

RAMLINEWS AND SILLY POEMS.

The Uneducated O.A.P



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

FOR MY FAMILY, WHOM I LOVE DEARLY, AND WHO THINK I'M COMPLETELY NUTS.

About the author

POORLY EDUCATED, DOES'NT UNDERSTAND
OR USE LONG WORDS !

summary

We can do now, for what they did then.

The cruel thief

Growing old, Disgracefully

Brexit, at last?

Family Do

Gosh Golly, It's the Hare and the Tortoise !

Well, that's naughty

Words are to be used, and abused

Guns, knives and drugs. The worlds gone mad

Growing old, Again

Fred and Mabel! by uneducated O.A.P Mrs educated O.A.P and daughter

He wouldn't win a beauty contest, (but we loved him)

Supermarket hookup

Heroes

No! I'm much too young

Grief

Flatulence

memories

Where'd he go?

Tragedy

Touch me there

I'm Hearing The Call

Another Day, by Mrs O.A.P

There is no God, is there?

Naughty Vicar

Ghost Riders (new words, possibly)

The Preacher of God, A True Story

Schools out

My First Time. (not really!)

Just One Cornetto (new words)

Jumping to Conclusions

Personal Hygiene A True Story.

Cosmocide

Man

Sex In Space

Not Here Mate!

Annoyed Today

Men\'s Bits

Walking the Dog, True.

Bush Fire, true story, mostly

A knock at the door

It\'s called a WHAT!

- Hug

Men\'s Troubles

Till We Drop

The Hospital Appointment,

Song Titles

No More !

A Lost Love?

Hide Away Day

New Form Of Exercise ?

Oh Socks!

No Socks! Oh No!

Backward Billy

Spare Part

Mmm, That Doesn't Seem Right

Confusing dream

Confused Again?

I'll Try one of those please.

Happy, Briefly

Happy Family's ?

Heaven or Hell?

Sing a Song, for growth

It's Windy, But It Works

Its Spring, Time for Love

I Tried

Time

When We're Gone,, We're Gone

Not Everyone

Don't Understand Women

Custodians of the planet

4 WORDS, SADLY TRUE

Nappies!

Time,

Self Service

Mask Up!

Man Of God, True story

Walking the dog,

Yum Yum

It's All In The Mind

The Corona Man

Just For a Second

Good Old Willie

Man Is Stupid

Do The Test!!

Are We Real?

I can't do it any more

No More Singing

MORON! In A Mask

MAD MAD MAD

Autumnal Walk

The Me Me Man

Life,Just Happens

Ouch,! That hurt

A Narrow Escape, True, (Mostly)

The White Feather

First Born

Love, or Lust?

We Can, Because They Did

Load Of Rubbish!

Heroes

I'll Miss Them

Make The Call

Back Home

Double Standards

We can do now, for what they did then.

In the mists of the battlefields whistles are blown
From their trenches climb soldiers, out into the unknown
Together they charge as if only one
The casualties start falling, from the enemy gun
The wounded and dying for their mothers are the cries
In the heavens above Angels have tears in their eyes
The Lord looking down, in horror shakes his head
As the mud of the Somme is slowly consuming the dead
We must never forget their terrible fate
For they fell asleep, that we may awake.

The cruel thief

Hello, I haven't seen you for a long time, would you like a cup of tea?
Hello, I haven't seen you for a long time, would you like a cup of tea?
Hello, I haven't seen ++++++++
In reality of course I had only been in the room next door
I hadn't been away for say a minute or two, no more
will she know me? Will she love me? Will she remember my name?
As I look into your eyes I knew that life would never be the same
I long for a hug, a kiss and feel your arms of embrace
or a flicker of recognition on your face
but the weddings, birthdays and Christmases are long gone
along with the holidays, the dances and your favourite song
Dementia, the cruel thief of memories has over time
stolen your life from the album of your mind
one by one the lights go out, we think the end is near
when suddenly your naming children from your school day years
Then you left the pan on the hob, and the tea in the pots gone cold
and the police bring you home again, they found you wandering down the road
Its Groundhog Day, Its Groundhog Day, Its like reading over from the same page
you scream and shout with frustration and punch the wall in rage
The day wears on to sundowning, you don't know where you are
We make your favourite food and drink to stop you wandering afar
You awake in the middle of the night, and get ready to go to work
We find you in the hallway, dressed in your favourite shirt
I look into your face and see a confused and bewildered mind
I used to see tenderness from sparkling eyes that shine
You have all but died and left us, but your heart beats strongly on
for you there's no tomorrow, and yesterday has gone

Based loosely on our own experience, things I have heard on the radio/Tv etc.
Thanks to Healthline on the intererwebbything for the explanation of sundowning.

Growing old, Disgracefully

Today I opened my eyes, realising I had 2 pieces of luck
The first being, I actually woke up
The second ? Well you don't really want to know
But after a quick feel, I was dry down below!
I moved one leg and thought I'd give the other a try
But the signals from my brain only reached as far as my thigh
Eventually i managed to get my legs out of bed
But I couldn't see my feet, my glasses weren't on my head
I waddle to the bathroom, nuts nearly dragging the floor
And walked into the wall, where I thought was a door
drowsily I stumble over and sit down on the loo
To get rid of the curry and booze from last nights family do
With a splurt and a splart followed by a log
I pebbledash the inside of the bog
dizzily I stand, too much beer from the casket
I turned to see that I'd sat on the laundry basket
I don't think I shall be cleaning that
I'll tell the wife it was her pesky cat
medicine cabinet next for all the pills and potions
everything to keep the body in motion
Anusol for the piles, Deep Heat for the neck
Its a good job I haven't got the 2 mixed up yet!
Growing old? The young don't think they'll ever get there
But they will, too quick and that will really scare.

Brexit, at last?

The last few years have shown us what MPs are really like
They scream and shout and change sides sometimes even fight
Its been embarrassing to watch, for the people of this great nation
Up and down the land they are seething with frustration
I did not have the privilege of expensive private schools
But is it worth the money to end up in a house of fools?
we've had years of stagnation, ending up with much the same
For the overpaid idiots in the big house,it's all been just a game
We held a vote, a referendum , we told you what to do
We pay your wages,you work for us,get together and see it through.

Family Do

You wouldn't believe she was that quick and able
The speed at which Jennie reached the buffet table
She stood there quietly surveying the spread
A plan slowly formulating inside her head
She stood looking around this way and that
At the rows of cakes and sandwiches all neatly stacked
Suddenly into her bag went rolls and sandwich rounds
Then out of the door she hurried, in great leaps and bounds
10 Minutes later she's back, bag empty, freezer nearly full
She's eyeing up the table, for the second haul
Moving forward, she slips up on some cheese and mustard
And falls, face first into a bowl of custard
Standing up she embarrassingly regains her pose
And steps towards the table, custard dripping from her nose
Arms outstretched, walking slowly, bag open wide
She scoops the lot, into her bag, in half a dozen strides
Bag overflowing, head held high, out of the door she goes
Shopping done, freezer full, pension saved I suppose.

Gosh Golly, It's the Hare and the Tortoise !

