

Anthology of TheOzGreenMan

Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Ode to Calochilus robertsonii, or Purple beard orchid.

A Rose by any name?

VOYAGE AROUND MY FATHER

The Clouds

I am me.

Ode to *Calochilus robertsonii*, or Purple beard orchid.

There was an orchid with purple beard,

Who said, "It is just as I feared!?"

An iPhone and a lens,

Four feet 'n two men,

All visiting my home and my beard.

Homage to Edward Lear.

A Rose by any name?

So tell me is the rose naked
Or is that her only dress?
Does she know that she
Is amongst friends?
Is she annoyed that they
all dressed the same?
Is she equally happy,
In sunshine and rain?
Does the first blush of youth,
Stay until she is gone?
Does she watch us all,
Hoping to find her perfect love?
Can she tell me,
What the world will be like?
Or does she barely notice,
Watching a world at
100 seconds to midnight?
Will she talk to me,
Now that the war is over?
Can I tell her I will
miss her once she is gone?
TheGreenMan

VOYAGE AROUND MY FATHER

A voyage around my father,
Would tax ancient Jason and his Argonauts,
But now his heart beats,
Still. Memories remain,
The past unresolved.
Regrets salty in my mouth.

But he, he was always a,
Ray of hope and positivism,
Not a man inclined,
To head down the hill,
To reach the rock at the bottom.

His glass not just half full,
More like a glass and a half,
A human Cadbury of life,
Well lived
Recognition well earned.
But regrets remain salty in my mouth.

His brother lived life to the max,
But his path involved many downs,
As well as ups,
Until the downward slope prevailed,
And his cells rebelled.

They called my father a polymath,
But I had to check the dictionary,
A man called this only in death,
Did Arthur proclaim that one day
His son would be multi-mathed.
Still regrets remain salty in my mouth.

When a polymath has progeny,
Afterwards do they become?
Polyhymnia, a polyglot,
An osteopath, or homeopath,
A sociopath or psychopath?

A voyage around my father,
Is not about the destination,
but the journey,
A life well-lived,
And rest well earned,
But my mouth remains salty.

The Clouds

Read the poem in the clouds.

I look to the clouds
that I cannot see
and yet imagine
it is like
The Simpsons clouds
all fluffy and white
filled with benign
000's and 111's endlessly
mingling in the data sky
filled with meaningful
and trivial
primped perfect pillows
data mined by
golden companies ogling
amazing rewards hereon
and every byte
of the apple
facing our future
like a book filled
with ?micro soft and
pregnant perfect pillows
until one day it rains
the clouds emptying
data droplets to make
puddles on the ground
or simply
weeping pillows
evaporating to become
a meaningless jumble
of irrelevancy
for the future.

@theozgreenman

I am me.

I am me

I can't live in the dark

I need the light

I am not a moth

Who will find the light

And die

I am not Icarus

I don't want to fly

too close

To the sun

But I am not a bear

Hibernating through

a permanent winter

I am also not a wall flower

Indistinguishable

from wallpaper

Or a cockroach

Scuttling in the shadows

Or a spider trying to

build a place to live

Or hide under a rock

in a long forgotten corner

But once in the light

Will I become target practice?

Will I get burnt?

Will you stop and glare?

Turn away and ignore me

Will I be blamed for

The milk going sour

The price of bread

The fading of the curtains

The ills of human kind

Will my life be Sisyphus like?

Pushing my burden up the hill
towards the light

Just to see myself
back at the bottom

Burden intact

Condemned to a life

Without change

I need to be able to

walk and think

Love and hate
smile and laugh
and breathe and live

I have a lifetime

Of success and failure
Of triumph and sorrow

Of good and bad
Of right and wrong

I am human

I am real

I am me...

@theozgreenman

5March2023