Who thought he was going to be mouldy
He scrubbed himself clean
Into such a bright sheen
That he saw he was just an oldie.

Snow Moon.

I awake before dawn's early light,
Pull back the curtains
And there it is,
The full moon so pure and white
Looking down upon me,
Greeting me into my day,
A day that will be filled with wonder,
Filled with light,
The light of the moon.
I know that view will be with me
Throughout this new day,
That view of the Snow Moon.

Meistersingers.

The regality flowed out from the sound
As the music entered the ether
With such a force of passion.
The Meistersingers entered the stage,
Their voices raised with a force of destiny
Showing that music can come from the heart,
Can come from the heart of the composer
Through the heart and voice of each singer
To show that they were the best in giving,
In giving their best for the music.

Love Is Forever.

Every day I pass that cabinet,
So many times a day
I look in and see the memories,
The memories collected over many years,
But this day as I glanced in I saw it.
I have seen it every day
But today it called to me,
I stood and looked at it
Knowing how much it meant to me,
It was a gift to my lover so many years ago.
It brought back those times of love,
That love that was so strong
And got stronger each day,
And still does as she has passed,
Passed into her new world
But is still with me,
And that little figure showed me
That so long ago we knew it,
We knew that "LOVE IS FOREVER"

Beauty of Age.

Age has no boundaries,
No boundaries where beauty reigns,
That beauty can be seen
But as each day comes
As you get older
That beauty matures,
Matures into the person
That has become you
And increases in the beauty
That is within you.
So knowing these things
Go forward into your future
Knowing that as your age increases
That beauty becomes deeper,
Deeper within you,
And is shown through your eyes
And through your heart.

Ahmed.

He stands in front of the class,
So many youngsters in front of him.
"I teach the pupils what I know already".
He cannot see them
As he has been blind since birth,
He stands amongst the rubble of the school
Destroyed through war,
But still the children return.
"We want a new school,
We want chairs, doors and windows".
They work in this rubble
Learning what they can,
Learning from this blind boy.
"We want the floor rebuilt,
A door to keep out the wind and the sun,
And windows so the rain does not come in".
A shot is heard,
He jumps!
"When I hear that noise, I think I am going to die".
But still they go to school every day,
So many of them.
"We arrive in danger, we leave in danger",
The sad words fill my heart.
"We come to school to see our friends,
We come to learn so that we can become a doctor"
Such sincere words from the child.
"For us it is always dangerous,
We want the war to end,
You cannot relax ion wartime."
Such profound words
Spoken by a child,
One of the children being taught,
Being taught by Ahmed,

A nine year old blind boy
Who shows me and the world
That war can be beaten,
Beaten by children.

Words To Moments.

Words fall from my mind onto the page
Giving the reader a path,
A path into the wonderful life I have led
To arrive at this age where I am at this moment.
Each moment in life is so important
As each one in my life has been.
I then wonder,
Wonder why each moment passes,
Passes so quickly.
Where did they go?
But I do remember so many of them
And they give me such happiness
As I look back on them from where I am.
So with these words I must remind you all
That moments are so important,
Treasure each one in your life,
As I have in mine.

Getting Older.

is the one thing in life
That we cannot stop,
From the moment we are born
It starts,
We get older. It
As each year passes
The older we get,
Then one day we realise,
Realise that we are heading,
Heading into old age.
Many start to think bad thoughts.
Why should I be getting older?
Heading towards that time,
That time when I will leave this world.
So many just complain,
Complain about getting old.
But what they need to remember
Is that they are the lucky ones
As there are many do not reach,
Do not reach old age.

Never Parted.

Another new day is with me.
I arise from my lonely bed
Knowing that my lover looks down,
Looks down on me as I look,
Look out of the window.
I look up and see her star
So bright in the sky
And always so bright in my life.
All through this new day
She will be with me in Spirit,
Never leaving me this day,
Never leaving me any day.
That love we had and have
Will always be there,
As it always has been.
A love so strong
That in time will come together,
Come together once more,
As we sail on into eternity
Never parted from each other.

Zoom Coffee.

The meetings have been arranged,
Arranged for several weeks.
We meet on Zoom,
They are called Zoom Coffee,
"Bring your own coffee".
We discuss so many things
and have all emotions,
Sadness, happiness and laughter,
Happiness and laughter reign supreme.
I go to several of these meetings
And enjoy talking to people on line
In these Strange Times,
They are all called Zoom Coffee
But now in one of them
It has been stopped calling it that
With the statement,
"How can you have coffee on Zoom!"
Do some people not realise
That in these Strange Times
A sense of humour is so important,
Humour will get us through
Back into our normal times,
So come on all of you
Smile with me.

Nothing Would I Change.

I walk along that path,
That path I have trodden
For so many years.
Looking back, that path
Is so long.
It had its ups,
It had its downs,
But each step walked
Took me further,
Further into my life,
Until I came to here
Where I am today,
Realising that that path
Has shown me wonder,
So much wonder
Of a good life.
So that looking back
I think,
Would I have changed,
Changed anything
In the life I have lead,
And the answer comes,
Nothing would I change.

Windmills Of Your Mind.

I roll over the green field at speed
Then lift up into the blue sky above
Higher and higher I sail towards the clouds,
The silence surrounds me like a blanket of love,
Up and up I go looking down to where I was,
I see the green beauty of the earth
Its cloak of so many shades of green.
I lift up and turn in a circle,
The land above me, the sky below
Twisting like a spiral in the beauty of life.
Once more I level out and sail upwards
Towards the beautiful white clouds,
I sail my way through and above them.
Now looking downwards through the cloud
The green is a lighter hue created by Nature's wonder.
I start to descend through the clouds
And looking down I spiral once more,
Round and around I sail in the silence,
The beautiful silence that brings peace within me.
Slowly I circle my way to earth and land gently.
As I stop I look up once more and think of the beauty,
The beauty of the sky above as I was circling within it
Bringing peace and wonder forever within me.

Minds Your Into.

Words form in my mind
Order in wrong they be may
But I must write them down
Paper me front in onto of the
As they may not come again
All and miss may you
These words of wisdom
Brain my come that from
Into your minds.

Never Forget.

How far have you come in life?
Just think of all you have gotten through,
Those times you have pushed forward
When you felt you could not.
Remember those times you got out of bed
When it was so very hard do get up.
All those times where you wanted to give up,
But you didn't,
You got through another day,
Another day in your life.
So in your life never forget,
Never forget how much you have learned,
How much strength you have developed
To get to this place,
This place where you are today.

Duty Of Love.

That day comes when we fall,
Fall in love with that person
That person who will be with us,
With us for eternity.
That love guides us through
Through the ups and downs,
The ups and downs of our life,
Our life together.
Just the two of us
Safe in the knowledge
That our love will never be doubted
As we know the duty of love,
The first duty of love,
That duty is to listen,
Listen to each other,
Listen to our hearts,
And listen to our combined soul.

Corona Kids.

So the kids are back at school,
Despite the corona virus.
The powers that be
Said the kids would be alright,
So why has my neighbour's daughter
Had to stay home for ten days,
As all the other children
In her class,
Corona was found in a child
And the children were sent home,
Sent home to isolate.
It has been found in other schools,
So why were the kids not tested,
Tested to see if they were free,
Free of this awful bug.
But no the government knew best,
Knew best!!
How would they know that?
They were warned,
But no the experts do not know,
Do not know what the government
Believes is right.

Aah Bach.

What can be better,
Sitting down at the day's end,
A good day that was ending.
So I was sitting with my drink
And listening,
Listening to the glory of Bach
Being played for me.
A calmness glided over me
Like a warming blanket,
A blanket of relaxation
Ending my good day
In the total wonder of his music,
Of his wonderful music.
The piano so beautiful in sound
Bring my good day to its end,
A wonderful end
To such a glorious day,
Aah Bach.

Daily Door.

Another day has arrived,
So today I close the door,
Close the door to yesterday
And open the door to today.
I always wonder what it will bring,
It will be a good day I am sure.
The door is open,
Open to my future,
So with a deep breath taken
I step through that door
Into another day,
And start a new chapter in my life,
My wonderful life.

Roadwork Gods.

There I was off to see my daughter,
It was only forty five miles away
But for some reason
The roadwork gods awoke
And decided to thwart my drive.
It started off quite easily,
Driving in unity with the road,
Not much traffic,
Little did I know what was ahead.
Sailed onto the motorway with ease,
Drove down it at speed
I will be there early I thought,
But no there were the roadworks gods
Sitting there in front of me,
Laughing their heads off.
I came off of the motorway
Needing to turn right at the roundabout,
But no
Couldn't do that ,
Was directed left.
So there I was heading away,
Away from the place I was going
Because the roadworks gods
Had closed the way I needed to go.
So up to a new roundabout,
Sailed all round it,
Came back to where I was.
It all took time
So I was on the right track again,
Then I came to the next one
More roadworks,
And the lights of course were red.
Eventually came to the last road,

The road to my daughters house,
Only fifteen miles to go,
But the roadwork gods were there
And in that fifteen miles
They had four lots of roadworks,
And every one of them
I had the red light stopping me.
Those roadworks gods know when I am driving,
And delay me every time!

A Single Flower.

Here I am trapped,
Trapped in a hard shell.
I fight and struggle and burst free,
The darkness is still around me,
But I start to climb upwards.
Suddenly I burst through
Into the light,
That light gives me strength,
Strength to climb upwards
Spreading leaves below me.
I turn into a bud which grows
Until that time when I burst forth
And become a beautiful flower,
Showing love to all around me.
My flower slowly withers
But I have produced new life
Which I send into the ground,
Knowing that in time
My dying will produce more like me.
So my death will always produce life,
Much more life than me,
Just a single flower.

One Day More.

One day more without her,
Each new day she is in my mind,
I know she is looking down on me
And her Spirit is with me.

One day more when music reminds me,
Reminds me of those times
When we sang and played together,
The music that was part of our lives.

One day more where my love remains,
Remains with the wonder of my life,
That wonderful lady full of joy
The joy that she brought to us all.

One day more getting closer,
Closer to that time together again
Where our Spirits become one,
And we go on together forever.

One day more towards eternity,
Never parted.

My Life With Nature.

Into the wood I walked,
The sun shone through the trees
Its twinkling light sparkling through the leaves.
I trod along a new path of green,
The trees standing tall along the way.
The sound of the birds singing to me,
Nature's Symphony at its most wonderful
Bringing such joy to my ears,
While the wood around me
Brought so much wonder to my eyes.
I thought I was in my heaven,
But then I saw it,
I saw a stream gently flowing before me.
That's when I realised I was in heaven,
I stood transfixed,
Transfixed by the sight of water,
Water gurgling over a small weir
Where sun diamonds danced,
Danced on its surface
Bringing me the absolute glory
Of my life with Nature.

Morning Present.

Every morning when I awake
I find I have a present waiting for me,
It is another new day,
Another new day in my life.
I wonder what joy it will bring,
What joy it will bring today,
For joy is always there
With each new day in my life.

Stepping Onto The Lawn.

I step onto the lawn and look around
The multitudes of green surround me
Taking me into that world of Nature
Where I am always at peace with the world
And at peace with myself
I look up and there are buzzards sailing above
Their wings so still as they float in the air
Rising up into the beautiful blue sky
I hear the tapping of a woodpecker
On one of the trees that surround me
Their buds sprouting with New Life
As Spring comes to the land
And the beauty of this world renews.
Here I stand at one with Nature
That place where I need to be
And will always be
As my Life and Nature join
Join as one in harmony
As I step onto the lawn

Even In The Darkness.

As we go through our lives
The light occasionally goes out
But even in the darkness
We must always remember
That the full moon will show us its light
Showing to us all
That our world is never truly dark.

One Day When.

Came the day when they left home,
Left home to find their own way,
Their own way in their lives,
I was always there for them.

Time flew past and there life flourished,
Then came the day that they met somebody
And the marriage vows were sworn,
I was always there for them.

Soon new lives were with them
As they too had children as we had them,
They too would grow and move on,
I was always there for them.

Now as I get older in my life,
Less years left than I have lived
I think of my children and grandchildren,
I was always there for them.

And in these final years I know
That they will all be able to walk through my door,
And feel that they are all still at home,
As I am always there for them.

Playing In Heavens Band.

A memory was triggered in my heart,
Looking back to those times
When my lover and I played music,
Played music together.
Those wonderful times in the band
Swinging away to the audiences,
Where my trumpet would blast out
And such sweet sounds came from her clarinet,
Or from her voice when she stood in front
And her wonderful voice rang out in the room.
So many fine memories,
But the finest of them all
Was playing music with my lover.
It is not the same playing without her,
But when I play I know she is with me
And one day we will be playing our music,
Playing our music together
As we always used to before,
Before she went to play,
Play in heaven's band.

The Old Man.

There he sat,
A man of many years,
Sitting quietly by My River,
Looking around
At the natural world
That surrounded him.
He would pause,
And a smile came upon his face.
I wonder what he was thinking?
Was he thinking of a happy time
Back in his long life,
Or was he smiling
On the joy of nature,
As it unfolded around him.
A look of sadness was seen,
Some memory of times gone by.
The smile returned,
And a look of contentment
Pervaded his face and his body.
As I looked at the old man once more
I recognised him.
That old man,
Was me.

Perfect Afternoon.

What a perfect afternoon,
Hitting those balls over the lawn.
The sun shone down on us as we played,
Played the game we loved so much,
The first game in the new world we have.
It was a perfect afternoon
Made even more so as I was playing so well
That I beat him,
Beat him twice just by knocking those balls straight,
Straight through the hoops,
On that croquet lawn where we had put in so much time,
So much time to make sure it was ready,
Ready for the new season after these Strange Times.

Zadok The Priest.

Once more it has happened,
Music stopped me,
Stopped me in my life.
The tune started and I waited,
Waited for the choir to burst forth,
Burst forth with those words,
"ZADOK THE PRIEST!"
It wasn't just the music that stopped me,
It brought back a precious memory,
A memory of my lover now departed
As she burst out with this song.
I could see her once more
Standing in the choir singing this song
With pride, passion and joy.
Music was her life,
As it is with me,
And once more we were together
As Zadok the Priest sailed us into the ether.

This Wonderful Game.

Passion!

It was played with such passion.

From end to end they ran

The oval ball in their hands,

The power of the tackles

Stopping the players.

The speed and skill of both sides

Showing what a wonderful game,

That rugby can be

When played with such passion,

The passion to win.

To me the score did not matter

It was the glory of the game that won,

And so at the end of this great game

There was one absolute winner

And that winner was Rugby Union.

This match showed me why,

Why I love watching this game,

This wonderful game.

So Little Time

In my life music has always been with me.
Listening to it,
Playing it,
Singing it.
So much music,
So little time.

The wonder of classical
Sends shivers down my spine,
The emotion of Jazz
Can create such wonder within me,
The feelings of blues
Bringing sadness to my heart,
The sound of opera
Taking me to another level,
The songs of the sixties
Taking me back to my youth.

So much music,
So little time.

The Great Indoors.

I walk through the doors and stop,
Stop entranced by the vastness of the space,
This indoor space
Where so many people come,
Come and see so many wonderful sights,
Come and listen to such wonderful sounds.
I walk around just staring,
Staring at the columns
Holding that vast domed roof above me.
I go to my seat and look down,
Look down at the vast stage
And see the organ behind
And instrument so vast and beautiful.
As I look around the orchestra arrives,
Loud applause greets them.
They too are seated and we all wait
And there he comes,
The conductor.
Bows to the musicians,
Turns and bows to us,
The applause gets louder.
He then turns back to the orchestra
Raises his baton and silence reigns,
Silence reigns in this indoor space,
This great indoor space.
His baton comes down,
The silence remains,
Remains in this vast indoor space
For four minutes and thirty three seconds.
The audience applause sounds,
Sounds in absolute rapture
At the performance of that piece,
That piece of wonder

Created by John Cage,
And brought to so many
In this vast indoor space.

Another Wonderful Day.

I awake from my glorious sleep,
The new day ahead of me.
I just lay there and listen,
I hear a robin singing
In the early dawn,
Its calling to me and to others,
The light of the day is near.

I arise and look out of the window,
The moon shines upon me,
Showing me once more
That today will be a good day.

I come down and walk into the garden,
Around me I hear natures call
As the blackbirds and sparrows speak to me.
Another wonderful day is awaiting
And I am ready to enjoy it,
As I do every day.

Best of Both Worlds.

I sit by my window and look out
There before is the wonder of nature,
The innumerable green swards
Flowing before me,
Interspersed with the browns of woods
And the bright yellows of hayfields.
The bright sun shining down
From the clear blue sky.
I look out in absolute bliss
As I know that the only boundary
To my garden is as far as my eye can see,
Knowing that the boundary to my garden
Is the far horizon.

Sitting there looking at Natures Wonder
Inside my home there is another wonder,
The wonder of music that surrounds me,
Surrounds me with its glorious sound.
I sit there in my great indoors
Looking out at Nature
And listening to the music in my life,
The best of both worlds,
That can only be found
In the great indoors.

Vacancies.

I got off the train,
The new town,
Where my first job was found,
A new man in the world of work.

I have a room ready,
All I want is a young man,
Looking for lodgings,
I shall put up the sign, VACANCIES.

I need to find some digs,
I look up the street,
And there in one window,
I see the sign, VACANCIES.

There he is, coming up the path,
The young man, my new lodger,
He will stay for a long time,
I will make him so comfortable.

The door opens,
There stands a lady,
Not old but not young,
A welcoming smile, for me.

"I've been waiting for you,
Your room is already,
My name is Mrs Shaw
You will like it here."

"Hello Mrs Shaw,
My name is Mr Weaver,
I am sure I will like it,

It is a big house".

I take him up the stairs,
Passed the closed doors,
To the open door at the end,
This is his room.

I walk into my room,
Clean and tidy it is,
The bed looking comfortable,
I will enjoy living hear.

"Once you have unpacked
Come down to the sitting room,
I will have a cup of tea for you,
And some cake as well"

I put my clothes away,
Make sure I look tidy,
Go passed the closed doors,
Downstairs to the lounge.

I can hear him coming,
The tea is ready,
I am sure that he will like it,
My special brew.

There is quite a sight,
Around the room are animals,
Dogs, cats and parrots,
So still, all stuffed.

"How do you like your tea Mr Wilson?"

"My name is Weaver Mrs Shaw"

"Sorry Mr Wilson was here before"

"That is alright, milk no sugar please"

"Do you collect stuffed animals?"

"After a fashion,
Taxidermy is my hobby,
Been doing it for years"

I give him his tea,
He seems to enjoy it,
I do hope so,
I prepared it well.

As I sip the tea,
There is a unique taste to it,
It seems to taste of almonds,
I have never tasted that in tea.

Good he has drunk it all,
It will do him good,
I will keep this young man,
Here in my house.

That is odd,
I feel quite strange,
As if I am going to sleep,
I must be very tired.

It is working,
His eyes are drooping,
My work is at hand,
I will soon get started.

"You look very tired Mr Watson"
"The name is Weaver"
"Why don't you go to your room
And have a rest?"

I go upstairs,
Getting more and more drowsy,
I lay on the bed,
I fall asleep, and remember no more.

I go into his room,
He is still on the bed,
Ready for me,
To keep him forever.

I go into each room
As I go for my tools,
"Hello Mr Wilson,
You look well Mr Watson".

"Mr Weaver will soon be here,
Such a nice young man"
I get my tools, go to his room,
My hobby to start.

It is finished,
Three young men with me forever,
I must put the sign back,
And await the next.

I pass down the street and see the sign.
VACANCIES.

Radiant Love.

Its blooms so radiant
Only matched by her wonderful smile
As she looks down on me
From her shining star above.
The blooms bought for her
To show my love will never die,
That love so very strong
Even now that she has departed this life,
But will always be with me.
Her love for me,
My love for her,
Strengthens each moment,
And one day we will be together once more.
Until that day comes
The glory of orchids will sit next to her,
And my love for her
Grows with each flower that blooms.

Imagine If You Will.

Imagine if you will a walk along the shore,
The soft sandy beach of a sun kissed island.
The waves lapping gently at your feet,
The sun warming upon your skin.

Imagine if you will a view from the mountain,
The valleys and cliffs seen below.
The satisfaction of completing the climb,
That was both challenging and rewarding.

Imagine if you will a walk through the woods,
The trees allowing a path through them,
To a clearing where your loved one waits,
Where you can be together forever.

Imagine if you will this world at peace,
No war, no strife, just freedom and joy.
No rancour with your neighbours,
No matter what your differences.

Imagine if you will a journey to the stars,
Through the vastness of space.
Travelling towards your Nirvana,
Where all is peaceful and contentment rules.

Imagine if you will?

Vincent.

As I go around the gallery
These great works of art
Take me into a different world,
To many different worlds,
Where each artist shows me,
Shows me and leads me
Into their minds, hearts and souls.
I stand in front of their pictures
Sometimes wondering,
Wondering why they painted,
Painted that artwork.
A question that is never answered
But leaves me in wonder
As I look into their minds
Shown on each painting.
Why did they become an artist?
What drew them into this world?
A world that intrigues me so much.
Maybe it was as Van Gogh said,
"Maybe God made me a painter
For people who aren't born yet",
If so it has shown me a world
Where each painting takes me away,
Away from myself,
Into the world of their being.

"Maybe God made me a painter for people who aren't born yet" -Vincent Van Gogh

Musical Opening.

In my world of music I listen to all,
Listen to all different kinds of music.
Some that I listen to now
I wouldn't have given a thought some years ago,
But now I realise that if it is different,
Different to the music I normally listen to,
Does not meant that it is wrong,
It is just different.
Those differences have brought so much to me,
So much delight,
It has opened my mind to the wonder,
The wonder of music.

All types of music has opened my mind
And I just listen now with an open mind
To see how far it will take me.

British Springtime.

Onto the lawn I stride,
A beautiful sunny day.
I hit a ball straight,
Straight towards the hoop,
But it disappears
As the snow falls down.
I walk to find the ball,
The sun reappears,
The ball is seen.
I hit it again
But again it is lost
As the snow comes down again.
So there we are playing croquet
In the sun and snow
With the east wind freezing us,
But then we accept this as the norm,
This typical British Springtime.

Almost Praying.

There it sits before me
Just waiting for my attention,
I look at it with such respect
And such hope
Almost praying to it
That all will be fine
When I remove the cork
And pour my first Rioja
Into the wineglass.

All Will Be Fine.

The blank page sits before me,
I wonder what words will flow
Onto this space?
Will it be words of love
That fill my heart
For my love now departed,
Or will it be the joy
Of knowing she is waiting,
Waiting for me.
I will be with her in time.

It could be words of sorrow,
Showing the grief in this land
Where sadness is so plenty
During these times of ill,
Where families are apart,
No longer meeting
To show their love for each other.
This too will pass,
Back into a new normality.

This time though the words come
Showing the goodness in my life,
Where friends look out for me
And bring me into a new world
Where loneliness is dispelled
By their generosity prevailing
To help me in these hard times,
I now know that all will be fine.

Island Heaven.

There is an island in the sea
Just like heaven, for you and me,
I know you're there and looking out,
I will be with you, there's no doubt.

Our time together in our home
Needed for us nowhere to roam,
We were together, in heart and soul,
Close with each other, made us whole.

You left me, taking heaven's call
And were lost in body, to us all,
But I know the place where you are,
And look down on me, from your star.

When my time is called I'll be there
By your side giving all my care
Our love for each other growing
So very fast, never slowing

So wait my love, I'll be with you
To take you in my arms anew
And to that island we will fly
Ever together you and I.

Light In Our Lives.

In this grey cloud laden day
I looked around at the green,
The green swards that surrounded me,
So dark under the clouds.
But then I saw it,
I saw the field full of light,
Its yellow wonder so bright.
It showed me that no matter,
No matter how dark things are,
There is always light in our lives.

Truthful Lives.

It came to me, the other day,
What if we cared, in what we say,
What sort of world would pass us by
If in our lives, we'd never lie.

Would we be able to survive,
In a completely truthful life?

Doggerel Dave Limerick.

He said that he wanted more rhyme
So this I wrote, now I've time,
It's for him just to save,
Mister Doggerel Dave,
And now he owes me one dime.

Life Book.

Our lives are like a book,
You open the first page
And the story begins.
That first chapter starts at birth
Where loving parents watch over you.
In that young life you learn,
Learn so much,
More than at any other time.
Each new chapter giving wisdom,
Wisdom and experience.

The pages in the book get turned
And new chapters are always there,
Some of the chapters draw you in
To the glory in your life,
The excitement cannot stop.

A new chapter then starts
And maybe it bring sadness,
Sadness and despair,
But you can read it
Knowing that a new chapter awaits.

Sometimes you believe that the end has come
So you stop reading the book,
This is not the way it works
So you must turn the page,
As the book is not finished
And that next chapter can bring you wonder.

My long book of life has had many chapters
And I still look forwards to each one,
To each new chapter that awaits me,

As I know there are many more yet to read.

"Life is like a book, some chapters are sad, some happy and some exciting but if you never turn the page you will never know what the next chapter holds."

Ignorance Reigns.

All my life it has been there,
Music has been there for me
And in my long life
I have listened to so much,
So much music.
It could be classical
Or jazz,
It could be opera
Or country,
It could be ballet
Or folk,
It could be rock, pop or progressive.
So many different types,
Different types of music
That is there for me.
Then I think about this music,
All this music.
I think I know so much about it
But music has the ability to surprise me,
Surprise me on a daily basis,
And that is when I realise
The more I get to know about music,
The more ignorant I realise that I am.

Talking With My Brother.

My brother and I chat on the 'phone
And the conversation is so important.

"Hello Terry how are you?"

"I'm fine Andy, how about you?"

"I am fine as well, in these strange times"

"How is you golf going?"

"Thoroughly enjoying it now we can play again,
How about your croquet?"

"Like you, so glad to be playing again"

"Had a great game to other day,
My friend and I played against two guys,
Their golf handicaps were better than ours
But we managed to keep even half of the game
And then it happened,
We both played very well and we beat them,
We beat them seven five"

"That was good Terry,
I had a great game of croquet as well
Playing against one of the best players,
We were both playing so well,
Both at the top of our games,
He beat me seven four
But I didn't mind
As I played so well,
It was a joy"

"It is always so good
When you play well and lose,
You've done your best
And been beaten by a better player,
So you feel good about it"

"Yes that is so true,
I played him a couple of days later
And I beat him seven one,
He did not have a good day"

"It is amazing how those good and bad days come"

"Yes it is and happens to us all"

"Well I'd better go Andy, dinner to cook"

"OK Terry, speak soon"

The conversation ended,
The important things in our life discussed
And that conversation will happen again
Next week some time.
Its so good to speak of them,
The important things in our lives.

Golf - played over eighteen holes winning seven five means that the winners were seven shots ahead with only five holes to play.

Croquet ? played through twelve hoops and the first one to get seven hoops is the winner.

Bookitis.

Why does it happen?
Where does the time go?
I only picked up the book,
Picked it up to finish a chapter
But I became hooked once more,
Pulled into the words on the page.
The time just flew by
As the story pulled me in once more,
I just had to read some more.
I looked at the clock
And I was late,
Late in getting up from my normal hour.
It is the power that some words have,
Have over me,
And if I had stayed in bed any longer
These words would not be here,
Be here on this page
For you all to read.

Dancing In Her Arms.

It's happened again
The tears come to my eyes.
The music plays
And an image comes to me,
The slow beat of the song
Makes me want to dance,
Remembering the dancing
With my lover in my arms
As we sway together dancing,
Dancing in harmony,
Our love radiating from our hearts
Into the room around us.
That love has grown since she passed
But some memories from music
Bring her back into my arms,
While the tears fall down my cheeks.

Why does music do this to me?

Custer.

A man of such vast riches,
We could never count his wealth.
Was going away on holiday,
To indulge his selfless self.

Before he went on travelling,
He asked an artist proud,
To paint a vast, large mural,
That would attract a stunning crowd.

He wanted a special type of work,
To depict the words of Custer,
As at the Little Big Horn fight
He and his troops did muster.

The man went on his sojourn,
To places far and wide.
Spending great sums of money,
With all those at his side.

Some weeks later he came home,
Fit and bronzed and tanned.
Still with loads of money,
Always close to hand.

He came into the room,
To see the artist's work.
And stood in shock and anger,
And called the man a burke.

A fish was standing upright,
With a halo up above.
And at its side were Indians,

Making wild and furious love.

As he turned with red-face anger
Towards the cowered man;
He said "Just what is this?
This was not the plan!

The man said, "It is what you asked for,
To show what Custer said.
And that's what I've depicted,
Just get it in your head!"

"With all those braves approaching,
Some several hundred millions,
He turned and shouted loudly
Holy Mackerel, Fucking Indians!"

New Light Ahead.

At last I can lift my head
And see all around me.
A great weight has been lifted,
Lifted from my mind.
I can move forward looking up
And see the world,
See the world in its wonder.
The light of my world is there,
Is there in front of me
For me to enjoy once more,
Enjoy once more
Now I've had my hair cut!

Good Lives For Each Of Us.

An Englishman, Irishwoman and a Scotsman
Were sitting round drinking tea,
Talking about life and times of old,
And where they would like to be.

The talk was sparked with humour,
And sometime it was sad,
But they all agreed together,
That their lives weren't so bad.

In My Dreams.

The green path was there before us
Leading up to the top of the dale,
My lover and I enjoying the wondrous views
As we walked close to each other.
In the vale below we saw green,
Green of so many different hews
And spots of white all over
As the sheep grazed in the green sward.
Above we heard the sad cry
As a curlew flies above us.
We continue up towards the top
And once there we look all around
At the wondrous dales before us.
So much beauty there,
There for us to enjoy,
As we have done for so many years.
I look at her,
My wondrous wife,
I go to hug her with all my love
And then I awake,
Awake from my glorious dream,
Of walks now passed
That are only there in my memories,
And in my dreams.

Virtual Event.

So it happens at last,
After all these years
Where politicians
Have told us supposedly
The truth we should know,
They tell the truth at last.
There is going to be a meeting
Of many politicians
From around the world,
The meeting in the Whitehouse,
Being set as a virtual event,
So if it is virtual,
Will it really exist!

Visions Senryu.

They are always there
In the vast depths of my mind,
Those visions of you.

Guilty Pleasures.

As we look back in our lives
We see all the pleasure we have had
To get us to this place,
This place where we now are.
We see those pleasures
And then remember some guilty ones
Now passed and regretted,
But at the time enjoyed.

I too have guilty pleasures,
Or people think I have.
They think I should be guilty about music,
The amount of music I have,
The amount I listen to.
But to my mind
Life is too short to feel any guilt,
Any guilt where music is concerned.
So it just sits there forever,
Music, one of my guilty pleasures
For which I feel no guilt at all.

Only The Lonely.

Only the lonely

As I sit here eating my dinner
I look across the table
At the empty space
Where my lover sat.

Only the lonely

As the thought comes,
Comes into my mind
As I remember
Those meals we shared.

Only the lonely

Know the way I feel tonight

Such sadness comes over me
As I see her presence
All around me
But she's not there.

Only the lonely

Know this feeling ain't right

Where my lover was with me
Before being taken,
Taken from me
To become a star.

There goes my baby

There goes my heart

As I look up into the night
Seeing her looking down,
Looking down on me.

They're gone forever

So far apart

So far apart from me,

But I will be with her

One day it will be fine.

But only the lonely

Know why I cry

As I sit here alone

Wishing she was with me

Our love shining together.

Only the lonely

Only the lonely

Only the lonely

Only the lonely

Know the heartaches I've been through

Know how I feel,

Left alone,

Until we meet again.

Only the lonely...

Covid Jabs.

1

I walk into the surgery,
My injection is now due,
I surrender all my details,
And stand waiting in the queue.

The staff float all around us,
Seeing that we are alright,
A smile upon their faces,
Their demeanour very bright.

I'm called into the surgery,
My jab is to now be done,
The medic explains what happens,
I know this I must not shun.

I am sent into another room,
To wait for a little while,
To ensure that all is right,
Then I can leave with a smile.

2

My covid injections were given,
Twice down to the surgery
To have a needle stuck into me,
To prevent that dreadful disease spreading,
Spreading even more than it has.
Both times into the surgery I went
Where the staff were so busy,
But on each occasion the respect was there,
Respect for each other,
And respect for all.
As I came away on both occasions

The thought came to me
How wonderful these staff are
In the business of their current lives.
I was treated with such respect,
But even better was the humour,
Humour pervaded the surgery
Helping everyone to proceed,
Proceed in their lives
In these 'Strange Times'
With a smile on their faces.

Light Ghost.

The time for my bed had come
So up the stairs I went,
The day had been a good one
My time had been well spent.

As I closed the curtains
I looked out to the night,
And what I saw below me
Gave me such a fright.

There walking up my street
Was a face covered in light,
No body seemed to be there
Just this face in the night.

I looked with wary eyes
Scared and shaking to the bone,
Then I saw what happened,
A man was looking at his 'phone.

Life FIB.

Life
Has
Now come,
A new day
Is set before me,
Another day of enjoyment
In this wonderful life that has brought me to this place
Within my long life on this world,
Where wonder has shown
Where I am
Now placed
In
Life.

Worried Days.

We have good days,
We have bad days.
But each day we live
Brings new life to us.
And as we go further,
Further in our lives,
We should be grateful,
Grateful for each new day.
And if we are worried,
Worried about the next day,
Just remember this,
Today is the tomorrow
That you worried about
Yesterday

This Wonderful Life.

The day lies before me,
Dawns early chorus
Sings my way into the day,
The wonder of nature awaits me.
Each wondrous day
Begs me to explore each moment.
With each moment being so special
I wonder if in this day
I will have time to resonate with them all,
Knowing that each one brings joy,
And has brought joy
To my long life.
And as each day arrives
I know that there will be
So very many still to come
In this life of mine,
Where all is wonderful.

That Journey.

We travel through our lives,
Each step we take shows us more,
Shows us more that we achieve,
Achieve in our lives.
When we look back we can see,
Can see that,
Can see that the journey,
The journey we have taken
Is important,
Just as important
As the destination.

Musical Glory.

For what more could I ask?
I decided to have a relaxing time
So on went the music.
What should I chose
From the vast array
That lives in my home?
It then came to me,
The one composer
Of whom it is said
Never wrote a wrong note.
It is said that in much music
Only the first note,
And the last note
Are important,
But with this composer
ALL notes are important.
So there I sat in my chair
Just listening,
Listening to the glory,
The glory that Mozart gave,
Gave to me,
Gives to us all.

Paying For My Haircut!

I just happened to walk into town,
My seventies hairstyle swaying with each step.
Such a long time since I had my haircut
But I was not worried about it,
I certainly wasn't going to book an appointment,
Or queue at my barbers,
But as I passed the barbers it was empty.
So in I went and had my locks shorn,
Shorn to my short hair of normality.
That pleased me, hair cut without waiting,
Charged the normal price,
All was fine.

The problem came the following day.
I walked into my croquet club
And they didn't know me!
So I was charged a fiver!
The new member's fee!!

All Through The Night.

Each day in my life is so wonderful
But as night time falls my life gets better
As she is always with me through the night.
She may have passed but my dreams of her
Are with me as I lay in the darkness.
Knowing that she is still with me
During the day holding my hand,
And through the night holding my heart,
All through the night.

Early Morning Love Noise?

One morning there was a loud knock on my door,
On opening my neighbour was there looking so angry .
"What is wrong I asked" feeling concerned for him,
"It's you " he shouted "the noise you are making!"
"What noise?" I asked,
"That noise of you making love" he replied,
"What do you mean?" I replied,
"Early every morning we here you,
Shouting and screaming in your lovemaking!",
"But I'm on my own, nobody to make love to".
"Ok he said what is that noise we hear every morning?"
"Oh" I replied, " I think I know what it is,
It's me trying to get my socks on."

Painting To Music.

In my life I have seen and heard such wonderful things.
The artwork that has streamed through my eyes
Bringing me into the heart and mind of the artist,
I have stood for hours looking at one painting,
Pulling me into its glory and wonder,
Creating tunes within me that take me to a new place.

Music has inhabited my long life since birth.
The glory of it bring peace and glory to my soul,
I listen and listen to its stunning wonder
And sometimes it brings images to my mind
Showing the creation of the composer,
Giving me its beauty in such a colourful way.

So I look at my life in such glory
Where music and art combine,
Allowing me to see music
And to hear artwork.

"A painting is music you can see and music is a painting you can hear" ? Miles Davis

Coffin Dodger.

There we sat around the table,
The five of us
Six if you include Jack, the dog,
Chatting quite happily
After many months
Where sitting together
Was not allowed.
Jack got the occasional treat,
I didn't!
Then Alan told a tale,
Retired for many years
But still drove cars
To and from a garage.
Then one day the manager
Asked for Alan's email,
Alan said he didn't have one,
That manager said we shall get one,
What name would you like?
I have no idea said Alan,
I know said the manager
As you are such an old codger,
We'll name you Coffin Dodger .

The Light Of The New Day.

Each day of our lives is different,
Most are so wonderful,
So full of enjoyment and love.
But sometimes we have dark days,
They seem so long,
Never seeming to end.

What we must remember though
As dusk falls and the darkness descends
That darkness will become light,
The light of the new day.

Life Anchors.

In our world so many are struggling,
Struggling with their lives
Through no fault for their own.
But amongst our lives there are good people,
Good people who help so many.
They help through the goodness of their hearts,
Not fearing for themselves
As they believe helping others
Is so important,
And means so much to them.
But these people sometimes don't realise,
Don't realize they're actually drowning,
Actually drowning,
When they're trying to be others anchor.

The End Of The Day.

The day was nearly over,
I was sitting in my chair
Drinking my bedtime drink,
Reading my book,
Mozart playing around me.
Once more it happened,
That sound of music touched me,
So I just sat and listened
To the music,
The music of the Master,
Taken to a world of beauty
Where peace reigned
And love was within all,
That place of Utopia
Brought to me
At the end of the day
By the music of Mozart.

Work Enjoyment.

In our long lives we need to work,
Work to earn money to live.
Some jobs we do not like
But need to go to them unwillingly.
Some are alright, nothing special
But we work hard at them,
To ensure we can exist in life.
Sometimes though we find a job,
A job we enjoy,
And in enjoying that job
We find that with that enjoyment
We never seem to have to work again.

Love Day

It was one of those days,
She was in my mind all the time,
Reminding me of those times,
Those wonderful times
Sharing our lives.
The concerts we went to,
The concerts where I watched,
Watched her singing.
The band we were in
Playing our instruments
To each other,
Our love of music so renowned.
There was that time on the barge
Where we lived life
At four miles an hour.
Then of course there were The Dales
So much time walking among them,
Just the two of us,
And the sheep.
Such glorious times remembered.
She is no longer with me in body
But Her Spirit is with me
And those memories,
Those wonderful memories
Recalling our love for each other.
That love that still grows,
Grows from strength to strength.
That day will come that we come together,
Come together again
And our love will burst like the sun
And shine in our lives for eternity.

Unjustified Violence.

There I was just sitting on the lawn
Minding my own business,
Not upsetting anyone.
Then THWACK!
I got hit!
HARD!
Off I rolled
Along the soft green grass.
I slowed down,
Stopped and wondered,
Wondered why I had been hit,
I hadn't upset anyone.
So I was basking in the sun
Listening to nature,
Then THWACK!
I got hit again!
Not so hard,
But I was rolling to my friend,
And uncontrollably I hit him.
He looked at me
With anger,
Then THWACK!
I was hit again
By another friend.
I went sailing along the lawn,
Stopped once more.
Then THWACK!
I was hit again!
I went sailing under a bridge.
Time and time again it happen,
I was hit by a block of wood,
Or by a friend,
Or I hit a friend,

All for no apparent reason.
I just did not understand
This unjustified violence.
It is not much fun
To be a croquet ball.

She Found Herself.

She tells me many things,
Many things in her life.
I listen,
I listen as that is what I do,
Listen to people
As they talk of problems,
Problems in their lives.
And this day I listened,
Listened to the problems,
The problems she had,
Had in her life
Within a relationship.
She was being pulled down,
Pulled down away from her womanhood
Into a slave for the man,
The man she had married.

One day though she found a way
To conquer her insecurity,
She came back.
Her life was changed
And the woman she was came back.
Her strength of character returned,
She found herself once more.

Back into her world she came
Full of power and wisdom,
Knowing that she would not fall,
Not fall into that slavery again.
The woman she once was
Was back,
Stronger and more determined
To live her life

Under her own rules.

Golden Girl.

The Golden Girl walks as though gliding on ice,
In a world of her own , where no others intrude
On the thoughts of her loves, that have long flown past.
She smiles serenely, at a moment remembered,
In a time, almost forgotten.

Others just watch the gentle sway of her hips
As she smoothly goes past them, ignoring their stares.
She's deep in her thoughts, for those whom she cares,
Only seen by the light formed by her blue shining eyes,
Of a time, just recalled.

The swing of her long blonde hair moves in time
With the gentle glide of her steps, that transport her,
Away from your view, into her past, that only she
Can unlock, with a key to a box recently found,
To a time, thought lost.

Experience Counts.

In our lives we come to times
Where we know not where to go,
We meet problems that stop us.
These problems can be beaten
So we can move on in our lives.
So don't be afraid to start over,
Start over again,
As this time you're not starting,
Not starting from scratch,
You are starting from experience.
Experience cannot be taught
So in life experience counts
As it teaches us so much
As we move on in our world.

Nothing To Prove.

There I was driving along the road,
As I looked ahead I saw it,
I saw the Ferrari,
The dream car of so many.
It was just driving along
In amongst the traffic.
We approached the place,
The place where the road widened.
I thought right let's see it go
Expecting it to overtake all cars in front.
But no it just sat in the line of traffic,
Just doing sixty mile and hour
Like the rest of us.
It then came to me
With a car like a Ferrari
You do not need to show off,
You know it can beat them all,
So in that driver's mind,
He knew he had nothing to prove.

Laughter On The Lawn.

The laughter burst out
As we were playing our game.
Hitting the balls with care
And with accuracy
When four cyclists
Passed us by on the road,
Young men racing.
One looked over at us
And shouted,
Shouted to his friends,
"I want to do that one day,
I just can't wait,
Can't wait to be an old twat!"
We just burst out laughing,
A wonderful moment
In our beautiful day.

What Is A Youth.

It's happened again
Music carried me away,
Away to another place
Where wonder and tears
Came to me.
A song so lovely,
So full of love,
Took my heart to her,
Back to my darling.
Music is so powerful,
So powerful in my life
When I listen to it,
It takes me to places of wonder
Where all is good,
And love rules over all.

And The Wind Blows.

And the wind blows,
The clouds scud by
As in a race to eternity.

And the wind blows,
The trees bend
Lashing out to the world.

And the wind blows,
The sea rises
Into waves of wonder.

And the wind blows,
Causing the corn
To thrash in the field.

And the wind blows,
I get on my bike
And ride nowhere.

Diogenes.

Throughout his life he searched,
He looked everywhere trying to find one.
Even in daylight he carried a light
To try and find that one person,
That one person he could trust.
Throughout his life he looked,
Diogenes spent his life
Looking for an honest man.

Sentimentality.

It's just one of those things,
One of those things in life.
Some people are afraid,
Afraid of showing their emotions.
The tears are kept inside them
To show to others how strong they are.
Sometimes though the tears flow
Through sadness,
Or through happiness.
When this happens never apologise,
As showing that emotions are within you
Shows you have a big heart
And are not afraid,
Not afraid to let others see it.
As showing your emotions
Is a sign of the strength within you.

Creating Happiness.

I sit hear writing these words,
Listening to music,
Feeling so happy with my life.
But there is a dilemma,
A dilemma in all our lives.
How can we be happy
Amid the unhappiness of others?
We can do what we can to help,
So in poetry and in music
I can show it to others,
Hoping that they can see it,
See the happiness within,
And bring it into themselves.

Is The Livin' Easy In Summertime?

Is the livin' easy in summertime?
Those blasted fish may be jumpin',
But I am blowed if I can catch 'em.
And as for the cotton, it may be high;
But do you know what you need to do
Before it can be used to make clothes.
Dad may be rich but none of it comes my way;
He spends it on fast horses and faster cars.
And Ma, she may be good lookin';
But nobody sees her!
She is always gazin' in the mirror,
Sayin' to herself how beautiful she is.
The baby is so flamin' noisy;
It never ever stops cryin'!
Me? Risin' up singin' ?
Have you heard my voice?
Do you want the neighbours to complain!
Spread my wings? Take to the sky? That's good!
I don't like heights so I'm not flyin' anywhere!
So nothin' will harm me?
Have you seen that spider in the corner of my room?
Is big enough to eat me!
Mum! Dad! Where are you!

Mary Lou Williams.

Why does this keep on happening?
All my life I have listened to music,
I have jazz coming out of my ears,
But once again I am surprised
By an unknown Jazzer
Born thirty years before I was,
But have only heard of her this week.
Her touch on the piano is wonderful,
Her compositions so compelling,
I am enthralled by her work.
But yet again I am surprised,
Surprised I have not heard of her,
Not heard of Mary Lou Williams,
But I have now and her music will live on,
Live on within me.

What Is Tomorrow?

We all have them,
Every day there is a new one,
A new one ahead of us.
Will we know what is coming,
What is coming from them?
We know what's behind us
Created in our memories,
We hope there are so many
So many yet to come to us,
But we just do not know,
All we can ask is,
What is tomorrow?

British Summertime.

Comes that time of the year once more,
The sun climbs above the horizon
Up into that clear sky
Painting it a bright clear blue,
Not a cloud in the sky.

The sun gets higher in the sky
Giving light to all below it,
On this earth where nature thrives
Awaking on this clear bright day,
Ready to walk in the sun's brightness.

I walk through the wooded glade
The sun lighting my way,
The speckles of sun shine down
Through the leaves and branches
Of the trees that surround me.

I come to the lake and sit
Watching the sparkling water
Where the sun strikes the ripples
Creating such glorious art for me,
Just there for me in this wondrous day.

I walk on through the day
Bathed in this sunlit heaven
Towards evening's wonder
Where the sun slides over the horizon,
Leaving its warmth behind.

I sit in my garden thinking of the day,
The wonders I have seen
On this beautiful sunny day,

And as I toast the day
Knowing that all is well in my world.

I know that British Summertime,
Is the best DAY of the year!

People In Life.

In our lives we meet many people,
So many people.
We talk about so many things,
We do many things together,
But as we get older we may forget,
Forget what was said in conversation,
Stop remembering what we did together.
But in our life we will never forget,
Never forget how they made us feel.

Happiness.

Throughout our lives we have dreams,
Those times that we want to come our way
Times that would make us so happy,
Some do come true, but many do not.
I know in my life though I know,
I know I can be happy if no dreams come true,
As all that happiness needs
Is an appreciation of life itself.

Exist For Eternity.

There I was sitting and listening,
Listening to the music on the radio
Enjoying every moment.
But then it happened,
A piece of music so familiar,
So familiar to me
But played in such a way
That it took my heart,
Took my heart into a new place,
A place to wonder and beauty.
The sound just entered my body,
My body and soul,
Such a wondrous sound
Creating such beautiful feelings,
Beautiful feelings within me.
The way it was played
Had such feelings within it,
The feelings of the pianist
Transposing Chopin into a new world,
A new world of glory
That took me to that place,
That place where love, peace and beauty
Exist for eternity.

Daily Drops.

Every day I remember,
Remember that I need those drops,
Those drops in my ears.
And every day when I remember
I am standing in the shower.
Out of the shower I step,
Dry myself and put on clothes,
Wonder downstairs,
Have breakfast and a cup of tea.
And every day I forget,
Forget to put in those drops.

All's Well.

My friend,
She rang,
We spoke,
She's low,
She's sad,
She talks,
I listen,
She rises,
Feeling better,
We talk,
I listen,
I speak,
She smiles,
I talk,
She laughs,
We speak,
We laugh,
Lowness risen,
All's better
Laughter cures,
Cures all.
My friend
Feels better,
All's well.

Natures Symphonic Day.

I awake in dawns early light,
I just lay and listen
And I hear the glory of the birds,
Dawns wonderful chorus welcoming me
Into this new day in my life.
I arise and walk downstairs,
Open the door into the garden.
The birds raise their voices
Moving from the overture
Into the first melody of today's symphony.
I know that this day music will be with me,
The loud movement of the morning
Into the slow movement of afternoon,
Showing me all the glory of nature's sounds.
When the day is over I sit in the garden
The light of the day fading,
The symphony changing into slow beauty.
I go up to bed and lay there
Listening to natures lullaby
As I fall into a dream filled sleep
Knowing all is well,
And it will be an even better day tomorrow.

Orchid Love.

In the many years before she passed
Orchids were so beautiful in her life.
After her passing they passed as well,
I believe they are with her.

I bought some more for her
As a memory of her life,
Our life together over many years.
Each day they grew
And each day the flowers appeared,
Those flowers showed me she was there,
There with me,
As she will be forever.

So each day the love of my life
Shines through those orchid's flowers
Showing her love for me.
I know that our love will never die
And we will be together for eternity.

The Day Is Ended.

The day is ended,
Up the stairs I walk,
I go into the bedroom
And I see it,
See it on the floor,
A white feather
Showing she's there,
Still with me.
My lover has been there
In her new guise,
Her new guise
Of being an Angel,
Giving me her love,
Knowing that our love
Will never fail,
And when I get my wings,
My wings of an angel
We will fly together,
Together towards infinity.

Tears Stream Tanka.

Tears stream from my eyes
As my heart absorbs her love
Down from her heaven.
My lover is still with me
As I look up to her star.

So Very Long Ago.

I walk into the old church
Looking at the architecture.
The beauty of the stonework
Lovingly constructed
To bring the building to life,
So very long ago.

As I walk round I hear sounds
As if the stones are talking to me,
Creating words
From those whispers
That they inherited,
So very long ago.

The Man In My Life.

I stand in front of the mirror
Just combing my hair
When I see him,
I see my Dad looking at me,
Smiling with that smile
That was always with him.
The man who taught me so much,
A man who showed respect for all,
A man who always saw good in life
And showed me that way,
Where respect must always be there.

There was the man
Who brought me the most wonderful thing,
He brought me the wonder of music.
From the day of my birth
To this old man writing these words
The music he showed me is still here.
Music was his life,
And it has become my life,
All because that man,
That man I see in the mirror,
Has become me.

Humanity and Love.

In our world we see it,
We see it all the time.
The tension is there,
There between the races,
The races on this world.
But we all have the same race
If we only start thinking,
Thinking about who we are.

In our world we see it,
We see it all the time.
The tension is there,
There between religions,
Religions on this world.
But we all have one religion
That works for everyone,
If we realise what it is.

May humanity be our race.
May love be our religion.

Am I Just Getting Old?

The bell went and I answered the door,
There stood before me was a young lady,
A beautiful young lady.
Hello I thought, was this my lucky day?
But no, she had a parcel in her hand,
A parcel for my neighbour
Who was at work,
Would I mind looking after it.
The young lady would put a note,
A note through the neighbours door.
Of course I took it in,
Anything to help others.
Then immediately I wrote these words,
As what I couldn't understand
That this young lady was driving,
Driving a van,
Surely she was much too young to drive,
Or is it that I am just getting old?

Emotions Pour Out.

The emotions keep changing,
Laughter bursts out from me,
Anger forms within me,
Love comes from my heart,
Tears stream from my eyes.
And yet all I am doing
Is reading a book.

Which Is The Greater?

I am so fortunate in my life,
Within my life I have so much
That pleases me
And takes me to another place,
A place of dreams, peace, love and beauty.

The words of poets written on the page
Can send shivers down my spine,
Or laughter through my body.
Such words can bring so many feelings
As their words enthrall my inner being.

I can stand in front of an artwork
And see so many things within it.
In some pieces I become part,
Part of the painting
Where the artist pulls me into their being.

The sound takes me to a special place
When the music surrounds me,
And has surrounded me all my long life.
Every day I seem to find new music
That takes me to another place
Where life is so wonderful.

I am so lucky in my life
I have poetry, art and music.
Within it
There is so much of it to be seen and heard
And to my mind,
So little time to absorb it.

Then there is the unanswerable question,

Which is the greater,
Poetry, art or music?

My New Lady.

I seem to have become addicted,
Addicted to someone new in my life.
I have become with her most evenings,
A lady I had not known,
Not known until last week.
But she means so much to me,
So much in my times alone.
She pulls me into yet another world
Yet I only hear her sounds
As she plays her piano like no-one else.
Her sound brings relaxation,
Total relaxation to my body
And when she is playing
Somebody else is there
As I can feel my lover by my side
Pulled down from heaven.
We just sit and listen,
Listen to this wonderful sound
Being played by this lady,
This new lady of jazz
That is now in my life,
In our life.

Sanctuary of Peace.

The narrow path is before me,
I walk along it, between the wheat,
The greenness of it all around me.
The bright sun shining down,
Down on the ripening sheaves
And on my life of peace and joy.
Ahead I see an arched gate
I open it and walk into the Sanctuary,
A wonder of trees, shrubs and peace.
I walk slowly around this heaven
As the Spirit of Nature pulls me,
Pulls me into its haven,
Its haven of beauty, peace and love.
I sit and my mind wanders
Combines with the Spirit around me
Taken into the glory that is within me,
That Sanctuary of love,
Love for my world.

All Through Music.

What shall I listen too I thought,
I know I will put on Carmina Burana,
The Carl Orff classic,
Not heard it for a long time.
The opening bars so powerful,
So loud and meaningful,
And there was I in tears
As it immediately threw me,
Threw such memories of my lover
When she was in the choir
Singing these notes to me.
Such wonderful memories
Brought back in a moment,
As the music took me to her,
And brought her to me.
The tears just would not stop
The love of her brought to me so strongly
From this piece of music,
As the notes she had sang
Took my emotions to her
And we were together again,
Back together as one,
All through this music.

Calmness Abounds

A feeling of such calmness comes over me
And all because of that sound,
That sound of Beethoven
Being played on the piano,
Being played just for me.

Match Mask.

Onto the lawn we strode,
Two very good friends now enemies
As we played each other
In this Club competition.
On went my Match Mask,
This was different,
No animosity,
Politeness, yes,
Playing by the rules, yes,
But no humour,
That was for other times.
This was serious
It was a real match.
So off we went
Knocking the balls over the lawn
Towards and through the hoops.
My shots were so accurate
As my concentration was with me,
This was a match.
Through the hoops my balls went,
One nil, two nil, two one, three one.
He had no chance,
Four one, four two, five two.
This was my game,
The game I so enjoyed.
Five three, six three,
I was nearly there,
Just one more hoop.
Six four,
Then it happened,
My ball sailed through the hoop,
The winning hoop,
So there I was the winner,

Seven four.

The Match Mask came off
And the real me was back,
Back with my friend,
Laughing and joking as usual
As we always were,
Except in a proper match
Where my Match Mask was worn.

What Is Life?

What is life?

Life is the wonder of arising each morning
Looking out of the window to the world,
Knowing that this day will be wonderful
And will be different from any other day,
A day full of surprises to delight me.

What is life?

Life is walking a path with nature's wonder
The glory of the array of colours around me,
The smells of its world beguiling my senses,
The symphony of music that is always there,
And makes me part of this wonderful world.

What is life?

Life is listening to music that has always been there,
Been there for me all my life on this world.
Taking me into the ether with its wonder and glory,
Bringing all emotions into my being,
Knowing that music will never stop in my life.

What is life?

Life is being so grateful for the love of my life
Now looking down upon me from above,
Knowing that the life we had together was so wonderful
And now knowing that I must not learn to live without her,
But to live with the love that she left behind for me.

That is life.

Memory To Come.

We look back in our lives
And they are there,
All those memories
Of things we have done.
Some are sad,
But in looking closer
Most of them are happy.
Each one so important
In the life we have lead.

Sometimes we look ahead
And wonder what life beholds,
Hoping all will be well.
But all you need to do
Is to look back on those memories,
Those wonderful memories
That have passed already,
And then to realise that tomorrow
Is a memory waiting to happen.

The New Day Ahead.

What a beautiful morning,
I'm sitting here writing,
Writing my words,
My words for the new day,
The new day ahead.
Knowing that all is well
And this day will be full,
Full of life and humour,
Humour with friends.
As I live this day
Knowing that all is well,
All is well within me,
And all is well around me,
And knowing that
There will be another,
Another day tomorrow
Waiting to bring me joy,
More joy in my life.

I Arise.

In our lives we have so many ups and downs,
Each one is now behind us.
We know that life can knock us down,
But the choice we have is ours
Whether we should get up again,
Or not.

In my long life I have always got up,
And at each rising have become stronger
So that now being knocked down is avoided
As I have the knowledge to stay positive
And move forward to a better life
That I know will be with me,
Each and every time I arise .

Another Year Gone;

Another year completed in a life full of love,
That love for life that has been with you forever.
You look back over that life
And see the ups and downs,
The downs can be so sad and melancholy.
But as you look back the ups are so fulfilling
Bringing each new day and each new year
To this place,
This place where you arrive today,
That day of your birthday.
Another year now gone
But still plenty more to come.

Picture of Love.

What a wonderful moment,
She was with me once more.
As I looked for something else
I found her,
Found her looking at me.
It may only have been a picture
But the dream of my life was back,
Looking so beautiful.
My lover had dropped from the sky
Like the Angel she was,
She was with me once more.
Finding this picture brough such joy,
Joy to my world.
In my world for that time
She was sitting by my side
Looking at me with so much love,
That love that has always been there,
And will be there for eternity.

One Step At A Time.

In our lives we have so many steps,
Each one takes us to a new place,
Into a new experience
Which is so important to us,
So we must always focus
On the step in front of us
And accept what is offered
To take us further into our lives.
Each single step is important,
The whole path will be there,
But walk it one step at a time.

Red Dress.

I remember that day so well,
My lover and I went to lunch,
Lunching with some friends
On a boat on the river,
A wonderful place with wonderful food.
We sat at our table eating our food,
Listening to the singer
Singing some wonderful songs,
Making the enjoyment much more.
Then it happened.
My Lover was wearing a red dress,
The singer stood up with his guitar
Walked over to us,
And stood in front of Joyce
And sang to her,
Sang 'Lady in Red'.
Such a wonderful memory.

Lost In Artwork.

I look at the image and my mind expands,
Expands into the world of the artist.
I see so much,
The more I look the more I see.
My imagination delves further
Seeing things that it creates of its own accord
Triggered by the surreal images
Flowing from the artwork
Of lines, curves and colours on paper
Which keep pulling me further
Into the depths of the painting
And the mind of the painter,
Intriguing my mind yet again.

But Is It Poetry?

When people look at paintings where,
They don't recognise the form,
The thought that comes from in them says;
"But is this really art?"

Can they not see the idea that
The artist tries to show?
Why don't they open up their minds
And think of what they see.

So when I write words on the page
That neither rhyme nor scan
The thought may therefore come to some
"But is it poetry?"

Infinite Universe.

In our long lives we wonder,
Wonder if we had lived it differently.
But what we need to remember
Is that we have,
Have lived it in all possible ways
In one of the Infinite Universes
Where our infinite lives
Have lived all our lives.

This Light.

I look out and all I see is grey,
The greyness of this new day.
I will go out into it and walk,
Walk all day and knowing
That the sun is there,
There behind the grey
Thus giving all this light,
This light in my life.

Under The Hammer.

Yes I heard it on the news,
Princess Diana's car was to be auctioned,
The car Prince Charles bought her,
Bought her for their engagement.
This nineteen eighty one Ford Escort,
Worth a lot of money
It was going under the hammer.
Mind you,
It won't be worth much
Once the hammer hits it!

My Little Boy.

I remember that day so well,
I was there,
There when this tiny little human being came,
Came into my life.
He was late of course,
His mum had to have castor oil
Just to make him appear quicker,
But he came
Came into my life,
This so called bundle of joy.
This bundle of joy
Who mixed the tea and coffee together,
Who put toys into the drawer of the washing machine
So I had to take it apart,
This little man who didn't stop all day.

But this little man was special,
So special to me.
I never once let him win
At anything,
And when that day came
When he beat me,
Beat me at draughts,
It was one of the proudest days of my life,
He beat me of his own accord.
And all through his life
He has done things
Of his own accord,
Beating me at many things now.
This little boy of mine
Now a forty six year old
Six foot four man
Of whom I am so proud,

He is married to a wonderful lady
And I have two super grandchildren.

So although I never let him win
It helped him to win in life,
Into this fine life he now has.
Our love between us is tangible,
Mind you,
He still can't beat me at Backgammon!

My Love Of Nature.

I am with My River once more,
Looking down into its clear green mirror,
Hardly a ripple to be seen.
As I stroll I see them,
A gaggle of Canada Geese
Just floating on the surface,
Hardly moving, like a group of statues.
And there on My River's bank
Sit several pigeons all in a row,
As if judging the artwork before them.
I walk on and see two male mallards
Their heads turned on top of their body
Fast asleep in this early morn.
On My River there swims the females
Showing their chicks the glory of Nature.

I walk on, My River by my side,
The infinite green colours around me.
I then sit and listen to Natures Symphony,
Drawn into my love of Nature
As I sit there writing these words.

Book Time.

Once again I am lost,
Lost in the words of a book,
Taken to another world
Where life is so different.
The words take me there
And I become part of that world,
Losing the time in my own space
Until I look up and my time has passed,
Passed so quickly from my world
Into the world of that author.

The Last Words of the Night

The lights became dimmed
"Twas time for sleep
All said goodnight
The lights went out
Then the phone sounded
Alan answered it
It was his wife
Asking if all was well
Of course it was
the conversation continued
Between him and his wife
All was well
And then he said those words
Those words I say no more
He told his wife he loved her
As I did mine
And still do
Although she is now a star
Shining her love
Down on me

Across the Kitchen Floor.

Here I am shining like the star that I am;
Always ready for them to fill me up
And switch me on,
Never failing to boil;
And once boiled, the steamy water is poured
Into their pot of tea at the start of their day,
Making them ready for the day ahead.

Just look at him, over blown, over rated;
Thinks so much of himself
Just because he is first used in the day.
But I will have my way;
Just sitting here quietly;
I am ready at all times,
And yes, the time is now.
The coffee goes in, Columbian of course,
The water goes in and the switch goes on.
Slowly, languorously boiling water
Filters through the coffee into the pot.

We may be jealous of each other,
But we are both loved equally
By those who use us.
So a truce is always in place
Across the kitchen floor

Has He Returned?

Walking down the High Street
I came to a shop,
Engraved deeply on the old wall
Were the words "BEST ENGLISH MEAT",
But it did worry me,
As the shop was a Barbers!
Had Sweeney Todd returned?

Telephone Trepidation.

Hello I thought there must be a problem!
The telephone has rung
And it is only eight fifteen in the morning!
There are times when I think we get concerned
When the telephone rings,
Before nine o'clock in the morning,
Or after nine o'clock in the evening.
If people are ringing us at these times
There may be trouble ahead.
So I picked up the 'phone with trepidation.
Yes it was urgent,
"Hello Andy, Bob here,
I am going to mow the croquet lawn about noon
Can you help me please"
Of course in this dire situation I had to help
So I replied,
"Yes I'll be there, glad to help."
Another tragedy solved
All through that telephone call
At a time that was worrying.

Where None Have Visualised Before.

I HAVE HAD A MESSAGE FROM ORCHIDEE SAYING THAT HE IS HAVING PROBLEMS WITH HIS COMPUTER GETTING ONTO THIS SITE SO WE MAY NOT SEE HIS WORK TODAY. IF IT DOES ARRIVE PLEASE IGNORE THIS MESSAGE - BUT NOT THE POEM BELOW.

I look up into the night sky,
My mind goes onward and onward
Sailing through the Universe in its glory,
In all its wonder.
I keep on going passing stars and life,
Life unknown to us,
Wondering what is ahead of me.
The further I go the more wondrous it becomes,
Going to places
Where none have gone before.
The further I go
The wiser I become,
Seeing so many new things
Unknown by all behind me,
This wonderful place in my life.
I keep on and on in glory
Until I reach that place,
Reach the end of the Universe.
I look further into that new place
And travel on into the new,
Going to a place
Where none have ever visualised,
None have ever visualised before.

Passed The Universe.

As I step off the Universe into this new place
The wonder of love and happiness abound,
A new place where there is no sorrow,
No unhappiness,
Where all the life I see is good.
Agreement is the way of life,
Where all help each other into a better way,
A better way of living in this place.
I look back at the Universe and wonder,
Wonder why my Universe, my world
Cannot be like this and all would be fine.
But I have moved on and am now here,
Here in this new place where sorrow,
Sorrow and acrimony have never been.
Now happy in my life where love is for all,
Maybe I have found that place,
That place the Hippies now live,
And are led by their mantra,
Make Love Not War.

At The Top Of The Hill.

I walk up my hill of life,
A life that is filled,
Filled with wonderful things.
My children now all grown up
With children of their own,
The joy of grandchildren so wonderful,
All such beautiful members of my life.

I look down
And there just behind me I see her,
I see the love of my life,
Now departed from me in body
But with me in Spirit.

As I look up the hill,
This hill of life I am climbing
I see the top
And there I see her,
See her waiting,
Waiting for me at the top of my hill.
And once together again
We will be together forever,
Never ever parted again.

Field Of Dreams Tanka.

My River flows passed,
Its beauty takes me with it
To where she's waiting,
My lover taken from me,
To meet in our field of dreams.

I Awake Into A New Day.

I awake into a new day,
A new day of so many in my life,
I wonder what this day will bring?
It may be there is some sadness,
But more likely to be happiness
As I will meet with friends,
Talking, laughing and joking.
I will have music in my life
As it is every day,
Every day of my life.
That absolute wonder
Of dots on a page,
Or emotions within
Bringing such glory to me.
I am so lucky in my life
As each new day brings surprises,
And I know this new day
Will be no different,
As I awake into this new day
Knowing all will be wonderful.

The Lost Words.

You start a new poem with such eager ease,
The words flow like a torrent from your mind.
Then you read the rhyme that has formed,
On the paper in front of you,
And find the text,
Does not show what you meant.

Some words are changed from fresh ideas
That come from a new found river in your mind.
Yes that is better, you think to yourself,
As the page, shows the better sense,
Of the altered words
Read on this newly revised page.

But the words that you dismissively changed,
Garnered from the reservoir of your mind
And substituted for those more apt,
What happened to them?
Is it really that,
There is a place where all the lost words go?

Live As You.

We come into our lives ready to learn,
Each day we see something new
Giving us our future towards our life.
But in those times there are others,
Others who believe they know better
And try to lead you down a different path,
Different to the one you want to follow.
But you know where you want to go in life,
So live the way you want to live,
Not the way you are expected to live by others.

Hippie Warning.

They did have it so right in their lives,
No thoughts of war,
No thoughts of hate.
Just a world where love and peace
Would be there for the world,
Where all understood everybody.
Why can it not be so?

At One With Nature.

I walk through the wooded glade,
The beauty and wonder of nature
Showing me its glory.
A thrush walks across my path,
We stare at each other.
A smile comes to my face
As we just stay still,
Looking into each other's eyes.
It trots off, unhurried,
It looks back as if to say goodbye.
I walk on and see the sparkle of the sun
Dropping through the trees
And touching me with its light.
I become one with nature
As I intermingle with it.
There are only good thoughts
Within my mind,
Telling me that being at one with nature
Is there for me,
And I know that in the future
We will be at one together.

Age Of Wisdom.

Each day our age increases,
The more we live
The older we get.
When we reach old age
We are lucky, as some never do.
We look back to the grace,
The grace of our youth,
Trying to go back to those times.
That quest is so futile
When we realise,
Realise that
Wisdom come with age,
And that the age of wisdom
Has many graces as well.

