

Anthology of sue.evans

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

For all who love words - whether they make you feel happy, sad, or bemused !

About the author

I am a retired teacher. I took early retirement
August 2016. I have two sons and 5 grandchildren.
I enjoy word play and manipulating language -
hence my attempts at poetry!
I enjoy reading, crafting and baking.

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My friend - Big Ted!

What's the magic of the tidy toy box?
That's what I'd like to know
Because every time I leave grandma's and it's time to go
I leave my toys in such a mess and disarray
But when I return they are all neatly tidied away!
Dad says it's grandma
But I know this is a tale too far!
See Big Ted, the one who sits on top, looking sweet
Well it's him who keeps the box orderly and neat,
I know because we talked about it
Well I talked - he listened- but he didn't disagree one bit
When I said 'You're the magician, the key to it all
It's you who tidies up after I call.'
Mum says it's grandad
But I know in truth that idea's mad!
Big Ted, the one who sits on top, waiting for me to play,
He's the one who puts all the toys away
I know because we talked about it
Well I talked - he listened- but he didn't disagree one bit!
Big Ted and the other toys say it's him - they all agree
And I know because he made a secret wink at me!

Nature's Timepiece - The Garden

Seconds, hours, even days
Pass unnoticed and unclaimed;
But the weeks and months of the year
Are marked by the colour of the clothes you wear.
Tick tock, tick tock
What colour is the garden frock?

The skeleton of the hard winter
Landscape is naked and bare,
The colour faded from your flowery
frocks and foliage hair;
But in the cold hardness nature's
timepiece still beats there,
Preparing the season's fashions for another year.
Tick tock, tick tock
Winter is the colour of the garden frock.

Yellow is the colour of the garden drape
That dresses the skeleton of the hard winter landscape,
Pale, fresh foliage bravely spears the ground
As daffodils, crocuses, pansies and tulips are found.
Tick tock, tick tock,
Spring is the colour of the garden frock.

Tubs of colour provide a strong steady beat
Pink lavertia striking out from beneath,
Geraniums resplendent in red,
Alpines and aubrietia tumble from the edge
As hanging baskets sway to and fro,
The pendulum marking time as we go.
Tick tock, Tick tock,
Summer is the colour of the garden frock.

Oranges, reds, yellows and browns tumble at your feet
Apples, blackberries, peaches and pears,
The fruits of your labour for the harvest feast,
Dressed in your mourning clothes,
Watching your life expire
Time cruelly marking your age as bonfires crackle like a funeral pyre.
Tick tock, Tick tock,
Autumn is the colour of the garden frock.

Sue Evans

A journey to the edge of the land!

A journey to the edge of the land
Where solid meets liquid with a fun sandy band,
Where laughter erupts and fills the air
As children and adults play without a care,
Where, if you're lucky, the sun warms the very fabric of your soul
Where children build sandcastles and dig hole after hole,
Ready to bury dad - or grandpa- they don't mind who!
As long as one makes their dream come true,
Where the donkeys tread the same old road - tired and weary
And as they plod they dream of being free from boring and dreary,
The boys and girls sit happily atop
Expectant and excited until the adventure comes to a stop,
Where you can hear the cries for ice-cream, hotdogs and candy floss
Where mum and dad mentally count the cost
Of a day at the seaside, a day at the coast
Is it Blackpool, Scarborough or Brid, who'll be their host?
Does it matter? As long as it's a journey to the edge of the land
Where solid meets liquid with a fun sandy band,
Where arcades buzz and fun fares hum with the sound
Where smiling faces and quests for fun are found,
As the day comes to an end they return clutching souvenirs
Sand in their toes, salt in their hair, and little ones in tears,
As they say goodbye to the place at the edge of the land
Where solid meets liquid with a fun sandy band,
They remember their day - sea, sand, fun and laughter
Memories of the visit and hopes of the next to manufacture,
As on the way home they dream of the fun they have had
With brothers and sisters and mum and dad.

Invitation to my table!

Why is it when you visit my little abode
You dally for such a short while?
Is my table not to your liking?
There is, as I'm sure you've calculated, no dress code.
It is quite safe here, camouflaged by the shrubs,
Perched on its stilt, high in the air,
Safe from predator's eye, reaching up to the sky.
Come, stay longer, feast on nuts, fruit and tasty grubs,
I know when you've been, I can trace your footprints
In the dust of the bread and grain left from your meal.
You come, you go, you flutter in, you flutter out,
And if I catch you there, you pause, your beady eye with it's watchful glint
Ever alert to the dangers that lurk in the shadows of the day
As you gather your meal - a free feast to feed your family.
Now you are gone to a nearby branch , to perch,
To listen, to see who is about and then you are off on your way,
Backwards, forwards, backwards, forwards you fly.
The busy Blue Tit, nervous, frantic in your work to feed the ever hungry brood,
Soon disappearing when the heavyweights dive in,
The demonic cloak of the Blackbird, the muscle of the Magpie with their raucous cry,
Snatching what they can as they squabble for crumbs.
Then all is calm, I sit, I watch, I wait,
In glides the Thrush to fill his picnic basket from the menu there,
His wings beating softly like the pulse of the Tom Tom drums,
He settles for a while, pecking, preening, perching, then still and statuesque
As a sudden sound raises his alarm,
He too soars to the safety of the Sycamore Tree
And there he peeks as he pecks
At the picnic basket he has gathered from my banquet.
As the day comes to an end I sit, I watch, I wait
But no more visitors arrive at my little house,
As the garden gathers and wears dusk as a cosy blanket,
I switch off my sight and use my sense of sound

Because now it's time to collect my dues
For laying out such a banquet in your honour,
All around me nature's orchestra can be found
In the chorus of your songs, such a melodious sound
As you celebrate the joy, the delight in your survival,
Another day, another meal, another flight,
And I vow to again invite you to my table as in your evensong my senses drowned.

Bin Day

Early one morning- synchronised dance
Of the Homosapian species
Inhabiting the urban jungle, down our way,
The heavy rumble as you trundle, in advance
On the gateway of their lair,
Signalling the ritual of bin day once more,
On sentry duty, the weekly parade,
Silent - standing to attention
Up and down the street, the regiment
Dressed in green, waiting, watching,
Your bellies overflowing with their waste,
- Beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-
Signals the hunter's near
Captured one by one - disenbowelling
Your bellies, empty - your intestines clear,
Silence - a return to duty,
Bang, bang, clatter, rumble, thud,
As you are returned to your billet
Peering down your throat, that dark chasm,
Inhaling your fetid breath - 'check - empty and ready to refill'
The synchronised signal of the Homosapian's return,
Signalling the end of another bin day
The weekly trooping of the rubbish - down our way,
Human nature, human behaviour on display
Homosapian tribes moving as one, in the ritual of bin day.