The lights are on red, The tortoise is in the inside lane
The Hares on the outside, all wide wheels and decals of flame
The lights change to green and hare races away
And Tort? Well he's got all day
Next set of lights, Hares in the outside lane once more
Tort pulls up beside him, next to his near side front door
Hares arms and head are pumping to his music's heavy bass
Torts got his radio on, listening to the Tour de France bicycle race
Lights change, Hare floors the accelerator, he's a man in a hurry
Tort accelerates normally, as the news from France announces, that Kort overtakes Scully
Get outta the way you skirt wearing sausage suckers, came the cry from the drivers seat
They were side by side, where two lanes into one did meet
2 fingers pointed skywards, we all know what that means
Obscenities were shouted, About body parts in jeans
Tort hits the brakes, letting the Hare have his way
Manner of his driving, he's about to ruin somebody's day
Theres a roundabout ahead, with taxi drivers that don't obey rules
And a bus full of passengers, usually driven by fools
But the Hares not stopping, he's full of pent up rage
He's like a tiger, escaping from a cage
He brakes hard, swerves and accelerates, get out of the way, he rants
While the passengers on the bus, staring in disbelief, fill their pants
Somehow or other, he's around, and down the road, waiting at a red light
Tort pulls up beside him, shaking with fright
The lights change, Hare accelerates pulls in front of Tort, who calls him a berk
They both indicate left, and pull into the car park, at their place of work
Hares quickly out of the car, and clocks in at 8.27, he wasn't late
Neither was Tort, who strolled in, and clocked at 8.28.

Well, that's naughty

I've got a feeling down below, but it's hardly worth a mention
The old man, you know, can still stand to attention
He can still put his hat on, and go diving in a cave
Its just a question, of finding a maid
I used to like sex morning noon an night
Now it makes my arm ache, usually my right
I used to like Horlicks, till she put her charges up
Now I roam the Internet, trying my luck
Apparently, there's a lady that lives 1.2 miles away
she's lying there naked, wants to make my body sway
But she might Nick all my money, and look like Nigel Farage
Is it worth the trouble, of parking my car in her garage?
Think I'll carry on with the D.I.Y while I can
Trouble is, I've got one arm like Popeye The Sailor Man.

Words are to be used, and abused

To the song, Just one cornetto (O Sole Mio) (sort of with your hands on your ears and your head in a dustbin !!)

Just one So - nnet - O

Write one for meeeeeee

They were inven - ted

In sici - i - ly

Good old Len -ti - ni

He did his best

Perhaps my po - ems

Are just a meeeeeees !

(I'd rather have a cornetto !)

All words have been written, all words have been read

All words have been spoken, there's none left unsaid

Its all a question then, of rearranging text

The joining of words ,to see what comes next

Lentini invented the sonnet, this is how it's done, he said

His School of poets, is credited with its spread

But we shouldn't follow, the leader of the pack

We should experiment , do things different, off our own back

Perhaps we shouldn't teach our kids, this is how it should be done

Maybe, we should say occasionally, do it your way, have some fun.

Guns, knives and drugs. The worlds gone mad

when I was a lad, long time ago!, the only knife I used was a bendy thing my dad kept in the shed, I used it to mend my bike with it, I saw guns on the telly, John Wayne was making fantastic shots while riding his horse one handed across the land, Drugs ? Never heard of them, As Bob Dylan sang, The times they are a changin.

Sonnet free poor-etry.

Bruv

Throw away the straps and shanks Bruv, they ain't no friggin good

You don't wanna be drawing no motherfriggers blood

So you bin dist Bro, be the bigger man

You don't wanna end up in the friggin can

The slammer ain't no good Bruv, it destroys you friggin life

You ain't see no kids Bruv, or a friggin wife

There ain't no shame Bruv, just turn and walk away

Better to draw breath Bruv, and live another day

Don't join the forty thieves Bruv, this ain't no murder bay

When you do the work of others there's always a price to pay

Don't get yourself a burner Bruv, or do the county lines

Even Pablo Escobar didn't live his natural time

Build yourself a life Bruv, there ain't nothin like the joy

Of seeing a mothers pride Bruv, looking at her boy.

Growing old, Again

My head is bald, my bush is grey
I'm in my twilight years
My Belly's big, my nuts hang low
They look like hanging pears
What once was rigid, now hangs loose
Its just a watering can
And when I cough I pee myself
I,m wearing tenna man!

Fred and Mabel! by uneducated O.A.P Mrs educated O.A.P and daughter

Spritely old Fred, he liked carrying out decorating on his and Mabel's home
He spends hours at his local D.I.Y store, where he liked to roam
Then suddenly when examining tools neatly displayed on a rack
Fred passed away, having suffered a massive heart attack
Mabel was at home, cooking dinner and drinking a bottle of stout
It was his favourite meal, bangers and mash and a helping of sauerkraut
Poor old Mabel on hearing the news nearly fainted
What am I going to do she wailed, the front rooms only half painted
After the service and cremation Mabel's at home with the ashes of Fred
And thinking of past conversations she remembered what he had said.
I want my ashes spread around the place I loved best
And it was up to Mabel to lay her Fred to rest
Mabel emptied Fred's ashes into her coat pockets and knew what she had to do
She walked down to the D.I.Y store when she new there wouldn't be a queue
Furtively Mabel walked around the store carrying Fred in her pockets
She spread a bit here and a bit there amongst the spanners and sockets
The cafeteria was next, but this was going to be tricky
Fred liked to sit and watch the shoppers, with a cuppa and a bicky
Then Mabel had an idea, she could sit there spreading Fred on the floor.
And the customers could step on it and spread him around the store
She then had an idea on what to do with the remaining ashes of Fred
They had to go into the garden centre and into the flower bed
Job done, Mabel slowly wandered home. needing time to recover
But she was soon scanning the dating apps, looking for a new D.I.Y lover

He wouldn't win a beauty contest, (but we loved him)

With his bulging eyes, wonky teeth and wibbly wobbly walk
He'd sit and look at you intently as if trying to talk
Slightly overweight chihuahua and the conjurer of smelly farts
He came into our home, pissed on the sofa and into our hearts
Wiskys his name bad breath and a well rounded belly
He'd sit in front of us and masterbate, while we watched the telly
Head tilted, eyes wide and a stupid look on his face
Rubbing his balls furiously as if in a race
We took him to the vets, the news wasn't good
told us to take him home, look after him best we could
Wisk looked at us adoringly with those big bulging eyes
We stroked him on our laps as we said our last goodbyes
He didn't want to leave us, we didn't want to let him go
Now he's in doggy heaven, looking down on us, who loved him so.

Supermarket hookup

We met at the supermarket checkout,her eyes delved into my soul
Strangers standing as halves, soon to be together as whole
Come back to my place, I said, for a pizza we'll see what transpires
I like a man who knows what he wants, I'm fed up with all the liars
Back at the flat, pizza forgotten we locked lips in full mating mode
The old chap in the calvin kleins was ready to explode
I kissed her neck, undone her blouse,exposing her well rounded breasts
Kissing and fondling those big puppies noses, she whispered,I like oral best
We dashed into the bedroom, soon to be together as one
Kneeling on the floor beside her, caressing here and there with my tongue
She was moaning groaning and panting, I'm nearly there she cried
My manhood was struggling to undo my zip, from the inside
My hand reached down to her ankles,travelled upwards to the hot rivers of desire
I stopped to remove my jeans, I was ready to put out the fire
I removed her overthick panties, She let out a pleasurable sigh
I Recoiled in horror at her phallus,staring at me with its monocular eye.

Heroes

The bazookas and rifles are flashes in the dark
Machine guns start their murderous arc
Tanks rumble onwards crushing bodies neath their tracks
Medics scurry around collecting body parts in sacks
Flame throwers are scorching the buildings up ahead
A soldier on fire shoots himself in the head
Planes are dropping death through smoke filled skies
Soldiers huddled in craters have tears in their eyes
This is the harsh reality of war
They didn't have a clue what they had signed up for
The generals in the boardrooms had it all planned
How many dead for an acre of land?
Pass me a brandy my dear, let's work it out
As more of our heroes fall to the kraut
Today we remember them all with pride
We shed a tear for those who died
we salute the souls that played their part
For they have surely left us with broken hearts.