Love's Home.

She is always here,
Here in our wonderful home
The home where love lives.
That love for one another
Will always be in my heart.

No Longer At Home.

Two years ago,
Two years ago to day
Was that last time,
That last time when I rose,
When I rose from my bed
With my wife laying there.
I turned to her and kissed her,
Kissed her as if to say good bye.
When I next went to bed
I would be alone,
No more cuddles in bed,
Not more saying "I love you"
As we went to sleep.
This fucking dementia
Had taken her,
Taken her from me.
Over those five years
She went further and further away
Until that day come
When I could cope no more,
My caring for her had brought me down,
Down so low in myself
That others had to care for her.
So on this day,
This day two years ago
I took her away from our home
To a Care Home,
A place where they looked after her,
Looked after her so well,
I saw her so many times in that home,
But she was not in our home.

If people say they know about dementia

But have not lived with it
Twenty four hours a day,
Seven days a week,
THEY HAVEN'T A FUCKING CLUE!!!!

Singing Once More.

What a glorious time it was,
To be singing once more,
Singing with others.
Music is my life,
Singing is part of it
But after such a long time
Not being able to sing
The joy was still there,
The joy of producing music
Through our voices
For others to hear.
There we were in the church,
Just six of us,
But the organ sounded
And our voices burst out of our hearts
Singing to the world once more.
Comes the day,
Comes the day soon
When all the choir will sing
And the beauty of music
Will sail from our voices
Into the ether forever.

The Sixties, I Was There .

Was I there in the sixties?
I can remember it, so some say I wasn't there.
But I can remember the great bands, the great songs.
The Beatles reigned but Elvis was King.
I was in the House where the Sun rose on The Animals,
Where Satisfaction of the Stones was missing.
Gerry walked with me so I was Never Alone,
The Searchers gave me Sweets which
Really Got Me into Something Good.
Tom found life Not Unusual
Until Lucy found the Diamonds.
The Vibrations were always Good on The Beach;
The Harem became Whiter in their Pale life.
The songs ended with Serge making love to Jane.

"I was there!" said my mate Joe
"The wars in Margate and Clacton!"
"Brighton sixty four, I was there!"
Mods and Rockers, clashing on the Beach;
And where was I, I was in the bar with friends,
Drinking beer and smoking Gauloise.
Dressed in my suit with the collarless coat;
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion.

Yes I remember The Sixties with love.
The time of my young manhood.
Times with good friends and laughter;
The bands, the dances, the girls.
The girls, always so sweet and me so coy;
Days of my innocence, a world always remembered
With fondness and love.

The change of the seventies where my life became serious

And was never the same, as marriage and children took over.
But still fashion had its price!
With my long hair, beard, pale grey bell-bottomed suit,
The white platform shoes, and of course the kipper tie,
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion?

Night Club Time.

Will you all be there?
The club nights will be back
But you must have a passport,
A passport to show two jabs.
Well we can form a club
As all of us over sixty five
Have had the double jab.
So get ready Club owners
For us oldies.
Put the Double Diamond
And the Watneys on the tap,
Play the Beatles and Stones,
Provide us with Sanatogen not hash,
Feed us chicken in a basket.
You must have defibs available
And good first aiders,
And we will be there,
Dancing and singing
Well into the night,
Up to our bedtime
Of ten thirty pm.
Come on all,
Join me at the night club.

Stumbling Blocks.

In our lives we have many stumbling blocks,
Each one is a question in our life.
Most of them get answered
And we can move on.
Occasionally we get a problem,
A problem that cannot be solved.
This is probably not a problem,
Not a problem to be solved,
It is but a truth,
A truth to be accepted.

The Kiss In The Wind

The wind blew the curtain
Through the open window,
A box was knocked on the floor.
I picked it up,
I saw it, a label,
A label in my loved ones hand.
The words on it spoke to me,
Spoke so deeply to me,
"With all my love forever,
Joyce".

Written ten years ago
On our thirtieth anniversary,
It would be our fortieth this year,
But I will celebrate it alone.

I have always known
She is still with me,
In my body and mind,
In the moon and the stars.
But now I know
She is also in the wind,
So every time the wind blows
I will know she is kissing me,
Kissing me once again,
And that one day we will be as one
When our Spirits join for eternity.

New Bloom Tanka.

I come down the stairs
Look out into my garden
And there I see it
A flower in fullest bloom
That yesterday was not there.

Something For Yourself.

In our lives most try and help others,
Help bring their troubles to an end.
It becomes our way of life
And most are so grateful to us,
So we put more effort and kindness
Into that help and goodness we give.
But sometimes we need to sit back,
Sit back and bring our thoughts together,
As occasionally it may be necessary to do something,
Do something for yourself,
Before continuing to help others.

Just Conversing.

We sit across the table,
A glass of wine in front of us
And we talk.
We talk of many things,
The many good things in our life.
Remembering those wonderful times
When life was good.
We talk of sad things,
Sad things that happened in our lives,
Helping each other to overcome them,
Bringing more happiness to each other's lives
In a conversation.
It may be just words
But those words are important,
Important in our lives,
As it is so good to talk,
To talk to each other as friends,
Very good friends.

Sit In The Garden.

We sit in the garden on a summers evening,
The sun has set and the moon shines down.
We look at each other, our love so strong
As we look deeply into each other's eyes
Seeing the love for each other in our hearts.
Bach playing gently in the background
Giving our love the melody and wonder of music,
Bringing us even closer together
Into our love that has always been there
And will never die.
We look up and see the stars in the darkness,
Each one showing the love of those we knew
And have now left this mortal coil.

I sit in the garden on a summers evening,
The sun has set and the moon shines down.
I look across at where she should be
Hoping to look into her beautiful eyes,
Looking for the love in her heart.
Bach plays gently in the background
Creating memories of being together
In the wonder of the music of our love,
Bringing us even closer together
In that love that has always been there
And will never die.
I look up and see the stars in the darkness,
Seeing a new one shining brightly down,
Showing me my love is there for me
And her love for me shining in wonder
As I look into the brightness of her heart
Knowing we will shine together again one day
With our love becoming ever stronger,
Ever stronger each moment towards eternity.

The Light Of Music.

I was back,
Back listening to music,
Listening to live music.
The duet on the stage
Creating so much fun.
There music bring a smile,
A smile to all our faces
As they sang and played,
Played so much music.
So many different types
It showed how varied,
How varied music can be.
As we left the building
All I could see were smiles,
Smiles on the faces,
The faces of those who were there,
Showing how powerful music can be
To bring such a great deal of light,
Light into our lives.

Croquet At Broadwas.

I arrive at the club,
Broadwas was the place,
A place I had never been
Looking forward to the day,
The day where croquet leads the way.
I look across the lawns
Seeing the beauty of the finely cut grass.
I look around and see the wonder,
The wonder of the green hills
Surrounding the lawns.
The glory of Nature all around,
It will be a marvellous day.

At the end of the competition
I look back on the day with delight,
Winning more than I lost
On these elegant lawns,
That were wonderful on which to play.
Looking back though
The matches were so good
But that was not important,
It was the glory of the day,
A day of competition,
Of meeting new people
As we chatted with humour,
Humour, kindness and respect.
I left the club feeling so well
The day I had was wonderful,
And will one day
Go back and enjoy it again.

Experience Learned.

They say that age is the price we pay for experience.
When we first find out as a child
That floors are hard
And when you fall it can hurt.
When parents yell at us
As we get near the fire,
We end up in tears,
Wondering if they love us.

We get older our experiences grow,
They make us supposedly much wiser,
Much wiser than we were before.
The biggest lessons we learn
Are from our many mistakes,
The mistakes that we make
As we go,
Go along life's rocky road.

It's not only age that paves the way of our learning.
We also deliberately take the choice,
The choice that we know is wrong,
Know is wrong in our hearts and minds,
But is right for others.

If there wasn't a price to pay
We would never know,
Never know that we've learned something.

Life Storms.

We get storms within our lives,
The strength of them can disrupt our life.
But sometimes we need to realise
That they can be there to clear our paths,
So that we can dance once more in the rain
And bring joy to our lives.

Father And Son Together.

Up he came for the weekend,
Over a year since I saw him,
The wonderful son of mine.
We hugged,
We talked,
We laughed,
We cried,
Every emotion was there.
But we also listened,
Listened to each other,
And listened to our love,
Our love of music.
Music has been my life
And now it is his as well.
Such a wonderful weekend,
The two of us together
Only for a short while,
But that time was so special
As it showed that the love,
The love between father and son
Was so very strong,
And we would always be there,
Be there for each other forever.

Recovering From The Shock.

I am still recovering,
Recovering from the shock.
My son came up for the weekend,
A great time we had together.
But I am still recovering,
Recovering from the shock.
We went out to dinner,
Enjoying more time together
With each other,
And that wonderful Italian food.
But I am still recovering,
Recovering from the shock.
We finished our meal,
The bill was called for
And set in front of us.
But I am still recovering,
Recovering from the shock.
He, my son, picked up the bill,
He paid for it!
Never in our history has he paid.
But I am still recovering,
Recovering from the shock.
I am still waiting for that first pint
Bought by him for me.
I've only been waiting twenty five years
Since he reached that age
Where he could buy me a pint.
But on this occasion he paid.
Paid for the dinner.
And I am still recovering,
Recovering from the shock.

Love Is There.

Looking back in my life
I realise I am such a lucky man,
As throughout my life she was there
Giving me true love in my life,
So many years of wonderful love
Between the two of us
Where so many do not have it.
She has parted from this life
But I know that she is there,
And will always be there for me
Waiting for me to join her,
To join her for eternity.
One day I will be with her
But I feel that life is still there,
Still there for me.
I know will join her one day,
But there is no rush.

Another Fine Day Haiku.

Another fine day
Will be full of enchantment,
Let us all live it.

Winner Takes All.

I came,
I saw,
I conquered.
The balls flew
Across the lawn,
Through the hoops,
Beating my opponents,
Until one was left,
A good friend,
I beat him,
Won the tournament.
I came,
I saw,
I conquered,
And left
With the trophy.

Oops!

Salmon on Croustade for lunch sounded good,
I have the salmon and most other food
Just need the puff pastry and a nice fresh lemon
To encase this great looking chunk of salmon.

So down to the shop I needed to drive
Parked the car, it would only take five
Minutes to get these ingredients few
Arrived back home in days later, two.

I parked the car in my usual place
And walked to the shop at my usual pace
Tripped and fell down like great a foolish prat
I wonder why I did a thing like that!

There was pain and blood pouring from my thumb
It did not look good but I didn't succumb
To the point of not knowing just where I was
Like those occasions one sometimes does

A passer by looked on my plight
And asked if I was feeling alright
I could not answer, I don't know why
Perhaps the shock was starting by and by.

He asked if I needed to contact someone to help
I reached for my phone which caused me to yelp
But I managed to contact my wonderful wife
And asked her to send down the son in my life.

The first aider from the shop arrived on the scene
With his first aider bag coloured bright green
He looked at my thumb and got out a dressing

Which hid the wound which was such a blessing.

They sat me in my car to help me recover
My son then arrived and gave me a good look over,
As he was looking at me I went into shock
So an ambulance was called to come to this block.

The medic arrived in very quick time
Assessed my problem in a way so sublime
That she gave me so much confidence
That made me much less tense.

As I was going into shock and then out
Her small van was without doubt
Not how to get me all the way
To the Redditch hospital casualty bay

So an ambulance was called to collect me
To transport me with horns wailing like a banshee
To the place where I would be cured
From the pains that I now endured.

The operation to fix my wound was a complete success
But the surgeon did say that my thumb was a mess
And it should now be really OK
As long as they keep the infection way.

So the Salmon en Croute did not come to pass
As this silly old duffer fell on his arse
And took only two days to go to the shop
As I stupidly tripped and on my thumb I did drop!

Incoming Waves.

I stand on the sandy beach
Looking out over the sea
Wondering what is ahead.
The waves come in towards me,
The white caps of beauty
Showing me a new day in my life,
They fall back taking yesterday with them.
I look out further
At so many waves coming my way,
Knowing that there are many days to come,
To come in my life.
But looking further
There are so many more waves,
Showing that more days have passed,
Passed in my life
Than I have remaining.
But trying to count the incoming waves
Is impossible, showing so many good days ahead,
Good days in my future life.

Life With Nature.

I awake each morning
And each morning it is darker
As Summer begins to recede its brightness
And the wonder of Autumn is due.
That beautiful time of the year
Where Nature brings its artwork to the fore,
Painting my world with such vivid colours,
The yellows, oranges and reds,
Interspersed with greens and browns,
With the blue and white of the sky
Floating above all our world,
All my world
As Natures artwork fills my dreams,
My dreams of colour and love throughout,
Throughout my wonderful life with Nature.

Disposable People.

Looking back into the history of this world
There have been so many wars,
So many people killed,
Sent out by others who did not care,
Did not care about their minions dying,
No thought of grieving families.
They just sent them out to gain power,
Power for themselves.
Looking back on those times
Those in power never cared
That they had created a new race in our world,
Showing that their actions
Created generations of disposable people.

That Music.

Yet again it has happened,
Sitting here reading words,
The music on the radio,
Then that tune was played.
Tears started to run
As the notes on the piano
Brought my loved one back,
Back into life.
The power of this piece
Brought us back together
As if she had never left this world
To look down on me.
She is always with me
But this music took me,
Took me to that place
Where the love for each other
Became even stronger within me,
Within my heart,
Within my soul.
That love will never die.

Laughter All Around.

What a wonderful afternoon,
Walking around the green lawn
Hitting balls towards hoops,
People looking on
As the finals took place.
I hit my last ball through the hoop,
The trophy was mine.
Congratulations were given
And we move on,
Moved on to the icing on the cake.

The five of us went to the local inn,
Sat in the garden and had a drink.
Then it started, the laughter.
Tales of olden times were shared
As our lives seemed to become one,
Sitting there together
Showing how wonderful friendship can be,
And overriding it all was the laughter,
The wonderful laughter between us,
Between us very good friends.

The Lady In White.

In she walked,
This tall slim lady.
Blonde hair waving,
Waving from side to side.
Her face beautiful to look at,
Her long chiffon dress
Sailing in the breeze.
Her slim legs walking,
Walking in high heels
That glided across the floor.
All looked around at her,
She just looked ahead,
In her own world.
A beautiful elegant lady,
The lady in white.

Clouds Of Life.

I look up to the sky,
And there below the soft blue
The clouds float by,
White and bubbly,
Full of life and wonder.
Each one unique,
As each person on this earth
Is so unique.
So many beautiful clouds
Floating in my life,
Bring peace to me.
As I float with those clouds
The black clouds come by,
But do not last for long
As the sadness in my life
Is soon blown away with them
And the wonder of the white clouds
Brings so much wonder to my heart.

The Greengrocers Shop.

Into the greengrocers I went
To get some veg for the week,
Looking around I saw them,
I saw those fresh peas in pods.
Suddenly was back as a child
Sitting on the back steps,
The bowl on my lap
Shelling peas for my mum.
I looked down the garden
There was dad picking weeds out
From around the glorious display,
Display of colourful dahlias.
There on the lawn was Prince,
The dog of my childhood,
Laying happily in the sun.
My younger brother riding his bike
All around the garden path.
Mum was behind me in the kitchen
Preparing the Sunday lunch,
Such wonderful times back in the day,
My wonderful family
Together in love and harmony,
Such a wonderful memory
Brought on by those peas,
Those peas in the greengrocers shop.

HOW MANY!

HOW MANY!!

Surely that is not true!

I cannot have written that many!

But no, the figures don't lie.

I would never have believed it

That day when I first started,

Started to write words,

Write because of that artwork,

That I would continue writing.

I just don't believe it,

That this is my three thousandth poem.

It surely cannot be,

But yes it is.

Three thousand,

Some good,

Some bad,

Some indifferent.

But all come from me,

From me and my Muse.

Ah well,

Four thousand here I come.

Lonely People.

They are all around us
But we just do not know,
They keep to themselves,
Not interfering,
Not doing anything to others.
To others they seem uninteresting
But would bring no harm.
Those lonely people are all around us
But we just do not know,
And us not knowing cannot help them.
Even a smile or a hello from us
Can mean so much to them.
But those lonely people must try,
Try and realise,
Realise that the world is full of lonely people
Who frightened to make the first move.
So smile to all those you see,
It could bring a new spark of life to them.

Their Last Day.

Well today is the day,
The day when my fine neighbours move on,
Move into a new house
Nearer family from where they came,
Came to live next to me.
They entered next door
With one son,
They are now moving out
With two sons.
Seeing these young boys progress
Was an absolute delight,
They were always smiling,
Always busy in the garden
Playing and digging.
Now they are going
And I will miss them.
Such wonderful neighbours
Going further into their lives,
Where their future will be filled with love,
Love and wonder.

River Spirit Senryu.

My River flows by
My Spirit sails upon it
And will forever.

Road Works God.

I just did not believe it!
How could that be?
Off to the tip I went
To get rid of some rubbish,
Knowing darn well
That the 'Road Works God' would know
And send the workers out before me
To dig up some of the road
Just to annoy me,
They always do.
They see me get in my car
And they think
We'll have to dig up the road
To make his journey longer.
But this time it was different,
Or so I thought.
Reached the tip with no delays,
Did not see any roadworks,
None on either side of the road.
Started the journey home
And they got me once again!
They must have been hiding
And thought we'll get him,
Get him as he drives home.
And yet again that 'Road Works God'
Put the roadworks in my way once more.

Looking Around.

I look up and see the blue sky
The white puffs of cloud floating by.

I look down and see the ground
The grass glowing green around me

I look right and see the wood
The greens and browns cohabiting.

I look left and see My River
Its green mirror shining at me.

I look behind me and see my life
A life filled with nature's artwork.

I look ahead to my future
And see all life's glory in front of me.

A Night At The Opera.

The hero struts on stage with a swagger,
This handsome, charming man opens his mouth
And a sound of such indomitable beauty
Fills the house and my mind.
I am transported into the world of opera,
All other thoughts disappear,
As the music permeates my body and soul.
The heroine appears and a sound of such power
Amazes me as it is done with no effort.
How can they do this, produce this music,
So powerful, so beautiful and so fulfilling to me.

Where Did The Time Go?

It was one of those days,
Those days where time flies by.
Yes I am retired and should have time,
But what happened to yesterday!
Every day I write poems,
But not yesterday,
I had a job that needed doing,
Needed doing first thing.
I had to go out to the croquet club,
I needed to put the white lines down,
Down on the lawns.
This normally takes under an hour
But not yesterday,
The machine was not working
So I had to take it apart and fix it!
Did that then went home.
Got home half an hour before going out.
Shower needed,
Shower done.
Then those little things happened,
Struggled to put leg in trousers,
Cereal container empty
So refilled it,
Went to put milk on it
But had to peel off the stopper.
Managed to get out five minutes late,
So not too bad.
But the worst problem of all
Was not writing poetry
And putting it on this site.

Do I Qualify?

That day had come,
I was going to buy a new car
But what would I buy.
Would it be a saloon?
Or maybe a hatchback?
Certainly not an estate,
And definitely not an SUV,
Why would I want to go off road!
I walk into the showroom
Look around at the new cars,
Then I see it,
Sitting there in the middle
Is a sports car.
Should I buy it at my age?
Could I get in it,
And out again?
A young man came over
"Good day sir,"
He said with respect,
"Are you interested in this car"
"Yes I am " I replied.
"I need to know if you qualify."
"What do you mean" I asked,
"You need to qualify to buy a sports car."
"What are the qualifications?"
"There are three of them,
One, are you over sixty years old?
Two have you paid off your mortgage?
And three have your kids left home?"
I replied "Yes to all three."
"That is great then,
You will enjoy your ride
In the coming journey of your life"

That Ideal Place.

Does that Ideal Place exist
In my head, heart and soul?
That place where love,
Love and respect overcome,
Overcome all ills and battles
That are seen in this world.
A place where all are happy,
Always helping each other.
Never any animosity,
Never any sadness.
A place where love,
Love surrounds us all
And takes us to a place,
A place of comfort,
Comfort and peace to all.

Inside us all that place could exist
Leading us all into that ideal world
That we can share.
Share with all outside,
Outside of our minds.
That Ideal Place
Shared with all.

Into The New Light.

Into your new house you step,
A place of bricks and mortar,
But the love that you have
With each other,
And with your sons,
Will soon turn that house
Into a home
Where enchantment thrives
Created by yourselves,
And will get better every day,
Every day of your lives.

Enjoy your days in your future,
As I have done
When you lived next to me.
Go forward into the light,
The wonderful light of your new lives
That will always be there for you.

Guilt Is There.

She is always there,
There in my life,
Now a star shining on me,
That love between us so strong.
But now there is something else,
It is a feeling of guilt,
Guilty at just thinking of me.
I have come to a good place,
A good place in my life
But a twinge of guilt is there.
I should be doing things for her,
But she is not there in person,
Only in my mind and heart.
She will always be there,
There will be nobody else.
I still meet OUR friends
But on my own,
And this guilt at my own pleasure hurts.
I know in time it will pass
And I will be stronger,
Strong in that love between us
That will be there for eternity,
And the guilt I feel will be gone,
But that guilt is there,
There at the moment,
And is hard to lose.

Thankfulness.

In life we try to achieve many things,
Many things to make our lives happy.
Sometimes we fail and have to move on,
Many times we succeed.
But what we need to remember
Is that happiness is not about this,
Not about getting what you want,
Getting what you want all the time.
It's about loving,
Loving what you have now,
And being thankful for it.

It's Not My Problem.

Who are you?

Who am I?

We are each individuals

So unique within ourselves.

Many people accept these differences,

Some people do not.

The way I look at my life

Is that this is me,

It is what I am,

And if people do not like

Like what they see

It is their problem,

Not mine.

Starwatch.

I look up into the sky,
All I see is grey,
Various shades of grey,
No blue is visible.
But my mind's eye takes me,
Takes me above the grey
To the wonder of the blue
And the yellow of the sun.
I look down and see the grey,
See the grey below me.
I look up and sail upwards
Beyond the blue,
Into the blackness of space,
Where even here there is light.
The moon looks at me
Giving me memories of times.
Times of love when it looked down.
Looked down on us on a summers evening.
I glide further into the void
And see the stars all around me.
Those stars of memories
Where people have passed.
Then I see it,
I see the brightest star
The brightest star in the Universe,
I know it is her,
It is my lover waiting for me.
I sail towards my love
Knowing that in time
I will reach that star
And we will join as one
And be together forever
In this wonderful Universe.

Worry.

In our lives we worry,
Worry about many things,
But looking back in our lives
We tend to realise
That we spent more time worrying
Over things that never happened.

Music Revelation.

Yet again I stop,
Stop as music is heard.
That Chopin Prelude
Went straight through my mind
Into my heart.
Such beauty played for me
As I sat here alone,
Now not alone
As music is with me,
As it always is.
But this piece seemed different,
It spoke to me,
And I just sat and revelled
In all its glorious wonder.

Smaller Balls?

There I was playing croquet,
Playing quite well actually,
Playing with Heather
Against Lis and Gill.
I hit my ball towards a hoop,
Through it went
Without touching the sides,
Heather was impressed,
But when I did it again
She said to me,
"Is your ball smaller than ours?"
I replied,
"I beg your pardon!!"

Look At The Moon

There comes that time in life
When loneliness comes over you,
Feeling that there is no-one out there.
But if you just look up at the moon
You may realise
That others are looking at that same moon,
So you can never be alone in this world.

Wasted Day - Almost.

What a waste of a day!
A day that would be filled
With the things I enjoy.
But no, not this day.
A plumber was coming,
At least was due to come.
Luckily nothing important,
Just to fix the water supply
To my garden hose.
And there I was waiting,
Waiting all day.
Did he turn up?
No he did not!
A day where I felt trapped,
Trapped in the house.
Mind you I suppose one thing came,
Came out of the day.
I cooked five loaves of bread,
I suppose I should go and catch two fish now,
Then I can feed the five thousand!

Slow Train.

Why should I feel so sad?
A song I've heard so many times,
It had never affected me before.
But today I heard it
And a mist came over my eyes,
As it told of times passed
That were now no longer there,
That slow train was no longer there
Reminding me
Of times now passed.

Decisions

Throughout our lives we make decisions,
Decisions on where we need to progress.
Many times they are the right decisions
But occasionally we are totally wrong
And we make a complete mess.
But from this we can learn
When we realise that failure
Is not the opposite of success,
It's that experience which shows us,
Shows us that it is part of success in our lives.

Their Lips Move.

Here we go again,
He said he would not raise the tax,
Would not raise National Insurance,
It was promised in their manifesto.

There is no way he would break the triple lock,
The triple lock that secured pensioners pensions.
This was set in stone for those who worked all their lives
Paying taxes for their pensions.

And what does he do?
He raises the National insurance,
Taking more money from those,
Those who work in our country.

And what does he do
He stops the guarantee,
The guarantee that pensioners
Will see their pensions safe.

So there it is again,
That question I often ask,
"How do you know when politicians are lying"
And the answer is, "Their lips move!!"

Lets Sing Again!

Come on everybody!
Clap your hands!
All you looking good!
I'm gonna sing my song
It won't take long!
We're gonna do the song
And it goes like this:
Come on let's sing again,
Like we did last summer!
Yeaaaah, let's sing again,
Like we did last year!
Do you remember when,
Things were really hummin',
Yeaaaah, let's sing again,
singin' time is here!
Heeee, and round and round and up and down we go again!
Oh, baby, make me know you love me soooooo,
And then:
Sing again,
Like we did last summer,
Come on, let's sing again,
Like we did last year!
SING! YO!
Who's that, flyin up there?
Is it a bird? Nooooooo
Is it a plane? Noooooooooo
Is it the singer? YEAAAAAAAHH!
Sing again, like we did last summer,
Come on, Let's sing again,
Like we did last year!!!!
Do you remember when, things were really hummin',
Come on, let's sing again,
Singin' time is here

Heeee, and round and round and up and down we go again!

Oh, baby, make me know, you love me sooooo!

And then:

Come on, sing again, like we did last summer,

Let's sing again, like we did last year!

Come on, let's sing again,

Singin' time is heeeere!

Nelson Went To Battle.

Nelson went to battle,
Against the French one day,
And saw three ships a coming
Right along his way.

"Fetch my Red Coat Hardy,
So that if I get a wound,
The blood won't show upon me
And ship's company will stay sound".

He beat those damned bad Frenchies
And sent his coat below,
Then sailed across the sea
In wind and rain and snow.

Another group of French ships,
Total thirty so it seemed,
And Hardy brought the coat again
Duly pressed and smart and cleaned.

Once more he saw the Frenchies off
With cunning, guile and power,
To him there's no way he'd give in
To that Gallic speaking shower.

Then across the horizon did he see
Three hundred ships bear down.
So again he called to Hardy;
"Fetch my trousers coloured brown!"

Just Waiting For Me.

I walk by My River,
The green mirror
Slowly floating by.
As I look at the reflections
I see white clouds,
The trees floating.
I look deeper
And see the plants
In the depths,
The fish gliding through them.
I look even deeper
And see My Spirit
Gentle wafting below
Leading me to her,
As I know
My Rivers journey
With My Spirit
Will take me,
Take me to my eternity
With My Lover,
Already waiting for me.

Dowlish Wake

Up the road we drove,
Bushes each side of us
And then we were there.
Into the car park we came,
There in front was the pavilion,
Into it we walked,
Greeted all around.
But then it happened,
I walked out to the terrace,
And saw this magnificent view.
The lawns so green
Surrounded by the wonder,
The wonder of Nature.
The trees and bushes
Bringing delight to my sight.

We played our games
Against delightful opponents,
During the day filled with joy,
And much laughter.
A day to be remembered.

But the highlight of my day
Was that view,
I just could not stop looking
At the wonder of Nature's canvass
Surrounding my life
With its absolute beauty.

Freedom Found.

I walked into the room that first time,
Into the unknown,
Meeting a group of unknown guys.
We introduced ourselves
And sat in a circle.
Other blokes appeared
And were all welcomed.
The leader then introduced the group,
Telling as why it was meeting,
It was for men to share their problems,
And maybe get some answers or advice.
The time went on,
All shared events in their life,
No criticism was forthcoming,
Only words of help and encouragement,
Or words of wisdom
From those who had experienced those events.
A wonderful evening that flashed by,
The meeting ended too soon.
People left with happiness as their friend,
Knowing that in that time
They had come away from those troubles,
Those troubles in their lives.
It may have only been for a short while,
But in that time
They had found freedom.

Yesterday, Tomorrow, Today.

Those memories of love and wonder
That were there in our lives,
Showing us that
As long as we have memories,
Yesterday remains.

We look ahead in our lives
Dreaming of what might be,
Showing us that
As long as we have hope,
Tomorrow awaits.

We awake in this day
Knowing that love is around us,
Showing us that
As long as we have loved,
Today is beautiful.

Technology Passed.

So technology has caught up,
Caught up with the past.
They are postulating about wind power,
Wind power for naval craft.
But surely that is what we had?
Or did HMS Victory
Have an engine?

Shark Cloud.

I looked up into the clear blue sky
Just one cloud did I see,
It looked like a shark
Swimming slowly in the light blue sky.
I just sat watching,
As it swam off to eternity.

The Gravyard.

We see and hear them

All the time,

"Nobody else can do this job!"

"I know how to do it!"

"All my life I have been doing this."

"I won't show anybody else, it's my job"

These people that think they know it all,

And nobody else can do the work they do.

They may well know what to do,

And probably do it well,

But what they say and believe

Is to justify their life to themselves.

What they never seem to realise though

Is that the graveyard is full,

Full of indispensable people.

Who Dunnit?

The speech was being made,
The headmaster uttering words.
Suddenly it happened
He choked, fell and died.
Almonds could be smelled.
Cyanide was the course!
HE HAD BEEN MURDERED!!
But 'who dunnit?'

The clues were there
For many people to find,
Then another died.
Another 'who dunnit?'
The mystery increased,
So many suspects
Within this renowned school.
The clues were assembled,
Each suspect questioned
Until at last it happened,
The murderer was found!
And there she was,
The murderer!
Fifi 'dunnit',
'Dunnit' twice!!

Woodpigeon And Me.

Looking out the window
I saw a young woodpigeon
Sitting quietly on the fence,
Parents now gone,
Left to lead its own life.
I just sat there watching it
When it came to me,
All its life was ahead of it
I sat at the dinner table,
Meal finished,
As was my life with my lover,
Now looking down on me
From her star.
So there we were,
The woodpigeon
With its life ahead,
And me
With my life behind.

Moonlight.

I wake in the small hours of the night
And there is light shining through,
Shining through the curtains.
I look out from the window
And there shining on me
Is the bright full moon,
That light so strong
That it fills me with such emotion,
Showing that light is with me,
With me every moment my life,
And that my life is so wonderful
And filled with such joy
Every moment
Of every day.

Natures Gymnopodie.

There I was
Just sitting in a chair,
The glory of Nature
Shining around me.
Lunch eaten
Coffee to hand.

The morning spent
Showing newcomers
The Art of Croquet.
Great fun,
Many laughs
Had by all.
Such sincere thanks
When they came to the end,
Off they went.

There was I,
On my own,
Sitting in a chair,
At home with Nature.
Nature's green land
Surrounding me.
There were few bird sounds
So I uplifted my life
By listening,
Listening to Satie.
His Gymnopedies sailed
Sailed through my heart
To join Nature's realm,
Augmenting its wonderful glory.

La Traviata.

Into the cinema I went,
Found my seat and waited.
There on the screen the stage was set,
A young lady stood there,
More joined her
And the opera started.
The music sailed around me
As the lady sang with her glorious voice
The others joined,
All was well.
The man in love with her
Crept on the stage
And sang that wonderful song.
As the opera went on
I was becoming drawn in
Until it was completely within me.
I was lost in the music,
Time just flew.
Suddenly it was the end.
I came out of my revery
Not knowing where the time had gone,
Over two hours lost in my life,
But so much time enjoyed,
Very much enjoyed
As I seemed to become part,
Part of La Traviata.

Our One God.

In our life we know that God exists,
That God of yours,
Your own God.
But as we pray in our own way,
To our God,
No matter which religion you follow,
Or even if you have no religion,
Your God will be with you.
In time we will realise,
Realise that the God we pray to
Is the one that we all pray to,
Pray to in our different ways
And that God does not discriminate,
All are equal in our God's eyes.
So why do we not treat each other,
Treat each other In an equal way
And make the world
A so wonderful place
Where all live in harmony.

Into The Authors World Tanka.

I opened the book,
Drawn into the author's world,
Taken to that place
Where my world was different,
And was now part of her world.

It's What Life Is.

What is life?

We get born into the world.

We get taken from this world.

But what happens in between?

We have that chunk of life

To do the best we can with it,

As that chunk of life

Is all we've got.

Or is it?

There Are Good People.

Yes there are good people around.
Standing at the checkout
Loading my shopping
Onto the conveyor,
A lady came behind me,
One of the staff.
She only had a couple of things
So I let her go before me.
She thanked me,
Paid for her goods,
Then walked off.
I then had my shopping
Priced and packed.
The cashier told me the price
But then said,
It is lower than that,
As the lady who I had let through
Had set up her staff discount
For me to receive,
So my bill was less.
Yes there are good people around.

The Rest Is History.

The time is near,
The battle was lost
All because of you,
All because of you Orchi.
That comment you tossed,
Tossed to Harold that day.
"What's that?" you said,
Pointing in the air.
Harold looked up,
And as the saying goes,
The rest is history.

Grief Safe.

In our lives we have so much,
It is so wonderful to wake up each day,
As each day is wonderful.
But sometimes we have grief,
Of things or people we have lost,
It brings a darkness to our hearts.
That can stay with us,
But all we need to do
Is go down to the ocean
And pick up stones,
On each stone just write,
Write the things we have lost.
Kiss each stone and throw it,
Throw it into the water
To cast away those dark memories,
As the ocean is big enough,
Big enough to take our grief
And keep it safe for us.
We then know that our heart
Will have more space,
For the wonderful things
In our lives.

Jazz Was Back.

The day had come,
That very special day
Where live jazz
Came back,
Back into my life.
So many months waiting
To go back to the club.
The band came on,
As that first note was played
A smile came to my face.
That smile was there,
There all the time.
I looked around
And all were smiling
As the band played,
Played the jazz,
The jazz that we all loved.
They were so good,
Each of the five
Bring joy to us all,
As this day was here.
The day when jazz was back,
Back in our lives.

Reinforced Love.

My love for her is so strong,
It has always been that way,
But it has been so much reinforced
During these passed few days.
A friend has been with me,
A friend of both Joyce's and mine.
I have known her for almost forty years
And that friendship has always been strong,
But that is what it will always be,
As her friendship brought something else,
Something else to me.
It showed me even more
How much that love for Joyce
Is so deep within me,
That love gets stronger each day,
And even stronger now,
Reinforced by our friend
Showing me how wonderful
My life with my loved one had been,
And will be once again,
When Our Spirits combine
And we go on for infinity
Into our wonderful eternity.

A Very Bad Accident.

Well it was horrendous!
Blood all over the road,
Possibly the worst accident ever!
The redness flowed over the road,
So much of it.
Many people would be killed
With that amount of blood
Coming down the road towards me.
Then came that smell,
A smell I recognised .
It smelled of tomatoes
It was not blood thank goodness,
The lorry was carrying tons of it,
Tons of tomato puree!

Surprisingly More.

In our lives we have ideas,
Ideas of what we want in our life.
Many times those ideas come true,
But sometimes we do not,
Do not get what we came for.
But then sometimes we get more,
More than we hoped for.

Keep Walking.

We walk through our lives
Up hills that seem so long
And make us think they will never end.
Then we walk down dales
Where our lives become easier.
Sometimes we have to walk through storms
Where life becomes so hard,
But what you must do
Is keep walking through the storm,
As your rainbow will be on the other side,
And happiness in our lives will be forever with us.

Music To Infinity.

A voice rings out in purity,
Another joins it in harmony.
Yet more voices are heard,
All in harmony and glorious sound.
That sound so beautiful,
It penetrates my heart,
It penetrates my soul,
Taking me up into the ether
Where that sound will resonate,
Will resonate for eternity,
Showing me the Universe
In all its beauty and wonder.
The wonder of the music
Taking me with it,
To infinity,
To infinity and beyond.

Did It Rain?

Oh no, not again!
The weather report
Said it would be raining,
Raining all afternoon.
Being the idiot I am
I went anyway,
Went out to the lawn
To hit croquet balls
All over the place.
And there we were,
Four of us
Strolling around the lawn,
Playing our favourite game
In the wonderful sunlight.
A beautiful bright afternoon,
Not a speck of rain fell
On our glorious time,
Surrounded by the beauty,
The vibrant beauty of Nature.

The Light Of My World.

It was my day,
The day so many years ago
When I was born.
I went down to My River
And walked gently
By its green waters.
Peace was within me,
I sat for a while
Watching the gentle waters
Roll passed me.
As I sat I was joined,
Joined by My Lover's Spirit
Who had come down to me,
To wish me happy birthday.
Her wondrous smile
Lighting up my world.
And there we sat
As we did in olden times
When she was with me in body.
We walked together by the water
Going towards the end,
I stopped as she walked on
Into the world where I will join her,
Join her one day,
When I walk along My River
To join her for eternity.

As Autumn Comes.

I walk along the path,
The trees and bushes surround me,
The red and yellow buds
Creating so many specks of colour
As Autumns beauty
Begins to unfold.
The leaves on the trees
Fading from green towards yellow,
I see them all and know
That they will change even more,
And maybe next time I walk this path
The oranges and reds of Nature's Palette
Will fill my mind and body
With its wondrous beauty,
As Autumn becomes my life.

The Echo Of Voices.

What a wonderful day,
Not being alone in the house.
People working,
Fitting a boiler.
The house filled with words,
Filled with banter,
Filled with laughter.
Such a wonderful day,
As I joined in as well.
Being alone in the house
Is the way life is,
Life is for me now,
Now my lover has passed.
But this day was so wonderful
As voices echoed,
Echoed all around me.

It Happened Again.

I just did not believe it!
It happened again!
My daughter took me for a meal,
For a meal for my birthday
Into a new restaurant.
I had never been there,
We ate our meal
And it was wonderful,
Possibly the best meal I had eaten
In all my long life.
At the end the Chef came out,
Came to our table
With a cake with a candle on it,
He wished me Happy Birthday,
I thanked him
And told him how great the food was.
It was a wonderful time
With superb food,
But I just did not believe it
As my daughter paid for the meal!
That was the second time
In such a short while
That both my son
And my daughter had paid.
For what more can a Dad ask?
Wonderful times,
With wonderful children.
Thank you does not seem enough,
Seem enough praise for them,
But thank you is all I have.
But I do have something else,
I have my undying love,
My undying love for both of them.

Nature's Orchestra.

Walking through the wood,
The gentle sound of the breeze
Rustles the leaves,
The opening bars of the concert.
The staccato sound of beaks on trees
Drumming holes for homes,
Beating the time
As the pigeons coo in harmony.
The deep roar of deer
Singing the bass line,
Supporting the sound.
Above it all comes the duet
Of blackbird with robin,
Completing the sounds,
That make up
Natures Orchestra.

Removing Boundaries.

It is there in all churches,
The bible sits on the lectern
Waiting for people to read it,
To read its words and believe.
Many believe every word is true
And that history,
Created by man,
Will lead them to salvation
In the eyes of the christian god.
But those who question the bible
Know that an open bible
Does not necessarily mean
An open heart,
And that all boundaries
Created by religion
Must be removed,
So all can see their own god
Within their hearts and minds
And be free to go into their future
Without those boundaries.
You must realise that you cannot trap god,
Your god,
In a specific set of views
Written in the bible.

So Many Days.

Each morning I wake
Knowing that I have another day,
Another day in my life
And that whatever today brings
It will be wonderful,
As I am still here to enjoy it.

I remember all the days,
All the passed days
That have been in my life,
And each one has been wonderful,
As I have been there,
Relishing them all.

As this day ends
I know there will be another one,
Another one tomorrow,
And that it too will be wonderful,
As I have had so many passed
With so many more to come.

Nine Hundred And Fifty Five Years Ago.

I rode up to the Inn,
Put my horse in the barn
Then went inside
And ordered my glass of mead.
As I looked round I saw him,
Orchi was sitting there
With Fido at his side.
He saw me and picked up a jug,
A jug of water,
He came across and started to pour,
Pour the water into my mead.
I managed to stop him
By tipping the water over him,
Fido barked
As though I had sworn.
The door swung open
And in came King Harold.
I knelt before him
And said "Welcome Sire"
"Arise Sir Andy, let us speak".
Then he saw Orchi
"WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?"
The king shouted,
"I've no idea
He was here already
But I'll try and get him to go away.
The King and I chatted
As we prepared for the battle.
We went to the beach,
And I told Orchi to stay in his room,
I locked him in!

Those Normans arrived

And the Battle of Hastings started.
All was going well when suddenly,
Suddenly disaster struck,
Orchi had escaped!
And was walking down the beach,
Fido at his side.
As he got close he looked up
And pointed,
"Look Sire" he said,
"What is that?
The King looked up
And because of Orchi
History was changed,
And the Normans took over,
Took over the rule of the Saxons,
All because of Orchi
Pointing in the air.

She Was My Sun.

When I met her the sun came into my life,
It blocked out everything
And everyone else from my life.
The darkness had gone forever
And the light shone ahead,
Shone ahead showing us the path,
The path that we would travel,
Travel together forever,
Forever into eternity,
And beyond.

Cloud Art.

I look up into the sky,
The white clouds floating in the blue.
The more I look, the more I see,
The wonder of the artwork
Brings such wonder in my life.
Each cloud different,
Each one so unique
But changing all the time.
I am always drawn to them
And bless the power,
The power of Nature's Art,
Bringing beauty forever into my life.

Where Music Rules.

The evening was drawing to a close,
I just sat in my chair listening and reading,
Coming to the end of a wonderful book.
But it happened,
I stopped reading,
The music stopped me.
I just had to listen to the notes,
The most wonderful notes
Written by that man
Who always gives me so much pleasure.
I listened intently,
I was drawn into his world
Taken from mine
Into a place of such wonder,
Where life was so beautiful,
And everyone was at peace with each other,
That place where music rules
And all are so happy,
That is what he does to me,
What Mozart does to me.

An Individual Is A Community.

Who are we?
We say we are individuals,
Each one of us unique.
That may well be true
But what we must realise
Is the individual we are
Is a community of individuals.
We have been made by two people,
Our Mothers and Fathers.
And they too were each made
Each made by two people,
So there are six people as part of us.
And the further back we look
The more people are within us
Until we go back to the beginning,
The beginning of mankind,
Starting as a strain of atoms.
So it can be said
We all came from one reality,
And end up as ourselves,
But we are related,
Related to all.
So as we are each a community,
A community of individuals,
Why are we arguing,
Arguing and fighting with our relations.
With our many voices
Inside the one individual.
An individual is a community of individuals,
The many voices inside the one.

The Good In Life Tanka.

Things go wrong in life
But we should be so thankful
For all that go right,
As the good things in our lives
Far outweigh those that are bad.

Plucked Strings.

All the music was before me,
Getting it organised for the choir,
The Christmas music was needed.
I started to get it in order
But some was missing,
So I searched,
Searched throughout the music.
So much music for choirs,
For bands, for groups
That my loved one and I
Had spent so much time,
Playing and singing with.

Then I found it,
Found the folder,
It had the Christmas music,
All the Christmas music in it.
But it was so sad,
As the last person to have touched it,
Touched this music was my loved one,
She touched it over two years ago.

And now it was back,
Back with me.
That music and the tears,
The tears that flowed,
Flowed down my face,
As the memories,
The memories of the joy,
The joy of playing music,
Playing music together,
Plucked the strings of my heart.

I've Been A Good Boy Today.

I've been a good boy today,
A very good boy.
(Mind you by saying boy
I use seventy three years
Of Poetic Licence).
I got up this day,
Stripped and changed the bed,
Did the washing,
Cleaned the house.
And then I did it,
Did that which I always delay.
I did the ironing,
YES! I did the ironing!
And once more I proved,
Proved that there is a bottom,
A bottom to the ironing basket.
So yes, I've been a good boy today,
A very good boy.

My Two Ladies.

I sit here at my screen
Thinking of words to write
And I stop for a moment,
On looking up
I see them both,
Both of the ladies in my life
That lead me to write,
To write many words,
Both of these Muses speak to me.
Calliope looks down
Straight into my mind,
And words are formed
Which are passed onto the page.
Joyce looks down on me,
Her smile bring such joy
And looks straight into my heart
Where love abounds,
Abounds so strongly between us,
But that love of ours is shared,
Shared with all as we send out our love,
Our love for all as it flies,
Flies from us to you all.

Those two ladies are always there
Making my life so full,
So full of love,
Of love, honour and respect,
Respect for ALL.

Age Celebration.

We come into this world as a baby
And grow each day
Until that childhood wanes.
We become adults,
Living our lives to the full.
The older we get the luckier we are.

We look back on our lives
With wonder and happiness,
Being thankful for all those years.
As old age approaches
You must then realise
That if you are lucky enough to get old,
You should celebrate it.
With that in mind I raise my glass,
Raise my glass to you all
As I am thankful to still be with you,
And will have many years to come.

Finding Old Music.

Music has been in my life,
Been in my life since birth.
The more I listen to it
The more drawn in I become.
The wonders of the notes
Send such joy through me,
Bringing every emotion to me.
Through the years I have listened,
Listened to so much music
That I realise that even at my age
There is still so much out there,
But so little time to hear it all.
Then comes that day
When I hear a piece of music
That I loved so many years ago,
And realise that it is like getting in touch,
Getting in touch with an old friend.

People Do Not Care Rant.

I was sitting drinking coffee
Talking to a friend
When they came in,
A couple of a certain age.
He pushed open the door
And walked through,
The door started to shut
And she had to push the door.
Why did he not hold the door open,
Surely it is polite to do so,
But no he showed no respect.
I was aghast at this,
Has respect and politeness left this world.
I hold the door open for many,
Like that time I was walking to a door,
A lady was behind me,
I opened the door for her
She looked at me and said,
"You don't have to hold the door open
Because I am a woman!"
I replied "I am not doing that,
I am doing it because I am a gentleman"
Where has politeness and respect gone?
It means so much to many,
But is that nowadays
People do not care!

Dad's Back.

I am no gardener
But I put some dahlias in
And they grew and flowered,
They are all around the garden
As they were when I was a child,
And the thought came to me
Dad's back.

Coincidence

We all have coincidences,
Some are pretty obvious,
Some are most strange.
The other day I was typing,
And was writing a pianists name,
And as I was typing he was mentioned on the radio.
I then went on to type the name of an Orchestra,
And that too was mentioned.
The pianist was the famous Vladimir Ashkenazy,
So maybe not so very strange.
But The German Symphony Orchestra Berlin,
Was not a name that would ever spring to mind.

Good Times FIB

The
Page
Is there
Just waiting,
Waiting for those words
Which bring others into my world
Showing all the absolute wonder of writing them
They spill from my mind and my heart
Telling of my life
To you all,
Of my
Good
Times.

I Paid For That!

As you walk down the street
You see them put the tube to their lips
And a dense fog comes from their mouths.
So much more smoke but it is okay,
It is quite harmless,
So they say,
But there is so much smoke
That I get lost if following them!
And now the law is being changed,
Changed so that the health service
Can provide them on prescription.
So when in the future
You see these clouds of fog
Drifting from their mouths
The thought may come to you,
I paid for that!

Eternal River.

I hear the call,
The call of My River.
I reach its edge and look down,
Down into the green depths.
And there I see the wonder,
The wonder and beauty of life.
I walk beside it,
The poetry of its beauty
Coming into my heart.
It means so much to me,
It has become My Spirit
And I know that as I walk with it
My Life will be filled with love.
The further I walk
The more I see of My Life,
Both passed, present and future.
I look forward and see her,
See My Lover waiting for me.
As My River fades into the future
My Life continues,
Continues when I come to her
And Our Spirits combine,
Combine into one.
We can be together for eternity
Where I look back at My River
To say thank you once more
For bringing us back together.

Vacancy.

I got off the train,
The new town,
Where my first job was found,
A new man in the world of work.

I have a room ready,
All I want is a young man,
Looking for lodgings,
I shall put up the sign, VACANCIES.

I need to find some digs,
I look up the street,
And there in one window,
I see the sign, VACANCIES.

There he is, coming up the path,
The young man, my new lodger,
He will stay for a long time,
I will make him so comfortable.

The door opens,
There stands a lady,
Not old but not young,
A welcoming smile, for me.

"I've been waiting for you,
Your room is already,
My name is Mrs Shaw
You will like it here."

"Hello Mrs Shaw,
My name is Mr Weaver,
I am sure I will like it,

It is a big house".

I take him up the stairs,
Passed the closed doors,
To the open door at the end,
This is his room.

I walk into my room,
Clean and tidy it is,
The bed looking comfortable,
I will enjoy living hear.

"Once you have unpacked
Come down to the sitting room,
I will have a cup of tea for you,
And some cake as well"

I put my clothes away,
Make sure I look tidy,
Go passed the closed doors,
Downstairs to the lounge.

I can hear him coming,
The tea is ready,
I am sure that he will like it,
My special brew.

There is quite a sight,
Around the room are animals,
Dogs, cats and parrots,
So still, all stuffed.

"How do you like your tea Mr Wilson?"

"My name is Weaver Mrs Shaw"

"Sorry Mr Wilson was here before"

"That is alright, milk no sugar please"

"Do you collect stuffed animals?"

"After a fashion,
Taxidermy is my hobby,
Been doing it for years"

I give him his tea,
He seems to enjoy it,
I do hope so,
I prepared it well.

As I sip the tea,
There is a unique taste to it,
It seems to taste of almonds,
I have never tasted that in tea.

Good he has drunk it all,
It will do him good,
I will keep this young man,
Here in my house.

That is odd,
I feel quite strange,
As if I am going to sleep,
I must be very tired.

It is working,
His eyes are drooping,
My work is at hand,
I will soon get started.

"You look very tired Mr Watson"
"The name is Weaver"
"Why don't you go to your room
And have a rest?"

I go upstairs,
Getting more and more drowsy,
I lay on the bed,
I fall asleep, and remember no more.

I go into his room,
He is still on the bed,
Ready for me,
To keep him forever.

I go into each room
As I go for my tools,
"Hello Mr Wilson,
You look well Mr Watson".

"Mr Weaver will soon be here,
Such a nice young man"
I get my tools, go to his room,
My hobby to start.

It is finished,
Three young men with me forever,
I must put the sign back,
And await the next.

I pass down the street and see the sign.
VACANCIES.

The Glory Of My Life.

I stand on the lawn
On this cold October afternoon
The sun is shining down on me,
White clouds scud overhead
In this windy day.
Then I look,
Look all around me and see the colours.
The greens are slowly turning yellow,
Yellow, orange and red.
They are so bright in the sun
I am pulled into the wonder,
The wonder and beauty of Autumn.
Every Autumn does this to me
As I revel in Nature's Art at its finest.

I keep looking round and see the building,
The only build in sight,
The steeple of the church pointing,
Pointing up to the sky,
Passed the sky into the wonder of the Universe
And to the life that is out there.
So I stand here on the lawn
Amazed by life's wonder that is within me
And thinking about that life
And how lucky I am to be here,
To be here and enjoy its glory,
The glory that is all around me,
And the glory that is always within me.

Eternal Love.

I arrive home in the darkness of the night,
Looking up I see a myriad of stars in the blackness,
The blackness of this dark night.
The stars shine down on me,
Each one a soul that has left this earth.
Then I see it,
The brightest star in the Universe,
That star is so special,
So special to me,
As I know,
I know that it is my lover,
My lover looking down over me
Showing her love is there.
I look so deeply into the star and see her,
See her wonderful smile and love,
Knowing that my love for her is so strong
And that one day our stars will join,
As we sail off together for eternity.

What Traffic?

So typical!
Left home slightly earlier,
Earlier than usual
Had to avoid the traffic
At this time of the day,
I did not want to be late.
As I drove I just didn't stop,
There was no traffic.
I might have seen a dozen cars
Where normally
The road was jammed.
Even all the traffic lights were green
So arrived much too early.
So there I was sitting in the car
Writing these words!

Madly Flowering.

Such strange times,
The weather must be awry.
Here in Autumn,
Looking into winter
There are flowers blooming,
Blooming in my garden.
The dahlias are flourishing,
The fuchsia has so many flowers,
I have never seen so many on it.
The chrysanths are flowering again,
And now there are buds on a rosebush!
It has already flowered twice,
And now it is flowering for the third time.
Such strange times.
That global warming must be here.

Come Outside.

There I was
Back in the day,
Back to my early teens.
That song took me there,
A song from so long ago
But I knew all the words.

"Come outside"
There I was waiting
Waiting with Mike,
"Come outside"
But he didn't want me
He wanted his Little Doll.

" Cause it ain't right
to wanna keep on dancin'
there won't be any
time left for romancin' "

The song just took me,
Took me back to those times
Nearly sixty years ago
When I learned the Twist,
Learnt it with Gloria.
Hearing this song
And many more of that era,
I could sing all the words.
And there I was in my car
Driving along to these songs,
Singing my head off
And so full of happiness.
"Come outside".

No Chips!

Chips with everything,
That's what we need.
Without them
The world will stop,
As part of my world has.
No new car yet
As there are no chips,
No chips to go with it.
No new fire
For the same reason.
Patience is a virtue they say
And waiting for my car and fire
Total patience is needed.
But still I will have chips tonight
As I will cook them,
To go with my steak.

Day Of Rubies.

The rubies would have adorned her this day,
Reminding us of that day forty years ago
When the love of my life walked down the aisle
To be with me forever in our lives.
That life was so full of love and happiness,
Never a cross word was spoken
As we lived our life together as one.
Our hearts combined as we went through time.
The memories are always there within me,
And will be there forever.
Then came that day as I sat next to her
In her hospital bed and I heard her last breath.
She left this world leaving me alone
But I know she is still with me,
Her Spirit is with me all the while.
And I know that I will be with her in time,
And our forty years will go on for eternity.

Cooking Curse.

Why do I do it?
Why do I make them?
I know they taste wonderful,
And that is the problem,
As every time I pass the biscuit tin
I need to see if they are still okay.
They always are,
But need testing when I pass them.
I know I shouldn't make them
But it cannot be helped,
They are so nice
That I must eat them.
They are also a curse
Because I keep eating them.
When will I ever stop making them,
Those wonderful digestive biscuits.

Left A Memory.

She was with me,
My angel was with me,
The feather she left behind
Was laying there on the settee.
It was not there earlier,
But when I went in the lounge
Only a few minutes later,
It was there,
Left there by my angel.
Always looking down on me,
And now had been so close,
But left a memory.

Waiting For What.

So what is happening?
What is happening on the estate,
The estate where I live?
I drive from my road,
As I join the main road
HE is standing there.
Several times I have seen HIM,
Standing in the same place.
Black jacket, dark grey trousers,
White shirt and black tie,
Immaculately dressed.
Just standing there and waiting.
Is he waiting for the hearse
To direct it the right way?
Or is he death just standing and waiting?

Shining Brightness.

The poem I put on here yesterday left you wondering who the person was. He worked for an undertaker and was waiting to direct the hearse onto the estate where I live. The thing was though that I have seen him several times recently and was wondering why.

This one is different.

I look up to the sky,
The grey clouds above me
Bringing dullness to many.
But I look again and see it,
See that hole in the clouds
Shining brightness on me,
Brightness on my life.

Problems or Challenges?

We walk through the path of life
Finding new roads to travel
Taking us to places of wonder,
Sometimes places of sorrow,
But we always move on
Knowing that those better places
Will always come to us.
We also find times a challenge,
Where there seem to be a problem,
A problem halting us.
But to get further in life
Those problems must not be avoided,
They must be seen as a challenge,
A challenge to overcome,
And in doing that
Our lives become better,
As the strength it brings to us
Takes us to a more wonderful place,
A more wonderful place in our lives.

True Love.

There I was driving along the road,
Music on in the car as usual
When it happened,
Happened once more.
A song was played,
One I had heard so many times,
It didn't mean anything
Until this day.
I was listening and it pulled me,
Pulled my emotions.
Eyes watered as I listened,
Why does music do this to me,
All emotions can be brought,
Brought through music.
But compassion leading to tears
Is the one most powerful,
As it brings true love to me.

Singing With Angels.

All the music was before me,
I was getting it ready,
Getting it organised for the choir.
I started to get it in order
But some was missing,
So I searched,
Searched through the music.
So much music for choirs,
For bands, for groups,
Where my loved one and I
Spent so much joy in our life,
Both playing and singing.
Then I found it,
Found the folder.
It had the Christmas music
That was once in the hands of my beloved.
I just could not stop the tears,
The tears from raining down,
As the last person to have sung
Sung from this folder
Was my loved one,
Who was now singing with the Angels.

Backgammon To Croquet.

Yes I let him beat me,
Let my son beat me,
Beat me at Backgammon.
First time in thirty five years
Since he started playing me,
Thirty five years ago.

He then said he wanted to play,
Play another game that I played,
He wanted to play croquet.
So off I took him,
Took him to the lawn.
We set it all up,
I let him hit a few balls,
And then he wanted to play.
We played our first game,
I was gentle with him
And let him get two hoops,
While I got my seven.
First game seven two to me.
The second game
He went through the hoop first,
So he was in the lead.
I let him have another hoop
And beat him seven two once more.
He wanted one more game
So I put my match mask on.
And beat him seven nil.
I'll teach him not to beat me!
Not to beat me at Backgammon!

Walking With Trees.

The greenness in my life has turned through yellow,
Passed orange into red.
The beauty of Autumn is a wonder for me,
Showing the absolute beauty
That Natures Palette
Can create in my wonderful life walking,
Walking with the trees.

Into A New Day.

I awoke into a new day,
An unknown wonder awaited me
As I knew each day was different,
But all were so wonderful,
As my life was still with me.
And will always be so.
Yesterday was busy
But ended with so much joy,
Being with friends,
Talking and laughing together,
So very important to me.
Went to bed and fell fast asleep,
And then I awoke to this new day
Wondering what wonder awaits me,
But knowing all will be well.

The Greatest Gift.

We all have so much of it in our lives,
Every moment of every day it comes to us.
Some are so mean with it
They just keep it for themselves,
But those of us who give it to others
Are so very kind and wonderful.
It is the greatest gift that we can give,
That we can give to others,
Because when we give our time
We are giving a portion of our life,
A portion of our life to others
That we will never get back.

Freedom Abounds.

She was oppressed,
Totally oppressed by him,
The man in her life.
Not a thing could she do,
Not without his approval.
She had to do things his way
Down to the most insignificant things,
Opening or closing the curtains was wrong
Unless he said so,
Eating what she wanted was not allowed,
Meeting friends was dangerous.

Then came that day,
That day when she had had enough.
She told him to go,
It took a great deal of courage
But she persevered.
Her friends comforted her
And at last he went,
Gone from her life,
She was free!

Such a difference can be seen,
The smile on her face is always there,
She can come and go as she pleases,
Her friends surround her.
She can open the curtains
Or,
close them,
It is now her choice.
This lady has changed so much,
So much for the better
Now that her life has returned,

And Freedom abounds.

What Failing Memory?

Am I getting old?
Is my memory lapsing?
My kids keep laughing at me,
Laughing at me
At what they think
Is my failing memory.
But I know they won't be laughing soon,
Won't be laughing at Christmas
When there are no chocolate eggs,
No chocolate eggs under the bonfire!

Don't Think Too Much.

It happens to us all,
We go through our lives
With so many thoughts in our heads.
"How can I do this?"
"Where shall I go?"
"Why is he doing that?"
"What was I thinking?"
These thought go through us,
Go though us all the time.
When do we relax,
Relax and think of nothing?
The problem is that we think,
Think too much.
If we keep doing this
We could end up with a problem,
A problem that wasn't even there,
Wasn't even there in the first place.

A Man Of Infinite Leisure.

The eyes open from a deep, dream filled sleep,
Dreams of joys and wonders that had filled his life.
His life's work, now at an end, work he had enjoyed,
But now completed, leaving time for complete relaxation.
Time to do the things he wants and wanted.
The things that became rushed while at work,
Now able to be done with ease, and time to spare.
That time for a gentle stroll in the park,
Enjoying the open space but filled with children's laughter.
The café by the River where he stops for coffee,
Looking at the water, gently gliding by.
The slow walk around the town,
Looking in shops, talking to friends he meets on the way,
No hurry to get away, no pressure.
Lunch beckons, so into the pub he goes,
A place where he is known as a gentle soul
Who has time for everybody, and his company enjoyed by all.
A pint, maybe two, to wash down a simple repast.
Chatting to and laughing with friends.
Lunch over so back home for a rest.
Changed into comfortable relaxing clothes
Music fills the air as he settles down to read.
The rest changes to a short nap.
Awaking again the music still a joy,
He listens to the notes entering his mind,
So relaxed, so happy.
Unhurriedly, he gets himself ready;
Tonight, dinner and the Opera,
With a lady friend, no ties
Just pure unalloyed friendship of many years.
An evening of good food, friendship and Verdi.
He parts from her at her door and slowly walks home;
Enjoying the stars shining down on this happy man.

A man of infinite leisure.

One Of Our Favourites.

Another Saturday evening was with me.
I prepared dinner,
Fresh salmon fried in butter,
Mushrooms cooked in butter
White wine and a cheese sauce,
Rice with lemon zest
And turmeric,
Finished off with asparagus.
Bix was playing for me,
And a glass of wine before me.
I sat there enjoying my meal,
A meal I had cooked so many times,
One of our favourites,
But she was not with me.

Lost Worries.

Sitting on my own
Drinking my coffee,
Engrossed in my feelings of life,
I looked up.
There across the room
Sitting quietly in the corner,
The corner of the coffee house
Was a lady reading,
Reading a book.
She was so engrossed,
So wonderful to see
As it was doing to her
What it does for me.
Reading takes you away
To a different place,
Where your own worries
Do not exist.

Solitude Acrostic

Staying true to each other,
Overcoming problems
Lingering in ourselves,
Installing hope for others,
Taking their troubles away,
Understanding their worries
Dragging them down that shows
Ever increasing solitude with them.

Dip Your Brush Into Sunshine.

When we look at our lives
It is like looking at a piece of art,
The canvas shows so much.
It can show so many wonders
And so much sadness.
That picture we paint
Can be of many things,
The colours brought to the canvas
Show the brightness in many ways.
The greys show the dull days
That are often there,
But we need to keep our lives bright,
Bright and full of love.
So when you dip your brush in the future
Dip your brush in sunshine,
To paint that love into your life.

From Experience.

Sometimes it happens that our lives seem to fail
And we need to start them once more.
It can scare us to start again,
But do not be afraid.
This time it will be different
As you are not starting from scratch.
This time will be different,
Different and more meaningful,
Because this time when you start,
You are starting from experience.

Be Careful.

In our lives we meet many people,
Each must be treated with respect
And this must be shown to them.
So in this life you must be careful,
Be careful how you live,
As you may be the only bible,
The only bible that people ever read.

What Ghost!

There they go again,
My housemates complaining,
Complaining that there is a ghost,
A ghost in this house.
I have never ever seen one
But they are frightened,
Frightened all the time.
Many of them have gone,
Driven out of the house
By this so called ghost.
But I have never seen one,
Never seen one
In all the time I have been here,
And I have only been here
For two hundred and ninety seven years.

Looking.

In all our lives we keep on looking,
Looking for those many things
That we feel we need.
The search goes on and on,
Those things we want
Never seem to be there.
But what we need to realise
Is that it is important that we look
We look at what we've got,
What we have got in our lives,
And not at what we haven't.

We Never Know.

They sit there in their ivory towers
Planning how to get more money,
How to get more power,
To get us minions to suffer
While they live in comfort.
They set out a road,
A road which we are supposed to follow
So that any rewards come back to them
As we travel that road,
No thought as to the wellbeing of us
Us who do all the work and toil,
As we suffer walking that path.

But we can change our lives.
We never know what they are planning,
Which path they are planning for us.
So we must move,
Move along a different path,
Knowing that that is the way,
The way for us to go,
The way for us to go who care.

Everyday Acrostic.

Each new day is ours to love,
Viewing our wonderful life's
Endeavours to see the
Reality that comes to us,
Yearning for the love in our life
During the long years that
Adorn our life into the
Yesterdays of our beautiful life.

Striped Tie.

Into the coffee house he walked,
A man of many years,
Family around him.
Stopped at a table,
Made sure his family were comfortable,
Went off to buy the coffee.
Nothing at all strange about this
But he was dressed so smartly,
Light blue jacket,
Grey trousers,
White shirt
And a pink and grey striped tie.
Such a pleasure to see
A man dressed this way.
It brought me back to my time,
My time many years ago
When I dressed like that,
Dressed like that every day
As I went to work.
Dressed correctly for the occasion,
In a suit, collar and tie,
And of course polished shoes.
It made me think of those passed days
When many dressed so smartly,
Yet it took this one occasion
Seen this day
To take me back
To those wonderful times
When men dressed so smartly.

The Lesson Of Life.

There are times in our life when we stop,
Stop and be quiet and think.
Those thoughts assemble themselves,
Assemble themselves into order,
And those problems are seen clearly,
Clearly enough to sort them out.
So never underestimate that value,
That values of stillness,
As it could be the most important,
Most important lesson in our lives.

Floccinaucinihilipilification Acrostic.

FOR SAXON CROW!

Feeling decidophobic
Leads to lack of dreams
Oneirophobia becomes the norm
Coaxing lack of euphoria
Coming into your life.
Institutionalised thoughts betray the
Naturalistic way of your thoughts becoming
Atichiphobic so making you fail your
Underlying wisdom that
Cannot now be resurrected from your
Infinitesimally shrunken mind as
Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia has overcome you
Irrefutably bringing megalomaniacal
Logophobia into your lack of reading
Into your superficial joyless words.
Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis
Is now within you
Leading to the bedridden
Intercolonization now within you
Caught in this Bibliophobia
As you throw out those books
Through the decidophobic way of your life
Into which bogeyphobia
Over comes the good life,
Now floccinaucinihilipilification is you.

Cherish People.

In our lives we meet many people.
Many become acquaintances ,
Some we do not get on with,
A few become good friends
And even fewer we love.
But with them all
That come into our lives
They will all have a last day,
And we may never know
When that will be.
So when we live our lives
We must always cherish,
Cherish the people we love
All the time,
All the time they are in our lives.

My Christmas Present.

For several years now I've wanted one,
An Aston Martin DB11.
I have asked all my children,
All my friends
That if
they want to buy me a present
This is the one for me,
As you can buy them
From one hundred and forty seven thousand pounds,
Cheap at half the price,
But they have missed out,
Missed out on this cheap deal
As a new car I have seen,
Another Aston Martin,
The Aston Martin Victor,
This is to be my new present
And it only costs
Four million pounds.

Day Of Your Birth.

Well the day has come again,
Your day my darling,
Another day of your birth,
The second one that you have missed,
Missed since that day,
That day you were taken from me.
But I know you are there for me,
Waiting for me when that time comes
When I will miss my birthday,
My birthday here on earth.
So Happy Birthday My Darling,
We will be together one day
And be able to share our birthdays,
Our birthdays with each other,
As our Spirits become one
Flying to eternity ? and beyond.

Croquet With Nature

There we were playing croquet in the sun.
Buzzards flew above us,
Red kites flew by,
Woodpeckers were heard,
Natures symphony around us.
Such a wonderful place to be
At one with Nature.