Teardrops

I felt the sorrow of your loss
Reflected in the clear glass
Of the liquid crystals falling
Softly down the valley of your face.
I felt the pain of your suffering-
Fragmenting as they dropped and shattered,
Kaleidoscope pictures wrenched from your soul.
I felt the hunger in your belly
As the crystals formed a river of pity
Mirroring the hurt inside your body.
I felt the misery of your loneliness
In the dampness of your skin;
As those jewels of liquid silver
Tattooed your face
With wrinkles of worry
Furrows of fear, lines of self-hate.
I felt for you as those teardrops
Wrestled your pride
On the waves of your emotions
On display as you cried.
Sue Evans

The Victim

Do I walk around 'The Victim'
Written in the relief of my face?
Is it foretold in the lines of my palm?
Is it the suit of self-hate?
Why choose me as your victim of prey?
As alone I stand watching you play
My eyes cast down lest you look my way,
Exposed, cast adrift in the tarmac sea
Bobbing in the shadows, hoping you can't see,
Sinking into oblivion - inside and out
And on and on my torment goes.
Your taunts - barbed- aimed only at me,
Your following grows, you amuse your crowd
With my degradation, my dignity exposed,
The jibes, my self-esteem stripped for all to see.
Your ego crows, my humiliation your prize.
My despair grows and on and on my torment goes.
The people in the know ignore my pleas
How can they not see the hate you show?
My pride, my soul, my life in tears
As you play cat and mouse with my fears,
Your tongue, your scalpel, the scars you carve
And on and on my torment goes.
Despair my shroud, beneficiary of a sadistic will
My passage to freedom-the spirit, the opiate - carrying me
To oblivion, carrying me to a place that's bully free!

Every Day Heroes

What makes a man, child or woman a hero?
What gives them the strength to give it a go?
What makes the child, too ill, to see life flow,
Help improve the life for others to grow?
What makes the woman keep on trying
To stop violence, cease the abused's crying
What makes the man step forward into death
To defend a stranger he's never met?
Why take such big risks, these heroes of life?
People with families- children- a wife
Are they born to defend the Human Race?
Selfless acts celebrated in news space
Bringing tears of utmost admiration
To Human Kind you are our salvation.

Opus of Love

Their senses strung, finely tuned instrument,
Two lovers entwined, forever
Drowned in the orchestra of their pleasure,
His tongue tasting her pulse, tracing the contours of her body,
Their eyes searching the soul
As their fingers play velvety notes
Allowing the music to unfold,
Your touch teasing her skin,
Building a crescendo of pure delight,
Hearing the rhythm, their bodies moving
As one, a melodious sight,
Her perfume, her baton, intoxicating aroma,
Conducting him to perform his Opus of love.
Their senses, a score of intense pleasure,
A harmonious climax, the music of love played together.

Words

Words- a channel of communication
Words used across the world by every nation,
They create love and understanding, or
Crush your dreams, cause pain or war,
Words as sharp as knives that wound deep inside
Words like magic that open doors of opportunity wide,
Words that make you feel like a princess, a knight
In shining armour, words to calm your fears of the night,
Words of promise, words of hope, words given on oath
Words in church, Gudwarra, synagogue or Mosque, spoken by both
As you promise to love, honour and cherish each other,
Words of hurt, words of laughter, words written in secret by a lover,
Words so small with the power of a deadly toxin
Words with music, words of soul, words to dream in,
How carelessly this power is used
How this language is abused,
The bully, the thug, the intelligent and the ignorant never pause
To think of the damage their words can cause,
Words to sign, words to feel, words to sing
No one escapes the emotions these words can bring,
Words said that should not be, words unspoken that should be
Words set your dreams, worries and aspirations free,
Words- a channel of communication
Words used across the world by every nation,
Words ? the power sadly misused by many within these nations
Often without thought to the consequences of their altercations.

Raindrops

Raindrops take form,
Like the emotions in the heart,
They gather and fall from the sky,
A gathering storm,
As our emotions let fly,
They drop on glass surfaces
And ripples go wide,
Concentric circles gyrating
Drops of emotion stinging the faces
Of others, as emotions are pulsating,
Like raindrops on a pond, I find
A single emotion ripples, affecting all mankind.

Mother Nature

Dew drops on her skin

Nature's wash

Preparing day

Ready for us to view!

Victim of Abuse

'Hush my darling, don't hide your sweet face as
You cower in the shadows, cloaked in the
Darkness to avoid my hate. It was a
Moment of madness, pure selfish pride that
Made me re-arrange your face. My club fist
Snarled in a ball, unleashed with fury at
You so small. Hush darling I won't invade
Your virginity or fondle your bones,
Soiled in my fluids, soiled in my filth.
Hush my darling I won't inflict more pain
On our guilt. Hush my darling don't cry at
My love - locked in my conspiracy, our
Secret to keep, locked in your eyes, locked in
Your heart, locked in your room, frightened to sleep.'

Shades of green

I stare out of the window at nature's carpet
God's colour - green,
A colour that wears many faces
Wouldn't you agree?
Mother Nature wears its shades and tones in many places;
From the leaves on the trees, to the leaves on the ground
Where green is the luck of the four leafed clover,
The shamrock the Irish hold so dear,
Pale green shoots and buds of spring
Signalling better weather is near.
Nature's creatures dressed in cloaks of green,
The aphids and caterpillars camouflaged against the predator's eye,
All subtly blending into Mother Nature's skin.
The fruits on the trees, shining like beacons,
The citrus limes and Eve's temptation, Eve's sin
The apple, juicy and ripe ready to lead us into temptation.

I stare out of the window at nature's carpet
God's colour - green
A colour that wears many faces
Wouldn't you agree?
Mother Nature wears its tones and shades in many places;
On land and at sea, out in the deep,
The green of the oceans' depths holding onto its secrets
As it undulates and ebbs and flows
Towards the Emerald Isle, the jewel of the land,
Where we voyage with awe and trepidation at the power
This swell of green water holds,
In wonder at the contrasts of this mass
The green tranquility, calm and relaxing turning
Quickly to a green eyed monster, cruel and tempestuous
Having no care, as history relates, to the many mariners yearning
To master and plunder its green depths, always giving into its temptations.

I stare into your eyes at one of nature's vices
The colour of envy - green
A colour that wears many faces
Wouldn't you agree?
Human nature wears its shades and tones in many places,
The green eyed monster of jealousy,
Coveting what others have with a burning desire
Leaving a wanting, a harmful emotion that erodes,
Feeling comfortable in your cloak of green
Not caring for the hurt envy bodes.
This colour of envy, this shade of green
One of nature's weaker genes, one of nature's parasites
Splashing its colour in the eyes of the unsure,
Leaving a shade that taints the character
Leaving a green streak that is impure
A shade of temptation to be banished from the artist, Nature's palette.

End of the Road

LONELY

Even when you're there
We sit together but exist in our own little worlds,
When did our paths divide?
When did we stop travelling side by side?

SOLITARY

No more talk, no shared laughter
Now we move in parallel lines,
No intimacy, no shared plans
As our paths no longer intertwine,

SECLUDED

We meet in the same company
But we have no shared topics
Alone, even in a crowded room
No longer viewed as in each other's pockets,

FORLORN

When did it begin, this loneliness?
The end of the road we travelled together,
When did you move to another path?
Leaving me with only memories to treasure?

