

# Anthology of Poeticpayne

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*For my wonderful father, taken from this Earth before his time.*

## summary

It's okay to laugh at funerals.

The Stolen Season

A Hostage Situation

Oblivion

No Father Christmas

Nest Egg

Sympathy Hyenas

Cardiac Music

Nothing

One of the Hopeless

Lost Happy Returns

Dandelion Wishes

Sight for the blind

The willy weapon and the wandering eye

## **It's okay to laugh at funerals.**

**It's okay to smile at funerals,  
like I always smiled at you.  
At all the clever and funny,  
things you used to do.**

**It's okay to giggle at funerals,  
reminiscing your cheeky grin.  
I shouldn't cease when realising,  
the room that I'm stood in.**

**It's okay to laugh at funerals,  
I laughed at you a lot!  
Why should a silly funeral,  
be the reason that I stop?**

## The Stolen Season

**Spring is young, crisp and free,  
Spring is the hopeful child in thee.**

**Summer is bright, bold and steady,  
Summer is adolescent, eager and ready.**

**Autumn is calm, fruitful and sure,  
Autumn is adult, strong and mature.**

**Winter is wonderful, brisk and plenty,  
Winter is a season denied to many.**

## A Hostage Situation

**An army of tears march upon my happiness.**

**WAR, you say?**

**I'm beaten down, surrounded,  
retreat is not an option.**

**I raise the white flag, overwhelmed by the enemy.**

**You may have captured me today,  
..... but I'll never talk.**

## Oblivion

I've been here before,  
I'm due no surprise,  
But enveloped again,  
A loved one dies.

Lungs restrict breath,  
Numbness implies,  
All feeling is gone,  
Yet they fall from my eyes.

This is familiar,  
But a different assume,  
Swallowed whole,  
By this thick, dark room.

Cast of clouds,  
Stomach churning,  
Muscles disloyal,  
Heart is yearning.

My world is changed,  
Yet it's the same,  
Time stands still,  
But the clock ticks again.

Now I walk among strangers,  
In oblivion.  
Dont they know,  
That HE is gone?

## **No Father Christmas**

**Turkey in roast,  
Wine pouring,  
Children giggling,  
Oh Dad! I'm in mourning.**

**Carol singing,  
Christmas cheer,  
Crackers snapping,  
Oh Dad! You're not here.**

**Lights twinkle,  
Presents new,  
Candles glowing,  
Oh Dad! I miss you.**



## Nest Egg

Bestowed with riches  
Yet only health and fierce love  
Delivers true wealth

## Sympathy Hyenas

A gust of wind tickles my face  
Reminding me i should smile  
People are observing my mood  
And I realise it's been a while

I drag my mouth northbound  
And twinkle my dull eyes for show  
If my eyes aren't quite bright enough  
I'll look sad and they will know

Insignificant topics ventured  
As chattering carries the floor  
I just don't want to hear the words  
"Are you okay?' anymore!

I pinch myself back to the group  
Laugh at something I didn't hear  
Executing my clever plan  
To avoid that question i fear

They don't want a truthful answer  
They want me to say 'I'm okay'  
Repeatedly I lie FOR them  
So that THEY are not in dismay

My grief feels unfairly hijacked  
When I feel sorrow so deep  
I avoid this stupid question  
Like body and mind avoid sleep

A gust of wind tickles my face  
Suddenly, don't know what to say  
The pack pounce like hungry hyenas

.....

"My goodness, are you okay?"

## Cardiac Music

My heart only beats

Whilst there is rhythm in my life

## Nothing

I tumble in darkness,  
Scared, lonely.  
This world is pointless,  
Empty and cold.  
No desire to learn the world  
I have been tossed into.  
It's shapeless, torn and ugly.  
My emotions burst from me,  
then I am numb.  
Cannot remember touch,  
Love, protection.  
Why does your face fade  
when I try to see you in my mind?  
I am broken without you.

## One of the Hopeless

Sometimes I wish I had religion,  
Then I could see  
Past my reality  
Into 'their' eternity...  
...But don't you see?  
I could never be  
That's just not me  
I'm out, assertively

Sometimes I wish I had religion  
I'm jealous of those  
Who I suppose  
Have fewer woes...  
...But decisively I chose  
No Lordly hero's  
And my atheism grows

Sometimes I wish I had religion  
So now that I grieve  
I could believe  
Love can be retrieved...  
...I remain aggrieved  
With no reprieve  
No hope received

"lest you sorrow as others who have no hope" (1 Thessalonians 4:13, 14)

I am one of the HOPELESS.

## Lost Happy Returns

Can I send birthday greetings into the air?

Where do they go, when they're sent to **Nowhere**?

No heaven, no hell, no fairytale

Just lost words fading into the imprint of your chair.

## Dandelion Wishes

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Carry me on the wind,  
There are things I want to see.  
Now that I'm a mother,  
I'll bring my child with me.

The good, the sorrow,  
The wonder, the grief.  
My child must see,  
Every overturned leaf.

We want to see beauty,  
We want nature to bloom.  
I must leave my child,  
With this earthly perfume.

So run in the cornfields,  
Pick Daffodils.  
Play in the sunshine,  
Till nightfall gives you chills.

Watch that Ladybird,  
Scurry and fuss.  
Do what you want.  
And do what you must!

Just remember to share,  
With your beloved kin,  
to pray that Dandelions,



carry you on the wind.

## Sight for the blind

The girl wept alone with weight in her chest,  
A stranger to those who knew her best.

Magnetised to freedom, tempted by peace,  
Sirens call to a sweet release.

Her sickness taking her one time too many,  
It masked a pound into a penny.

Saviours see *normal* with blinded eyes,  
She grants them sight as she whispers *Goodbye*.

## The willy weapon and the wandering eye

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I'm excited as a boy,

to pee with my wee-wee toy.

Yes, my willy is a function,

urinating with focused gumption.

But I'd rather pretend my stream,

was shooting out laser beams!

Destroying castles! Fighting Venom!

Shooting enemies with my willy weapon!

Alas, my eye has wandered,

At things curious and quaint.

My pee-pee lands in pools,

where the bowl just ain't.

Once again I'm relieved,

and vacate the room.

Ready for dearest mummy

to discover it all soon.

I know she'll thank me,

the world was under threat!

And all it took me to save it,

was getting the floor a little wet.