I looked up and saw them,
Saw four of them,
Roe deer trotting, jumping and running,
Running around a field nearby.
We all stopped and looked at them
Enjoying the wonder of Nature's beauty.
They trotted off to their life with Nature.
We continued our game
But my life felt so much better
As I had seemed to become
Part of Nature's world.

Camel Drive or Putt?

They all turned up to see it,
The Nativity Play with live animals.
It started well,
The camels bringing the kings
With their gold frankincense and myrrh,
But then it became a pantomime.
One of the camels escaped,
It was chased by the police
But they could not catch it.
The camel went onto a golf course.
The police could not drive over it
So they took a golf trolley.
What a wonderful sight to see,
The trolley chasing the camel
Over the course,
But not on the greens,
That was definitely not allowed.
But the camel was the winner,
He beat the police by three shots
With two holes to play.

The Final Rehearsal.

The final rehearsal was over,
We were ready,
Ready to give our best,
To sing our songs to others.
The enjoyment we brought,
Brought to ourselves by singing
Just cannot be explained,
All are so uplifted
And that joy we hope to give,
To give to the audience
As we sing our songs to them
So that they may leave the concert
With such joy in their own hearts.

Taken Into Peace.

There I was,
The concert was over,
We had sung our hearts out,
The audience were in raptures,
We were in raptures,
It was such a success,
Such a wonderful evening,
A complete success.

It was such hard work
Getting things ready,
Then tidying things away,
But it had been a wonderful evening.
Now I was so tired,
Back home I went,
Changed into comfortable clothes,
Poured out a large whisky
And just sat and relaxed, listening,
Listening to music,
But not just any music
I needed something special,
Something to take me into paradise.
So I listened to Mozart,
Listened to his piano sonatas.
They took me away,
Away to a world of wonder
Where peace and beauty reigned,
Reigned in my life
And relaxation took me into my peace.

The Right Direction.

Throughout our lives we walk many paths,
Many going the way that takes us to happiness,
Some take us to sadness.
We often walk with other people who become friends
And who are travelling to where we all want to go.
Sometimes we get caught by others going down a different path,
A path we do not want to take,
That is when you realise
That it better to walk that path alone
Rather than with a crowd,
A crowd going in the wrong direction.

Trilby Lady.

There she sat,
Sat in an armchair
Drinking her coffee,
Reading her paper,
Nothing strange in that,
Delightful to see.
But what was strange
Was her hat,
It was a black trilby
Sat on her blonde hair,
It was strange to me,
To see her sitting there like that,
Wearing this unlikely hat,
Which strangely suited her.

Bigger Than We Can Imagine.

We live our lives as best we can.
We have times that are very good
And times that are very bad.
At the moment times are not good
As we struggle to deal with this disease,
This disease that is affecting everyone.
Not just in illness
But also in the way our lives are being controlled.
These times for many are so very hard,
But what if,
What if,
Two words that can give us hope.
What if everything we are going through,
Going through just now
Is preparing us,
Preparing us for a dream,
A dream that is so big
That it is bigger than we can imagine.

Shining Life Tanka.

I rose from my bed,
I looked out of my window,
The moon shone on me,
The new day of my good life
Did shine on me so brightly.

Cards Sent.

Went through the Christmas Card list,
Crossed out those who no longer exist,
Wrote the cards for those who were left,
Thought of others who were now bereft.
Went to the post-box up the road,
Put the cards in to shed my load.
Walked swiftly back into my home,
More cards for me on the floor in a dome.
Opened the first card and formed a fist,
This card was one not on my list.
So yet again I wrote more cards,
And once more sent my kind regards.

Butterfly Mind.

Mind like a butterfly
Not staying long
On any one subject
Before moving on.

Mind like a butterfly?
I'll make a short list,
Of things to be done
And must not be missed.

Mind like a butterfly!
Where is the book?
To write these thing down
I'll just go and look.

Mind like a butterfly.
Just seen the paper
Come through the door
Will save it for later

Mind like a butterfly!
Must make the tea
Just fill the kettle
What's this I see?

Mind like a butterfly
Here is an email
Must read it first
It may tell a tale.

Mind like a butterfly
Nothing gets done
So why am I tired

When down goes the sun

Noisy Neighbour.

There I was sitting drinking my tea after breakfast,
There was a hammering on the door.
I walked towards it and opened it,
There stood my neighbour
He looked so angry,
Red faced and absolutely livid.
"Blimey Fred, what is wrong?"
"What is wrong? WHAT IS WRONG!!
It's you being so noisy,
So noisy early in the morning,
All that yelling a screaming
While you make love,
The whole street can hear it,
Why are you so noisy?"
"What do you mean 'making love'?
You know I am on my own,
And at my age I no longer make love"
"It sounds like it to us, all that moaning and groaning!"
"Ah, I think I know what you are talking about
Yes it happens every morning as you said.
I am only trying to put my socks on!"

Daily Gifts.

I awake into a new day
And I immediately open two gifts,
Two gifts that I always have,
I open my eyes.
Two more gifts come to me
As I hear natures symphony
Coming through my ears.
I arise from my bed
And stand on two more presents
As my legs walk me around.
My day has started like all my days
With gifts given to me
That take me through my life,
My wonderful life,
From beginning to end,
And for this I am grateful,
So very grateful.

Be thankful for these gifts,
Do not take them for granted
As there are many in this world
Who do not have these gifts,
And those of us who have,
Must cherish them every moment.

Our Paradise.

We go through our life looking,
Looking for that place,
That place where life is wonderful,
Where troubles do not exist
And love for each other abounds.
We go on searching,
Searching for our paradise.
But what we need to realise
Is that paradise is already there,
Already there within as,
As paradise is a state of mind.

What A Wonderful Day I Had Had.

What a wonderful day I had had!
Met a new friend for coffee in the morning,
We sat and talked,
Talked of many things.
He had problems but spoke of them,
I just listened and it helped him.
I spoke of my wonderful life,
Especially my wonderful life with Joyce.
This all helped him feel that life would be good.
We left the coffee house as good friends,
With a friendship that will last.

In the afternoon I went to croquet,
Hitting the balls with abandon,
Two croquet friends with me.
We all hit some wonderful shots,
And some extremely bad ones,
But throughout the afternoon
There was humour and laughter,
Three of us enjoying this game,
Enjoying this game in joy and friendship.

Then came the finale.
I went to the cinema with a very good friend,
I bought some wine for us
We found our seats and sat and waited,
Waited for the film to start.
We had both seen the original film
But this was a new version,
A new version of West Side Story.
What a film!
I was drawn in from the start,
The acting singing and dancing captured me.

Such a wonderful film,
We left the cinema in raptures
Stunned by how good it was
Humming the songs from it,
Humming all the way home.

I arrived home,
Looked back on my day,
And knew in my heart and mind
What a wonderful day I had had.

Happy Birthday Again Chet.

That day has come once more,
That day he was born
And brought so much joy,
So much joy into my life.
He blows his horn
And the melodious sound
Reaches me in mind and heart.
So many problems in his life,
So full of drugs,
Yet his music never suffered.
His music so important,
So important to me.
So once more as I listen,
Listen to his music,
I wish him Happy Birthday,
Happy Birthday Chet.

Future Of Light

That night has now passed,
That night, the longest of the year.
Each new day we now awake to
Will be longer than the previous one,
And that light will come back into our lives.
The wonderful sunlit dawns becoming earlier,
And the beautiful orange glow of evening later.
A time when walking in the light
Will bring such joy into my life
And into the lives of others.
The glory of Spring just ahead of us
Where new life abounds in the world,
Bringing that wonderful beauty to all.
The light of life will abound,
Abound for us all,
As we go into our wonderful future of light.

Dance The Day.

Christmas Day is here,
I wish you all good cheer.
May this bright day
Be fine and gay
With family and friends
So it never ends
And your life stays so good
As it always should.
Looking for peace
May the waring all cease
And move into the new year
Making all our live so dear
Going forward full of love and wonder
With all our ills put asunder
So Happy Christmas to you all
Now on this day just have a ball
I give to you all a wishful bouquet
To help you dance the day away

My best wishes I send to you all on this Christmas Day

Christmas Senryu.

Christmas was over,
A good time with family,
But she was not there.

Trials Of Life.

Throughout our lives we go through many things,
Most are so wonderful they bring joy to our lives.
Many are the normality of life that is part of us,
But sometimes we come to times of trial that stop us,
They stop us for a while but we can get through them.
That is when looking back on your life at these times
We then realise one of the most important things in life,
If there was not a price to pay in our lives for those trials,
We would not know that we learned something through them.

Such A Lucky Man.

I sit here on my porch,
A glass of fine wine to hand
And I look,
I look at my life,
At where I am in my life.
I sit here and listen,
Listen to Nature's Symphony
Bringing music to me
Straight into my heart and mind.
I look up into the sky,
The bright blue sky,
The occasional white cloud
Floating by in beauty
As Nature's Artwork astounds me,
Astounds me once more.
I look outward at my garden,
My garden extending to the horizon,
Seeing the beauty and love
That Nature has planted for me
And has given to me in my life,
My life that reaches out
Reaches out to eternity.
Such a lucky man am I.

Singing In The Bar.

As I was awaking in the mornings beauty,
A thought came into my mind
Of a time long ago,
A time of such delight and happiness.
Each evening I would go up 'the pub',
There I would meet good friends,
We would chat and laugh,
Drink our pints,
Play darts and cards,
An evening full of fun.
But then occasionally on a Saturday night
The 'singing beer' would be served,
And Don would start it off,
His magnificent voice filling the bar.
We would all join in and sing our hearts out,
Singing all evening,
Drinking good beer
With the wonderful friends around me.
Such wonderful times of my younger days,
But not lost,
As they are saved in my memories
For me to bring back into my mind
And remember those wonderful times.

Raining In My Heart.

There I was on this fine December day
Two long years ago
The sun was out, the sky was blue.
I was with her,
Sitting by her side.
The love of my life just lying there,
Lying in a hospital bed.
Looking out there was not a cloud in the sky.
As I sat as she sucked her last breath,
That is when it started raining
Raining in my heart.
My lover had moved on
Moved on into that wonderful sky,
And beyond.
She will be there for me,
Always be there for me,
Just waiting for me.
And on that day the tears will stop,
And it will no longer be
Raining in my heart.

Respect.

In our lives we see things change,
And we see some things return,
Return to passed ways,
Coming back in style.
Things that we have seen before
But are new to the younger ones.
So the hope in my life is that a trend will return,
Return to our lives,
That trend of respect.
Respect seems to have disappeared in life,
It is such a brightness on occasions,
On occasions when respect is seen.
Respect can bring such a bright future,
Such a bright future to us all.
So let us show that respect once more,
Show respect to all.

The New, New Day.

I wake up into this new day,
The first new day in this new year.
The last year has gone
So I move forward into this new year,
The next year of my long life.

As with every waking I know I am alive
And will be meeting family and friends.
Throughout the year.

Each day I awake is a bonus,
As I know all will be right
And my life will be so good.

So to all of you I send good thoughts
And know that all will be well
As we move into another fine year.

No Washing Up!

Well my dinner was eaten,
A plate of wonderful food
Created by my experienced skills.
It was a great meal
Which I enjoyed so much.
I got up from the table
Ready to do the washing up
When another wonderful thing
Came into my life,
I did not need to do the washing up,
As I dropped the flaming plate!

Point A Finger.

In our lives we see many things,
Many things ahead of us.
Many of these things we can ignore,
But there are some we want to do,
They become our dreams,
So in our mind we point to them.
But on so many occasions
We never reach them
And wonder why.
But when we think about it
We realise why we do not reach them,
Do not reach our dreams.
It is like pointing a finger,
Pointing a finger at the moon,
And all we see,
Is the finger.

Am I Now A Romantic?

Why does this happen?
How can she do it?
I have read all my life,
Adventure stories,
War stories,
Detective stories,
Tales of blood and thunder,
But she has changed me,
Changed my reading.
Or have I changed,
Have I now become a romantic,
A romantic in my old age.
Each of her stories
Of love and love's despair
Pull me into them,
I just cannot stop reading,
Reading her words.
There are still more to read,
Of her thirty four books
I have read twenty one.
These are so different,
So different from what I have read,
Read for so many years.
So what has changed,
Changed in my life,
Have I now become a romantic?

Twelfth Night

Well twelfth night is here,
The end of the Christmas festivities,
The decorations should be down
And consigned back to the attic.
It needs to be done,
As the Easter eggs will soon be in the shops.

Live Long And Prosper Acrostic

Life is given to us
In the glory of love
Vying for the wonder
Ever in our hearts and minds.

Leading us to the place
On which we will find glory
Never ending,
Giving us the joy.

And the freedom of life
Now and forever with our
Destiny before us.

Preparing us for the gifts
Reaching us with the love
Of the universe,
Sharing that love with all
People we meet,
Ever prospering in life,
Reaching the end in glory.

Looking Forward.

I look back at my life,
A life now nearly at an end,
Having had so many years behind me
Than those ahead of me.
But in all those many years
I see joy and love in all of them,
No regrets about anything that has passed.

Now I awake every day
Knowing that this will be a good day,
As I know that those ahead of me
Will always be good days.
May there be many more of them,
Many more of them to enjoy,
To enjoy and cherish.

Drawing God.

The children sat at their desks,
The teacher asked them to draw,
Draw something from their life,
So each child drew on the paper.
The teacher walked around
Watching what each was creating.
She came to one young girl
And saw a person being drawn.
"Who is that Isobel?" the teacher asked,
"It is God" Isobel replied,
The teacher looked at her and said,
"But we do not know what God looks like."
Isobel replied,
"You will when I finish this drawing!"

So Much Music.

I get up and come downstairs,
The radio goes on
And there it is playing for me,
A piece of music
That sends joy through me,
Music that I have heard before
But not for a long time,
And there it is again
Bringing glory and wonder
To this new day in my life.

So much music,
So little time.

What If.....?

What if?

The most unanswered question ever asked.

I look back on my life,

So full of what ifs.

Each one would have taken my life

Along a different path,

And I often wonder where I would be

If I had taken one of those paths.

The one that is overwhelming

Is what if I had remained in my first place of work

Instead of trying to save a relationship that failed,

How high up the scientific chain would I have climbed?

But then looking back

If I had taken any of those paths

I would not have met her,

Met the love of my life,

Which brough so much joy,

So much joy to me

In our so many married years.

Yes we ask what if,

But to me they are not relevant,

As my life was filled with love

And that love will continue

So that when that day happens

We will be together once more

And there will be no more

What ifs.

For The Tinkling Of Glasses.

Is there a sound that is better than music?
Some people think so,
As they think that
The tinkling of glasses,
All music surpasses.
They long to see bottles a draining,
That drinking enters their soul
Abandoning all other sounds.
As the glasses tinkle again
And more drink is poured
Yes it can be a good sound,
A sound to look forward to.
But in my mind,
In my mind and body
Music is the best sound,
The best sound in my life.

Paul.

His name was Paul,
He was from France.
His English was very good
But we were talking about language,
And how strange some words are.
They can sound the same,
But spelled or spelt differently.
Then we totally confused him,
Accusing Pall bearer Paul
Of playing pool in Poole.

Leading To That Place.

Throughout our lives we make mistakes,
But we must not keep them,
Nor take them around with us.
They can give us a learning curve
And can show us the way.
So each mistake can be used,
Used as a stepping stone
Which can be placed on the floor,
And once there they be used,
Used as the stepping stones
That will lead us,
To lead us to that place,
That place to where we need to go.

Jacob Rees-Smogg. (sic).

"He must resign" was the call,
The call from the man in parliament,
The leader of the Scottish conservatives call,
Call for the resignation of the Prime Minister,
The Prime Minister that has broken the law,
Broken the law that he put in place.
Then Jacob Rees-Smogg spoke,
He called the Scottish leader
"A lightweight figure of little consequence".
Presumably Rees-Smogg sees all like this,
Sees all like this if they didn't go to Eton.

Moments.

We all have them in our life,
So many moments,
So many moments in our lives.
Each one we have is different.
Most are filled with joy,
Some are filled with sadness.
But then we get those moments
Where one moment is enough,
Enough to forget a lifetime.
But we also often have a lifetime,
That is not enough to forget one moment.

Feelings In Life.

We all have them,
Have them within our lives
From the very beginning,
To the very end.
Some people dismiss them
Say they do not have them,
As they have their own strength,
Strength of character.
Many show their feelings all the time,
And some only occasionally.
But in our life we all have feelings,
As you cannot just not have feelings,
Our life is just not built like that.

Respect For All.

Our world is changing,
Changing so much
And the one thing that I see,
See more than anything else
Is that respect has gone.
In my youth respect was all,
You said please and thank you,
You were polite to your elders,
Gave way to ladies,
Opened doors for all.
But that has gone,
That respect no longer exists.
Occasionally I see it
And it means so much,
Means so much to me.
In my life I still try my best
And show respect to all,
Be polite to all,
But I feel very alone,
In this changing world.

Empty Can.

I looked out of the window
To the front garden,
And there on the lawn was a tin,
An empty tin
Thrown there by some flaming peasant.
When I went out,
Went out to get my paper,
I picked up the can,
It was an empty can of lager.
Why don't these peasants know
I do not drink lager,
I only drink real beer!

After A Dream.

Why does it keep happening?
I sit here reading words,
Typing words,
Music playing in the background
When it happens,
A piece of music stirs me.
This piece came on the radio,
I stopped,
Stopped and listened.
I was taken into a new world,
A world of song.
A new piece of music assailed me,
Assailed my mind and heart.
Why had I not heard it before?
I just sat there listening,
Listening to this glorious sound
In this new world of music,
Music that had come into my life,
Come into my life once more.

Is Anybody There?

I look up to the dark night sky,
The moon shines down on me.
I look passed this wondrous sight
Into the darkness and see the stars.
I look passed the stars each a memory,
A memory of a loved one,
And into that darkness I go,
Wondering when that question,
That question will be answered,
As I am sure it will be soon.
"Is anybody there?"

Evading The Truth.

In life we see so many things,
But some people just see the surface.
If they looked beyond the surface
A deeper look at life will be seen,
Making it more understood,
Showing so much more
Than the surface seen,
But some will not do this,
Meaning the true meaning of life,
The real meaning of life evades them.

Listening is the same.
So many people just hear,
Just hear and never listen,
And once more they do not understand,
Do not understand the true meaning,
The true meaning of the things they hear.
So once again they evade the truth,
The truth that is there.

So much to be seen and heard,
But so much evaded by so many
Through not looking deeper,
Or listening to what they hear.

My Island of Peace

Will you join me on my island?
A place where there is no war,
Only peace and love.
A place where all are equal,
And rancour is not allowed.
A place where we all work together
For the good of all,
Not the few.
Where food is abundant,
And we all eat our fill
Of the foods that tempt our palettes,
And hunger is non-existent.
A place where nature is allowed to survive,
And the animals show us the wonder
Of their so valuable lives.
A place of music, art and words
That can create so many emotions within
Our lives of contentment.
A place where death only comes
In contented old age.
Knowing that you have done your best
For everyone around you,
And can leave the island
Knowing that those left behind
Will only talk of you with love and respect.
Will you join me on my island?

All That Jazz.

The blues were being played,
The tune so well known
When suddenly a note was played wrong,
But it sounded good,
So another one was played
Then the beat was changed.
The tune was adapted
And a different world was found
As ragtime was born.
Then the tune was adapted,
Adapted in differing ways,
People wanted to dance
So swing came to the fore.
And people danced the night away
To those wonderful tunes
Studded with solos from the band.
One solo became a duet
Where the same notes were played
By trumpet and sax
At such speed and height,
So bebop became found
Where Dizzie and Bird
Sailed their notes into wonder.
Then came that time
Where the speed cooled
And cool jazz was found,
Where the players played
Played there music for relaxation
And it became my type of jazz.
Then came that time when jazz went wild,
And the sounds went wild
Some were good
But many misunderstood.

But jazz is there for all,
Especially for me,
Where jazz is part of my life,
When Chet plays his songs
And I am taken into another world.
There is so much,
So much jazz for me to enjoy
But the time to hear it all
Will never be enough,
That's jazz.

That First Sign.

There it was,
There it was showing its head
As it popped up through the earth.
New life was coming to my world,
These dark, dank, dark days were changing.
The buds of Spring were there
Showing me that the brightness
Was coming back to this world.
There was only one bud
But I knew the others would follow,
And before long the beauty of Spring
Would be with us as they flowered,
Shining the yellow flowers all around,
All around my garden
As the daffodils bloomed,
Bloomed once more
As they did every year,
Forever bring more brightness
Into my life,
Into my wonderful life.

Made Into One.

Their eyes met across a crowded room
They walked slowly towards each other.
Into each other's arms they went
Looking deep into each other's eyes,
Into their hearts and souls.
Their lips brushed against each other,
The passion rising into the heat of love.
Their arms went around each other
Pulling them closer together.
The heat rising from each of them
Until their lips met in earnest
And the kisses set them on fire,
The heat of their passion unfounded,
They rose with the heat
Into a world of love that only they knew
And sailed with their heat of passion
Into that place that took them,
Took them above the world
To that place of heated love
That made them into one.

What Is Your Name?

Into my mind a new fact is born,
More knowledge comes to me,
So intriguing and so wonderful.
These new things are so important,
So important for me to remember.
The problem is though
That at my age every new fact
Means that an old one falls,
Falls out of my memory.

"Now what is your name?"

The Jazz Quartet.

I was there again,
There at the jazz club
Not knowing what to expect,
A group I had not heard before
Piano, bass and drums,
Led by a violin.
On the stage they came
And played.
What a sound they made,
I was pulled straight in,
Straight in to their music.
The smile grew on my face,
As it did on all.
Feet were tapping,
Heads were nodding.
The feeling of absolute wonder
Came within me,
Each time they played a new song
They seemed to get better,
And when I looked at them
They were smiling,
All smiling,
Enjoying the music,
The music they were creating
And giving to us,
Us sitting there watching,
Watching and listening,
Listening to this amazing group.
The time went so fast
And so filled with the wonder,
The wonder of their sound.
They finished their last tune
And the roof was raised,

The clapping and cheering so loud,
So loud for this group.
What a wonderful evening,
One that I will remember for ever.

Hot Air.

I sat in the marquee listening,
Listening to the member of parliament
Standing on the stage,
Drivelling on about nothing of interest.
On and on he went,
Looking around I saw all were bored.
But then it happened
We all became disturbed
As the marquee started to move.
We did not understand it,
But then I looked out
And saw we were being lifted,
Lifted from the ground.
The idiot on the stage
Had vented so much hot air
That the marquee was sailing,
Sailing up into the sky.
No wonder the Houses of Parliament
Was built with such heavy bricks,
To keep it on the ground
With all that hot air
Being vented by those parliamentarians.

Best Friends.

We had known each other for many years,
We had chatted and smiled at Church,
Appreciated each other's company.
Then came that day,
That day I asked her out,
Asked her out for coffee.
We sat drinking our coffee
And we talked,
We spoke of many things.
We met again for coffee,
Gave each other lunch,
And throughout all that time
We talked,
We just talked and talked
And found so much in common.
It meant so much to me,
And meant so much to her
That now that acquaintanceship has changed,
And has become a friendship,
A friendship going so deep
That we are becoming best friends
And would do anything,
Anything for each other.
That friendship has become wonderful,
So very wonderful.

Unknown Answer

Into bed I crept,
Tired from a great day.
Coffee with friends in the morning,
Lunch with another friend
Followed by a wonderful conversation,
So full of meaning.
I had my dinner and then sat relaxed
Listening to music,
Reading words,
Then to bed I went.
As my head hit the pillow
I went out like a light,
Into a deep, deep sleep.
But then I awoke,
Awoke way before morning.
I had this question in my head
And no matter how I tried
I couldn't answer it.
I know that I should know the answer
But it just would not come,
The more I thought about it
The more awake I become.
It was so stupid
As the question was not important,
But it just stayed in my head,
I just had to know.
I turned on my ipad and looked,
And there was the answer
I could now relax
And go back to sleep.
It was Ravel's Bolero
That Torvill and Dean skated to
When they won the ice dance Olympics.

I will never know why that was in my head
And depriving me of sleep,
So very strange.

Beauty Within.

Another new day is waiting,
Waiting for me.
I know it will be a good day
As once more I arose,
Arose from my long life,
Knowing that each day I arise
Will be so wonderful,
Knowing that there are many more,
So many more to come
In the beauty that is within,
The beauty that is within my life.

Snogging And Kissing.

There we were sitting on the sofa,
Arms around each other
Snogging and kissing without aplomb.
We'd stop,
Look in each other's eyes,
Then kiss again,
Hugging each other so hard.
Again and again it happened,
There we were like two teenagers
That were experimenting with snogging,
Snogging and kissing.
But no we were of an age,
Both in our seventies
Finding our youth once more
In this new thing,
This new things back in our long lives,
This snogging and kissing.

Some People.

Into a new choir I go
To enjoy the singing,
The singing that I love.
But unfortunately "HE" is there!
This man who has such a loud voice,
Who sings all the wrong notes,
But sings them wrong notes
In no particular order.
He is in another choir,
A choir which I organise,
I would like to throttle him sometimes
But I am second in the queue,
Second behind the treasurer.
Some people can be annoying,
So very annoying.

Is It Love?

I ask myself that question.
What is it that is happening?
Happening to me,
Happening to my mind,
Happening in my heart.
She has come into my life.
The feelings just grow,
Just keep on growing,
Growing for each other.
So once more
I ask myself that question,
That so important question,
Is it love?

My River And Us.

Once more I am back with My River
The clear green water flowing gently.
I walk beside it feeling so wonderful,
So wonderful to be back at its side.
But this is different,
I am not alone.
Walking by my side is my lady,
The wonderful lady now in my life.
How could life be any better,
Rising from the passing of my lover
Into a new world of love and happiness.
A world that has surprised me,
Surprised me so much.
Now this new time of love is here
And My River will still be with me,
But there are now two of us,
Two of us walking by its side,
Into a new life of love and wonder.

Question Of Sport.

It started that day in nineteen sixty eight,
I have watched nearly every episode,
Every episode of Question of Sport.
It has been so good over the years,
David Vine, David Coleman
And the wonderful Sue Barker,
They have been so wonderful to watch.
But then they had to change it,
Change it into its present form,
A form which to me is so awful,
That I will not watch another show.
This only goes to prove the saying
"If it ain't broke, don't fix it!!"

New Life Ahead.

I look up into the clear blue sky,
The occasional white cloud
Bubbling before me.
Then I hear a sound,
A plaintiff call above me.
Looking towards that sound
I see it,
I see the buzzard.
Its wings outstretched
Sailing with ease in circles,
Each circle taking it higher.
A life so relaxed and beautiful
As it sails in Nature's glory,
Sails to easily.
Then the thought comes to me
That is what I want to be,
I want to be a buzzard
When this life ends
And my new life begins.
I want to sail above the earth
Looking down on the glory,
The glory that Nature brings to me,
And has brought to me
When I walked on this planet.

Sealed With Laughter.

Our love is so strong
Our words of love so profound
And sealed with laughter.

Forever And Beyond.

She walked her path along a different route,
A different route from mine.
Came that day when she was left alone,
Left alone so very long ago,
Her husband passed into heaven.
Came the day that I was left alone,
Left alone not so long ago,
When my lover passed into heaven.
Our paths went on in loneliness,
Then came that day,
That day when our paths merged
And become one.
The loneliness went away
As our life became one,
One with each other
And our love for each other came,
Came into our lives.
A feeling so strong for us both,
A feeling that we know,
We know will be forever with us
As we travel our path together,
Together to infinity and beyond.

This Is Me.

So many people criticize,
Criticize the way we are.
But to me I have my way,
My way of dealing with this,
What you see is what you get.
Sometimes I am amazing,
Sometimes I am a wreck,
But this is me,
This is me every day,
And if you don't like what you see
That is not my problem,
It is yours.

Multicultural Meal.

We sat at the table
Not knowing what to expect,
Our first time in the restaurant
That cooked West Indian food.
The blonde lady came to us
To take our order,
Her accent neither British
Or West Indian,
But there was laughter within her
As she took our orders.
Then we started talking,
My Granddaughter and I.
So long since we had sat down,
Sat down at table together.
And talk we did,
About family,
About life,
About hopes,
About goals.
The food came to us
And each dish was wonderful,
But still we talked.
We laughed,
We had moments of sadness,
But throughout it all
Our friendship pervaded.
Family is good,
But this friendship is so deep,
This friendship between us,
Between Grandfather and Granddaughter,
May seem odd,
But not to us as we can talk from our hearts,
Talk without constraint.

The meal came too quickly to an end,
A great evening,
One that will be repeated before very long.
The one thing that may seem strange
When looking back may be
These two people,
A generation between them,
These two English people,
In a West Indian restaurant,
Being served by a Latvian waitress.

Thinking Old.

We live our long lives
Having bad times and good.
The good always outweigh the bad,
But as our age increases
Some worry about getting old,
But age is just a number,
A number in our lives that increases,
Increases each year.
But what we must realise
Is that we should not worry,
Not worry about getting old,
Only worry about thinking old.
In my mind I am not old,
I am as I have always been
Always been in my mind,
Thinking of the good things,
The good things in my life
And I know there will be many more,
Many more good times to come.
So don't think about getting old,
Think of being who you are,
Who you are in your mind.

What A Wonderful Day 1.

What a wonderful day,
Just the two of us
Walking around the gardens,
The fabulous gardens
Created by Capability Brown.
We strolled around hand in hand
Our love shining for all,
For all to see.
The beauty of nature around us
But just not comparing
To the beauty of my loved one.
We stopped and I looked,
Looked into her eyes
Down into the depths,
The depths of her heart.
Our love for each other so deep
And so strong,
Together now,
Together forever,
Forever more.
What a wonderful day.

The People Who Matter.

The dining room was being prepared,
A banquet for many was to be held.
The silver banqueting ornaments
Laid in the middle of the table,
The cutlery was carefully laid,
Each item precisely put down
At exactly the same distance
From the tables edge
On the pristine white cloth.
When all was set the young waiter spoke,
He was about to put the name tags
Onto all the places laid.
He spoke to the butler and asked
"Who should I put where,
There are so many important people
They will want to be in the right place,
The place they feel they should be?"
The butler, a man of great experience
Looked at the waiter and said these words,
"The people who matter don't care,
The people who care don't matter."

Love To Eternity.

'Tis another Valentine's Day
All my love I send your way
Each day my love gets stronger
And every day it lasts much longer
I love you so very, very much,
I am here longing for your touch
To take me into that heavenly place
Where we will be forever in grace,
With our love for each other so deep
A love so strong that it makes me weep
Weeping tears of joy for you
In all the things that together we do
A love that is so full of certainty
That will takes us both to eternity.

Test Of Faith.

One day they went out fishing.
The three Preachers left the cabin
Out onto the water was their mission.
They rowed the boat out a short way
And cast their lines in the water
Hoping to catch some lunch
And maybe some wayward souls.
The Anglican need to go ashore,
So he jumped out of the boat
And strode purposely and with Faith
On the surface of the water.
He came back with his flask,
And hopped back into the boat.
The Methodist need to go ashore,
So he too strode the water and back.
The Roman Catholic looked on,
Looked on in wonder,
As he saw these two Ministers
Walking on water,
Such a show and reality
Of their Faith.
He thought if they can do it,
My Faith is just as strong,
So I can do it just as well,
I too will go to the cabin.
He jumped off the boat
And sank straight into the depths.
The other two just looked on in horror,
And in guilt,
As one said to the other,
"We should have told him,
The stepping stones
Were on our side of the boat"

Each Day Is Special.

We wake up into a new day
Not knowing what will happen,
But we must know
That today is another gift,
Another gift for us in our lives,
And this gift of another day
We must receive,
Receive it with gratitude
And make it beautiful,
A beautiful new day,
As each new day in our lives is special
And will lead us to the wonder of life.

Filthy Acrostic.

For the sake of all around
Undo the bad language from your mouth,
Control those words of filth that
Keep you in uncouth ways.

Making It Perfect.

And the wind blows
But I go on,
Walking into it.
The harder it blows
The more determined I become,
Nothing will push me back
I will always go forward in my life,
No obstacles will stop me.
And the harder it blows
The stronger I get
As I move ahead
Into this wonderful life that I have.
A life filled with beauty,
The beauty of Nature,
Filled with love,
Love for all.
I know the wind will stop blowing
And my life will be filled with calm,
Filled with calm and my love,
Making it perfect.

Rushing Waters.

I went down to My River
It's waters rushed by
Rushed by in waves of brown
The water from the hills
Coming into My River
Filling it to overflowing
The calmness removed
But I know that soon all will be well
As the water will run away
Leading My River into normality
It's clear green waters once more
Once more with me
Guiding me in my wonderful life
Until that day
That day when My River
And My Spirit become one
Taking us to eternity.

Bringing Us Closer Tanka.

She stands before me,
Her bright eyes shine into mine,
Our love is so strong,
Each day it grows much stronger,
Bringing us ever closer.

Struck Down.

On the tee they stood,
The man and the good priest,
To hit the ball round the course,
To see who could hit the least.

The man hit his ball,
And landed on the green,
The priest struck his too,
And broke the waters sheen.

The priest waded in the water,
And struck his ball to grass,
The man putted his ball,
But the hole it did pass.

The man just stood and swore,
"Sod it, missed the bugger" he uttered,
The priest just looked at him,
And "Do not swear!" he uttered.

The next hole was the same,
The man just missed the putt,
"Sod it, missed the bugger",
Every time he did tutt.

The priest then said,
"If your swearing doesn't cease
God will strike you down,
And take away your peace"

The last hole came at last,
And both were on the green,
The man missed the putt,

And was once more obscene.

Lightening flashed towards them,
The priest was looking smugger,
But the words he heard when he got struck,
Were "Sod it, missed the bugger!".

At One With Nature Once More.

Once more I step out onto the lawn,
Croquet mallet in my hand.
It had been a few weeks since I played,
The weather was so bad
The lawns needed protecting,
But came the day when work was done
And we prepared the lawns
For a new time to play,
And here I was hitting balls once more.
The wind was blowing hard
But it was dry.
The balls sailed across the lawn
Bringing joy to us all.
And then I stopped,
Stopped and looked around,
The beauty of Nature all around.
The green hills on the horizon,
The trees swaying all around the meadow.
The vast meadow of which we are part.
It was so wonderful to be at one,
At one with Nature once more.

Who's God.

I was asked the question
"Do I believe?"
I used to believe,
But no longer,
The christian god is a myth.
Where my wife prayed to him,
Prayed and sung his virtues
For ALL her long life
He just took her,
Took her into the realms of dementia.
No matter how I prayed
He just was not there,
Not there for her.
She was taken from me
And on that day I realised,
Realised that religion was a myth,
Organised religion was a myth.
So I renounced christianity
In that moment I became free.
It was as if a weight had been lifted,
Had been lifted from my shoulders.
I was free,
Free to worship My God and My Spirit,
No more untruths told to me,
Told to me by organised religion.
So now I can say I am free,
And may YOUR god go with you.

Singing In Love.

What was happening to me?
My life was so good,
So wonderful,
So wonderful that I was singing,
Singing to a song,
A song on the radio.
This happiness was unbelievable
And all because of her,
That new lady in my life.
Bringing a love to us both
That we just cannot understand,
Cannot understand how deep that love is,
Cannot understand the speed,
The speed that we fell,
Fell for each other.
A love so profound and so different,
Different from our previous loves
Leaving us so wonderfully happy
That there I am singing again,
Singing as I think of her,
And hear this song.

Starts Once More.

We live in this wonderful world
But so many do not see it,
See the wonders that are around us.
Are they blind!
Or are they greedy,
They want all for themselves,
Don't care of anybody else!
They fight each other
Creating hostility in our world.
Why do they fight?
What do they want?
They want more power!
Power to do what?
To have control over others!
But why?
If ever they get that power
Somebody will say no,
And the fighting starts once more!

One Of Two.

There I was in the Jazz Club
Listening to the band,
They were alright
But nothing hooked me,
Hooked me into the wonder of Jazz.
But all was fine
As there sitting next to me was my lover,
Knees pressing hard with each other.
I was quite happy,
As I had one of the two,
One of the two loves of my life.

Hooked.

Once more I stepped onto the croquet lawn,
But this time it was so different,
As there with me was my loved one,
I had brought her with me
To show her croquet,
My drug of choice.
She picked up a mallet
And I showed her how to hit the ball,
In a short while she was hitting well,
So we had a game.
Around the lawn we went
Putting the balls through the hoops.
Then we played against another pair
And we won.
We finished for the day
And on reaching home
She said
"That was good,
When can I go again!"
She was hooked,
Hooked on the game,
The game that had saved my life,
Saved my life when my loved one had been taken,
Been taken from me those years ago.

Symbols Of Music.

Looking at the music you see them written there,
What do they mean?
When 'pp' is seen quietness must be heard,
Then 'p' expects the music a little louder,
Where 'mp' is louder still but still quiet.
Then comes 'mf' where it becomes a normal sound
Raising to 'f' which is loud.
Up to 'ff' where loudness pervades all.
Without these signs music would fail,
And it's emotion would be unheard.

There is another way of interpreting them,
Where how loud they can be played
Is all that matters.
'pp' becomes 'pretty powerful',
'p' is just powerful,
'mp' is mighty powerful.
'mf', mighty forceful,
Drowns out all others.
'f' is forceful which is only slightly softer,
'ff' becomes fairly forceful,
Which only drowns some of the players.

Music can be interpreted
In so many ways,
But without its sounds
My life would miss
The glory that it brings to me.

Searching.

In our life we have many ways to live,
Some are sad,
Most are happy.
But sometimes we become stuck,
Stuck in a situation where we need help
And we start to search,
Search for that one person,
That one person who will change our life.
That person to do that is always with us.
To find that person you need to do one thing,
Just look in the mirror.

Space And Time.

In our life we have space,
In our life we have time,
They are always with us ,
How can we look at them
And make them better?
We can decorate space with art,
We can decorate time with music

Second Gift.

She came into my life,
I came into her life,
A life that is now so full,
So full of love
We do not like being away,
Away from each other.
Our love is so strong
We just do not understand,
Do not understand its power.
Each time we are with each other
We hold each other so hard,
And kiss each other with passion
A passion that surprises us,
A passion and love that gets stronger,
Gets stronger each time we are together.
Why has this happened,
Both being given this gift,
This second gift of love.

In The Game.

Our life is like a deck of cards,
We get dealt them at the start
And need to play those cards.
Sometimes you win and move on,
Sometimes you lose and fall back.
But always remember
No matter what happens to your cards
You are always in the game.

A Good Day On The Road

I always moan about them,
The idiots on the road,
But today was different,
Today the good drivers were out.
Drove at correct speeds,
Left sufficient gaps between each other,
Were polite to others,
Allowed others out with courtesy.
To cap it all
I saw the weirdest thing,
I saw the lone BMW,
The one that had an indicator fitted,
Fitted at the factory.
I almost stopped in shock,
I don't think I had seen that before,
A BMW indicating which way it was going!
I looked in my mirror
And there coming towards me
Was a Ferrari,
It could have flashed by me,
But no it stayed behind,
A reasonable distance behind.
So today was a good day,
A good day to be on the road.

New Life Together.

The new day was upon us,
There we were lying in bed
Chatting away quite happily,
Our love for each other shining
As we just talked of ordinary things
And the speed of our relationship.
It had gone from a cup of coffee
Into becoming partners,
Partners in our life.
That love between us so powerful
Showing us the way forward,
Knowing our life that will go on forever,
Forever in each other's arms,
And knowing that this new day will be good
As we know every day in our life together
Will be so very wonderful.

Total Success.

We all have them,
Those days where we feel bad,
Feel that we should not have got up
To endure such bad days.
But what you need to remember
Is that we all have those rough days,
And that to get where we are
We have achieved total success,
Total success in enduring those days
To get to this day today.
And that sounds pretty good,
Pretty good in my life.

More Wonderful.

I awake in dawn's early light
Knowing that today will be wonderful,
Knowing that she will be with me,
Be with me all day,
The love of my life will be with me.
Our love so strong between us,
So strong it is unbelievable.
Neither of us has ever felt like this,
Never felt like this in our long lives.
We ask ourselves why,
Why has this happened,
We had both had good marriages
To loving people who passed away,
They will never be forgotten
And were and will always be loved.
But this is so different,
The feelings we have for each other
We just do not understand.
But the love we have for each other
Just gets stronger each moment,
Each moment we are together.
So I know that my life has changed,
And every day will be more wonderful,
More wonderful than they always have been.

That Book.

There it was in front of me,
A book that I was going to read,
So I picked it up and into it I strode,
Now nobody can find me.

Schubert Starts The Day

I get up in the morning
Switch on the radio
And there plays the music
A magnificent piece
So tuneful and wonderful
A great start to my day
And the announcer then says
Says I all for me
"What better start to the day
Can we have by listening
Listening to Schubert

<https://youtu.be/s8TgwXRllwl>

Who Needs Perfection.

In our lives we seek perfection,
That perfection is so hard,
So hard to achieve.
But if, if you reached it
For what would you then aim?

In our lives we can be content,
We can be rich and happy,
Rich and happy with what we have,
What we already have.
So who needs perfection?

Love FIBS

Each
Day
I wake
In wonder
A new day in life
Where will it take me on this day
Into a glorious new world where love conquers all
With my lover close by my side
With love forever
Binding us
Into
True
Love.

Bridge Chatter.

For years we have been meeting,
Meeting once a month,
Playing bridge and chatting,
Chatting of many things,
The five of us playing bridge.
We have our normal break
Where cakes and wine are served,
And we chat even more.
I told my friends about my new love,
The new love in my life,
They were all so pleased.
Then came the question,
They all needed to know.
So Alan asked that question,
The most important question of all.
"Does she play croquet?"
My answer was prompt and meaningful,
"She does now!"

Les Mis Took Me.

There it was on the television,
The most memorable musical of all.
My wife and I saw it live
Many years ago,
The tears streamed from our eyes,
And the eyes of all around us.
Such powerful emotions came over us
As Les Misérables came to an end.
But here it was again,
The show was on television.
I sat on my own and watched it,
But I was not alone,
She was there.
My wife had returned to me,
Returned to me from her heaven.
The songs sought out my heart and mind.
I looked around the room and saw her,
Saw the photographs of my passed lover.
And the tears streamed again as I remembered,
Remembered that day she sang,
She sang that song at a concert.
Her voice filled the church
As she sang,
And once more her voice was there,
Singing that song,
Singing that song for me.

Time has moved on,
She was taken from me
But I have a new love,
A new love in my life,
But she will understand,
Understand that Joyce is here,

Still here for us both.
But that music took me back,
Back to a wondrous place,
Even if only for a moment,
A moment of wonder in my life.

Taunting Muse.

It can be so elusive sometimes,
But can come to you in such difficult times.
In the shower,
Driving the car,
In Church,
In the toilet,
At three in the morning.
That muse seems to taunt you
At all times.
And the moment you are free
To write your words
It is gone,
Until the next time,
When it cannot be used.

Darkness To Light.

In the darkness blessed are those
Those who see colour,
Those who give love,
Give love instead of hate,
And those who dance with life
When there is no music.
If only all were like this,
Just imagine,
Imagine how wonderful,
How wonderful life would be.
It would be such a beautiful world
If darkness was always light.

Moon Love.

I look out of my window
Into dawns early light,
And there before me it shone,
The moon shone on me,
It shone on my life.
All was good in my life
As I had got up this day.
Another day of wonder,
Wonder to be found
That I find in every day.

Each day I see her,
I see the new love,
The new love of my life.
Our love so strong
And getting stronger,
Stronger every moment,
Every moment we are together.
A love that we share
With such strength.
From where did that love come,
We just do not know.
But it is with us
And will always be with us.

And this day
I got up and the moon shone,
Shone on our love.

Peace Like My River.

I walk down to My River,
It is running so fast.
The green mirror that it was
Is a deep murky brown
Where the rain has persisted
And the earth from around
Has flowed into My River.
But I know,
I know all will be better soon
And the green waters
Will flow gently once more
Bringing peace and wonder to my life.

Why cannot the world be like this,
Be like My River.
The horror of war flowing red.
Where is the peace that was there,
And surrounded by the blue,
The blue of the beautiful sky
Bringing love and joy to all.
To all in our world.

Being Kind.

We can all help in our world
Every day we see people
People who are lost in life
Lost through no fault of their own
As we pass them
We ignore them
But just remember
That we can be kind people
And if we are kind to them
Kind to the downtrodden
It may help them to rise
It may help the world to rise
Ensuring that a simple act of kindness
May push them
And may push the world
In the right direction
Be kind to all
Being kind does not cost anything
But can mean so much to many.

Pain In The Proverbial.

There I was on the lawn
Hitting the croquet balls,
Going through the hoops,
Playing quite well.
I had a bit of a cough
But thought nothing of it,
When suddenly I felt weak
And started aching.
So I stopped playing
And my love and I went home.
We checked ourselves,
And there it was,
We both tested positive,
Positive for this flaming Covid.
So no more croquet for a while,
In fact no more anything for a while,
Until I am free from this bug.
It is a right pain in the proverbial!!

Life Reset.

As we go through life from childhood
We come to a place where we look back
And come to a conclusion
We need to reset our life.
If we do reset everything in adult life
Then it can be reset from the experience,
The experience that you have gained,
Have gained while getting older.

Am I A Romantic.

What is it about her?
Her words pull me into her world,
A world of romance and loss.
Every time I pick up her books
I am lost in her words.
Just a ten minute read
Turns into an hour.
I read her words every night,
And if I awake in the night
I read even more.
This wonderful author grips me,
Grips me by her writing
And I never tire of her.
I would never have read her
Back a few years ago
Where spies and adventures
Pulled me into those books.
But now I have changed,
Changed into what?
Maybe I have changed,
Changed into a romantic
In the evening of my life.

Don't Tell Anyone!

Well thanks to Covid
Spent the last three days sitting,
Just sitting and watching the tele,
No inclination for other things.
Just sitting and sleeping
In front of the tele.
But today was different,
I woke up to my old self,
I was raring to go.
But when I tell you what I did
Please don't tell anyone,
It is a job on my list
That has been there,
Been there for some while,
And I have always said
"Tomorrow will do!"
Well tomorrow came to day.
I mowed the lawn!
"SHHH, don't tell anyone!"
There they were all cut,
And there was me all worn out,
But I had completed that item,
That item on my list.

Even worse than that though,
After a cuppa and a rest
I did some ironing!
"SHHH, don't tell anyone!"

Back Together.

How have we managed,
Managed to keep apart,
Keep apart for three days.
The love between us so strong,
We want to be with each other,
Be with each other all the time.
But we had to stay apart,
Stay apart from each other
All because of Covid,
This so annoying disease.
It has kept our bodies apart
But our love has got stronger,
So much stronger in our hearts,
In our hearts and minds.
But today will be different,
We cannot stand it,
Cannot stand to be apart,
To be apart anymore.
So very soon it will happen
And she will be in my arms again,
And I will be in hers.
The strength of our love will shine,
Shine above us,
As once more we are together,
Together in body
As well as together in Spirit.
Our Spirit joined once more,
As it will be,
Will be for eternity.

Accept Truth.

Sometimes you have a problem,
Try as you might
You find no solution.
It's probably not a problem,
Not a problem to be solved,
But a truth to be accepted.

The Eruption Of Spring.

I walk around the lake in awe,
New life is erupting,
Erupting all around me.
The buds on the bushes appearing,
Some showing new leaves
As the wonder of Spring is here,
Showing that new life is coming,
Coming into my world,
Coming into our world.
Each day brings new life,
Showing that nature can survive
The cold wintertime,
And bring such joy to us all.

Sailing With Love.

That love you give to me is so strong,
That love I give to you is equally strong.
Our love will be as one
As we sail through our lives
With each other at our sides forever.

To The Top Of The Hill.

The hill is before me,
The hill that I have been climbing,
Climbing all my long life.
I sit down and look back,
Back at the trail I have climbed
And all along that trail I see beauty,
The beauty that has been my life.
I see some minor drops
Where I have struggled to climb,
But they are so few
As my life has been so wonderful
And I have reached the place,
The place where I am thanks to many things.
The glory of music has always been with me,
Nature's artwork was forever around me,
Good friends and family with me all the time.
My wife was at my side for over half the journey
And we had glorious times together on our journey.
She passed over the top of her hill,
But I kept climbing mine.
As I sit here now a new life is mine,
And I will climb to the top of the hill
Together with a new lady in my life.
We have a love that will keep us going,
Going up that hill to the top
And we will sail into the future together.

World Piano Day.

There they sit in front of me,
Eighty eight of them.
Some coloured white,
Some coloured black.
I press one of them
And a note is struck,
I press a different one
Another note sounds.
If I press them in a good order
A tune is played,
If I play them in a bad order
Rubbish is heard.
So I need to get it right,
To get the melody right
As I sit in front of this instrument,
On 'World Piano Day'.

Mary Had A Little Lamb 16.

Mary had a great big ram,
It was big and fit and randy,
She held him tightly on a lead,
His name was of course Andy.

Gutter Gardening.

Bang!
Want was that?
Thud!
Another one!
And again.
Into the conservatory I go
And look up.
There in the roof gutter
A blackbird is gardening.
Thud!
There it goes again,
As he removes moss
From the gutter.
And drops it
Onto the glass roof.
There is now so much there
I can barely see out
The conservatory roof!
Don't you just love nature!

Where I Need To Be.

We all lead different lives,
Go our own ways.
When that journey starts
We have no idea where it will lead.
Sometimes it leads to sadness,
But more often it leads to happiness.
I know that in my life
I may not have gone where I intended,
But I know that I have arrived
To that place where I need to be.

Another Wonderful Day,

I sit here with words in my mind,
With music coming into my ears,
A new day has started in my life.
Of the many new days I have had
This is a special one
As once more I am looking out,
Looking out into a new day,
A new day in my life.
Every new day is so special
As I am still here,
Still here with words in my mind,
And music in my ears.
Another wonderful day.

Four Seasons In A Day.

I walk onto the lawn in glorious sunshine,
There is warmth in the air.
I strike my first ball and it ends in a good place,
I hit it for a second time
Through the hoop it goes.
The sun continues to shine,
Off goes my coat in this warmth about me,
I play this game with pleasure.

The dark clouds start to gather,
It gets much colder,
On goes my coat.
The rain starts to fall
But still I play this game,
The rain turns to hail
And still I play.
The clouds pass by
The sun shines once more,
It gets warm once more,
So off comes the coat.

Here we are playing our game
No matter what the weather does,
It is a typical day of English weather,
Four seasons in one day!

Ageless Love.

As we kiss each other goodbye,
The tears seem to well up.
We are only parting for a short while,
Less than a day,
But our love is so strong
That even a few minutes apart
Is so hard to overcome.
We came into each other's lives
And all is so wonderful,
Each time we are together
Our love gets stronger each moment.
We just do not understand it,
At our age to fall for each other,
Fall for each other so strongly.
Why should it be this way?
Why is our love so very strong,
So strong at our age?
We now look at ourselves and know,
And know that age does not matter
When love pulls us together.

We are two old fogies,
Two old fogies in love.

Escape to the Dark.

Why are you only there in the light?
Do I have to stay in the dark to escape
Your menacing presence?
Or are you a menace?
So silently you travel with me,
But darkness kills you.
You don't seem to harm me,
Or want to hurt me in any way.
As the light intensifies you become darker,
But as soon as the light is gone
You disappear as if a shadow.

Differing Words.

The blank page sits in front of me,
The words in my mind drop onto it
And create something for others to read.
It may be good,
It may be bad,
But those words have left my mind
Clearing it for others to come.
They may be words of happiness,
They may be words of sadness,
But each time the page is filled
The words will be different,
Different from the words once written.

Our Undying Love.

She stands there before me
Her eyes shining into mine,
My eyes seeing the love she has,
The love she has for me.
She looks into my eyes
And sees the love I have,
The love I have for her.
That love for each other is so strong
Its boundless rapture pulling us,
Pulling our minds and life together
Into a love so strong,
A love increasing each moment.

How has this happened?
We just do not understand.
We had our separate lives,
Happy in our ways,
But then it happened.
We just chatted and it was there,
This feeling between us
That was pulling at our hearts.
We felt we needed each other
And each new day that arises
That feeling increases.
It has become the love,
The love in our lives,
The love for each other,
A love that will never die
And will only grow stronger.

Acceptance In Life.

We often struggle in our lives,
We often aim for places to go
That can be so difficult to achieve.
But when we look at our lives
We find we have achieved so much,
So much in our lives.
We must accept where we are
And that acceptance of where we are
Is so important in our lives,
As that acceptance takes us to a place,
A place of peace within ourselves.

Hey - Hey Rise Up,

It brought tears to my eyes,
Pink Floyd were back,
Back for a reason.
Ukraine had moved them
As it has moved me.
A song had to be written,
Written and recorded,
Showing this world
That Ukraine is alive
Despite the ravages of war.
I listened to the song,
Read the words
And the tears streamed,
Streamed from my heart.
They will rise from the war,
And peace will come,
Come to them all,
As Pink Floyd sing,
Sing Hey ? Hey Rise Up.

Translation of the song on the video.

*In the meadow a red viburnum has bent down low
Our glorious Ukraine has been troubled so
And we'll take that red viburnum and we will raise it up
And we, our glorious Ukraine shall, hey ? hey, rise up ? and rejoice!
And we'll take that red viburnum and we will raise it up
And we, our glorious Ukraine shall, hey ? hey, rise up and rejoice!*

Written by David Gilmour, Andriy Khlyvnyuk and Stepan Charnetskii

William Who?

Oh no! Not him again! The despair descends on the class
As the teacher tells us, "Get out your Shakespeare."
We call him Bill Waggadagga, trying to make light of it;
But he is not funny, to our immature minds.

What will it be today?
Alas poor Yorick, I knew him well,
Friends, Romans, Countrymen, or,
Once more unto the breech.

Not that it really matters, why can't we have modern works,
Ones that we understand, ones that mean something
To our immature minds
We don't understand these strange words!

The teacher seems to want a pound of flesh,
I would willingly pay just to miss, this
Incomprehensible drivel,
Being fed to us with a big shovel.

We're told he is important in English Literature
Why, if we don't know what it means?
How can we appreciate it, at a time when,
We are not remotely interested

I wonder how many people, out there,
Do not know, or wish to know, about Shakespeare
Because they were force fed, his uncomprehended words at school.
I know that I am one!

Shining Love.

Another year gone in her life,
But what an end to that year.
That love that we have
Is so very strong for each other.
In so little time that love has exploded
Into feelings for each other
That we just do not understand.
We cannot be apart,
Leaving each other
Even for a moment
Is so hard to bear.
When we meet it is so glorious,
Holding each in our arms,
We just do not want to let go.
Forever we will be together
As our lives join into one,
Never apart again
As our love shines,
Shines all around us.

Strange Friend.

Each day you see them
And maybe wonder about them.
Are they good?
Or are they bad?
You may just walk passed them
Not knowing who they are.
But those people are all around you,
Strangers?
You wonder who they are,
But strangers are friends,
Friends that you haven't met yet.

Full English.

There we were in a wonderful hotel
Enjoying our time together
Away from the normality of homelife
Everything being done for us
We went for a walk along the beach
So long since I have been near the sea
It was wonderful walking by the sea
Walking by the sea with my lover
Back to the hotel we came
Rested for a while until dinner
We came down to the restaurant
A wonderful waitress looked after us
Looked after all our needs
Such a wonderful meal was served
And a glass of wine to satisfy us
We ate in such a relaxed way
We looked at each other across the table
Our love shining like a beacon
Into the lounge we went to have coffee
And to be entertained by a wonderful singer
The time shot by
Up to our room we went
Kissed goodnight and we slept
Slept at peace with ourselves
And so very relaxed
A wonderful day had passed
We awoke at dawn's early light
Looked out of the window
At the sea outside our balcony
I went out on the balcony
Coffee in my hand and just stood
Stood feeling the air from the sea

The air from the sea cleansing me
Such a wonderful feeling

We got ourselves ready
And went down for breakfast
It had to be full English of course
And there it was in front of me
Fried eggs, bacon sausages
Fired tomatoes, mushrooms, baked beans
BUT!
SUCH A BIG BUT!
WHERE WAS THE BLACK PUDDING
IT CANNOT BE A FULL ENGLISH
WITHOUT THE BLACK PUDDING!
WHERE WAS THE BLACK PUDIING!!!!!!

Stronger Love.

There we were together,
Just the two of us.
People around us,
But just acquaintances.
We had nothing to do
Except what WE wanted to do.
We had our meals cooked,
Our room looked after.
Such a wonderful time
Just for us.
Our love grew even more
Though it seemed impossible,
Impossible to us
As our love was so strong
And will always be that way.

Kitty.

I was walking along the harbour wall
And there she was before me,
Kitty was there,
But she did not look like the Kitty I knew,
The Kitty I knew from her poems.
This one was old and worn,
It had been around for so long.
Always going in and out,
Helping others to come the right way.
Its black bottom was weathered,
The ropes tying it up were slack,
Slack and worn,
Some heaped on top of her
Waiting to be used to tie her up,
Tie her up and trap her,
Trap her and pull her into herself,
And pull her towards others.
I continued walking and the thoughts came
I would never imagine Kitty in the same way,
Never imagine her in the same way again,
Despite the words that she wrote.

Aged Tree.

As we walked in the park
An aged tree was before us
The trunk so wide
And trunk like branches
Growing in so many ways.
It was so old that I wanted to know,
To know what joys it had seen,
It had seen in its long life.
The people who had walked passed
And admired its rugged beauty.
Some may have stopped
And admired it,
Couples may have kissed under it
And made their vows.
We stopped and looked at it,
Looked at it in wonder,
At the beauty of its age.
We eventually walked on passed
But the memory of that tree
Will be with us forever
As our love climbed its branches.

Live Life. FIBS.

I
Wake
In dawns
Early light
My new day awaits
The glory of another day
Another new day in my wonderful lovelorn life
A brand new life given to me
As age increases
All is fine
As I
Live
Life.

Stopped By Music.

Yet again it has happened!
There I was reading poetry,
When this sound surrounded me!
I stopped reading and listened,
The glory of a choir singing,
The sound so angelic,
I had to listen.
This sound, so emotive
Pulled at My Spirit.
Once more I conclude,
That for me,
Music is the gift of joy.
It can pull me into its wonder,
No matter where my mind is.
Music is my life.

New Life With Nature.

I walk the path through the green,
The wonderful green swards of the meadow.
There ahead of me is the wood
Where the green of the leaves are seen.
The new life of Spring is here
And I walk amongst its glory,
The yellows of new life are seen
As the new flowers clothe the ground
Bringing new life into my world.
As I walk along this woodland path
The birds sing in the trees,
Their songs so intense
As they search for new life's creation
Bringing their future into my life.
I come to the lake and sit,
Sit at its side.
The ripples of fish rising expand
And show me that life always grows,
Grows to and end.
As the ripples fade the bigger they get,
But new life is always there
And will always show me the way,
The way to live this life,
My wonderful life.

Touching Ways.

We all have our ways in life,
Ways of showing others the way,
The way to lead their lives.
But there is only one way to be,
Be an encourager and scatter sunshine,
Sunshine and smiles.
You never know whose life you may touch,
Touch with something so simple,
So simple as a kind word or a smile
That leads them to a better life.

My YOUNGER Brother.

Well today's the day,
The day when my younger brother reaches a milestone,
A milestone in his life,
His three score years and ten is today.
Throughout the years we have been blessed,
Blessed with love for each other.
We may not show it
But it has always been there,
Even if we do not admit it.

Our competitive nature was shown
In the racket sports we played,
Played in our younger days.
He could beat me at squash.
I could beat him at badminton.
But tennis was the game.
Both equally matched
We just would not give in,
So after two hours on the court
We would crawl off
And collapse by its side.

Now we do not play any more
But we chat about our lives
And our things that are important,
We talk about them every time.
The first is wine.
We both enjoy our wine
And have drunk the odd glass together.
We both cook and talk about our creations.
When we cook for each other
We ensure that it is the best meal.
The best meal we can create.

Create for each other.
The final two are our loves.
He plays golf,
I play croquet,
And we speak for hours about them,
About how well we are playing.

Well he has reached seventy
And the thing that I like to say
Is that I do have some grey hairs,
But I have fewer grey hairs than him,
Him, my YOUNGER brother.

My Sunset Sky.

Having had a good long life
I can look back and see the wonder,
The wonder of all the good times.
At the age I now am
I find that clouds come floating,
Floating into my life occasionally.
But they no longer carry rain,
Or usher in storms,
They add colour to my sunset sky.

Deep Love Tanka.

Our love is so strong,
We don't know how it happened.
It was very swift,
A love that has become deep,
So very deep between us.

Good Life Senryu.

The sun arises,
Another day is with me.
All my life is good.

Pedantry Limerick.

A pedant called Andy was I
Who just couldn't let it pass by
The scan was all wrong
In this lim'rick long
So this verse I must now decry

What Memory?

There I was singing away
Singing the songs from my youth
I knew all the words,
I always remember them
And sang them with joy.
As I walked into the kitchen
I stood there wondering,
Wondering why,
Why I had come into the kitchen.
The memory had failed again.

Children's Moments.

We were sitting in the coffee house,
My wife and I, drinking and chatting,
Something we do two of three times a week.
Looking out the window, into the garden centre,
We saw him, this very young boy
Holding onto to his Granddads hand.
Running and jumping in the rain,
Just a tee shirt, shorts,
And black wellies.
The laughter on his face was a joy,
Lost in absolute enjoyment of the moment.
Moments later came a little girl,
Following her Mum.
The girl had yellow wellies,
And was holding a large umbrella over her,
But the look on her face seemed to say,
I really don't want to be here.
To me this summed up life;
Some enjoy each moment as it happens,
Others see no pleasure in the moment
And want to move on,
Move on to what?
Each moment in our lives is special,
Enjoy each and every one of them.

But The Wine Was Better.

Off to the Jazz Club we went
As we do every month,
The quartet came on stage,
All five of them.
Five is not a quartet you say,
But there was one extra,
A man with long hair and long beard
Standing in front of his instrument,
A vibraphone.
They started playing,
Piano, guitar, bass and drums,
And the vibraphone.
A wonderful evening of jazz
And the vibraphone player
Was outstanding,
But the best part,
The part that enthralled me
Was his name,
A name that brought a taste,
A taste to my mind
And a drink to my mouth.
His name was Beaujolais,
Roger Beaujolais.
The jazz was good
But the wine was better.

New Wonder In Life.

All are so glad for us,
Everyone we tell smiles
And are so pleased for us.
The love we have between us
Is so very strong,
It shines from us as we walk,
Walk hand in hand.
People, strangers, see us
And they all smile at us,
This love is here
And must have a physical presence
Oozing from us for others to see.
We look into each other's eyes
And see straight into each other's hearts
That show the love,
The so strong love that we have,
We have for each other.
We just do not understand,
Do not understand from where it came.
We both had our loves in the past
And they both passed leaving us,
Leaving us alone,
Until that day when I asked her,
Asked her out for coffee
And our love sparked,
Sparked for each other.
And now we look forward,
Look forward to our lives together,
Together as one,
Not longer alone in our lives,
Our wonderful lives.

Pictures At An Exhibition.

The Hartman works on canvas, hardly known to art
But known to music, with sounds so profound and wonderful.
You go on the journey through the sounds
That come to your ears

The Promenade through the Academy of St Petersburg
Showing Viktor's works assembled
As a tribute to the young artist,
Taken from us before his time.

Stopping at The Gnome, running clumsily,
His legs at odds with his body;
He stops when he hears the Troubadour
Playing before The Old Castle

The Promenade continues on to
The Gardens of the Tuileries
Where children play
To sounds so sublime that are formed in your mind

The sound of the Cattle in the distance
Come to you from the sounds from the orchestra
Then BANG! The sounds and the Cattle stop nearby
Only to move on to the sound dying away

The Promenade moves to the Ballet
And there performing on stage
Are Unhatched Chicks to Petipa's steps
And Gerber's music

The Canaries hatch, while watching from their frame
Are Goldenburg and Schmuyle.
But now written in music, as well as cast in paint.

The sound meanders along the floor

Until it reaches The Market at Limoges,
Where women are violently quarrelling.
So scuttling away through the Catacombs
Lit by the light of the lamp in hand.

Suddenly the witch is seen in her Hut on Fowl's Legs,
Baba Yaga! A horrendous sight with her teeth of metal,
long nose and spindly, skinny legs.
The music dies away from this awful place

The Promenade is ending and at the door
The Gates of Kiev, in all their splendour
Give a sound so uplifting, as once more
Mussorgsky moves back to his piano;
To compose "Pictures at an Exhibition".

Helping Others Is Special.

Into my lovers flat I go,
A flat of many in the building,
All there for those who are retired.
The people now greet me,
Greet me as part of the throng.
I go to quiz nights,
I even go to bingo when I can.
Now they are preparing,
Preparing for the Jubilee,
The Jubilee for the Queen.
They wanted a poster,
A poster to advertise the party.
I said I could prepare one,
That was it!
I have become part of the community
As I have now been told
I am an honorary member,
An honorary member of the house,
And will be asked to do more,
Do more for the community,
Which of course I will
With happiness in my heart,
As helping others is special.

Spring To Life.

I wander amongst the long grass,
Its greenery interspersed with flowers.
The white and yellow daises flourish,
The yellow of dandelions shining.
The wonder of nature fills my life.
I see the bushes spreading their twigs,
Some filled with buds
Showing the new life that Spring brings.
I look around and see Natures wonder
And the thought comes to me
As I stand in my garden,
I really must cut the grass!

Music Is My Life Once More.

Why does it happen to me?
I sit reading poetry from others,
Listening to music
When it happens,
A piece of music plays
And stops me in my tracks.
This piece I have heard,
Heard so many times
But this morning it pulled,
Pulled at my heartstrings,
Bringing tears to my eyes.
Such a great piece of music
That pulled me into its depths
And into the composer's heart.
Music does this to me
And has done it all my long life,
I just cannot imagine life without it,
Life without music is unthinkable
And this piece brought it home to me,
Brought home how wonderful music is,
How wonderful music is in my life.

Expensive Liquid.

There are times when we get hurt,
Or we may hurt somebody,
Tears may come to us,
To them.
But remember each tear is expensive,
The most expensive liquid ever known,
As only one percent of it is liquid,
But ninety nine percent are feelings.
So remember this before you hurt somebody,
And hope that they know
Before they hurt you.

Croquet and Nature.

Once more I stood on the lawn
Croquet mallet in my hands.
I stood and looked,
Looked all around
And there surrounding me was green,
The green of Nature's wonder,
The green of the meadows,
Trees with their new leaves,
And the flowers of early spring.
At the edge of one field I saw two birds,
Two partridges running towards the edge
And into the long grass to hide.
One field had jackdaws on it,
So many of them pecking and walking,
Walking the green sward.
I then looked up,
Looked up to the blue spring sky.
A buzzard sailed serenely above me,
And above the buzzard there was another bird,
This one a red kite flying elegantly in the sky.
Once more I stood on the lawn
Croquet mallet in my hands
Surrounded by the absolute wonder,
The absolute wonder of Nature's glory.

We Do Not Understand.

We just do not understand.
Our love is so deep for each other
We cannot bear to be apart,
Even for a moment.
Each of those moments we are together
Is so very special,
And each moment our love grows stronger.
We still cannot believe that love of ours,
That love for each other came so quickly,
We were not looking for it.
We had lost our loved ones
And had moved on to accept,
Accept that they were the loves,
The loves of our loves now passed.
But this love we have is so different,
And so very, very strong.
We just do not understand.