DESOLATE

Time for me to accept it's over
Time to live our separate lives
Was it ever love or just a response to loneliness?
And an opportunity to banish it from our sides?

ESTRANGED

Over half my life has been shared with you
It's taken a long, hard journey to realise
It was loneliness masquerading as love
And life is too short to continue living lies.

Girls' night out - AKA mob rule!!

It's Friday night
Girls' night out,
Time to cast off the usual gear
Decide what outfit looks right
For the girls' night out,
Nearly time for the off!
Just put on my 'Girls' night mask',
Check the mirror, practice the pout,
'Beep-beep' - the signal for fun to begin,
Now we're gathered in our local,
Regular HQ for our meet,
We get settled, each itching
To share our gossip, review our week,
As we sip our first drink
We recap on events
That has caused us to laugh, scream and weep,
To analyse the causes, to drink a toast
To life's roller coaster,
This done the conversation moves on,
We spy on the other guests of our host,
Another drink, another round, more stories to regale-
Vying for the floor as alcohol frees our lips,
We notice our neighbours- A youngish oriental girl
And a middle aged bespectacled male
(We label them Mr&Mrs Internet-Bride)
Because on a girls' night out
You're allowed to make such observations - be bitchy and snide!
They talk little as we talk more,
Another drink, another round,
'What part of your body do you like best?'
Is the question as talk becomes more lewd and loud,
This appeals to Mr & Mrs Internet-Bride, our neighbor
As their conversation now ceases altogether,

It's obvious our topics have more to hold and savour,
We give our replies, as She takes note,
Each adding a comment or two 'My eyes', 'My hair', 'My waist',
As Mrs Internet-Bride cranes to check the truth of each quote,
Another drink, another round, as conversation turns to the opposite sex,
'Well what attracts you to a male?'
'What do you look for in a man?'
We each take a drink, while we think of biceps, muscles and pecs,
Now our neighbour is really listening to the facts
Practically moving to sit in our lap!
As we each give our point of view
On the parts that make our hair stand at the back -
'Tall', 'Dark', 'Toned', 'Long hair', ' Neat bott,'
Was our response given with much ribald laughter,
Huh! Then we sit back and sigh with disappointment
At the irony of what we said and the reality of what we got!
A last drink, a last round, evening nearly at an end,
Much mirth has been had at others' expense,
As we entertained ourselves
And Mr & Mrs Internet-Bride, our new silent friend,
Time for home, time for bed, in the memories I bask,
I climb the stairs smiling at things said-
Remembering jokes, bitchiness, the fun we had,
Off comes 'the girls' night' mask
Away goes 'the girls' night' persona-
The bitch, the pout, the fancy dress,
Tomorrow it will be back to 'good old me'
The wife, the mother, the grandma, the Madonna-
Respectable- refined- principled- as I travel the day
Tutting my disapproval at modern day youth
How can they bitch and gossip like that?
Wouldn't catch my generation behaving that way!
(Well, okay, except for the girls' night out - except on a Friday!)

For Our Grandchildren

We love your little fingers, little toes,
We love your little face, your little nose,
With each new day, your confidence explodes,
Our heartbeat bursting with the love it holds
Your mind enquiring at each new wonder
The world your oyster to quiz and ponder,
The love we feel for you, is such a power
If measured in tonnes, its strength would tower
We delight at your visit, in your play
The things you do and the things you say
The new words, that new expression, your smile
Our hearts are all smitten in your beguile
Of this love, this feeling no one can spoil
To you our love is steadfast and loyal.

Clouds

Stretching fingers across the blue
Reaching, searching for an end
You never find as you travel the skies,
Never sleeping, always moving, journey never done,
Drifting shadows across the sun
Like the drifting thoughts that cloud my mind,
Sailing the seas up above
Pushed and pulled by the tides of heaven,
Ghostly outlines, silently passing
Bestowing their blessing on the land,
Bringing gifts to some, cruelty to others,
Rain for the farmers, drought for his fellow man,
Shape shifting - stirring the imagination-
Whales swimming, fishes flying, dragons breathing fire,
Bright and breezy at sunrise in the east
Iridescent, shimmering at sunset in the west,
A witches coven brewing, dressed in black,
Temper tantrums thundering on the air way
The population of Earth's ceiling at play.

Fat Class!

I'm a member of Fat Class
Every Thursday I pay my dues
'A pound on', 'A pound off'
Oh! For a figure like an hour glass!
Up and down the scales I seesaw,
Eighteen points a day is the limit
When you're a member of Fat Class,
Maybe I should wire shut my munching jaw?
Oh! Why is it tasty treats - on mass-
Are full of sugar and fat?
Quickly adding up to the limit
Recommended at Fat Class -
A.K.A. Weight Watchers
The slimming doctors!
Carb Spotters!
The scale watchers!
How long 'til that targets done?
I'll have to consider the answer to that
Count and add the day's tally
Whilst I nibble on an illicit bun
Oh dear! I'll start again tomorrow!

'Mr Snail ?- what's the point?'

I sat and marvelled one day
At a snail, as I watched him toil away,
'Oh! Mr Snail can I please ask
Why you need to set yourself such a task,
How long does it take to scale the wall
On the side of my house, so tall?
And why, I ask, if I dare
Do you travel a journey to nowhere?'

'I climb the wall because I can
And I can do it with one foot unlike a human!
I know it takes a long time and my journey is slow
But I don't know how far I go
Because of people like you - I loose track -
You and your kind keep knocking me back
To where I began - so I start again
To climb the wall in your garden,
And in answer to what else you ask
About why I do such a task-
I don't know it's a journey to nowhere
Until I arrive and see what's up there!
But what can I do? I've many hours to fill
And this is my job, it's God's will.'

And then he was gone, annoyed at me
For questioning his right to be!

ME + YOU = US. Equation for life!

Me, such a small insignificant word
Me, two little symbols, two little letters in all,
Me, a name for a complex being
Me, that's the name to call.

Me, the daughter and first born
Me, the precocious child - so I'm told!
Me, knowing right from wrong
Me, with childhood memories to keep and hold.

Me, the student, but not straight away
Me, playing the game, the stars mine to reach
Me, the assignments on time, doing okay
Me, the qualified but not ready to teach.

Me, such a small insignificant word
Me, two little symbols, two little letters in all,
Me, can be so alone
Me, needing you to call.

You, a little longer word
You, three little symbols, three little letters in all,
You, a name for family or friend
You, that's the name to call.

You, the parent always there
You, supporting and feeling proud,
You, showing the love, the care, the trust
You, the parent - always around.

You, the husband, handsome and fair
You, offering love, friendship and a life to share,
You, the fan, the critic, the equal

You, the husband always ready to care.

You, the children - two sons to cherish
You, the children bringing joy - and tears!
You, 'the boys ' to praise and admire
You, the children to protect from your fears.

You, the friend - so understanding
You, the friend to share worries and woes,
You, always ready to offer mutual respect
You, creating a friendship that lasts and grows.

Me, no longer a small, insignificant word
You, no longer three little letters in all,
You and me, that makes US
US a chain so strong - US ready for me - or you - to call.

