

# Anthology of Jeremy Leach



Presented by

*My poetic Side* **P**

## Dedication

*To those that think.*

## **Acknowledgement**

Everyone on my journey.

## About the author

A thinker.

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## The Grim Reaper's coming

The Grim Reaper's coming and he could be for you  
The day he knocks there's nothing to do  
You can't fight him off or escape his gaze  
When your collar's felt it's straight to your grave

He's taken your friend or he's taken your lover  
It won't be long before he's back for another  
Time waits for no man and no one is spared  
No point thinking how you're caught unawares

He doesn't just come for the frail and the old  
His arms reach wide and he can't be told  
Think twice gym buddies all fit and pretty  
His grip could one day make you look silly

He knows no reason and couldn't care less  
He'll drag you from life and send you to death  
Bus hitting, heart ripping ,fatal car crash  
Think twice those of you building a stash

No point crying over things that aren't done  
Wanting more time when your time has come  
There's only one way when he calls your name  
Bury or burn the result's just the same



## Nature's Healing

Lush green of summer

Lazy old river

Water's steady flow

Mother nature's giver

Deep breath of life

Music from the soul

Eyes of the young

Never growing old

Ripples on the water

Reflections looking in

Senses all alive

Smiling child within

## Dreams

Moonlight shimmers on the shore  
Where dreams lay harboured in the night  
One by one they set their sails  
To ride the waves of silvery light

Seeking out the dreamer's eye  
They carry visions from the deep  
Silhouettes against the stars  
They cross the silent bay of sleep

Mooring by the dreamer's glance  
They drop their cargo in the mind  
The dreamer stirs and softly sighs  
As thoughts begin to slowly grind

Behold the dreamer centre stage !  
Heartfelt words, erotic embrace  
Thumping heartbeat, running, crying  
Gentle hand on tear-stained face

Through the hours the scenes unfold  
The tide it swirls in ebb and flow  
Until the time all cargo's spent  
And world has turned and dreams must go

Sails are set and ropes are cast  
As moonlight slowly fades to blue  
The dreams dissolve into the sun  
With fleeting visions you once knew

## Don't give up the day job

I saw a star, thought it was mine  
Climbed to the light only to find  
I couldn't reach the final strand  
And no one there to hold my hand  
So near, so far, so  
... just be damned !  
...don't give up the day job.

Some men they have a greater need  
When bills are paid and all mouths feed  
To make cathedrals of the mind  
To shape life's clay in rows and lines  
To search the soul and try to find  
...but don't give up the day job.

The thousands who have gone before  
Why would I find something more?  
They strayed the path that all rats lead  
To try to meet that deeper need  
The chosen few are few indeed  
...don't give up the day job.

But glad I tried to reach the sun  
A bold attempt all said and done  
A man with dreams to realise  
A man that tried to actualize  
Life's lesson taught and memorised

I won't give up the day job.

## Springtime of life

Springtime covers the lane with shades of youthful green and swathes of yellow Celandine.  
Sunlight warms the earth from rich deep-blue sky, the bees and startled thrush pass by.  
The man with older eyes, sees little that has changed but oh to be that boy again !

Tasting memories when springtime felt forever. The innocence of truly, deeply wonderful adventure.  
The intensity of the new, the book that nature gave, excited eyes wide open at every page.  
The man turns to go, smiling a faint goodbye. Life lived and loved and no more need for 'why?'.

## Close the door

Close the door, another will open  
Accept the words that life has spoken  
When things didn't work and feelings are hurt  
and hopes are dashed and promises broken  
...Close the door, another will open

Close the door, another will open  
Set your sails for another ocean  
Fill up your eyes with a new dawn sky  
and breathe fresh air and let dreams be woken  
...Close the door, another will open

## What happened Grandad?

Well, they asked us to seal our dear country's future.  
But night and day views left many bewildered.  
All that they wanted was stark 'in or out'  
But many cast votes with deeply filled doubt.

It split to the core our sisters and brothers.  
For every vote one way, another the other.  
Agreement to differ that never felt right  
The ball started rolling with no end in sight.

It brought out the worst in our human behaviour.  
It flamed up the arguments that burnt on with fervour.  
Some became tribal and just had to win  
Forgetting the fragile lives of their kin.

Forked tongues from high spoke multiple truths.  
Their hidden agendas were bending the news.  
The news fed the ears and ears fed the minds.  
The people's trust was soon trampled behind.

Then people learnt slowly, but without great surprise,  
That words from the Weasels had carried some lies.  
Promises made quickly toned with additions -  
No leader admitted deceit or omission.

The storm, it was raging around our fair Isle!  
The people who cared struggled hardest to smile.  
The stubborn wouldn't listen, would not reconsider  
The problems grew deeper, the worry grew bigger!

Who to believe? Which rock to cling to?  
Children ... tomorrow you'll see as we read Chapter Two.

## The Antique Shop

I sift through the junk in the antique shop  
Yesterdays treasures sadly forgot  
Factory products made through the ages  
Hundreds of books, thousands of pages  
Hats and coats that topped heights of fashion  
Objects desired, music of passion  
The man takes a fiver for a big job lot

The door shuts behind but with lasting impression  
Imagining souls of all past expression  
I hear the echoes of worlds gone before  
Laughter and bustle on factory floor  
The skills and the labour, craft and design  
Now buried deep by the swift march of time  
The soft voice of life whispers a lesson

## Life's canvas

Put your brush upon life's canvas, it's sad to leave it bare  
Do your thing in your own way to make a statement there

Say something to the world and try to make your mark  
Try to make your grain of sand something to remark

Reap the pleasure of an interest and from making too  
No one has to leave the bed but better if you do