The line soldier on fire, etc is a scene from the war film "Fury"

No! I'm much too young

She was doing everything to keep old age at bay
Creams for this and creams for that. even eating curds and whey
Drinking strawberry juice orange juice and carrot juice too
But after all that coloured liquid, she ended up with orange poo
She gave colonic irrigation a try, but on that she had to pass
After falling in love with all that pipe work going up her ass
She shaved down below to keep away those nasty lice
Then she met her boyfriend who said a hairy bush is nice
HBut all that fur can be embarrassing especially when doing sports
Even though she tucked in the hairs they hung below her shorts
Becoming a vegetarian didn't help, to the diet she couldn't keep
As her boyfriend said, she couldn't go long without having meat
So on she went with all her fads to keep old age away
she's going to have to except that it will be here one day
But no! Not yet! I'm too young she shrieked in great despair
Looking down, horrified, she'd found her first grey pubic hair.

Grief

It's ok to cry, no matter where you may be
Its OK to scream and shout, just let it all go free
Its OK to be happy amongst the sadness and tears
Grieving can be instant, or can take many years
Grief is an individualistic emotion, there is no right or wrong way
Don't let anyone tell you what to do, or what to say
You will hear that times a healer, but I'm afraid that it's not
That loved one you are grieving will never be forgot
You feel that your heart is being slowly chipped away
Inside your head there's a raging war, you can't get through the day
The queen once said that grief is the price we pay for love
But the price is too high,the hurt too deep,you feel there's no God above
We have to fight the demons in our head and try to win the war
Otherwise nothing matters, everything's for nothing, what's it all been for
We will never forget our loved ones and no one expects we should
This new normal is not the one we would have chosen, but life can again be good.

For the first time I have used words written by someone else, I had already written most of it but couldn't think of a suitable finish so the last 2 lines are taken from Grief and Loss, (Google) by Melinda Smith MA, Lawrence Robins and Jennie Segal PhD. I did this in the hope that even if it only helps one person who has lost a loved one it would be worthwhile.

Flatulence

Sports correspondent Mike Handler is interviewing athletes on how they achieve their best performance.

Champion swimmer Bob Bobbins said eating beans is best
That extra boost when I let one off, gets me past the rest
Long jumper Sandy Balls couldn't agree more
Eat plenty of chicken, fart as you jump, gives a higher score
Pole vaulter Ben Zepole says sprouts is best by far
A blast of gas from the ass gives extra inches over the bar
Gymnast Ida Bouncewell tried curry, thought it a great idea
She tried it on the championship mat, but suffered diarrhea
Cyclist Pedlo Fasta gave it a go around the velodrome
A long blast of methane during a race ensured he was first home
Just tried it in the supermarket to reach stuff from the top shelf
I turned around to see I was stood all by myself
And now it's time to show us what you can do
By leaving in comments a stinky line or two

memories

I remember the happy times playing with our dad
The long journey, in an old car, to the beaches as a lad
All those birthdays, when we gathered in a room
To sing the happy song, badly out of tune
Searching for coins in sofas, for money he may have dropped
So he had enough money, for food at the shops
Working all hours, he still had time for us
Sometimes walking in all weathers, no money for a bus
I am told he cycled many miles in 1948
Excited to see his first born, as he passed the hospital gates
Those that live today, most haven't got a clue
About the struggles that the older generation had to go through
all those memories, and many more, in an instant passed through my mind
And the tears flowed, when my mum handed me our fathers watch, who passed at Christmas time.

Where'd he go?

He wasn't a bad little fellow, but he made quite a mess
He joined in conversation, what he said was anyone's guess
Happy little chappie, playing with his toys
As in the springtime, he was full of joys
And suddenly he was gone, right before my eyes
The look on his face, as he shrieked in shock surprise
There's a lesson to be learnt as I face my family's rage
Never use a vacuum to clean a budgie cage!

(No birds injured in the cleaning of his little house)

Tragedy

Tragedies can bring you together, or they can tear you apart
They can make you stronger, or they can break your heart
Secrets kept, things not said, sometimes behind your back
An overactive imagination can send you down the wrong track
ill informed, not kept up to date, leaving you out in the cold
Can lead to tragedy upon tragedy, if the full story is not told.

Touch me there

I gave an acquaintance a lift into town
I couldn't see her walk as the rain was tipping down
Touch me there she said, placing my hand on her knees
Touch me there she whispered, I thought she was a tease
Touch me there she murmured, as we drove along the road
Touch me there, she groaned, gosh your hands are cold
Touch me there she gasped, just a little higher
I did as requested, my loins were on fire
Oh my God she moaned, I want so much more
She removed her panties, and threw them on the floor
Touch me just, just there she whispered, where her thighs met
I was getting hotter, covered in sweat
Touch me please, just there guiding my finger to THE spot
She threw her head back, slid down the seat, she was really hot
Stop the car! she shouted, oh God! I'm yours for the taking!
I pulled into a lay-by, passionate love, we were soon making
I remember that exiting drive to work nearly every day
but I've just received a letter from the C.S.A

I'm Hearing The Call

Today I fell out of my brain
I didn't want to, I'll try not to do it again
But sometimes it all gets a bit too much
I loose sense of reality and feel out of touch
There's a rope holding me back, hopefully it's strong
Its pulling me back, to where I belong
But then you realise, it's not a rope at all
Its the love of my family, and I'm hearing the call

Another Day, by Mrs O.A.P

Time is a great healer, so they say
But who has got any time today?
Busy lives and bills to pay
But if you have lost someone along the way
You have endless nights and endless day

Life carries on or so they say
But what sort of life is this today?
Numb and empty is the price to pay
In a daze you've lost your way
But you carry on another day

There is no God, is there?

I posted this before, but it caused a bit of a stir, it is not an attack on religion and i totally respect everyones choice of faith,it's merely questions and if we don't ask them we don't get answers, but then,for some questions there are no answers. I apologise for removing it last time especially after so many people commented.but it got a bit personal.comments on comments welcome.

I don't do religion, it's just not my thing

But I respect the views of those, if Hymns they want to sing

God cures no ills, mends no bones, it's difficult to see what God does do

And up and down the land there are churches,with no one on a pew

If there was a God, then wouldn't there be only one?

Yet around the world are thousands of different types of religion

All those religions,and yet not one God has shown his face

physical evidence of a God there is not a trace

I was taught at school that Jesus was born on Christmas Day

On what day,or time of year in the bible, it does not say

If they don't know,or got this one important fact wrong

What else can we believe from a book that goes on and on?

Where was God when our father lay dying and in pain

Mother prayed for his help ,but no help came

Why would a God let loved ones fade away

What is the point in getting down on your knees to pray?

Naughty Vicar

I once knew a vicar who spoke at events
When he got home he climbed his back fence
I think he was spreading more than the word
If her husband found out, I never heard.

Ghost Riders (new words, possibly)

The wife said she fancied a week or two away
Somewhere different she said she wanted to stay
So we drove along that Tarmac road, to a place that I knew
And we came upon a campsite, it was called bushes view

As we pulled into the campsite, she gave a mighty shriek
You must be joking if you think I'm staying there a week
I was tired and miserable, been driving through the night
All I wanted to do, was pull into the site

Bushes view site

Bushes view site

Bushes view Naturist site

I spoke unto the receptionist he was a double ginger
He pointed where to park, but not using his finger
We sat down for a cuppa and a couple of choccy bickies
The wife was quite content, looking at all those dickys

See that creature with the big brown eyes over there my dear
Thats a couple bending over, and your looking at their rear
Look at those chaps playing tennis just over there
It must be quite confusing, all those balls in the air

Bushes view site

bushes view site

Bushes view Naturist site

Bushes view Naturist site

extra verse

We went to the barbecue for a bite to eat
It was a bit off putting, all that uncooked wrinkly meat
You couldn't tell the difference between the sausages and the baps

But you soon heard the screams and shouts, as on was brushed the fat

Bushes view, etc

The Preacher of God, A True Story

I have a, sort of friend, a part time street preacher
He has no qualifications in the "Book" but he seems a good teacher.
Every night spent with his Jesus friends to pray
Organises bus trips to the city, speakers corner for their say
His dedication to the Lord changed his life
For his children said goodbye, so did his wife
He once used a loudspeaker to preach his beliefs
The fed up shoppers called the police
They turned up and told him to move on
He argued and argued he was doing no wrong
Some drunken jobs arrived,kicked and beat him real rough
He just kept on, spouting his stuff
The punches and kicks kept coming,he made no attempt to defend
And with every blow that landed he said " Jesus forgives you my friend "
An ambulance took him to hospital, he was in great pain
A team of doctors and nurses put him back together again
His mother arrived and got down on her knees to pray
But not for Gods help, she wanted him to stay away
He's now an old man living all alone
In a rambling old house that should be a home
His Jesus friends sometimes come round for a chat
Would God really want him to live a life like that?