A few four line verses - food for thought!

I drink quiet
Quiet comforts me
The peace quiet brings
As eternal sleep must be?

As I walk life's path
I stop
To wipe the crap
I step in on the way.

The sky above
The earth below
And in the middle
You and I grow.

Water is God's elixir
Why is he selective
In who takes his cup?

We live, we die
In between
We laugh, we cry
The Human race we make

Is it a waste
Sitting all day
Judging my place
In the Human Race?

Marriage Vows

What fate! That each of us found the other
Our wedding day was 'it' for ever
You became life's partner, friend and lover
Making our vows, starting life together,
I remember as only yesterday
Handsome you, bridesmaids, friends, family
Sharing the joy, praying we won't betray
Heart and soul, living ever happily,
Many years have passed, our family grew
We have weathered storms and the test of time
My love travels deep for you - my husband
As then- my promise now - my vows still stand.

'If it don't plug in, it don't get done!' - Mr Gadget Man

'if it don't plug in, it don't get done!'

The mantra of my gadget man,

For every job he believes there's a gadget -

Electric plane to smooth the frame,

Cordless screwdriver, drills - wood and hammer

To create and cure those DIY jobs.

The stuck door, the new kitchen, always something to do-

And a gadget to do it!

Room to decorate, wood to be sawn,

Jigsaw, circular saw, band saw

Take your pick, there's an example of every one

In the shed or garage, box after box- the man in his cave,

The man from Mars - Mr Gadget Man-

Gathered like toys, jewels in his crown-

'if it don't plug in, it don't get done!'

His mantra as he counts his stash.

Then why oh why don't the jobs get moving?

'Not charged', 'Won't reach!', 'Wrong tool!' - always an excuse

What I need, as the Woman from Venus,

Is a gadget man I can plug in!

Xena

My new friend is really loyal to me
She came to our house only recently
She's a new member of the family
She's rambunctious, cheeky and an iron will
If you're not careful she'll steal your tea!
But my new friend is still loyal to me,
Her ears look too big, her tail cut short
She's tall, skinny and gangly like youths are
But beautiful and attractive in truth,
She wears the same grey coat for evermore
She wears no shoes on her four padded paws
Her timbre is a deep resounding bark
I feed her twice daily, take her for walks
Play throw and catch with her favourite ball
She's quite an athlete once I let her go
I clean up after her and brush her coat
Her nose cold and wet, her eyes bright and warm,
We curl up together giving each other warmth
My new friend, Xena, the Weimaraner
She who trusts, knowing I'll never harm her.

A collection of short verses!

You smile, I smile
You cry, I cry
You play, I watch
You make life worthwhile.

The love you bring
Has a price
Things that are good
Twinned with the not so nice!

Can't speak
I am hurt
At your harsh words
When you let fury
Fly at the weak.

Money - more we have
More we want
It's no good
If there's no time to spend!

Life is a cake
Quite a mix
Get it wrong
Others dine on our mistake!

If music be the food of love
'I'll have a serenade and fries gov!

If all the world lived as One
Who would that One live for?
Could One agree?

The flower grows
The flower dies
What is the point
Of it's existence then?

If the stars are to the moon
And the birds to the sun
Who are we to?

Abandoned

A flame dimmed by deception and disloyalty,
Left spluttering and guttering in hot liquid tears,
Snuffed out by the rapid wind of change;
Blackened, discarded, replaced and forgotten
No place or purpose - left darkened and chilled
Choking on the smog of failure and humiliation,
Failed by the duplicitous actions of others.

Life should be ...

Life should be...
A breath of fresh air
Time to stand and stare.

Life should be...
Time for love and lover
Time to listen to each other.

Life should be...
Enjoying a meal
Time to just feel!

Life should be...
Fun to go
And time to grow.

Life should be...
'A magical mystery tour'
Not just something to endure.

Life **can** be...
If we take time to really see
Take stock of what our options are
And stretch out to horizons far.

Black and Blue (the colours of a grudge)

Life becomes black when you take a grudge
And hold it close, locked inside to fester,
Pushing away those that want to make it better
The words of forgiveness stuck in your throat
The steel in your eyes, the set of your jaw
The physical signs of the grudge you hold.

Your mood becomes blue when you take a grudge
And make it part of the mask you tote
The grudge you hold isolates your body
Leaving you alone with only the grudge for hope
The tears of pity falling down your face
As the rage of your grudge pours out.

Depressed - the definition

I woke one morning and couldn't stop crying
Couldn't move forward and couldn't go back,
'Depressed' said the doctor - 'Depressed' said nurse,
Depressed stated the dictionary (*di'prest*)

Adjective - *Low spirits, downcast- Lower
Than the surrounding places - pressed down or
Flattened or distressed as in economic
Hardship - Lowered in force, intensity
Or amount.* That's what the dictionary said.

I am low spirited, moody, glum and
Low. I do feel melancholy and sad.
I am unhappy, morose and fed up.
Pessimistic, down in the dumps all day.
I am crestfallen, dejected with life.
Discouraged, dispirited, down hearted, down
And despondent and totally downcast.
I feel in a black hole, lower than my
Surrounding places. I am pressed down and
Flattened by my inadequate feelings.
My family is distressed and suffering
Hardship by my inability to
Join the path of life. Feeling good is lowered
In intensity and can be found in
No amount in any part of my life.

'Depressed' said the doctor, 'Depressed' said nurse,

**'I AM A DICTIONARY DEFINITION
A FINE EXAMPLE, AN EPITOME IN FACT
DEPRESSED! WHAT'S THE POINT OF LIVING LIKE THAT?'**

Lost without you

I look at you and see your frown,
Your wrinkles, your history recorded there,
Your skin - crinkly and worn, the genre of life,
Your frailty framed against the pillow,
As you fight to live on -
Each line in your face a road travelled,
A battle fought, the story of your survival,
Your mouth droops, the spittle escapes,
As I wipe, I marvel at our role reversal -
Me now the mother, and you the child,
I hold your hand and trace the gnarled knuckles,
Clenched in pain, weak in strength and remember
How you held me when I was young, the gentle
Creature that was my mother, strong, bright
And playful with each other - the last time
I saw you walk was to stumble and fall, the
Grief on your face at your inability to survive,
Here you lie, your frame all shrivelled
As you fight to live on-
My tears fall silently, a mixture of emotion,
Admiration for what you've done,
Impatience for what you can't,
Revulsion at what you've become,
Pity for both of us at what's to come,
Your eyes flicker, recognition lights your face
And then is gone as your last breath is drew,
Your fight to live on - lost - as I am without you.

Time

Why do some days fly by?
When others want to make you cry?
A day when there's company and much to do
The sun is shining and experiences anew,
Opposed to grey skies and time alone
No one knocks the door or gets on the phone.
Funny how life affects the ticking of the clock
Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock,
The hands on the clock keep the same beat
Nothing in time changes but the step in our feet,
It's minds and hands that make time fly
It's minds and hands that make us cry!
We are the magicians of our time and its rate
Make each day count before it's too late!