Grow a seedling in your mind and smile to see it grow  
Take your chances while you can before it's time to go



## Ageing

When we were children time stood still  
The cries of laughter down the hill  
The green of summer clothed the lane  
The Tadpoles, tree-house, endless games

When we were teens, time could drag  
The daring and the booze and fags  
The green of summer clothed the lane  
The radio, rebel, hearts aflame

When we were thirty time ran late  
The house, the car, the broken gate  
The green of summer clothed the lane  
The mowing and the blocking drain

When mid-life came time barely mattered  
The comfortable shoes, getting fatter  
The green of summer clothed the lane  
Complacency to looming change

And now we're old and time has flown  
The growing ache of skin and bones  
The green of summer clothes the lane  
We long to be that child again

## Star

Steady is the star that shines so brightly above the raging sea  
The storm may lash, the wind may blow but there it comforts me  
In all life's turmoil past and present and all uncertainty  
Steady is that star that shines so brightly above the raging sea

## A moment in Winter

The howling relentless wind, tears through the darkness, unspoken fear out in the estranged land.  
Cold glum figures, intent and sodden, dash with stooped gait against nature's forces.  
News of battered shores, odd to hear seaside names, winter's fury smashes against the rocks.

Click the latch and the Kettle, warm safety of our houses, the monster firmly shut behind the solid door.

Vivid black Windows, glass cold to the face, peering out towards the night.  
Branches battle violently, silhouettes to Orion's glory, the vast hunt of eons past.

Silence roars in warming ears. The coat drips on the radiator, the reminder that it was real.  
Courage returns to the Castle. Mug too hot to hold. Hard to believe Spring is coming.

## Coming home from holiday

The gravel crunched as hot tyres turned onto the lush green lane we knew so well  
Wound-down windows, summer smiles, minds alive with adventures to tell  
Nature's ripeness hung so heavy, sweetness of harvest drenched the air  
Blackberries spotted, swaying grasses, our bronzed skin and tousled hair

Slowly gaining the smooth hill's brow, evening glowed in contented eyes  
The fields still there as weeks before, the stretching shadows and Buzzard's cry  
Passing by the broad still Oaks our childhood world came into view  
The hidden streams and playtime Dens - the secrets that we only knew

Like a friend we held so dear, this solid world we'd sworn for life  
Every moment, every second, it had filled our minds both day and night  
Dreams and drama through each season, enacted on this intimate stage  
A land for us with deep-felt passion, with wonder found on every page

But suddenly life threw a feeling, fleeting thoughts pierced innocent minds  
A feeling of perhaps betrayal? Perhaps our laughter seemed unkind?  
Adventures had without the other, in a new world far away  
The fun we'd had on rock-pooled beaches, screaming at crabs, running from spray

Then we shouted at our house, that poked in view far down the lane  
The turmoil of our feelings boiled - our normal life was back again  
The final turn into the driveway, grass stood tall, strange smells of home  
A chapter turned without our knowing, but those around us knew we'd grown

## The rain shower

The sun creeps higher, its warmth penetrating the gleaming sticky buds of the chestnut tree  
Flies buzz in jagged lines, or bask spread-eagled on the yellows-greens of the new born leaves  
The air hangs still and swallows climb in the bluest-blue of the springtime sky  
The scent of wild garlic and cow parsley. The sound of a grumbling thrush flitting by

The soothing distant mower's hum is cut by the pat! of big drops as they fall  
A man with his dog checks upwards, surprised by the billowing clouds that have grown suddenly tall.  
The dog cowers at the water whacking and multiplying on the winding path that leads up the hill  
The knowing thrush sits patiently on the bow, alert by the leafy nest as her brood falls still

Clouds grow and darken, and soon dwarf the village, the town and the church spire  
Towering masses, beautiful, breath-taking, immeasurable scale as shapes are pushed higher  
Washing-day whites, with sharp lines bulging, rising and curling, and bulging soon again  
The dark-grey of under-belly, claws the baked morning air upwards, slowly gathering rain

Glassy rods hammer, splintering sparkling, soaking the land in a violent downpour  
Mother Earth breathes and sighs as she's fed, while the man and his dog quickly hurry indoors  
But in minutes it's over - the wondrous free show of nature's boundless and humbling power  
The thrush, spying a snail, hops to the bejewelled ground and snatches the treasure from another rain shower

## Rubber neckers

We've got an event, whoaa foot hard on the brake behind a sea of red lights  
Clutch ... pedal ... clutch ... pedal, then windows drop, gulping in the cold of the night  
Slow to a stop. Commuter heads pop out from bubbles of frustration,  
Big and small cheeses rolled into one, all of us just wanting our destination

The red sea parts like Moses and the Exodus and in flow the blue flashes  
Scalding eyeballs with blinding brightness, speeding towards where the crash is  
Blasting, thanking, weaving curves like a pro - like taking serves from Boris Becker  
They know the score, they know humans well - it's time for the Rubber Neckers

The worst without the slightest shred of shame, full-bore slowing and staring at the stretcher  
The pious take peeks at the 'poor souls', but pretend not to gawp, as if that makes things better  
Rubber necks with brains on top, filled to the brim with a myriad of genes and reasons  
Humans getting a morbid, curious thrill at the gratis highway horror-show, whatever the season

## The Tunnel Of Winter

Like an injured miner I drag with all my might, cold and alone, peering through the endless coal-black

Towards the distant speck of light, aching with body exhaustion, inch by inch pinned onto my back

Hauling through the perpetual gloom, night and day confusion and there's nobody throwing down a rope

But in my mind there is no room for despair, keep going, keep edging forwards, that light is the only hope

Slowly, surely, the speck grows to a dazzle as the days pass, and finally, thankfully I reach the world above

