

# Anthology of Alf Willis

Alf Willis



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## About the author

I am a part-time poet. I cannot just sit and write one, it has to come to me. Sometimes this can be frequent, other times time goes by before the next one comes to me. I hope you enjoy these poems, as much as I enjoyed writing them.

## summary

A Lady Standing By A Gate

A leaf has fallen!

Blue To Grey

Fading Embers

Follow Your Dreams

O Heart of Love and Peace

So Full Of Dreams

Summer Came

The Graveyard Of Your Heart

The Hidden Harbour

How Beautiful The Scene

## A Lady Standing By A Gate

I saw a lady standing by a gate  
That led into a field. T'was late.  
She turned to look as I passed by  
And followed with her gaze.. I wondered why.  
And when I turned to take another look  
The image of her vanished.

Along the road I walked, the scene was clear  
But in my mind it seemed so very queer.  
Once she was there, next moment she was gone  
And on her golden hair, the sun had shone.  
But now, where this young lady stood  
Was only air.

## A leaf has fallen!

A leaf has fallen!  
Softly, slowly,  
Momentarily lifted by a gentle breeze.  
Turning over,  
Softly landing by the trees.

A puff of wind  
And over turned it rolls  
Landing at a lady's feet.  
It rests  
And so the two did meet.

She, bending down  
Took the leaf  
And held it in her palm.  
This golden, brittle texture  
In the woods, so calm.

She pondered  
If to take it home  
Or leave it by the tree  
From which she saw it fall,  
As if set free.

Between the tree and leaf  
The bond had been released.  
It's time to fall was here  
And new leaves in it's place  
Would give all glorious cheer.

## Blue To Grey

Blue sky gives way to softened cloud  
Then softly, stealthily, as a shroud  
The sky is fully covered, and  
Each moment, thickening,  
Becomes a blanket of grey mass ~  
A dismal scene.  
And a certain dimness of the view  
Brings change in countenance, and hue.  
We see the world a different place ~  
Gone the colour, and dim embrace  
In it's wake ~  
A somberness ensues.

## Fading Embers

The fire is fading in the hearth and  
Flames are just a glowing mound.  
The warmth is fading in the room as  
Is the quietening crackling sound.  
Soon when we're laying in our bed  
The glow will be no more.  
The fading embers will be gone  
Just like the night before.  
Then in the morning we will come  
And lay more wood and fuel  
All neat and tidy in the grate  
And ready for renewal.

## Follow Your Dreams

Follow your dreams, we often say or hear!  
But following dreams is always endless  
For the very act of "following"  
Implies never catching up.  
One step forward towards the dream  
Sees the dream one further step ahead.  
That is what happens when we "follow".  
So, what are we to do?  
What is the secret?  
What can we do to reach  
The inexplicable, and unattainable dream?  
Perhaps instead of following behind  
We need follow within the dream!  
Perhaps we are already within our dreams  
Inasmuch as our dreams are within us!



## O Heart of Love and Peace

O heart of love and peace we come  
Enter our hearts and in Your grace  
Bring healing of our many sins  
And be in us our everything  
To draw us close to You.

We come O Lord of highest heaven  
To sing your praise and lift our lives  
Into your presence whereupon  
We gaze upon your face and see  
The love that floweth forth.

Great God of heaven as peaceful dove  
Swirl down into our hearts and stir  
Our very being till we reach  
With arms and hands to take your grace  
And know your perfect peace.

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## So Full Of Dreams

How long the days when staring into space!  
How ever is it possible to erase  
The memories and moments  
Of joyous days now passed.  
Upon the ground beside the pool she lay,  
Her face with no emotion on that day  
Could show how deeply  
Ran her feelings unsurpassed.

So crowded was her heart, so full of dreams  
That seemed to fill her being, and like a stream  
That flowed forever;  
A ship with flowing mast.  
Now all was gone, her heart was now becalmed.  
Her living form beside the pond, embalmed  
With saddened face,  
And lifeless heart lambaste.

However could her heart revive, and smiles return?  
However could her lifeless form with passion burn  
And love revive,  
And joy return so vast?  
As eyelids closed, she slept, and peace revived  
The heart and mind that previously had dived  
Into a chasm of despair,  
Now felt such peace at last.

## Summer Came

We had summer for almost a week .. last week!  
It came suddenly one day and blazed across the sky  
With a haze so beautiful and blue  
And clouds so white and soft.

First one day, then the next and more that followed  
That I could not find any coolness and comfort  
And the dampness on my skin  
Felt just like a morning dew!

I don't like the heat. I am a cool person  
The discomfort is unbearable and I try to hide  
And find a place that's cool and comfy  
And one that brings relief more bearable.

And then, suddenly came, one morning, the rain  
I woke to it's welcome sound upon our roof  
And smiled at the anticipated coolness  
Both in air and within my own being.

Normality had returned  
And I welcomed it so much.

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## The Graveyard Of Your Heart

I looked into your heart today  
To try and find me there  
But saw the place where once we danced  
Was now all clear and bare.  
The grass was cut, the soil was tilled  
But nothing growing there.

I further looked with saddened eyes  
And spied a lonely mound,  
And in a hole within the earth  
A box was all I found.  
Upon a plaque my name was scrawled  
In the graveyard of your heart.

## The Hidden Harbour

Across the grassy fields there lay  
A hidden harbour and a bay.  
It wasn't secret, you should know  
Just not where many folk would go.  
And in this place I often lie  
And watch, each day, the boats go by.

I sit propped up against a bank  
And from a tea-flask often drank.  
I have a parasol above  
As glaring sun I loath, not love.  
And as I look upon the sea  
I'm also sheltered by a tree.

Out in the ocean sails a boat  
And oh, I hope it's still afloat!  
For it doth hold my dearest friend  
Whom many days and weeks doth spend  
So many hours in dangerous work  
When I had wished him be a clerk.

So this is why I'm always here  
Because my friend is very dear.  
And in this place he's always close  
Despite the crashing waves, so gross.  
And one day he'll be coming home  
And never more the seas to roam.

## How Beautiful The Scene

How beautiful the scene before me lies!  
Above all that is below, the sky  
With such deep blue, and movement  
Upon the sea, with soft and swelling waves,  
Brings motion amidst the stillness all around.  
Hereabouts is 'normal' where we live -  
And from our view there's nothing out of place.  
Life goes on - and what cannot be found  
As we the view enjoy  
Is all the turmoil and distress outside our scene  
And all the world throughout -  
Nothing is the same!

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