Why Do I Smile?

Why do I smile?
I smile because in my long life
I am still here,
I have survived.
All the world has thrown at me
I have survived,
And I smile.
When I was knocked down in my life
I got back up and moved on,
Moved on in my life.
I have survived,
And I smile,
And I smile,
And I smile.

Morning To Night.

I awake from the night
Into the new dawn
And they are there,
There for me,
The birds singing,
Singing for me.
The robin starts the song
Swiftly followed by the blackbird,
Natures symphony has started,
It's music starting my new day
In such a wonderful way.
That chorus gets stronger every minute,
Every minute of the day.
And as I lay me down to sleep
It fades away into the night,
The blackbird stops
Then the robin says goodnight,
Goodnight to me.

Thank You Please.

Please and thank you,
Such easy words to say
But hearing them from others
Is becoming so rare,
So rare in these modern times.
They do not cost anything
But can mean so much,
So much to others.
So as I write these words
I write them for you all
And say my thank you,
Thank you to you all
For reading them.

Rising In Love.

I wake in dawns early light
And there she is beside me,
The love of my life lays there,
A smile on her face.
Her eyes open and look into mine,
I put my arms around her
And pull her naked body to me,
Kiss her gently on the lips.
Our new day has started
Knowing that our love will last,
Will last forever.
The kiss intensifies
And I pull her harder to me,
Trying to make our bodies one.
I stroke her soft smooth skin,
Stroke it all over.
Our love increases with every stroke
And with every minute.
The kissing gets stronger
And then it happens,
That wonder that comes to us,
Comes to us every morning,
Every morning we are together.
We know it will happen,
Its strength is so powerful,
That I rise becoming so demanding,
So demanding in my love,
That it happens.
I get up,
Go downstairs,
And make a cup of tea,
The first important cup of the day.

Life From Rain Haiku.

The rain falls gently
Bringing green back to the land
After these dry times.

I Am Behind You.

I walk the streets in the evening
As day turns into night.
I hide in the shadows
Hoping nobody sees me
As I trail people,
Following them along their paths,
Their paths into darkness.
Most just walk on into their lives,
So I walk on as well
Seeking others.
I am with you all the time
But you just do not realise,
Do not that I am with you.
The time will come when
When you need me
And I will be there,
Be there for you.
You just cannot escape me
No matter how old you become,
I will catch up with you
And you know that I will be there,
Be there throughout your life
And you will be mine in time.
People often ask the question
"Death where is you sting?"
I can answer that question,
"I am behind you!"

Chet Is There.

I look up into the night sky,
The moon looks down on me,
Its wonder and beauty there for me,
For me to enjoy with love.
I look passed it and see a star,
A star so full of wonder.
As I look at it I hear music,
A trumpet sounds
Blowing a sweet melancholic sound
That goes straight to my heart.
I then know he is there,
The star I am looking at is his.
He brings so much joy to me
When I listen to him.
He is no longer with us,
No longer on this earth
But I know he is there
As I look at his star in the sky
And his sound echoes within me.
I know that he will be with me,
Be with me all my life,
Chet will always be with me.

Bag O' Pipes.

They found this pipe
Put holes in it and blew,
A strange sound came out!
They fixed it to a cotton bag
And the air in the bag
Flowed through the pipe,
The strange noise sounded.
Tubes were put on the bag,
Tubes of different sizes
To let the air out,
Making different sounds.
Another pipe was put in
And air was blown in
To fill out the bag,
And as the bag was squeezed
The sound came out from the tubes,
Such a very strange sound
From this bag o' pipes,
This bag o' pipes invented,
Invented by the Irish.
The Irish did not like them,
Did not like the sound,
So they gave them to the Scots.
And the Scots have not yet seen it,
Not yet seen the joke,
The joke the Irish played,
The Irish played on the Scots.

Fur Elise Again.

I sit at my computer
And it happens once more,
A piece of music is played,
A piece that I know,
I know so well,
I have even played it,
Played it on the piano
Back in my youthful days.
But why is it,
Why is it today
That I have to stop,
Just stop and listen.
The music drags me in,
Drags me into its wonder.
I just stop and listen
And so many memories come,
Come back from my childhood.
Watching my dad play,
Play the piano.
My Dad the one who brought music,
Brought music into my life.
All types of music he listened to
And I have become him,
Become him in my love,
My love of music.
These wonderful memories,
Of one of Nature's gentlemen
Bringing such glory to my life.
He passed many years ago
But I see him every day,
Every day as I look in the mirror.
Such beautiful memories came back,
Came back this day

All because of Beethoven,
All because of Beethoven's feelings,
Feelings for Elise.

No Croquet Today.

I rise in dawns early light
And I hear it,
I hear the rain coming down,
The rain falling from the grey sky
Bring water to our land.
It gets louder as more rain comes,
Then quieter as it eases,
Eases into drizzle,
But does not stop.
This means so much
As the dry earth can be renewed,
But to me it means so much,
So much more.
As if it keeps raining,
There will be no croquet,
No croquet today!

Haiku To Senryu.

The birds greet my dawn,
Its early light shines on me
As I hear nature.

The new day is here,
My love for her gets stronger
Each day I arise.

Such Beauty Is Ours.

I walk by My River in dawn's early light,
The sun has risen and shines on me
And shines on My River
Reflecting the beauty of Nature
That grows by its side.
The joy of this natural world
Is mine as I walk in harmony,
In harmony with My River.
My life is so wonderful,
I have My River,
I have My Music,
But best of all I have a new love,
A new love in my life.
My lady is so wonderful
And together we are one
And will forever be together.
She is with me in my heart
And we will walk along together
Enjoying Our River as we walk,
Walk with Natures glory
That brings so much beauty to us,
So much beauty in our lives.

Wordiku Eight.

Intimidating

Decriminalization,

Abominable.

Bouncy Clouds.

There they were at the top of the building
Looking down on the city obscured by clouds.
One looked down and said "Those Clouds look so solid,
As though you could bounce on them".
"Surely not" said another, "You'd just fall through".
"I'll try it" said the first,
So off he jumped, he hit the cloud
And bounce straight back.
"Wow!" said the second, "I don't believe that!"
So the first jumped off once more,
And bounced back again.
The second said "I must try that!"
So he jumps off the building
And passes straight through the cloud,
To meet his death on the path below.
The third man turned to the first and said
"You can be a right swine sometimes, Superman!"

Together Forever More.

The new day is with me,
It will be a wonderful day,
My lover is with me,
The lady who came to me,
Came to me so swiftly.
We were both happy,
Happy in our own lives
And then it happened.
Like two magnets pulling,
Pulling each other together,
And the nearer we got
The more powerful it became.
The power of our love
Surprised us,
And each day it gets stronger.
A love so true,
So true it will never die
And we will be together,
Together forever more.

To The End

In our lives we move forward,
Move forward to reach a goal,
Sometimes it is easy,
But many times it is hard.
But we must keep moving,
Keep moving forward
As we know we will reach those goals
And all will be right in the end.
If we feel we are not reaching the end
We must keep moving forward,
As if it does not feel right
It is not yet the end.
The end is there for us
And at that time we will know,
Know that we have lived our lives,
Lived our lives to the end,
The end that was there for us,
There for us from the beginning,
The beginning of our wonderful lives.

Shadows Of Love.

We walk together along the path,
The path of life and they are always there.
They are in front of us,
Or behind us all the time,
All the time the sun shines,
Shines on as we walk,
Walk the path of our life,
Our life together.
They are always there
Always with us and always will be,
As our shadows stay,
Stay with us showing,
Showing us together,
Together in our world,
Our world of love.

The Code Of Delight.

The dots glare at me from the page.
Up and down they go,
On or between the lines.
Sometimes the dots give way to circles,
Most have tails, clinging to the lines.
What is the code
That these varying marks
Are trying to show me?
They weave in seemingly endless patterns,
Sometimes jumping high,
Or falling low.
They are compelling to view,
But what do they mean?

They can show the beauty in life
That skilled interpreters can give them,
When interpreted with passion.
All emotions can be shown
From these dots on a page.
Anger, calm, peace and love,
Abound in the interpretation,
Of the code of music,
The code of delight.

Winner In Life.

I look back along the path,
The path of my life.
There are ups and downs
But I have reached a place,
A place of peace and love
Where I can look back and realise
That I am in a good place,
Knowing that I am a winner,
A winner in my life.

Another New Day.

The new day starts,
A day which will bring such delight,
Such delight to me.
I know this as I am still here,
I got up this morning
So all is well
And my life continues,
Continues for another day,
Knowing that there will be
So many more to come.

Just remember that every day,
Every day in your life is special.
Remember them as I do
As they will not come again,
But there will be another new day,
Another new day tomorrow.

Naked Times.

I walk into the bedroom,
She is laying there
Her clothes loosely on her.
I walk over and pull her clothes off,
And feel the softness of her
As I stroke her with my hands.
I stand and slowly undress
Until I am naked.
I stand there before her just waiting,
Waiting to get in her.
I lay on her,
My bare skin touching her.
I pull up the clothes over me
And am within her at last,
Falling asleep so quickly.
My bed is so comfortable.

Examining the Status Quo.

Rossi, Parfitt, Brown and Edwards,
Sang of those Pictures,
Pictures of Matchstick Men,
While I was sitting in *My Chair,*
Sailing my *Paper Plane,*
Across the way to *Caroline.*
I was with them when they went *Down down,*
When *Rockin' All Over The World,*
Again And Again.
Making us *Rock 'til You Drop,*
With *Whatever You Want.*
Their music is still with us,
With me.
Whenever I hear their music start
I know exactly what I am going to get,
And a smile comes upon my face.
My head starts bouncing,
My feet start moving,
And takes me back to younger days,
Where I hoped that their rocking,
Don't Stop.

Be Positive In Life.

When we look at a river
It always goes one way,
It always goes forward.

When we look at ourselves
We can look both ways,
Forwards and backwards.

We should be like a river,
Forget the past in our lives
And always look to the future.

The future is there for us,
There for us to enjoy,
So always be positive in life.

Walking To Infinity.

I look out into the world and see it,
See new life all around me.
The newly born flowers of spring
Flowering into summer.
The young birds being fed
As they enter into their new world.
The beauty of new life is all around
And brings so much joy to me,
So much joy to my life
As I walk through my world,
My wonderful world
With my lover by my side,
Walking into our future,
Our future blessed life as one.
As we walk to infinity,
And beyond.

Sitting With Natures Realm.

I sit on the ground
My back against the old oak tree
Looking out to the world.
That tree has seen change
Over the many years of its life/
As I lean against the tree
I feel its memory in me.
The wonderful things
That it has seen and heard
Over its many years.
The wonder of nature
Changing every season,
The new life in Spring,
The old life in winter.
Many people have touched it
And sat beneath its boughs,
Many of them kissing
Showing their love,
And sometimes hate.
But the tree has heard
And seen it all.
As I sit touching it
Peace comes over me
As it shows me my life,
My life is so good,
And I become one with it
Loving the world we are in
Amongst the glory of Nature's realm.

New Life To Come.

She sits on her nest most of the day,
Occasionally he comes by and sits there
While she goes off,
But she does not go for long.
The eggs are there being loved
Loved more by her than by him.
We watch them time after time,
Awaiting that time
When new life comes into our world,
And the new chicks come out
To explore their new exciting world.

My Life Of Music.

What an evening!
And evening of such wonderful music,
Music from the songbook,
The American songbook.
The whole theatre was smiling,
Tapping their feet,
Dancing the Lindy Hop.
The music pulled at us all,
Pulled us into the wonder,
The wonder of this music.
Heads and shoulders were swinging,
Swinging to the beat,
The beat of the music.
Such a wonderful evening
And made even better by him,
A singer so very wonderful
Bringing joy to my heart
As he sang those songs,
Those songs I knew,
I knew so well.
The evening took me back,
Back to those days with my Dad
As we would listen together
To the wonderful music
That has been brought,
Brought into my life,
My wonderful life of music.

Life Is Wonderful Tanka.

I look all around,
The vast beauty of Nature
Brings wonder to me,
The green and gold pull to me
Showing life is wonderful.

Why Does It Happen?

Why does it happen?
Every time I wash them
It happens.
I wash them regularly
But it happens every time.
I wear them regularly
And they need washing,
But every time I wash them,
Wash my short-sleeved shirts
The arms always come inside out.
Why does it happen!

Money Greed.

So many people want money,
It is the most important thing in their life!
But in gaining their riches
Without a thought for others
They are destroying our world
And one day they will realise
That when all the trees have been felled,
All the animals killed,
The water is full of pollution,
And the air is unsafe to breathe,
They will then come to realise,
That you cannot eat money.

Emotive Art.

I walk around the gallery
The works of art so wonderful
And so different in their way.
Some pictures are obvious
And I can see exactly what they mean,
But many seem so strange
Just an image of colours
Pulling me into its wonder.
Trying to see what it means is hard
But what it gives me is a feeling,
A feeling that art is not for understanding,
Art is for creating an emotion,
An emotion within me.

Came The Days.

Came that day,
The day of your birth.
You cried to show all,
Show all that you were alive
And the world rejoiced,
Rejoiced at your birth.

In your life you gave all,
Gave all to help others.
And they loved you so much
That when you died
The world cried,
But you rejoiced.

Importance In Life.

In our lives we must move forward,
Move forward in a good way.
To move this way we need four words,
Love, that is for all and everything
That comes into our lives.
Honesty, to show others
That we will not deceive them.
Truth, showing lies are never there
To those that are around us.
And finally respect,
The respect that we show,
Show to others in our world.

So to all around me
Remember these four important words,
These four important words in life.
Love, honesty, truth and respect,
As without these in your life
You have nothing.

Four Together.

We sit by each other's side
Arms around each other
And we chat,
We chat about times passed.
I talk of my Joyce,
She talks of her Dave,
Each of us married,
Married to them for many years,
Both now passed on.
We have found a new life,
A new life of love for each other
An undying love that is so strong,
But our passed lovers are still there,
Are still there with us.
We know they will be pleased for us,
Pleased that we have found each other
With a love so full of wonder.
I know that when we pass we will meet,
The four of us will meet
And be together for eternity.

Three For A Girl.

As I drove down the road,
A small country road
There were three of them,
Three of them on the road.
And then I knew,
I knew what the baby would be,
The new life entering this world
Would be a girl.
The magpies had told me,
One for sorrow,
One for joy,
Three for a girl,
And sure enough
The baby came,
And it was a girl,
A new born baby girl
With a wonderful life ahead,
Ahead of her,
The magpies had told me.

*One for sorrow,
Two for joy,
Three for a girl,
Four for a boy,
Five for silver,
Six for gold,
Seven for a secret never to be told.*

Why Do I write Poetry?

Why is it that I can sit and write these words?

They seem to just come into my mind,

And I need to put them on paper.

Some maybe good,

Some are bad ,

But the urge to get them written

Is a force that I cannot fight.

They can be funny.

They can be sad.

They can be angry.

All emotions are shown,

The strongest one is of course love.

The emotive ones are best;

To put emotion onto the page

Comes to me with absolute ease.

Writing poetry is a release

Into a different world,

Where some troubles are forgotten,

And others are written here.

New Life Is Here.

The pigeons sat on the nest
The eggs below them,
Then it happened
A chick was born,
And then another.
There they sat
Their beaks open
Waiting for food,
Mum opened her beak
And the youngsters fought,
Fought who to eat first.
But both were fed
And all was well
And this new life came,
Came into the world
And I was there to see it,
To see this new life arrive.

Different Every Time.

What is love?

She was with me for most of my life,

Our love was so strong,

But she passed.

I will never forget her,

Time passed

And she is with me.

I remember the love

And I will never feel like this,

Feel this way about anybody else.

But now I have a new lady in my life,

A lady I love so deeply.

This love is different,

It is so powerful,

It pulls us closer and closer together

And will go on to eternity.

So it is so true,

That every time you fall in love,

It will be different.

"There will come a time when all you remember is the love"

"I'm never going to feel this way about anyone else"

"You're right"

"I did not expect you to say that"

"Every time you feel love it will be different"

Quote from Trek Next Generation Series 2 Episode 10

Every Storm.

We all have those times,
Those times when life gets hard.
The more we try
The harder things can get,
And we try even harder,
But things only get worse.

It is like a storm brewing.
The clouds get darker,
The thunder gets louder,
Lightning strikes at us.
Things just cannot get worse,
Then the rain comes
And tries to wash us away.

But we must always remember
That our lives will be good
Once that you realise
That every storm runs out of rain.

Camerton And Peasedown.

The sun shone so brightly
As I arrived at the club,
I looked out over the lawns
So immaculately prepared,
Ready for me to strike my first ball.
I was greeted happily by the club members
And I was set for a day of croquet,
My first competition this year.
I played all day,
Six matches in all,
Most with success
With a couple of losses.
But the best part was the company,
Good humour and respect all the time
And to top it all, that lunch!
Such wonderful food,
And the puddings were to die for.
Strangely after that lunch
I never lost a game.
A wonderful day was had
And my thanks go out to the club
And all the members who made that day,
Made that great day,
That great day for me,
And for all.

Non Existent Troubles.

We go through our lives and see them,
See the troubles in the world,
Those troubles that others have
And we wonder if we will get them.
But our lives are all different,
We all go down separate paths
Into our own lives.
But once more we can still think,
Still think of others troubles
But what we need to learn
Is that sometimes it is good,
It feels good to feel grateful,
Feel grateful for the troubles,
The troubles that we don't have.

Buzzard.

Just hanging in the sky with effortless motion,
Swirling in wide lazy circles, going ever upward,
No wing beats on this fine, sunny, still day;
The occasional mew breaking the peace.

Eyes looking around for mile on mile;
Still going upwards, on this windless day,
Until at last the prey is seen, and like an arrow
It stoops to the ground with incredible speed.

When I come back I want to be a buzzard
Hanging in the sky with that effortless ease.

Fathers Day.

Father's Day was here once more
And every year she takes me out,
My daughter takes me out,
Take me out for a meal.
It may not be on Father's Day,
It could be any day,
Any day of the year
But it was always to celebrate,
Celebrate that day.

Well it happened yesterday,
She took me to our favourite place,
A wonderful restaurant
Where I had a superb meal.
We had a great chat
Full of humour, laughter and love,
A wonderful time for us both.
Yes, SHE took ME out for dinner,
And of course, I paid!

Seven Wonders.

We have all heard of them,
The seven wonders of the world,
The seven wonders of the Ancient World.
The Great Pyramid of Giza,
The Colossus of Rhodes,
The Lighthouse of Alexandria,
The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus,
The Temple of Artemis,
The Statue of Zeus,
The Hanging Gardens of Babylon,
But only the Great Pyramid of Giza survives.

We do have another seven wonders,
Seven wonders of the world
That are with us all the time
And should be truly appreciated.
To see,
To see the world of love that is with us.
To hear,
To hear the wonder of our world,
Natures symphony playing for us.
To touch,
To touch the things around us
And feel the wonder within them.
To taste,
To taste the good things
That we put in our mouths.
To feel,
To feel the glory that others give,
Give us to lift our lives.
To laugh,
To laugh at and with each other
Bringing such healing to our lives.

And lastly to love,
To love all around us
And bring peace to our world.
If we all love each other
Our world would be healed,
And life would be so good.

So just remember,
Remember they are still there,
The seven wonders exist,
Exist within our minds and bodies
And should be shown to all.

Bumps And Creaks.

Here we are the two of us
In love at our age,
Yes at our age.
And we cope with many things,
Getting up from the chair
We struggle to get on our feet,
The bones creek and crack,
Bumps and bruises everywhere.
Putting socks on
Is a trial,
But we cope
And we laugh.
Every time a creak is heard,
Is heard from our bodies
We can laugh,
Laugh at each other,
And we can laugh with each other.
So in these times of age
Where we live our lives together,
Where cracks and creaks,
Bumps and bruises,
Come from our bodies
The humour we have,
We have for each other,
And the love that is so strong
Ensures that all is well,
All is well in our lives.

So All Is Well.

"How are you?" people ask
I look at them and say
"I am fine"
Which is always true
As I know that I got up today,
So all is well.

The Road Ahead.

I look back at my life,
My long, long life
Seeing the road that I travelled.
Its ups and downs stretching,
Stretching back so far,
And I know,
Know that I have had a good life,
With a wonderful family,
Good friends,
And a good working life.
That road had its odd dips
But each one I surmounted
And I can now sit here,
Sit here writing these words
With the love for life in my heart
And knowing that there is more,
There is more of my good life,
More of my good life to come,
As the road I am travelling stretches,
Stretches a long way ahead.

Climbing A Mountain.

In our lives we must keep going,
Just putting one foot in front of another.
We will journey through our lives
And one day you look back and see,
See that you have climbed a mountain,
The mountain of life
With the summit a long way ahead,
But will be reached in time.

And Beyond.

Each day we are together,
Our love getting stronger each moment,
But we ask each other
How did this happen,
How did this love happen?
We were happy in our own worlds
And then we met,
I asked her out for coffee
And now six months on
We cannot be without each other.
We just cannot understand it,
We must have done something right,
Something right in our lives
To have such a strong relationship
That has come to pass.
We know that we will go on,
Go on together in our love
And that love will get stronger
As we go together towards infinity,
And beyond.

Pigs Flying.

It's ok, he deserved it
So many people struggle
To live in such dire times
But he is ok, he earned it
So many of his employees struggle
And the company is struggling
Struggling to exist
But he is ok
He had his pay rise
It was only a little one
Only one percent less
One percent less than fifty
So his salary increase was deserved
As he was the chief exec
And needed his new salary
A salary of five hundred and ninety five
Five hundred and ninety five thousand pounds
That is the way of this world at present
Those who have nothing get nothing
Those who have so much
Get much, much more.
One day it may happen
And equality happens
Or am I just seeing pigs
Pigs flying through the sky.

What Rain? Tanka

Rain was predicted,
But it never rained on me.
The sun shone on me
Bringing such light to my world
In all the years of my life.

The Boat Of Pleasant Dreams.

I gaze into the night sky and see the moon,
The moon bathes me with subtle light
And brings peace to my soul.
I look further into the night
And the stars look back at me,
The stars so wonderful,
So mysterious.
One day I will be with the stars
As My Spirit moves from this body,
Travelling the Universe,
Transporting me into its never ending love.
The love that gives us all peace,
The peace of love,
As I sail to infinity
In the boat of pleasant dreams.

Mighty Ocean.

Mighty Ocean

The sea was in front of me
Its waves coming gently to me
Then turning away
As if it was coming to help me
And any problems
It would take away
Take away into the ocean
Whose depths held many troubles
But within those depths each trouble stopped
They became dissolved in the mighty power
The mighty power of the ocean's depths
One day maybe all the worlds troubles
Will be cured by the depths
The wonderful curing depths
Of this world's oceans
And the world will be well once more.

Memory Moments.

We have them all the time,
Those moments that mean so much,
Mean so much to us.
Some are so wonderful,
So wonderful in our lives
That we never realise they are.
You never know how good they are,
Never know how good a moment is
Until it becomes a memory.
You never know how good a moment is until it becomes a memory

I Am Becoming My Dad.

I look in the mirror
And the person I see is changing.
I can hear a new person when I laugh,
Such a distinctive sound
That I have always known.
The mannerisms that I have
I have known them as well.
So not only has my love for music,
And for nature,
Come from this person,
I am changing into him,
I am becoming my Dad.
A man I had always admired.
A gentle man,
And a gentleman.
No longer with us,
This man who went from life
Nearly thirty years ago,
Is now resurrected in me.
Thank you Dad.
I will join you soon,
And together we can sit and listen
To, and with our heroes of music.

Happy Birthday Simon 47.

Well it's come round again,
He is another year older.
My son has now reversed my age,
Me at seventy four this year,
Him at forty seven today,
This first day in July.
I saw him enter this earth
All those years ago
And throughout those years
We have been more than father and son,
We have been very good friends
And the love for each other shines,
Shines in our lives when together.
So on this day I wish him Happy Birthday
And send my love to him
With all my heart.
Happy Birthday Simon.

A Man Alone.

He sits there alone,
Alone at the garden table
Drinking his pint of beer
And looking out at the blue, blue sea.
He looks back to the hotel
Sees me sitting at my table,
And he smiles at me.
He sits there alone,
A man on his own
But he is obviously happy,
Happy in his own mind,
His own mind and body.

Leading To Eternity

There we were walking along the sand
The blue sea at our side.
The blueness of the sea
Matching the deep blue of her eyes.
Those eyes looking at me
So full of love for me.
And my eyes looking at her
So full of love for her.
Here we were away from normality
Spending a wonderful time
Strolling on these sands of time
Where our time together meant so much.
We looked out to sea and saw our life,
Our life together going on forever,
Our love growing every moment,
Every moment we are with each other
And never stopping beyond the horizon
That was so far in the distance,
Leading to eternity.

Cry Of Pain!

Cry of pain!

Cry of pain!

Walking along the beach

On this fine morning

A dog came towards me

Carrying a ball,

As it reached me

It dropped the ball,

Dropped it on my bare toes.

But it was not a ball,

It was a round rock.

Cry of pain!

Cry of pain !

Apathy.

You see them in all walks of life,
Bossing people around,
Making them do the things for them,
With force, pain and misery,
But if you react they have won.
All they want to see is the hurt in you,
If they see nothing they have lost.
So try to treat each occasion with apathy,
As apathy can be a weapon
Which they cannot understand.

So Good.

He sat there and listened,
Listened to the songs,
The songs he had written,
Written with his brother.
It was so wonderful to hear her,
Hear her sing their songs.
Ella sang them so very well
And he was astounded.
He turned to me and said,
Said these words.
"I never knew that our songs were so good,
Never knew they were so good
Until Ella sang them."

Love Forever FIB.

We
Walk
Along
The blue sea
Walking on the sand
Our eyes seeing natures wonder
And the strength of the love that we have for each other
Seen through the love shown in our eyes
That love will be there
Forever
Always
With
us

Wordiku Eight.

Abominable

Decriminalization,

Unbelievable.

Red Lorry Yellow Lorry.

There I was driving down the road
And there in front of me was a red lorry,
I looked in my mirror and there was a yellow lorry.
The yellow lorry overtook me,
I then over took the yellow lorry and the red lorry.
The red lorry was overtaken by the yellow lorry,
The red lorry over took me,
And then the yellow lorry over took me,
And overtook the red lorry,
I then went passed them both,
The red lorry and the yellow lorry,
Or was that the yellow lorry and the red lorry.
I am sure it was red lorry, yellow lorry.

Hard Week.

Well the week is over,
What a week it has been!
A long drive back from our break,
Our break into relaxation by the sea
Where all was done for us
In a place I give my highest accolade,
We will be back!
The following day another drive
To be with my daughter,
As she was honoured,
Honoured with her Masters Degree
For which she worked hard,
And thoroughly deserved.
This long day took it out of me,
Still recovering from the travel of the day before,
I am not used to it,
After all I am retired and should be relaxing.
But no, then came another day,
Another long drive to play croquet,
A tournament where I played six matches
And won three of them,
But I was still so worn out.
And then came yesterday
Where I did nothing,
Nothing but rest,
Preparing for today
For another croquet match.
Playing for my team
Hoping to win once again.
Throughout all these times though
She has been with me,
The love of my life has been there,
Our love growing stronger each moment,

Even in those times when I was shattered,
She was there,
As she always will be,
And as I will be,
For her.

Venerunt, Viderunt, Vicimus.

They came,
They saw,
We conquered.
They came from many miles away
To try and beat our team,
Beat our team at croquet.
The day was very hot,
Sun cream for the skin,
Drinks of water for the body.
We played this marvellous game,
The one we all enjoy so much.
We played,
We sweated.
Hotter and hotter it got,
But we played.
And our team played so well,
We thrashed them.
The team played twenty games
And we won seventeen of them,
Drew one ,
And only lost two.
Venerunt,
Viderunt,
Vicimus.

Cups And Sugar.

Our love grows stronger each day,
We agree on all things in our life,
In our life together.
Or do we?
We do have two issues,
Two issues in our life together.
They will never destroy our love
But they bring humour to us,.
We laugh about it
Why does she put cups in the cupboard,
With the open side up,
Where I put them in the cupboard,
With the open side down?
When she has her Weetabix
She adds the milk,
And then the sugar,
Where I add the sugar
And then the milk.
Such strange differences,
Differences in our lives,
But we do not argue about it
We just laugh
Knowing that our love,
Our love will never die
Over cups
Or sugar.

Into The New Day.

Once more I awake,
Awake at my normal time,
The time I have awoken every day,
Every day I can remember.
The mornings can be the night time,
The night time of winter,
Or like today the day time,
Day time of summer.
The sun streaming through the curtains,
My lover by my side,
We kiss good morning
And down the stairs I go,
Open up the house
And step into nature's glory.
The birds greeting me,
Greeting me with their song.
The garden flowers bringing colour,
Bringing even more colour in my life.
It is going to be a wonderful day,
But then I know that all my days are wonderful,
As I have awoken into this day,
Into this new day once again.

Mary Had A Little Lamb 17.

Mary had a little lamb,
She also had a chap,
He was with her all day long,
She sat upon his lap.

Natures Artwork.

I stand on the hill and look,
Look all about me.
The greens and yellows abound
Showing the glory of Nature's Summer,
The sun beating down highlighting all,
The artwork becoming so bright.
As I stand here the sun starts to sink
And the colours change,
The beauty of sunset glowing red
And then fading into pink,
Natures artwork so wonderful.
But soon will come the days
When that artwork astounds me
As the colours of Autumn come,
Come into my world
And take me to Nature's art at its best.

At Specsavers.

Into the opticians I went,
Needed to book an appointment.
The young lady took me to a desk,
Found my details on computer
And set out to arrange my day and time,
This she did.
She asked if I wanted a card,
A card with my appointment on it,
I said yes and she wrote out the card.
I have never seen anyone write like her,
Her eyes were no more than six inches,
Six inches from the card when she wrote.
The thought came to me,
She needs to go to Specsavers.
The I realised,
We were at Specsavers.

Love And Nature.

The hot sunny day was at an end,
Trying to keep cool was impossible
But now at evening it was cooler
And here I sat with my lover
Listening to Nature Symphony
As it played its final movement,
A glass of fine Rioja to hand.
We just sat looking at each other,
The love between us so very strong
Being shared with Natures glory.
As we looked into each other's eyes
We could see the love in our hearts,
A love that would never die.
Such a glorious evening,
Sharing our love with Natures Symphony.

Dream Car.

I just could not believe it!
We had a fun croquet day
To celebrate the clubs anniversary,
A car drove up and parked,
A member got out,
And her husband got out,
Got out from the driver's seat.
And there was his car,
I just could not believe it,
It was my dream car,
It was an Aston Martin.
But not just any Aston Martin,
It was the DB 11,
The car I tell all that they can get me,
Get me for my birthday,
After all they can be bought easily,
They start at one hundred and forty seven,
One hundred and forty seven thousand pounds.
I just could not believe it,
There was my dream car,
I touched it,
I sat in it,
My day was made!

Wake Up World.

What a strange morning,
I awake at my normal time
And I listen,
Listen for the birdsong
But all I hear is silence.
Has the heat of these times
Driven them away,
Driven them away cooler climes.
Our world is getting warmer
As the human race destroys it,
They do not care about it,
Those who can prevent it,
Prevent it from being destroyed,
They nly want what they want
And do not worry.
Worry about future generations
Where the world may be dying.
So come on world wake up,
Wake up and help all the world
So that once again
I can hear the birds in the morning.

Leaky Day.

So what did we do yesterday?
We leaked all day!
It was so hot,
So very hot,
And what did we do,
We did nothing
But sit indoors.
The curtains and windows closed,
Closed to keep OUT the heat,
And we sat in front of a fan.
Not the most exciting of days
But if we went outside
We just baked.
It was slightly better in the evening
So we sat outside in the shade
A drink in our hands
And just sat with our love,
Our love shining to the world.
But still we leaked,
Leaked all over.
Such a hot day
Where we did nothing,
But our love pulled us through
As it will forever
No matter what life throws at us.

More Important.

In this life that we have we collect things.
Things that can mean a great deal to us.
But what we must never forget
Is that people are much more important,
Much more important in our life than things.

Joy To All.

Well that was it,
The last rehearsal,
The last rehearsal for our concert.
We sang our hearts out
And the enjoyment surrounded us,
The joy of singing was wonderful.
We sang for two hours
Going through the complete programme.
We were ready,
Ready to show the wonder of singing,
The wonder of singing to all.
Music is so powerful
And it streams from our hearts,
Through our voices
Into the ether for all to hear
And bring joy to everyone.

Calmness Into Reality.

I look out to sea and dream,
Dream that the sea remains calm
And that calmness can be brought,
Brought to all in this world.
A world where troubles invade,
Invade people's lives,
Bring death and destruction to many.
As I look at the sea the calmness,
The calmness I see is so wonderful,
The waves slowly flowing up and down
Showing that life can be so good.
In my dream that calm is with me,
With me all my life,
And in my life I hope,
I hope it will become reality.

As Each Day Dawns Acrostic.

As each day dawns
So much joy

Erupts from my mind,
Another new day in my life
Capturing the wonderful time,
Helping me to move forward

Daily into my future,
Awaiting for me to enjoy
When I awake each day,
Nearing the glory that is mine.
So much to appreciate.

Wonder In Life.

In our lives we have times of wonder.
The wonder of finding your true love,
The wonder of your children,
The wonder of nature all around,
The wonder of retirement to do anything you like.

But then it happens
As it does to all.

I've finally reached new my wonder years.
I wonder where I parked my car?
I wonder where I left my 'phone?
I wonder where my glasses are?
I wonder what day it is?

The Concert Ends Tanka.

The concert ended,
They stood and applauded us,
We sang our hearts out
To create music for all,
And all loved what we had sung.

Strange Dream.

It was a hard day at work,
People rushing everywhere
Needed to get jobs done.
I was rushing from computer to computer,
Then I was told I could go.
Tried to print one last picture
But it would not happen,
Then people sat in front of me
Could not see the screen.
Tried to turn it off from afar,
But failed miserably.
Went to entrance hall to go home,
So many people there,
So hard to get to the door,
Mothers with prams and pushchairs
All in my way.
Then I got to my car
Started driving along the road
A kangaroo was in my way,
It jumped over me
And left a clear wet road.
So on I went,
Up a hill where the waters came rushing down.
I eventually came to the top
Floating in my car,
And reached this place,
This place where I could write these words,
These words about my dream.

There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

The year was eighty-seven,
The year we had the storm.
The wind howled through the night,
Tiles clattered,
Trees toppled,
Rooves moved,
And fell.
The countryside changed,
Yet only eighteen died.

As I drove to work
The landscape was different.
The trees that had blocked my view were down,
Tiles were everywhere.
I got into work, Building Maintenance at the time,
The 'phones never stopped.
I sent men out to view the hell
That the wind had produced.
Yet only eighteen died.

They tales they told were both horrific,
And funny.
They told of the rooves
They found on the ground,
Lifted from blocks of flats,
And laid to one side.
Of the tree that fell between
Two blocks, yet touched neither.
Of the greenhouse in the middle of the road,
All glass still intact.
Yet only eighteen died.

The saddest part of all

Was that the wind was salt laden,
It killed the colours of autumn
All over the borough.
So that day when we drove to the west
Was so very strange,
So very beautiful,
Because we drove into autumn.

Laughter And Sleep.

In our lives we often have bad times
But then somebody makes you laugh.
Sometimes we cannot do anything
As our body is so tired,
But then we have a long sleep.
Thinking about these things makes you realise
That a good laugh
And a long sleep
Are the two best cures,
Best cures for everything.
So laugh out in your life
And all will be well,
Sleep well in your life
And all will be better.

Wonderful Life.

We just cannot help it,
Nothing can stop it happening.
In this life we DO get older.
But we must remember
All the time we have in life
Is so very precious.
So just remember
You are not too old
And it is not too late.
Do the things you want to do
To make your life truly wonderful.

Dad Dancing.

The music started,
I took her in my arms
And we started dancing,
Dad dancing from long ago.
We laughed and smiled
At each creak of our bones
In knees and necks
Added to the music,
Not following the beat.
So many memories of times passed
When this was the type of dancing
We did all night.
Those times in the sixties
Dancing to these songs
Like the one we dancing to.
Dancing all night,
Unlike this time,
Where the creaks and groans
Stopped us,
After two minutes.

RIP Uhura.

One more has gone from my life.
I have been a Trekkie since it started,
Started back in nineteen sixty six
And I watched it then
As I still do now,
But Uhura is no longer with us.
She made history in her performance,
The kiss she had with Kirk was the first,
The first kiss seen on television
Between a black and white actor.
She passed into space this day,
Travelling to places
That nobody has gone before.
May her Spirit travel to those places,
Those places of wonder in the Universe
And show the love that many have for her.
Bless you Nichelle Nichols.

Through The Mist.

The silence pervades the mist
As I walk by My River.
There before me appears a swan,
Gliding gently, silently towards me
Out of the gloom.
This vision in white slides
Past with hardly a ripple
Disturbing the calm of My River
Or My Spirit.
The swan moves back into the mist,
The ghostly shape slowly dissipates.
I am alone again
With the silence and my thoughts.
The mist slowly clears
And there in all its glory
I see My River,
This Saviour of nature,
And of my world,
Stretching through my life.
Flowing gently with me
Until that time when
We both come to an end,
That end which I still cannot see.

Harry Shalgosky.

As I awoke into another fine day
A memory came to me.
I was taken back to that day,
That day when I started work,
Working as a humble Scientific Assistant
In the Atomic Energy Authority.
The man in charge was P.S.O,
Principal Scientific Officer,
Or to my mind, god.
Harry was his name,
Harry Shalgosky,
Mister Shalgosky to me.
A Strange name for a man,
A man with a broad Yorkshire accent,
But to that man I owe a great deal.
He was a gentleman,
He never told anyone to do something,
He always asked them,
With a please after his request.
I learned a great deal from that man
As it showed what respect can achieve.
And that way of getting things done,
Getting things done in my work
And in my life works so well.
We see it so rarely these days,
So thank you Harry,
For showing me the way,
The way into my long working life.

The Lost Idea.

The idea was in my mind
To write a poem.
That poem never came
As other words took over
And another poem was written.
I wonder if I will ever write
The original poem.

Wordsworth Reversed.

I raced among fleets of dark clouds
That crash low through towns and homes
When all at once I saw just one
A single darkened green nettle
On the path, beneath the old house
Just sitting there ready to sting.

Life's Arrow.

Sometimes life can be like an arrow.
An arrow can only be shot by pulling it backward,
And life can be like that.
It can be pulled back into the depths of sorrow.
But when that arrow is let go
It fires forward towards its target.
And life can do that,
It can move forward at speed
To take us all to that place,
That place of love and wonder.
So let us fire our arrows
Into that wonderful life that is there,
That is there waiting for us.

Goldie And Orchi At Hastings.

Nine hundred and fifty years ago,
On this very day ,
There we were, Orchi and I,
Sitting on Hastings beach,
Minding our own business,
Just eating some pork pies.
Me drinking my whisky,
WITHOUT WATER!
Orchi drinking his sherry.
I was trying to explain to Orchi
The meaning of
Hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia,
While He was trying to say
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
We looked out to sea,
There approaching were these boats
Loaded with men,
All had swords and spears,
And one had a bow and arrow.
Behind us horses were galloping,
They came to us on the beach.
Harold was there,
He asked if he could have a pie,
Orchi declined,
Saying "Pigs will fly
Before I release a pie!"
He pointed into the sky
And said to Harold,
"See that flying pig!"
I had always told Orchi
That pointing was rude,
And in this case,
It was dangerous!

As Harold fell from his horse
An arrow in his eye.
And that was the day
That Orchi said to me
"Give me a scotch, without water!"
Out of the kindness of my heart
I gave Orchi a SMALL scotch.
He fell to the ground
Shouting "Alas poor Yorick
I knew him well, fill up the walls
With your English dead Romeo"
From that day Orchi and context
Have never been the same,
And water always goes in his scotch.

And I Was Free.

My Christian faith I have dismissed,
Dismissed from my life,
And I was free.
Where was it when Joyce suffered,
Suffered for so long with dementia.
She had praised Jesus all her long life,
So had I,
But where was he when he was needed.
I dismissed religion from my life
And it was as if a weight had been lifted,
Lifted from my body and mind,
And I was free.
I still went to church
To sing in the choir,
And to meet good friends,
But my belief was gone,
And I was free.
The woman spoke,
Spoke at church
And she said some words,
Words that I agreed with.
"Go back to the basics,
The basics of your faith",
I thought about this
And she was right,
And so was I,
My basic faith was true,
Nothing to do with religion
Just a Spirit that was with me,
That was part of me.
MY Spirit was there,
There with me,
And I was free.

Strange Sight.

Walking beside My River,
My lover by my side,
The sun was high in the sky
Shining it's glorious light
Straight down on our love,
Our full and endless love,
Full and endless love for each other.

As we enjoyed this wondrous time,
This wondrous time together,
Strolling by My River hand in hand
We saw the strangest thing.
There was a young man,
A young man sitting on a bench,
Sitting on a bench reading.
So what was strange you think,
Well he was reading a book!
Reading a book,
Not a 'phone!

Life's Library.

All through life we learn,
Learn so many things,
Every day brings something new.
That knowledge can be shared,
But then comes that day,
That day when we pass,
And when that happens
The library that has become us
Burns to the ground.

Ruined By Heat.

I lay awake all night,
The heat stopping me from sleeping.
The fan trying to keep me cool,
But sleep evades me.
Dawn arrives and up I get,
I go downstairs,
Open the doors ,
And a fine cooling breeze
Wafts through the house,
And in that cooling breeze
I write these words,
These words of gratitude
For the joy of Nature
Keeping me cool,
Even though I know
I know it will not last long,
As the heat of the day
Will once more ruin my day.

What Is Wisdom?

In our lives we learn many things.
We get taught at school and college,
New things being shown to us,
Giving us the knowledge to move forward.
And as we travel through our lives
We gain experience,
Experience cannot be taught,
But what it does it gives us more.
It gives us wisdom,
And wisdom is the difference,
The difference between knowledge and experience.

Keith Nichols.

What a wonderful day!
Into the theatre we walked,
Found our seats and listened,
Listened to some wonderful jazz.
The notes from the performers sailed,
Sailed into my heart
As they played
All day and into the night.
I was there,
There listening to many types of jazz
Played by six groups.
Yes it was hot in the theatre
But all were hooked on the sounds.
And then came the finale
When the tribute was played.
A big band played,
Played big band music,
And went into swing as well,
All as a tribute,
A tribute to Keith Nichols
Who meant so much to the players.
A man who cared,
Cared so much for the music,
The music I was hearing
Played by people who were influenced,
Influenced by Keith,
And were all the better for knowing,
Knowing Keith Nichols.
What a wonderful day!

Door Of Faith.

I walk my path of life to the future
And on that walk I have opened many doors,
Each door gave me a new path.
Some took me to strange places
But most took me to places of wonder,
Places of wonder and delight.
One gate took me into religion,
That place where many worship,
Worship a god from that religion.
I followed that religion and its purpose,
Followed it for many years
Until that day I saw a new door,
A humble door of no apparent meaning.
I walked through that door and found faith,
The faith that was there for me.
No organised religion
Telling me what I should do.
I found My God and My Spirit
Who would be with me,
And who I would be with for eternity.
My Faith was mine
And it had none of the fallacies of religion,
Religion that was being force fed,
Force fed to others,
In the belief that their religion was true.
Mine was there for me
For me to believe in my mind and heart
That belief was mine and would always be mine
Be mine for my eternity.

Early One Morning.

"Your late!" she said
As she stood at the dining room door,
Me awash in the sea of Poetry.
This vision of loveliness,
Dressed tightly in her blue, towelling robe,
Hair unkempt and not yet combed,
And downstairs an hour before the norm!!
"What do you mean late?" I enquired,
"Well aren't you going shopping,
You're normally gone before this"
"No not today" said I.
"Why not, you always go on Saturday?"
"I know" I said,
"But today is Friday!"

The Music Of Time.

I sit here
The blank sheet in front of me
And think of my life,
My long life.
In that life I realise,
Realise that I have had a good life.
I worked all the time,
All those forty-seven years and one month,
Never out of work
And was happy with my work.
I had the odd day like us all
When I wished I hadn't got up,
But they were few and far between.

I was married for nearly forty years,
Married to a wonderful lady
With whom we never rowed
And lived that life in harmony.
Then dementia struck her
Such an awful time,
She passed due to dementia,
But when she passed
We both had a release,
A release into a new life.

After a while a new lady came,
Came into my life
And a new love was formed
Where we know,
Know that love will never die.

Lastly throughout my life
I have had music.

Music has been there since my birth.
All types of music is within me
And I listen all the time,
And I play and sing music.
Music is my life
And will always be with me,
With me and my new love
As we go forward forever,
Dancing to the music,
The music of time.

Fresh Bread.

How can that happen?
Where has it gone?
I look in the 'fridge,
I look in the freezer,
But cannot find it.
Tragedy has struck,
Or has it.
I know,
I will make some more.
In goes the flour,
The yeast is added,
Then the salt.
The Olive Oil goes in,
Virgin Olive Oil of course
And then the warm water,
Into the big bowl they go
And then they are stirred,
Stirred into a fine dough.
The dough is split,
Split into two,
And put in the tins.
It sits in the warm for a while
Until the dough rises,
Rises into a dome,
A dome above the tins.
The dough is then put in the oven,
Then half an hour later it is ready.
Once more I have bread,
Fresh bread to eat,
None of this shop bought rubbish!
Freshly made bread
That I have been making for years,
For many, many years.

Changes In Time.

We were walking by My River
Enjoying the beauty around us,
As we passed people
All said hello with a smile,
Life was so good.
Coming towards us was a man,
A man pushing a pushchair,
His small grandson sat there
Looking all around,
Smiling at everything.
The man greeted us with a smile,
As did the child.
They walked on into their future
And the sad thought came to me,
One day it may be different,
The grandson may be the one
The one pushing the wheelchair,
The wheelchair for his granddad,
As he reached his elder years.

Trapped In A Telephone.

You see people with them all the time,
You walk along the street
And people are on their 'phones
Taking no notice of what's around them.
They don't care who they annoy
By not looking where they are going.
That have no other life
Except on their 'phones,
They seem to be trapped
In some sort of prison,
Is that why these 'phones are called,
Called CELL 'phones!

Thai Dining.

Out to dinner we went,
My lover and I.
We met our friends,
Went into the Thai Restaurant,
One I had never been in,
We sat down,
Ordered our wine and food,
Then we talked,
We talked about many things.
The food came,
It was so good ,
We all enjoyed it.
It was a truly wonderful evening,
Good food,
Good friends,
My lover beside me,
Fo what more could I ask?

Uncaged Birds.

I see them so often as I walk,
Walk with Nature,
Those birds so full of colour.
Their songs bringing joy to my ears
Forming a Symphony with each other.
That beauty of seeing and hearing them
Brings such joy to me,
And has done all my life.
Yet some people capture them,
Or even worse kill them,
They just do not care
That this beauty of Nature is there,
There for them.
There are birds out there
Whose beautiful colours
Are just too wonderful,
Too wonderful to put in a cage.

Laughter's Healing.

The one thing in our lives
That heals us time and time again
Is laughter,
We need to laugh at many things.
But what we must also realise
That if we laugh at ourselves
We will never run out of things,
Never run out of things to laugh at.

Creating Memories.

There we were as kids,
Playing with our friends.
Running and jumping,
Hopping and skipping,
Walking with each other.
Throughout our young lives
All we were doing was enjoying ourselves,
As we played in innocence.
But the one thing we never realised
Was that which we were creating,
We were creating memories.

How Did That Happen?

How did that happen?
I was cleaning my glasses,
Listening to the Radio,
When the announcer said
That the Orchestra,
An Orchestra that I do not know well,
Were playing this, their last ever performance
At the Proms.
And this, their final encore, they played
In memory of their times together.
As the glorious sounds of Nimrod
Came through my ears, into my mind,
Tears just streamed down my face.
Why did that happen?

Three Things.

In our lives we speak many words,
Most are for the good ,
But occasionally we wish we had not said them.

Every day we have many moments,
Every one is important,
But occasionally we miss one.

The time is there for us
Which gave us the life we are now in,
But we miss it when it is gone.

So in our lives there are three things,
Three things that cannot be recovered.
The word after it is said,
The moment after its missed,
And the time after it has gone.

The Final Over.

Howzat! Came the cry.
Another wicket in this twice yearly match;
Sixth man out.
Now it's my turn, and we need quite a few runs
To win this battle, against this well known foe.
I walk confidently, purposefully, onto the field
Pull on my gloves, adjust my cap.
I reach the crease.
"Middle and leg, please Mr Umpire"
Stand up and look around the field
To see where the fielders are hidden.
The bowler approaches,
Mike, the younger of the Southwell brothers
He bowls outside my off stump,
Let it go, don't go reaching
And get an edge to the waiting slips.
Accumulate some runs,
Nothing flashy, just play safe.
Howzat! Another wicket,
Seven down, but I am still there,
Playing safe, experienced.
More runs are added until yet again,
The crash of ball into stumps is heard,
And our eighth wicket, falls,
And our ninth, the next ball.
But I am still here
Here he comes, our finest bowler!
Taken so many wickets with
His phenomenal speed.
Batsman ? huh!
Barely knows which way to hold the bat.
Still he has two balls to face,
Hope the cricket God is smiling on us.

The first ball, he plays an elegant
Forward defensive, to the bouncer
That went over his head!
The next ball he leaves alone,
Not realising that it came back
And barely missed his wicket.
Still he survived.
Now it's my turn; the final over.
Eight runs to get against Alan,
The other Southwell, their best bowler.
Only six balls from this excellent man
For me to face, can I get the runs.
The first ball straight but a half volley
I stroke it past Alan for four glorious runs.
Now only four to get,
Five balls to come.
The next ball on my off stump
But it cuts away
From both bat and stumps
Excellent delivery, I am lucky
Not to have touched it.
The third delivery bowled short;
I sway back as I avoid the ball
As it passes my chest;
Alan smiles, I smile back,
And full of bravado,
Nod my acknowledgement,
To a ball well bowled.
The fourth ball, a half volley
On the leg stump.
I hit this ball as hard as I can
Up, up it goes flying like a bullet
Over the boundary,
Over the pavilion.
We have won the match!
MY six, won the match!

The finest shot I have ever played!
My team cheer, cheer me!
Thirty seven not out.
We all meet at the pub
Both teams.
As I walk in Alan stands up and comes at me,
With a snarl on his face!
The snarl changes to a grin,
"Can I buy you a pint Andy? Well played"

Peace In Music.

There was the orchestra before me,
An orchestra from many different countries
Not necessarily agreeing with each other
In the place from which they came,
But once they started playing
They became as one,
As the music came from their hearts,
Through their instruments,
Into the world around me.
Music is so powerful
It can bring everyone together,
Together in our bitter world.
Why cannot these countries be at peace
And send each other music,
Send music to each other
And bring peace, love and happiness,
Bring peace, love and happiness to our world.

Resignation To Life.

We were leaving my lovers flat,
Another lady came out of her door.
"Hello Joy" Mary said,
"Hello Mary" Joy said.
I said hello as well,
I had never seen this lady.
As we walked along the corridor
She was chatting with me,
Her voice carried the sounds of happiness.
We were smiling and talking,
She was off to feed the birds,
Such a happy lady.
As we went our separate ways
I asked Mary about her.
She said "She is very ill,
She has cancer
And only has weeks to live,
As does her son
Who also has cancer".
I was so shocked,
A lady so ill
But so full of happiness,
Showing that happiness to me.
A lady of accepted resignation to life,
And to life's end.

Indispensable People.

In life and in work you see them,
Those people who think they are important,
So important that nothing would work,
Nothing would work without them.
But what they do not realise is
That the graveyards are full,
Full of indispensable people.

Innocence.

We sat in the Garden Centre Café,
Drinking coffee and chatting,
When I glanced out the window.
And there was a toddler,
He was dressed in a fine hat,
A blue and white checked shirt,
And grey 'grown up' trousers.
He was looking all around him
With a look of awe on his face,
Pointing at things for his granddad to see,
A look of absolute wonderment about him.
This young lad, looking for answers,
To questions so pure.
The beginning of knowledge
To fill the fountain of youth,
So innocent in his quest for truth.
At what age does innocence leave?

Fiery Fred.

Fred was a bowler of high renown,
With a pace so fast and furious,
The batsmen had to duck right down,
As to hit the ball was spurious.
He was fast and very accurate too,
That he took three hundred wickets,
The first one ever so to do,
In tests of the game called cricket.
He played one match in a town,
Where the batsman was the umpire's son;
Fred sent a half paced ball flying down,
Which hit the pads , the lad was done.
The umpire said he wasn't out,
So Fred took a longer run,
And the ball snicked without a doubt,
Was caught behind, the man was gone.
The umpire once more shook his head,
So Fred took his full length stride,
The stumps, when hit were then shed,
To the boundaries far and wide.
Fred turned towards the umpire man,
And to the him did cheerfully chime,
"Well it was close to my master plan,
I nearly had him out that time"

Experience.

In our lives we have good days,
We have bad days,
But each day we are here
We learn something new,
And that is called experience.
With that experience
The bad days become less and less.
So remember that we have got to this place,
This place of age, by experience.
Our own experience.
So for every day that we arise,
Arise into the new day
Be grateful.
Each day is wonderful
When each new day comes to us,
As experience cannot be taught.

Family Meeting.

The new day arrived,
A very special day.
This is the day that they meet,
My son and my new love.
I know all will go well,
As each will glory,
Glory in each other's company,
And I will be there with them both
Making my life even happier.
My life has changed so much,
Changed so much since I met her,
Met her and am now with her.
Now she will meet my family,
Meet them this weekend,
As today she meets my son
And tomorrow my brother.
The family will know her
And will see the love,
The love we have for each other,
A love that is so strong,
So very, very strong.

We Met On A Crossing.

We met on the crossing quite by chance;
She was coming from Spring.
Her hot, yellow breath keeping us warm
During those last few months.
The green, freshness of spring
Changed by her warming rays.
Her long, long hot days,
Changing the colours to straw.
The occasional silver of rain
Coating the ground with new grass.
We met on the crossing quite by chance;
And I was going to Winter.
My cool, shortening days , warning of winter.
Leading the way from reds and oranges,
To the whites and browns.
And the long black nights soon to come.
But this is my time, the crisp frosty mornings,
Her cool yellow breath leading the way
Into the rich colours so varied and bright
That make me so loved by all.
We met on the crossing quite by chance;
The place where Summer found Autumn.

Nature's Anger Tanka.

Nature's Anger rose
Thunder and lightning shook all
Rain fell like stair rods
Showing us Nature's power
Could overpower our lives

Nature Enlivening.

I look out over the croquet lawn,
It is so different now,
Now that the rain has fallen.
The sparse, dry, yellow ground
Has at last started to live
As the green come back to the earth.
I look around at Nature
And its glory is abounding
As its richness returns
Bringing so much beauty,
So much beauty to my life.
That green will change again
But this time for the better,
As Nature's artwork become filled,
Filled with yellows, oranges and reds,
With Autumn's absolute beauty
And leading me to live,
To live with Nature's wonder,
With Nature's wonder around me,
Around me for another year.

Past And Future.

The road I have travelled is so long,
I look back and see the paths I have walked,
And along those paths I see the wonder,
The wonder of the life I have led,
A life so full of highs but very few lows.

The road I am traveling is ahead of me
And from my passed experience I know,
I know that my life will always be full,
Full of the wonder that has been there,
So I go forward knowing that my life will be good.

The Song Rang Out.

The song rang out,
The soloist singing out loud.
The chorus started
And all the group joined in.
The audience looked on in happiness
As the song went into another verse.
The chorus started,
The crowd sang as well,
Such a glorious sound was found
And the happiness of all
Was there within everyone.
The power of music
Showing the love it can create
As all are brought together.

The Sea Of Eternity.

Such a sad day today,
For over seventy years
She has sat on the throne,
And now she has passed,
Passed into the forever,
Once more with her true love,
They will now sail together
On that sea of eternity,
Their love showing all the time.

Such a sad day today,
This is the day my dad died,
Died twenty-seven years ago.
He did not reach seventy,
Missed it by a month,
But he too is with his love
And like the Queen
Will be sailing together,
On that sea of eternity.

Songs Of Yore.

It happens so often,
A song is heard,
One I have not listened to,
Not listened to for many years
But I know every word
And sing my heart out
With my mind full,
Full of wonderful memories
Of those days now passed.

Never Regret Any Day.

Every day in our lives gives,
Gives us something.
Good days give us happiness,
Happiness to remember.
Bad days give us experience,
Experience to move on.
The worst days give us lessons,
Lessons from which we learn.
And best days give us memories,
Memories in our hearts and minds.
Every day in our lives gives,
Gives us something.
Never regret a day in your life,
They will not come again.

She Is Poetry.

That love shines above us,
That sparkling light of love
Is there and ignites our passion.
The laughter we have
Brings us closer,
Closer each moment,
Each moment we are together.
Without that spark,
Without that laughter,
Love is empty.
I look at her beauty without,
I look at her beauty within
And write these words,
I am a poet,
But she is poetry.

Harmony Prevails.

I arise in the darkened dawn,
There is light there for me
As the full moon sits before me.
Its beauty and peace so stable.
That peace falls on me
And takes me to that place,
That place of wonder
Where all agree,
All agree with each other
And disagreement does not exist,
Where the world becomes that place,
That place where all want to be,
And harmony prevails.

The Wonder Of Life.

In our lives we all get hit,
Get hit at times with bad things,
Bad things that pull us down,
Down into despair and sorrow.
Some of us stay there,
Stay in this grief stricken place
Where nothing is pleasing,
So sorrow rules their world.

I have been in this place
But did not stay there,
That is not my way.
I rallied and moved up,
Moved up to a place of joy,
A place of contentment in my life.
So why not follow me
Into the wonder of life,
The wonder of life that is around us.

Respect Of The Past.

At my old age I have seen many things
And I know the world,
The world I knew will never be the same.
But I listen to music of that time
And it brings back those times,
Those times when people respected each other.
We may not have liked them
But we held each other in respect.
Those were the days my friends,
We thought they would never end.
We were wrong.

As I look Back.

I often look back,
Look back at my life,
My long life.
And on doing this I see,
I see those times,
Those moments where,
Where I thought,
Thought I was being rejected,
Rejected from something good.
But on looking back
I can see,
See the answer.
I was actually,
Actually being directed,
Directed to something better,
Thus making my life,
Making my life better,
Even better than it would,
Better than it would have been.

Cane Lady.

There she came walking along the road,
That old lady with a cane,
A happy smile on her face
Singing her heart out,
"21 today, 21 today".
As she walked passed a young man
He turned to her and said,
"You are not 21, you crazy old woman".
She turned to him,
Raised her cane and hit him,
Hit him on the head with her cane.
And on she walked singing,
"22 today, 22 today"

A Wise Person.

In this life you hear it,
Hear so much rubbish
Spoken by so many.
The words just come out,
Come out without thought,
Almost like turning on a tap,
The words flow without any truth.
What you must do is remember,
Remember what a wise person would do.
A wise person would fill their brain,
Fill their brain with truth,
Truth and meaningfulness
Before emptying their mouth.

Addicted For Life.

All my life I have been addicted,
An addiction that I just cannot stop,
Cannot stop bringing to my body.
It started when I was a child
And my father gave it to me,
And since those days,
The addiction has grown stronger.
Every day I must have some,
Have some of this wonder.
Some say it is not an addiction,
And they say you cannot get addicted,
Cannot get addicted to music,
But I am.
I cannot live my life without it,
Cannot live my life without music.

Cygnets At Rest,

As I walk along my river
There ahead of me sit a family,
A family of swans.
They are just resting,
Sitting quietly on the riverside,
Some cleaning their feathers,
Some looking about,
And some just asleep.
Such a beautiful site,
Dad just sitting there,
Sitting there with four offspring.
Such a wonderful site to see
And I was with them,
Watching them,
Nature in all its glory.

Deeds Of Love.

Every relationship is meaningful,
And in those relationships
Many things create harmony.
Words of love bring happiness,
Bring happiness and friendship,
And they create more love.
But even more than words
Deeds of love bring more.
Showing your love and friendship
In the deeds you do it can mean more,
So much more.
So remember It is deeds,
Deeds not words that matter,
That matter in love and friendship.

Fishermen's Friends The Musical.

I've seen both the films
Enjoyed them very much.
I've heard the songs,
The chanties they sing,
And enjoyed them very much.
But I was just not prepared,
Prepared to see the live show.
It totally blew me away.
There was laughter,
There were tears
As they performed on stage.
I haven't seen such a good musical
For as long as I care to remember.
I would see it again,
And again.
Such a wonderful group singing,
Singing, playing and acting
On this stage in front of me,
A joy to my life,
That will always be with me.

Back To That Time.

We are coming to that time,
That time when the clocks go back,
We lose an hour in our day.
But one day I have a hope,
A hope that the clocks will go back,
Go back much further.
Back to that time when people cared,
Where they had morals and values,
They had loyalty and appreciation.
But most of all they had respect,
Respect for all around them,
And respect for the world,
For the world in which we live.

Smoke Filled Days.

Well that took me back,
Back many years of my life.
Three guys came into the coffee bar,
Got their coffee,
Went outside
And sat at a table.
As they sat down
Each reached into their pockets
And pulled out some cigarettes,
Once they were lit
They sat around chatting,
And drinking,
And smoking,
And that took me back,
Back to when smoking was the norm.
Walking into a smoke filled pub,
Thinking nothing of it
As I pulled out a fag
To go with my pint.
At work it was often the case
As I walked into an office
I could barely see across the room,
The smoke from cigarettes hid everyone.
Nowadays it is just not done,
But back then it was normal,
And those three guys reminded me,
Of those fun, smoke filled days.

That Creation.

There I was in bed,
Four o'clock in the morning
When the thought struck me.
I needed to do it,
It was so important,
Important to me and to others.
The thought just would not go,
As much as I tried to go back to sleep
I just couldn't.
So at five o'clock in the morning
I arose,
I arose to fulfil the task,
A task that had been bothering me.
So down the stairs I came,
Prepared everything,
And I started.
All was going well
And at last I had finished,
And there it sat before me,
The creation that had worried me,
The ice cream had been made!

Just Unbelievable!

I just could not believe it!!
There I was driving through my town,
Up a main road behind other cars.
The car in front of me signalled,
Signalled to turn right.
He had to wait as cars were coming,
Coming down the other side,
The other side of the road.
And then another car was waiting,
Waiting to come out of the road,
The road the car in front wanted to go.
And then it happened,
One of those things that was so surprising!
A car coming down stopped,
It allowed both cars to come out,
And go into that right hand turn.
What I couldn't believe though
Was that the car that gave way
Was a Beema!!
They own the roads don't they!
They have no signals on them!
Just go about their own way
Uncaring about anybody else!
But this one gave way,
I am sure he must have been unwell.

(Beema = BMW)

Morning Mozart.

For what more could I ask?
I had a good night's sleep,
My lover by my side.
I arise in the dark morning,
Come down the stairs,
Put on the radio.
And there playing for me
Was that wonderful music,
That wonderful music of Mozart.
Such a glorious day had started
With Mozart's Clarinet Concerto.
That Concerto started my day,
Started my day so well.
I know from this start
My day will be wonderful.

What Abuse?

Looking back from this day and age
It seems that as a child I was abused,
Abused by my Mum.

She made do household jobs
And made me go to school.
Such a wicked woman.

If I went out I had to be back,
Back home by a set time.
If I did wrong I was slapped round the legs,
Oh such abuse.

She said I must get a job and work,
Work for the things I wanted.
Such a slave driver.

She insisted I do my best at school,
And at my job and to take pride in my work,
What a flaming cheek.

All this led to what I am.
I grew up with good morals,
And a good work ethic.
I have respect for all,
For all in my life.
And I don't get offended
By things I disagree with.
This ethos of mine came from them,
Came from my parents,
Who sent me into my world with knowledge,
Knowledge of how to cope with life,
And show respect to one and all.

Why are the young not taught,
Not taught to be like this
In this day and age?

Stepping Stones.

In our lives we make mistakes,
They happen,
But don't carry them,
Don't carry them around with you.
What you should do
Is put them in front of you,
Put them in front of you and use them,
Use them as stepping stones,
Stepping stones to move on,
To move on into a better life.

That Special Time.

Each day I arise early
And have that special time of mine.
I go downstairs,
Put on the radio and listen,
Listen to music.
I sit at my computer,
Read poems from others.
Then I write,
Write the words from within.
The words that come to me,
Come to me from many places.
It could be from love,
The love I have for my lady,
The love I have for life,
Or even the love for all.
Those words may be from other places.
The things I have seen,
Both sad and happy,
Funny and miserable.
But this time in the morning,
Is mine,
And always has been.
So each day I rise early
And have that special time of mine.

What! No Strawberries!

They had run out,
Run out of strawberries!
What an absolute disaster,
I could not now have my favourite,
My favourite sweet
In my favourite pub.
No Eton Mess!
What!
We have plums though,
The waitress said,
We could use those.
So I forgave them,
I had a new Eton Mess
An Eton Mess with plums,
Not strawberries,
And very nice it was too.

Forego Grudges.

In our lives we often hold grudges,
They are a complete waste of time,
And a complete waste of happiness.
Laugh when you can,
Apologise when you should.
Let go of what you can't change,
Just move on to what you can do.
Your love for life should be so deep
And forgiveness should always be with you.
Life is too short to be unhappy,
Enjoy every moment you have.
They will not come again.

Coffee Days.

All my life I have drunk coffee,
It could be black,
It could be white,
It could be without sugar,
It could be with sugar.
I can drink coffee
Anyway it is presented to me.
My preference is black,
Black without sugar.
But I do have a restriction,
I will not drink coffee on those days,
On those days without a "Y" in them.

Dame Janet Baker.

Her voice sends shivers down my spine,
This lady of music,
With a voice so pure that it stirs my soul.
Her life was filled with music
That she shared with all,
Until that day,
That day when she sang Mahler,
And never performed again.
Her retirement was unknown
Until that night,
When she walked off the stage
Never to sing for us again.
But her voice is there forever,
As it sails through the ether,
Still stirring my soul
Into absolute joy.

Bird Feeding.

We were walking by My River,
My lover and I hand in hand,
Our love shining around us,
Floating over the shining water
For all to see .
There ahead of us stood a lady
Standing by the riverside
Surrounded by birds.
She was feeding them,
But not throwing the food into My River,
But all around her
On the grass.
She was surrounded by them,
The Canada Geese were there in force,
Black headed gulls were in abundance,
Often being chased away by the geese.
They flew into the air
But soon came back.
There were mallard and pigeons,
A delightful sight to see.
As they were being fed
The thought came to me,
I must try this,
Not throw the food into My River
But throw it around me
So that the birds come up to me
And we can enjoy each other's company
With a closeness not had before.

Another Year Gone.

Well another year has gone,
Gone from my life,
But what a year it has been!
It was the year I met her.
I met a new lady,
And in that year we fell,
Fell so deeply in love.
My long life has always been good,
Been wonderful even,
With my wife for so many years
Until that day,
That day when dreadful dementia took her,
Took her from me after so many years,
So many years together.
I thought I would not find someone else.
But during this past year,
This past year of my life I met her,
Somebody who stole my heart,
Stole my heart once more.
So on this special day
Where I celebrate my birth
I am so thankful,
So thankful that my lover,
My lover and I will move forward,
Move forward into that time,
That time ahead of us,
Just waiting for us to enjoy,
To enjoy that time together,
Together as one.