Schools out

Tick tock, Tick tock went the school clock
I didn't come to school to get shot
I came to learn, not to die
I'm now flying with Angels in the sky
WHY ?

Thanks to Clara for the first line from her poem " The School Yard "

My First Time. (not realy!)

The time had arrived to exercise my willy
All I needed was a willing filly
I'd started to walk a bit like John Wayne
My arm was suffering repetitive injury strain
There was this girl at school, not the sort to take home to mother
Your father would run upstairs to hide under the bedcover
Some of the lads had been there for a bet
She had pads under her arms to soak up the sweat
She told the lads they didn't have to pay
As her hobby was popping a cherry a day
I asked her if she had time to spare
She said she was due over the headmasters chair
10 minutes,I said, for a quick embrace
Sure, she replied, if I don't have to look at your face
We dashed behind the bike sheds for a good time
she faced the wall, I stood behind
I was exited, eager, ready to go
The juices of life were ready to flow
She pulled down her drawers,said, " whenever your ready mate"
I replied despondently," I'm afraid it's too late !"

Just One Cornetto (new words)

She.

Come here my darling ,right next to me

I want your body completely

You are my hearts desire

Your red hot passion, sets me on fire

He.

Lie there my darling, it's worth the wait

body heat we'll generate

Pray to God, to forgive our sin

I'm waiting for, Viagra to kick in.

Jumping to Conclusions

My friend felt his wife had something to say for a while
She was giving him that look, that nervous smile
When he walked into a room, she had an excuse to walk out
She kept saying it was nothing to worry about
He arrived home early to hear noises coming from the bedroom
His brain was in a tumble dryer, no confrontation now, but soon
But a few days later, with the anger growing
He burst into the bedroom, shouting, tears flowing
As he threw back the bedclothes, his jaw hit the floor
For lying there naked, was his teenage son, and his mate from next door.

Personal Hygiene A True Story.

We sat on a bench, by the side of the canal
Watching some down and outs, who were living quite well
They had tables a fridge, sofas and chairs
The furniture that we had, was not so good as theirs
About a dozen of them, smoking and drinking, under the midday sun
I said to the wife, what do they do for a no.2 and a no.1?
Then a woman stood up, pulled down her drawers and squatted for a pee
on finishing, she removed her woolly hat, and used it to wipe her fan-ny !
Can't believe what I've just seen, to the wife is what I said
Especially when she returned the hat to her head !

Cosmocide

Is God looking down at all that he created
And thinking, Well, ya made a mess of that !
You're slowly destroying the planet I gave you
And for what ? The making of tat
Look around people, can you not see the beauty afore your eyes ?
Do what you can to save the planet before you say goodbye
Perhaps Gods had enough and sent us a bug,one we know nothing about
And the second coming, having learnt from the first,will try and sort it out
The Bible reveals that Christ will turn up to prevent total cosmocide
Well he'd better hurry up, we need all the help we can get to turn this nasty tide

Man

Man evolved over time

A God didn't order him online.

Sex In Space

You have to think long and hard, do astronauts have sex in space?
It must be incredibly difficult in such a confined place
Just imagine the scene as she's floating there
completely naked in mid air
Awaiting zero gravity copulation
That can be an extremely difficult operation
As a forward thrust for a connection
Can send her flying in any direction
Bouncing around the cabin, the shrieks are not shrieks of joy
But shouts for a reconnection with mans little toy
As she screams to God that she wants more
He can probably hear her, as she's just outside his door
And, as they are racing back to the human race
A good re- entry should put a smile on her face

Not Here Mate!

When I get to the pearly gate
The gatekeeper will say " you're not coming in here mate"
The Boss has read your silly words on M.P.S
He thinks that your minds in a mess
Doesn't want his Angels corrupted
Or their daily chores interrupted
So bugger off downstairs, where a warm welcome awaits
And keep yer hands off me pearly gates!

Annoyed Today

I supposed to be filled with the joys of spring
But I'm getting annoyed everywhere I'm looking
When I be eating me sausage n chips
Do I wanna see an advert on the telly about lady's bits?
There I am, dipping me bread in the gravy,
When on the telly there's some woman prancing about in her Tena Lady
Then there's that add about condoms that give multiple orgasms, and more
I said, "What's that about?", dunno wife replied, after 30 seconds of action, you snore!
You're doing that wrong said she, as I hang out the washing
I mean, is there an exam to pass for that sort of thing?
5 minutes on the net I uttered, you can be replaced, no ifs or buts
With your luck she replied, she will arrive with her knickers full of nuts!
Back on the telly, I'm like, OK like, I'm like getting there like, like like, was all she said
AHHHHHHHHHHH like AHHHHHHHHHH she's doin in me ead!
I've had a Valium, calmer now, just as well I fear
For the wife's on the iPad, looking at fit young men, think I'm out on me ear!

Men\'s Bits

When I awake to get out of bed
My willy and balls are stuck to my leg
I have to peel then off before I start my day
Women don't have problems like this anywhere, do they?

Walking the Dog, True.

I used to know a mate who took his dog for a walk
Its a good job the dog could only bark and not talk
For around the corner he'd tie him to a fence for a while
While he nipped inside to make the lady smile
An hour later he'd arrive home, exhausted it seems
And the dog? He was still full of beans.

Bush Fire, true story, mostly

A customer of ours used to organise gentlemen's nights out
Where the ladies would dance naked, they would sing and shout
Then one evening a lady was dancing amongst the crowd
When a smoker accidentally set her minge ablaze, she screamed out real loud
If it wasn't so serious, it would be funny, but the flames were getting higher
She was dashing amongst the crowd with her bush on fire
Luckily she had a tidy garden and kept her lawn in trim
The smouldering was extinguished with a well aimed cocktail called Hairy Virgin
When the ashes had died down after the err, fun
The case ended in the courts where many pounds were won

A knock at the door

A mates wife answered a knock at the door
"Good morning, we're Mormons" said the tallest of the four
"No thanks, I married one he's upstairs in bed"
"You're married to a Mormon" one of them said
"Sorry I thought you said Moron, my hearing is poor"
She then stood back and reclosed the door!

It's called a WHAT!

A customer's daughter was naming flowers in the garden, all was going well
She was getting them all right, Daffodils, Tulips and a Bluebell
Evergreens, annuals, variegated plants and an iris
"Hey mum, look here, I think it's a clitoris"
It's fair to say that mother's jaw nearly hit the floor
There was splutterings of coffee over the fence from next door
"CLEMATIS, dear, CLEMATIS, that what it's called you know"
"Well what's a," "WAIT, I'll tell you later, now give me a hand to hoe."