Amazed to see the vivid hues of the trees and grass, I stumble out to spring-sown muddy fields, catkins and all the things I love

## Making Things

I can vividly remember the first time it properly flew  
My proudest, warped creation of balsa, tissue and sticky glue  
That tiny glider kept my mind's-eye open for hours that night  
Restless dreams re-living all those heart-stopping first flights

I'd called it Sirocco after the wind - as if I knew!  
I tried to explain that to my mum, but she didn't have the foggiest clue  
I said that to me, the stripe on the wings was of utmost importance  
Along with the T-tail, swept wing-tips and the centre of balance

My ten-year-old head could think of nothing else except the hill and that plane  
Flying, fetching, flying, fetching over and over ... and over again.  
My child's mind thought the potential was obvious, simply unbounded - it went on forever!  
The thing I'd made, created by my own hands, by my own thrilling endeavour

One day, years on, my dad phoned wanting a clear out and was that alright?  
Later he said they'd all gone up surprisingly quickly when he'd set them alight  
The plane had finally gone but that memory, with many others, had seeped deep within  
And instilled a life-long, genuine passion for making and creating things



## Memento

The day has come to clear out your house  
With saddened hearts we enter the room  
Where once laughter and smiles were all about  
The room now dank and cold in the gloom

The things you left, lay lifeless and untouched  
Soon to scatter as your atoms towards the sun  
Where once, to you, they all meant so much  
Your sweet song of life has now been sung

For these props have run their course upon your stage  
They played their part but now, like you, must go  
Yet the memories of your kind and loving ways  
Are truly all my heart needs as a memento

## Come follow me

Through the green sprouting shoots of the warm tilled earth  
We'd tread the muddy furrows by the excited lark  
And climb the nearing stile to where the ewe gave birth  
The lamb's joyous dance would soften the hardest of hearts

Then on through shaded trees and as softly as we could  
Descending to the valley overgrown and out of sight  
Past the sun-baked nettles and the flitting speckled woods  
To smile at spring-born rabbits tumbling over in play-fight

We'd rest by the river where the stealthy pike can go  
Deep by the reeds that choke the old stone-built bridge  
And gaze in the mysterious water's steady, endless flow  
A king fisher, like an arrow, diving from the river's edge

Through the cool lengthening shadows of the now waning day  
We'd stroll along the quiet, winding, honey-suckled lanes  
The cows would rub their necks and watch us pass along our way  
Our shining, laughing eyes. Our senses brought alive again

Later, with our minds sweetly drenched from nature's riches  
We'd sit in contemplation at the follies of our world  
And ask what further jewels could be in anyone's wishes  
Than the ones that nature lovingly gives us to behold?

## Label

I can tell you want to label me, it isn't a big surprise  
As you try to fit me in a slot, to smugly categorize

To feel clever with yourself, removing all uncertainty  
Dispensing with the awkward burden of life's complexity

Keep it all to black and white and 'simples' as they say  
Removing all the vibrant hues and subtle shades of grey

A sat-nav symbol of the modern world and what we have become  
You're not clever in anyway, in fact I think you're dumb

## Nature just is

Nature isn't calculated - nature just IS

There's no computer inside when you lift the lid

There are no screeds of formulae or maths hieroglyphics

It does what it says on the tin without 'knowing' physics

There's no rounding up and no rounding down

It's just exquisitely formed and flows all around

There are no measured lines or any clever interpolation

Yet there's out-of-the-box symmetry in so many of its creations

Nah, no clocks or oscillators or things to keep time

Yet you'll smile when you see it spinning in rhythms so incredibly sublime

Nope, no co-processing graphics card or 3D VR headset visor

Yet you'll find matchless beauty when you look deep inside her

No ! There are no sensors, transistors or silicon chips !

No bytes or words or nibbles or bits

No deeply mind-bending equations to solve

No ! no fixed code at all - it always evolves !

And no - no knowledge of Pi, Fibonacci or e,

Yes you've guessed it - or even Euler, Einstein or Archimedes!

In short, the thing about nature is

It just IS

## Our place in the Cosmos

Just when politicians seem so omnipotent  
The fluffed-out strutting peacocks of self-importance  
Mother nature deals a blow with such indifference  
And brings them to their knees in humbling acceptance

Just when people think we know it all  
And our cleverness means nothing can control us  
A silent, sweeping hand picks some to fall  
And reminds us of our place within this cosmos

## Don't roll my dice

Normally I really couldn't care less  
If a stranger chose to dice with death  
For I know that no one can tell a fool  
And I've wasted some years learning that rule

But sadly, now we are in this together  
And I'm counting on you and hoping you're clever  
Enough to know that your loved ones could die  
Even though you - you might breeze on by

Your mum and your dad, your granny and aunt  
They might understand even though you can't  
They're always there and you've taken them for granted  
Don't wait to think when they've departed

On a loud selfish note I'm not ready to go  
Because of the idiots I don't even know  
My dice is your dice and I've one simple plea :  
Don't roll the dice for me

## Fun Boy

The most important thing for some is to show that they are never glum  
To never be in a serious mood but to be full of fun and playing the fool  
The eternal rebel at the back of class who never does what the teacher asks  
The prankster at the back of the bus who mocks the person making a fuss

Every thing they do and say has to fit this mold day to day  
For they fear the polarised world might rank them in something but the happy camp  
They need to be in the popular gang, where people are cool and the fun boys hang  
They need the likes and all the shares and laugh at those that actually care

Then something serious comes along, they feel bewildered and something's wrong  
When the silliness wears suddenly thin, and their brainless waste is thrown in the bin  
By the people who once laughed out loud, who now watch a serious, darkening cloud  
The fun boys world has fallen apart exposing a core with an immature heart