Reality From My Dream.

She bought it for me!
My lover bought me a car,
The car of my dreams,
Such a wonderful surprise.
I was in tears,
My dream had come true
And it was my lover,
My lover who made it so true.
There in front of me was my car,
My Aston Martin DB11.
My life had become perfection,
I stood in front of my dream
Which had become reality.
I went up to it,
Took it out of its box,
And put it in pride of place
On my mantelpiece.

Good Friends.

We walk out onto the lawn,
My good friend and I.
The sky is clear,
The sun shines down on us,
A glorious Autumn day.
The trees around us,
Their leaves slowly changing,
Changing into Autumns wonderful colours.
We start playing the game,
Striking balls towards the hoops
As we play the game we love.
The contest between us is tense,
We both play well.
Finally at the last hoop
My ball goes through
And I have won.
But in our case
Winning is not all,
We are very good friends
And enjoy each other's company
Both on and off the green.
He and I are very best friends
And will always be there,
Be there for each other.

Turn That Page.

When we open our life
It is like opening a book,
Each chapter may be different.
Some may be sad,
Many of them will be happy,
But to find out what is happening
We must always turn each page
And go into the next chapter.
If you do not turn that page
You will never know,
Never know what life has,
What life has in store for you.

Bad To Better.

Sometimes in life
Something bad happens.
To deal with this
You can have three choices.
You may let it define you,
Or you could let it destroy you.
But what it can also do
Is to strengthen you,
And in that way
That experience
Can take you forward
Into the better life,
The better life you deserve.

Forever Memories.

We have many things in life.
We may have tears,
We may have smiles,
And we will have memories.
And in our life
The tears dry,
The smiles fade,
But the memories last forever.

Brilliance Or Kindness.

In this world many people are right
And know what is needed
But sometimes being right
Does not fulfil people's needs
What they need is kindness
They do not need a brilliant mind
A mind that speaks
What they need is a special heart
A special heart that listens

Ironing Goldiku.

I 've proved it once more,
The ironing basket's empty!
It is not a myth.

Ten Sixty Six.

There I was on Hastings beach
Laying in my deckchair,
My whisky well within reach,
Breathing in the sea air.

I looked along the fine sand,
I heard this awful sound,
It sounds like a tuning band,
No, Orchi was around.

He came to me with water,
To put in my whisky,
Something he didn't oughta,
As I would get frisky.

He sat down eating porkpies
Looking out to the sea,
This was so very unwise,
As the Normans he could see.

Then King Harold rode to us,
He greeted us with mirth,
His great highness we could suss,
Now our king since his birth.

Orchi pointed in the air,
Harold looked to the sky,
Looking to what might be there,
An arrow in his eye.

So the Normans claimed our land,
As Orchi pointed up,
They started to play their band,

My whisky I did sup.

History now shows the lie,
Where Orchi know the truth,
The arrow in Harold's eye,
Was Orchi's fault forsooth.

So Very Strange.

My life is so wonderful,
It has also become so strange.
For so many years
I did everything in the home.
My wife was so ill
She could not do anything,
And after she passed
I still did all in the home,
But my life has changed.
The new love in my life came along
And now we are together,
Together in our home.
All is wonderful,
But not having to do everything
Is so strange to me.
I had done all for so many years
But now my lover does things,
Does things as well.
I love her so very, very much,
But not doing all in the home
Is so very strange.

Smoke No More.

There we were at the wedding reception,
My wife and I,
A nephew had plighted his troth to his lady
And there lives went into a new future.
The meal was over
I got out my cigarettes,
As did many others,
I smoked it
And then I realised,
Realised I was not enjoying it.
I had been smoking for twenty years,
That first one in the morning was special,
Then the ones with tea and coffee,
The ones after lunch and dinner were needed,
And how could I have a pint without a fag.

All this time I had smoked cigarettes
But on this day it came to me,
I no longer enjoyed it.
So on that day,
At the wedding reception,
I had my last cigarette.
It was hard to give up smoking
But give up smoking I did
On this day forty years ago.
Sixteenth October nineteen eighty two,
I gave up smoking.

Thoughts In Life.

In our lives we have many thoughts.
If we look back we see the experience,
The experience that brought us,
Brought us to where we are today.
If we look forward we see hope,
Hope to where we want to be,
To be in our lives.
We then look around and see reality,
The reality that is in our life,
In our life today.
Finally we look within,
Within our minds and heart,
There we find ourselves
And are thankful,
Thankful for being who we are
Knowing that we are living,
Living in a world.
A world of experience,
A world of hope,
A world of reality.

Natures Orchestra.

Walking through the wood,
The gentle sound of the breeze
Rustles the leaves,
The opening bars of the concert.
The staccato sound of beaks on trees
Drumming holes for homes,
Beating the time
As the pigeons coo in harmony.
The deep roar of deer
Singing the bass line,
Supporting the sound.
Above it all comes the duet
Of blackbird with robin,
Completing the sounds,
That make up
Natures Orchestra.

Strong Love FIBS

In
To
My world
She came in
Bringing me much love,
A love that was so very strong,
A love that brought such wonderful happiness to us.
We know it will last forever
And will never fail
Any time,
Our love
Is
strong

Finding Paradise.

In life we sometimes find ourselves in a dark place
And wonder if we can find the light once more.
There are three steps that we can take to reach that good life,
That good life which we all deserve.
The first step is to have a good thought to think about,
The second is to say a good word to others to help them,
And the third is to carry out a good deed to show others the way.
With these steps in our lives we will always be there,
Always be in Paradise.

Nelson Went to Battle 2

Nelson went to battle,
Against the French one day,
And saw three ships a coming
Right along his way.

"Fetch my Red Coat Hardy,
So that if I get a wound,
The blood won't show upon me
And ship's company will stay sound".

He beat those damned bad Frenchies
And sent his coat below,
Then sailed across the sea
In wind and rain and snow.

Another group of French ships,
Total thirty so it seemed,
And Hardy brought the coat again
Duly pressed and smart and cleaned.

Once more he saw the Frenchies off
With cunning, guile and power,
To him there's no way he'd give in
To that Gallic speaking shower.

Then across the horizon did he see
Three hundred ships bear down.
So again he called to Hardy;
"Fetch my trousers coloured brown!"

Music For Love.

She came down the stairs,
The love of my life.
Came through the dining room door
Towards me,
And as she entered the music played,
Such a wonderful piece for her entry.
A favourite piece of music for her
And for me.
The Intermezzo played.
The Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana
Filled the room and enhanced us.
Enhance the love we have for each other
As she entered my life this new day.
Like she will every day of our lives.

Pie Fever.

I must go down to the tea again,
To the lonely tea and the pie.
And all I ask is a big plate,
And a fork to eat it by.
And the knife is sharp,
And the gravy is strong,
And my hunger is slaking.
And the plate becomes empty,
With my hunger breaking.
I must go down to the tea again.

Words Of The Wise.

In this life there can be two types of people,
So many of them are wise but you do not hear,
Do not hear their wise words.
Then there are so many foolish people who many hear,
Hear all the time.
What you must realise though that when a wise man speaks
He speaks because he has something wise to say.
But when a fool speaks
He will always speak too much,
Speaks because he must say something
Just so his voice can be heard
Even though his words are meaningless.

Together In Jazz.

I sit here in the hotel room
Writing these words,
My lover fast asleep in the bed.
Together on holiday
In the place that we call 'Our Place',
The place we first came to together,
Together on holiday.
A hotel full of things to do,
And things to enjoy.
The entertainment is superb
And last night was no exception,
A jazz band taking us back,
Back to the early jazz sounds
With tunes that we know so well
And have been with me all my life.
A wonderful evening,
But even more wonderful
As my lover and I were together,
As we will be forever more.

Big Band Swing.

There they were on stage,
The big band.
Five saxes, four trumpets,
Four trombones,
Piano, guitar, bass and drums,
Creating this wonderful sound,
The sound of swing,
The sound of swing that was there,
There in my early times on this world.
Then they played that song,
That song that brought my dad to me,
And brought me to tears,
One of his favourite tunes.
I just stopped and listened,
Listened to this tune,
The one that was played,
Played at his funeral.
I also played it later at Mum's funeral,
And on this occasion
While it was being played
There in front of me I saw them,
Saw my Mum and Dad dancing,
Dancing together once more
As their Spirits became one.

Magic In Music.

Well, another great night of jazz
Bringing such joy to me.
The quintet were so good,
But when he came on the stage
I was blown away,
His voice so wonderful,
Singing those songs that meant so much,
So much to him,
And so much to me.
All evening he sang,
He told stories of his life,
Talked about the birth,
The birth of the songs,
The songs he sang.
And I was there,
There in another place,
Another place of his dreams
That had become mine,
Become mine in this evening,
This wonderful evening,
This wonderful evening of magic,
Of magic in my life.

Fond Holiday Memories.

Well, that's it!
The week away is over,
A great week with my lover.
We walked along the beach,
Walked among the greenery,
Played some games,
Didn't win any quizzes,
But had great fun trying.
There was music there for us,
A wonderful jazz band
Playing every night.
The food was wonderful
And my lover and I enjoyed,
Enjoyed every moment.
But there was also something special.
We met a nice couple
And spent much time with them.
We had formed a new friendship
Which was becoming stronger each moment,
And we would see them again,
See them again in the future.
So as we drive away
From our week on the island
We will have memories,
Such fond memories
Of Barbara and Peter,
Which we will remember.

Flowing Around Your Life.

I am always there, travelling the world.
You can't see me
Unless I get angry.
You feel me as a gentle caress
Across your skin.
I am there when the trees wave
Silently as I pass.
The ripples on the water show I am there,
The crash of the sea hitting the land,
Show my strength.
The swirl of my anger crossing the oceans
And hitting the land,
Uprooting trees, dwellings
And lives,
This is when you see me.
Beware, hide from me when I am angry.
The anger soon subsides
But the devastation remains
To remind you of me.
I am always there,
You can't see me,
I am the wind.
I flow round your world
And around your life.

Live In Peace.

In our lives it happens all the time,
People are at war,
At war somewhere in our world.
Why is this so?
Why cannot we have a peaceful world
Where all get on with each other
And love and happiness abounds?
If we had this peace
Children bury their parents.
But in war
Parents bury their children.
Come on world wake up!
Live in peace,
The peace that we all deserve.

Teaching Respect.

There we were
Fighting our way round the supermarket,
Among so many people,
When suddenly we were hit by a trolley,
The trolley was being pushed by a young boy.
His parents shouted at him.
"Look where you are going!"
They apologised and made him apologise.
As far as we were concerned
It was just one of these things that happened.
And told that family that all was OK,
Not to worry.

We all moved on into the next aisle,
Suddenly the little boy appeared again,
Came up to us and said,
"I am so sorry I did that"
I looked at him and said,
"Do not worry all is fine".
He said thank you and started to walk back,
Back to his parents who were watching.
I called him back,
Held out my hand for him to take,
And we shook hands
To show all was well.
He looked puzzled,
He went back to his parents
And I do hope they will explain,
Explain to him what a handshake means,
That it is a sign of forgiveness.
I am sure that his parents will do this
As they seem to be raising him with respect,
Respect for all,

And this is so rare these days.
If only all children could be shown,
Be shown how wonderful respect can be.
I wish young boy well in his life.

Bach Spoiled.

I have heard it played on piano,
I have heard it played on harp,
Played by some wonderful musicians,
And it was so wonderful.
And once more I heard it,
I heard it this morning,
That tune that I know so well,
But it was spoiled.
It was played on harpsichord,
And to my mind that tune was ruined.
The Goldberg Variations were awful,
Well to my mind they were
When played on this instrument,
The one that when Sir Thomas Beecham
Was asked what he thought of it
Said it was like two skeletons,
Two skeletons copulating,
Copulating on a corrugated metal roof.
It was such a pity to spoil this music
With such an awful instrument.

The C Word.

Blow me!
It's happening!
Happening in November!
The C word keeps on appearing.
And now I am getting emails,
Emails using the C word.
Are the Choir going to sing,
Sing at the town,
The towns C lights switch on.
Can the Choir sing C carols,
Sing them at a school.
The choir are rehearsing,
Rehearsing for their concert,
Their C concert.
Surely the C word must not be used,
Not until December surely!
Ok then I give in,
I will mention the word,
Only once though!
So hear it is:
CHRISTMAS!

Treasures In Life.

In our lives we have values,
Values that we seem to need.
Many seem to want money
Believing that money will bring happiness
And take them to a fine place,
So they value it so much.
But in our life we have time,
And time is so important
As we use it to move forward,
Forward into a good life.
But what many do not realise
Is that time has more value,
More value than money.
You can get more money,
But you cannot get more time.
Treasure the time you have,
The time you have on this world.

Storms Of Clearance.

Our lives have many paths,
We walk them in many ways.
Some lead us to problems,
But to get us to where we are
Most bring us happiness,
Happiness and glory.
Sometimes a storm stops us,
Stops us from moving on,
Moving on in our lives.
But what we must realise
Is that not all storms disrupt,
Disrupt our lives.
Many storms are there
To clear the way,
Clear our path to the future.

Brain Full.

Each day, if you are lucky,
New knowledge is gained,
A new fact added to the store
That is in your brain.
The thing that worries me though
Is that at my age,
The brain is full
So when a new piece of knowledge,
is assimilated,
What piece falls off the other end?

Field Into Lake.

I was driving along the country road,
The hedges each side.
On one side the hills climbed up,
The hills covered with trees,
The golden trees of autumn,
Nature's palette at its best.
I drove on,
The hedges on the other side
Hiding the fields,
The fields leading to the river,
My River.
The hedges thinned out
And left me expecting
A sward of green pasture.
But no,
That pasture had changed,
It was now a lake,
A lake where swans and ducks
Swam with joy,
Swam in peace,
In peace and contentment.

How Did This Happen?

How did this happen?
There we were living our lives,
Both on our own
But with good friends around us.
We had known each other,
Known each other for a long time,
But only as friends.
Her husband and my wife had passed,
So we were on our own.
Then came that day,
That day we went out for coffee.
It was like a bright light had come on,
And from that time we fell in love,
And that love is so very strong,
We had never known it like this.
Now we are together,
Together in our lives,
Never to be parted.
Our love shines from us
And all around can see it,
See it shine from our hearts,
For all to see.
And that love grows stronger,
Stronger every moment.
We do not understand the happiness,
The happiness we now have.
So we still ask the question,
How did this happen?

They Are Here.

I rise from my bed,
Open the curtain
And there shining on me
Is the full moon.
A sight so wonderful
That always brings joy,
Brings joy to my heart.
I look into its depths
And know it has always been there,
Been there in my life
Just looking down on me,
And bringing wonder to all.

When I see it I am reminded
Reminded of Neil Armstrong
When he landed on the moon
And those first words he said
When he stepped on the moon
"They are here"

A Wonderful World?

People can be very strange in life!
It seems that many do not notice your tears
Or the sadness that is within you.
They do not notice the pain,
The pain that can be in your life.
They just cannot see that you need help,
Even just a word of kindness
Would help so much,
And maybe bring you into a healing place.
But the one thing they always notice,
And tell you about them,
Are the mistakes you make.
Why cannot we help each other,
And produce a wonderful world?

Not My Problem.

All through my life I have tried,
Tried my best to be a good person
And each day I try to get better,
To become more than what I am.
But now at the eve of my life
I have become this person,
This person who tries his best,
Tries his best for all he knows.
And when you see me
You must realise,
Realise that I am what am
And your approval isn't need.
This is me,
If you do not like what you see
That is not my problem,
It is yours.

For Remembrance Day.

Why are they selling poppies, Mummy?
Selling poppies in town today.
The poppies, child, are flowers of love.
For the men who marched away.
But why have they chosen a poppy, Mummy?
Why not a beautiful rose?
Because my child, men fought and died
In the fields where the poppies grow.
But why are the poppies so red, Mummy?
Why are the poppies so red?
Red is the colour of blood, my child.
The blood that our soldiers shed.
The heart of the poppy is black, Mummy.
Why does it have to be black?
Black, my child, is the symbol of grief.
For the men who never came back.
But why, Mummy are you crying so?
Your tears are giving you pain.
My tears are my fears for you my child.
For the world is forgetting again.

Handels Music Flows. Senryu.

Handels music flows
In time to the dipping oars,
Floating to the sea.

Warm Days

There we were at the garden centre,
Sitting in our favourite coffee house
Drinking with friends.
I needed to go and buy something
So I walked out of the coffee house
And walked towards the garden centre.
It was a beautiful sunny day,
And quite warm.
I had no coat on
Just my short-sleeved shirt,
But all around me
People were dressed for winter,
Thick coats, jumpers and scarves.
Why is it that many people dress like this?
They dress for the time of year,
Not for how the weather is on the day.
Yes it was in the middle of November
But the weather was sunny and warm.
Do they not understand the weather.

Lessons In Life.

In our life we make them,
We make mistakes
And they can be very painful,
Very painful at times.
But as we age we come to realise
Those mistakes become a collection,
A collection of experiences,
And that is when we realise
That those mistakes are lessons,
Lessons to get us into the life,
Into the good life we now have.

Wishful Thinking?

We are living in a life,
A life where old styles are returning
And taking me back to those days,
Those days of yore.
May be soon others will return
And loyalty and morals,
Thankfulness and respect
Become a trend again,
Or is that just wishful thinking?

My Good Life.

I have lived a great life
And come to my old age
Looking back with gladness.
I feel that I am truly wealthy,
I may not have wealth in money
But I am so grateful,
So grateful for what I have,
What I have and had in my life,
My long, long life.
I am still here
And will be forever.

Glass Full.

There in front of him was a glass,
He put some golf balls in the glass,
Put them in 'til no more could get in.
He asked the class
"Is the glass full?"
"Yes!" answered the class.
He then picked up some pebbles
And put them in the glass,
Filling the holes between the balls.
He asked the class
"Is the glass full?"
"Yes!" answered the class,
He then poured some sand
And poured it into the glass.
He asked the class
"Is the glass full?"
"Yes!" answered the class.
He then took out a bottle of beer
And poured some in the glass.
He asked the class
"Is the glass full?"
"Yes!" answered the class,
"Yes" he said,
"There is always room for a beer,
For a beer with friends."

Peace And Love.

Can you imagine a world,
A world of peace and love,
Where all understood each other,
As music would be the Universal Language.

Such A Glorious Day.

There I was on the croquet lawn
In the middle of November,
The sun was shining,
The sky was blue.
I looked around and saw,
Saw the glory of Autumn,
The glory of Autumn surrounding me.
Such a beautiful day
And such fine weather.
For what more could I ask?
Playing the sport I love
With good friends,
And this wonderful weather
Bringing glory to me,
Glory to my body and heart.
Such a glorious day.

Scatter Sunshine.

Turn on the radio, open the paper,
Switch on the television,
And what to you see.
You see the bad in this world.
I know there is good,
But it does not make the news.
Life is wonderful,
This wonder must be shown.
So why not encourage all
To be positive,
Encourage good within people,
Scatter sunshine all around.
It may work,
You may not know
Whose life you may touch,
You may touch them
With something so simple,
As a smile,
Or a kind word.
So go on,
Scatter sunshine.

Simon And Garfunkel.

I heard them in the sixties,
These two young Americans
Singing their songs so well,
Songs that are still known,
Still well-known even now
Over fifty years later.
I have listened to them,
Sang them,
And enjoyed them all my life.
Such a wonderful sound
Made for us all,
By Simon and Garfunkel.

Flaming Computers!

Flaming computers!
I logged on as normal
As I do every morning,
Into the sites I use
And logged onto MPS,
No problems.
Started looking at poems,
Then came out to go to another site.
Came back to MPS
But could not log in,
It wanted me to rejoin.
I went onto MPS
Using a different way in,
I used Edge instead of Chrome
And all was well.
Having worked in computing
For many years I have seen these problems
And it is during those times
You realise that it is the software.
And you get to know the difference
Between software and hardware,
Software is silent,
When you throw your computer,
Throw it at the wall!

And It Rains.

And it rains.
The water from the sky
Dropping down
Onto the land.
Each drop meets others
And form pools.
These pools congregate
And form ponds.
The ponds merge into streams,
They start to move,
Move down hillsides,
And flow into rivers.
The rivers flow to the sea
And the vastness of the sea
Causes evaporation.
The mist rises to the sky
Where clouds are formed,
Each cloud gets bigger.
Water droplets are made,
And it rains

Fulfilment of Life.

Some people may think I am crazy,
But in my long life
I love to see other people,
See other people being happy,
Being happy and succeeding in life.
As what many do not realise
Is that life is not a competition,
It is a journey of fulfilment
And every moment of that journey
Should be cherished and loved.

Creating Music.

The rehearsal was over,
The penultimate rehearsal before the concert.
The choir worked so hard,
As did I.
I walked into my house
And there she was waiting for me,
My lover,
We kissed and cuddled.
I poured myself a Whisky,
Auchentoschan was the one,
I had earned this, this evening.
And there I was sitting next to my loved one
Our arms around each other,
A fine scotch being sipped,
And Mozart flowing around us.
What a wonderful way to relax
After working so hard in the choir,
Doing the thing I love,
Creating music for others to hear.

Walking To School.

Driving down to the shops
I had to pass a school,
Struggled to get down the road
As so many cars were there,
Taking the children to school.
It took me back,
Back to my schooldays
When I walked to school,
As did most of my friends.
As we walked down the road
We would meet each other,
Chat and play on our way.,
Sometimes if it rained
I caught the bus.
But I was never driven to school,
We had to make our own way.
Then came the day I got a bicycle
And rode to school,
Not many cars on the road
So cycling to school was easy.
Life is so different now,
With all the cars,
Driving kids to school.
I am sure that I had happier times,
Walking with friends to school.

Protecting Moon.

I looked up from my world
Into the blue above me,
The blue interrupted by whites and greys
As the clouds sailed slowly,
Sailed so slowly across the sky.
Suddenly a sickle moon appeared,
Hidden by a cloud.
This moon so pale in the daylight,
But still there looking down
Looking down on my life,
My life and our wonderful world.
I just kept watching
Until hidden once more,
But knowing it was there
And always will be,
Looking down on me,
As if protecting us.
Protecting us from evil,
The evil that can be seen,
Can be seen in our world,
Our glorious world.

Full Life.

Calliope looks down on me
As if to say what are you going to write,
Going to write today.
Will it be of the happiness in your life,
Your long life that has been full of glory.
Will it be of your walks with Nature
That you enjoy so much.
It may be of the music in your life,
That music that has been with you forever.
Of will it be of the love that you had,
And then lost after so many years together
When she passed into another world
To join me looking down on you.
It could be of the new love in your life,
That love that came so unexpectedly
And became so strong and wonderful.
But no I have written these words today
And they say so much about my life,
My fulfilling life,
Full of love and happiness.

Slithered Moon Haiku.

The slithered moon shines
Cutting the sky with its light,
Bringing light to all.

Bad Drivers.

Well they were all out yesterday,
The drivers who can't drive,
And the drivers who don't care!
Up to the roundabout I came
On the inside lane,
Ready to go straight ahead,
A lorry pulls up beside me,
Signalling to go around the roundabout,
But no, he went straight on!
Then there was the Mercedes in the car park,
I was driving down the road,
The main road of the carpark,
He pulled out from the parking area
Not even looking up my way!
The final straw was the slow driver,
The one doing thirty five
On a sixty miles per hour road!
So many people behind him
And nowhere to overtake.
I was so glad to get home
And hope that today
The good drivers are on the road.

Peace And Harmony.

To the jazz club I went,
As I do every month.
It would be different this month,
A guitarist was playing,
Not the normal type of groups
That I enjoy so much.
Out he came
With a bass player and a drummer,
Just the three of them.
He sat down, guitar on his knee
He started playing.
He was amazing,
I had never heard sound or skill
Sound or skill such as this.
He then played a second song,
So slowly and full of passion
That drew me out of my body,
I was drawn further and further
Into his world,
His world of music.
I was taken Over the Rainbow
As his notes sailed into the ether
With me sailing with them.
What a guitarist.
All evening he played
And the audience and I
Were silent,
So silent as we listened,
Listened to his glorious sound.

I had had a good day
But his music took me,
Took me to another place

Where music ruled
And brought peace,
Brought peace and harmony,
Peace and harmony to all.

Tomorrows Garden.

It is one of the things in life,
A thing that takes us further,
It happens when you plant a garden.
If you plant a garden
It means that you believe,
That you believe in tomorrow.
Within that garden
You also plant hope,
As you know that hope will be raised,
Will be raised again
As each plant grows,
Grows into your new life.

Blessed Laughter.

In life there is a cure all,
It is called laughing.
There are so many things,
Things that amuse us,
Amuse us in our lives.
We see them most days
And laughter bursts from us,
Filling our hearts and minds with relief,
Relief from the pressures,
The pressures that come in our lives.
Sometimes we do not laugh,
So in that case we need to remember,
Remember that we can be blessed,
As we who can laugh at ourselves
Will never cease to be amused.

Stories Of Life.

Life is such a wonderful thing,
You go through it and feel all emotions.
The highs and joys when you are happy,
The lows and sorrows when you are sad,
All add to your life's experience.

Objects come into your life,
Sometimes meaningful,
Sometimes not,
But each item creates a memory.
So as you travel through life
You find that the things you collect
Become a source of stories
That have come into your life.

So fill your life with experiences,
Fill your life with memories,
Not the objects you collect,
So that you have stories to tell,
Stories of your life.

Daily Teacher.

Each day it is in our lives,
And is a great teacher of life.
As when the sun sets,
It brings peace.
And when it rises,
It brings hope.

Nature's Life.

It is a grey day today
But Nature calls me.
I go to My River
And walk by its side.
My life so good,
Enhanced by love,
Love of life.
My River flows
Green and clear
By my side.
The swans float,
Float in harmony
With My River,
And with me.
The beauty of Nature
All around me.
The leaves of the trees
At my feet,
Their colours shine,
Shine up,
Shine up at me,
After falling,
Falling from the trees.
The trees almost naked,
Their branches bare.
But the willow,
The willow so green,
Shows it growth
And its power,
Power to survive.

As I walk with Nature
I know that all is well

As nature will restore,
Restore life in the trees
And the New Year will be,
Will be there in Nature's life,
And in mine.

Moon Of Love.

Once more I arise from my bed,
I look out of my window
And there in the clear dark sky
The full moon shines brightly.
The stars are so clear in this time,
This time before dawn.
I open the curtain,
My lover sees the moon
That moon that shines on us,
Shines on the love we have,
We have for each other.
The beauty of the moon
Highlights the beauty in her,
A beauty so full of love,
So full of love for me
And my love for her is so strong.
With the moon shining on us
We know that our love is blessed,
Blessed by the Universe,
The Universe in which we live.
And once more we will arise,
Arise into another fine day,
Another fine day in our life,
Our life together
That will never end.

The New Watch.

There he came into the house,
The first thing he showed us
Was the watch,
Of which he was so proud.
My son and his partner
Had started kayaking,
And he needed a watch
That could survive in the wet,
So here it was.
It goes down to the depths,
It told when the tides were rising,
Or receding,
It could even tell the time!
We were sitting chatting
And he needed to know the time.
So there it is,
His new watch on his wrist,
Ready and waiting for him,
And what does he do?
He looks at his 'phone!
I just laughed and laughed.
"What are you laughing at?
My son said.
So I asked him
"Why do you have a watch,
Of which you are so proud;
But tell the time on you 'phone?"
He looked at me dumbfounded,
And he too burst out laughing.

Joy And Freedom.

The Choir met for the last time,
The last time this year,
A wonderful year of singing,
Singing with such pleasure.
Every week we met and sang,
Sang our hearts out,
Sang for the love of music.
It always takes us to a different place,
A place of joy and freedom
Where troubles are forgotten,
Where we do the thing we love,
We all just love to sing.
The concerts we gave were wonderful
The audiences stood and cheered,
Cheered at us when we finished.
That is such a bonus
As we know our glory,
Our glory to sing
Is given out to the world,
The world of others
That they me also come,
Also come to that place,
That place of joy and freedom
Where we go every week.
We know we will be back,
Be back in the New Year
And sing our hearts out,
Sing our hearts out once more.

Long Life Pleasure.

As we go through our lives
We want to do many things
To fulfil the enjoyment
That brings pleasure to us all.
As we get older it is never too late,
Never too late to do what you want.
But there is one thing,
One thing that you cannot do.
If you want to be younger,
That is impossible.
So enjoy your life,
And may a long life bring pleasure,
Bring pleasure to us all.

And It Snowed.

I arose from my bed,
Pulled back the curtains
And saw the snow,
The pure whiteness
Covering my world.
A beautiful sight to see,
Unspoilt pure white,
Its beauty filling me with glory.
Yet again my world lifts me,
Lifts My Spirit in its wonder,
As once more Natures Realm
Brings joy to my body and mind.

Just A Shower.

So here was the weather forecast,
Apparently we had the occasional shower,
The occasional shower of snow.
That occasional shower did happen
That is if you believe it.
That shower started at six,
Six in the morning
And did not stop until four,
Four in the afternoon.
About eight inches of snow landed
And covered everything.
So if the forecasters believe,
Believe this was a shower
Goodness know what will happen
When they forecast real snow!

Another Fine DAY.

The day is over,
Another fine day in my life.
Meeting with friends,
Walking in the soft snow,
Seeing Natures artwork
In all its white wonder.
And all the time
She is with me,
The love of my life
Is by my side.
And as we climb the stairs
At the end of this fine day
We are still side by side
As we sleep in each others arms,
Our love shining like a star
As our life together
Goes on forever.

New Life Of Wonder.

Why am I the way I am?
People often ask this question.
I am always positive,
Positive about my life.
I greet every day with wonder,
And am so pleased to get up,
Get up into a new day.
I go to sleep after each day,
After each beautiful day
Knowing that there is another one,
Another one to come tomorrow.
Why am I like this?
It comes from one day,
One day years ago.
I was unwell,
And the Doctor said the words,
The words that changed my way,
Changed my way in life.
He said these words:
"If you do not have this operation,
You will die!"
After coming out of the anaesthetic
My life changed,
I had been given a second chance,
A second chance at life.
And from that day my life is good,
It is so good
As I am still here
And will enjoy every moment,
Every moment of my new life,
And have enjoyed every moment
Since awakening,
Awakening from that operation.

Be That Light.

Sometimes in our lives
You could be the light for others,
And some days in our lives
Others could be the light for you.
But as long as there is light,
Light in our lives,
There is always hope
And a way to go forward,
Go forward in our lives.
Be that light.

Easy Lives.

Well that took me back,
Back to my youth.
The central heating has stopped,
Needed repairing.
So I came rushing down stairs
First thing in the morning
And put the gas oven on,
To warm the kitchen,
Then lit the fire in the lounge
To try and get warmth in the house,
On this freezing cold day.
This is what we did back in time,
When we had no central heating.
It was so cold in the house
That steam came from our mouths,
There was ice on the windows,
On the INSIDE!
Those were the days,
The days so long ago,
But I survived,
As did so many.
We do have easy lives nowadays.

Gratefulness.

We all have those days,
Those days where life is hard.
But no matter how hard,
How hard your life becomes,
Be grateful,
Be grateful when you go to bed
That you still have a life.

Music In Life.

Music has always been there,
Been there in my life.
I listen to it every day,
And have listened to it,
All my long life.
It could be classical or jazz,
Country or pop.
So much music in my life,
So little time.
Music Is always there for me,
And music cannot be touched,
But music can touch me.

Why Can't We Always be Like This.

During the days when the snow was on the ground,
When we found we couldn't drive,
And many people were walking,
As we passed in the street,
We found ourselves talking
To each other, cheerfully.

This only happens when times appear troubled,
And people come out of the insular
Cocoon they wrap around their minds;
To stop them getting involved
In others troubled lives.
Does chaos bring us together?

Spring Approaches Haiku.

The leaves have fallen,
Winter is now in control,
But Spring approaches.

Together And Forever.

As each day dawns
We are there together
In each other's arms,
Our love so powerful
And it has only been a year,
A year where our love grew.
We met and knew something was there
But never did we know
That our love for each other
Would become so very strong,
So very strong in such a short time.
But each day during this year
Our love has grown,
Grown so strong
That we just do not understand,
Understand how it has happened
And we know it will never stop,
Our love will never stop getting stronger.
Saying 'I love you'
Is just not enough,
But love you I do
And that will never fail
As we live our lives together,
Together and forever.

Liebestraum.

As I sat here reading poetry,
The music playing around me,
A piece of music played
And I had to stop reading.
This music took me away,
Away to a place of ecstasy,
Ecstasy and peacefulness.
It was a Dream of Love
Pulling me into its wonder.
My love for music
And my love for life
Was being fulfilled
As these notes on the piano
Came through my ears
Into my mind
And into my heart.
My day had started
And it had taken me ,
Taken me to that place,
Taken me to Liebestraum.
What a wonderful place
To start my day.

Prince Of Cool.

Chet Baker Prince of cool,
They said it on the radio,
Chet Baker, Prince of Cool.
Born on this day in nineteen twenty nine
A trumpeter that can take me to places,
To places of immeasurable pleasure
Every time I hear him play.
He plays, I stop,
Stop and listen
And get taken into his mind
As the notes sail from his
Into mine.
A musician who is part of my life
And will always be there,
Be there for me.
So on this day,
This day of your birth,
Play on Chet,
Play on.

Fine Future.

Thanks for yesterday,
For today I am grateful,
I have hope for tomorrow.
Each day of my long life
Is filled with love,
Love for others in my life
For a fine future
Filled with joy and love.

For Mary.

Well this is the end,
The end of our first year,
Our first year in each other's arms.
A love that is so strong between us
That we do not understand,
Do not understand
Where this love came from.
Each day it gets stronger
And is seen by all around.
So today we have Christmas Day,
Our first Christmas Day with each other
And a fine one it will be
As we will be together,
And that togetherness will last,
Will last for eternity,
Happy Christmas Mary.

Good Cheer To All.

'Twas the day after Christmas,
This chap is getting fat.
Walks through forests and meadows,
Will surely see to that.

Along My Rivers pathway,
Walking long fast and hard,
Will shed many of these pounds,
And eating will be barred.

If I do it long enough,
And do it day by day,
My fitness will get better,
And keep the fat at bay.

But the New Year is coming,
Drinking scotch and wine and beer,
It may put the fat back on,
But to you all I give good cheer.

Our Path To Eternity.

The sun was shining down on us
As we walked by My River
On this Boxing Day morn,
The green of the river
Now coloured brown,
And its gentle way was rushing,
Rushing passed
As so much rain had fallen.
But there we were,
My Lover and I,
Walking at its side,
Our love flowing with the water.
The glory of My River
Enveloped us both
And we three became one
As we all walked our path,
Our path to eternity.

Each Day I Arise.

The day begins,
I arise before dawn
And see the rising of the sun,
The sky getting bluer
As Nature Realm enthrals me
In this new day of my life.
Here I am
Embracing another day,
Another fine day in my life,
In my long, long life.
Every day is special
As I arose into it
And know that there will be more,
Many more to come.
I am lucky,
Such a lucky man
And so grateful
For each day I arise.

Imagine A Time Like This.

Imagine a time like this.

Imagine a life of peace,
A life where all agree,
Each help each other.
Animosity is gone,
Arguments have stopped.

Imagine a world of love,
Love for each other.
Hate has been dispersed,
And all are satisfied,
And nobody wants.

Imagine a time like this.

Raining In My Heart To Sunshine.

There I was on this fine December day
Three long years ago
The sun was out, the sky was blue.
I was with her,
Sitting by her side.
The love of my life just lying there,
Lying in a hospital bed.
Looking out there was not a cloud in the sky.
As I sat as she sucked her last breath,
That is when it started raining
Raining in my heart.
My lover had moved on
Moved on into that wonderful sky,
And beyond.

Then came the day,
The day a new love came,
Came into my heart,
And the tears stopped.
My new lady took me,
Took me to a wonderful place,
A place full of love and laughter.
She too had lost her lover,
Lost him many years ago
And now we have a new life,
Not just the two of us
But our memories of those times,
Those times long ago,
When we were in love before.

They will be there for us,
Always be there for us,
Just waiting for us.

And on that day the tears will stop,
And it will no longer be
Raining in our hearts.

The Next Year Senryu.

New Year's Eve has come,
A lovelorn Year has ended
Full of love's wonder.
The New Year will be better,
My loved one and I are here.

Welcome New Year.

Welcome New Year,
You are here at last,
It will be good to know you
As you take us with you
Into the future,
The future of our lives.
The Winter that is with us
Will soon turn into Spring
And show new growth,
New growth in our land
To give us comfort
That survival is here,
And we are still here.
Summer will show the warmth,
The warmth of this year
Bringing wonder to us all.
Autumn will then be there
Showing us the glory,
The glory of Nature's palette
With its yellows, oranges and reds
Surrounding us with wonder.
Then winter will be back
And into another New Year
We will flow in our lives,
Our lives of love and wonder
That will go on,
Go on to Eternity.
Happy New Year.

Observe Wisdom.

In our lives we study,
We can study all our lives
And that knowledge is gained,
We can then move on,
Move on to better things.
But what many forget
Is that to acquire wisdom
We must observe,
Observe and gather,
Gather all those things,
All those things we see,
We see around us,
As wisdom cannot be taught.

Death In The Night.

As day turns to night, and the sun disappears,
I leave the safety of my hidden place
And fly into the night.
I fly on black, silent wings,
Moving me with ease through the air.
Looking down, I see a world below me,
That is dying.
They kill each other for no reason.
But I can stop that!
I can make it that they live forever.
As I land amongst them
And feed on their blood,
My fangs deep in their veins,
They become as immortal as I.
I am sated for another night.
I spread my wings and fly back to my hidden place,
Returning to the safety of my tomb for another day,
Until the sun leaves the sky,
When once more I go into the darkness,
Where I may seek you out.

Weird Age.

I have had a fine life,
Grown up with fine parents
And a fun loving brother.
Learned so much at school,
And then worked all my life,
Never out of work.
Married for many years,
Had children.
Life was so good,
But now things are so strange
As it feels so weird,
So weird being this age,
Being the same age,
The same age as old people.

Musical Travels.

Music is so important,
So important in my life.
It has been with me since birth
So many years ago,
And yet I still hear those sounds,
Those sounds of new music
That still pull my heart strings
Like a harp of life,
Bringing wonder to me,
Bringing wonder every day.
Music takes me to places,
To so many places,
Where my feet never go.

Beautiful Destinations.

In life we walk many roads,
Many are easy to travel
And lead us to good places.
Many are hard to walk
And take us to bad times.
But sometimes it happens
That difficult roads
Often lead us,
Lead us to beautiful destinations.

Believe In Dreams.

Each night we go to bed
And they come,
The dreams come to us.
We have so many dreams
And many are what we want,
So we must believe in dreams
As they were given to you,
Given to you for a reason.

Tears And Joy.

There was that day when you were born,
A day where you cried when you entered the world,
On that day your world rejoiced at your birth.
During your life ensure that what you do is good
So that when you die your world will miss you and cry,
And you will rejoice in the good life you have had.

Dad In The Mirror.

I looked in the mirror
And saw my Dad looking at me,
He had a smile on his face
And thoughts flowed to me
From this man,
This man who gave me so much.
He taught me respect,
Respect in all aspects of life.
He showed me no anger,
As anger does not work in life
Because it is followed by sorrow,
And sorrow was not in his life,
And it is rarely in mine.
Each of his days was a good one
As is every day of my life.
He gave me my love of music
Which has never failed.
He listened to it every day,
As do I.
And I can see him now,
The music on in the lounge,
Sitting in his armchair
And a smile on his face.
He left this earth many years ago
But I know he is there,
Waiting for me,
So that once more we can listen,
Listen to music together.

Keep A Smile.

Each day has good moments,
Moments that we must treasure.
We must remember these moments
And as we do
We will be able to keep a smile,
Keep a smile for tomorrow.

Glory Once More.

So much rain has fell,
I go down to My River,
It is so high but I can walk by it.
The water flowing so fast
and a dark brown colour.
I think back to those days
Where the green clear water
Went passed me at a sedate pace,
The swans and geese sailing,
Sailing peacefully along it.
But today as I walk by it
Its speed so fast,
It is not how I see my life.
My life has slowed
And every moment of it
Has become a time of wonder.
I no longer want speed in my life,
Every moment is special,
And I want to enjoy every one
And give them the time,
The time they deserve.
I know My River will ease
And the wonder that I enjoy will return,
And that day will bring glory,
Bring glory once more to my life.

Mozart's Morning.

What a glorious way to start the day!
Down the stairs I came,
On went the radio
And there I was greeted,
Greeted by Mozart.
A piano sonata was being played,
I was taken away,
Taken away into Mozart's fine world.
I sat there and listened,
Did nothing else but listened.
Was it a dream,
Had I not awoken yet?
But no this was real,
It was happening,
And it showed me how wonderful,
How wonderful this day would be.
It could not be anything else,
As being welcomed by Mozart
Was a great way to start this day.

Philosophy And Reason.

You hear about them healing people,
Faith healers heal people with mind power,
Mind power and belief.
If this is so why do they not work in hospitals!
It is probably for the same reason
That you do not hear about psychics,
About them winning the lottery.

Walking With Nature.

Going along the trails, through nature's realm,
I wonder at the glory around me.
The wonder of nature abounds,
Each site leaves a picture in my mind.
Be it the greens and yellows of the fields,
The blues and browns
Of the river flowing through the forest,
Each picture framed in glory.
I look back and see my steps
As I walk my way along the track,
Those steps soon fading in time
As though I had never been this way.
Each flower, animal and tree so precious
As I delicately pass them,
And leave them unharmed,
Leaving nature as I found it.
Knowing that;
I have taken nothing but pictures.
Left nothing but footprints.
Killed nothing but time.

Come On Tomorrow Senryu.

Each day we awake
Our love shines even stronger,
Come on tomorrow.

Dogs.

Into the coffee bar we walk
And there they are waiting,
They rush towards me
And will not let me pass
Until each has had a treat,
A treat from my pocket.
These two retrievers
Every time they are there
They come to us,
As if they are ours.

Being with these dogs takes me back,
Back to my childhood
When we had dogs.
There was Prince, the Boxer,
He would race around the garden
In his mad five minutes,
One day he came racing at me
And didn't stop in time,
His chin hit my knee.
The only time he hurt me,
But it was an accident.

Our family used to take him up 'The Ground'.
My brother and I climbed trees,
Played games and Prince played as well.
We finished, locked the gate,
Ready to go home.
Prince went straight to the bus stop,
He was not walking home.

Then there was Shane, the Red Setter,
A beautiful dog we had for many years,

He was still there when I left home.
He eventually passed to that kennel in the sky,
But the words I remember were from my Mum.
She said one day:
"The rhubarb in the garden
Has not tasted so good since Shane has gone!"

Such good days I had in my youth,
When dogs were always with me.

Paddy Power First.

Into town we walked,
My lover and I,
Our exercise for the day.
A couple of things to buy,
We chatted and laughed our way,
Laughed our way down to the town,
Wandered around
And bought a couple of things,
Then we needed coffee.
So to the coffee shop we went
And that is when it happened,
An elderly couple walked passed us
And they were chatting quite happily
When I heard it said,
Something I would never have expected,
He said to her
"Shall we go to Paddy Power first?"
I just walked on laughing
Laughing my head off,
Going to a bookies mid-morning
Seemed so strange.

Acromegaly.

I wonder if.....?

Those were the glorious words
That stopped me sliding ever downward
To that black hole that was pulling
Me to the end of this existence.

Four in a million....

Were the odds of developing
This debilitating condition that was
So difficult to diagnose
I wonder if.....?

The registrar, newly qualified?
In discussions with her mentor
About my lack of sleep, never-ending
Headaches and absolute fatigue said:
"I wonder if.....?"

So then I was tested.
The blood so freely taken by anyone
Who seemed to want it.
Almost dragged from the street
As I passed any Doctors' surgery.

Then that day when the diagnosis
Was confirmed, the Doctor said
"Yes, This is what you have!"
"We will now need to operate,
Deep within your head!"

The surgeon, dressed in white,
All powerful to his pupils,
Full of confidence that relayed to me

The complete certainty,
That all would be right!

The surgeon came onto the ward
He told me that the operation may result
In my awaking with a headache!
I smiled as I told him that,
I was used to them by now!

Where does the time go?
I was talking to a Doctor as he
Anaesthetised me when, he changed,
Into a nurse asking me,
"Was I alright?"
.

Having lost four hours of my life.
Not knowing where the time went
Puzzles me.
Asleep you are aware of time passing
But not when drugged. Strange!

Where was the headache I was promised.
The old "friend?" gone at last!
Free from pain after so many years,
Was all going to be fine now, after,
Thirteen years of suffering!

God was back in my mind!
My faith lost; the last thing to go
As I fell into the pit of despair, that was
So hard for loved ones to cope with.
But God came back!

The ward, full of humour became

My home for a week, I laughed,
And I cried, although not of despair.
The staff also joking, laughing with me.
But the air professionalism, paramount!

I listened to music on the miniature player
That held much of the music that was important to me
So my thanks go to God and all of the staff,
To Johan Sebastian, Wolfgang Amadeus and
Ol' Satchelmouth himself!

Since leaving the hospital totally cured,
A second chance at life changed me!
I see things in a positive way, always looking for
The good, in both people and situations, despite
The pessimism of most!

So my thanks to the registrar who,
When discussing my case with her
Professorial mentor, that time back when she,
Uttered those words of such value to me
I wonder if.....?

Where Were You?

Where were you?
There I was laying in bed
Awaiting for you to come
But you were not there!
Every night you come to me,
But why not tonight?
I just lay there
Thoughts going through my mind,
But you were not there
To put these thoughts into dreams.
My lover was next to me
So that was fine,
But where were you?
Where were you sleep?

My Kind Of Day.

As I look from the hill I see the beauty,
The beauty of Nature before me.
The white landscape lies all around
With the frost all over the ground
And the sun shining so brightly
Down from the bright blue sky.
The Artwork of Nature so sublime
Showing me its absolute wonder
And bring so much joy to my mind.
This is my kind of day,
The kind of day that I have always enjoyed
When I walk with Nature's Beauty
In the deep frost and bright sunlight.

Painting On Silence.

I walk around the gallery,
The artwork all around me
Bringing joy to my eyes,
So many canvases
Painted with love.
I walk from the gallery
Into the hall,
I hear the music
Bringing joy to my ears
From the silence
Upon which music is painted.

Cannot Get Back.

In this life we do many things,
Things that bring enjoyment to us,
But when we look back on our lives
We see things that we cannot get back.
Sometimes we say a word,
A word we should not have said
And we realise it cannot be retrieved.
There are then the occasions that we miss
That we wanted to be with.
But the worst of all is the time,
The time we had,
The time we had after it has gone.
Every moment of our lives is precious,
We must ensure,
Ensure that we enjoy every one,
Every one of them.

The Knife's Edge.

As the light of dawn breaks
The dark of the night is repelled
And once more the beauty of the day
Starts to shine before us
Light winning over darkness

The noon day is with us
And once more light has conquered all
That light which shows us the way
To a life of bright harmony
Light winning over darkness

The end of the day is near
As the light slowly dims
The memories of the daylight
Will never leave us
Light winning over darkness

The night and darkness descends
But look up into the sky
The light shines through
The holes in heavens floor
Light winning over darkness

**This world is so full of strife
Its stands on the edge of a knife
The dark and the light
Continue their fight
To see who can win in this life**

Watson And Holmes Went Camping.

Watson and Holmes went camping,
One fine, clear summer's day,
They pitched their tent in a large, green field,
Surrounded by high, bright, hay.

They sat round the campfire.
Holmes smoking on his pipe,
And Watson writing in his diary,
Which later he would type.

When at last they went in the tent,
As tiredness upon them crept,
They slid upon their camp beds,
And on them they just slept.

At three o'clock that morning,
Or maybe there about,
Holmes awoke with quite a start,
And to Watson gave a shout.

"Watson, wake and look, what do you see?"
"I see a clear sky full of stars,
With the bright moon shining over us,
And above me there is Mars"

"Your vision of the stars above
Dear Watson is not tricked
But all that I can now deduce
Is that our tent has just been nicked"

Laughter Acrostic.

Let it be there with you,
A laugh is so important
Under so many circumstances,
Guffawing away those sorrows
Helps in so many ways
To bring joy to us all,
Ever increasing relaxation by
Releasing endorphins.

That's Jazz.

There they were,
Just three of them on stage,
Sixteen strings amongst them.
Six on each of two guitars
Four on the bass
And they played,
They played and this sound,
This incredible sound came,
Came and surrounded us all.
A sound taking me right back,
Right back to those sounds of old
Where jazz was coming to the fore.
They changed their instruments
And blew the night away.
Emily joined them and sang,
Sang with a voice that called,
Called me back to that age,
That age of a hundred years ago
Where jazz became king.
It's long, long journey continued,
Continued up to now
And will continue,
Continue way into the future.

That's Jazz.

Jacqueline.

There it came on the radio,
That piece of music,
It brought tears to my eyes,
As it does whenever I hear it,
Hear it being played by Jacqueline.
The Elgar Cello Concerto
Being played by her is so sublime
That it stops me,
Stops me to make me listen,
And listen I do, so intensely.
Jacqueline took the world by storm,
Her playing was so unique.
She took cello playing way up,
Way up to another level
Which bewitched so many
In the way she played,
It had never been heard,
Never been heard played so well.
And then it happened,
Her fingers stopped moving
As multiple sclerosis took her,
And at twenty eight years old she stopped,
Stopped creating this wonderful sound.
Her life lasted fourteen more years
And she was taken from our world
To that place where music never stops.
But that piece of music by Elgar
Will always bring her back,
Bring her back to me,
As I listened to it on her birthday.

Jacqueline du Pre - 26 January 1945 ? 19 October 1987

Ageless Hippie.

Looking inside myself it is there.
If you knock on that door,
That door to my soul,
You will find me.
You will find an ageless hippie
An ageless hippie with a rock and roll heart
And a never ending hope,
A never ending hope for peace.

Rainbows And Stars.

In life problems occur
Bringing rain and darkness to our hearts.
In that rain just keep looking,
And look for rainbows.
And in the darkness that is there
Just look for the stars,
And the light will be with us.
Colour and light are there
And will always be there
In the life we are leading,
Leading into the future,
The future of wonder and love.

The Good Side.

In this world in which we live
I am always happy.
I am not happy because everything is good,
I am an optimist
And I always see the good,
See the good in everything,
In everything that happens,
Everything that happens in my life.
Good can be found,
Can be found in all life,
In all the life I lead.

Possibilities.

We look at the glass of life
And many times we see it half full,
It is never half empty though,
That other half is full,
Full of possibilities.

Compliments And Criticism.

In life we get compliments
And we accept these with pleasure.
In life we get criticism
And these we accept with dislike.
We must accept both when you realise,
Realise that it takes both,
Takes both sun and rain,
For a flower to grow.

Baldies.

There I was in the jazz club
Listening to the jazz,
Having a fine time
The music taking me
To those places
Where music reigns.
My friend sat in front ,
Sat in front of me
Around the table.
He was lacking in hair,
No problem with this
But the man in front of him
Had no hair either,
Or the man in front of that one.
And there they were,
Five men in a line,
Five men in front of me
All without hair.
There were baldies everywhere.
So funny to see
When my hair is so thick,
So thick and dark.
And it is not as though I am younger,
Younger than the rest,
The rest of the old fogies,
The old fogies enjoying jazz,
Enjoying jazz as we have been,
Have been for many, many years.

Who Was There?

In life we meet many people,
Some just in passing,
Some become friends
And we meet with them often,
Then suddenly they may go away,
Go away in our troubled times.
But then there are those that stay,
Stay with us in those troubled times.
These are true friends,
These are the ones we won't forget
As they are the ones who were there,
Were there for us,
There for us in troubled times
And are worth their weight in gold.

The Six Nations.

Well today the battles start,
Fifteen men start running,
Men running at each other
Hitting them with shoulders,
Trapping then in their arms
Trying to take the oval ball
That they hold in their hands.
The tackles go in hard and strong
But each time they get up
And battle on for that ball
And for eighty minutes they battle,
Knocking each other hard,
Trying to win the battle
To get that ball over the line
So they can win the game,
And be the champions,
The champions of the battle
To win the Six Nations.

Music Remembered.

The music comes on and takes me back,
Back to that wonderful time
And I start singing with these songs,
These songs of the fifties and sixties,
Songs whose words I know so well.
My ability to remember them is vast,
But why is it they so very much exceed,
Exceed the reason why I walked,
The reason why I walked into the kitchen.

River And Time.

My River flows beside me,
Its gentle soul passes by.
I touch it and feel it,
I know it is part of my life
And that I will not touch that part,
Not touch that part again
As it has passed me by
On its journey to infinity.

Time is like a river,
Every moment passes
And that moment will not touch us,
Will not touch us again,
And we will not touch that moment again.
Moments are important in life
So enjoy every one of them,
Enjoy every moment of your life.

Dancing To Infinity.

Into my arms she came,
The love of my life.
The music started
And around the floor we went
Dancing to the music.
Forward, side, together,
Waltzing in each other's arms.
An evening of dancing,
Dancing, enjoyment and love.
And as we danced I knew,
I knew that this dance would last,
Would last forever,
And my lover and I would dance,
Would dance all the way,
All the way to infinity,
And beyond.

Music To Clean By.

Back in the day I went to the pub
And had a few pints,
Drinking with friends,
Listening to music,
And singing the songs.

I now find my self
Still singing those songs,
And listening to that music,
But no longer down the pub.
I know I must be getting old,
As now I am cleaning the house
To that music,
That music I used to drink to.

Individual Journeys.

In life I walk my journey,
My journey into each new day.
That journey will take me,
Take me to unknown places,
Places that are new to me.

In life you walk your journey,
Your journey into each new day.
That journey will take you,
Take you to unknown places,
That will be new to you.

We each have our journeys
That take us to different places,
Different places in our lives.
Maybe we will meet somewhere,
Somewhere on our journey
And it is there that we will encourage,
Encourage each other on our ways,
Our ways to our individual paths.

Nothing For Granted.

We live in this chaotic world,
One day the chaos may end,
And life will be fine,
Fine for all.
But in these times I am grateful,
Grateful for what I have.
I have a house,
I have food and water,
I have warmth,
And most of all I have love.
These things are so important,
So important in my life.
I am so lucky to be like this.
May I never,
Never ever,
Take them for granted.

To A Place Of Happiness.

There we were, the four of us,
Two couples of a certain age
Walking onto the croquet lawn
To play this game we loved.

We each hit our balls
Towards the hoops,
Or to knock each other's balls
Away from the hoop.

As we went round the lawn
We spoke of many things,
We laughed at many things,
As we tried to win the game.

One game was over
So we sat and drank coffee,
Talking of life around us,
Our lives being so long.

We then played another game,
A game that the other pair one.
We had each won a game
On this fine afternoon.

We finished playing,
And as we walked to our cars
We knew we had had a good time.
Our lives so different in the past
But we now we were friends,
Had become very good friends.
This had been reinforced,
Reinforced on this afternoon

Where talking, laughter and banter
Had brought us all into a place,
A place filled with happiness.

Kindness Given.

In our lives we should be kind,
Kindness does not cost a thing
But in all cases it is the richest,
The richest thing we can give.

Storm Clearance.

We may have many different occurrences in our lives,
Looking back we can see them and remember them,
But on looking back we often come to realise
That there had been many storms in our lives
And those storms had come to clear our paths
So that we can arrive at the good life we have today.

Beautiful Person.

We were walking along the street
A lady with a baby in a pushchair
Came towards us.
My lady turned and looked at me,
She said, "Is there anything more beautiful,
More beautiful than a baby?"
"Yes", I replied "You".
"Me? she said,
"Yes , you" he replied,
"Babies are born beautiful naturally,
But beautiful old people like you
Become beautiful and are wonderful,
Are wonderful works of art.

Oldest And Youngest.

Each day we must live our lives,
We can take chances if we want
But don't wait for things to happen,
Do them now and be crazy at all times.
As right now you are the oldest,
The oldest you have been,
And you are also the youngest,
The youngest you will ever be,
Will ever be again.
So do it now!

Kindness Of Snow.

Looking out into the world
And I see the snow covering all.
Its whiteness glowing with beauty,
A beauty that brings joy to my heart,
Joy to my heart and mind.
And as I think about it
The thought comes to me,
Snow covers all with beauty,
Just the same as kindness does.

Tomorrows Smile.

At the end of each day
We should look back,
And as we look back,
Look back on each day
We will see the moments,
The moments we have had.
Some of them will be bad,
Some of them will be good.
Dismiss the bad moments,
Dismiss them from you mind
But remember the good ones.
In remembering the good moments
We can be joyful,
Joyful at the end of the day
And this will give us a smile,
Give us a smile for tomorrow.

My Type Of Day

It was my type of day,
The first of the year,
So very long since the last one.
The sun was shining,
The frost was on the ground,
My favourite type of day.

Wrapped up warm
I ventured to My River,
There it flowed in all its glory
Between the crisp white fields,
Me walking happily beside it,
Soaking up the glory all around.
The swans and geese
Floating gently upon it,
Barely a ripple to be seen,
On this soft, chill, windless day.

The type of day that is so rare,
A gift to me from My Spirit.
As I walked in total happiness
Along My River
I gave thanks to My Spirit
Who had given to me,
My favourite type of day.

Better Is There.

In our lives we have many things,
Some we like and some we do not,
But never stress over any of them
As nothing is permanent,
Because no matter how bad things are
It will always change for the better.

Love Into Your Life.

It happened that day,
She came into my life,
This lady came
So unexpectedly,
So wonderful.
The love that we have,
We have for each other
Just gets stronger,
Stronger each moment,
Each moment of our lives.
We do not believe it,
But it is there for us.
So be aware,
One day someone may come,
Come into your life,
Come into your life and love you,
Love you the way,
The way you have wanted,
The way you have always wanted.

Grateful Life.

I have lived a long life,
It has had its ups and downs.
It may not be perfect,
It has sometimes caused me frowns.

But I am so thankful
For the many things I've found
Along the road I've trod,
So to my future I'm bound.

My life may not be perfect,
But for that life I'm grateful
For all the things I have,
All the things I have in my life.

Cloudy Coffee Day.

I don't know!!

I came in for coffee

On this dull grey day,

Came into my favourite coffee bar,

I've been coming here for years.

I order my coffee,

As I wait for it I get accused,

Accused of removing the light,

Taking the sunshine away,

Taking it away from her world,

From the world of the Barista.

I don't know!!

Blessings In Life.

In our lives we are told many things,
Many things that society say we should do.
We should be counting money,
Looking for more,
Counting pounds and weight,
Looking for less,
Counting our steps,
To get us fitter.
But in my life I am becoming a rebel,
As rather than counting all those things
I count my blessings instead,
And I have so many blessings in my life
That I have no time to count other things.

Footprints.

So many people come into our lives,
Some for just a moment,
Others for a lifetime.
Among all these people
Some are very special
And it is these special people
That leave footprints,
That leave footprints in our lives.

AT OUR AGE!!

What is it we have got,
Two old fogies in love,
A love that is so strong,
So strong it is hard to be apart,
Hard to be apart from each other.
Every time we are apart,
Even for a couple of hours,
We each miss each other.
Where has this love come from?
We just do not understand,
Two old fogies in love
And with some of the things we do,
The things we do so often,
The thought comes to us,
"AT OUR AGE!"

The Lost Idea.

The idea was in my mind
To write a poem.
That poem never came
As other words took over
And another poem was written.
I wonder if I will ever write
The original poem.

Changes In Life.

In life we change,
Our past has gone,
Do not look back,
Look back at it in shame.

We have memories,
Memories that remain
Transforming us,
Transforming us into what we are.

In our life we have hope
And with that hope
Tomorrow awaits.

And as long as we have love,
Have love in our life,
Today is beautiful.

Brain Awakening.

I get into bed and start to doze,
My brain wakes up
And thoughts come into it,
But I fall deeper to sleep
And then it happens,
My brain comes out with a saying
And I come fully awake,
And think about what it said.
Such a simple thing,
But a thing that wakened me
And made me think.
It said to me,
"Every C in 'Pacific Ocean'
Is pronounced differently"

Respect Deserved.

Just where has it gone from this world?
There was a time when it was there,
It was the foremost thing that we had.
We were brought up to use it all the time
But it is no longer there anymore.
There are those that demand it,
Feeling that they should be treated with it,
But that is not the way it works.
Respect is that special gift now missing,
Now missing from our lives,
But it can be brought back within us.
Respect is there for those who deserve it,
Not for those who demand it.

But Is It Poetry?

When people look at paintings where,
They don't recognise the form,
The thought that comes from in them says;
"But is this really art?"

Can they not see the idea that
The artist tries to show?
Why don't they open up their minds
And think of what they see.

So when I write words on the page
That neither rhyme nor scan
The thought may therefore come to some
"But is it poetry?"

Dancing With Joy.

Well that year went quickly,
A year spent dancing with joy.
Rocking and cerocing the time away,
Cooling down with foxtrot and waltz,
Dancing with passion and joy.
Losing time every evening
With the dancing in her life,
Dancing with love and joy,
Love and joy of her dancing.
This passion has taken her,
Taken her from a bad place
To a place in her life
That brings so much happiness,
So much happiness to her,
In that year of dancing,
Dancing with joy.
So on this day Rachael,
This day of your birth,
Keep on dancing,
Dancing with joy.

Small To Large Steps.

Along the path of our life
We take many steps,
Some lead us the right way,
Some lead us the wrong way,
But each one gives us experience,
The experience of life.
Then comes that day
When we take the smallest step,
The smallest step along our path,
But it is in the right direction
And becomes the biggest step,
The biggest step in our lives.

Lost In The Cinema.

Don't people know the alphabet anymore?
Into the cinema they come,
Up to the balcony,
With rows A to E,
Numbered one to twentyeight.
They find their row,
And then look at the next row,
As if they don't know
They are right.
Then they can't count,
And start at the wrong end
Of the row.
Are people no longer educated?
Or are they getting too old
To remember?

The Beautiful World Of Music.

Once more I was blown away,
Blown away by music.
The band came onto the stage,
The drummer started the beat,
The piano and bass joined,
Then the saxes and trumpets.
And there was I, taken away,
Taken away into the world of jazz,
Jazz of the Swing era,
Where jazz came to the for
In the world, and in my life.
I thought it could not get better,
Then she came onto the stage,
Hannah came onto the stage,
The lady singer, singing Ella.
Such a wonderful sound.
Could it get any better?
I was in a different world,
A world of total enjoyment.
And then he arrived,
Callum arrived and sang,
Sang songs I knew so well
With a voice so glorious.
So there I was, lost,
Lost in this beautiful world,
This beautiful world of music.

New Way In Life.

Sometimes it happens,
Your life goes into a new direction.
It has happened to me so many times,
Sometimes it has been hurtful,
But many times it has been wonderful.
What we must remember though
Is that with these new changes
It may be easier to do
As we have seen many changes,
And the experience we have
Can make it easier for us.
That knowledge we have gained
Ensures us that we will find it easier,
Easier to go our way
In the new life that comes to us.

Green Or Grey.

I stood on the croquet lawn and looked,
Looked all around me and above me.
The sun was shining,
The clouds were white and streaky.
The trees and bushes were free of leaves
Devastated by Winter's coldness,
But as I looked closer
Buds were starting to grow,
Spring was on its way
And the bareness of Nature's world
Will soon be filled with Nature's greenery
And I will see all its glory surrounding me.
The wonder of Nature is so superb
I appreciate all my time with it
And am so pleased that it is there,
It is always there for me to see.

The thought then comes to me,
In this pleasant time homo sapiens lives
And only think of themselves,
And what is in it for them.
They are destroying Nature,
Destroying Nature with selfish ways.
They must learn to protect,
Protect our world from harm,
As maybe one day the lawn may be gone
And nobody will be able to stand on it
And revel in the joy of Nature,
As I do in this moment in time.

Hands Dealt.

We sit down at the card table,
The card table of life.
The cards are dealt to us,
We look at them
And we play them.
Sometimes when we play them
We have a winning hand,
And sometimes it is a losing hand.
But the thing to remember
Is that all the time we are playing,
Playing the cards we have been dealt
We are remaining,
Remaining in the game,
The game of life.

As I Walk Forward Tanka.

As I walk forward
The forest is before me,
There nature awaits.
I walk the path of beauty,
Surrounded by Natures Realm.

Little Things.

In life so many things happen,
The longer you are here,
The more things happen.
Many of them seem to be little things,
But you must enjoy these
As one day you may look back and realise,
That these little things
Were big things in your life.

The Innocence Of Pens.

The pen dips in the ink,
The nib approaches the paper.
What word will it write?
Will that word start words of wisdom?
Words of humour?
Words of love?
The pen will never know
Until the person who wields it
Writes that word.
The pen can be dangerous,
But the danger comes from the writer,
Comes from the words,
The words they force,
Force the pen to write.
The pen is always innocent.

What Is Time?

What is time?

It is so variable in life,

If you are waiting for something,

It is slow.

If you are late for something,

It moves so quickly.

If you are sad,

Time moves hardly at all.

But when you are happy

The time just goes.

If boredom strikes you

Time goes on forever.

When you are in love

Time is so beautiful.

Time is such a variable thing.

So I ask once again,

What is time?

If Music Be....

What is it about music that stirs within me
Emotions of such varying colours and profound depths?
From those so long off days sitting with Dad,
Listening to the records spinning on the turntable,
Watching the awe on his face at the sounds
Being produced from a needle on the surface,
Of this large, round piece of plastic.
The power of the sound reaching into his heart ;
And mine.

That day we went together to a class,
And the man said to me, "Singing is only another instrument"
Opening my closed mind to the wonder of the voice in music.
A new world of wonder was now mine to enjoy.
The operas of Verdi, the Masses of Haydn;
The joy that listening to a Bach Cantata, brings to my soul
So much beautiful music, hidden from me
Because of my prejudiced, stubborn view of the voice.

My idea that music died with Brahms was a sham
When a friend said, listen to this, and opened my world
To the Appalachian world of Copland.
My blinkered sight changed yet again!
The music of most composers have space on my shelves;
That Fast Ride with John Adam, so thrilling;
The sparse music of Glass transforms me
Into moments of pure ecstasy no words can explain.
Messiaen, I once despised, but The End of Time
Sent shivers through me, so very, very moving when
Remembering the context from where it was created.

The String Quartet, a genre listened to many times
Confused me! It was hard to come to terms in my mind

To this music played by four instruments
I then LISTENED, and again I was hooked
Mainly by Dmitri and Ludwig,
But yet again Phillip transformed me.

Music, it has been there all my life.
I know so much, but realise
The more I know,
The more ignorant I am

And then there's All that Jazz!
For another time and written in Swing.

Dullness Removed.

Life can be so dull at times,
We go through each day,
There are some good bits
And some dull bits,
But if you pick up a book,
Pick up a book and read
Life can change,
As a book of fiction is life,
Life with the dull bits removed.

Nature's Cure-All.

I walked out of the meeting
Seething with anger;
I drove home shaking,
Almost in tears.
As I came in the house
My wonderful wife was there,
And as I told her what happened
I started to get calm.
I knew what I should do,
So I poured out a scotch,
Laphroaig of course,
Went into the garden,
And sat listening to nature.
The day was ending
And a calmness was all around.
I sat there in the still evening
Glorying in the sound of the birds,
And that calmness started to come
Into my body,
Into my mind.
Nature did its work again,
As it always does.
There seems to be no problem
That comes to me
That just sitting with nature
Cannot cure.