The shapes of my life!

I stand within my own circle of life
Me the mother, the wife,
A spot on the earth's surface
A point of reference - my space!
A rounded member of the Human Race
As more baggage comes my way my circle becomes sharper
When did life become so triangular?
Moving from A to B to C?
Monotony, life in automation is the key
Searching the four corners of my mind
Was I blind?
To when my life became so square
In a rut, all boxed up - should I care?
Thumbprints tessellated
A canvas of the life we created
As we rub together, more lines
We morph - another polygon?
Life has become a hexagon!
Fitting snugly - a quilt of sadness and laughter
Becoming stars shining in the sky here after.

Tedious days!!

Tired of sitting on my arse

Every Day spent in the same vein

Doing nothing

Inciting anger at my inability to halt my boredom

Over thinking, making plans of what to do

Underwhelmed by life's menu

So much for retirement !

Days, hours, minutes wasted in futile pursuit

Aching for some adventure, company, inspiration - anything!!

Yes - it's in my hands I know-but it's hard -

So much time to fill!!!

Superstition!

Black and white
What a negative sight!
Strutting arrogantly up the path
Your legacy, the aftermath
Of seeing you,
Dark clouds brew
Such sorrow from one,
Before you are gone-
Before you take flight -
I salute you sir- as is right!

Black and white
What a joyous sight!
Strutting lovingly up the path
Your promise, the aftermath
Of seeing you,
Sunshine hue!
Such joy from two,
My mind no longer blue-
Before you take flight-
I thank you both - as is right!

Funny how the sight of you,
Whether one or two,
Influences my mood for the day,
As with my emotions you play,
'One for sorrow , Two for joy...' I mutter
As I scan the sky - My emotions all a flutter!
Why? - Madness! -Utter tosh! -Insanity!
Creating a self-fulfilling prophecy,
Damn Magpies - always causing a flap-
Because I believe your superstitious crap!!!

Journey

Clickerty-clack, clickerty-clack,

Rumbling -safely cocooned-
Steadily along the black track
My untimely end assumed.

Clickerty-clack, clickerty- clack

The dark cavernous mouth ahead
I stare - black- on -black -on -black
Me lying on my silken bed.

Clickerty-clack, clickerty- clack

The darkness swallowing me down
My screams - silent - my death on track
Hypnotised, cold , deeper - drowned.

Clickerty-clack, clickerty-clack

This tunnel consumes me - body and soul
The odds against me stack
Breathe - breathe - that's my goal!

'Come-hither to me,' 'Come-hither to me'

The reaper calls, the reaper calls
Down, down sinking in the inky sea
My strength, my body falls and falls.

'Come-hither to me,' 'Come-hither to me'

'Breathe,' 'breathe' whispers the breeze
'Breathe,' 'breathe' whispers the sea
'Fight it,' 'fight it'- 'Please!' 'Please!'

There is a light, there is a light

Silken fingers caressing my head
Feathery wings in flight

Lifting my silken bed.

There is a light, there is a light

'Breathe,' 'Breathe' whispers the breeze

'Breathe,' 'breathe with all my might!'

Not my turn to pay the reaper's fees!

Clickerty-clack, clickerty-clack

Safely cocooned - riding high

Life steadily back on track

Tonight was not my time to die!

Clickerty-clack, clickerty-clack

My journey continues - no holding back!

Relativity - a moral tale!

'I am **rich**,' said the boy with a coin in his pocket
'I am **richer**,' said the girl with a tenner in her locket,
'I am the **richest**,' said the man loudly
Waving the winning lottery ticket - proudly!

'I am **happy**,' said the boy with a friend hand in hand
'I am **happier**,' said the girl with a friend and a dog on the ground
'I am the **happiest**,' said the man, quietly
Waving the winning lottery ticket - slightly!

'I am **content**,' said the boy with family in tow
'I am **more content**,' said the girl with family and friends to show
'I am the **most content**,' said the man, whispering
'Surrounded by money - I can buy anything!'

'I am **lonely**,' said the boy without someone to play
'I am **lonelier**,' said the girl without someone all day
'I am the **loneliest**,' said the man who began to cry
Knowing love - his lottery ticket can't buy!

The moral of this tale is it's all relative
You get back what your prepared to give
Money is only a crutch
And can't replace the human touch!

Where has summer gone?

August is a month of summer
As was July-his brother,
Then answer me this 'Why, oh why
Does the sky continue to cry?'
Pouring gloom on the land
Denying sand castles on the sand,
Autumn rain coat and hat is now summer dress!
August get back to wearing less!!!
This summer has us all conned
August your summer face has bombed!!!

All in the mix!

Flour in the bowl, powdery and white
Nothing to look at - not to bite,
Caster sugar in a heap -sweet
But to eat the lot would be a feat,
Margarine - yellow mass on the plate
To nibble on that - I would hate,
Eggs whisked creamy yellow
Would be hard to swallow.

Add a little commitment and care
Show a little concern and flare,
Nurture each ingredient
Not one is ever redundant,
Sieve, whisk , mix, blend and pour
Creating unity is no chore,
In the oven to bake
The end result a beautiful cake.

Just like human nature, race, colour, creed
All grown from a seed,
Nurture each ingredient
Not one is ever redundant,
Mix and blend - always with respect
Different combinations to collect,
Friendships making the recipe base
The end result a beautiful human race.

True Love!

I love when our bodies lay side by side
Sleeping without you I couldn't abide,
I sleep much better
When our bodies are spooned together,
Your body - mine to caress
I adore you I must confess,
Your glassy eyes reflect my love
In the moonlight from above,
Your hair receding from my touch
Oh I love you so much!
I whisper sweet nothings in your ear
You won't share my secrets I have no fear,
You've been by my side for many a year
My wonderful, adorable teddy bear!

Celebrate ?

Forty!! This will be the forty-first!
I didn't realise I had such a thirst
For writing words to share with you all,
Awaiting your feedback to call,
Where did all the words come from?
I do not write with any aplomb,
Just what's in my mind for that day,
Creating rhythm and rhyme to say
Words of love, fun, sadness and bonhomie
Cryptic messages and themes that are cheeky!
I love MyPoeticSide - reading what people post
For poets it is the perfect host!
Let's raise a glass to our creativity
And all our poetic activity!

A late summer's evening - a potent spell!

A beautiful evening- so rare and few of late,
19:00 hours and the sky is cloudless and blue
The sun hard at work and still in view,
How long will this last? I debate.

The smell of barbecue, each breathe you take,
Laughter tinkling, spilling into the air
Children at play making memories to share,
Enjoying the twilight of their summer break.

Tell tale signs, summer's visit is near its end,
The horizon taking on a gold and claret hue
Nature's paintbrush gives us a clue,
As Summer and autumn begin to blend.

Feathered and furry friends scurry about,
They sense the urgency of their toil
Autumn's amber cue - they dig the soil,
Preparing for the cold winter drought.

Trees creating a carpet of confetti, littering
Grass and path, others hang heavy with loot
Nuts, berries and hips to plunder and loot
By the squirrels, ever alert in their harvesting.