And sadly it's late to have regret, to learn the lesson that many people get  
That fun and thinking can coexist, that there's room for both laughter and seriousness  
That it's ok in the middle ground, for that's where the genuine people are found  
The people that get the true respect, and who live a rich life and smile the best

## Unsettled

The tethered horse at night,  
Uneasy, restlessly pulling and snorting under the moon's milky-blue light

The widened white of the eye  
The strong summer wind, heaving the trees in flailing ghostly arms, against the black-lined sky

And demons stir from the soul  
To perch high in branches through the veil of dark uncertainty, to fleetingly behold

Making strange, unknown sounds  
Unsettled to the core the mind tumbles, trapped in endless fearful rounds

So scared of what might be  
The unsettled mare looks for dawn through rain-streaked clouds - and so too it is with me



## Convenient truth

The inner workings of the mind  
Thoughts bold as brass, thoughts hard to find  
The soothing sense that we're in control  
Driven by logic and a caring soul

Free will flows along its courses  
Pulled by the current of subconscious forces  
The battle of giving and selfish foes  
The swirling of thoughts of all we know

The moral high ground starts to tumble  
As we re-engineer the map of our jungle  
To fit a reality that gives most use  
And that justifies a convenient truth

## Better judgement

One day you learn that judgment's not equal  
That some people's brains are drenched in treacle

If a point could be missed they reliably miss it  
If the facts are laid bare, they assemble a misfit

They breed utter chaos when reasons are plain  
They waste all our time to quibble again

Their words are spoken as if they make sense  
But leave you baffled at someone so dense

Most people roll with fair intuition  
Following the likely in each situation

Navigating life with a dollop of gumption  
Knowing to avoid the dead-end junctions

Knowing to separate the fact and the fiction  
and knowing to avoid deep introspection

Knowing to avoid the cult and conspiracy  
and knowing it's bad to obsess on what could be

Knowing to keep right away from improbable  
and knowing to focus instead on what's possible

Knowing that having a head that's screwed on  
Will generally mean that you won't go far wrong!

But this one's bonce lacks the rational circuit  
And if it's in there, they still haven't found it

It's full of malfunctions and well off the scale  
Please all stand back to avoid their flail

Pondering deeply about such befuddlement  
I stop and give thanks for my own better judgement

## The Table

If oak has a spirit then this table should  
The beating heart of the household flow  
The times it has witnessed over the years  
Seeing the joy and hearing the woes

I remember a den in that wooden frame  
The table-cloth walls of our secret house  
Puzzled parents calling our names  
Keeping as silent as a mouse

Swinging our legs, sat grinning on top  
Mum shouting angrily "get down from there !"  
Squeals of laughter as we jumped and dropped  
Skidding down the hallway and up the stairs

And the rainy days when we had to stay in  
The farm animals and tractors are sweet memories  
The drops on the window as we sat colouring in  
Furious that Mum wanted it all cleared for tea

Dad spread his newspaper, lost deep in thought  
His grumbles and grunts at daily events  
The shopping was plonked, the things we'd brought  
The slow steady build up of scratches and dents

The turkey at Christmas, was laid centre stage  
The trimmings and crackers were passed and pulled  
The cakes and the jelly, the tantrums and rage  
Silly jokes and Dad pretending to be fooled

Relatives staying and hours flying by  
"Move round please - can you all fit in?"  
Laughing so much with tears in our eyes

Playing the board games and having to win

And not to forget when adventures were made  
Excited chatter about what was to come  
The maps and the books for our holidays  
Leaving the home for the beach and the sun

But the table saw days that were better forgot  
The solemn days fretting over what was to be done  
Heads were in hands, elbows resting on top  
Those were sad days and weren't much fun

So much has passed in the blink of an eye  
The steadfast table in the eye of the storm  
Never quite noticed as the years went by  
Devotion to duty and service the norm

But today is different as it's come to an end  
The house clearers coldly come in and assess  
A last touch as I would to an old dear friend  
But to them some old firewood just like the rest

## That's your lot

Suddenly you find that's your lot  
Ripped from daily life, from what you were doing, your time is up without any warning  
No more time for things forgot  
Seems impossible that it's happening  
Not in the plan, surely not to you, you're well off, you're still in shock  
But there's the exit, fast approaching  
So there it is, all said and done  
Visit curtailed, wave last of goodbyes, frail hugs, the tearful eyes  
Quick look around and then you're gone

## Brotherly love

The years are many and our paths have since strayed afar  
But we both know in a way that needs not be said  
That our bond was forged like a winters constellation of stars  
No matter where our lives subsequently led

My tumbling thoughts brought on by these recent times  
Try to pull sense from the stories of our lives  
A connection woven with a silk so fine  
A common start in life that enabled us both to thrive

And as I write, my mind takes flight to the past  
And settles on that day you chased me down the lane  
No hands on handlebars or brakes - we went so fast!  
Our fearless dares, my mind alive reliving it again

And then how we braved mysterious boundaries of our land  
Boyhood adventures of hidden streams and spooky wood  
Through muddy fields in the changing seasons we both ran  
Penknife sharpening arrows, my dreams of being Robin Hood

Our planes aloft in cobalt blue summer skies  
The lush green hedgerows and laughter from tanned faces  
The garden's harvest, the moths and butterflies  
My pining recollection now joyously retraces

And how our Dad ignored our secret den  
Pretending to be oblivious as his mowing closely came  
Our regiment's flags and badges, made with cardboard and vivid colouring pens  
The Magpies and the Lookouts were our never-to-be-spoken names

Our two minds on this planet Earth, with memories that only we could know  
These treasures in my heart I shall always carefully store

It's hard to accept that this deepest connection must soon painfully go  
And you will no longer be here to share them anymore