I Can Deal With That.

Well off we go today,
Down to a hotel by the sea.
We know we will look out,
Look out from the balcony
And the glorious sea will be there,
Be there in front of us.
We will walk along the shore
Breathing the clean fresh air
Seeing the seabirds
And loving our life together.
In the hotel they take care,
Take care of us so well.
I am quite happy to sit at a table
And a waiter will approach,
"Would you like a drink sir?"
"Yes please" I reply
And I order the drinks,
And back he comes
Places the drinks before us,
Yes, I can deal with that,
Deal with quite happily.
We know that it will be good
Having a few days away
Where we do nothing,
Do nothing but enjoy,
Enjoy our life together,
Being waited on.
Yes we can deal with that.

We Are Here,

Well we made it
Driving thought the greyness
Driving through the rain
And we were welcomed by the sun
Our life was wonderful
And as we looked out of the window
The window of our hotel room
We saw the sea and the sky
Both so blue and beautiful
The Isle of Wight is special
So special to us
And this view confirmed it
Confirmed why we love it
And will be back again
And again

The Good Life,

The sun shines on us
This fine Sunday morning,
The sea stretches to the horizon
As I look out,
The doors are open
And the cry of the seagulls sound
Bringing the joy of life to us
As we lay arms in arms
With Natures Beauty around us.
Another wonderful day is here,
And will be with us again.
Our life is so wonderful.

Our Shining Love.

She lays in my arms
My so beautiful lady
The love of my life
Our love shines for all to see
Like the sun lighting all life

Isn't Life Strange.

Isn't life strange?
There we were at the hotel
Sitting in the restaurant
Eating our breakfast.
There were guests around us,
All booked in for a few days.
On the table next to us were a couple,
We got chatting,
Became quite friendly,
But then it happened.
He mentioned the city,
The city in which I was raised,
And then he mentioned an area,
An area in Gillingham,
It was called Poets Corner.
He lived there,
As did I,
We had both lived in the same road
About forty years in our past.
As we chatted
We both went to the same dance school.
We had never met until this time,
This time on the Isle of Wight.
It took us both back
To those memories of so long ago,
Where we had been brought up
So many years ago.
Isn't life strange?

Music Is Always There.

Music is so strange,
It can bring so many emotions,
So many emotions within me.
It can make me happy,
It can make me sad,
But with the right music
I can forget everything
As it takes me into its wonder.
The right music
Can also make me remember,
Remember everything,
Everything that happened
During the time I heard it,
I heard it for the first time.
Music is always there,
Always there for me.

To The Stars.

I look up into the night sky,
The stars shining down on me,
Each star meaning something to someone
As each one is a memory,
A memory of one who has passed,
Passed from your life.
My Spirit moves from my body
And I go up to those stars
And share the lives of those I knew,
Knowing that one day I will be there,
Be there amongst them.
As I visit them memories return,
Memories of good times,
Memories of love,
Memories of peace.
I know that that peace will be there,
Be there for me in time.
My Spirit returns to my body
And is with me to deal with my life,
My life of love and joy
That is with me on earth,
With the love and peace I have,
I have now in my life
I know I will not be leaving,
Not be leaving this life for a long time,
A very long time.
But when I do
I know all will be fine
As I look down from the stars.

Music In Time.

As I sit hear listening to music,
I wonder how these wonderful sounds
Reach straight to my heart and soul.
It could be Mozart or Brubeck,
Verdi or Pink Floyd.
So many different types
Mean so much to me.
Sinatra singing his way,
Tito Gobi's rich bass voice,
Dolly Parton's Jolene,
The Bird blasting from his sax,
Barenboim soothing at the piano,
Cash walking the line.
If as the Bard said
That 'Music be the food of love',
Then I have been eating it
For all my life,
And loving it even more.
So many types.
So much music.
So little time.

Negative Or Positive.

We go through our lives
And problems lay ahead of us,
Most we solve with ease
But sometimes they are hard
And we wonder if they can be solved,
That is where people are different.
A negative mind is just that
And looks for ways it can't be solved
And walks on worrying about it.
A positive mind is different
And looks for ways it can be solved
And keeps going to find the solution.
I am like that,
I look for the solution
And when found I can move on,
Move on in happiness and contentment.

These Men Of Wales.

Onto the stage they walked,
There were sixty of them
Dressed in dinner suits
White shirts and bow ties,
An elegant choir of men.
The pianist walked on
Followed by the conductor.
A note was played
And the voices sang,
Sang with a beautiful sound.
All evening we listened,
Listened to this wonderful sound.
We walked back to the car
Full of joy and song
After the wonderful evening,
An evening of beautiful music,
Sung by these men of Wales.

Another Year Together.

Your birthday has arrived once more,
Yet another year has gone,
But what a year.
A year where our love has grown,
It has gone from strength to strength.
We think it cannot get better
But each moment it does.
We are as one in our ways,
In our ways and thoughts.
We always want to be close,
Close with each other
And never be apart.
When we touch
It is like a light appears,
That light can be seen,
Be seen by others
Showing the strength,
The strength of our love.
May this be one of many,
One of many birthdays
That we share for eternity.

The Silence Within.

I walk by My River
The clear green water floating by.
As I walk I hear Nature's World.
The water rippling,
The ducks chanting,
The swans swimming.
The longer I walk
The quieter I become,
And as I get quieter,
Quieter within my self
The more I get to hear,
Get to hear in this wonderful world.

What City?

There we were driving home,
The radio was on,
We were listening to music.
A piece had finished
And the news was read,
Then the newsreader said the word,
The word that we could not believe,
We both burst out laughing,
As the newsreader spoke
And said The Shitty,
Instead of The City.
We just laughed,
Laughed our heads off.
It made our morning.

I.

I obviously started in my mother's womb
To force myself out screaming and crying
Into this unsuspecting world.
This little bundle of joy who was to achieve what!
I went to school and scraped some exams
That earned me the right to work for forty seven years
During that time I married and had children,
Then married again.
I finished work and relaxed into retirement.
Retirement, probably the busiest time of my life
But worth it when I look back and consider
All the blessings that came to me during my time
So far.
So on I go, still blessed by family and friends.
I wonder what my legacy will be?
I wonder what they will say about me,
When I am no longer in this body,
That originated in my Mother's womb
So long ago.

This Empty Page.

The empty page sits before me
Waiting for my words to be written.
I wonder what I will write today?
Will it be of the love of my life
Who will be with me for eternity?
Or will it be of music
Which has been with me since eternity?
It may be of the wonder of the life I have led
In the many years I have been on this world.
So many things to choose from in my life
But today I just write these words,
These words that now sit on this page,
Sit on this page that was empty.

Love Changes Everything.

I look up from my screen and see her,
Her photograph sits there looking at me,
The love of my life for almost forty years.
That love was so strong,
It will always be so,
But she was taken from my life
And sits now amongst the stars.
My world on this earth had ended
But she will be waiting for me.
Then the day came when I met her,
A new lady came into my life
And love returned,
Returned in a different way,
A love that gets stronger each moment,
Each moment of our lives together,
We know we will be together for ever.
The love of her life had passed
And he too was with the stars.
So in our new life
There are four of us,
Two with the stars
And us two on this earth
With a love so deep
But so different.
Love changes everything.

Parting Question.

Every morning I do it,
I shower and wash my hair,
Dry myself and comb my hair.
As I look in the mirror
To get my hair right
And get the parting straight
The thought comes to me,
I wonder how many times,
How many times I have done it
And got the same hairs
Each side of the parting
Over the twenty seven thousand,
Two hundred and six days
Since my birth.

Singing In Harmony.

There they stand,
The Barbershop Chorus,
Singing in such a delightful way.
Four groups of singers singing,
The trebles singing so high
With their trousers pulled up,
Pulled up so tight
So that they can reach those high notes.
Then there are the lead singers,
They have the tune of the music,
Thinking that they are to bosses,
But they have the easy part
In singing the melody.
Then there are the low men
Singing the bass line,
And holding up the rest of the choir.
And then there are the baritones,
The most skilled of all the singers,
As they sing the notes of the music
That the other singers do not want.

But Where Has The Time Gone?

Where has the time gone?
I wake up with my lover by my side,
We are with each other all the time,
Never apart for more than a few hours.
It seems that only yesterday it happened
And I asked her out for coffee,
But it is fifteen months,
Fifteen months since that day,
Since that day we fell in love,
Fell in love with each other.
A love so deep and caring
We just want to be with each other,
Be with each other all the time,
And we are.
But where has all that time gone?
It seems so short
But each day our love gets stronger
And people can see it in us,
A love that will always be there
And stand the test of time.
But where has the time gone?

The Day Is Here.

The day is here,
Another glorious sun filled day.
Each day is special.
Each day is new,
And full of expectation.
Will it be a walk in natures realm
With loved ones around,
Like the days when your children
Ran and skipped merrily to natures tunes,
Exploring the wonder around them.
Will it be a walk to the pub with Dad,
For a pint and a game of darts,
Talking of his times gone by.
Will it be a quiet time with my lover?
Just sitting lovingly with each other
In the silence of our love.
Will it just be me?
Sitting writing these words,
Thinking of times gone by,
But knowing that whatever happens
Today will be special;
As I am still here to enjoy it.

Slàinte Mhath.

That day has come
When you have reached that age,
A special age in your life.
All those years in this world
Enjoying so many things,
To you Gordon I pay my respects,
My absolute respects.
A gentleman of honour
Who I have only known
For a very short time
In your life,
But a meeting that I have enjoyed.
So on this day,
This day of your eightieth birthday
I will raise a glass,
A glass of Laphroaig of course,
And wish you Happy Birthday
And hope for many more to come.
Slàinte mhath

Joyful Day.

I rise from my bed into a new day,
Looking out of the window I see the full moon
Shining down on me in dawns early light,
The clear sky pinpricked by stars.
Yet another fine day to greet me
In my long, long life,
For what more could I ask.
Another day of joyfulness awaits me
Which I will relish with love and joy
As I do and have done every day,
Every day of my life.

Back In The Sixties.

I was there, back in the day,
Those days in the sixties,
Those days before discos,
When groups played on stage
And we all danced.
Danced to songs of the time.
That time when music changed,
And the music changed our lives,
Changed our attitudes,
And led us into a new way,
A new way of enjoyment.
Yes I was there
Dancing the night away,
Until at least ten thirty,
When the last dance was played,
The slow one and I danced close,
Close to the girl I was with.
I would slowly walk her home,
Not wishing to break the spell
Of our time together.
A sweet kiss as we parted,
Complete innocence
Yes I remember the sixties.

Some say that if you remember the sixties
You were not there,
But I was there looking for life,
Not war, not drugs.
I was looking for and found happiness,
Happiness in those times,
When the young people took the country by storm.
The dowdiness of the fifties dispelled,
And changed into the glory of the sixties.

Here I am looking back,
Looking back at those times,
And I find that during that time
I have one thing that has not changed.
On the very rare occasions that I dance
Some fifty plus years later,
I still step to one side,
And then step to the other side,
As I did back in the sixties.

Walking From The Mist.

Walking by My River
The mist shrouded all
But the white ground
On which I walked.
Out of the mist swam a swan,
Floating in silence,
Like a ghostly spirit,
Not a ripple around him.
He saw me and seemed to smile,
Two beings enjoying the silence
And the beauty of nature
That was hidden around us,
But we knew it was there.

I walked on where suddenly
I walked out from the mist
Into a glorious clear day,
Where the sun sparkled
On the water,
And glistened on the frost
That covered all,
Natures artist at her best,
Enthralling me
With the power of the beauty,
That she can produce with her brush.
I looked back into the mist
Realizing that many days are like this,
Where you move from the dark,
Into the light.

Back, Forward and Today.

When we look back
We have memories,
So as we have memories
Yesterday is always there.
When we look forward
We have hope,
And when we have hope
Tomorrow waits for us.
When we look inside ourselves
We find we have love,
And because of that love
We know that today is beautiful.

Beethoven's Grave.

There I was in the graveyard,
Walking through the silence,
Appreciating the beauty
And the glory of those who had passed.
And then I came to it,
The grave I was looking for.
Ludwig van Beethoven
Was laying beneath me,
Beneath the beautiful headstone.
I just sat and thought of him.
Thought of all the music he had written.
And that music I had listened to.
Listened to all my long life.
As I sat in the peace I heard a sound,
Heard a sound coming from the grave
It was so strange,
It was music,
Beethoven's music,
But it was being played backwards,
I just listened and was confused.
A curator from the cemetery walked passed,
I asked him about that strange sound.
He said to me: "Don't worry, it happens all the time,
It has been happening since eighteen twenty seven,
When he died,
It is Beethoven decomposing!"

Nature's Harmony.

I walk through the woods,
The greens and browns around me,
The birds calling each other
As they reach out for each other
On this beautiful Spring morning.
The buds on the trees getting bigger,
The flowers on bushes reaching out
Reaching out to me as I walk,
Walk in Nature's beautiful realm.
There before me I see a lake
And on this lake are those birds,
The swans, ducks and geese
Sailing across the water with each other
In such wonderful harmony.
I sit, look and listen
And in that time I become one,
Become one with Nature,
The harmony engrossing my mind,
Into a realm of peaceful wonder.

Sheila.

On that morning the feeling came over us,
That feeling of wanting each other,
We had time before we met friends,
So up to the bedroom we went.
Our clothes strewn over the floor
And naked into each other's arms we went,
Our hands stroking each other ,
Our passion arousing as we touched each other.
Then it happened!
The telephone rang!
I answered it!
It was Sheila, the lady we were going to meet,
She could not make it this morning.
There I was naked talking to this lady
And my lover was stroking me.
The conversation ended
And we laughed and laughed
As our mornings plans had changed,
We could have made love all morning,
But no,
Now we could do what we always do,
Always do on a Saturday morning.
We stopped making love,
That could happen later
But we needed to go to our place,
Our place to have our coffee.
As I have always said
Like a parrot repeating itself,
"Coffee first! Coffee first!"
And now when we say Sheila
We just burst into laughter,
Laughter that brings so much joy,
So much joy in our lives.

Music Into My Heart.

That sound came from the radio,
Music that went straight to my heart.
A sound so beautiful that made all stop,
All stop around me as I listened,
Listened to those notes plucked,
Plucked on the strings ,
The strings of the mandolin.
A sound so wonderful and mesmerising
I was drawn further and further into it,
Into the sound that Vivaldi had written,
Written on paper for others to play
And produce this wonder of music.
The music finished but my day had started,
Started in a most delightful way,
With the music coming into my heart.

Dodgy Dogs.

There are so many of them,
You here about them all the time,
These dogs that have a mixed parentage.
My son has a labradoodle,
A friend has a cockapoo.
Why do they call them these names?
In my youth they were called the breed,
The breed from which they came
Or they were called mongrels,
All were fine and we understood.
But one day the day will come
When they cross a bulldog,
With a shih tsu,
Then that will be a load of excrement.

Knowledge And Wisdom.

In our lives we gain knowledge,
Knowledge that fill our lives.
The more knowledge we achieve
The wiser we become,
So with that knowledge
We always know what to say.
But the wisdom that we have
Then becomes so important
And leads us to that time
When we know when to say it.

Sculpture Of Happiness.

The stone sits before the artist,
He chips away and a sculpture appears,
A thing of such beauty.
How does he do it?
He knows that the beauty is there,
There within the stone
And just removes the extra parts.

The same can be said of happiness,
Happiness is within you
But is hidden,
Hidden by worries in your life.
Remove the worries
And the happiness in life
Will always be with you.

Make Love Not War Acrostic.

Many people do not agree
After a minor mishap
Keeping them from appearing
Equal to others.

Look inside your heart
Other dreams are there
Verifying the love
Ever there for us all.

Never look for conflict
Others may have
To drain peace from our world.

Wake up and see that love
And forget about differences,
Retain that peace for all.

Into A Darkened Room.

Well I took the plunge!
I had been saying for weeks,
It may even have been months,
That I would do it tomorrow,
Well yesterday that tomorrow came.
I went into the shed and searched
Searched for the lawnmower.
I found it sitting there
Covered in cobwebs and dust,
I dragged it out into the light,
I am sure it looked at me
With a puzzled expression
As if to say "What are you doing?"
Well I set it up and pressed the button,
And blow me it started.
So there I was on this tomorrow
Mowing the grass.
The neighbours didn't believe it!
Neither did I!
I did finish the mowing and was pleased,
But then I went and had to lay down,
Lay down in a darkened room!

Sorry I Am Alive.

Yes I am getting old!
And am told that I am to blame!
The Health service problem is all my fault!
The doctors are managing to postpone my death,
But I don't go to the doctors often,
Maybe two or three times a year.

For all my working life I have paid without fail,
I have contributed to the nation
Through taxes and insurance.
For forty six years money went to the government
So that I could be repaid when retired,
And expect help when ill.

I paid into a pension as well
So that I wouldn't be a drag on society.
I've done my bit.
Now that I am retired I still pay tax.
On the pensions for which I paid,
And yet I am being blamed for the lack of funds.

We are told that the aging population
Is causing all the financial trouble
In the Health Service.
I am sorry that I am aging,
Do you want me to die
As soon as I stop working?

But I don't go to the hospital
If I have a cold or flu!
I don't roll into hospital
Drunk on a Friday or Saturday night!
I don't go to hospital

If I can't get an immediate GP appointment.

So I am sorry if my aging body and mind
Are thought to be the problem;
But I have played my part,
I have paid my dues.
But I am lucky and hope to live for much longer,
And not be a drag on society.

Only By Giving.

In our life we want many things,
But most of those we have
And should be satisfied with life,
But we still need to realise
That only by giving to others
Are you able to receive,
Receive more than you already have.

I Have A Dream.

I have a dream.

I dream of a world of peace

Where nations befriend each other,

And wars no longer are an option.

A place where weapons of destruction,

Cease to be.

I have a dream.

I dream of a place where world leaders

Help all in the world,

And can see where that help is needed

And not count the cost,

And not ask "What's in it for me?"

I have a dream.

I dream of nature being left to thrive,,

To leave the natural world to grow

To let the wildlife survive,

Instead of getting killed by man

For his own selfish gratification.

I have a dream.

I dream of a life of joy for all,

Living their lives without hunger,

Without want,

To live their lives in kindness,

And love for all.

I have a dream.

Thankfully Happy.

Happiness can be in your life,
Maybe you do not understand why.
There may be things that you want
That are not yet in your life
And you are still happy,
But do not have it all.
Being happy means you are thankful,
Thankful for what you already have,
So you can be happy with that
And have the hope that what you may want
Will come into your life in time.

The Heartbeat Of The Universe.

You can feel it all around,
That gentle pulse that runs through our lives,
The joy that it gives to those who care.
Wherever we are it is there;
The beauty of nature abounds
As we stroll through its vast imagery.
The wonder of space as we look to the stars,
The rhythm is always there,
Comforting us.
It can be found in music,
As the sounds enter our ears
It can set our hearts in time with its beat.
The pace quickens as you have loved ones
Sharing the moments with you.
Love is always there,
The love of all things,
As love is the heartbeat of the Universe.

Letting Go.

In life there can be many worries,
Some are quite small and can be forgotten,
Some need you to do something
So that you can get on in life.
There can always be ones that are heavy
And that you do not realise how heavy,
How heavy they are
And that they pull you down without knowing.
Then comes the day that you release them
And then you know how heavy,
How heavy they were,
And their release from your mind and body
Allows their weight to disperse
And let you go free,
Free into a new life of wonder.

The Poem What I Wrote (Sorry Ernie).

I said I'd tell a poem
To this august crowd,
Then I had to find one,
And say it right out loud.

Would it be by Shakespeare,
Milton, Poe or Keats.
It had to be by someone
To keep you in your seats.

Words of yellow daffodils,
Or maybe love or war,
Of youth or age or beauty;
I hope I'm not a bore.

The modern type of poem?
That doesn't ever rhyme.
That seems to go on for ever,
With no punctuation or break for breath or sense of rhythm but drones on in a monotonous way that is only understandable in the strange mind of the author.

But no, you're stuck with this one,
Not a massive work of art.
But it's good enough for you lot!
So with that, I'll now depart.

Frog And Henry.

What a strange name,
Frog and Henry,
A very strange name for a jazz group,
But what a jazz group they were,
Playing jazz from the early days,
We were hooked by their playing.
There they were,
Two violinists and a piano player,
Another playing tuba,
A guy playing guitar and banjo.
Then there were two more,
One playing tenor sax, a clarinet
And a bass clarinet.
And then there was the leader
Playing the clarinet in such a way,
Such a way I had never heard before,
Getting sounds out of it
That I thought impossible.
But not only that
He played soprano, alto and baritone saxophones.
They all sang as well.
Such a wonderful sound they made
It was so wondrous to hear
And so enjoyable that the evening just went.
And as I sit hear
I can still hear them
And wonder why the time went,
Time went so fast.

Signals?

They drive their cars any which way,
Without a thought of others.
They go this way and that way
Without any indication to others.
What they don't realise
Is that all cars have a secret device,
It is a stick on their steering column.
If they push it up or down
It sets lights flashing on the outside,
The outside of their car.
It is called an indicator
As it indicates which way,
Which way you are thinking of going.

Desire Achieved.

We often desire things in life,
Those things we do not have
And this often spoils what we have.
But we must remember
That those things we now have
Were once among those things,
Those things we once hoped for.
So do not spoil life with desire,
Desire for what you want,
Enjoy life with things that we have.

Earth's Music.

All through my life I have heard it,
Heard it in its many forms.
Music has been my life
And thrills me more and more
As I listen to so many kinds.
It could be classical, jazz, folk,
Country and modern,
So many types.
But there is one type that is there
And can be heard by all.
It comes from the earth,
As the earth has music,
Has music for those who listen.

The Hill Of Life.

I rest as I near the top of the hill,
And look back down to the long path behind me.
I start remembering those things that occurred
Whilst climbing to this height.
At the bottom the childhood days
Where every day was a delight,
Nothing to worry me,
Mum and Dad always there for me,
My friends close by.
The battles we fought
Against the cowboys or Indians.
The sword fights where I was d'Artagnan,
And always won.
The gentle stroll upwards towards youth.
The wonders of first love,
And its disappointments.
Further up the hill
The path started to get steeper
As work takes over my life.
A time of new adventures,
And responsibility.
I reached a plateau
Where I stopped and fell in love,
That love is still walking beside me
As we climb this hill.
Sometimes the path has been rocky,
But those boulders soon became pebbles
As I strode over them.
I came lovingly into retirement
And looking back I find
Life has been good.
The beauty that I have seen
While ascending this hill

Remains with me.
My love, of course, always there for me.
But my love of nature,
Of words,
Of art,
And of course music are still there.
Music has been with me all of my life,
From those days with my father,
Listening to music on the gramophone.
All type of music enjoyed
Thanks to his eclectic taste,
Which has grown fruit
Within my life.
I get up and continue the climb
Knowing that the path behind me
Has been good to me,
And the shorter path ahead
Will be full of wonder.

Biggest Mistake.

It has always been there for us
From the moment of our birth,
And is still with us now.
We take it for granted
That we will always have time,
But it is our biggest mistake.
The biggest mistake we have
Is thinking we have time,
Time is so variable in life.
So do not think you have time,
Have time to do things,
Do them NOW!

The Month Of May.

We have reached that month called May,
But what you may not realise
Is why it is called May,
It is all because of the weather.
It may be sunny and bright,
It may be cloudy and dull,
It may be cold and snowy,
It may be hot and sweaty,
It may be changing every day,
It may be wonderful,
It may be dreadful,
But that is what is May.

Spring Haiku.

Leaves are unfurling,
New life abounds in the land.
Spring is upon us!

Another Day Started.

So, another day has arrived,
I wonder what it will bring?
I know it will be filled with love
As the love of my life is with me.
It will be full of music
Because music is my life.
I may even pick up the clarinet
And play some tunes on it.
We may even walk along Our River
With the beauty of Nature around us.
We will certainly stop for coffee
And maybe meet friends.
So yes another day has arrived
And I know it will be a good day
As I got up this morning
And started this new day.

Her New Chapter In Life.

She has waited a long time for this,
This new chapter in her life,
But it has finally come to pass,
That chapter bringing everything together
And giving her so much joy.
She has given her all to her work
Over nearly thirty years,
But they just did not know
Or they just did not care
That the person in her body
Wanted the job she had trained for,
The job she knew was hers.
And then it came,
The work that will lead her,
Lead her to make that difference,
That difference in her life
And in the lives of many others.
Her world has become fulfilled,
Fulfilled with joy and wonder
Which all around can see
And which will grow in her life
And fill this chapter in her life
To absolute fulfilment and wonder.

We Have Memories.

In our lives we have memories,
This tells us that yesterday remains.
As long as we have hope
We know that tomorrow waits.
And as long as we have love in our life
We know that today will be beautiful.

Old Is Beautiful.

As we walked by Our River,
My lover and I
A young lady pushing a pram
Walked towards us.
My lover looked at the baby
Then said to me,
"Is there anything more beautiful than a baby?"
I looked at her with a loving smile and replied,
"Yes there is, you"
"Me!" she said,
"Yes" I said "Babies are beautiful,
But that is natural for them.
Beautiful old people are works of art
And I am looking at a beautiful artwork
Every time I look at you.

The Loss Of Family?

So most of us have them now,
The mobile 'phones in our lives.
We look at them all the time,
Walking down the street,
Sitting having coffee,
Ignoring everyone else.
If ever we speak with friends
It tends to be via these 'phones.
They have replaced our watches,
Our cameras, calendars and alarm clocks.
What they have also done
Is replace our family!
As we sit with our families at home
We still look at those blessed 'phones!
In this life family and friends are important!
Don't replace them by a blasted mobile 'phone!

I Do Now.

We came together over a cup of coffee,
We chatted, we laughed
And we fell in love.
We started to walk down the street,
She said "Do you have everything?"
I took her hand and replied,
"I do now".

Not The Place To Travel.

In our lives we journey all over,
Go to so many places the longer we live.
When we look back we tend to realise,
Realise that it was not the places we went
That seemed to make it worthwhile,
But it is the people,
The people we meet on our life's journey.

One In Life.

In life we can change our lives
And change the lives of others.
One smile can start a friendship
That could go on for a lifetime.
One word of reason can end a fight
And peace will reign once more.
One look can save a relationship
And the lives of both move on in harmony.
And there can be that one person,
That one person in your life.
That can change your life forever.

Air Instrumentation.

There we were, my lover and I
Walking by the side of Our River,
The sun was shining,
The water was green and clear,
A beautiful afternoon.
As we approached the ferry
The ferry man was sitting on the wall,
Sitting listening to music.
He was strumming away so happily,
So happily playing his air guitar,
We walked on with a smile.
As we came back he was doing his job
And pulling the ferry across Our River.
We sat and watched as the passenger came,
Came across in the ferry.
We sat there for a while
Talking and to each other,
Looking and listening to Nature's glory.
Then we started to walk back again
And there was the ferryman
Sitting on the wall once more,
Listening to music.
His air guitar was down by his side
As now he was playing another instrument,
He was now sitting in front of his air piano
Playing all the notes to the tune,
The tune to which he was listening.
Yet another smile crossed our faces,
Another beautiful time with each other,
With smiles all about us.

Life And Death.

Why is my existence so short?
I get created in a bowl,
First with flour and butter.
Loving fingers rub through me,
Caressing me as one would
Caress the form of a loved one.
The butter and flour are as one
Together forever.
The sweetness of sultanas
Are added to enhance the rapture
Found in my being.
Then some milk enters me,
And I become one smooth body
Laid out on a board.
And gently caressed until
I am flattened and ready
Ready to be cut
Into individual bodies.
The birth of my offspring is nigh.
Into a nice warm oven
We are placed
And rise as the heat overcomes us.
At last we are fully risen
And our birth happens
As we slide onto the tray.
But almost as soon as we are born
We are killed
As a knife slices through us!
We are smeared with butter
And if lucky, jam.
Our maker then eats us.
Why cannot we scones
Live a longer life.

Dancing On The Water.

They glide along with effortless ease,
Sliding past each other, in this strange dance.
Bulging bellies full of the breath
That comes from the blowing wind.
Turning together, as though linked,
The water sliding beneath them,
With a sound of sibilance
Only heard by those close by.
They dance with each other on the waves,
This dance that seems to have no meaning;
The only music, the sounds of nature,
Spilling from the water and the wind.

Until at the last the horn booms out
Signalling that a yacht has won this race.

Gratitude For Where We Are.

Each step along the path of life
We look towards the future
And try to visualise how far we have to go,
And where we are going in life,
That future is in our hands
And we may have no idea where it leads.

We also have our past
Which is always in our memories,
And for those memories we should be grateful
And shed gratitude,
Gratitude for every step we have taken
To get to that wonderful place,
That wonderful place we are today.

Lesson Not Disappointment.

Sometimes in life we look back,
Look back at the mistakes in our past,
And looking at those errors
We wish that we could erase them.
But if we erased them we would lose,
Lose the wisdom we had gained.
As in our life we must realise
That you cannot be taught experience,
So in our lives we must remember,
Remember the lesson,
And not the disappointment.

Councillors.

Councillors, what do they know?
They get elected by local people
To improve the local environment,
But what do they do?
They just sit around a table discussing problems,
But end up doing nothing,
"We cannot do that because...".
That reason could be real
But many times they just can't be bothered.
They have the privilege of being councillors,
That title makes it seem they are important,
But what do they do,
What do they do for us?
That is the question,
The question that everyone asks.

Nature Never Disappointing

As I stand on the lawn,
The croquet ball in front of me,
I hit it towards the hoop,
Not a good shot
But it happens sometimes.
I just stand there waiting,
Waiting for my friend
To hit his ball.
I look up and look around,
I see the beauty of Spring,
It glows all around me
In the afternoon sun.
The trees so green
As their leaves shine so wonderfully.
Flowers of white and yellow
Shine on the bushes
And there on the green fields,
The green fields that surround me
I see the glory of life
As the birds wander over the fields.
The jackdaws and woodpigeons
Intermingling in peace,
Searching for food and nesting.
A pheasant comes towards me
Its startling colours shining,
Shining in the sunshine.
I look up and an occasional cloud floats by,
Floats by gently, its white beauty so glorious.
I return my thoughts to the game
But realising that the game is not important
As the beauty and wonder of Nature
Never disappoints me.

I Shall Be Back.

Yet again they did it,
They took me away,
Away into a world of music.
The smile on my face
Just grew and grew
As each new song was played,
Played and sung,
Songs I knew so well.
And suddenly the smile went
As a sad song was sang
And the emotion within me
Took me to another place,
But then I was back smiling,
Smiling and laughing
At the music and the performance.
Every emotion was brought to me,
Brought to me during that evening
During the wonder of the Songbooks,
The Great American Songbooks
Performed by this great band
Who in all their playing
Seemed to enjoy it more than me.
Such a wonderful evening
I will not forget it,
As yet again they did it,
Took me into their world,
Their world of music,
And the joy, love and emotions,
Emotions that music can bring,
Can bring into my life
And to the life of all.
And all I can now say
About this wonderful band is:

"I shall be back!"

Problems To Opportunities.

As we go through our lives
Many things go smoothly
But sometimes the unexpected happens
And that smoothness gets broken
And problems come into our life
But when they do we must move on,
As what we need to do
Is to turn those problems,
Turn them into opportunities.

Build A Table.

In this life we meet many people
And we are fortunate to know them,
They need to be respected and loved.
So do not stop them from coming to us,
Invite them to be with you
And build a bigger table to sit with us,
Not a higher fence to keep them from you.

Book Life.

We open the book of life at childbirth,
That first chapter brings us into our world,
A world where our parents love us
And where they teach us the ways to go.
As each chapter unfolds we see new things
Bringing us knowledge and experience.
Some of those chapters are sad
And bring us unhappiness in our life.
We have chapters that are happy
And bring love and glory to us.
Many of them can be exciting
Bringing us wonder and glorification.
One thing we must always remember,
Is to remember to turn the page,
As if you never do we will never know,
Never know what the next chapter holds.

I Have.

I have had a good life.
I have lived for a long time,
I have loved and been loved,
I have lost my way occasionally,
I have missed the right way sometimes,
I have trusted others,
I have been trusted by others,
I have made mistakes in error.
But most of all in my long life
I have learned and I am pleased,
Pleased to be where I am,
Where I am now in my life.
I have had a good life.

Along The Seashore.

I walk along the golden sand
Just looking out to sea,
The waves lap gently at my feet
They seem to speak to me.

They tell me of the life I've lead
The good things and the bad,.
My life has had much more joy
Than those of which I'm sad

The water reaches out for me
To show my life that's been,
And still there's time for me to live
To see wonders never seen.

So as I walk towards my end
Still many years to go,
I walk beside that glorious sea
With joy in what I know.

Love Of Nature.

I walk along the path,
Through the trees
And am filled with wonder
As Nature's symphony
Plays music to my heart.
The glory of its sound
Fills me with glory.
Looking around
Nature's art inspires me
As the colours of green
Of yellow and white
Flourish in Spring's beauty.
I walk on surrounded,
Surrounded by the beauty,
The beauty of Nature
In all its forms.
I feel so lucky
That Nature's highlights are there
And have always been there
Throughout my life,
And that I have always loved,
Loved Nature for its wonder.

Tad Newtons Jazz Friends.

Yet again it happened!
Where did the time go?
We sat at the table,
Drinks in front of us,
Chatting and waiting,
And then it happened.
Six old codgers
Walked on the stage.
Piano, bass and drums,
Trombone, trumpet and reeds,
Been playing together for forty years.
They started playing
And it happened,
It took me to another place,
A place where jazz was.
Jazz was in their heart and soul,
And came into mine.
There sound was mind blowing
As they played and sung.
The time just shot by,
All during that time
There was a smile on my face,
My feet and hands were tapping,
Tapping the beat.
Was I in heaven?

This is what music does,
What music does to me.
All types of music
Takes me to that place,
That place where music lives,
Where music has lived in me,
Lived in me for all my life,

For all my long music filled life.
So much music,
So little time.

Each Moment.

Each moment in our life is there,
There goes one, it has passed,
But I am in another
And others are ahead of me,
But nothing has changed
In these few moments,
But we have experienced them.
Each moment is different,
But there is a sameness within them.
It is something we must do,
Must do in our lives.
We must experience the difference,
We must experience the sameness,
Experience them both in each moment,
Each moment of our lives.

Hi-Yo Silver.

There it is, that tune again,
That tune that takes me back,
Back to my childhood,
To the black and white television,
Where the masked hero
Galoped on his white horse,
His friend at his side
Riding his spotted palomino.
They rode through the west
Bringing good from the bad.
That tune is so evocative
That I know my childhood,
Will always be there,
As I hear that music.

Marbles.

There I was at school,
Playtime would come
And there we were,
Me and my pals playing,
Playing marbles around the playground,
Try to hit each other's marbles
And winning them,
Winning them for our collection,
To make our collection bigger
And more impressive.
But time has now moved on
And in my old age
I find that on many occasions
I no longer win,
And find that I am losing them,
I seem to be losing my marbles.

Form A Circle.

Why does it happen?
Why do people not see each other?
They just look away,
Look away from the light that is there.
They stand in a circle
Looking away from each other.
The light is in the middle,
The middle of the circle.
So as people have their backs to it
All they see are shadows,
Shadows that show darkened minds
Bring trouble and hate to all.
If only we would ALL turn round
The light would shine upon us,
And we will see each other as humans,
And maybe humanity will be cured,
And we will all talk to each other
And live in peace and love,
Peace and love for the whole world.

Cinema Paradiso.

Why do some films do this to me,
They fill me with emotion
And tears stream from my eyes.
Some I cannot watch again
As the tears flood from the start
As know what is coming.
But there are some I keep watching
As they seem so special,
And one in particular means so much.
I did not watch it at first,
It came out so long ago,
But it was only a few years ago
That I watched it
And was moved by its glory.
So now 'Cinema Paradiso' is with me,
It has found a little corner in my heart
Where I plan to keep it forever.

Magical Life.

We are born into this world
Our life sitting in front of us.
We grow in body and wisdom
Learning all the time,
Becoming different with our new life,
That new life we have every day.
The life we have is beautiful
And in the beautiful life
We will never reach an age,
An age where there is nothing left,
Nothing left to learn, to see or to be.
Life is so magical,
Enjoy every moment of your life.

Were We Twins?

Why does it happen?
It happens so often,
I think of something,
Mention it to my lover
And she says that she was thinking that.
And then she will tell me what she was thinking,
And I say that I was thinking that,
Thinking that as well.
It happens so very often,
We laugh at it
But it is so special that we think,
Think the same thoughts
So very often and so very special.
Our thoughts seem to be as one,
As one with each other.
Why does this happen?
Then a thought came to me,
Maybe we were twins,
Twins in a former life.

Musical Feelings.

Music has been with me all my life,
So many different kinds that I enjoy
But the one thing all music brings,
Brings to me is the emotions.
So many different emotions
Flow through my heart
As music plays through my life.
Music is just part of me,
And to my heart and mind
Music is what feelings sound like.

Guys And Dolls.

The Guys came on the stage,
The Dolls were there,
They got to together,
The music started
And they danced,
Danced and sang the night away.
Love was in the air
That wandered up and down,
But all was well,
As their prayers were answered.
And Sky married Sarah,
And Nathan married Adelaide.
The ups and downs of romance
Shone from the stage,
And the singing, dancing and music
Took us to the wonder,
The wonder of this musical.
And we left with a smile,
A smile on our face,
And our love in our hearts.
That love for each other,
That was so strong within us.

The Magic Vase.

The young lad walked into town,
He went to the market,
To buy what he did not know,
He had so little money.
As he looked round he saw a stall,
Almost hidden from the rest,
But there on the stall,
Sitting at the back,
A vase shone out.
He must have it he thought,
He asked if he could buy it,
The elderly man said he could,
But be warned he said,
This is a Magic Vase.

As the young man
Walked back to his home
He pondered on what the old man said,
A Magic Vase
How can that be?
He handed the vase to his Mum,
She was delighted,
And put the vase on a table
In the dingy sitting room.

Dad came in and saw the vase
And thought that it looked odd,
So bright in this dull room.
So out cam the paints and brushes
And the walls were renewed.

The eldest brother then walked in
And found the windows were dirty,

So he cleaned them to a sparkle.
As the second brother looked out
Of the now clean windows,
He saw the garden was unkempt,
So with spade and fork and seeds,
The garden was renewed.

The seeds took hold
And flowers bloomed everywhere.
The sister walked into the garden
And saw their beauty,
She picked some flowers
And gave them to her Mum.
Her Mum was delighted
And placed them lovingly
Into the beautiful vase.

Confused Of Evesham.

Into the kitchen to make some coffee,
Go to the cupboard,
Get the tea tin out,
Open the tin,
Close the tin.
Back to the cupboard,
Get the coffee tin out.
Grind the beans,
Put the powder in the teapot.
Empty the teapot,
Grind more beans,
And put in the coffee filter.
Start filter.
Stop filter.
Put water in the filter.
Start filter.
Get wife's devils brew*
From the correct cupboard,
Open cupboard,
To get spoon from drawer,
Close cupboard door,
Open drawer to get spoon,
Put devils brew in cup.
Put kettle on.
Turn off kettle.
Fill kettle with water.
Put kettle on.
Pour boiling water,
Over devils brew,
But it will not die.
Add milk,
Tell wife her drink is made.
My coffee is filtered,

Pour black nectar into mug,
Sit down, exhausted,
And drink my well-deserved coffee.
It only took an hour!

**devils brew = decaffeinated coffee*

Only Three Hundred Yards!

Well the day came,
The first match of the season
For our new club,
Our first match ever.
We arrived at the croquet club,
We were warned about the car park being closed
And would need to park in a Garden Centre,
It was only three hundred yards away.
What we weren't told
Was that their yards seemed to be in triplicate!
Across a busy road through the woods,
Along a very long path of wood chippings
Until at last we came to a locked gate.
The gate was opened for us
And we reached the Croquet Club
And were greeted with such joy.
We lay down in the hot sunshine
Until we had recovered from the trek,
And then we played the games.
We had a wonderful time playing them
And enjoyed their company all day.
We did not win the match
But only lost eleven to nine,
But a great day was had by all.
We then trekked back to our cars,
"Only three hundred yards!"

Indicating Beema.

I just could not believe it,
There I was driving down the road
In the middle lane of the motorway,
Overtaking the cars on the inside lane.
In front of me was a BMW,
Owning the road as usual,
When suddenly his indicator flashed!
It must have been one of the few Beemas
That had indicators fitted!
But there it was this unbelievable thing,
A BMW with an indicator,
But no there it was,
Its left hand indicator flashing
As if to pull into the inside lane,
So then it turned,
It turned right,
Turned into the right hand lane.

New Life Is Good.

There we were on this fine June day
Walking by Our River,
It clear green depths flowing gently.
We walked beneath the shade of the trees
Avoiding the persistent heat of the sun,
And there we saw them.
The family of swans swimming gently,
Gently up Our River.
A magnificent sight to see,
New life was seen on our earth
Where all we hear about is death.
It was so joyous to be amongst new life
And be so privileged to see it in our world.
We walked on along Our River
A beaming smile on our faces,
Life was good.

Missing Balls.

"Yer balls have gone!" she said.
"No they haven't, they are there with me, look!"
I replied as I dropped my trousers.
"Not them!" she said "The others!"
"What others?" I said,
"Those out in the garden!"
Aah, then I knew what she meant,
The suet balls,
The ones on the bird feeder,
They had all been eaten,
Eaten by the birds.
Yes, those balls had gone!

With People.

A young man was walking the path of life,
His teacher was walking by his side.
The young man spoke to his teacher
And asked the question:
"Which is more important in life,
Is it the journey or the destination?"
The teacher looked at the young man
And said to him:
"In life both are important,
But even more important is the company,
The company that you travel with
On your journey of life."

Blessed And Blasted Mahler.

Lunch has finished and so to relax;
Up to the room where books, music and bed await.
So to what shall I listen today?
I casually flick through my music
And stop on Mahler.
Why not I think, I haven't listened to him recently,
But what and by whom?
I select the First Symphony, played by the Berliners
Under Sir Simon.
The music starts gently as I ease myself
Onto my bed, book to hand
I start reading and listening.
Thrilled by the latest novel
And stirred by the gentle music
The eyes shut and the book gently falls.
I am in a world of Mahler,
So profound, a man of many tunes.
I am carried to Gustav's world,
A world of perfect notation conveyed
To my soul by musicians of profound skill.
The sound gets gentler and softer
As my mind drifts into a restful place
Of content and peace.
The music still there but
My mind is unaware as sleep begins.
BANG!
The loud crescendo at the beginning
Of the movement
Awakes me from my peace!
Shaking, not knowing where I am,
Then it comes to me!
I do wish he wouldn't do that!
So back to my book I go,

Still listening,
But the peace shattered.

Lost Words.

You start a new poem with such eager ease,
The words flow like a torrent from your mind.
Then you read the rhyme that has formed,
On the paper in front of you,
And find the text,
Does not show what you meant.

Some words are changed from fresh ideas
That come from a new found river in your mind.
Yes that is better, you think to yourself,
As the page, shows the better sense,
Of the altered words
Read on this newly revised page.

But the words that you dismissively changed,
Garnered from the reservoir of your mind
And substituted for those more apt,
What happened to them?
Is it really that,
There is a place where all the lost words go?

I Am So Very Happy.

I just do not believe it,
I am so very happy.
Only eighteen months ago
I asked an acquaintance out,
Asked her out for coffee,
And from that moment
We became as one.
Our lives are each others,
We will do anything for each other,
We think the same thoughts,
And lead our new life together,
Together in complete harmony.
Being apart for even a short time
Hurts us both,
As we just need to be together.
Our love for each other
Runs so deep in our lives,
There are just not words to express it,
To express how much we feel,
How much we feel for each other.
I have been happy in the past
With the lady I had married,
But she passed and is waiting for me.
Nearly forty years we were together
And never a cross word,
I love her very much.
But after she died I thought that was the end,
But now this new lady is in my life,
She lost her husband
And he is waiting for her.
We have a love so strong,
So different from love of the past.
An unbelievable love,

A love that will never fail.
We know that we will always be together
And one day the time will come
When the four of us
Will walk the ether together
For eternity.
I just do not believe it,
I am so very happy.

What A Day.

What a day!
Everything fell into place,
Nothing was planned
But our life was cemented,
Our eternity rings arrived,
Arrived early,
Earlier than expected.
We were going to a meeting,
A meeting of the Summer Solstice,
I asked the leader if he would bless the rings,
He agreed with so much pleasure.
We went to the meeting
And sat in a circle,
A circle of light.
The water was in the middle,
And a circle of flowers by its side.
The service started
And the positivity of life
Spread over us all
As we welcomed the Summer Solstice.
A rose petal was given from us all,
Given to the water,
Showing our love,
Our love for our world.
We meditated and brought thoughts,
Brought thoughts to mind
Of the sun that filled our lives,
Filled our lives in many ways.
The ceremony came to an end
And then it happened,
The leader then blessed us
And blessed our rings
Ensuring our life would go on,

Go on to eternity.
And then a strange thing happened,
There in the circle of flowers
There were roses,
Just two roses,
We were given them with love
And those two roses are there,
There in our life as we go forward,
Go forward in our beautiful life,
Our beautiful life together.

My Wonder Of Life.

I sit in my garden,
The day is turning to night,
A glass of Laphroaig beside me.
I sit and listen,
Listen to Nature's Symphony
As the birds call out,
Call out goodnight to me.
A sip of scotch in my mouth
Deserved at the end of this day,
This day I my life
Where all is well.
And I sit here relaxing
And thinking of the beauty,
The beauty in my life.
My lover with me forever,
Music in my life forever
And the glory I find,
The glory I find in Nature.
So as the darkness creeps,
Creeps into the day,
I know I am a lucky man,
Lucky to live my long life
And be able to appreciate,
Appreciate the wonder of life,
The wonder of my life.

Our Hotel Of Peace.

Off we go today,
Isle of Wight here we come,
Staying at our favourite hotel
Where all is done for us
And all we do is relax,
Relax and enjoy ourselves.
Our favourite place
Now our life together
Is here for us both.
Only a long weekend
But the dreams it will give us
Will last all our lives.
Isle of Wight here we come.

Do We No Longer Care?

Why does it happen!
A submarine is lost,
Five wealthy people
Lost their lives.
Yes, it is a tragedy
But why does it gain such headlines?
They did it because they had money,
And money is important,
Important in the news!
But off Greece a boat capsized,
With maybe hundreds killed,
But that just becomes no news
As those with money
Make the news!
Is our world so dreadful
That five rich people dying
Is more meaningful,
Than hundreds of poor people dying!
What is happening to our world?
Do we no longer care?

Our Journey To Eternity.

I look from the balcony
And there before me is the sea,
A glorious sight to see,
The mysteries of its wonder
Enthralling me,
As the gentle waves come towards me
Carrying new messages to my heart.
My lover with me
In our glorious place,
That has become our haven,
Our haven of absolute love.
I look out further,
As far as my eyes will see,
And I see eternity
Waiting for my lover and I
As we journey towards it,
Together in our such deep love.

Leaving Today.

The day has come,
That day when we will leave,
Leave our haven by the sea,
A place where we have walked,
Walked the beach of time
With the sea of eternity by us.
A place where our love shines
And all around can see,
Can see the love between us.
We will be back
As we often are,
But now we are going,
We are going home,
Home, that so special place
Where we live,
Live in love and wonder
Every day of our lives.

Guests?

Sitting on our balcony
In our hotel room,
Looking out to the glorious sea
We had a visitor,
A sparrow landed in front of us,
On the rail.
It looked at us,
As if to say,
"Well feed me then!"
So I put some biscuit crumbs out,
And there it sat eating.
And then others came
And a feast was had.
We had another guest as well,
Getting ready in our room
The balcony door open
A pied wagtail came in,
Picked up a dropped piece of popcorn,
Bowed to us as a thank you
And then wagged its way out.
I was such a pleasure for us
To be so near to Nature,
To Nature's glory.

Morecombe.

The lone man in the theatre, conjured up this image
Of a man, who made us laugh, and was loved by all.
He told the story of Eric and his partner Ern,
On this stage, where the great man died.

He made us laugh, he made us cry,
As he told the story of Morecombe,
Nee Bartholomew and Wise, nee Wiseman,
Who still make me laugh, with their timeless humour.

"I'm playing all the RIGHT notes,
But NOT necessarily in the RIGHT order"
Lines that will be remembered through history
As they were recalled once again

The memory of Andre Preview, jumping up and down,
And not laughing at this bespectacled clown.
The orchestra finding it difficult to play,
As the tears of laughter ran down their faces.

The breakfast being prepared to that
Tune that conjures up such risqué images.
And has the actor, of Hammer Horror films,
Received his pay cheque yet?

So many memories of a funny man
And yet, the man that many did not see.
"If we made you laugh ? that's good;
If we made you care ? that's better"

The man whose view on life was
"Positive Thinking"
And always left the stage bringing sunshine

Into our lives.

The curtain closes on the lone man on the stage
And on Eric at the place he left this world.
The actor and writer came back to answer questions
About the funny man.

Then from the audience came another;
Eric's daughter, so strong of character
Listening to her father's life,
In the place, where he had died.

And from this woman came the lines
That brought me many more tears.
Her son asking her the question, that I will never forget
"Does this mean that there will be no more magic?"

Django Alive.

Another night of jazz,
And what a night!
Taken back in time
To the sounds of Django of Stephane.
The four of them on stage
Taking me into a new world,
Hardly a sound around me
Except for the music,
The music coming into my mind
And flowing into my heart.
Such a beautiful sound
From those distant days
Brought to life by this group.
Yet another evening to remember.

Our Love For Each Other.

It has arrived,
That last day of June.
A month of intense rain
And such hot weather
Shared equally during its time.
But it just cannot be different
As this is the UK,
The place where
We can have the four seasons,
The four seasons in one day.
But in my June life was good,
Better than good,
It was wonderful,
As my lover and I sailed through it
Our love getting stronger every moment.
Yes we got wet,
And yes we got hot,
But nothing hurt our love,
That ever increasing love,
That love for each other,
Knowing that our love is strong,
So strong at will get stronger each moment.
And when we say 'I love you' to each other
It just cannot seem enough,
Seem enough for the strength of our love,
Our love for each other.

Memories.

We all have memories,
Memories from the past
And they are very special.
Sometimes we laugh,
Laugh at remembering,
Remembering the days we cried.
And sometimes we cry,
Cry at remembering ,
Remembering the days we laughed.
Those memories bring all kinds,
All kinds of emotions.
With those memories we realise,
Realise that that is life,
That is what life is,
Memories.

Brass Band Day.

Brass bands here,
Brass bands there,
Brass bands everywhere
And there we were listening,
Listening to these wonderful sounds.
The day was here once more,
The day of summer brass
Where brass bands combined,
Combined from all over
And what a day we had.
We laughed,
We cried,
As music affected us
As the tunes brought back memories,
Memories of times together.
A wonderful day was had
As music once more took over,
Took over our lives
In such a wonderful way.
Another day to remember.

When You Are Gone.

In life you do many things,
Many you do for yourself
To give yourself a better life.
Many you do for others
To help them in their world,
But in the end you must remember,
The things you do for yourself
Will be gone when you are.
But those that you do for others
Will remain,
Remain in their lives
And be your legacy to them.

My Lover Senryu.

She is there for me,
My so beautiful lady,
The love of my life.

Respect For Elders.

Respect has always been in my life,
Been in my life all the time.
I try to show respect to all
But it seems to be disappearing,
Disappearing from others,
And even with me I find it harder.
As I was always taught,
And always have respected my elders,
But I am finding that at my age
It is getting harder,
Harder and harder
To find an elder,
To find an elder older than me.

Laugh, Sorry, Dismiss.

There are many things that happen in life,
As you go through it some can change.
Things can be changed and you move on.
Sometimes things we do make us laugh,
Then there are times we do wrong,
Often there are things we cannot alter.
So in our life we should do three things,
Laugh when you can,
Apologise when you should,
And let go of things you cannot change.

Another Better Day.

Every day is different!
People come into your life
And bring different things to you,
Some good and some not so good,
But if at the end of the day
You can lie down knowing,
Knowing in your heart
That you made somebodies day better,
Even just a little bit better,
You know that you have had a good day.

Morpheus Sings.

The tune just would not go from my mind,
I came home from rehearsal
With the tune dancing with the endorphins
As they both raced around my head,
This wonderful tune had taken over my body.
The choir sang so well this night,
The enjoyment was almost tangible.
Then came this song,
New to the choir to sing,
But the tune so well known.
From the start the smile
On the faces of the singers broadened,
As they learned the four parts.
When the rehearsal ended,
The song was beginning to come;
The pleasure was already there

I reached home on a cloud of music
As the song still ran through me;
My beautiful lady was there,
Awaiting my return.
We had a drink and chatted
Until it was time for bed,
Into bed we went, to sleep.
Morpheus arrived,
But his arrival did not bring rest,
As all through the night
He was singing this glorious song to me;
"She was beautiful,
Beautiful to my eyes"

Bebop.

Bebop, bebop, bebop, dewop, boo,
The sound form that changed jazz.
Bird was there, to create this sound.
They didn't understand the music,
Well the oldies don't when new sounds
Come from the young.
But Charlie and Dizzy drove this sound
Into the fast paced chromatic music,
That I can listen to for hours.
Bebop, so new, so different, so clever.
Bebop a form that is now so old;
Came to us seventy years ago,
A sound that showed that change
Is not all bad.
Bebop, showed the way to many jazz forms.
Cool jazz, that most melancholic of sounds
Was born through the power of bebop.
Bebop showed that music is freedom.

Just Me.

In my life I am happy,
Happy to be me.
I am not perfect,
If I were perfect
I would have nowhere to go
And moving forward is important,
Important to me.
I am honest,
I try to do nothing wrong.
I love, love so many things,
Life, nature, music and my lover
Are always in my heart.
I am real,
I don't try to be what I am not,
Impressing others is not me,
I'm just me,
And if you don't like what you see
That is not my problem,
It is yours.

I Believe.

I believe,
I believe in life.
Having been on this world
For so many years
I have learned,
And I believe
Life has two parts.
And the second part is better,
Better than the first half.
In that first half we learn,
We find out how life works,
It gives us experience,
Experience to create a good life.
The second half is our reward,
As that time is for us to enjoy,
To enjoy life,
And that is where I am.
I am in the enjoyment,
The enjoyment of life.
I believe and now know,
That life is wonderful.

Ignored By Others.

We have many things in our life,
Some are good,
Some are not so good
But some are important.
Honesty must be there,
If we are not honest to others,
Or to yourself
Mistrust will be all around us.
The same is with truth,
If we tell the truth
We will not need to remember,
Remember the lies.
Respect must be there
Even if others disagree with us
Our respect for them must show
So that we can move on,
Move on in our life.
Finally the most important thing,
Love must come above all
As without love of our life
We will get nowhere
And sink into a lonely place
Where others ignore us.

The Undarkened House.

I rise before dawn,
The new day to start.
I creep downstairs silently ,
Trying not to disturb the missus,
Counting each stair
Until I reach thirteen,
And know I am at the bottom.
No lights do I switch on,
The dark surrounds me,
And I know my way.
I open the living room door
The brightness attacks me
From every corner!
The brightest being the laser blue light
Coming from the telephone,
Then there is the light from the stereo,
Showing me the time and the way
Into the dining room and kitchen.
Where the light from cooker
Microwave and coffee maker
And another beam from another 'phone
Allow me to see.
The light from the radio
Again telling me the time.
My laptop on the table
With lights shining from the switch.
I turn the laptop on
And am bombarded with brightness
From the screen.
I click on my iPhone
To check for messages
And the brightness is so intense
That the sunglasses have go on.

So I sit hear writing these words,
Able to see my way through them,
Without turning on the lights.

Singing Our Hearts Out.

We met for the last time,
The last time this term.
The choir gathered and celebrated,
Celebrated our success
Of the wonderful concert we had sung,
Sung a few days before.
We had sang our hearts out,
The audience enjoyed it so much
Everyone was smiling,
Smiling and so thankful,
Thankful for the music,
The music we had sung.
We sat around and talked,
Talked, ate and drunk
Discussing the choir,
The wonderful choir we had.
We went back home
Enthralled by our joy
And could not wait
Until we gathered again,
Gathered again and sang,
Sang our hearts out for the joy,
The joy of music.

Freedom To Happiness.

If in life you do what you like doing,
It is called freedom.
If in life you like what you are doing,
It is called happiness.
So in your life do what you like doing
And enjoy the happiness it brings to you.

Sunlight To Rain.

Bathed in sunlight
We stepped onto the lawn,
Struck four croquet balls
Towards the hoops.
Bathed in pouring rain
We rushed off the lawn,
Jumped in our cars
And went home!

Welcome To The New Guard.

Well the guard has changed,
The old guard fought well,
Fought well to keep his place,
His place ahead of the competitors,
But this time he lost
And the new guard took over.
For ten years the old guard has won,
Won the championship,
A great player among the three,
The three that dominated to game.
But now he was the one left
And on this day he lost,
Lost in one of the best matches,
One of the best matches I have ever seen.
Shots were hit that seemed impossible,
It had to go to the final set
And in that set brilliant play was seen
As it had been all the match.
Two outstanding sportsman
Giving their all to their game,
Playing for almost five hours,
Their strength and stamina was amazing.
But then it happened,
Carlos Alcaraz hit the winning shot
And Novak Djokovic had lost,
Lost his crown,
As the new guard placed it,
Placed it on his own head.

My Love Is All Around.

I walk this land with care,
With care and love for all.
Brought into this wonderful place
With a heart so strong and so big
That there is room for all.
In this land I see so much beauty,
The green of the earth,
The blue of the skies,
The yellow of the sun
Shining down on my life.
At night the bright moon shines
Bringing joy to my life,
Surrounded by the stars
Who are memories of friends,
Friends and loved ones looking down.
The loves of my passed life remain,
Remain in my heart,
And the love of my life is part of it,
Part of my heart.
My love for her is unbounded
And will always be so,
But my love for others will reach out,
So all will know
That my love is all around them.

Haircut.

Two ladies met in a bar
They sat there drinking their wine,
One said to the other
"You have had you hair done?
It looks so cute"
"Yes" the other one said
"Do you think so, I wasn't sure"
"It is perfect, I'd like my hair to look like yours"
"Are you serious, yours is adorable
And always looks good in the way it is cut,
I was going to get mine cut like yours
But it would not suit my long neck"
"I love you long neck,
It's better than my wide shoulders"
"I would love to have your shoulders
Everything drapes so well from them"

Two men met in a bar
Sat their drinking their beer,
One said "Haircut?"
The other one said "Yeah."

Challenges In Life.

In life we have challenges,
They are like stepping stones.
Every time you move forward,
Move forward along those stones
It is the way to success.
Sometimes you stumble
And you learn from that,
As it will give you wisdom.
So all you need to do
Is regain your footing,
Pick yourself up
And move forward in wisdom,
In the wisdom gained,
Gained by overcoming each stumble.

I Will Remember That!

As we get older things change,
Those things that we used to do
Get harder in time.
Physicality drifts away
As strength leaves our body.
Mentally things change
Where the mind struggles.
And then we lie to ourselves,
As we often say:
"I've no need to write that down,
I will remember it!"

Sunrise To Sunset.

There have been so many days in my life
And every one has brought something different,
Some were not so good,
But I believe most of them were wonderful,
And with that in mind
I know that every day I arise
I am still alive and all will be well.
So to you all I say,
May every sunrise bring you joy,
And may every sunset bring you peace.

Tony Bennett.

Well another one has gone,
Another singer gone from my life.
First Dean passed,
And then Frank,
And now Tony.
Three singers that have brought me joy,
Brought me joy throughout my life.
Well they are together now
Singing their hearts out
In that bar of heaven.
And maybe there is a heavenly San Francisco
Where Tony has found his heart,
And all is wonderful.
He left his legacy,
As did the other two
And I can still listen,
Listen to the wonderful songs,
The wonderful songs that they sang.

Hooked On Rugby.

Totally hooked,
I was totally hooked.
Sitting there on a Saturday afternoon
Watching rugby on the tele,
Leigh Leopards against St Helens.
What a match it was!
I just could not move,
Every second was thrilling,
The underdogs fought well
And they beat St Helens
To win their way to the final,
The final of the challenge cup
The most prestigious win to be had,
To be had in Rugby League.

Th following afternoon
I watched the second semi final,
Hull Kingston Rovers against Wigan Warriors.
There was no way it could be as good,
Be as good as the one I had seen
But it was, another fantastic match.
Once more I was hooked
And once more I could not move.
It ended and it was a draw
So the golden point had to be played,
The first one to get a point,
Get a point in any way would win.
And then it happened,
A drop goal was kicked
And Hull won the match.

There I sat in wonder,
The wonder of seeing two matches,

Two matches so wonderfully played,
No animosity
Just the hard hitting within the rules,
That is the beauty of rugby,
And in these two matches
I had seen it at its best.

Today, Yesterday and Tomorrow.

In our lives we have the now,
We have the past
And we have the future.
As we think in the now
We may look back,
But when we do that
We must smile.
We will also look forward,
And when we do that
We must dream.

The New Day Tanka.

The sun arises,
I rise too into this day,
A new day of joy
Where my life is still with me
And all will be well this day.

Where All Was Beautiful.

How can they do this to me?
Three musicians on the stage,
Clarinet, piano and drums.
They started playing
And it happened,
I was taken away,
Away to the world of jazz.
Swaying, tapping and smiling
All evening long
As the sounds penetrated,
Penetrated my heart and soul.
Where did the time go?
Suddenly it was ended,
The music was no longer there.
I sailed down from my wonder
And landed gently in reality,
Another fine evening of jazz
Had taken me to another place
Where all was beautiful.

Smile For More.

We may have little in our lives
But be happy with that little we have
As out there in this world
There are people who have nothing
And yet they still manage to smile,
Maybe one day
That smile will bring them more.

African Proverb.

Not a poem but something I saw on Facebook which I found so meaningful:

***War is created by people too old to fight,
For those too young to die.***

Me A Pedant!

A new poet came to the site,
Not unusual, many join
This wonderful poetry enclave.
I looked at their profile
And it made me laugh.
"Studying English,
I haven't wrote many poems."
I wouldn't want to stay
On that English course.
Or is it just
That I am a pedant.

What If....?

What if...?

The most asked question in life,

I often ask it of myself.

The first question I ask

Is what if I had stayed at my first job,

A young chemist in Atomic Energy,

I may well have ended being a renowned scientist,

But would I have been happy,

As happy as I am today.

Looking back in my life

I have always been happy.

Working all my life,

Married to a wonderful lady,

Having children and grandchildren,

Moving into a wonderful new relationship

When my wife passed into heaven.

This may never have happened

If I had not moved from that job,

I would not have known them.

I know that the question will never be answered,

But What if....?

Forever And Beyond.

I look up into the clear night sky,
The bright moon shines down on me
Bringing the joy of life and love to my heart.
Beyond it I see the stars
And remember the lives of those who have gone,
Those who have gone before me.
Some I had known well
And many I had loved.
But looking back into my life
I know that love is with me now,
As the love of my new life is here,
Here by my side and we are one.
The two of us are fused to each other's hearts
With a love so strong which will last forever,
Forever and beyond.

Awake At Six.

I am a lark,
Always up about six.
I always have been like that,
Even when working,
The alarm clock was redundant.
Now well into my retirement,
That time in the morning
Is so special.
It is the time
When words come to me,
Words to be written on a page,
Like those on this page.
I can look out the window,
And see the wonder of nature.
I go for walks and walk with nature,
Walk along My River,
Where My Spirit
Joins its soothing flow.
So yes, my mornings are special.
But what I don't understand
Is that no matter when I go to bed,
Be it ten or twelve,
I still wake up at six.

A Flanders Tale.

If you go looking for them
You will find them,
As I did.
I went to see the Corporal,
I found him,
He was in the cookhouse,
Feeding himself.
The sergeant I wanted to see
But I needed to go to the canteen,
Where he was lying on the floor.
The quarter master was found
A mile or so behind the lines,
Drinking the company rum
With the sergeant major.
I asked where the Captain was
I was told he was at home
On seven days' leave.
So where were the politicians
Who created this war,
They were drinking brandy
In the House of Commons bar.
And what about the Private,
Where was he?
He was hanging on the old barbed wire!

Together Forever

Sitting by the sea
Looking at infinity
My life forever
Will always be there with me
Together with my lover.

Multicultural Evening.

Well there I was,
And evening of multicultural pleasure,
Sitting at our table in the ballroom
Amongst many English people,
With a Welsh singer on stage,
A Welsh lady, my lover, at my side.
He sang Tom Jones
As though Tom Jones was there.
And there on the table was my first drink,
A pint of Irish Guinness
Supped down with delight.
A wonderful evening was being enjoyed
And of course there was one thing,
One thing to end it with,
It had to be a Scottish whisky.
But no ordinary Scotch,
It had to be Laphroaig
Sipped gently with love,
With love and admiration
For such a wonderful drink.
So there it was,
My multicultural evening
Of English, Welsh, Irish and Scots,
A beautiful evening to remember.

Rock For Heroes.

What a band!
A rock band?
One I would normally ignore
But I was hooked,
Hooked by their phenomenal playing.
The time went so quickly,
And a time that was so meaningful.
They played for us,
And they played for heroes.
Such a vast array of numbers
Many I knew and many I didn't,
As it is not my kind of music.
But this band took my breath away,
I just could not stop rocking,
Rocking all evening.
I will give them my greatest accolade,
I would see them again!

Against The Flow.

I used to see him at the station
Waiting alone on the platform.
He on the other side,
While I was surrounded by the crowd,
Hustling and bustling, waiting for the train.
He would sit quietly reading the paper,
A gentle smile on his face,
As if he were laughing at us.
We pushed and shoved one another,
Trying to get the best spot
To get on the train.
His train arrived and he gently stepped on,
Took the seat of his choice
From the many of which he could pick.
My train arrived and the scrum would start
To try and find a space, let alone a seat.
The train would move,
I would be on my way with the crowd,
This crowd of people,
All going with the flow,
To our day of drudgery.
The day I retired that all ceased,
And I like that man I used to see
Would walk with a smile on my face,
As peace and harmony came to me,
As I then became,
The man going the other way.

Our Place.

The weekend was over
So back home we drove,
Such a great weekend,
Staying in our favourite place
Where all was done for us.
Sitting in the lounge
A waiter comes to me,
"Would you like a drink sir"
"Yes please I say"
I order the drinks,
They are brought to our table,
I can deal with that.
In our room we look out
And see the sun shining on the sea.
We walk the beach hand in hand,
Such a wonderful time was had.
But the most important thing
Was our love,
Our love for each other,
Shining brighter than the sun
Every moment of our life.
There we were together
In our favourite place
That we call "Our Place".

Flaming Computers!

For many years we have sang at the school,
Every Thursday we go there
Practising our songs,
Learning new ones,
Thoroughly enjoying ourselves.
We start the new term in September
But I now have to book the hall,
This time using an online system
Where before we just asked the staff.
And all went well,
But now it is different!
So I filled in the form,
Filled it with all the dates we required
And pressed enter.
It came back and said I was wrong
But did not say where.
These flaming computer systems
Create so many problems for us
And I ought to know
As I worked in computing,
And had done for many years
Until that great day came,
That day when I retired
And started enjoying my life even more.
Now I am stuck again by a computer,
All because we want to do,
Want to do again,
What we have been doing for so many years.
No problems in the past,
But now there is a flaming computer in the way!