And yet their is quiet at the eve of the day,
Life slows, stillness creeps, calm descends
Day fades ,summer will too, as nature intends,
But for now let's enjoy summer's final bouquet.

A beautiful evening - mine and yours to enjoy,
20:00 hours the sun is falling from the sky

A golden sunset glow, for now it's goodbye,
Back tomorrow- I debate - more summer joy?

I stretch, I smile, peace! Night takes shape,
A sigh of satisfaction for the late summer's day
Enjoying family- children and nature at play,
As autumn's colours seep into the landscape.

A Rant On Behalf of Planet Earth!

What makes some people uncaring, selfish
Self centred and down right hoggish?
When did society become so 'throw-away'?
There is such beauty where we work and play
The wanders of the world ours to enjoy
But all we seem to want- is to destroy!!

I hear you ask what makes me very mad?
What is it that is making me so sad??
Every where I look, every where I walk
At what I see - I despair, I shudder, I balk!
Litter! People's waste - left behind to rot
Like animals leaving their scent in a spot.

Picnic fare in the park or beauty spot,
Out the window when the car comes to a stop,
Not on their doorstep- have no doubt of that!
Laws of the land - always ready to flout!
How can it be they've become totally blind?
The damage being caused by selfish mankind!

Soon there will be no beauty spots to behold
The world will be barren and cold,
Forests plundered, no fields- just concrete jungles
Jewels plundered from the earth's bowels,
Rats ruling the rubbish heaps on every street
It all makes me so sad and downbeat.

No litter! - Take your rubbish when you go
Put it in the bloody bin - not left to blow
About the countryside! Teach the young
That the litter they create should be flung

In the trash can or taken home where it began,
For the sake of every human!

Let's not be selfish anymore, begin to care
For our planet, it's all we've got to share,
The diversity of nature is a marvel to behold
There's nowhere else when Earth's gone cold,
Make a start - put your litter in the bin
Leaving it around makes you a selfish bumpkin!

Pause your paws for a short journey- A nonsense poem in the absurdity of the English Language!!!

I was amazed at the **crews** on my **cruise**
In the **sun** with the company of my **son**,
Watching the waves and the ocean blues
All we could **see** was the **sea** glisten.

Through the **pane** I could see your **pain**
I knew it had to **be** a **bee** that had stung
Tears as you stood on the top **tiers**,
Sailing to countries - far flung.

Time to set foot on land to see the **sights**
Oh **no!** I **know** it will **rain** as we visit the **sites**,
Where the king **reigns** with his brave **knights**
What fun at **night** to see the harbour lights.

Sit **here**, on my **right**, whilst I **write**
A letter home, you can **hear** what I say,
And add to the **tale** about your plight,
When the bee stung your **tail** yesterday.

Tomorrow if it's **fair** we'll go to the **fare**,
First we will breakfast with **pears**
Then in **pairs** we will journey with care,
Into the sun in our Sudan chairs.

Time to get back on board to resume the **cruise**,
Feel the passengers **stare** as we climb the **stair**
Onto the ship with the help of the **crews**,
Sailing into the sunset, tasting the salty air.

Autumn Haiku

Autumn is coming
Seasonal fruits plump and ripe
Bursting and juicy

Experimenting with Cinquain

What if
The world ? was flat:
Would we fall off the edge?
Water ? would flow away and we
Would die!

Let me
Say I love ?? you
All the way to the moon ?
And back and beyond for ever and
A day

My dog ?
Is a daft brush
Chasing her tail around
Barking at her own daft shadow
Love ?? her!

Wind ? blows-
Howls in the trees ?
Whispers in the graveyard
Screams in the rafters - scaring me
To death ?

Summer
Season of sun ??
Warming gardens into
Colourful bouquets ? for busy
Insects ?

Spring buds

Blossoming high

In the trees ?-birds fledging

Ready to fly, April showers catch

Us all

Winters ??

Chilled misty breathe

Frosting the window pane

Watching the world ? put on winter ??

White coat

Berries

Ripening fat

Blackberries juicy black

Hedgerows laden- weighed with harvest

Treasure

Rainbow ?

Touching the ground-

Where the treasure is found

Golden coins in the leprechauns

Silk purse ?

Things That Impress Me Most...

Things that impress me the most
Not looks, titles or networks
But love, integrity and kindness
These things impress me the utmost!

Things that impress me the most
Not likes, subscribers or followers
But humility, respect and manners
These things impress me the utmost!

Things that impress me the most
Not assets, power and money
But humbleness, generosity and charity
These things impress me the utmost!

Things that impress me the most
Not followers, fanbases or popularity
But selflessness, patience and positivity
These things impress me the utmost!

Things that impress me the most
Not pictures, labels or possessions
But compassion, honesty and softness
These things impress me the utmost!

Things that impress me the most
Not subscribers, status or qualifications
But happiness, gratitude, and passions
These things impress me the utmost!

The things that impress me the most
Are not things measured in quantity

But the measure of your quality
That's why ***I love you*** the utmost!

Social Media Lives

Our
Social
Media lives-
A blessing or
A new addiction?
Utopian rat race,
All that out-pouring of life
To inspect, admire and envy,
Are we living in a real world?
Checking people's likes and posts in minute
Comparing how we measure against others,
Allowing technology to count
Our true worth, counting the likes and
Popularity - not good
Living in this fake space,
Working very hard
To show perfect
Lives, social
Media
Hype!

Dark
Media
Internet,
Faceless bullies
Trolling the airways
Greedy feeding on
The sadness in our private life,
Posting vitriolic abuse,
Searching out the insecurities,
Hiding behind the anonymity
Afforded by internet media space,

Hurting the fragile existence of
The vulnerable searching for
Acceptance in the world of
Internet posts and likes,
Compounding the dark
Thoughts that cloud their
Minds - internet
Media
Blight!

Life's Influences - Another Etheree

Some
Towns are
Just very
Sad - depending
On the social scale,
Down trodden, weary worn
By day to day battles fought
To eek a living out of nowt,
Beggars on corners sleeping in doors,
Vacant eyes -bleary, unseeing and sore,
Tab end collecting, bargain hunting poor,
Lost souls without purpose and role,
Roam the market place in the hope
Of a place to hang out in
The shadows of despair,
Forgotten humans
Known for their
Poor street
Cred!

Some
Towns are
Just alive,
Rich tapestry,
Diversity bounds
On every street corner,
Riding high the social scale,
Vibrant, cheery, carefree faces,
Social climbers, professional packs
Hunting labels, pats on the back - assured,
Controlling their shares in the market place
Hoping to outsmart life's rich rat race,

Smart houses steeped in ancestry
The place to grow family,
Secured place on the map,
A place to hang out,
A town with form
Known for its
Rich street
Cred!

Limericks

There was an old gal who lived on a boat
She loved cakes and poetry she wrote
A slip twixt pen and mix
Created a right old fix
Jam on the page and a pen stuck in her throat!
?

There was a young girl who liked to run
And she timed herself just for fun!
Many miles she covered
Just to end up - God love her!
Back where she had first begun!