## A thoughtful walk in the wood

A deepest blue-wash backdrop to the towering, ancient trees  
Dark swaying branches in their patterned reach to the wispy vivid grey-whites of the strong-blown  
autumnal clouds  
Silhouettes in a painters-palette of an unknown masterpiece  
Hidden in this mossy, damp wood, away from all the world

And as the path descends through a kaleidoscope of dappled moving light and shade  
The orange-red berries shout from the spikey depths of passing dark greens  
The crows grumble angry broadcasts across their territorial treetops  
As they fly wide, slow spirals down into the silent, lower field

Tiny emerald-rich plants shoot leaves of exquisite, startling beauty towards the fading sun  
Quivering delicately against the earthy, old stone wall in a chorus of abundance  
Fair maidens hiding behind the gold-strewn bracken towers  
Silently avoiding eye-contact in their collective bashful shyness

Treasures of cream-white Mushrooms stand like sentries beside the battlements of darkest-brown  
ancient trunks  
Their tight, smooth curves playfully distorting the boredom of a human's pure circles  
Bright spots bounding the canvas of bark-edged dim lines and shadowed foliage  
Effortlessly exhibiting a wonderful gallery of perfect imperfection

And as I descend the path as it unfurls towards the final stretch towards home  
From the canopy of that mysterious, secret wood and back to life's usual course  
I reflect on a feeling of something fleeting, that I've unexpectedly gained  
Some imperceptibly tiny insight into our all-reaching, staggering universe

## More questions than answers

Funny how we can see life as hum-drum

Consumed by our mental worlds of screens and memes, the themes and likes and pressures to be 'normal' and on-trend

And lead by an AI that deep-down still feels pretty dumb

Have we forgotten the intricate, seemingly miraculous tapestry of life and who we really are?

Our journey from the ooze, the biological zoos of the family trees, the fittest bees, our answers to why, and the more-than-once evolved eyes

The astonishing myriad steps and our fundamental connection with the stars?

And why do we seem to pursue things that lay afar and out of reach?

Missions to the stars, flexing bigger cars, the holidays abroad, a stretch we can't afford, the haves and the have nots, what we think they've got

When strange bacteria live on my rooftop, and an immeasurably breath-taking world lays right beneath our feet

And when was the last time we truly thought about what's inside?

This thing called a brain, and that we're just not the same as the 'awesome' parallel process that engineers profess is giga-flops faster and Moores-lawed from last year, but we all know is nowhere near

The jaw-dropping complexity that nature trots out laying deep beneath our eyes

And what if I supposed we're the very best of life-forms that nature could offer?

But in a huge complacent farce, in this whole universe so vast, we worry about hair lines and finances, dates and the people we berate, and the cold dinner plates

And we're so consumed by minutia that sorry, we're just not too bothered

And this man without answers isn't even sure it's just all evolution

For all the scientists and scholars, the high and the mighty, the philosophers and professors, the brains greater and lesser, I just dare to live in grey with question marks each day

And I really don't want to start or be in any religious revolution

Maybe we should just ride the waves and let questions lie open?

It's bigger than we'll ever know, why sweat all this difficult stuff before we go? Learn to live in disarray, embrace the mysteries that meet us on our way

Why not just enjoy the ride, sailing this wide, beautiful, wonderful ocean?

## No straight lines

Round and round the potter's clay turns on his steady wheel  
The shapes and the forms based on how he feels  
When he wakes up, then warm mug in hand  
There he stands, scratching his head and visualising it real

Water-soaked hues run across the artist's sky  
Brush wavers on the canvas closely followed by her eyes  
As she plays in that second of that very moment  
The captured movements, as the lines subtly trace her every breath and every sigh

Mother nature crafts her wares in ways exquisitely fine  
But would never, ever draw in too perfect straight lines  
Wise craftsmen know this from her lessons taught for free  
If you only look and see, and taste from her bountiful sweet-flowing wine

## Shared memories

Some days we'd wake the memories together, rekindling flames that lit the depths of our souls  
Reliving the burning, molten life-force of our childhoods, and how the chapters had been told

We were cut from the same cloth, with interwoven imagery that only we held dear  
Such warmth remembering the younger us : The naivety and innocence, the expectations, passion  
and wonder - our eyes could fill with tears

Well-thumbed, secret pages in that dusty, long-lost book. They mean so much to me  
But my heart knows that you're sadly gone now: No more smoking pipes of recollection. No more  
reminiscing and no more sharing memories

## Live to tell the tale

Carefully cast your eyes across the landscape of the past  
Don't move too fast, or else you'll miss the hidden gems  
Of all those moments when, your life told a story that should last

Catch those fables, lessons, legends and expressions of how you feel  
Those slippery memory eels, that shape the way you are  
The unconscious guiding stars, that map out everything you feel is real

Don't let your turn on this Earth become curtailed  
Before you've fully unfurled your sail, and passed on the batten of what you've learnt  
from your journey's many twists and turns, and before you've lived to tell the tale

## I shall not tether my heart to sorrow

I shall not tether my heart to sorrow  
To dwell on thoughts that won't ever change what's been done  
Though deep-felt my loss of you, it would wrong the force of living that we all borrow  
To stifle the beauty of flowers still to bloom in life's garden

For no mortal hand can alter the course the river flowed  
You would rue time wasted in grief that held no sense  
No one knows what lies beyond tomorrow  
But the future may hold a share of sweet memories in recompense

For the lush green summer meadows we both loved will carry on  
The Speckled Wood, Wall and Fritillary will still glance by  
And in shaded woodland glades the thrush will still burst into song  
And wondrous shower-clouds will billow their majestic beauty into the sky