Tony Hudgell.

What a boy!
Only eight years old,
Both legs amputated
After being abused as a baby,
Yet he came through,
His foster parents saved him,
And he saved himself
And created a new world,
A world of climbing and heroism.
He reached his first summit
The summit of Orrest Head,
A fell overlooking the Lake District.
So many people were there
Cheering him on
As he climbed into his life
That will now be so wonderful
And lead him to the great heights,
The great heights to come,
To come in his life.
Well done Tony,
Tony Hudgell.

I Do Not Understand.

Man is destructive on many fronts,
People destroy so many things,
And I just do not understand.
Many saying it is for the better
And they are making progress.
But if it is something created by man
And it is destroyed
They say it is called vandalism.
But we live in Natures harmony
And have done from our beginnings.
But when man destroys something,
Something created by Nature
It is called progress.
Destroying Nature is abominable!
So remember when walking with Nature
Take nothing but pictures,
Leave nothing but footprints,
Kill nothing but time.

Miracles Written By Mary.

Sunrise at Bembridge,
Another day has begun,
Begun with laughter,
Laughter, quizzes, games and fun.
First that General Knowledge quiz,
Not too bad at that.
Then the music quiz,
The music, the song, the singer and the year,
Realising the memory was failing us
Reduces us to tears.
Curling, shuffleboard and scattergories,
Games we so enjoyed.
Is there a ray of light in playing these,
We just don't believe it,
After six visits in the past
We made it at last,
Ten out of ten,
We won,
And won our first one,
Our first ISLE OF WIGHT PEN!!!
Miracles do happen.

Jazz On A Summers Day.

What a day!
Jazz all afternoon,
Jazz all evening.
We started at New Orleans,
The trumpets showing the way,
Showing the beginnings of jazz.
We were then taken to Tin Pan Alley
Where the world started to hear,
Hear these wonderful sounds.
Billy then came into the room
Singing her emotive words.
Across the sea we were taken
And ended up in Paris,
Where Django and Stephan changed the way
Into that wonderful sound,
That wonderful sound of violin and guitar.
Then the day finished in Harlem
Where jazz just grew and grew
And took the world to the wonder,
The absolute wonder of Jazz.

Then there was that group,
That group that brought tears,
Tears of laughter to our minds.
Guitar, banjo, sax and comb
AND COMB I here you say,,
Yes and comb
Buzzing away in wonder
And when he wasn't playing the comb
He was hitting a suitcase with brushes,
Brushes and a foot.
The laughter abounded
But so did the appreciation,

These four guys playing jazz,
Playing jazz differently
But it was still jazz.

What a wonderful day,
A wonderful day had by all,
A day of glorious jazz.

The Final Match.

Well the final came!
I had seen the semi-finals,
Two of the greatest matches,
Greatest matches that I had seen,
Could the final be better?
Yes it could!
Leigh Leopards against Hull Kingston Rovers,
Out they came on that Wembley turf
To play the final.
They played so well,
So tremendously well,
Each side gave their all
And it was so close.
A try and conversion in the last minute
Created a draw at full time,
So the Golden Point was played.
I would have been happy,
Happy for it to stay a draw
And both teams share the cup,
They had both played equally well.
But the Golden Point was played
And the drop goal happened
And Leigh Leopards won.
What a match!
It showed what sport could be,
Where each team gave their all,
Gave their all for their teams,
And gave their all
For the game that they love.

Give What You Can.

Gain what you can.

Save what you can.

Give what you can.

In this life so many just think,

Just think of themselves,

Wanting what they want

What they want in their lives,

Not caring for others.

All they want to do,

Is to gain what they can.

Then there are people

Who save what they can,

Save not just for themselves

But save for others in their lives,

Caring for others they know,

And even caring for others

That they do not know.

Then there are the people

Who give to others,

Give to others in their lives.

As there are people in this world

That struggle with their existence

And need such help,

Need all the help they can get.

Need To Be Right.

Sometimes it happens,
You are talking with someone
And you seem to disagree,
But then you realise
That neither of you were wrong,
You just saw things differently.
That is the true way in life,
To be able to see,
See things from others perspective
Rather than the need to be right.
If only the world could see this
Maybe there would be peace,
Peace in the world.

Can We Live Happily.

Life can be so strange,
So many people in it
But with those people
Have you noticed
How strange it can be?
In this life it happens
That a person who has nothing
Will help others faster,
Help them faster
Than a person who has everything.
There is so much greed,
So much greed in this world.
Why can't we share,
Share all,
So that all can live happily.

The Dahlias.

There they were in full bloom,
The dahlias that I love,
That have such memories,
Such wonderful memories for me.
I was back in my childhood
Looking out in the back garden,
Dahlias everywhere,
My father's favourite flower.
So many colours,
So much beauty,
And here they were in my garden
So very many years later
And every time I see them
I am back with him,
Back with my father.
A gentle man
And one of Nature's gentlemen,
A man that showed me the way
The way to live life,
Live life with politeness and respect,
Respect for all in my life.
He will always be with me
Every time I listen to music,
As he brought music to my life,
Music that is so important,
So important in my life.
So here I am in harmony,
In harmony with life
Brought to me by him
As I listen to music
And see the dahlias.

Don't Feel Bad.

Sometimes in life
People seem to forget you
But remember you
Only when they need you.
Don't feel bad about this,
Feel privileged.
To them you are like a candle
That comes into their minds
When they are in the dark.

A Superb Day.

Well finals day had come,
The club members had battled well,
Four players had reached the two finals.
The final battle was to be fought,
The club members were there
To watch the fights,
Watch the fights on the croquet lawn.
Mallets were drawn
And the first pair fought.
They went to the first hoop
And the battle took place,
Each other's balls hit away
Until fifteen minutes later
The first ball went through,
Each hoop was then run through
And one player could do no wrong,
She reached the eighth hoop,
Put the ball through,
And won the game.
The second final was then fought,
A cut and thrust battle,
Neither knight would surrender
Until one eventually overcame the other
And won the match on the tenth hoop.
A wonderful day of croquet
Bringing the club together even more.
Good sport,
With good humour,
Very good food,
And such wonderful companionship.
A superb day.

Dame Janet Baker.

Today it is her birthday,
A lady I have heard sing,
Heard sing all my life.
A voice so beautiful,
So beautiful it sends shivers,
Shivers down my spine.
Born this day in nineteen thirty three,
Ninety years old today,
A lady that has brough pleasure,
So much pleasure to all.
I wish you happy birthday Janet,
Dame Janet Baker.

Three Balls.

The man and woman stripped,
He looked at her in total admiration.
She looked at him and laughed.
There between his legs were three,
Three balls instead of two.
She just looked at him and laughed,
She said "So that is how you got your name,
Ooja Nickyer Bolokov"

Path Of Life.

We each walk the path of life
Taking us to the good and bad,
The good and bad parts of our life.
On that path we meet people,
Some bring sadness,
But most bring happiness as we walk,
Walk along that path.
Even when others walk your path,
Walk your path with you,
You must always remember
It is your path and nobody,
Nobody can walk it for you.

I Have A Dream 2.

I have a dream,
In that dream people care,
All people care
And see that all have a home,
All have food to eat,
The sick are healed.

I have a dream,
In that dream people care,
Care for the planet,
Protect all animals,
Protect Nature's Wonder,
Heal the world.

I have a dream,
In that dream people care,
Care for each other,
Treat all as equals,
Treat all with respect,
Give love to all around.

I have a dream.

Peace At The End Of The Day.

The day is over,
A busy day,
But not a bad day,
With my lover all the time.
We joke and laugh,
Laugh at and with each other,
Creating such happiness in our life.
Then the evening came
And a Committee meeting was held!
A meeting where you take minutes
And waste hours!
It was at last over
Thank goodness!
So we sat in our lounge,
I had a scotch by me,
Laphroaig of course.
I put some music on
And we just sat and listened,
Calming down to the sound,
The sound of Chopin,
His Nocturnes surrounding us.
A sip of scotch in my mouth,
Calmness reigned.
The day was over
And all was now wonderful,
As music had brought us back,
Back to our world of love and peace.

The Glory Of Croome

What shall we do today
My lover and I thought
And we went to Croome,
One of our favourite places.
We arrived in the bright sun,
The estate there before us,
We went to the top
And stood by the Church,
Yes the estate has a Church,
A Church in its grounds.
Such a beautiful view,
Looking over the grounds,
And on the horizon the Malverns,
A beautiful line of hills.
We walked around the grounds,
The trees, bushes and flowers
Creating beauty all around,
Made even more beautiful
As my beautiful lover was with me.
Our love enhanced the wonder,
The wonder of this land.
We reached the manor house
It only took us two hours,
Two hours to walk there,
Walking amongst the delights,
The delights of Croome.
The manor is so wonderful
Such magnificent architecture.
We came away so happy.
We had a wonderful day,
And as always made so much better
As my lover and I were together,
And together we will be forever.

Musical Language.

Off to the cinema we went,
We went to see a concert,
A concert of Andre Rieu,
Andre Rieu in Maastricht.
What an evening,
An evening filled with joy,
And the occasional sadness.
We were taken to those heady heights,
Those heady heights of music
Where love shone all around,
Then came that song,
That song that tore me apart,
And told of children running free.
If only that could happen,
Too many children are hurt and killed
And that should not be,
Children are the future,
And they should be cherished,
Cherished throughout the world.
But then Andre cheered me up again
And the concert ended in love,
In love, glory and wonder,
As music brought as all together.
It is what music does,
There were people from all over,
All over the world
And they were brought together,
Brought together by music.
Music, the language understood,
Understood by all.

You Never Know.

You never know,
Never know the impact,
The impact you can have,
Have on those around you.
You never know how much,
How much that smile,
That smile you gave them
Was needed by them in that moment.
You never know how your kindness,
Your kindness brings hope,
Brings hope to their lives.
So in our lives don't wait,
Don't wait for others to be kind,
To be kind first
Just be kind to others first,
As you never know,
Never know how much it means,
How much it means in their lives
And how much they need it,
Need it in their lives
At that moment.
You never know.

And All That Jazz.

It started, as with much of my love of music,
With my Dad.
With him Swing was King
And the monarch was Benny Goodman.
This was my introduction
Of the world and wonder of Jazz.

From those early days I have listened
To many types of this music and loved them all.
The very early times of Bix and Jelly Roll
And of course ol' Satchelmouth leading the way.
Though the thirties of the big bands
Basie, Ellington, Shaw and Miller;
Leading to the swing of the forties.

Then out of this came the sound that was bebop;
Bird and Dizzy in the lead, with this strange sound;
Alien noises to the establishment,
But became so wonderful to hear.
It changed the course of Jazz history.
The chromatic changes that weren't thought possible,
Now becoming the sound, to which many flew.

Bebop mutated into so many varied type of Jazz.
It lead to the disaster that was 'avant garde'.
A sound, to my mind, that just wasn't music.
That Coltrane record I bought,
Put the needle anywhere on the disc,
The sound was just as bad.
I wonder if I could listen to it now,
With my more open minded view of music.

Cool Jazz given birth by Miles;

So harmonic, so soft, so mind-blowing.
This sound of mellow tones coming through my mind
And into my soul.
The beautiful sounds of Chet, Stan and Dave;
Pure melancholy, transporting me
To a world where all is calm and peaceful.

Trad, that sound that some decry,
But whenever it is played, all the feet tap.
Acker and Kenny leading the way
With this cheerful and foot tapping sound,
That can never fail to lift any depression
With its sound of unalloyed joy.

And then of course there was Oscar.
The man who can take me to places
That only exist in my dream of heaven.
This man who when he died
Took a piece of my life with him;
A man whose music was part of me,
And still is.

Jazz, the sounds that many can't stand.
But to me, a world of such varying ways
Of contemplating the world of music ,
That has been with me all my life;
And is still there for me.

We Do Not Understand

We just do not understand!
How can this have happened,
Happened to us?
Our love for each other
Is so very strong.
We are one,
Our minds, hearts and souls together,
Together in a love so strong.
We have lived our long lives
But in this evening of our time
We fell in love.
Even at our age we make love,
And it is not sex,
It is pure unadulterated love,
Love that we have for each other
In the closest and most wonderful way.
We laugh at and with each other,
There are no issues at all,
We even think like each other.
What have we done,
Done to be so happy
And be together
At the age we are.
And all I did almost two years ago,
Was to ask her out for coffee.

Ludwig.

There I was in the lounge
Thinking what music shall I listen to,
I know, I thought,
I'll put some Beethoven on.
So I found his Fifth Symphony,
A piece I had not played for a very long time.
I had heard it on the radio
But didn't really listen to it,
I knew it so well,
But this was the first time,
The first time I had LISTENED to it,
Really listened to it
For a long time.
There I was carried away,
Carried away by this music,
This glorious music.
I was conducting it,
Smiling all over.
I listen to music all the time
But this took me back,
Back to those times
When I played Beethoven more often.
So once more music astounded me
As it so often does,
So often does in my wonderful life.
My wonderful life of music.

Seasons Of Love.

When somebody passes seasons appear,
When they pass a frozen Winter seems never to end,
But then Spring thaws the land bringing a promise,
A promise of Summer.
That's when the memories return,
The good ones that you thought had died.
Then there comes Autumn,
A time of letting go,
A time when you start to forget again.
But we must realise
That without an ending in life
There can be no new beginning,
That is Nature's way.

Life's Mistakes.

In our lives we make mistakes,
They are painful when they happen.
The older we get
The more mistakes we make,
But they get fewer and fewer,
As each mistake adds knowledge.
So a collection of mistakes
Is what becomes experience,
And experience cannot be taught.

Angry Words.

Sometimes in life we get angry,
In in anger we may say some mean words.
But we should never say mean words,
Say mean words in anger,
As our anger will pass
But our mean words may scar,
May scar a person for life.
So even in anger use kind words,
Use kind words,
Or remain silent.

Pointless Job.

In life sometimes you may think.
May think your job is pointless.
But it may not be that bad
As somewhere in Germany
There is a guy working on cars,
He is putting turning signals on them,
Putting turning signals on BMWs.

Replace Coffee?

How can they say that!
It is suggested that green tea,
Yes green tea is good for you.
But what they don't realise
Is that by replacing coffee,
Replacing coffee by green tea
You can lose eighty seven percent,
Yes eighty seven percent
Of what little joy you have,
You have in your life.

Such A Lucky Man.

I sit silently on the hilltop,
There around me is Nature's beauty.
I look and listen
And all I see is the wonder,
The wonder of Nature,
All I hear is Nature's symphony.
I am in the Rhapsody of life
Where all is fine.
I look up into the clear blue sky
Looking beyond the world
And I wonder,
Wonder what is beyond,
Beyond the beauty of our world.
As I sit I contemplate my life,
A life filled with happiness
Where my lover is always there,
Music brings me so much joy
And sitting here with Nature
Shows me how lucky I am
To have been in a world
Where all I do
Where all I see
Where all I hear
Brings such a wonderful life.
I am such a lucky man.

No, There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

The year was eighty-seven,
The year we had the storm.
The wind howled through the night,
Tiles clattered,
Trees toppled,
Rooves moved,
And fell.
The countryside changed,
Yet only eighteen died.

As I drove to work
The landscape was different.
The trees that had blocked my view were down,
Tiles were everywhere.
I got into work, Building Maintenance at the time,
The 'phones never stopped.
I sent men out to view the hell
That the wind had produced.
Yet only eighteen died.

They tales they told were both horrific,
And funny.
They told of the rooves
They found on the ground,
Lifted from blocks of flats,
And laid to one side.
Of the tree that fell between
Two blocks, yet touched neither.
Of the greenhouse in the middle of the road,
All glass still intact.
Yet only eighteen died.

The saddest part of all

Was that the wind was salt laden,
It killed the colours of autumn
All over the borough.
So that day when we drove to the west
Was so very strange,
So very beautiful,
Because we drove into autumn.

Madama Butterfly On The Lake.

The young geisha revels,
Revels in happiness.
She married the American,
He became the love of her life,
And then he went away.
Butterfly waited in hope,
Hoping he would return,
Return and see his son,
His son of which he knew not.
The songs of love flowed,
Flowed from the voice of Butterfly
In an absolute wonder
Showing how emotive,
How emotive music can be.
He did return,
But was married,
Married to an American lady.
Butterfly was devastated,
Could see no further life,
No further life for herself.
Her son was given to the Americans
And there amongst all the tears,
All the tears of the audience
Butterfly took her life.
A wonderful emotive night,
Enjoyed by all.

Thank You Dad.

Today is that day,
That day twenty eight years ago,
That day when my Dad died.
One of Nature's gentlemen
And a very gentle man.
He brought respect to me,
And showed me the polite way in life,
Nothing was forced on me.

Apart from being Father and Son
We were very good friends.
But the most important thing,
The most important thing he gave me
Was my love of music,
Because of him I have listened,
Listened to music ALL my life.
My appreciation of music is unbounded
Sometimes when I am listening to music
He is sitting next to me.
I often think of him,
And many times when I look in a mirror
I see my Dad.

So thank you Dad,
Thank you for all you did for me,
My appreciation even at my time of life
Remains unbounded
And will never change.
Thank you Dad.

Our Issue In Life.

Well the day came
As it does every week,
Off we go shopping,
Shopping to feed ourselves,
Feed ourselves for the week.
Around the store we go,
Get all that we need,
No problem in that.
But!
But then we come to that place!
That place where the cream cakes,
The cream cakes reside.
We know we should rush passed
But we don't,
We slow down.
This is the only issue,
Only issue we have
We have in our lives.
We know we should not,
Should not buy cream cakes
But we get pulled towards them
And we buy them,
And as we do we say,
We say we will not buy them,
Not buy them next week,
But we know that pigs may fly
Before we do not buy them,
Do not buy cream cakes every week.

The Gentlemen's Game.

Well that time has come,
Four years since the last one,
The Rugby Union World Cup,
The finest sport of all.
Of the forty eight matches due
Eight were played this weekend,
And I was there,
There in France to watch,
To watch the matches.
Only I had not far to travel,
Not far to see them all
There I was sat in my lounge
Travelling around France,
Via the television.
The weekend ended with a great match,
A match that showed Rugby,
Showed Rugby for what it was .
No quarter given by either team
The spherical ball travelling all over,
Being throw, kicked and held
By the sportsman of the game.
The match ended,
One side had won,
But all had given their all
On that sward of grass.
As each player hugged each other
No matter which team,
The Game of Rugby had won once more.
This is the joy of Rugby,
A game for hooligans
Played by gentlemen.
So now I look forward,
Look forward to next weekend.

Eight matches played,
Only forty more to go.

Lovely Mary Acrostic.

Like an angel she came
Overtaking my life in a
Very special way
Every day it happens our
Love deepens so much
You are now my life

Making me so happy
And feeling so wonderful with our
Raging love for each other
You lovely Mary.

That Day Came.

That day came,
All I did was ask her out,
Out for a cup of coffee.
Since that day
We have never been apart,
A love grew,
Grew within moments,
A love so strong,
So Strong that we just don't understand,
Understand how it can ,
How it can be so strong,
But strong it is
And it will never waiver.
We love each other.

God's Humour.

I was sitting on my cloud
Looking down at the world,
God came by.
"You look miserable" he said,
"Would you like to chat"
"Yes" I said. "Pull up a cloud".
"Well, what's the problem?" he asked,
I looked at him and replied
"It is the world, all seems to be bad,
On the news all you hear is tragedy"
"Well that's what you want to hear about,
Isn't it?", He said.
"Surely there must be good news!" I replied,
"There is, but nobody wants that".
"I do, my friends do, surely most people do".
"Ah yes, they do, but that does not sell,
Good news does not sell papers".
"What about being happy then,
If you look most people are happy,
It is only the few that bring the bad,
Yet they get all the headlines!"
"I know that, but that is what they want,
Those in power want you worried,
Want you to depend on them,
So keeping you happy does not work,
Does not work for them".
"Surely they must have some fun,
They must have some sense of humour".
"They do, they laugh at you, you are their fun!"

God got up to go so I asked him,
"Do you have a sense of humour?
Many people think that you are serious all the time",

As he moved away, he stopped and looked at me.
A smile made his face beam,
"Of course I have a sense of humour,
After all I accept you!"

Four In Eternity.

Once more I walked by it,
Walked by it with my lover by my side,
We walked along My River.
Its clear green water like a mirror
With ripples flowing passed,
Such a beautiful site,
My River flowing freely,
Flowing freely in my life
Showing me the way to go,
Being so much better
With my lover with me.
We will travel along My River
Until that time when our Spirits
Rise above the water
And flow together into eternity
Where we will meet the other two,
The other two that were in our lives,
And the four of us will go on,
Go on for eternity together.

Bouncy Clouds.

There they were at the top of the building
Looking down on the city obscured by clouds.
One looked down and said "Those Clouds look so solid,
As though you could bounce on them".
"Surely not" said another, "You'd just fall through".
"I'll try it" said the first,
So off he jumped, he hit the cloud
And bounce straight back.
"Wow!" said the second, "I don't believe that!"
So the first jumped off once more,
And bounced back again.
The second said "I must try that!"
So he jumps off the building
And passes straight through the cloud,
To meet his death on the path below.
The third man turned to the first and said
"You can be a right swine sometimes, Superman!"

Dreams Of Peace.

Once more I strolled by My River;
The stillness surrounding me.
My River flowed silently beside me,
Not a ripple to be seen,
Even the swan's wake was almost still.
This silence enveloped me
Until I was at one with nature.
My thoughts meandered through this miasma
In which I was enthralled.
Why cannot all find this peace,
This peace of coming together,
Without rancour, without war, without killing,
Just live with each other in harmony .
Why do some people need to fight,
Need to impose their wills on others.
Why can't life be as smooth as My River
As it flows at my side and through my life.
It is only a dream,
But I can escape it for a while,
As I walk with My River,
With My Spirit.

The Joy Of Children.

I see them so often
And they bring joy to my heart.
We could be walking in town
And I see them,
Or walking in the park
And I see them,
We could be drinking coffee
In our favourite water hole
And I see them.
See the young children,
So innocent,
So happy.
Their laughter pulls at me
And brings so much enjoyment.
So why do people do it?
Why do people hurt children?
I just do not understand,
I am a peaceful man
But when I hear
Of adults hurting children
Anger rises within me.
I just do not understand,
Do not understand why,
Why adults hurt kids.

Broken Heart Fixed.

In this broken world I am happy,
So many bad things are happening
But in my life all is so good.
It did break once,
Once when my wife,
My wife of many, many years
Was taken from me,
Taken from me by dementia.
The time came,
The time when my wife died,
It was a release,
Release for both of us.
Time moved on
And now all is well
As a new life was given to me,
Given to me by this lady,
This lady came into my life
And she fixed my broken heart.

Nature's Artwork.

We have reached that time,
That time when night and day
Reach the equality of each other
And we go into that wonderful place
Where Autumn comes to the fore
And the trees change colour.
The green of the Spring and Summer
Changes to the vibrant colours
Of the Autumn palette,
The yellow, orange and red
Show me the glory,
The glory of Nature's artwork.

Let's Eat!

The plate sits before me
And there it is, my Ribeye Steak,
About three quarters of an inch thick,
The dark brown parallel lines
Patterned over it
Showing it is cooked well,
Streaks of white fat within it
Giving it the wonderful flavour
That will be inside me soon.
The crisp chips by its side,
Mushrooms and onions in attendance.
I slice through it with a sharp knife
And the red inside showing its cooked,
Cooked rare, to my perfection.
I raise the fork to my mouth
And taste this delicate glory,
My mouth waters around the meat
And I chew it easily and swallow,
Swallow the wonderful pieces.

My world of food glory is here
And can only be enhanced,
Enhanced by the red wine sitting there,
Sitting there beside my plate.
I raise the glass to my nose
Smell the wonder of my Rioja,
It goes to my lips and I sip,
Sip this beautiful nectar I like so much.
I enjoy every moment of my meal,
The steak and the wine soothing my mind,
Soothing my mind and heart.
So come on all join me,
Let's eat!

Music To Normality.

Why does it do it to me?
I sit here in the morning
Reading and writing my words
When on the radio
A piece of music plays
And I stop and get carried,
Carried into that musical world.
It has happened once more,
Music played
And I stopped,
Stopped and listened,
Listened with my ears , mind and heart
Until the piece stopped
And I saw normality once more.

In Among The Blackbirds.

Down the garden I go,
Bird food in hand.
Fill the feeders with seed,
Fill others with sunflower hearts,
For the Goldfinches of course.
Towards the bird table I go,
Put some seed on it,
But also the sultanas.
As I empty the packet
The Blackbirds appear
All around me in the trees,
When I put the last sultana on
A Blackbird lands near my hand,
It looks at me in gratitude,
I remove my hand and stay still.
The Blackbirds come nearer
And join each other on the table
In their first feast of the day.
I stand a look at them,
As they look at me,
Trusting me.
I thank and praise nature
That they accept me,
Accept me as a friend,
And allow me their trust
As I stand amongst them,
In amongst the Blackbirds.

Such A Beautiful Game.

Eighty minutes went by,
Went by like a flash.
There they were on the pitch,
Thirty men, fifteen on each side
Knocking seven bells out of each other.
The holders of the world cup
Playing the current best team in the world,
A match of staggering skill
And formidable power,
A game I was totally lost in.
They crashed into each other
With so much solidarity
As if they hated each other,
Both determined to win at all costs,
But always played within the rules,
The rules of Rugby Union.
The final whistle blew,
The match had ended,
So much skill,
So much power was shed,
Shed on that pitch
But only twenty one points were scored,
Thirteen to Ireland,
And eight to South Africa.
A thoroughly enjoyable match for me,
For me to see.
Then at the end I was almost in tears
As these huge men
Who had knocked hell out of each other
Came together in harmony,
Shaking hands and cuddling,
Showing their strength of character
That they had in this wonderful game

Where acrimony disappears at the end,
At the end of each game,
Such a beautiful game.

Simple Life.

In life we often find it hard
But there is a way forward,
There is a simple life
If you just focus,
Focus on one step,
The step in front of you.
It can be easier
Than looking,
Looking at the whole staircase.
Life can be easier
If we concentrate,
Concentrate on one step,
One step at a time.

The First Rose.

So often it is written about,
That last rose of Summer.
I have a new rose in my garden
Which I now write about
As the first rose of Autumn,
Showing that new life is there,
And is always there
Not matter what season.

Good People.

In life it sometimes happens,
You meet a new person
And you just click.
You feel so comfortable,
So comfortable with them
As if you have known them,
Known them all your life.
You don't have to pretend,
You can just be yourself
And no need to be anyone else.

Mary and I have this.
It is as though we are one,
We think the same thoughts,
We react in harmony.
Such a wonderful time
In the Autumn of our lives
That we know will go on,
Go on forever.

Jack's Depatrture.

The doorbell sounded,
I opened the door
And their stood Ced,
A friend for many years.
He had a very sad face
As he told me about Jack,
Jack had passed,
Passed a couple of weeks ago.
Jack was such a lovely dog,
The most laid back dog I knew.
I would walk into the coffee house
And he would be lying there,
Lying at Ced's feet.
He may open an eye to see me
But he stayed laying,
Nothing stirred him.
Now he had gone,
Gone to that kennel in heaven
That place where all good dogs go
And they will be there waiting,
Waiting for their owners
When there owners come back,
Come back to take them,
Take them on a walk once more.
Goodbye Jack.

A Good Day Today.

I get up in the darkened morn,
Look out of the window
And there before me it shines,
The full Harvest Moon,
Clouds drifting over it
Like a beautiful painting.
Soon the Moon is obscured
As the clouds fill the sky
And the moon disappears,
But I know it is there
As on this morn I saw it
And it will always be there
Filling the ether with light,
The light that is with me
And knowing that once more,
Once more that today,
Today will be a good day.

A Night AT The Musicals.

We walked into the theatre
Not knowing what to expect.
We sat down and waited,
Two men came on stage
And argued,
Argued about closing the theatre,
Then one said he could change it,
And he did.
He brought music to the theatre
And there we were enthralled
Enthralled by an evening,
An evening of music
From many musicals.
So many singers
Who were so very good.
We smiled, we cried
At the glory of the music,
The music sung for us.
We laughed so loud
As well,
As did all in the theatre.
At the end we came out
Came out of the theatre
With a big smile on our faces
And peace and love in our hearts.
What a wonderful night we had
Watching and hearing the show,
"A Night at the Musicals"

Twilight Three Ways.

Twilight approaches as the light fades
That time which is neither day, nor night
But where uncertainty is with you,
The uncertainty of the day.

Twilight approaches as old age approaches,
That time when most of life is behind you,
But where Your Spirit guides you,
Guides you into eternity.

Twilight approaches as the wonders are shown,
That time when the beauty of the world is with you,
But where you do not believe what you see,
The magic of life.

Chaos Disorganised.

September 2021 he arrived,
Our New Minister at Church.
Lovely man,
Just what the Church needed
After the last two Ministers,
Ten years we suffered them
But the new one came,
So friendly,
So caring.
We met,
We spoke,
He heard my views,
My views on organised religion
And completely understood.
He was liked by all,
By all in the Church.
But then it happened,
Three months later
He was suspended,
No reason given,
Nobody told us why,
He was 'Under investigation'!
That was now nearly two years ago
And still we have heard nothing,
Our Church is still without,
Without a permanent Minister!
No wonder Methodists refrain from alcohol,
They know not how,
How to organise a piss-up,
How to organise a piss-up in a brewery.

Golden Girl.

The Golden Girl walks as though gliding on ice,
In a world of her own , where no others intrude
On the thoughts of her loves, that have long flown past.
She smiles serenely, at a moment remembered,
In a time, almost forgotten.

Others just watch the gentle sway of her hips
As she smoothly goes past them, ignoring their stares.
She's deep in her thoughts, for those whom she cares,
Only seen by the light formed by her blue shining eyes,
Of a time, just recalled.

The swing of her long blonde hair moves in time
With the gentle glide of her steps, that transport her,
Away from your view, into her past, that only she
Can unlock, with a key to a box recently found,
To a time, thought lost.

Gratefulness.

In my long life I am grateful,
Grateful for awaking each morning
Knowing that this day will be wonderful.
As Nature's glory will be there,
Be there surrounding my life in colour
In Autumns wonderful artwork.
Music has always been in my life
And will always bring peace,
Peace to my body and mind.
But best of all I have her,
I have my lover who I love,
I love with all my heart
And we will go on together,
Together to eternity,
To eternity and beyond.

Simple Understanding.

There was a time
When there was an understanding,
A simple understanding
That if we sang at dawn
And we sang at dusk
We could heal the world,
Heal the world through joy.
We may not understand it,
But the birds still do.

How Old!

Well today is the day,
I have reached seventy five,
Seventy five years since that day,
Since that day I was born
Three quarters of a century ago..
In all those years I have had a good life,
Those forty seven years and one month
Working my heart out
And enjoying my working life.
Nearly forty years with my wife
Until that dreaded dementia took her,
Took her a few years ago.
And now with my lover
With a love so strong.
I have had a good life
And intend to keep it that way
For eternity and beyond.

Gutter Gardening.

Bang!
Want was that?
Thud!
Another one!
And again.
Into the conservatory I go
And look up.
There in the roof gutter
A blackbird is gardening.
Thud!
There it goes again,
As he removes moss
From the gutter.
And drops it
Onto the glass roof.
There is now so much there
I can barely see out
The conservatory roof!
Don't you just love nature!

The Years Ahead.

Well another year has passed,
Another year in my long life
And a new year to come,
A year that will be full of love
As my lover and I move through it
Into more wonder of our love,
Our love for each other
Which gets stronger each moment,
Each moment we are together.
I have had so many good years
But I know the years ahead will be better
As we go on together
With our love leading the way
Into our wonderful future.

That Wonderful Life.

When I look at this world
And look at people
I wonder,
Wonder how they are,
If there life is good
Or if it is bad.
To my mind I hope
I hope they are happy.
I may be crazy,
Crazy to see others succeeding,
But to my mind
Life is a journey,
A journey for all,
For all to succeed,
As life is a journey
Not a competition.
May you all succeed,
Succeed in your life
As all life is wonderful
And we all deserve it,
Deserve that wonderful life.

Overheated.

Well there I was on the lawn
Knocking the croquet balls around,
Hoping to get them through the hoops.
And there we all were, moaning,
Moaning about the heat.
I mean here we are in October,
The sun blazing down on us,
Many people had dressed for the season,
Hats, coats, jumpers and cardigans.
The game became a striptease,
Coats and jumpers thrown off
And laying around the lawn sides.
There were some like me
In shorts and short sleeved shirts,
We dress for the weather, not the season,
But even I was moaning about the heat
I just do not get on with it.
Bring on the cold
So that once more I can play,
Play croquet in the snow!

The Walk Up The Hill.

I walked gently up the hill,
The wonder of nature around me,
Each sight giving me a thrill,
The beauty of nature that I see.

The woods and valleys
Showing me so much beauty
That often overwhelms me
And I need to just sit and look,
Look at the artwork surrounding me
And I think,
Think how fortunate I am
To be able to see this beauty,
This beauty and wonder
Given to me as a gift from Nature
And me being able to appreciate it,
An appreciation that will go on,
Go on for all my long life.

Hilary Limerick.

There was an old woman called Hilary
Who worked all day in a millinery
Making those hats
Drove her quite bats
So she spent the night in a distillery.

Memories Of Brubeck.

This sound, so different, so wonderful,
Came to my ears and mind long ago.
The sound from this man;
Who would stay with me, until the day he died
In December two thousand and twelve.

Take Five, so famous, even now;
Say Take Five and Brubeck is there in my mind.
Those innocent days when Brubeck was alive,
My brother and I listening to that famous quartet,
Brubeck, Desmond, Morello and Wright.

The college recordings, especially Oberlin
Where Brubeck and Desmond argued before coming on;
The argument continued on stage,
The two trying to outperform each other,
Producing some of their best ever music.

The day I saw him, a birthday present from my brother;
On stage came these three young men;
Alto, drums and bass.
And there, after a pause, he came,
This little wizened old man.

He walked oh so slowly to the microphone,
Said good evening and walked again so slowly to the piano,
I thought he is going to collapse before he gets there,
But no he sits at his alter ego
Turns, and beams at the audience.

This soft gentle sound pervades the theatre
Like an invisible net, casting it's magic
Around as all, and pulling us into the world

Of the jazz that Dave Brubeck brought
To my Body and Soul.

He was in my life for fifty plus years;
So wonderful to listen to
Played with absolute ease and mastery;
Showing me the absolute love of his art
Dave Brubeck ? gone but never forgotten.

That Day In 1066.

There I was sitting on the beach,
Sitting on Hastings beach,
The sun shining down.
As I drank my glass of wine
A shadow came over me,
I looked up and there he was,
Orchi had arrived!
"Would you like some water in that wine?"
He asked as usual,
I told him what to do with his water!
He sat next to me and waffled on
About all our times together
During the last millions of years,
Millions of years we had known each other.
I then looked out to sea
And there sailing towards us were ships,
The Normans were coming!
I got up and looked around
And saw our King Harold coming,
Coming down the beach,
His army behind him.
I bowed as he approached,
Orchi kept his head down
Not seeing who it was.
The Normans landed
And started fighting us,
All was going well
Until Orchi raised his head and looked up.
He pointed up and said,
"Sire, what is that?"
Harold looked up
And the arrow struck him in the eye!
And from that day history was changed

And all because Orchi pointed,
Pointed up in the air
And asked Harold,
"Sire, what is that?."

The Clock Strikes Six.

The clock strikes six,
Up I get,
The same time every day,
And the first thing I realise
Is that I am here,
So another good day it will be,
Another good day in my long life.
What will I do today?
I will be with my lover all day
As I am now and every day,
Our life together full of love.
As it is Sunday we will have a roast
A roast dinner of chicken and veg
Followed by a sweet.
Today it will be Mary's favourite,
Sticky toffee pudding.
We will have a glass of wine with it
And we will be surrounded by music,
Music is always in my life.
In the afternoon we will sit relaxed,
Relaxed listening to music and reading
Until that time when it happens,
When the rugby comes on the box.
And there for the rest of the day
I will be hooked,
Hooked into the world cup.
I have seen all the matches so far,
All forty two of them,
Only six more to go.
Yes I am a rugby nut
But Mary understands,
So all is good in my world,
As it is every day,

Every day that I get up,
Get up in the morning,
When the clock strikes six.

Digging Up Roads.

Yes we were digging up that road,
I don't know why.
The traffic then drove a different route,
So then we started digging up that road,
Digging up that road too.

I know it happens.
Every time I get into my car
The road gods look down
And say "Quick he's going!
Find the road he will be driving,
Will be driving along
And get the workers out there,
Out there to dig it up!".

Our Love Goes On And On. (Written by Mary).

Love is such a little word
It means so much to us
It came between us suddenly
From the gentlest of touch

We have our special places
We have our special things
But nothing was as special
As exchanging our matching rings

So on this special day again
Enjoy it all you can
Whether in sunshine or in rain
Our love goes on and on

Calliope Inspiration.

Calliope looks down on me
And brings thoughts to my mind
Inspiring me to write,
To write words of love,
Love for all around me
As each day I grow older
And am privileged to be here
To see the wonder of life
For a very long time.
My love for many things
She brings to me.
The beauty of Music
Fills my body with wonder,
The artwork of Nature
Fills my eyes with wonder,
As does artwork from people
With such superb skill
To put their eye and mind's eye
Onto that plain canvas.
The love of friends is with me,
Both those around me
And those I never see.
But then Calliope raises her eyes
As she thinks that I have forgotten,
Forgotten the love of my life.
But no My Lover is there,
Forever with me in my heart and soul
As we travel this world together,
Remaining forever in each other's arms,
Forever in each other's hearts,
Forever in each other's minds,
Moving towards eternity,
As one being

Never to be parted.

Focus On Yourself.

So many people in this world
Believe they are not learning,
Not learning from others
As to how they should be,
But what they do not realise
Is that we are all unique,
So remember to believe in yourself.

Look back in your life and be proud,
Be proud how far you have come.
Do not decry yourself,
You must realise that life can be good,
So be kind to yourself,
And don't keep asking for more,
Focus on what you have.

Our Future Being.

Into the shop I went
To buy a couple of things
And there across the aisle
Were twins in a pushchair,
Their mum pushing them.
I waved and smiled at them,
They waved and smiled back,
Such a wonderful feeling
Comes to my heart,
The innocence of childhood
Is such a joy to me.

I often wonder how,
How people can hurt children.
I am a passive man
But get so upset,
Upset and annoyed
When children are attacked.
You just would not believe,
Not believe what I would do,
Do to them .
But anybody who hurts a child
Deserves the highest punishment

Why would people hurt children?
They are the future of our being
And will hopefully
Be the ones that repair,
The ones that repair our world.

Nelson Went To Battle.

Nelson went to battle,
Against the French one day,
And saw three ships a coming
Right along his way.

"Fetch my Red Coat Hardy,
So that if I get a wound,
The blood won't show upon me
And ship's company will stay sound".

He beat those damned bad Frenchies
And sent his coat below,
Then sailed across the sea
In wind and rain and snow.

Another group of French ships,
Total thirty so it seemed,
And Hardy brought the coat again
Duly pressed and smart and cleaned.

Once more he saw the Frenchies off
With cunning, guile and power,
To him there's no way he'd give in
To that Gallic speaking shower.

Then across the horizon did he see
Three hundred ships bear down.
So again he called to Hardy;
"Fetch my trousers coloured brown!"

I Will Be Back!

There they were on the stage,
The drummer starts drumming,
Memories of Jean Krupa
Came into my body,
As he played the introduction,
The introduction to 'Sing, sing, sing'.
Such a wonderful start to the evening,
An evening filled with music,
With such wonderful music
Played by this wonderful band.
The music of Swing flowed,
Flowed from their instruments
Played with such joy
Which captured the audience
By the way they played,
And enjoyed their playing.
The evening just shot by,
They seemed to finish so fast
But we have been there,
Been there listening for two hours
Embedded in the wonder of their playing,
Which took me into a beautiful world,
A beautiful world of jazz,
Jazz that has been with me,
With me all my long life.
All I can say is thank you,
But it does not seem enough,
Just two words is not enough
For the joy you gave to me
On that wonderful evening.
But I do have more words,
More words for 'Down for the Count'.
"I will be back!"

Afternoon Love.

It just comes upon us,
The love we have is so strong
That we need to seal it with passion.
So up the stairs we go,
Remove our clothes
And cling to each other,
Our naked bodies so close.
Onto the bed we go
And we get together
In the tightest way known,
So our bodies become one
And our love for each other
Pours out of our bodies.
It is so wonderful,
It happens so often,
Several times a week
And we laugh,
Because this passion
Is so strong that we do not understand,
Do not understand about making love,
Making love so often,
"AT OUR AGE!"

Back Again.

Well, here we are again,
Back in our favourite hotel
Here on the Isle of Wight.
As we walk round the place
We are greeted,
Greeted by the staff,
The staff that know us
As we know them.
Such a wonderful place,
The place we call our second home.
We look out from our room
And see the sea
Stretching out before us.
The sea is rough at the moment
But its beauty is there.
The glory of the white caps
Sweeping up on the shore,
Further out the rolling waves
Travelling from places,
Places we have never been.
Such a wonderful time will be had,
As we love in our second home.

Sun On The Sea,

We just could not understand,
The forecast said it would rain,
So how come we were walking,
Walking along the beach,
Walking in the blazing sun.
We walked for about two hours
Amongst the sand and pebbles
Meeting others who were doing the same,
Such enjoyment.
The sea swept in gently,
So very clear.
Some clouds were in the sky
But only there to enhance,
Only to enhance the beauty,
The beauty of Nature's glory
As we walked hand in hand
Along the wonderful seashore
On that beautiful day.

In Spite Of The Rain.

And it rained,
It rained all day.
Looking out from our room
There were several lakes,
Several lakes on the green grass.
The sea was almost hidden from view
As the rain poured down
So we could not go walking,
Walking along the beach today.
But no matter
The hotel gave us more.
We quizzed.
We curled.
We played Scattergories.
So instead of physical tiredness
We had mental tiredness,
And then relaxed in the evening
Listening to the shows,
The shows put on in the hotel.
So we ended up having a good day
In spite of the rain.

Senility?

Am I getting old?
I confuse the words in my speech,
I have always 'gabbled' but now,
Even I can't understand some words
That I try to form.

Am I getting senile?
Sometimes the words that I had,
In my once proud vocabulary
I cannot seem to recall quickly enough,
To try and say aloud.

Am I getting past it?
The words eventually come to my mind
But make no sense, as the conversation
Has moved on past the subject for
Which they were meant.

Am I getting worried?
I try not to be, but the nagging doubt
Forms in my mind, and the only way
That I can seem to express it,
Is on this page!

Breadwork.

I have been doing it for years,
Making our bread.
Never a chore,
An enjoyment comes with the making.
So many emotions can be found
As I work through the process.
All the ingredients mixed together,
Combined in a bowl.
Until the dough is formed with ease.
I knead the dough,
And any frustrations
Are taken from me,.
As the power of kneading
Releases them from my mind
At last it is ready
And love is then mixed in.
Into the loaf tins the dough is placed,
The bread rises until ready to bake,
Into the oven they go
And cooked until they are gloriously brown,
Taken out and left to cool.
There is nothing quite like
The taste of fresh home-made bread.
Except that this time
Something went wrong;
They did not rise!
I had forgotten the yeast,
But I cooked them anyway,
And all I had were bricks
That could have built a house
That would last forever.

Privilege Of Life.

I have had a long life
And that life has been good.
I worked all the time,
Never been out of work,
Retired happily.
I have had wonderful friends
And three wonderful relationships.
My two children with my first wife,
Almost forty years with my second,
Who passed from this earth
When she reached eighty.
And now have a wonderful lady
Who I love so very much.
So in my life
I will never regret getting old,
Because during my life
I have known too many people,
Too many people who have never had,
Never had this privilege

That Glorious Game.

Well the tournament is over,
Forty eight matches played
In the rugby world cup,
And I have seen every one,
Every one of them.
There were both good and poor,
Good and poor games
And I watched them all.
South Africa won,
They beat New Zealand in the final.
But it was so strange
That in the quarter final,
The semi-final,
And the final,
South Africa won them all,
Won them all by one point,
Showing how close the games were.
Looking back though
There was one match,
One match that was the best,
The best I have ever seen
In my long life watching rugby.
South Africa beat France,
Beat them in the quarter final,
Beat them twenty nine to twenty eight.
It was such a brilliant game
And may never be surpassed,
But maybe in another four years
When the tournament starts again
There may be a match,
A match as good as ,
Or better than,
Better than that glorious game.

Confused Of Evesham 2.

Back from our holiday,
Woke up Sunday morning
Not knowing what day it was,
It certainly didn't feel like Sunday
Yet off to church we went
And others were there,
So it must have been Sunday.
Woke up Monday morning
Thinking what day is this,
Didn't have a clue
Until I looked in my diary.
Still more confused
As my next door neighbour
Was going on holiday on Monday,
And here I am awake,
Thinking it is Tuesday,
But they are still in their home.
So that is me ,
Confused of Evesham.
But still I do know what today is,
As since being retired
Every day is Saturday.

Brubeck's Back

This sound, so different, so wonderful,
Came to my ears and mind long ago.
The sound from this man;
Who would stay with me, until the day he died
In December two thousand and twelve.

Take Five, so famous, even now;
Say Take Five and Brubeck is there in my mind.
Those innocent days when Brubeck was alive,
My brother and I listening to that famous quartet,
Brubeck, Desmond, Morello and Wright.

The college recordings, especially Oberlin
Where Brubeck and Desmond argued before coming on;
The argument continued on stage,
The two trying to outperform each other,
Producing some of their best ever music.

The day I saw him, a birthday present from my brother;
On stage came these three young men;
Alto, drums and bass.
And there, after a pause, he came,
This little wizened old man.

He walked oh so slowly to the microphone,
Said good evening and walked again so slowly to the piano,
I thought he is going to collapse before he gets there,
But no he sits at his alter ego
Turns, and beams at the audience.

This soft gentle sound pervades the theatre
Like an invisible net, casting it's magic
Around as all, and pulling us into the world

Of the jazz that Dave Brubeck brought
To my Body and Soul.

He was in my life for fifty plus years;
So wonderful to listen to
Played with absolute ease and mastery;
Showing me the absolute love of his art
Dave Brubeck ? gone but never forgotten.

Hakuna Matata.

Hakuna matata to you all.

In this life you may have had problems

But to you all I say

Hakuna matata

So that those problems disappear

And do not come back.

So in all your lives

I say to you all.

Hakuna matata.

Beauty Is Light.

In life we look,
We look at beautiful people,
Look for beauty in their faces.
But what we must realise
Is that beauty is not in the face,
Beauty is a light in the heart.
So always look for that light,
And beauty will be there for you.

One Step.

Today I take another step,
Another step in my life.
Each step takes me further,
Further in my life.
I look back and see so many,
So many steps,
And I know if I look forward
There will be fewer steps.
But as I do now
And have done all my life
I just take one step,
One more step up,
And that is what I need,
I only need that one step,
One step at a time
To fulfil my life,
My wonderful life,
Where I have never rushed
By just taking my time
And moving up that one step.
One step at a time.

Answering The 'Phone.

Around the golf course I went,
Played a reasonable game
So went into the clubhouse
And had a pint with friends.
The 'phone went,
I picked it up
And said hello,
"Hello dear" the voice said,
"It's your wife, and I have something to tell you"
"OK go on" I said,
"Well I have seen this Porsche,
And I want to buy it,
It is a fabulous car.
Can I buy it please?"
"Yes, go ahead" I replied,
"Thank you" she said
And then she hung up.
I waved the 'phone in the air
And shouted,
"WHOSE 'PHONE IS THIS?"

Our River.

And it rained!
It rained and rained.
When it stopped
We went for a walk,
A walk by My River.
The water was so high,
Over the path on one side,
But we could walk.
The water was running so fast,
The normal clear green
A muddy brown colour.
And as we walked
We saw the birds,
The swans and geese
Huddled on the grass,
The river too fast for them,
For them to swim.
But we walked,
Walked along the wonder,
The wonder of My River
Along which I had walked,
Walked so many times.
So many memories were there,
As I remembered,
Remembered so many wonders
That My River brought to me
Over so many years.
And here I was now
Walking by My River
With the wonder in my life,
The wonder that surprised us both,
When this love we have,
Have for each other

Became so strong and so wonderful.
So there we are now
The two of us,
Walking along Our River.

Forty Two Years Today.

Forty two years it is,
Forty two years today
Since I married my wife.
For more than half my long life
We had been married
And during that time
We loved each other
And never had a row.
We had such wondrous times
And did so many beautiful things.
Then she was struck down,
Struck down by dementia,
Such an awful disease.
For several years she got worse
And there was I
Looking after her.
We celebrated our anniversary,
Out thirty eighth year,
She was in a care home,
Barely knew who I was
But we were still together
And celebrated it
With her not knowing.
She became worse
And had to go to hospital,
And in hospital we celebrated,
Celebrated her eightieth birthday.
She knew nothing about it
And then three weeks later
She passed,
Passed into a better world.

I only have this to say

If people think they know,
Know about dementia
And have not lived twenty four hours,
Seven days a week
With someone who has it
The haven't a fucking clue!!!

Be Thankful.

Many things happen in life,
Some that make you cry,
Others that make you laugh,
And those that make you thankful.
But with these three things
You find that life is better,
When you cry a little
Then laugh a lot,
And always be thankful
For everything you've got.

Fighting For Peace?

We hear them so often
Those words to try and stop wars,
To fight for peace.
The Hippies had it right,
Make Love Not War,
Or Lennon when he said
Give peace a chance,
As fighting for peace
Is like fucking for chastity!

Abounding In My Life.

I drove home from choir,
Got out of the car
And looked up,
And there above me
Was a clear sky
With stars shining,
Shining down on me,
And I was pulled up
Pulled up to the sky.
I wandered,
Wandered among the stars,
Each one a memory,
A memory of those who had passed,
Passed from my life.
It brought joy to my heart
Knowing that those who had left,
Left this life
Were looking down on me
And were still with me
And their love and kindness
Was still abounding,
Abounding in my life.

That Morning.

I drove along the road
On this bleak November day,
It had been raining,
There was a mist in the air,
But as I pulled in to the car park
My best friend pulled in as well.
We were going to play croquet,
Just the two of us.
As we walked to the lawn
The sun started shining,
And all was well.
We played,
We chatted,
And had a wonderful morning
So happy in each other's company
Playing the game we love.
Each game was decided,
Decided on the final hoop,
But that morning
Winning did not matter,
We both played well,
But the best thing
Was that we enjoyed our friendship,
And that meant more,
More to us than anything,
Than anything else that morning.

The Lady In The Van.

She was a lady of great age,
Never smiled,
Always went her own way,
And did her own thing.
Not a pleasant woman,
But once she tried to be a Nun,
That failed as the music inside her
Was not welcomed in the nunnery.
Nearing the end of her life,
The man asked the Mother Superior
To pray for the lady's soul,
The Nun said "Yes, we can do that,
But you need to fill in a form!"

We Met On A Crossing.

We met on the crossing quite by chance;
She was coming from Spring.

Her hot, yellow breath keeping us warm
During those last few months.
The green, freshness of spring
Changed by her warming rays.

Her long, long hot days,
Changing the colours to straw.
The occasional silver of rain
Coating the ground with new grass.

We met on the crossing quite by chance;
And I was going to Winter.

My cool, shortening days , warning of winter.
Leading the way from reds and oranges,
To the whites and browns.
And the long black nights soon to come.

But this is my time, the crisp frosty mornings,
Her cool yellow breath leading the way
Into the rich colours so varied and bright
That make me so loved by all.

We met on the crossing quite by chance;
The place where Summer found Autumn.

One Day More.

One day more,
Another day in my life
Ready to bring so much pleasure.
A day filled with music
As every day is,
And has been all my life.
So much music,
So little time.
Another day filled with love
As my lover and I
Sail through the day
With each other together.
So much love,
So little time.
Every day is special,
And each day I awake
I know there will be,
One day more.

Roll On This Evening.

What a day to come,
Starting with coffee,
Of course,
Drinking coffee with friends.
A great morning on this day,
Then something new.
This afternoon we will sing,
Not just any songs,
But a Sea Shanty group is starting
And we are going to join it
And sing the songs of the sea.
And then this evening
We are off to the theatre
To see a very funny group,
Three women singing
And bringing laughter to us.
So roll on this evening.

Is It Me!

Is it me!
When I go out in the evening,
As we did last night to a show,
I go reasonably well dressed.
Polished shoes, fine trousers,
Good shirt and nice jacket,
And sometimes even a tie.
We arrived at the theatre
And looking around,
Looking around at the other men
Nearly all were dressed casually.
Jeans and trainers,
Jumpers or sweatshirts,
Casual coats.
Some of the older gentlemen
Were dressed like me
But so very few
I could have counted them,
Counted them on my hands.
Is it me?
Am I that old fashioned
That when I go out in the evening
Go out with my lady
I dress properly.

Happy Birthday Dad.

On this day ninety eight years ago
He was born,
My Dad was born,
A man that showed me the way,
The way in this world,
Showing me that respect is everything.
Into my world he brought music,
Music that has been with me,
Been with me all my seventy five years.
He led me up the path of decency
Which I have tried to show all my life.
He passed into a new world
Two months before reaching seventy.
When I look in the mirror
I see him in me,
And am so grateful to him still
For showing me the way,
The way to live a decent life.
I know I will see him again
And once more we will sit together
Listening to Haydn
As we talk and laugh with each other
In that new world full of peace,
Full of peace, joy and love.

What A Wonderful World.

I walk along the track,
There before me is a wood,
It's trees changing,
Changing colour.
The reds, yellows and oranges
Fill me with wonder
As Nature's artwork shows its glory
And Autumn comes to my world.
A time that always brings that wonder,
Brings that wonder to me.
Nature is a natural artist
And over the year shows many canvases
With differing colours each season.
That glory always inspires me,
To show what a wonderful world,
What a wonderful world we have.

Our Deep Love.

We still do not understand,
Our love is so strong,
We just cannot be apart
Even for a few hours,
We miss each other so much.
We have never known love like it,
I loved my wife of forty years
And loved her all that time.
The day she passed
She left her love behind for me,
And sadness was with me.
In time it healed and I moved on,
Then I met her, this lady,
This lady who changed my world
And love came back,
Came back for both of us.
We love each other so much
That we are lost in that love,
That new love for us both.
That love is so deep
And just saying 'I love you'
Does not show that deepness,
That deepness of our love.
We still do not understand
But our love will go on,
Go on forever.

In Her Little Room.

She sat in her little room
Books surrounding her,
Reading one at a time,
And in her little room
She was taken away.
She went to Africa with Hemingway,
To India with Kipling.
So many writers she read
And was taken all over the world,
And all over the Universe,
As she read her books,
Read her books in her little room.

Love Of A Woman.

How doe a man love a woman?
If he just loves a woman's face,
Or loves a woman's body,
No woman in the world
Would satisfy him.
But if he loves a women's heart and soul
That love for that woman
Will go on forever,
And they will never be parted.

In Peace.

When we get to that time
When we rest in our busy lives
The question comes to my mind,
Why is it that we can have that rest,
That rest in peace.
We live our lives as well,
So why cannot we live our lives,
Live our lives in peace as well.

Look To Infinity.

Each night we should look at the stars,
If we did we would live differently.
As looking into infinity
You will realise that there are more,
More important things in life
Than what we do,
What we do in our lives,
What we do every day
In our current way of living.

Computing Starts.

I was there at the beginning,
The beginning of computing,
Computing in the workplace.
Working as a housing inspector,
Working in local government
Computers were coming in
And I had the chance,
The chance to get into computing.
So strange at the beginning
But I was there,
Looking after the system,
The system that we all rely on,
Rely on now.
But back in that time
It was just starting
And many did not know,
Did not know how important,
How important it would become.
As with all local governments
They had a reorganization,
A reorganization every few months,
And on one occasion
I was left out of a job.
So I went to my manager
Who said don't worry
We will find something for you.
I said to him,
"What about the computers?"
He replied:
"Bloody hell, I forgot about them!"
That's how new computing was
How new it was back in the day.

Chopin's Nocturne.

From where do these sounds come?
So soft, so pure, so soulful.
The sounds transported from the page
Through the skill and passion of the pianist,
To slide gently though our ears;
Into our very souls.

Chopin, this man I once derided
As being able to make me sad
No matter how good I was feeling;
Slowly turning my thoughts
To the utter beauty and wonder,
Of the music he created.

Different Masks.

Whenever we go out into the world
Which mask do we put on?
I have different masks for different tasks.
My professional one, that I wore
When at work, so different from
The one I wear at choir.
Who knows who I am?
The real me.
Am I the one who does so much
To help those who need me?
Or is the real me seen at Church?
My family see an opaque mask
Showing much of what I am,
With the love showing through.
My lover sees an almost transparent one,
Almost seeing me as I am;
But even there a mask is worn,
Unintentionally.
Even when I look in a mirror,
The face looking back is not mine,
I don't see the real me,
Only a mirror image.
The only one who really sees me is
The Spirit running through my life.
And maybe the words on this page:
But!
Which mask am I showing now?

Waiting For A Saviour.

In so many religions they wait,
They wait for their saviour,
And when that saviour comes
Wickedness will go from this world
And the world will be filled,
Filled with goodness and righteousness.
Well we have been waiting,
Waiting for thousands of years.
Maybe that is the problem,
The problem with this planet,
People expect someone else,
Someone else to come,
To come and solve their problems.
Well I have an idea,
Why not instead of waiting,
Waiting for your saviour,
Why not fix it ourselves!

Arise In The Darkness.

I arise in the darkness
Before dawn's early light,
I look out the bedroom window
And see the full moon shining,
A beacon of light bringing joy,
Bringing joy and wonder,
Joy and wonder to my life
As once more I have arisen,
Arisen into a new day,
Another new day in my life.
I am so grateful
As the moon has been there,
Been there looking over me
Ensuring that there is light,
That there has always been light
In my long, long life,
And I know it will be there,
Be there forever,
In my life and beyond.

My Barber.

"Morning Martin"

"Morning Andy"

"Are you well?"

"Yes, I'm fine. And you?"

"Yes fine."

These words, so trite but always well meant,
Open the door to conversations that roam
The worlds of books, music, poetry and thoughts,
In the company of a good friend.

We talk of many things,
Things that make us laugh.
Things that make us sad.
Things that make us angry!

We always talk of music,
That blues sound, always in the background;
Occasionally a different sound breaks through,
As the birds squawk at each other

Books are important to us
We discuss what we read.
"This was a good read" say I,
"Yes, I agree" says he.

The Regal, that wonderful place
Where films and shows 'Regale' us
With humour, music and tears;
A special place in our town and hearts.

So now we talk of films,
Some good some not so good,

And the occasional one outstanding.
But we speak of them as friends do

I never remember my hair being cut,
We are too busy discussing events.
A short time to catch up with
The things we both feel are, important.

The talk is over, hands are shaken.
"Take care, Martin"
"And you, see you soon"
I walk out with a smile on my face
Having spent time talking of matters
That mean so much to, My Barber and me.

Love Is The Sweetest Thing.

In our life there is one thing,
One thing that we have
That can bring happiness to all.
It can bring us happiness
With the strangeness
Of its old story.
With its strength
It can bring peace,
Peace to the world.
If only we all realise it
And bring to ourselves
And realise that love,
Love is strange,
Love is strong,
But most of all,
Love is the sweetest thing.

Grateful Life.

In this life we have ups
And we have downs,
Good days and bad days.
But no matter what happens,
What happens each day
Be grateful that when,
When you go to bed
That you have that life,
And be even more grateful
That you get up every day.

Against The Flow.

I used to see him at the station
Waiting alone on the platform.
He on the other side,
While I was surrounded by the crowd,
Hustling and bustling, waiting for the train.
He would sit quietly reading the paper,
A gentle smile on his face,
As if he were laughing at us.
We pushed and shoved one another,
Trying to get the best spot
To get on the train.
His train arrived and he gently stepped on,
Took the seat of his choice
From the many of which he could pick.
My train arrived and the scrum would start
To try and find a space, let alone a seat.
The train would move,
I would be on my way with the crowd,
This crowd of people,
All going with the flow,
To our day of drudgery.

The day I retired that all ceased,
And I like that man I used to see
Would walk with a smile on my face,
As peace and harmony came to me,
As I then became,
The man going the other way.

Walking With Autumn.

I walk out of the door
Into the Autumn sunlight,
Frosted ground is all around.
I walk towards My River
And the beauty astounds me.
The glorious colours of Autumn
Extended into that beauty,
That beauty that the frost
Enhances on the trees and grass.
My beautiful clear green river
Flowing gently by my side.
I walk along and become one,
Become one with Nature,
With Nature's absolute wonder,
Knowing that one day
I will continue this walk,
This walk into eternity
When My Spirit takes me,
Takes me into infinity
Where all is wonderful
And love is there for all.

Mary Celeste.

The Dei Gratia was sailing,
Sailing in the Atlantic
When they saw a ship,
Saw a ship near the Azores.
It looked untidy,
Nobody could be seen on it
So a boat was sent,
And there on board
There was nobody.
All seemed in order,
No evidence of fighting,
All equipment was there,
Except the lifeboat!
But what had happened
Nobody knew,
And since that day
Fourth of December eighteen seventy two,
And even today
Still no one knows,
Nobody knows what happened.
The people who were on her
Have never been seen,
Those people who were on that ship,
Were on the Mary Celeste.

Understanding Art.

Each artist has their own way,
Their own way of forming patterns.
They may be portraits,
They may be of scenes of Nature,
They may be abstract.
So many type of art
But what the artist is doing
Is not creating what they see,
But creating something
That others may see.

Using The C Word.

Yes I am going to use the C word,
After all it is now December
The only month in the year
Where I use the C word
And in my life Christmas starts,
Starts tonight.
We are off to see,
To see a great Jazz Band
Offering their Christmas Concert,
Offering it to all.
We have seen this band
Many times,
So many times,
And have never been disappointed.
So once more tonight
We will see them again,
Knowing we will have a wonderful time
As our Christmas starts tonight.

The Band Of Joy.

Once more they did it,
They took me away,
Away to a world of joy,
Playing their music
With absolute love.
All enjoyed it,
The band were so good
And that wonder they gave
Took me to that place
Where all troubles,
Where all troubles were gone
And into a world of love,
A world of love and music.
They do this to me
Do this to me every time,
Every time I see them play
And I have seen them,
Seen them many times
And will see them again,
See them every time,
Every time they come.
I say thank you,
Thank you to you all
For the joy and love,
The joy and love you bring
You bring to me,
Bring to the audience,
And bring to this world,
Bring to this world
In these troubled times.

I Stand On The Bridge.

I stand on the bridge
And look down at My River,
But where is it?
All I see is a lake
Extending from the sides
Where My River flowed.
The green park
Where the children played,
Where the dogs ran free,
And lovers walked hand in hand
Now covered in this mud brown water.
The swans, ducks and geese confused,
Nowhere for them to just sit and look,
But having to fight the wrath of the water,
As it speeds through their lives,
And mine.
The anger speeding under me
Like an express train!
Where are the bushes,
Beside which I would sit
And contemplate my world?
But through all this anger
Shown by My River
I know that that anger will subside,
And My River will be there again,
Flowing gently through my life,
Taking me once more,
On Life's journey.

Beauty.

In this life we see beauty,
See beauty in people.
The beautiful young people
Are accidents of nature
And as they grow they change,
Some losing that beauty
In the way that they live.
But others live good lives
And there beauty is enhanced
By the way they are forming,
Forming with age.
So it can be seen
That beautiful old people
Are works of art.

Clothes For The Weather.

I do not wear clothes
For the time of the year it is,
I wear clothes depending what the weather is.
If it is raining,
I'll wear a mac.
If it is cold,
I'll put a long-sleeved shirt on.
If it is very cold,
I'll put a coat on.
If it is warm,
I'm in trouble,
As I cannot go down the street
Naked.
So shorts and tee shirt
Are the least I can wear.
I just do not feel the cold,
And I laugh to my self
At those that wear clothes for the season,
Not for the weather.
As I walk down the street,
In a balmy temperature of eight degrees,
Or higher,
In my short sleeved shirt,
I see people wrapped up
With so many clothes,
They must think it's approaching
Absolute zero.
They think I am mad,
They may be right,
But I wear clothes for the weather,
Not for the season.

My Forward Path.

In life we are all unique,
We travel those paths
And become who we are.
Everyone different from each other
But those in power
Want us to do what they want,
Whether it is right or wrong.
But much is so wrong in our world
So I am not going to be led,
Led to those bad decisions
That I know are not my way.
So I say to all,
I am who I am,
Your approval is not needed.

The Christmas List.

So here I go again,
Once more sending Christmas cards,
And once more
I go down the list,
The list of friends and family.
And when I do
I come to them,
Those who have passed,
Passed during the last year.
As I get older there are more
And my list gets shorter.
Thinking of those who passed
Brings back memories,
Memories of good times,
Good times together.
And to those I also wish,
Wish a Happy Christmas.
Because they will know
As they look down upon me
From their stars above,
Each of them twinkling,
Twinkling Happy Christmas,
Happy Christmas to me.

Meet Our Future.

In life we travel many paths
And looking back we may regret,
Regret some of the things we did,
Some of the things that happened.
But in this life we must realise
That our eyes are in front of you
And they are there for a reason.
We must look forward in life
As life may surprise you.
Turn the next corner
And around that corner
We will meet our future,
Meet our future head on.

The Cats Played.

The cats came on the stage,
Not just ordinary cats
But these were jazz cats,
Dave Browning's Jazz Cats.
The sound they made
Took me away,
Away to that wonderful world,
That wonderful world of jazz.
They played all evening
And that two hours
Was the fastest in my life,
I was hooked into there playing,
Taken into the world of jazz
Where once more I was lost,
Lost in that superb place
Where I have been taken,
Taken for many, many years
By such wonderful bands,
Such wonderful bands as this one.

What Happened To Pop.

A song comes on the radio,
It could be from the fifties, sixties or seventies
And I start singing the words,
The words of each song
That I know so well,
And know the lyrics.
So unlike modern music,
Modern so called pop music.
Can any of them sing!
Can any of them pronounce words!
I may just be that old
That I do not understand
This modern way.
I can understand modern classical music,
And listen to it so often,
But this modern pop culture is not for me.
I listen to modern jazz
And am taken into a different world,
One that I can understand.
So at least I have so much to listen to
And do not need to be drowned out,
Drowned out by the modern pop world.

The Game We Love.

There we were on the lawn
On this cool grey day
Playing the game we loved,
Knocking those balls
Towards and through the hoops.
Two ladies came to the next lawn,
They stood at the starting point,
The starting point on the lawn,
And they talked,
Talked and talked for almost half an hour.
And in that time we had nearly finished,
Nearly finished our first game.
If my friends and I wanted to talk
We would be in a coffee bar,
Or even better in a pub,
But the game of croquet is so important
So important to us
That we get on the lawn and play,
Play the game we love.

The Optimist.

Why is it so hard to be an optimist,
In a pessimistic world?
I look at the glass and see it half full,
While most see it half empty.

The world is a wonderful place;
I see smiling faces and happy people.
The good in people is so obvious.
But why do most only look for the bad?

Yes there is bad in the world,
But why look for it in every place.
Look at the places where all is well
And life remains simple and happy.

This world where the blame culture seems to thrive,
There are no longer any accidents
Because if you can hold someone to blame,
It means that a claim can be made,
To get money that you do not deserve.
Accidents do happen, but few see them as that.