- Hug

Damn this Bug
I'm missing the hug
From those I love

Men\'s Troubles

It must look so strange when you do the funny walk
Legs together, legs apart, how the neighbours must talk
You give a little jump up in the air
But it doesn't seem to work, down below there
Nothing worse than the separation of the twins
One going out, one stopping in
What ARE you doing? the wife rants
There's nothing worse than when your balls fall out yer pants

Till We Drop

Oh Doctor, I think I'm in trouble
I may have Covid 19
Try not to worry dear patient
We are the best you've ever seen
We're underpaid and under funded
And some of us are going to die
But we will never leave you
When one goes, another will be by your side
We have to make difficult choices
And do the best with what we've got
But, fear not dear patient
We'll treat you till we drop

The Hospital Appointment,

It was like watching a tennis match in slow mo
The waiting patients watching her going to and fro
The mini skirted leggy busty blue eyed blond walking the corridor
She knew what she was doing, she didn't care, she had it all
It gave the waiting patients something to do
Both genre wanted her, their minds you knew what was going through
My name was called by the nurse," follow me" she said
"Pull your jeans and pants down to your knees as you lay upon the bed
And then cover your penis with this tissue"
"Gotta bigger piece?" "I think that's big enough, don't you?"
I was a little nervous and let out a teeny fart
Keeping a flaccid penis would be the, er, hardest part
"Right then, Testicular examination" as the doctor walked across the floor
I couldn't believe my eyes, it was the blond from the corridor
On my testicles her hand she was laying
The snake charmers music started playing
Between the tissue and belly was an enlarging gap
It was rising and falling, to the left and back
Two octaves higher, my voice, "look at that wiring on the ceiling"
Anything to take my mind off what the doctor was feeling
And now the grand finale, testicle in each hand between her thumb and finger
It was too much, no more on my belly would he linger
Bolt upright he went, no more standing at ease
The tissue stuck on the end was flapping in the air conditioning breeze
The doctor, shocked, fell back into her chair
As the tissue slowly fluttered downwards to land on the curly hair
"Well that's embar, umm I haven't had that hap, er, I'm going for a stroll!"
I was getting dressed, it was like trying to force a large frozen sausage into an uncut bread roll
Bent over I headed in the wife's direction
"What's up with you?", "nothing" I replied, "it's difficult in these jeans walking with an erection"

Song Titles

THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH all over the world tonight, Hopefully, EVERYTHINGS GOING TO BE ALRIGHT. We might think the END OF THE WORLD is nigh Lets hope the BODY COUNTS not too high Cha Cha CHANGES will come I'm sure David Bowie	Hermans Hermits Bob Marley Conway Twitty Jessie Reyez
We'll soon be DANCING IN THE STREET once more The world may NEVER BE THE SAME But we will go on a SUMMER HOLIDAY again Cliff Richard	Jagger/Bowie Camilo Cabello
TRAVELING LIGHT to distant shores Cliff Richard	
To see a NEW LIGHT once more John Mayer	

No More !

I'm always a tear away from a cry
Fearing your homecoming, fists ready to fly
You've spent all our money on drugs and drinks
Only lustrape in your eyes, and your body stinks

No more hearing you say sorry
No more trembling behind locked doors
What happened to lovers eyes starry
I just can't take any more

too many visits to the hospital
Too much covering for your lies
Your lacking in committal
Its time to say goodbye

Cowering children simpering
Bruises and broken bones
lying in bed whimpering
Shaking at the unknown

Brutal sense of reality
Shook me to the core
Only one of us will be left breathing
Next time you walk through the door

A Lost Love?

What have you done to me?
That undercover shudder
The explosion of wetness
Those whore red nails
They were digging into your back, not his
You're in my head
But not in my bed
An invisible one sided romance
How can that be from just a glance?
You walked past the door at the fitting of the dress
Everything's in order, now my minds a mess
You're my hearts flame
And I don't even know your name
Do I break the heart of my lover
to build another?
We've not even kissed
do you know I exist?
What do I do?
What would you do?

Hide Away Day

Put the duvet and pillows under the dining room table today

Got a bottle of wine, lunch and here I'm gonna stay

And the world can go, Away

Members of MPS exepcted

New Form Of Excercise ?

I think it's fair to say

My family think I'm mad today

I think you'll agree I'm sure

I'm Jumping up and down while whistling the William Tell Overture!

Oh Socks!

Came down this morning my mind is in a tizz
Yer socks on inside out,said daughter, looked down,and it is
What do I do? Is it unlucky? Do I change the offending sock?
So I looked it up on Google, and guess what!
If you want money your socks should be green
Mismatched socks bring lottery money so it seems
To change your luck socks should be new and white
Left sock first when playing sports wins everything in sight
If i leave my sock it will bring me luck
Should I change it? Can't make my mind up
But superstitious stuff I don't believe in, no, not me
So I bent down to change that sock, I'm now in A & E!

No Socks! Oh No!

If you don't wear sock yer feet become smelly
Worse than the smell that originates from your belly
Your feet produce half a pint of sweat a day
you have your own water producing plant, you could say
To rid the smell put a dry tea bag in your shoe overnight
Whatever will your morning cuppa taste like?
Read a story,bout a chap lived in Tennessee
Got a blister,turned nasty, leg amputated below the knee
Ingrowing toe nails, bunions athletes foot of the, err feet
All cause your leg ends with no socks to really reek
For all things medical Donald Trump or Facebook is best
But I fear if you follow their advice you will be laid to rest
So best to move to Hawaii and dangle your feet in the sea
then, hopefully you'll never need to visit A & E

Backward Billy

I call myself uneducated O.A.P for a reason
For I am no good with verse
If my surname was Gear
my nickname would be reverse

Spare Part

Harry's just a spare that will never be used
Or half a spare, whatever your views

Mmm, That Doesn't Seem Right

Confused virgin Tortoise
With the spring time itch
circling her with intentions
Don't know which end is which

Confusing dream

I dreamt that I was dead
Woke up to see I was
Run Over by a virgin driver
On a new route in his bus
Should I go back to sleep
To see if I wake up alive
But that learner driver
May still be out for a drive

Confused Again?

Woke up this morning
With a confused and befuddled mind
Slipped on a pair of pants
Totally unaware of the time
Wife walked into the bedroom
Face in total surprise
My testes like saddlebags
One hanging out each side
I think i've mistakenly put your panties on
I uttered, steadying myself on the beds bar
I get that your not good in the morning, she replied
But why are you also wearing my bra?

I'll Try one of those please.

When I'm in the queue for body parts
I'll try lady bits next time
But the area that makes the babies
They can turn that offline!

Happy, Briefly

On top of the world today
The wife said I'm a stud
But my hearings not good
What she said was, I'm a dud

Happy Family's ?

Wayward in a wilderness
Striving to be strong
seemingly unaware
Everything he does is wrong
The resigned on the outside
Feebly looking in
The headstrong taking over
Its their way or nothing
The greedy hovering hawklike
To dive for rich pickings
Intemperate, like a bronco
Giving everyone a kicking
The inanimate start their crossing
To see what's beyond the reef
To leave behind a family
Fractured,in their grief

Heaven or Hell?

If the religious pilot of an aeroplane deliberately flies into a mountain while reading aloud from a bible.

Is he going to Heaven or to Hell?

And the passengers, who had no choice in the matter, the non believers and all religious denomination, where are they going?

Please tell.

Sing a Song, for growth

Wife planted some seeds today, she said I have to sing a song
Early in the morning, apparently it helps to bring them on
I sang, Good Morning, Good Morning, Good Morning Mr Seed
Good Morning, Good Morning, I hope you're not a weed!
I awoke, startled, the following day, wondered what was going on
she had thrown back the bedclothes looked at my lower regions and sang the same song!

It's Windy, But It Works

My social distancing works a treat
There are no doubts
For my breakfast I just eat
A plate of Brussels Sprouts!