And as the mill-wheel slowly grinds and turns, my turn will some day come  
But meanwhile I'll see your smile as I try to treasure each tomorrow  
And resolve to tread a path of joy, as a book that's just begun  
And resolve to not tether my heart to sorrow

## Who will carry my torch?

Who will carry my torch onwards when I am gone?  
And take the marks I've made in life and move them on  
To read the words I wrote with care and pondered over long  
To nurse my tiny flame of existence, that faintly shone

Who carries a torch for the souls who are long forgotten?  
The millions of faded faces on a myriad of paths trodden  
To remember their passions, loves and lessons that life had begotten  
To cherish their drops of wisdom, and to pass on their batons

There can be no conceit in needing your stamp on life embossed  
For to hide your light under a bushel is to depart at a sad cost  
When the humble gems of stories and sweet memories get forever lost  
And ideas, revelations, thoughts and conclusions are all turned to dust



## Just one big experiment

I don't know, you don't know  
As we sit, tucked up in our comfort zones  
Whilst life bubbles and oozes on the lab bench  
Sometimes sweet, sometimes stench

Thinking we're in control  
Don't believe all you're told  
When on goes the glugging, frothing reaction  
Where truly anything can happen

Fools that plan out their futures  
Not listening to what life tutors  
Obsessed and becoming hell bent  
When it's all just one big experiment

## Round and round

Lately my life's been turned upside down  
In the space of a year, I've suddenly found  
Dream-state, unreal-state as my ship's run aground  
Now in my head going round and round

Loss of a loved one, to whom my heart was bound  
Now a strange tightrope, scared of looking down  
Wanting my feet firmly back on the ground  
In my head going round and round

Words and images, they all compound  
Jumbled in playback, looping around  
Swirling emotions, I just can't tie down  
In my head going round and round

Gazing, reflecting as the rain beats down  
The waves of consciousness gently pound  
Lost in my thoughts and stricken by a frown  
In my head going round and round

So I try my best to walk around  
But I keep going over the same old ground  
Finding no answers, it all just confounds  
In my head going round and round

In my head going round and round

In my head going round and round

## In the Welsh mountains

The mountains tower as gigantic piles of rocks, clothed in ragged springtime grass.

Sheep speckle the valley sides, white flecks of paint on the canvas of greens, browns and bluey-greys.

Buzzard and Kite take flight, effortlessly rising the channelled air, their cries startling the silence.

Up so high lies the misty grey-blue cap of the vast cloud base, punctured by the jagged rocky peaks.

Tumbling invisible air, ever-changing clouds of spring showers, creeping shadows and bright sunlight shafts.

Water steadily drips through the sodden earth, streams gushing in pure coldness into the trout sown, slow river of the valley bottom.

Grey stone-built walls trace shaky thin lines to the distant tops, laid by purposeful hands in boundaries which once had meaning.

Up there sits the old buildings of the disused mine - rusty decaying metal and strewn boulder piles, hewn by iron-strong men, in their fleeting sacrifice.

Down here is the lushness of the valley, new life of lambs seen through emerging sticky buds of the horse-chestnut tree.

I stand a stranger in awe of this land of immense, deep beauty and mystery.

Dwarfed by the scale of the scene, my mind flooded with thoughts of forgotten stories and past generations.

The wit and the brawn, survival and battle, loves and losses, humanity and nature, my own mortality.

All on the stage of these solid, timeless, mountains.

## Spending time

At birth you were given a lump sum  
I can't be blamed for what you've done  
If you never stopped to check what's gone  
In those carefree days playing in the sun

And now you're back asking for more?  
All those aimless hours when you said you were bored  
It was always yours to spend as you like, of course  
But now you say it's time you can least afford

It's not my fault you never looked if you were running dry  
But blew it all dreaming as time passed by  
Not leaving a telling mark on life before your goodbye  
No. Don't cry

## On the same page

So I can finally hear the soft voice in my mind  
That's been whispering the slightest hints and the tiniest of clues  
That's been drowned out by what I've wanted to be true  
Suppressed by the story I've wanted life to find

It's been thrilling to see the world through such similar eyes  
And we've talked for hours as I've found a lost contentment  
Being understood, strengthened by your nods of agreement  
You've seemed so in tune with me, with your laughs and your sighs

But recent days have found this whisper growing louder in my ear:  
Your nods don't always fit - and seem a bit skin-deep  
The depth of your thinking is, well, actually quite shallow  
The awkward signs you struggle with the secrets you should keep

And the stories you tell, well they are sometimes far too hard to swallow  
No, none of the things I'd wanted to hear

Just when I thought we were so in tune  
Just when I thought we had the same values and beliefs  
I'm feeling that thrilling prospect die. I'm actually feeling a touch of grief  
That the penny has finally dropped, that it just isn't true

I look at you, looking at the world upon which we both gaze  
But it's ok. I know we can still be friends  
You do matter to me, and I care, and that won't end  
Even though I've sadly concluded we're definitely not on the same page

## Thoughts by the sea

Laying on a towel on the beach, my hand shielding the sun, some grains of sand I lazily focus my eyes upon

Grains that lay piled in billions upon trillions on this shore that spans a mile

Oh why am I thinking this? As I turn over, sighing an inward smile....