Stevie Smith says not waving but drowning,
I say not drowning but waving.
Live for the moment!
It will not come again.

Status Quo.

What is it about Status Quo
That makes me smile
And really cheers me up?
As soon as I hear them
A smile comes to my face,
And my mood is lifted.
My feet start tapping,
My head starts nodding,
My body starts swaying.
Status Quo,
My recommended medication.

I know their music is not great
Compared to the music
Of the classics and jazz,
The music that is in my soul,
But they make my world feel better.
Status Quo.

Life's Exam.

Life is like an exam.
We look at the questions
And can find them hard,
Find them hard to answer.
So many fail that exam
When they try to copy,
Try to copy others
Hoping they will get it right.
But what people do not realise
Is that in life
Everyone is different
And that each life
Has a different exam paper

Each New Day Haiku.

Each day I arise,
I see this wonderful day,
I've not seen before.

Understanding Silence.

In life we talk to others,
Explaining our lives
But then we can be silent.
As our lives move forward
Those silences are important
As they bring knowledge within us.
In those silences we move forward
Bringing wisdom to our lives,
But many do not understand
And it shows that maybe
Those that do not understand,
Do not understand our silence,
Will probably not understand,
Not understand our words.

The Longest Night.

The longest night is over,
The winter solstice came
Bringing its darkness to us,
But now we travel,
Travel into the light,
The new light of our world
And following that light
Will bring us harmony and love
To our future as the light prevails
To bring peace to all our hearts,
All our hearts and Spirits.

Happy Birthday Chet

That day has come once more,
That day he was born
And brought so much joy,
So much joy into my life.
He blows his horn
And the melodious sound
Reaches me in mind and heart.
So many problems in his life,
So full of drugs,
Yet his music never suffered.
His music so important,
So important to me.
So once more as I listen,
Listen to his music,
I wish him Happy Birthday,
Happy Birthday Chet.

Blessings To All.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And to you all I wish good cheer.
May you all have good times
And be happy with my rhymes.
They may be good, they may be bad
But at this time do not be sad
As soon will come that fine day
When we will meet and play
So until that day comes along
May your days be filled with song.

Harmonious Life.

On this cold beautiful morn My River is so still.
Nothing rushes.
Swans, ducks and geese slide serenely by
Powered by My River's flow.
I walk by its side,
Staring at the white, that covers the greens
Of the trees and bushes alongside.
Walking silently,
Trying not to disturb the peace,
And the calm.
I am at peace with my world.
My Spirit flows with My River,
In the gentleness and calmness
That pervades my mind.
My River, My Spirit, My Mind,
All in harmony.
At peace with myself.

Our Boxing Day.

Today is that day,
A very special day,
Boxing day,
As today is the day it started.
My life changed,
Changed into a world of love.
We started our life together,
Together on this day.
The love of my life came into my world,
My lonely world
And from that time,
Two years ago, our love has grown,
Grown into our wonderful life,
Our wonderful life together.
We can never be apart,
We have had our times alone,
Alone in the years passed,
But now we are together
Never ever to be parted.
All I can say to my love,
And it just never seems enough,
Is to say to her,
I LOVE YOU!

Dreaming On.

Another Christmas has passed,
The New Year approaches
And we hope it will be a good year.
Could it be a time of peace?
A time of peace and love in our world.
Perhaps it will come
But the leaders of our world
Seem to have no idea,
They just want things for themselves
And not for those who elected them.
Maybe we should all become Hippies,
"Make love not war".
If that were to happen
The world would be wonderful,
But maybe it is only in my dreams,
So I just dream on.

Breakfast Music.

"Let us begin breakfast
With a little known piece
By Beethoven"
The announcer said.
This made me laugh,
As from the radio
There came this sound,
The sound so very well known,
The sound of Fur Elise.
Anyone who has touched a piano
Would have tried this piece.
The wonderful tune ended
And the announcer said with a grin
"Well it was new on me"
And I burst out laughing
A brilliant start to my day.

Generous Life.

The year is near its end,
I get up on this day
And look out into the darkness
And see the darkness surrounding,
Surrounding the bright full moon,
Showing me the light,
That light that is at the end of this year.
A year of beauty, wonder and love,
A year full of light as each day I arose
And walked into another day.
The hope is with me
That in the next year
The same will happen
And the light will carry me,
Carry me through yet another year
In the generous life I have,
The generous life I have been given,
To see my world over many years
And hopefully for many more,
For many more years to come.

To Eternity And Beyond.

Four years ago today was the day,
The day my wife and loved one passed.
Nearly forty years together,
Our love so strong and joyful,
Never a row in all those years,
We had a wonderful time.
Now she is looking down on me
Her love showing her acceptance,
Her acceptance of my new love.
I know we will all be together,
Be together in time
And move forward in our lives
To eternity and beyond.

Me? A Rugby Nut!

What a world it could be if my dream came true!
A world where beer could be free,
A world where that overpaid game of soccer did not exist
But the best games of rugby were played,
The game where sportsmanship was prevalent
In both the players and the supporters
And the Six Nations was played every day.
What a wonderful world it could be.

Let Love Be The Way Tanka.

Well the New Year's here
The old one now departed
Now let's live in peace
May the wars in the world cease
And let love be the new way.

The Checkout.

Shopping completed, almost;
The final hurdle left,
To run the gauntlet of the checkout.
Which member of staff will I have today?

I look for the shortest queue
And hope the till person is one I know,
And one with whom conversation is good;
Or non- existent.

The one today is the talker.
We start with the good mornings
And how are yous, and then she is off;
Talking nineteen to the dozen!

I try to get an edgeways
To get a word in, but no,
The gaps just aren't there
For me to utter even one syllable.

I just pack my shopping
Trying to look interested
Out of politeness, what's the point?
She's not looking, she is in her own world.

The one I like is the young lady
Who greets me with the brightest of smiles.
We chat while the shopping
Passes before me and into the bags.

I know she has a young one
Whom she obviously adores;
The smile is greater when she talks

Of her child.

There is the one who talks of birds,
She feeds the birds in her garden;
But is amazed at how many sultanas I buy
To feed those in mine.

The best one of all was a man
Who I sought out week after week;
We would talk of many things;
And came to know each other well.

A five minute conversation
Which seemed to continue each week
Without interruption, but was interspersed;
With seven day gaps.

Then comes the pain!
The shopping in the bags are in the trolley,
Ready to wheel to the car;
But they won't let me go until I have paid!

Line Dancing.

Here we are again,
Once more at our second home,
Once more at our hotel
On the beautiful Isle of Wight.
Settled in nicely,
Went down for dinner,
Had a wonderful meal
And then went in the bar,
Went to see a Country and Western singer
Who we have seen many times before.
As he sang some people got up
And started line dancing,
And very good they were too.
But what I couldn't understand
Was their faces,
It must be the done thing,
Not to smile while line dancing.

Walking The Beach,

For what more could I ask,
Here I was walking along the beach,
Holding my lover's hand,
The sun shining down on us,
The weather nice and warm.
Looking out to sea,
The beauty of the sea,
The waves rolling in,
There crests rough and white
Coming towards us
Showing their beauty,
And the wonder of Nature.
Many may think this is fine
But it is so unusual,
Unusual on the third day,
The third day of January
In the middle of winter.
But here we were
Walking along the winter beach,
Our love shining,
Shining as bright as the sun.

Our Second Home.

Well the day is here again,
That day when we leave,
Leave the hotel,
Our favourite hotel,
Almost our second home.
No more looking out,
Looking out from the balcony
To see the beautiful sea.
Another wonderful time was had,
They do all for us, we do nothing,
Do nothing except enjoy ourselves.
So once more we leave,
We leave today,
But we leave knowing,
Knowing we will be back,
Be back soon,
Be back soon to our second home,
Our second home on the Isle of Wight.

A Man Of Strong Resolve.

Looking around the cemetery
I came to a well kept stone,
A headstone of granite.
Grey, black and white flecks,
Magnificently clean,
And there in black letters
The inscription was carved.
"Here lies Harold Wallbank,
Farmer of this parish.
A MAN OF STRONG RESOLVE!"
The thought just stays with me,
That I bet he was a man,
That you would never argue with!

Sunny Winter Morn.

I walk along winter's pathway
And in its embrace the sun softly gleams,
Painting frost-kissed landscapes,
Painting them in golden beams.
Whispers of chill dance in the crisp air
Adorning Natures sparkling beauty,
The beauty that Nature brings,
That Nature brings to our lives.

Lunchtime Discussion.

There we were
Eating our Sunday lunch,
Roast pork this time,
A glass of wine by our sides.
And as ever we talked,
Talked of many things,
The many wonderful things
That we had in our lives.
And then we spoke of death,
Both of us in our mid seventies
We wondered what would happen.
Quite a serious conversation,
We then thought who would die first
When my lover said to me,
"The one thing you will never be
Is to be late, you always arrive early,
Arrive early for everything".
We both burst out laughing,
As yes, I am always early.
The problem with that though
Is being punctual
Gets very lonely.

Walk In The Woods.

Amidst the trees a tranquil hush,
Nature's Symphony a gentle brush,
Leaves whisper secrets to the breeze,
A dance of shadows 'neath the trees.

Sunlight filters through the green,
A quiet world serene and unseen.
Footsteps echo on the forest floor,
A walk in the woods, nature to explore.

Together As One.

On this cold winter's morn
We walk into town,
Hand in hand down the paths.
The sea of love that we have
Surrounds us as we walk.
Talking and laughing together,
Our life so wonderful.
We just do not know,
Do not know how it happened,
A widow and a widower
Becoming one again
After the losses in our lives.
They say that all love is different,
It certainly is for us,
So different from our lost loves,
But we accept it for what it is
And together we move forward,
Move forward into our beautiful life,
Our beautiful life together as one.

A Pint To Remember.

Off we went to sing,
Even better off to the pub,
To the pub we went to sing,
Not just any songs but sea shanties.
I walked to the bar and ordered drinks,
What should I have?
The lady behind the bar helped
And I decided to have a pint,
A pint of mild.
That took me back,
Back to my younger days
When I drank mild every night,
Every night at my local.
She pulled the pint,
And even better
She poured it into a mug,
A pint mug with a handle.
Again this took me back
When mugs were the norm.
I had a sip and there I was
Back in the pub of my youth
Enjoying a good pint with friends,
Friends of many years ago.
Such wonderful times remembered
And all because of this lady,
This lady who served me a pint,
A pint of mild.

Looking Out To Sea.

Beneath the endless sky, where waves embrace the shore,
Whispers of the ocean, a timeless, rhythmic lore.
Seagulls dance on breezy tides, as sun and sea align,
A symphony of solitude, where horizon meets the brine.

Silhouettes on sandy shores, footprints in the sand,
Stories etched by rolling waves, written by nature's hand.
Majestic hues of twilight, painting the canvas blue,
Looking out to sea, a poem in every view.

My Wonderful Daughter.

Since the day of your birth I was here,
Here for you my beautiful daughter,
And in all those years I have loved you,
Loved you every moment of each day.
Even now I look down on you
With love and joy falling to you
From my place in heaven's wonder.
You will be with me for eternity
And my love for you will be there,
Always be there for you,
My wonderful darling daughter.

Unbelievable.

Here we are, two old codgers
So intently in love,
A love so strong
We just cannot be apart,
Cannot be apart from each other.
We walk down the street hand in hand,
As soon as we are home we cuddle.
The strength of our passion
Holds no bounds.
We just cannot believe it,
Believe the strength of our love,
Our love for each other.
We just cannot leave each other alone,
The things we do are unbelievable
We do not believe it,
And others certainly wouldn't,
Wouldn't believe what we do,
What we do AT OUR AGE!

The Most Dangerous Animal In The World.

They prowl the world, unworried by other beasts.
They are everywhere, separated by their looks.
They roam the land as if they own it,
Not caring for it.

These animals are here for a purpose,
But that purpose, is unknown ? to them!
They go their own way, not caring
What they destroy!

Nothing is safe from them!
They eat all around them;
Move water, remove plants,
Kill animals, who do them no harm,
For fun!

To see the most dangerous animal in the world;
Just look in a mirror.

Glorious Sunny Morn.

The sun shines in the morning,
The white frost is all around
Bringing the beauty,
The beauty of Natures realm
Into my mind and body.
I walk along the path,
The countryside all around
Painted with such wonder,
Showing me the glory,
The glory of my favourite times
When the frost paints,
Paints its picture
On this glorious sunny morn.

My Spirit Of Life.

The Avon, my river, where I walk deep in thought every day,
Arranging my tumultuous mind
From the joys and troubles of the day before.
My time alone with nature and my God.
My time.

This morning, the river gently gliding past me,
The occasional ripple, caused by the gentle warm breeze,
Reflecting the sunlight in parallel lines,
Passing by as I travel through my life towards its end.
My life.

The birds around me, throughout my journey by the river,
And always there in my life, from times long ago.
The swans this morning, not yet awake,
Heads tucked beneath their wings, floating silently.
My birds.

The river, always with me, as I walk along its path;
Allowing my thoughts to come to terms each day with my life.
Of course I always talk with my God, the Spirit which is my life,
And who I will be with, when my time on this earth ends.
My Spirit of Life.

River To Sea.

As I walk by My River with My Spirit
I know that others do the same
And walk with their Spirit
By their own Rivers or Streams.
They all flow into the sea
And there in the sea
We will all meet
Bringing love and forgiveness,
Love and forgiveness to all
As we join as one body,
One body of water and Spirit.

Past And Future.

In my life,
My life that has passed,
Everything I was
I carry with me.
In my life,
My life to come,
All lies waiting,
Waiting on the road,
The road ahead of me.

Broadway Is Closed.

Into the village we went,
The village of Broadway,
A diamond of the Cotswolds,
It beauty and wonder
Attract people from all over.
Drove into the carpark
Hoping to find a space,
There were so many
I had never it like this,
The carpark with so few cars.
We walked into the village
Hardly anybody around,
Most of the shops were closed,
Even the coffee shop was closed.
So we wandered around
And as we did the shops were opening,
Eventually went back,
Back to our coffee shop,
It was open,
So sat and had our drinks.
We had never seen it like this,
Then the thought struck me,
Perhaps in this village,
This village of privilege
Maybe they did not get up,
Not get up before ten,
Before ten in the morning.
Perhaps they should have a sign,
A sign at the edge of the village,
"Broadway is closed before ten!"

Life's People.

In our lives we meet many people,
Most are fine and good,
The few we meet can be awful,
But often we are looking,
Looking for that one person,
That one person who can change,
Change our life.
What we don't realise
Is that we know that person,
We know that person so well.
If you want to see that person,
That person who will change your life
Just look in the mirror.

The Irony Of Life.

When thinking about life
We may be able to see,
To see the irony within it.
It takes sadness within it
To know happiness,
Noise to appreciate silence,
And absence to value presence.
Life is full of irony
But we just do not see it.

That Beautiful Dress.

The new dress was ordered,
It was a leopard skin pattern.
It arrived and she took it upstairs,
Put it on
And came downstairs in it.
As she walked down the stairs
She said it was too long
And would have to go back.
She walked into the lounge
And there I saw her,
The lady I loved,
In a gorgeous dress.
She looked even more beautiful,
Even more beautiful in that dress.
I was overcome with emotion
I told her she looked wonderful
And looked so beautiful
In this glorious dress
And nothing should be changed.
Once more she got to me,
My beautiful lover.

Filled With Laughter.

If you look at a face
There seems to be a limited space
So if we can fill that face,
Fill that face with laughter
There will be no room for crying,
So make people laugh,
It is a great healer.

Shanty Time.

Into the local pub we go,
Many of us meet there
And we sing,
Sing sea shanties,
The sea shanties of old.
Singing of the sea
And the hauling of ropes
And drunken sailors.
An afternoon full of fun,
Full of fun, laughter and song.
We meet twice a month
And sing our hearts out.
The beauty of singing
Bringing all together,
Something that music does.
All types of music does this,
It brings the world happiness,
So come on world,
Let us all sing together.

The Moon Looks Down.

I rise from my bed,
Look out of the window,
The darkness before dawn
Shows me a clear night,
But there in front of me
The light is there once more
As the full moon
Brings its clear light,
Brings its light to my life.
The moon is so precious,
So precious in my life.
On these clear mornings
It brings such wonder,
Such wonder and joy,
Wonder and joy to my life.
I know it looks down,
Looks down with love,
That love for me,
And will be looking,
Looking after my world,
Bringing joy and beauty to me
From my infinite past
To my unending future.

Old Codgers Love.

Our love is so strong,
Being apart,
Even for a couple of hours
We miss each other so much.
We just do not understand
Why our love is like this.
We are both in our seventies
And came together,
Came together only two years ago
And our love,
Our love for each other is overwhelming.
We have both loved in the past,
Loved the ones we married
But we lost them both,
Thinking that love was dead.
But we met and all changed
Bringing a love so strong
And it strengthens each day.
They say that every love is different
And this is so true,
We had never known love like this
But we are so happy,
So happy to be two old codgers,
Two old codgers in love,
In a love so deep and wonderful.

Resilience.

In life we have ups
And we have downs.
When we have downs
We can find resilience
And we bounce back
Showing nothing has happened.
But resilience is not about that,
It needs to show us
That we can grow,
Grow from that experience,
As experience cannot be taught

Painting The Day.

We wake up every morning
And the new day is there,
It is there for us in its wonder.
Just like a blank canvas,
A blank canvas waiting,
Waiting for the colours,
The colours of our Spirit
To paint this brand new day
With the beauty of our life.

Clouds.

Looking up into the sky
You see them surrounded by blue,
They sail through your world
In whites and greys of every hue.

In a myriad of shapes and sizes
You see impressions of every type of art,
In many of them that float by
You see that your life has taken a part.

Your imagination is always stirred
Looking at the wonders that they shroud,
As your life is passed on by,
By every uniquely, individual cloud.

Dance To The Silence.

In our world we see many types of people.
Sometime we see the beautiful ones.
They are blessed
As they see colour in the darkness,
They are the ones who give love and not hate,
But they may be the ones who dance,
Dance when there is no music.
So why cannot we all be like this?
Let us all see colour,
Bring love to all,
Hear the music,
And dance together in silence.

Immortal Music.

There they came on stage,
Three musicians,
Piano, bass and drums.
The first note was played
And I was taken away,
Taken away into a new world,
A world where classical met jazz.
All my long life I had listened,
Listened to both types of music,
Both classical and jazz
And had met this type before,
But this group took it,
Took it to a new level,
A level I had never been before.
From Bach to Elgar,
Massenet to Beethoven
And so many more.
I was in a dreamworld
Where my two favourite types of music
Met with such profound wonder.
Such a wonderful time
Just flew by
As I listened and was taken,
Taken away to that place,
That place where music reigns
Bringing peace and glory,
Peace and glory to life,
To life immortal.

The Six Nations Once More.

Well today's the day,
The day when it starts,
That most wonderful time,
Most wonderful time of the year.
I will be there watching,
Glass of wine or Guinness by my side,
It may even be a Laphroaig
As the men on the pitch
Knock hell out of each other.
The Six Nations starts today
And I will see them all,
See ALL the matches
As I have done,
Have done for the last years,
The last fifty or so years.
So the six teams will battle,
Battle it out to be the winner
And become champion,
Champion this year.
Yes the Six Nations Rugby starts,
Starts today,
And I will see them all.

A Scruffy Man.

As we walked along the street, my wife and I,
We saw an elderly man come out of a shop;
He was struggling with his frame and his shopping.
A scruffy young man came towards him,
The sort of person you would never acknowledge.
He stopped by the man and said
"Can I help you sir?" "You seem to need help".
The man looked at him and smiled.
The young man arranged the shopping
And the frame so they could be used in harmony.
"Thank you" said the elderly man
"That is my pleasure sir" said the young man
"Take care of yourself, bye".

There are people in this world that care
Sometimes you are surprised who they are.

Welcome Shivani.

Well into our road she came,
A new lady into our lives.
When she arrived chaos came,
The street was blocked
By lorries and removers.
But all settled
And we came to know her,
A very kind and generous lady,
Full of smiles and hope.
She will become part,
Part of our helpful community
As our lives move forward
Looking out for each other,
And what is more we've been invited
Invited into her home,
Into her home for tea and cake!
Welcome to our street,
Welcome to our lives, Shivani.

Understanding Love.

Each day it gets stronger,
Our love for each other increases
And we do not understand,
Do not understand it at our age.
But here we are
Two old codgers in love,
In a love that strengthens
And all we can say,
Can say to each other
Is "I love you",
And that just not seem to be enough.
We just do not understand
But it is so wonderful
And will go on to eternity.

The Light Of Spring.

The darkness of night is failing,
Daylight comes earlier
And lasts later
As winter merges into spring.
The light in our world is coming,
Bringing new life,
New life to all of Nature
As new growth becomes alive
Showing that our world is new,
New each year.
So welcome Spring to our lives
Showing that we grow in the light,
The light that can bring wonder,
Bring wonder to our world.
And may that wonder spread,
Spread to everyone,
And spread everywhere.
And may that wonder bring love,
Bring love to all in our world.

The Friday Boys.

The call has come,
The new year started,
And the game will start.
The three of us will meet,
We are The Friday Boys.
Boys is a laugh,
The youngest of these 'boys'
Is Seventy four.
Every Friday we go,
We go and play our game,
Our game of croquet.
Three matches we have
And we are equally matched
So the results vary
But we have a great time,
We know each other so well
So we three good friends
Meet playing croquet,
Playing croquet every Friday.
And the call has come,
The Friday Boys will be there,
We will be there this week,
Playing the game we love.
I hope it doesn't snow!

House Is Home Tanka.

We enter our house
And find that love is within
As our house is home
And within this hallowed place
We live with our lasting love.

And It Rained.

And it rained!
The water tumbling from the sky,
My River rose and rose,
The path where I walk
No longer there.
The clear green water
Now brown and opaque.
But like life
We have sunny days
And we have rainy days.
I know the rain will stop
And My River will subside.
And once more I will walk,
I will walk my path
Beside the clear green beauty,
The clear green beauty of My River
That I know will return,
As it always does.
It will always be there,
Be there in my life
As I walk by My River
With My Spirit of Life.

Listen, Speak, Act.

In life we can do three things,
We can listen,
We can speak,
And we can act.
But we must do these things,
Do these things in the right way.
When we listen,
We must listen with curiosity
To be sure we understand.
When we speak,
We must speak with honesty
To let all know the truth.
And when we act,
We must act with integrity
To give trust for all.

I Want To Go Back.

There I was in this place,
I looked around and beauty was seen.
The sun shone gently down,
White clouds floated by,
Nature's symphony was heard.
Laughter from people abounded,
As we passed each other we smiled,
We chatted and we laughed.
All helped each other
And no price was paid.
Love for our world abounded
And there were never any arguments,
We all wanted to help each other
In this wonderful life we had earned,
To give love and respect to all.
A place that was like heaven,
The heaven of love and peace.
But then I opened a door
And woke up from my dream
Into this world,
This world of so much hate and disrespect,
A world full of politicians
Who lie through their teeth
Thinking they know best,
But they just want for themselves
And do not care for others.
I want to go back to that place,
Back to the place of my dreams.

The Future Of Stevie Mulrooney.

The Six Nations rugby is underway,
Six matches so far
But at the sixth match
Something happened,
It brought goosebumps to me
And almost brought tears to my eyes.
Such an emotive moment,
All it was, was a song,
It was the Irish Anthem
Sung before the match started.
The anthems are always sung
Before the matches,
But this one was different
As the person who led the singing
Was an eight year old boy.
Almost everyone was moved,
Moved by the sound,
The sound of this boys voice
As he sang the anthem with passion.
A passion that brough those tears,
Those tears to my eyes,
And to many more eyes.
Such a wonderful voice,
A voice that will go far in song
So that name will be with me
As I look into the future,
The future of Stevie Mulrooney.

Pyracantha Battle.

So the battle commenced once again,
The pyracantha needed cutting,
Preparing it for its new Spring life.
So on went the armour
Hoping to protect me from its daggers,
So I started.
A very large piece needed to come down
So my chainsaw was my weapon of choice,
Down it came,
I had won that battle with no scars
But then I had to cut it up,
Cut it up so I could get it to the tip.
And that's when the wounds occurred
It got me in the arms,
But worst of all it had become sneaky
And its daggers came through my gloves
And go into my hands.
But eventually I had finished,
Removed my armour,
And revelled in my victory
As the pyracantha looked better,
I had won once again.

Valentines Day And Beyond.

That day is here,
That Valentines Day
When many say I love you,
But to me it is not special
As the love I have for my lady
Is with me every day,
And every day that love gets stronger.
So to my beautiful lady
I say I love you,
But just saying that
Does not convey the love that I have,
The strength of the love I have
For my wonderful lady.
We are together as one
And will be joined as one
For the rest of our lives,
And further into eternity.
So on this Valentines Day
I say to you Mary
I love you,
But on this day it is nothing special
As I say I love you many times,
Many times each day
And will do every day
For eternity and beyond.

Fresh Coffee?

"Do you want a coffee?"

I ask my Mrs.

"Yes please, decaff please"

So I grind the Colombian beans

And put them into the filter

To make my glorious brew.

And I get the jar from the cupboard

Filled with the Devils work;

As I put the granules in the cup

My hand slips

And the coffee goes over the floor.

So I get the hand Hoover,

And suck the stuff up.

As the granules weren't used

I then put them into her cup.

Surely the dust from the floor

Would enhance the flavour

Of this invidious brew!

What Matters.

There may come that time,
That time when we get to the end,
Get to the end of our lives together
And our Spirits move on,
Move on together for eternity.
But when we do we will know
That the possessions we had,
The house that was our home,
And all we had around us
Just will not matter.
But what will matter,
And will always matter
Is that I had you
And you had me
And we always will.

Answer Phone.

I've set up an answering system on my 'phone,
For when our kids 'phone us at home,
It has a numbered calling system,
Just hoping that to it they will listen.

"If you are one of our lovely kids,
And find yourself upon the skids,
And are calling us to help with cash,
Press one and we'll check our stash."

"If you are one of our children bold,
And need us to bring you from the cold,
And want our comfort to help you through,
Press two and we'll see what we can do."

"But if you are one of our loved offspring,
Asking of our wellbeing with this ring,
Make sure the number that did scrawl,
Is the one you meant to call."

Sitting With A Harem.

It was a normal Saturday morning
So up we went for coffee
To our favourite coffee house,
But it was different today.
Myself and my lover went,
But others came as well.
My daughter was with us,
With us for the weekend,
So she came as well.
My neighbour across the road,
A very good friend for many years,
She came as well.
And I asked our new neighbour
Who had moved in a few doors down,
She came as well.
So there we were
Sitting at the table,
Drinking our coffee,
Chatting and laughing together.
But anyone looking at us
May have had the thought,
"Blimey, he is lucky sitting there,
Sitting there with his harem!"

Always Respect.

In this life you see many people
And all behave differently.
If you find people respect you
You must respect them as well,
But if they disrespect you
You must still respect them.
Do not allow the poor actions of others
Decrease the good manners you have
Because that is who you are
And you represent yourself
And must not be dragged down,
Dragged down by the actions of others.
You are who you are
And must remain that decent respectful person,
Remain that decent person all the while,
And show respect to all.

What Ghost!

There they go again,
My housemates complaining,
Complaining that there is a ghost,
A ghost in this house.
I have never ever seen one
But they are frightened,
Frightened all the time.
Many of them have gone,
Driven out of the house
By this so called ghost.
But I have never seen one,
Never seen one
In all the time I have been here,
And I have only been here
For two hundred and ninety seven years.

Kathleen Sings Again.

Once again it happened,
That voice came from the radio,
Goosebumps covered my body
As her voice reached my heart and soul.
Every time I hear Kathleen sing
I am taken to heaven
To be with her as she sings.
Her voice surrounding me with love,
The love of her wonderful sound
Taken from this earth too quickly.
But her sound lingers on in the ether
And I listen and get lost,
Get lost within the sound
That Kathleen Ferrier has left for me.

Painting, Poetry, Music, Silence.

In life I have so many loves,
And of those loves there are four,
Four that bring joy to me,
Painting, poetry, music, silence.

Seeing a painting brings me joy
Where if I look at it
I see more than is there.
Painting is poetry that is seen,
Seen rather than felt.

Poetry brings words to me
That can bring ideas and wonder
Into my wonderful life.
Poetry is painting that is felt,
Felt rather than seen.

Hearing music is my absolute joy
It takes me to so many places
Where joy and love abound.
Music is silence interrupted,
Interrupted by love.

Listening to silence makes me think
And puts my mind at rest
And prepares me for the future.
Silence is music that is heard,
Heard in my mind.

What Day Is It?

This day has come,
I arise before dawns early light,
The moon shines on me
Bringing peace and light,
Peace and light to my mind.
I ask my self what day is it,
What day is it today.
And the answer I tell myself
Is it is today,
And I think to myself it's wonderful,
As today is my favourite day.

Father And Son.

There he lay in his cot,
This strange looking creature
Created by the two of us.
What would he be,
This small wriggling bundle,
Of joy?

He and I battled throughout
His young life, over draughts, Chess
And especially backgammon.
I would not let him win!

Then suddenly one day
He beat me, at draughts,
I was so proud!
He had no help, only experience.
He had won of his own accord!

I knew, know, that in this life
You rarely get given anything.
You have to earn things
By working for them.
He had earned his win.

He grew, and grew and grew
Until I had to look up
To this little chap, to whom
We had given our life.

We drifted apart through
Sheer stupidity;
But it didn't last long.
And now we talk of many things,

We play backgammon still.
(He is still trying to beat me!)

He had his problems;
But we were always there.
We cried over him but
Of that he was not aware.
All we could do was
Our best.

My boy is unmistakably my son ,
We look the same,
We walk the same,
We even clap the same!

The Friday Boys.

Well the day had come,
The day when I played croquet,
Played for the first time this year.
The three of us went out,
Went out onto the lawn
On this sunny February day.
There was a chill in the air
But the lawn was perfect.
So we started our games,
Two against one
As was usual in the games
That we three play,
So we end up playing three matches
One against the other two.
The first game I played with Richard,
And it showed that I had not played,
Not played for a while.
I could hit the ball straightish
But not hard enough.
It slowly got better
But Bob won.
The second match I played alone,
Alone against Richard and Bob,
And this game I played so well,
The old me was back
And I won easily.
The final game Richard was on his own
I still played well
But he won.
A great morning was had
As we were playing the game we loved
In the company of good friends.
And we will play every Friday now,

And that is why we have our own name,
As we are "The Friday Boys".

The Book Of Life.

In life things can be good,
Things can be bad,
But life is like a book,
If bad things happen,
Bad things happen in your life
Just turn over the page
And that page will lead you,
Lead you to a new chapter.
That chapter will give you,
Give you a new path
Where life is good
And full of love and joy.
Never ever close the book,
The book of life is eternal.

March Birthdays! Tanka.

March, the month I dread!
So many birthdays occur!
I buy many cards,
I need to take out a loan
For all those flaming birthdays.

I LOVE YOU.

I awake in the morning
My lover by my side,
We cuddle and kiss
And say those three words,
We say "I LOVE YOU" to each other,
The most important words,
Most important words in our life.
Our love is so strong,
Where did it come from?
That love abounds,
Abounds in all we do
And we just do not understand,
Understand why it has happened,
Why it has happened to us,
Happened to us at our age.
We both had love before,
Love for many years
With husband and wife,
But this is different
And it is so wonderful.
So each day our first words,
First words to each other are,
"I LOVE YOU".
And each day our last words,
Last words before going to sleep are,
"I LOVE YOU".

Time To Text.

In life we get older,
We can do nothing about it.
In my younger days
The evenings were wonderful,
Being out with friends
For many hours
Enjoying drinking and dancing.
As I got older life changed
And I settled down
Into a wonderful married life.
Time changed again
And mobile 'phones ruled,
Ruled out lives.
But now I have reached that age,
That age if you text me,
Text me at ten fifteen,
Ten fifteen in the evening
I will text you back,
Text you back at five fifteen,
Five fifteen in the morning.

Every New Day.

Every day we enter into a new life,
And each day we are tested
Making some days very hard.
We may feel that we don't have the strength,
The strength to carry on
But we must be brave,
Be brave and keep our heads up.
We must always continue,
Continue to move forward
As we have done every day,
Every previous day of our lives.

Freedom In Life.

So many people compete,
Compete with others,
To try and be better,
Be better than they are,
Than they are in life.
I just do not understand,
I am in competition with no one,
Not in life.
I run my own race
And do not play the game,
Play the game of being better,
Being better than anyone else,
Better than anyone else in life.
I just aim to improve,
To be better than I was ,
Better than I was before.
That is me in my life
And because of the way,
The way I am
I am free,
Free to live my life,
To live my wonderful life.

Beauty Of Life.

In life we may do something beautiful,
But nobody notices.
But what we must realise is
That the sun rises every morning
And is so beautiful,
But most of its audience sleep.
And in Nature where flowers bloom,
So does hope.
As never yet has there been a springtime
When the buds forgot to bloom.
Lives can be beautiful all the time,
As even at the end of them
Sunsets can show that endings,
That endings can be beautiful too.

Peace On Earth Acrostic.

Promote understanding and empathy by
Embracing diversity and unity,
Advocate for justice and equality to
Cultivate compassion and kindness in all
Encouraging dialogue and reconciliation.

Overcome conflicts with diplomacy by
Nurturing harmony and cooperation.

Empower all to be peacemakers by
Acknowledging the humanity in everyone,
Respect differences and foster goodwill by
Transforming communities through love and respect
Healing all to bring peace on earth.

Walking The River Of Time.

I leave the bridge and wander along the path by the River,
The River, flowing quietly and serenely in time with my steps,
My thoughts meander to times long past;
To those days of walking by other waters.

Those childhood days where the only worry
Was whether my friends will be there to play.
The three of us, running, not walking, on the
Green clad ground, yelling, laughing, always happy.

The time of young love where a walk together
Meant so much, the river ignored, just looking
At each other, as if it was the most precious time of all,
The time that we wished would forever stop at that moment.

The step that brought me to that one true love
Who would walk with me for the rest of my life.
No doubts entered my mind, a soul mate,
Friend, lover, to always be with me, on the long trek through time.

Suddenly I realise that I may walk alone;
The River still flowing in time with my steps,
But on my own again until I come to the bridge
Where I walk across the River, to another place.

Looking Forward.

Once more I look back,
Look back on my long life
And see how wonderful it was,
And in that time I met wonderful people,
Many became friends
And we would do anything for each other.
I worked all my life,
Never being out of work
Until that day came,
That day when I retired into my life,
A life full of love, music and wonder.
Yes there was sadness,
Sadness when my wife of forty years
Passed from this mortal coil.
But then a couple of years later
I met her,
Met the new lady, my new love.
Our love so strong
We just do not understand it,
Cannot understand it after losing,
Losing our loved ones.
But we have this love,
A love so strong.
So after looking back,
Looking back at my good life,
I can look forward,
Look forward to a better life.

The George.

Way back in time, when I was a young man,
There was a place that I went to every day.
A place where I met with friends.
The question "Where are you going?"
The answer was always "Up The George".

The George, a proper pub.
Public bar for us darters and carders,
Saloon bar for a more gentile drink;
And an off licence so that more booze
Could be bought almost unseen.

The public bar, almost men only,
With forthright conversations
Highlighted with intemperate language;
But when ladies came into the bar
The bad language ceased.

Every evening I would be there
Playing darts or cards,
Drinking beer, chatting with friends;
A place of friendship and humour.
And a place that I think of with fondness.

Mick, The Landlord, with Pauline, his wife,
Made sure there was never any trouble.
It was often boisterous and rowdy,
But never anything happened
That was without fun and laughter.

There were three of us
Who shared our lives,
We always went everywhere together;

To pubs and clubs and rivers and lakes.
Jack, Joe and me, like three musketeers.

The barman's name was John;
The finest purveyor of beer I have ever seen.
Sunday lunchtimes just look through the window
And our pint would be on the counter
By the time we had put our name on the dartboard.

The darts came first,
Put your name down quickly on Sunday
If you lost a match you would never get on again
So many darters, such good players,
So many laughs, so much fun.

So many characters, so many friends;
There was John and Vic always together,
Great friends who always dartsed and carded together.
Aged Eric a man of the sea for many years
Always walked side to side as though still on board ship.

Sometimes on a Saturday night
The singing beer would be served;
And there was Don with his wondrous good voice
And his Italian good looks,
Outshining any Venetian Gondolier.

There on a Friday night
There would be Bryn the Clown and Jack the Beard,
Playing euchre against me and my Dad,
For pennies and tuppences;
Not for the money, but for the love of the game.

Then there was Ron, Big Ron
A lovely man who lived a hundred yards from the pub,

But always drove to it.
He was taken from us early in his life,
And I was in one of the fifteen cars following his coffin.

The George, part of my youth;
A very special part;
A place looked back on with fondness,
Happiness and love.
A time of laughter, innocence and joy.

Joy, Love, Sadness and Hate.

In this world we hear so much news,
So much bad news.
All the ills in our world is all we hear,
All we hear on the news,
As it is the bad things in life
Are all the news brings to us.
But I believe there is good in our world,
Many people help each other,
Give pleasantness to so many people.
Just saying thank you to somebody,
Or even smiling at them
Brings much joy to so many,
But we do not here about it.
I have a belief that in our world
Ninety nine percent of people are good
And bring joy and love to so many,
But all we here about
Is the one percent,
The one percent that are bad,
And bring sadness and hate to so few.

The Hippies World.

As I step off the Universe into this new place
I see a sign in front of me
And it says
"Beware Hippies Are Hear
And you will find peace, love and joy!"

I walk passed the sign
And find this place,
This place where the wonder of love,
Love and happiness abound,
A new place where there is no sorrow,
No unhappiness,
Where all the life I see is good.
Agreement is the way of life,
Where all help each other into a better way,
A better way of living in this place.

I look back at the Universe and wonder,
Wonder why my Universe, my world
Cannot be like this
If it was like this all would be fine.
But now I have moved on and am here,
Here in this new place where sorrow,
Sorrow and acrimony have never been.

Now happy in my life where love is for all,
Maybe I have found that place,
That place where the Hippies now live,
And are led by their mantra,
Make Love Not War.

Music And Love.

Another wonderful day was ending,
My lover and I sitting close together
Listening to music,
Music that took us far away.
Took us as one
To a place of peace and love
Where our love grew stronger,
All for the love of each other
And for the love of music,
The love of music in our lives.
The music so soft and gentle
Entered our minds gently
Giving us such smoothness,
Such smoothness in our hearts.
That is the beauty of music,
It can take us to places of wonder,
Of wonder and calm.
And here we were
Sitting close together
Being taken,
Taken to that place,
That place of wonder and calm,
And further,
Further into our love,
Our love for each other.

Dancing In The Rain Tanka.

The rain is raining,
I walk slowly in the wet,
Then I start dancing,
Dancing in the rain with joy
As my skin is waterproof.

Times Of Great Pop Music.

In our cars we drive along,
Music playing from the radio,
Playing music from Boom Radio.
What's that? I hear you ask,
Well it is a radio station
That plays music from our era,
Back in the fifties, sixties and seventies,
When pop music was great.
The great groups and singers
That we sang and danced to
In our teenage years.
A song will come on
And we will both sing out loud,
We know all the words
Because back then
You could understand the words
As they were sung so well.
So here we are
My lover and I singing loudly,
Singing loudly songs of our youth
With smiles all over our faces,
Taking us back to those wonderful times
When pop music was great.

Guinness Is Good For You.

All my long life it has been there
And I have drunk it very often.
In pubs and clubs,
At dances and shows,
It is always behind the bar
And I enjoy every pint,
But I don't go mad,
I may only drink a couple,
A couple of Guinness.
The best I have had
Was in Ireland
Where I used to go fishing,
Fishing with my mates.
But recently
I have found a new Guinness,
One without alcohol.
One that completely surprised me
As I thoroughly enjoy it
And have a can of it at home,
And do so most evenings,
And it doesn't harm me at all
As it has no alcohol.
They say Guinness is good for you,
But this Guinness 00 is better for you.
So to you all I say,
Cheers!

Shanties Getting Better.

Once more my lover and I
Walked into the pub
As we do every two weeks,
I ordered my pint of mild
And my lovers coffee,
We sat at our normal table
And we waited.
The others slowly came in,
Ordered their drinks and sat down.
When all were here we started,
Started singing Sea Shanties
And a great time was had,
A time full of songs and laughter.
There were others in the pub,
Others not in the group,
And the great thing was
That we must be getting better,
Better in singing the shanties,
As fewer of them left the pub.

Books Like People.

You may read them constantly;
They give you joy,
They give you wisdom.
You can laugh,
You can cry,
As the words on the page
Cause the emotions
To stir within you.

The same emotions
Flow through you
With people in your life;
As the words they say,
Or the words left unsaid,
Bring you sadness,
Or joy.

Both can help in your lives,
As either of them
Can arrive in your life,
When you most need them.

Art.

Art surrounds you in all its guises,
The paintings hanging on the wall
That can draw you into the artist's mind.
The sculpture standing on the ground
Beauty carved from a block of stone.
The music flowing through your body
Glory from the mind of a composer.
Words in poetry on the page
Emotional feelings of the writer.
So many art forms,
So much to admire,
So much to love.
We are all different,
We like different things.
You like what you like,
If others say you're wrong
Just tell them to go to hell.
As art, any art is yours to like,
No matter what others think.
All art is special,
To all in different ways.

Oh What A Night.

What a night!
Oh what a night!
Into the showroom we went,
Sat at our table,
Ordered our drinks.
Then onto the stage they came,
The tribute band.
They were all there,
The Everlys, Buddy Holly,
And Jerry Lee Lewis,
Playing those songs of my youth.
The audience were drawn in
As we all knew the words,
Knew the words of every song,
As we had known them,
Known them all our long lives.
And evening filled with joy,
With joy, music and laughter.
They played without stopping
Bringing such memories to our hearts,
For two glorious hours.
A wonderful evening to remember,
And will always be in my heart.

The Isle Once More,

Another beautiful morning
Comes to us this day,
The day we leave the Isle.
A beautiful weekend was had,
Had by my lover and I.
Once more we were in our favourite place,
That place that seems to be our second home.
So relaxed and comforted
Just walking along the beach,
Looking across the sea,
The waves gently flowing
Bringing joy towards us
As they encroach into our lives.
We will leave today,
But we will be back,
Knowing that our love,
Our love for the Isle
Will increase once more,
As it does for us,
Every day of our lives.

Our Isle Of Joy.

Back home safely,
Had a wonderful few days
Together on our Isle of Joy.
Two old star crossed lovers
Enjoying ourselves as always,
Walking hand in hand along the corridors,
Also hand in hand along the beach,
Never separated.
Our love for each other so strong
Others can see it in us
As we walk together.
We see others in the hotel
And they smile at us,
As we smile and say hello to them,
Such a wonderful place.
Now we are at home
But we will back,
Back on our Isle of Joy soon
Where once more our love exudes,
Exudes into the sea
As we walk by it
Hand in hand.

The Pub With No Beer.

Off we went to Worcester,
On our shopping spree,
Looking at shops for clothes,
Stopping just for tea.

As we walked back to the car
We knew where we would go,
For lunch, upon the road to home,
To a pub that we well know.

We strode into this well-known bar
Craving for some food;
To be met with sullen faces
That darkened down our mood.

I went straight up to the bar
Looking for some ale,
But the pumps were turned away from me;
The beer was not for sale

We sat down at a table
And both we ordered lunch'
From a saddened looking waitress,
Whose face was in a scrunch.

The food was almost edible,
Not like we had had before;
So as soon as we had eaten
We headed for the door.

It was sad to see that this place
Where we used to have great cheer;
Ended up as tasteless,

And a pub with no beer.

Spring Equinox.

Night equals Day,
Day equals night.
Spring Equinox is here,
The darkness of Winter
Gives way
To the brightness of Spring.
The days get longer
Bringing brightness to our world,
Waking up Nature
And new life will be here
For us all to enjoy
As we walk the paths,
The paths of Nature.
The wonder can be seen,
The wonder of Nature's Art
Springing up around us all.
So on this special day
Be grateful,
Grateful for this world,
This wonderful New World
That is starting today.

Today Is The Day.

Well today has come,
Another fine day
As you may have been worried,
Worried about it yesterday
When it was tomorrow.
But no all is fine,
As today is the day,
The day you worried about,
Worried about yesterday.

The Final Over.

Howzat! Came the cry.
Another wicket in this twice yearly match;
Sixth man out.
Now it's my turn, and we need quite a few runs
To win this battle, against this well known foe.

I walk confidently, purposefully, onto the field
Pull on my gloves, adjust my cap.
I reach the crease.
"Middle and leg, please Mr Umpire"
Stand up and look around the field
To see where the fielders are hidden.

The bowler approaches,
Mike, the younger of the Southwell brothers
He bowls outside my off stump,
Let it go, don't go reaching
And get an edge to the waiting slips.

Accumulate some runs,
Nothing flashy, just play safe.
Howzat! Another wicket,
Seven down, but I am still there,
Playing safe, experienced.

More runs are added until yet again,
The crash of ball into stumps is heard,
And our eighth wicket, falls,
And our ninth, the next ball.
But I am still here

Here he comes, our finest bowler!
Taken so many wickets with

His phenomenal speed.
Batsman ? huh!
Barely knows which way to hold the bat.

Still he has two balls to face,
Hope the cricket God is smiling on us.
The first ball, he plays an elegant
Forward defensive, to the bouncer
That went over his head!

The next ball he leaves alone,
Not realising that it came back
And barely missed his wicket.
Still he survived.
Now it's my turn; the final over.
Eight runs to get against Alan,
The other Southwell, their best bowler.
Only six balls from this excellent man
For me to face, can I get the runs.

The first ball straight but a half volley
I stroke it past Alan for four glorious runs.
Now only four to get,
Five balls to come.

The next ball on my off stump
But it cuts away
From both bat and stumps
Excellent delivery, I am lucky
Not to have touched it.

The third delivery bowled short;
I sway back as I avoid the ball
As it passes my chest;
Alan smiles, I smile back,
And full of bravado,

Nod my acknowledgement,
To a ball well bowled.

The fourth ball, a half volley
On the leg stump.
I hit this ball as hard as I can
Up, up it goes flying like a bullet
Over the boundary,
Over the pavilion.

We have won the match!
MY six, won the match!
The finest shot I have ever played!
My team cheer, cheer me!
Thirty seven not out.

We all meet at the pub
Both teams.
As I walk in Alan stands up and comes at me,
With a snarl on his face!
The snarl changes to a grin,
"Can I buy you a pint Andy? Well played"

Calliope Acrostic.

Calliope looks down on me
Availing me of words to write
Leaving thoughts on the page
Like my life on paper
In everlasting memories
Opening my life to all
Pouring love and wonder
Everlasting into the world.

Digestives.

Yet again I made the mistake,
The mistake of making them,
Making digestive biscuits.
I put all the ingredients together,
Mixed them well into a crumbly dough,
Rolled them out
And cut them into biscuits.
Into the oven they went
And cooked them.
They came out of the oven
Light brown and ready,
Ready to eat.
And that was the problem
As I had to taste one,
And as ever they were wonderful.
Into the biscuit jar they went
And that problem now is
That every time I walk passed them
I need to try one
Just in case they have gone off,
And because of that
They do not last very long,
So once again tomorrow
I will have to make some more.

Please Achieve Peace.

Why do they do it?
Why are there wars,
Wars in our world.
It is a form of madness,
It is certainly not civilised.
Why is it that we spend so much time,
So much time inventing devices,
Devices to kill each other.
But we spend so little time working,
Working on how to achieve,
How to achieve peace.
So come on
Come on you out there
Please achieve peace.

My Beautiful Lady.

Another birthday arrives,
Another year older
But you are in my life,
And with every year
You become more beautiful
As my love intensifies
Every moment we are together.
Age is but a number
But our love has no age
As it is so special
And gets stronger each moment,
Each moment we are with each other.
So on this day I can say only one thing,
I love you so much
My beautiful lady.

Make The Days Count.

In our lives we have memories
And they can remind us,
Remind us the nothing lasts forever.
We then realise that time is precious,
Is so precious in our lives,
So we should not waste it.
We must enjoy life,
Enjoy life and remember,
Don't count the days,
Make the days count.

Words Tanka.

When the sun rises
And the world begins to wake
I share words with all,
Words of differing meanings
To share with those who read them.

Dog Walking.

It was a beautiful morning,
The sun was shining,
The birds were singing,
And there was I walking with nature,
Listening to its symphonic harmony.
As I walked round the lake
The water was sparkling like liquid starlight,
So wonderful to behold.
It was then I saw them,
Sitting together,
Their dogs at their feet.
Utter contentment
Shone through them,
Shone through the four of them.
The flush of youth was long passed,
But from the way they acted
That life had been wondrous.
So that now they were free,
Free to live their lives,
Live their lives in peaceful harmony.
Their dogs were laying quietly,
Laying quietly at their side,
In perfect peace and harmony.
The thought struck me,
That is the way,
The way to walk the dogs.

Happy Birthday Anne.

Eighty five years have come and gone,
A life well lived from dawn to dawn.
With wisdom gained and stories told,
Your journey shines, a treasure to hold.

Through trials faced and victories won,
Your strength and grace have brightly shone.
Each passing year a cherished gift,
In memories made our spirits lift.

Eighty five years a milestone grand,
With love and joy we proudly stand.
Today we celebrate your life's great span,
Happy Birthday to our dearest Anne.

Examining Status Quo.

Rossi, Parfitt, Brown and Edwards,
Sang of those Pictures,
Pictures of Matchstick Men,
While I was sitting in *My Chair,*
Sailing my *Paper Plane,*
Across the way to *Caroline.*
I was with them when they went *Down down,*
When *Rockin' All Over The World,*
Again And Again.
Making us *Rock 'til You Drop,*
With *Whatever You Want.*
Their music is still with us,
With me.
Whenever I hear their music start
I know exactly what I am going to get,
And a smile comes upon my face.
My head starts bouncing,
My feet start moving,
And takes me back to younger days,
Where I hoped that their rocking,
Don't Stop.

A Day Of Natures Symphony.

I awake from my deep sleep,
Dawn is just awakening,
I lay there and listen,
And there I hear it,
I hear the wonder of dawn
As the birds sing their introduction,
Their introduction to the music,
The music that will be there,
Be there throughout my day.
The slow introduction changes,
Changes to the allegro of morning
Where the birds go hunting,
Hunting for their food.
Chirping and shrieking at each other
Finding food for themselves
And for their babies.
The largo of afternoon comes
And peace descends in the orchestra
As the birds rest and lay in their nests.
Then at the end of the day
The pianissimo of evening descends
And My Day of Natures Symphony ends.
As I fall asleep I hear them,
I hear the blackbirds and robins
Singing me a lullaby
Ending my day of wonder
And get me ready for the morn
When a new day comes,
Comes into my glorious life.

The New Season.

Onto the lawn I stroll,
My first game of the new season.
The sun shines down on me,
The lawns are immaculate,
Cut so low and so flat.
I hit my first ball,
Towards the hoop it rolls,
Not quite far enough
But the second was better.
And from then on
Each time I hit a ball
The experience I had,
The experience of the game
Came back and I was playing well.
A wonderful start to the new season
And a wonderful start in my new club,
A club where Croquet was born,
The most famous club in the world,
And I was now a member of that club,
And will enjoy the game even more.

Strengthening Love Senryu.

Together each day,
Our love gets ever stronger,
No word can explain
The increasing strength of love
That we have for each other.

So All Is Fine.

I arise into another day,
A new day in my long life.
There have been so many days
And I have come into each one
Full of hope and love.
Some days are sad,
But in my life
Most are full of happiness.
Each of my days is so special.
So when people ask me
"How are you today?"
I answer with the same words,
"I got up today, so all is fine."

The Village Ghost

As we sat around the village inn
Supping good dark ales,
We regaled ourselves with stories,
And ever taller tales.

The one about the village ghost
Intrigued us most of all,
About the way he used to sit,
Upon the village wall.

The wall was at the village end
Where the road went out of town,
And there the ghostly figure sat,
And looked out with a frown.

I left the pub one evening
And went down to the wall,
And down I sat upon the bricks,
To fool them one and all.

I saw them all on the next day
Gathered around the bar,
And told them what I did last night,
To show what fools they are.

Yes we saw you on the wall they said
Right there at the end,
But who was that sat next to you,
Was he just a friend?

In Harmony Together.

There I was once more
Walking by My River,
My lover and I hand in hand
Walking in harmony,
In harmony with My River.
But it was different,
The clear green water
Flowed passed so swiftly,
Its brown muddy state
So dirty and fast,
Nearly up to the top ,
The top of the bank.
It had been over the top,
Flooding the park.
It had subsided
And the park was back,
Back to its green swards.
The ducks and swans paddled,
Paddled on the side of the water,
The water being so fast,
So fast for them to swim against.
We walked along though
Enjoying the fresh air
And the glory of the countryside.
As we walked I knew,
Knew that all would be well
And My River would be back,
Back as usual,
Its wonderful clear green life
Showing me the way
As My Life went on forever
In the harmony of My River,
My Lover, and My Spirit.

Buzzard.

Just hanging in the sky with effortless motion,
Swirling in wide lazy circles, going ever upward,
No wing beats on this fine, sunny, still day;
The occasional mew breaking the peace.

Eyes looking around for mile on mile;
Still going upwards, on this windless day,
Until at last the prey is seen, and like an arrow
It stoops to the ground with incredible speed.

When I come back I want to be a buzzard
Hanging in the sky with that effortless ease.

My World.

She said those words to me,
She said "I love you."
I replied with those words,
I said "I love you too."
She replied with these words,
"Prove it, Scream it to the world."
So I did and whispered these words,
Whispered them in her ear,
"I love you."
She looked at me and said,
"Why did you whisper it?"
I just looked at her with love
And said these words,
"Because YOU are my world"

Cheltenham Croquet.

Into the club we drove,
My partner and I,
Our first time as members.
Ready to play croquet
We were greeted so well,
All talking to us,
As we talked to them.
So accepting were the members
Which meant so much to us.
Onto the lawn we went,
Went with people just met,
And in that afternoon
We became accepted,
Accepted with joy and laughter.
A wonderful afternoon was had
And it was made even better
As at the end we sat in the tea room
And were eating tea and cake,
What better end could we have
To a wonderful day,
A wonderful day at our new club.
Our thanks go out to all.

Unitarians.

Most of my life I was there,
Going to church,
A church where Jesus was,
Was there as the son of god.
This all changed,
As where was that god
When my wife suffered,
Suffered for so long.
So I forego christianity
And a weight lifted from me,
I saw that all organised religion
Was just a farce.

I walked into the Chapel,
A Unitarian Chapel
And there I found new life,
A life where god was there,
Or god was not there.
The belief that we had the right,
The right to seek truth,
Truth and meaning within us,
Finding from self-experience
The way to go forward.
Within a community
Each having their own beliefs,
The own beliefs or doubts.
Our own individual liberty is enjoyed,
Where self-integrity is better,
Better than a pressure to conform.
A place where I have found a way,
Found a way to look further,
Further into my life
Without beliefs forced on me,

Forced on me by organised religion.
I know that my god and my spirit exist,
Exist within me,
And they are My God and My Spirit.

Weak To Strong

In our lives we have both,
Both strengths and weaknesses.
Our greatest weakness
Is when we fail and give up,
But with our strength
We can find a way to succeed.
So when you feel weak
And want to give up
Just use your strength
And try one more time.

Custer.

A man of such vast riches,
We could never count his wealth.
Was going away on holiday,
To indulge his selfless self.

Before he went on travelling,
He asked an artist proud,
To paint a vast, large mural,
That would attract a stunning crowd.

He wanted a special type of work,
To depict the words of Custer,
As at the Little Big Horn fight
He and his troops did muster.

The man went on his sojourn,
To places far and wide.
Spending great sums of money,
With all those at his side.

Some weeks later he came home,
Fit and bronzed and tanned.
Still with loads of money,
Always close to hand.

He came into the room,
To see the artist's work.
And stood in shock and anger,
And called the man a burke.

A fish was standing upright,
With a halo up above.
And at its side were Indians,

Making wild and furious love.

As he turned with red-face anger
Towards the cowered man;
He said "Just what is this?
This was not the plan!

The man said, "It is what you asked for,
To show what Custer said.
And that's what I've depicted,
Just get it in your head!"

"With all those braves approaching,
Some several hundred millions,
He turned and shouted loudly
Holy Mackerel, Fucking Indians!"

The Shadows Were Back.

Into the theatre we went,
Found our seats,
Then onto the stage they came,
Three guitarists and a drummer.
They started playing the intro
And out came the singer,
And then it happened!
I was taken back to my youth,
Cliff and The Shadows were here,
Here again,
Taking me back to my teenage years.
That time in the sixties
Where life was wonderful
And the music majestic.
Such a wonderful evening,
Full of my younger times.
Everybody around me were the same,
Living back in there youth.
Looking arounds at the people
The average age of the audience
Was probably seventy years old,
But all of us felt we were there,
Back in the sixties,
Listening to those great sounds,
Those great sounds we had,
Sounds we had as teenagers.
Such a wonderful evening.

Contented Happiness.

In life we always seek happiness,
With happiness come blessings.
They are in our reach
As if you are content with what you have
You are wise
As you do not wish for what you do not have.
So the same with happiness,
It is like a butterfly,
If you chase it
You will not catch it,
But if you are happy,
Happy with what you have
That butterfly will sit,
Sit upon your shoulder.
So do not chase happiness
Or wish for that you don't have,
Be content with what you have
And happiness will be with you .

People Watching Once More.

People watching once more,
There I saw them,
Saw them in the coffee bar.
I sat drinking my coffee
And looking round I saw them,
An elderly grandfather
And his very young granddaughter,
It may have been his great granddaughter
About two years old.
On the table was a piece of cake
And a pie.
The young girl pointed,
Pointed at the cake
And the grandpa picked up a spoon,
A teaspoon,
He put a little piece of cake in it
Placed it on the table.
The little girl picked it up
And put it in her mouth.
She then pointed at the pie,
Grandpa sliced off a small piece
And put it on a fork,
Placed in front of the girl,
She picked it up and ate it,
Ate it from the fork.
This was such a delight
Such a delight for me,
For me to see,
As smiles pervaded them,
Such a wonderful time
As I watched them,
Watched their wonderful ways.
The thought once more came to me

How can people hurt children,
Children are so innocent
And so wonderful to watch
As they learn in life,
Being shown the way
By loving relatives.

Apathy.

You see them in all walks of life,
Bossing people around,
Making them do the things for them,
With force, pain and misery,
But if you react they have won.
All they want to see is the hurt in you,
If they see nothing they have lost.
So try to treat each occasion with apathy,
As apathy can be a weapon
Which they cannot understand.

They Came To The Door.

They came to the door,
Two young men,
They were from a religious group,
The church of Jesus Christ of the latter day saints.
They started talking,
Asking me questions,
Questions about my religion.
I told them that my belief,
My belief in Christianity had gone,
I had let it go when my wife died.
She suffered for many years,
All her life had believed,
Believed and praised Jesus,
Jesus as the son of god,
But when she was taken,
Taken with dementia
He was not there,
Not there at all.
That is when I stopped believing,
Believing in organised religion,
As organised religion is a farce,
A farce and a lie.
It is like politics
Trying to get people to see,
To see in one way.
They listened,
They said there piece,
And I said mine.
They eventually went
As I had out talked them
And they could not get there way,
Not get me to believe,
Believe in religion,

As organised religion is a fallacy.

The Mountain Of Life.

In the mountain of life
There are so many paths,
So many paths to climb,
To climb up that mountain.
What we need to know
Is that every path leads,
Leads to the same place.
So in our lives we will meet,
Meet at the top,
So it does not matter,
Does not matter which path,
Which path we take,
We will be together.

But in life there is that one,
That one person running,
Running around the bottom,
The bottom of the mountain,
Telling all that your path is wrong.

They just do not understand,
Not understand what life is.
Each of us have our own lives
And have no need to be told
That each of us is wrong.
In our lives we go our own way
And will reach the top,
Reach the top of the mountain,
The mountain of life.

Daily Artwork.

We arise each day,
There before us is the canvas,
The blank canvas of the new day.
It sits there waiting,
Waiting for the colours,
The colours of our spirit
To sit before it and paint,
Paint the new day,
The new day in our life.
Life is an artwork
And each day we paint,
Paint a new canvas of the day.
When we go to sleep
That new canvas is completed,
Completed for that day in our life.
As we sleep through each night
A new canvas will be there,
There for us in the morning
And another new artwork,
Another new artwork will be waiting,
Waiting for another days art.

Our Love Will Never Die.

Dinner was ready,
Into our dining room we went,
My lover and I,
A glass of wine each.
We sat opposite each other,
Started our meal.
We kept looking at each other,
The love we had so strong
And was getting stronger.
Looking out of the window
The light blue sky was above us,
The occasional white cloud
Floating by,
A beautiful summer evening.
We finished our dinner
And just sat there,
Sat there looking lovingly,
Looking lovingly at each other.
And then it happened,
A beautiful piece of music started,
Started and took us to another place
Where love and beauty shone,
Love and beauty shone between us.
A perfect evening of love and beauty
Had happened once again,
Happiness and love ruled our lives
And will forever be there for us.
Our love will never die.

Nature's Blanket.

We climbed the hill,
Up the dale we went.
It was a hard climb
But we made it,
Made it to the top.
As ever the view was there
And it was worth it.
I had seen it many times,
My friends just stood,
Stood in quiet reverence
Just taking in the majesty,
The majesty of the patchwork,
The patchwork of verdant growth.
It was spread out before them
It was like god's blanket.
The colours of nearing Autumn
Patched the blanket
With russets, golds and reds,
Studding the hedgerows
With pops of colour
That drew the eye.
Colours that changed every day
As Natures canvas painted new,
Painted new art each day.

Struck Down.

On the tee they stood,
The man and the good priest,
To hit the ball round the course,
To see who could hit the least.

The man hit his ball,
And landed on the green,
The priest struck his too,
And broke the waters sheen.

The priest waded in the water,
And struck his ball to grass,
The man putted his ball,
But the hole it did pass.

The man just stood and swore,
"Sod it, missed the bugger" he uttered,
The priest just looked at him,
And "Do not swear!" he uttered.

The next hole was the same,
The man just missed the putt,
"Sod it, missed the bugger",
Every time he did tutt.

The priest then said,
"If your swearing doesn't cease
God will strike you down,
And take away your peace"

The last hole came at last,
And both were on the green,
The man missed the putt,

And was once more obscene.

Lightening flashed towards them,
The priest was looking smugger,
But the words he heard when he got struck,
Were "Sod it, missed the bugger!".

The Happiness Of Life.

In our life we look for happiness,
To get that happy life
It is like creating a garden,
It does not just happen.
The seeds of joy must be planted
And to get those seeds to grow
They must be watered,
Watered with gratitude.
The sun must also shine on them,
So give them that sunshine,
That sunshine of positivity.
They will then grow,
Grow into the happiness,
The happiness of life.

Peace, Love And Joy.

Into the club we went,
My lover and I,
As we do every month.
Onto the stage they came,
Five musicians,
Piano, saxophone,
Guitar, bass and drums.
The notes started
And straight away I was taken,
Taken into a new world
Where jazz created a wonder,
A wonder and joy,
Where life was wonderful
And all was well in the world.
A magnificent time was had
With the music taking me,
Taking me out of any worries,
Any worries I had
And took me to a place,
A place of peace and love.
The time just disappeared,
It went so quickly.
The music ended
And we drove home
With peace and love,
Peace love and joy in our hearts.

It's So Unusual.

Well the day had come,
I was off to buy it,
To buy my new car.
A great day,
My lover was coming,
Was coming with me
And that would be a fun time
As her name was Mary,
The dealers name was Tom,
So it would be a great day
When Mary Berry met Tom Jones!

My Saving Grace.

My River yet again came to my aid,
The pain and frustration of those
Whose lack of respect, and sheer impoliteness
Was calmed, by my walk along the Avon.
Strolling with camera to hand;
A gentle time, with the sights and sounds
That always seem to bring me peace.

At first the many people with holidaying children,
Shouting and laughing, free from work;
Running, skipping, playing with balls in the park,
Getting wet by the water shooting up from the ground,
The laughter increasing, the wetter they get;
Unbounded happiness for me to see.

The many left behind, I walk into quieter streams.
The swans gliding past with no noise at all,
The pigeons floating in the air
As they reach for the skies, or land in the trees;
Their sounds of repeated coos,
A balm to my calming spirit.

At last to the quietest part, where I stop and commune,
With nature and my spirit, my special time.
My river at my side, my God in my mind.
The anger, almost departed.
Then the fast walk back, the frustration paling in every
Breath laden step, at last I am back to the start.

Anger dissipated.
Frustration gone.
My River has done its work once more.
My saving grace going on for ever,

And will do so for far longer
Than I will ever be able walk beside it.

Music Conquers All.

The lights go out
And there I am in the dark,
Just music as my companion.
The beautiful sounds,
Sounds of the orchestra
Playing the beauty,
The beauty and the wonder,
The wonder that is Mozart.
This glorious sound
Flowing around me,
Flowing in me,
Flowing through me
As I sit in the dark
Within the music.
My life is wondrous,
Mozart and I sharing the moment,
This moment of heaven,
This moment of Joy,
This moment where music conquers,
Conquers all the ills in the world.

For Eternity And Beyond.

I looked across the table
I saw her sitting there,
She looked so beautiful.
She sat there talking,
Talking to a friend.
I looked at her with passion
As that beautiful lady was mine
And my love for her was strong.
Our love for each other
Is so very strong
But on this day she shone,
Her beauty shone to me
And knowing she was mine
Increased my love for her.
She is my world,
And will always be my world
For eternity and beyond.

Phone Cook.

I had to 'phone a company,
The car insurance needed cancelling.
So there I was on the 'phone,
The voice said,
"If you want this press one,
If you want that press two,
If you want the other press three".
I pressed three but not realising,
Realising that I pressed the number,
The number that meant waiting,
Waiting for eternity.
The music played
Again and again and again.
The voice came on the 'phone,
"Your call is important to us".
While I was waiting
The thought came to me
That in this time,
This time I was waiting,
I could have cooked,
Cooked a risotto.
Half an hour of my life wasted,
Wasted waiting on the 'phone!

Into Summertime.

Mayday has arrived,
The herald of Summer is here.
Spring in all its glory surrounds us,
The beauty of new life abounds.
The buds on the trees
Showing new growth,
Their leaves expanding
Bringing the wonder of Nature,
The wonder of Nature to us.
The sun shines down
Lighting up our world
To the glory of Summer
Bringing new life and wonder,
New life and wonder to all
As we enter into summertime.

Sibling Rivalry.

We are both of an age now,
Both in our seventies,
My brother and I,
He is three years younger,
Younger than I am
And all our lives we have got on.
In our youth we were competitive,
Competitive in racket sports.
He could beat me at Squash,
I could beat him and Badminton,
But Tennis was the game,
The game where equality ruled.
We just would not give in,
Not give in to each other.
Sweat poured from our bodies
When we came off the court,
Almost crawling off,
As we would do our best,
Do our best to beat each other.
We no longer play
But we do compete.
We both left home knowing,
Knowing how to cook.
So now when he and his wife
Come to dine with us
I try to him make the best meal,
The best meal he's ever had.
And equally when we dine with them
He tries to make me the best meal,
The best meal I've ever had.
And the one thing that I have won
Is my hair,
My hair has some grey in it

But I have fewer grey hairs,
Fewer grey hairs than my younger brother.