Its Spring, Time for Love

I'm flying like a bee
Above a flower sea
I need some nectar on my glands
But the hives are closed
Where the a queen bee grows
Breathlessly, I'm waiting to land

I like to survey the plot
Find a vacant lot
Seek out some mutual satisfaction
Need the thrill of the chase
Hands on my mace
Be consumed by female interaction

Fed up with the twist
The flick of the wrist
I want to dance the Lindy Hop
Want to see her flirt
Really work her skirt
To see who comes out on top

I Tried

I crash onto the bed and close my eyes to the kaleidoscopic colours of a drug induced sleep
With memories of tears running down loved ones cheeks
I loose the voices chattering in my head
To be replaced by the horrors of the night ahead

I awake to a cloudless sunny morn
Through the night my heads been in a storm
Exhausted by the fighting through the night
I have no tunnel, There is no light

To the people I love I cause pain
But my body's in charge of my brain
I've said goodbye to the house, the kids, the wife
There's no hope, just regrets, no point to life

The voices in my head
Are filling me with dread
Urging me to snort another line
But there's a train on the track
I ain't coming back
Im so sorry, I tried, really tried, This Ti

Time

Whenever you look at a watch
It shows a different time
The watch I am wearing, was my fathers
Who past at Christmas time
Whenever I look at his watch
I don't see time at all
I see a different memory
His watch helps me to recall

RIP DAD ??

When We're Gone,, We're Gone

There is no starter

There is no dessert

We, are the main course

And when we're gone, we're gone

The kitchen doors are closed

Of course

Not Everyone

Not everyone walks the same steps of life
not everyone plays the same game
Not everyone wants to play the same rules
Or we just end up with the same

Not everyone can use long and fancy words
That some people struggle to understand
Some of us do the best we can
For whatever reason,we walked a different land

We don't want to be relegated to the back pages of a daily
We want to be up there affront
But most of us view life through untrained eyes
Not wishing to, or wanting to confront

And if there is a God, and a heaven
On that I'm not so sure
Apparently, he welcome everyone, Regardless
Through his front door

Don't Understand Women

All I said was, " hey, Woman, There's no pants in me drawer"
Well, you should have heard the language, not heard the like before.
And it was the same the other day
I like to multi task, I have. To say
I was watching telly, and reading paper at the same time
She was mowing the lawn, I'd told her to do straight lines
All I said was, " A cuppa tea would be nice"
"CUPPA TEA WOULD BE NICE! CUPPA TEA WOULD BE NICE!"
Dunno what the neighbours thought, She shouted everything, twice
And then, I didn't realise she was so strong
She picked up the mower, and chucked it in the pond!
Walking off, muttering something I had a job to hear
About cups, going up my entrance, rear
And then, the final straw
As I entered the hall
Hanging from the light fitting was the hedge trimmer I bought her for Christmas
"For you" she had written, on an attached note
Did she mean the trimmer, or the rope?
"YOU DOIN TEA!" I shouted, up the stairs
With that, the top of the range iron I had bought her for birthday
Wizzed past my ears, nearly splitting my hairs!
Down she stomped, kicked the door open with her feet
Taking they paint off the radiator, I watched her do last week
"IM OFF TO TALK TO MOTHER!" She shouted, face full of thunder
I reminded her she had past a few years ago
" I KNOW, YOU MORON, I'LL GET MORE SENSE OUT OF HER, EVEN THOUGH SHES 6 FOOT UNDER!"
She must be at that funny age

Custodians of the planet

Man evolved to become custodians of planet earth
And is destroying it in his search for materials to build his "Toys"
He's now searching for new worlds to continue the devastation
Until earth, and the universe is destroyed

4 WORDS, SADLY TRUE

We visited his grave
The grave of my brother, who passed in 51
Now allowed to be part of the land
A disused graveyard, well kept, wildlife haven
A solitude of souls
To gaze upon the ever turning pages of nature
We walked the moss strewn path
Between conifers, touching, hugging, kissing
Waltzing in the wind
A tree lined stream, a bridge, leading
Leading to well tended war graves
And ancient graves with large decaying statues
Some toppled
Fallen Angels, Fallen Heroes
Train tracks, trains running on time
To long passed graveside readings
Special permission had been sought
Plaque already placed
Our father, after a long separation to be
Reunited with his second born
The grave hadn't been prepared
I made the call
I heard the words
Those 4 words, that broke our hearts

For the second time
4 words ingrained in our minds
4 words in our heads every day
4 words to take to our graves
Grief we hope to recover from
But not those 4 words
Said so matter of factually
"Oh, He's already there"

2 Souls

Sobbing, uncontrollably

Our brave, brave father

Interned alone

In that beautiful place.

Nappies!

Being the oldest of six, I've seen lots and lots of

Nappies!

No liners, just

Nappies

And the contents scraped with a knife

From the kitchen drawer

And at mealtimes, you wondered

Is this the knife, that scraped the

Nappies!

And that huge pot, steaming away

For hours, on the gas, full of

Nappies!

Bubble Bubble

Toil-let trouble

Time,

Wouldn't it be nice if we could steal

Time

From those killers,abusers and terrorist murderer

Conmen,liars and cheats, life's Cur

And give it to those that deserve it

Time

For those whom we love

Look after us

Protect us

Be there in our hour of need

24/7

Give them the

Time

And take from them, who are a waste,

A waste, of

Time.

Self Service

It would be handy, when going to the loo
More hygienic too
And shopping would be easier
No more large packages to carry
No neighbours, peering through curtains, noseying,
Are they cheapskates?
Or soft scrapes?
Or worrying, going to the dunny
Even when it's runny
wouldn't it be great then
If we simply had
Self cleaning bottoms?

Mask Up!

In the supermarket today
I got looks and titters
For the mask I was wearing
Was my wife's Knickers!

Man Of God, True story

It was a small, some might say beautiful church
St.Gods Place, almost invisible
Encompassed, by mighty oaks
Standing, humbled, in the shadow of the mighty Cathedral
Small, loyal congregation, including the builder. a dedicated
Man Of God
Many evening hours, long weekends spent
On the upkeep of his beloved church
A picture of Jesus on the dashboard of his works van
Alcoholic wife, neglected children at home
Wondering why daddy doesn't love them
His unmarried daughter became pregnant
A (in his eyes) Cardinal sin
In that fine Cathedral City, walking one of the ancient Roman gated streets
A proud mum and dad pushing their newborn in her pram
Chanced upon the builder,her dad, gramps
Walking to the church he loved more than his family
He stopped, pulled back the beautiful baby blanket knitted by her dads proud parents
This fine upstanding citizen, this believer in all things Jesus
This friend of the congregation, this hypocritical
Man of God
Bent down and spat in the baby's face

Walking the dog,

The wife and I took the dog for a walk today
Around the corner came 2 adorable puppies ,I have to say
What a lovely pair said I,bending down to give them a stroke,then I stood up
To stare straight at a pair of 38s, D cup
Me eyes are up yer, Moron, said breast owner, giving my shoulder a poke
The wife was off, like that chappie Bolt
Dog 6 feet in the air on the end of her lead
leaving contrails behind, from where she had peed
I stood back and looked at the owner of the pair
She had bright red, yea, really bright red hair
And a brown monobrow, that went round to her ears
And painted on eye makeup resembling tears
Metal in every orifice and skin ridge
I reckon she'd make 20 quid on a scrapyard weigh bridge
Wearing size 8 ski pants on 40 inch hips
You could plainly see, she had 2 pairs of lips
With huge legs possibly inherited from her mother
When she walked, they pulled out and overtook one another
And if she had any exercise, (that would probably make her ill)
Was when she used Deep Heat, instead of Vagisil
When she moved, that right madam
She sounded like a dalek, having an orgasm
I ran off, left her there, face like a couple of guppies
All I wanted to do, was stroke her puppies!

Yum Yum

We are all food
Eating food
That becomes food
To be eaten as food
Unless we are cremated!