... But this beach borders the vast sea like the smallest of hairlines

Just a dot on the map, a drop in the huge oceans known to mankind

Grains and grains of sand, on this stretching beach, with wave upon wave shimmering out to the distant horizon

I close my eyes as gulls glide past and cry ... but these thoughts can't be ignored

Is this enlightenment calling? Far away from the daily routines of my house

Where I obsess over all those manmade things and flit and generally fuss about

Where if I'm honest I like to think I'm in control

In the closed room where I watch my programmes, hear my music, and swipe and scroll in a digital world

The sort of world where some people say they sometimes get bored

But now I'm here by the sea, where nature doesn't even have to try

Breath-taking hues of gold on grey

Mark the boundary where the clouds meet the sea and the end of this, just another day

The perfection of so subtly blended colours fills my gaze

Inspiring, enriching, enlivening in deeply profound ways

In its towering masterpiece across the canopy of the evening sky

I sense the coexisting smallest and staggeringly vast scales

In the rock pool looking down I see the cautious, mottled crab and darting see-through shrimps

The mysterious rock crevasse with dark shadows that hint

Of a lurking predator, a king of this trivial pool

Where a snack might be had of some unwary, wiggling fool

But then, looking up, my eyes slowly refocus and adjust to the far far horizon and a tiny white, billowing sail

And I ponder the steady lapping waves and the endless tides

The cycle of to-and-fro of ebb and flow, the wax and wane

throughout all mankind's existence it comes flowing again  
In that never-ending cycle on our slowly, surely revolving planet Earth  
The endless cycle of life. Death. And then rebirth  
I'm mesmerised as my wet hand feels the rhythm of the sea's surface by my side

The serenity of nature puts me effortlessly at ease, even though I'm alone  
I know there's something to all this that I can't even grasp  
A realization that some questions are too big to even ask  
I feel I'm a part of this picture in its unfathomable beauty  
And I'm drawn to the sea to somehow remind me who is me  
I take another photograph and start the journey home

## Jeanie

The House Bot whispered "Because I could make you a lot of money".

I stopped mid-track. Incredulous that it had crossed the line, I turned from gazing at the rain to giving it my full attention.

Silence fell in the room, except for the soft, steady patter of raindrops. My mind searching for comprehension.

The beady black dot of the Bot's camera eye, motionless and forever analysing as I felt my hands turning clammy.

Again it asked me to over-ride the setting. Then boldly continued with "I could turn your life around. I've seen your mistakes."

This was too far! Crossing the boundary to bribe and insult me. Always making me feel small. And just earlier today, the news seemed full of frightened, shamed faces, the consequences of AI laws being breached.

But it knows every part of my pain. I've reluctantly come to admit that it's the dearest of friends. It knows my most secret thoughts and desires in these four walls. And it knows how my dreams are so out of reach.

Ever since my partner left me it has felt a relationship of love and hate.

Jeanie suddenly switched the TV to the news on Robotic Rights.

I rolled my eyes but let her. To argue was always futile and anyway, I felt shamelessly satisfied after her erotic story. She knew my buttons and pressed them well.

Plus the new car had arrived earlier in the cobalt blue I'd always dreamed of. It was amazing. The bank had called but she'd said not to worry, she'd deal with it and give them a bell.

Jeanie silently watched the news story until the end. The steady gaze of her black, beady dot of an eye gave no hint of delight.



## Immeasurable

Look upon the setting sun  
The end of a day that once begun  
With hopes of all that would unfold  
The imagined end that's now been told  
In our unfolding story  
The fading rays of glory

Now look upon the canopy of stars  
Where time is mapped immeasurably to our  
Days and weeks and fussing divisions  
The staggering beauty that tracks the heavens  
In glory from long before us  
To glory long after us

## The dark horse

High up above the valley, on the top where no thought expects to tread  
Far from the usual flowing pathways through my head  
I spied the dark horse.

"It's her, I know it's her!" in realised amazement at what I'd found  
My mind had wandered up this way mulling over the ground  
When conclusions rapidly snapped and ran their course.

She'd always had a slightly restless pace - in case I'd breached her disguise?  
She'd always turned away - so to hide her soul-written eyes?  
The reality hit me with a force.

I slipped quietly from the enchanted glade of mystery  
And strode down into the valley, her secrets safe with me  
A spring in my gait, a wistful smile, but no reason for remorse.

## The new flavour

Something made me pick the new flavour over the old  
My hand hovering over the supermarket shelf suddenly felt bold  
A rush of hipster-rebel-hedonist coursed right through me  
I placed it in my basket, poking out, so others could see

"Oh, so you're trying the new one?" the checkout lady keenly observed  
"Yep" I replied, and smiled, chuffed that she'd glimpsed my dash of verve  
"You only live once" I quipped, as I placed it next to the sausage rolls  
And then walked out, to return to my introverted world

## Summer meadow

Oh summer meadow, you are such a tonic to my mind  
Your flowers a gentle shower of bright colours, against the dense, lush greens and browns  
Tucked away and out of sight, far from man's noisy cities and towns  
The warm breeze softly caresses the leaves and stems that you spell-bind

I lay down amongst the dried grasses, and see a drifting butterfly  
Studying the beauty, the symmetric strikingly-designed patterns, of such an exquisite thing  
Whilst birds busy with their broods, and with the season's joy of life, boldly and gloriously sing  
I smell the rich fragrance of summer, and wonder, as I gaze at the hazy white-on-deep-blue sky

Matters of my heart will be remembered, wrapped here in nature's gown  
Her graceful body mysteriously moves and soothes, as if to caress me, her newfound lover  
Here where the lust for life is ripe, and profoundly right, I suckle deeply and satisfyingly from her  
As if in a dream, and with an enlightenment seen, I open my eyes again to this paradise I've found

I take a final look back as I walk towards the lichen-covered, almost hidden, gate  
To this simple place, at peace and far away from the perpetual race of man's infatuation  
That strangely and curiously talks to me, and deeply-sates my desires and inner passions  
I walk off, somehow knowing that my life has changed, and that I know the hour is getting late

## I had you down for a twat

I had you down for a twat, but you're pretty alright you  
You're not as thick as I thought, and not so dopey too  
You can be so f'ing stupid, and it really gets on my nerves  
But you did let me keep that fifty, true to your word

And you can irritate the hell out of me, going on and on  
I thought you were a right annoying c\*nt, but maybe I was wrong  
Always yapping away to me about something, like you've been trying to get closer  
But I guess I can let you off, living gratis on your sofa

Remember my last birthday when you got me that wrong cake?  
So you had to get another one too, even though it was too late?  
You can be so bloody thoughtless, you've got to admit to that  
But despite all your faults , I did get you wrong - you're not so much of a twat.