?

There was once a blind politician
To kiss many babies was his mission
He once kissed the wrong end
And the mother he did offend
So he stopped and sought an optician!

? ENJOY ?

?My Thought Shower?

?My Thought Shower! ?

'A right shower' of words I've written
Simple rhymes and phrases just for fun
A simple poem I have spun
Please read with caution!!

~

As an amateur word technician
I offer the word shower and its definition!

~

A warm shower to begin the day
Fresh and tingling from the spray,
A shower of rain to blight your day
Cold and harsh - less so in May!
A shower of leaves falling like confetti
Autumn floors and paths look messy,
A Baby Shower to herald new life
Becoming a mother not just the wife!
'Snow showers!' - children shout with glee
Ready for snowmen and a sledging spree,
Thought showers to promote creativity
Sharing ideas, captured talent for free,
A meteor shower scarring the night sky
Across the heavens they sparkle then die,
The word shower has been much fun
I believe my work here is now done!

Awakening

Awakening

The valley down below -freeze framed,
Slumbering under a blanket of mist,
Tree tops bubbling through
Like goose bumps on her skin,
Start of another day dreaming on,
Each branch, leaf and fruit bows low
In deference to her magical touch,
Animal kingdom hushed - she sleeps!
Stillness - a potent spell- cast over all
Quiet - Life on pause!
A collective breath in Dawn's score
Jewel encrusted carpet rolled out,
Like expectant parents we wait,
The river - a meandering scar of silver beauty
Dividing the valley floor, looking glass perfect,
The narrow boat silently cuts the surface,
The quiet takes your breath away-
Robs your voice lest you speak out loud,
Day teases night into submission
Under her blanket of mist she stirs
Throwing off her misty cloak
Dawn is ready to face the world!

A collection of acrostics!

Addiction is a condition!

Desirable and destructible

Dope sick!

Intense **I**nterfering **i**nfection

Compulsive and **c**ontrolling

Toxic

Ingestion

Overriding **s**anity

Neglecting **o**bligations

~~

Noise is an unwanted **s**ound

Obliterating **p**ease

Irrelevant **i**nformation

Strident **v**oices **g**rating

Ear **s**plitting **w**hispers

~~

Irrational **r**esponses

Raising **h**ackles

Readily

Impatient

Trying!

Angered

Tempers **f**laring

Indignation

Openly **o**ffending

Nearest and **d**earest

Limericks - a bit more practice!!!

There was an old mare from Idle
Who was feeling utterly suicidal
Her spouse had taken to the Devine
Every time she saw him he was supine
So she launched him to heaven in a capsule!

~~

There was a young bride from Kilkenny
Who on her wedding night said 'I am ready'
At which point her hubby confessed
I always sleep in a vest
So now she only sleeps with her teddy!

~~

There once was a headmistress from Bath
Who was well known for her terrible wrath
She was once caught in the buff by a pupil
The sight made the poor lad quite fearful
The headmistress job she no longer hath!

Drunk!

Drunk - on life?
Is that just an excuse
To drink the booze-
To hit the nightlife?

Drunk - to forget?
Do I become more numb
To hide what I've become?
The need of a drink and cigarette

Drunk - to function?
The happy face I present
To make me look brilliant-
To be able to hold conference!

Drunk - just drunk!
Who do I kid? I just drink
I can no longer hoodwink
You - it's all a front!

Drunk - I'm a mess!
Open another crate-
To that I can relate!
It's too late I confess!

Drink - takes me to the brink,
Reasons? See the above!
Alcohol - the continual buzz-
With or without it I will sink!

Autumn (Sedoka)

See Mother Nature

Newly Dressed in Autumn gear

Sounding summer's death bed knell

See Mother Nature

Filling animal pouches

Ready for winter's hard frost.

Homeless

Where will I lay my head?
Tonight where will I put my bed?
The estate agent would say-
A room with a view
Open plan living is the way
No maintenance due
No utility bills!
This des res - A place for my bed
In the night chills
Surrounded by dank brick red
Decorated moss green
Low maintenance - so true!
My view - the city lights beam
Passers by- family bound tube-
Turning a blind eye
To me and my plight
I watch with a sigh
Me in the shadows out of sight!
Preparing for the land of screams
My life- the sum of my bags-
Blankets - daily news reams
My bed cardboard and rags
In my open plan abode
Plot number two
The railway arches,near the road
My room with a view
Open air living - bracing!
Low maintenance
No utility billing
But very dangerous!
This is where I will lay my head?
Tonight this is where I will put my bed?

Tomorrow- if I wake to my homeless state
Who knows what will be my future fate?

Fountains Abbey

Nice
Autumn
Sunny day
Fountains Abbey
Monastic ruins
Towers reaching skywards
History- palpable lives past
Goose bumps felt in the autumn sun
Ghosts of monks walking the grand cloisters
An engineering feat of a time passed
Henry V111 - aggressor bringing the end
Hundreds of years of history in ruins
Cocooned in nature's safe hands
Manicured, in autumn's best
The follies- Fame and Piety
At the waters edge
Fountains Abbey
What a day
Autumn
Joy

Loss

Loss of time I could have spent better
Mislaid car keys, that important letter,
Overlooking appointments I should keep
Frustrating but not a time to weep.

Loss of money, haemorrhage of cash
Business crash - decisions that were rash,
Lost my way, in a black hole, in deep
Life changing - but not a time to weep.

Loss - loss of you, disappeared for ever
You - my light, my love, you so clever
Loss of you, no way back - grief so deep
A time of desperation, a time to weep.

A Day of Firsts- A Life Time Hereafter

A Day of Firsts ? A life time hereafter,
'I do' ? A promise of love ? on Oath
The first line of this new chapter-
Mr and Mrs ? the first kiss for you both
With your first dance of married life.

The handsome groom and beautiful bride
Celebrate these firsts hand in hand, side by side.

These firsts should not fade out of sight
Each day a new discovery,
Charting new firsts full of delight,
Saying 'I love you!' should be compulsory,
Kisses each morning, kisses each night,
A toast to the future, A toast to each other
A toast to your love shining bright.

The handsome groom and beautiful bride
Celebrate your journey with love alongside.

Keep dancing to the rhythm of love
Listen to the beat of your marriage ?
Capture the magic of many firsts ?
Together, make memories that age
To share with others chapter and verse.

To the handsome groom and his beautiful bride
I celebrate your marriage with love and pride.

Disappointed!

Disappointed!

Again I listen with a sigh
Knowing each word you utter is a lie!
A little of my soul, my inner light
Shines less bright.

Disheartened!

Disappointed!

The surprise, anticipated highs of my actions
Far exceed your muted reactions
A little of my soul, my inner light
Shines less bright

Discouraged!

Disappointed!

When those i aspire to be, show their true colours
Realisation- they are selfish not selfless - no thought for others!
A little of my soul, my inner light
Shines less bright

Despondent!

Disappointed!

When those I elected to speak what's in my heart
Become self-indulgent- Allowing democracy to fall apart
A little of my soul, my inner light
Shines less bright

Dismayed!