It's All In The Mind

Went out with the lady next door last week
she said her husband could only last 5 minutes
But we've been at it for an hour now
Her bell has been rung
she's happy
we've stopped now
Exhausted, Satisfied
Her husband doesn't mind
He's not liking
Mountain Biking

The Corona Man

I remember the Corona man
Delivered our pop, years ago
The lady over the road
Drank a lot of it
Then the ladies belly got bigger
Mummy said it was wind
Wouldn't wanna be around when she let that out!
She went to see, Dr Pepper
Who thought she was, 7 Up
But it was only one
A boy, called Lucas
His nickname was Fizz
Fizzy's mummy lost her job
She claimed benefits
They called it
Lucas aid
He did well at school
Soda theya tell me
When he left
He became a
Pop Star

Just For a Second

Yesterday I passed away
I didn't want to
But it was interesting
There was no bright light
No Angels
But I heard a sound
I thought it was the trumpet of God
Just for a second
Those Christians
Are they right?
But no
It was a car horn
And then

Good Old Willie

Good old Willie, down there in his private space
Looking forlorn, no smile upon his face
A little wrinkly, bags under his eye
Sometimes he'll make you happy
Sometimes he'll make you cry
He grew up from being a little boy
To become mans (and women's) favourite little toy
Occasionally they play games when they are alone
Or he might make a visit, to his second home
Some are like Bees, little minds of thier own
Flitting from flower to flower, before returning home
But mostly he lies there, just a body drain
And when he's required, springs to attention, to play his favourite game
Afterwards his owner likes a little smokey
Willie is resting, after dancing the Hokey Cokey
He's happy though, warm and content
Time and energy, well spent
But whatever you think of Willie, and his bags of toys
Without him, there just wouldn't be any girls and boys

Man Is Stupid

We went to Cornwall last week
But I'm not going to write about the beauty
That's been done
Millions of times
Rubbish left in lay bys
But that is not why man is stupid
Beaches covered in plastic,tins and used barbys
But that is not why man is stupid
Well, maybe, a bit
Man is going into space
To look for minerals
To keep man going
And this is why man is stupid
What's he going to do when the first planet runs out
Move on to the next?
Then the next
Until there's non left to plunder
And I looked around Cornwall
People, heads down
Making useless calls on mobiles
Is that you love?
Be there in a mo
Put kettle on
Then I turned
To look at our dieselholic motor caravan
2 laptops,2 mobiles, microwave, etc etc
You are reading this
On what?
I am stupid
Man is stupid
What are you willing to give up
To save the planet?

Do The Test!!

I received a test kit in the post
To test for blood in my poo
My wife received notification
For a mammogram
I asked friends of ours if they received similar
"Oh yes, but we don't bother with that
Its disgusting and embarrassing"
So people
If you receive these requests
Do it
It might be disgusting
It might be embarrassing
But it's better, than being
Dead.

Are We Real?

I feel your touch
But it's his arm you are caressing
You call his name
But it's my head that turns
You graze your arm
But I feel the pain
You are crying
But the tears are in my eyes
I call your name
But its him that you see
I scream a scream
There's no sound to be heard
I look in the mirror
There's no one there
Are we real?
Or do we only exist
In my dreams?

I can't do it any more

That's it then
I've pruned my last tree
Painted my last fence
My flow has been ebbed
I don't know any songs in the Top Ten
My doctor is 12
For all those jobs around the house
I have to get a man in
And I'm fine with that
Or, at least I was
Until the wife said
She's getting a man in
Too.

No More Singing

We don't hear that song anymore
That song, that was sung
Over the telephone
4 times a year
Badly out of tune
Followed by giggles
Laughter and love
For each member of our family
They were in their nineties
But they tried their best
Dad passed away last Christmas
So we don't hear that song
That happy birthday song
We don't hear it
Anymore.

MORON! In A Mask

There she was, in a mask
In the greetings card section
Of the local supermarket
She took off the mask
Sneezed over the Birthday cards
Refitted the mask
And walked on
Happy Birthday everyone
Here's your present
Covid 19

MAD MAD MAD

There's a crushing emptiness in my head
A half glance at the pills and bottles by the bed
Well that didn't work, I'm just a skull full of insane
There's too many carriages on me train
There's no one to help me, I've tried being dead
The mushy stuffs full of despair and dread
Sometimes the lightest loads are the heaviest to carry
Gotta move on I cannot tarry
Good day neighbour, great day, you and yours alright over there?
The words on my lips are not the ones in the room upstairs
The spinning in my head has no stops
Its time for pills and removing bottle tops
There's a battle raging tween the grey matter cells
The winner returns to normality
The loser Descends into Hell

Cause that's the way it is
Innit.

Autumnal Walk

Muddy boots splashing muddy puddles

Memory rewind of scalding mummy complaining muddy trousers

Collecting, crushing dispersing crinkly multicoloured leaves

Their grip released from summer lodgings

Same child, different times

Grassy banks, swan feathers, flora,trees, falling away over iron sided waters

Lily pad stems, fishes, zig zagging through spokes of a long submerged mud encased moped

Hopefully minus it's rider

Nature and mans stupidity conjoined in underwater art

Low October sun ricocheting through trees bouncing off still waters of Gloucester to Sharpness Canal

Blanketing the sad souls forever swimming the murky depths

Accidental and intentional

An image of future father in law, non swimmer, hanging from a boat

Frantically searching, and finding his drowning son

Bringing him to the surface, By his hair

Brightly painted narrowboat, Roses and Castles stained from the long burnt remnants of billowing smoke from a black hooded chimney

Bridgeman rests his steaming coffee, cheerfully waving the boat as he turns the iron handle, closing his newly white painted bridge for the final time of the season

He logs the boats name

Unsinkable 2

The Me Me Man

The me me me man
Has an hairspray can
To his lower arm, tightly strapped
When he waves to the crowd
He gets an automatic cloud
Upon his wiggy blond flyaway thatch.

Life, Just Happens

Life, death, happiness grief and sorrow
Life just happens
Sometimes you don't see it coming
We are in the midst
And we don't know how we got there
Perhaps we are all actors
In a world with no script
Inadequate, unprepared, ill equipped
Nobody knows for sure how we got here
And we sure as hell don't know where we are going
Perhaps we should unclutter our lives
And our minds
Look at all the things we hold dear
Re-evaluate, concentrate
On the now and the here

Ouch,! That hurt

My family sat around the dinner table
I pulled out my chair
And sat down
The pain
That awful pain
I slumped forward
And cried out a word
That rhymed
With luck
He's having a heart attack!
Is there a doctor in the house!
Call an ambulance!
How could I tell them
That pain
Possibly worse than childbirth
Was caused
When I sat on
One of my
Testicles

A Narrow Escape, True, (Mostly)

I was sat on the sofa, idly looking out of the window

Chihuahua sat on patio

Watching natures drone, constantly adjusting its wing feathers to allow for prevailing breezes

Tiercels eyes and ears locked on target

I had just broken the surface of a hot cuppa with a digestive biccy that was halfway to disappearing through the overly expensive maintained teeth

The Raptor closed its wings and dropped, bomb like to Mother Earth

And then in an impossible maneuver, it's now open semi umbrella shaped wings desperately searching for air to slow it's decent

Sped between a line of clothes and a patio broolly aged before its time from far too many winters left outside

The line of worn clothes showing the signs an O.A.P has to make, clothes or teeth

The teeth won

The Hawk, it's raptorial game grabbing talons pointed foreword, eager to pick up a chihuahua with visions of becoming eyas food, was frantically barking for its life.

A poop bag was required.

The heavy thud of the raptor hitting the conservatory glass was followed milliseconds later by the soft ploop of half a digestive biccy breaking the surface of the tea.

Cup and biccy left magically in mid air as bottom left sofa.