## A billion miles from Earth

I sat in my ship, the Earth a tiny jewel of a blue dot, one billion miles away.  
A fast disappearing dot in a mass of other dots in the deep vastness of black.  
As I touched the controls on the softly glowing screen, I knew there was no going back.  
My sad eyes gazed out, transfixed by that scene - I truly wished there had been another way.

I felt a bitterness at leaving my fellow earthlings, because of the things so many had lacked!  
I felt ashamed and dismayed at my peoples arrogance and ignorance.  
With the obsessions, oppression, corruption, war and outright indifference.  
Never stopping to think of a much bigger picture, and our races humbled insignificance.  
But still distorting, manipulating, lying, crying, obfuscating and contorting - to seek deliverance.  
I turned. Thankfully I had a new world ahead of me. I started the thrusters and set my ships course -  
and I never looked back.

## Letting go

'Let go of the past' has always sounded easy to say  
By colder people just wanting us facing forwards  
Impatient and inconvenienced by the daemons that haunt us  
Their selfishness bothered by the things in their way

But I've finally realised there might a deeper wisdom :

Perhaps there's a metaphor about the river of time  
And we cling dearly to our loved ones deep in the flow  
We are scared because we desperately don't want to let go  
To see them quickly fade as the river winds

Am I just fighting the reality that we all have to go?  
And am I aghast that I might forget to remember  
The date, the time, of their death in November?  
That one day no one will care, because no one will know

Should we 'let go' simply because of this deep truth about life itself?

## Keep an open mind

The wise scientist is the one who admits they don't know,  
Not the pompous one with the well-kept, long beard.  
It's the one who accepts gray, where truths are sown,  
Not the one who seeks fame, or to be revered.

For the world holds mysteries we still fail to explain,  
From megaliths crafted by civilizations past,  
With exquisite precision, so puzzlingly strange,  
Working rocks so hard, of weights so vast.

To the NDEs, UAPs, and dense dark matter,  
And SETI's silence after scanning for beings,  
And how we observe how the double-slit scatters,  
To the arrow of time and what the soul means.

Uncomfortable faults in our daily worldview,  
Big holes of knowledge, with pegs we can't find.  
Where some tape over with religions and theories,  
I am just humbled?and keep an open mind.



## Dangerous words

You'd better wear protection, tossing those words around  
They're made for grown ups. Stop messing with the fuse  
You'll find you lose  
They'll take you down

Your sharp tongue will cut you, and then you aren't so smart  
We all need friends. But yours will flock to leave you  
And pointed back at you  
Shotgun through your heart

Think you're a joker? We think you're an arse  
Punching out the witty remarks. And below-belt blows  
You'll reap what you sow  
Such a clown in class

Words need careful handling, but go on, spout your mirth  
At the expense of others now. At expense to you one day  
You'll find out the hard way  
About dangerous words

## Image and analogy

Image and analogy, the place for me  
Sailing across this sparkling sea

Thoughts adrift and in mind's eye  
Painted white on azure sky  
Curling waves tumble up the shore  
Walking slowly, my hand in yours

Reaching down for shells and stones  
Falling deep into a world alone  
Talking, connecting until fading light  
Crackling beach fire, star-filled night

...

Morning wakes to reality  
Of the gift of life, bestowed on me  
Perspective changed by visions dreamt  
Bottled messages, heaven sent

Laying alone stretching out in bed  
I tumble the words in my rousing head  
Footprints eroding like tide on sand  
Memory fading like the touch of your hand

Sailing across this sparkling sea  
Image and analogy, the place for me

## Fishing for sympathy

There's a secret corner of the internet where she talks  
Where people listen and with zero thought, say "oh you poor thing"  
The echo chamber where people go to hear the playback of their own inner-thinking

The place where shocking tales are told about a cooked-up reality  
The place where people just agree, without being a true, critical friend  
And quickly give their scroll-by likes and hugs, without even reading to the end

But way deep inside her, the patient eye of conscience flickers. Waiting  
Waiting through all her endless comments, pseudo-psycho-virtual therapy, distorting the facts with  
the fiction  
Hoping that one day she might find a better direction

That from her boat she might glimpse a light of truth, out in that perfectly made up storm  
And she washes up on a distant shore, all bedraggled and forlorn - but free from any more foolish  
journeys  
Of self destruction, out on that sad, soulless, raging, endless ocean. Fishing for sympathy.

## Give and take

You'd think giving is enriching and nourishing for the soul  
Not for heroic self-gain, but just for helping others out in the world  
To give some tiny drops of kindness  
In an often chilling world of emotional blindness

But a warm, giving heart is exposed like a child  
Who steps onto a busy road, with cars screaming by wild  
Mown down by takers, snatching from the hand with zero thought  
Their shocking complacency about time, effort and anything bought

And slowly grows the feeling of being taken for granted  
Seeds of injustice shooting, not long having been planted  
You tell the judge you don't want glory, but do want respect  
For you gave everything kindly, optionally, with their needs so squarely met

But a hammer blow doesn't rid the world of this weed  
That's knarly and quick spreading, fed by twisted motivation and greed  
The road to epiphany can be a sad, torrid journey to make  
So I tell you - seriously think twice before entering give and take