Disappointed!

I've never ceased to be this - over and over again
Let down so often by my fellowmen
The last of my soul, my inner light
Snuffed out- as dark as night

Dispirited!

Disappointed!

As I'm let down - six feet down -(so I'm told)

Without my inner light my soul runs cold

My final words planted at my head

DISAPPOINTED is what's read!

Disenchanted!

Mum

M-U-M -insignificant on paper-
Short - three letters in all -
Belies - I'm sure you will concur-
The fathomless depths of maternal
Love, friendship and selfless care,
The pride, the support given by mums,
Their arsenal of emotions laid bare.

M-U-M - insignificant on paper-
Short - three letters in all -
But each letter beholds a treasure
Unmatched by the biggest windfall,
Each letter - the key to my heart,
Why I celebrate you this and every day,
And why in my life you always play a part.

Mother of the highest order
Minder of my dreams
Maker of my wishes
Master of my destiny
Manager of my growth
Maddening at times!
Mainstay in my life

Unselfish in your role
Understanding in your deeds
Unable to put yourself first
Undeniably proud
Umpiring our lives
Undefeated in love
United in mutual respect

Mum significant in my heart

My friend,

My advisor

My confidante

Mum significant in my life

Master of magical moments!

Fills my life with sugar and spice!

Delight!

Delight?

Is there delight ?

In this pandemic fight?

Let's get delight- full!

Change the mindset in that skull.

Delight in unsung heroes

Doctors, nurses, those volunteer roles,

Delight in time to stop and stare

To show each other kindness and care,

Delight in the air you can breathe

The springtime birth - budding leaf,

Delight in the sun on your face

The world at a much slower pace,

Delight in what's being taught

The important things for which we fought,

Delight in those held dear

The lesson is very clear!

We don't need the rat race

Now we give each other space,

Now we consider others plight

Now we keep our neighbours in sight,

Now we focus on basic essentials

Displaying empathy - our credentials,

Delight in the hereafter-

Delight in the sound of laughter,

Living life at a slower pace

The world with a caring face,

Delight- be delight- full and humbled

At this time - when the world stumbled.

Dad - Captured in my heart

I framed you in my lens
Father and daughter- friends,
I captured your style
I captured your smile,
Snapshots of you - part of me
Printed deep in my memory,
My album of life - at each stage
References you on every page,
I zoomed into your love - your essence
Was snap happy in your presence,
You captured my respect - my admiration
To love you needed no persuasion,
But now you are still - the shutter closed
Leaving me confused and exposed,
Forever captured in my lens
Father and daughter - dear friends
Painfully we must exist apart
But forever freeze framed in my heart.

Over 10,000

Last night I couldn't sleep

Over 10,000 - sleep is eternal!

Today I awoke - another day to keep

Over 10,000 -day forever nocturnal

Today I can breathe spring air

Over 10,000 have drawn their last

Today I can stay home in my chair

Over 10,000 - their life is past

Today I am alive

Over 10,000 have died

Today I'm staying home to survive

Over 10,000 lost their lives

Today I stood and sighed

Over 10,000 lives to mourn

Today I sat and cried

Over 10,000 won't see a new dawn

What has this virus done?

Over 10,000 families left raw

When will this virus be gone?

Over 10,000 life's are no more!

Lockdown voyage!

Locked down!
Faces etched with frowns -
Our world shrinks
To the sum of our homes,
But minds free to roam.

Where to go?

World framed by a window pane
Room to room - couch to bed
But darker journeys in my head!
Imagination sets sail
Tossed in a sea of pain
Of loss, of fear, of those held dear,
Passing islands of despair
To see the anxiety locked in there.

What to do?

Read and write
An hour on the bike?
Bake and rake
An hour to jump and shake?
A drink - a brew
Binge watch a movie or two?
Weep and cry
For those who die?

Breathe in - breathe out
Bring that vessel about!

For darkness find light
For pain find comfort

For despair find hope

For anxiety find serenity

Captain your mind to navigate your destiny!

Bubbles!

Bubbles!

Lockdown bubbles our new address

Bubbles envelop us during this mess,

Bubbles of worry, loneliness or fear

Bubbles of hunger, poverty or cheer,

Bubbles - clear walls for us to see

Bubbles with shiny rainbow glee,

Bubbles in synchronised ballet

In a socially distanced way

Our bubbles - of which there are many-

Will - hopefully - only ever be temporary!

Today I Feel UTTERLY FEDUP !

Today I feel UTTERLY FEDUP!

UTTERLY FEDUP

Tired - mentally-

Tormented

Emotional

Restricted

Letdown

Yes - UTTERLY FEDUP!

FEDUP

Engineered lies,

Disappointed in

Underhand

People!

UTTERLY FEDUP

Toxic media,

Transitions to a life

Extinct as we know it,

Realisation

Life has changed

Yesterday is no more!

FEDUP

Enormous

Damage

Universally

Permeating our existence!

UTTERLY FEDUP

That I feel so

Tiny - non

Essential!

Routines newly

Laboured

Yearning old normal!

FEDUP

Exercising social

Distancing,

Unhappy

Participants in strange times!

Today I feel UTTERLY FEDUP!

The human beast!!

The human beast reaches out
The smell of freedom in its snout,
It's vital signs growing stronger
The hum of traffic - silent no longer-
Shouting over bird song symphony
That has recently kept it company.

The human beast reaches out
The smell of freedom in its snout,
Calloused claws carelessly scarring
Nature's fragile skin- shedding
Human excrement on its beauty,
Blatantly disregarding civic duty!

The human beast reaches out
The smell of freedom in its snout,
Awakening from its pandemic stupor
Flexing muscles- greed it's seducer,
Thirst for his old self - desirous!
If only this beast realised - it's the virus!

Ignorance

Living is easy with eyes closed
Ignoring life's problems posed,
Facts of life - often ugly and hard
Battled and scarred,
Don't cease to exist if ignored-
Creates rhetoric that is flawed.
Ignorance a human weakness
Ignorance our deepest secret!
The most ignorant don't know it
Won't admit it - their mind unlit!
Inability to change their belief
Inability to question the reality
No wish to open their eyes
Cockiness their disguise!
Their ignorance, conscientious
stupidity, dangerous indifference ,
Makes life harder - no surprise -
For those living with fear in their eyes.

Can?t Sleep!

Can't sleep, brain won't sleep
Too many thoughts run deep
Come on cerebrum your day is done!
Unable to sleep is no fun!
Thoughts race around Brainshatch
Chasing sleep I cannot catch!
Why? Why does sleep evade me?
Too many thoughts to leave be,
Too hot, too cold, plans afoot
For a future currently caput!
A day producing unbearable ennui
Followed by a night that is sleep free!
How to tire this frontal lobe ?
At 3am - as dawn wakes the globe-
Allow the word smith to compose-
Allow this verse of words to dispose
The thoughts inside my head-
Record in rhyme from my bed!
Now with fingers tightly crossed
No more sleep from this night is lost!
As now I have recorded all of them! -
Whilst I couldn't sleep - yes - at 3 am!