The door shot open, dog dashed in to lap up the tea pooling around the broken remnants of a Best Grandad in the World teacup

That now spelt, 'e ad is dae'

The stunned stunning beauty of nature drunkenly zig zagged away through the apple trees, foodless

Chihuahua 1 Hovering Sovereign 0

The White Feather

They didn't want to go to war
They objected to the senseless slaughter
The conscientious objectors
A feather was received
Anonymously through the the letter box
Or given to them by women
To men not in uniform
The white feather of shame
People shouted at them in the streets
Coward!
Some were beaten
Or murdered
Our service personnel came home
As heroes
And quite rightly so
But sometimes
Only sometimes
When you stand up for what you believe in
Does it not take courage
To be regarded
As a coward?

First Born

As I view the world through the bottom of a liquor glass
Dreading the future, trying to forget the past
My mind as fragile as the glass I hold
Dreading the stories, as yet untold
Family running around my feet

"Why are you crying mummy, what's the matter.

How could I tell her of schoolday new life abandoned
That she's not my first born, but my second
Tears for that blood covered bundle I could ill afford
But the nightmares began, with the cutting of the cord
I fell so deeply in love, as our eyes met
At thirteen, crashed into a life I'll never forget

The doctors all said the same

" She's off the rails
light on the scales
Self harming" is what they will find
But they can't see the turmoil, going on in my mind
That was my life over the coming years
Then I fell in love, for the second time
But how could I unearth those deep rooted fears?
So I sit and I drink, I wait and I drink
Surrounded by family I hold dear
For that knock on the door, that telephone call
Then I'll pay dearly, for a kiss that went too far
In my first teenage year

"Hold my hand mummy, let me kiss you better"

Love, or Lust?

Lonely wedding rings
Lying side by side
A new ending has begun
Loving fingers they once adorned
New loves passion, old loves undone
Yet those horizons, are the same as before
We've just moved on, opened another door
You can't leave the past, it's deeply ingrained
New love does not erase old love, or ease the pain
Is there room in our hearts for 2 loves to grow?
Do our bodies control our minds, and lust is the law?
Perhaps love is a myth, and we just meet nature's demands
Without propagation, life cannot expand.

We Can, Because They Did

"Frank, Johnny and Thomas reporting for duty Sarge!" "No time for names here son, you're just P.B.I.s," " Yes Sarge, Poor Bloody Infantrymen, something to hang things on before being sent to face the enemy guns" " You got it son, go find the Corporal, he'll send you on your way" " yes Sarge" "Good luck lads" "God, is no one checking their ages?"

In the early morning mist, the whistles are blown
Soldiers climb from trenches, out into the Unknown
Together they charge, as if only one
The casualties start falling from the enemy gun.

"FRANK, WHAT THE HELLS THAT!" "Heard about them Johnny, it's a Tank" " THOMAS, come look at this!" Thomas was reading a letter from home, he stood up, a sniper lined him up in the crosshairs of his rifle. Thomas was dead before he hit the ground. His letter lying by his side, Stay safe son, all our love, Mum and Dad."

The wounded and dying, for their mothers are the cries
In the heavens above, Angels have tears in their eyes
The Lord, looking down, in horror shakes his head
As the mud of the Somme, slowly consumes the dead.

Frank and Johnny lying in the field Hospital.

" I've copped a Blighty Johnny, lost a leg, I'm going home" " I can beat that Frank, lost both legs, I guess we're the lucky ones"

Today we remember them with pride
We shed tears for those that died
We must never forget their terrible fate
For they fell asleep, that we may awake.

Load Of Rubbish!

Last night I settled down in front of the T.V.
It was very exciting
A car changed into a monster
A man took off and started flying
Superb animation appeared on screen
2 Ladies had a baby
Shapely lady pranced around her bedroom in bra and pants
And wiggled her bum
I liked that bit
Some men kissed
Fido talked
There was music and fireworks
I was enthralled
For 3 minutes
Cause this was the adverts
The programmes were RUBBISH.

Heroes

The bazookas and rifles are flashes in the dark
Machine guns start their murderous arc
Tanks rumble onwards crushing bodies neath their tracks
Medics scurry around, collecting body parts in sacks
Flame throwers are scorching the buildings up ahead
A soldier on fire, shoots himself in the head
Planes are dropping death through smoke filled skies
Soldiers huddled in craters have tears in their eyes
This is the harsh reality of war
They didn't have a clue what they signed up for
The Generals in the war room had it all planned
How many dead for an acre of land?
Pass me a Brandy my dear, let's work it out
As more of our heroes fall to the Kraut
Today we remember them with pride
We shed a tear for those that died
We salute those that played their parts
For they have surely left us with broken hearts

I'll Miss Them

We used to meet up 3 times a day
Him and his mates
For a little chat
Sometimes it was a brief conversation
Others, a little painful
But it was always a happy parting
The friendship was brief
Only 2 weeks
But at the end of our meetings
I was a happier man
Now they are gone
And I really miss them
My suppositories

Make The Call

When we have a little tiff
A falling out
Or serious argument
Making that first call
When things have calmed down
It's difficult, I know
Its easy to say
I'll do it tomorrow
Perhaps we should remember
That advertising slogan
Because, as some of us know
We leave it too late
And sadly
" Once they're Gone
They're Gone"

Make The Call.

Or, sometimes, of course
If you didn't like them anyway
Up Yours!!

Back Home

I took my first tottery steps on Plymouth Hoe

Arms waving wildly to retain balance

One reaching for mummy

The other, brushing aside the ghost of Sir Francis Drake

Hero or Pirate, depends on what you read

As I turn, with the majestic red and white Smeaton's Tower behind me

To look over The Barbican

I catch a past glimpse of the Spanish Armada advancing towards our shores

Wherever you look, at history, there's always a war staring back at you

I see 2 images, past and present, plastic playthings bobbing on gentle waters where fishing fleets once moored.

Proud strong men unloading their catches. I wonder how many fell from last wave, to forever fall asleep on seas bed.

While others returned home to disappoint expectant eyes with empty holds, that equal empty stomachs

The cobbled streets, cluttered with the toys of the rich, parked where hard working hands lent their bicycles against lobster pot hills

Calloused hands working harbour side repairing nets

Manicured fingers sell touristy trinkets in the old fish market where once skilled hands gutted fish that waited to be weighed and queued in lots to be distributed to corner shops

Hard working poor toiled for their fishy treat, then walked to gardens end to use the loo in the wet and cold,

While the rich pay inflated prices for the same catch then off to use their "refreshment rooms" lined with gold.

With the aroma of the best bacon roll in Plymouth drifting from Cap'n Jaspers, tea 90p a mug, that divers regularly retrieve from the sea floor

Customers have been playing their "see how far you can throw a mug competition" from unknown origin

I look over to Sea Life where 4000 animals stare out from glass cages to have photos taken, then posted on Poobook

With some grinning oik saying "look where I am" for £20 a throw.

The fish have more brains.

I wander over to the infamous Union Street, pubs notorious for fighting and drugs, service personnel started WW11, while WW11 was still going.

Those that didn't get arrested by the Military Police fell drunkenly asleep into the beds of good time girls, roughly awakened and told "we had a really good time" and left, wallets empty, girls purses bulging.

I sup a pint, thinking fondly of cross eyed Cathy, always up for a quickie in a shop doorway, she could keep an eye up and down the road,without moving her head.

Its good to be back, possibly.

Double Standards

There she was
Screaming out from the monitor on Poobook
" I AINT AVIN NO VACCINE"
"NOR ARE ME EFFING KIDS"
" IT AINT BIN TESTED ENUFF"
Allegedly
Later
She went out in the wet and cold
Fag in one hand
Tinny in the other
To buy some unregulated coke
From one tooth Tony
And her kids were
Where?