

Consequence of love (2)

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To anyone who has ever been in Love

Acknowledgement

A smile goes a long way but so does relatability.

About the author

Modest, born in the streets of London, changed everything for the life I deserve.

summary

A Poor Man's Poetess

A Reflecting Shot

12 Tracks

Bursting

A Beautiful Death

A Beautiful Madness

A Brand New Day

A Chance Meeting with Luck

A Colourful Confession

A Gentleman's Secret

A Happy Day

A Healthy Heart

A Legend of Love

A Letter From Shakespeare

A love Letter to Venice

A Million Dreams in one

A Nightingale Saved Me

A Poet's Pastime

A Question of Faith

A Question to my Muse

A Question to Shakespeare

A Raven Came to me in My Dream

A Romance, Out of This World

A Satisfactory Note

A Serious Note (senryu 19)

A Star in the Making

A Tragic Tale

A Voyage of Sorts

A Western Plea

Absent Without Leave

Abyss

Acquainted with the night

Adam and Eve in Modern Times

After-Life

Ageless Love

Algebra of Love

Alien's Speech

An abrupt Goodbye

An Eruption of Sorts

An Exceptional Moment

And As She Called It Love

And I Never Learn My Lesson

And of Love?

And That's That

And The Light Goes On

Angel

Angel Wings

Architect

Aren't We All Just Different Coloured Butterflies?

Astronomy

At Least In My Dreams

Atlantic Ghost

Atlantic Ghost "part 3"

Atlantic Ghost "Finale"

Atlantic Ghost "part two"

Autumn's Fall

Awakening

Bad Jazz

Beatrice's Letter to Dante

Beautiful View (Senryu)

Beggared Heart

Bench Address

Bird

Blood on the Pavement

Booby Prize

Breakfast Surprise

Bright Side

Broken Arrow

Bukowski's Muse

But What Of Love?

By Your Side

Cadaver

Caged Bird

Caged Bird

Canvas

Captivated

Cascade

Chauffeur

Chocolate Chip Dilemma

Christmas Chill

Christmas Memoirs

Cloud 9

Coffee Beans

Composed

Confession

Consequence of Love

Daydream

Death of a Muse

Decay

December?s Truth

Déjà Vu

Delicate Me

Destination

Destiny

Diamond in the Sky

Did You Know?

Dinner Time

Disbelief

Disco Time

Doggy Style

Don't Shoot The Mockingbird

Don't Tell my old Man

Dramatics of Slumber

Dream

Dream Scene

Dream Space

Dream Time

Dreaming of Rome

Driven Out Of Paradise

Editor

Egg Yolk in A Comet's Tail...

Einstein (comedy)

Element of Surprise

Embrace

Emotional Shortcut

Empty

Enlightened

Envelope of Flames

Evening Rush Hour

Every Day is Poet's Day

Expectations

Exploding Satire

Extraordinary

Falling into a Dream

Feast

Feast

Feed the Bird

Firenze

Fisherman's Moon

Flatline

For a Mere Glimpse of this Love

Forest Obscure

Forever

Fragrance

From Yorkshire With Love

Fulfilled

Full of beans

Gaze of Dawn

Ghost Poet

Ghostwriter

Goodbye Forever Verona

Haiku

haiku

Haiku

Hauntings

Her Voice

Her Withering Petal

Hidden

Highway

Home

Home

How Many Great Loves?

I Miss You, So Much

I'm Just a Blank Verse

Identity Management

In His Bones

In My Eyes

In My Own Shoes

In Silence and Disbelief (for the innocent)

In the line of fire (Comedy)

In the Yesterday's of Love itself

In-Between The Lines

Infinity

Inspired By Vincent

Into Tomorrow

Invasion of my Heart

Investment

Invisible

Iris

Irony's Delight

Irreversible Me

It is I, who loves thee more than the sun

It's Now or Never

James Webb and I

John and I

Just Another Dream

Just for Today

Just To Feel Like Me

Leave Me Here To Dream (song lyrics)

Liberation of Time

Life's Dilemma

Locked in the very best of Time-Machine

London

Lost

Love Letter

Love's Portrait

love's Confession

Love's lasting Imagery

Lovebirds

Magnificent Entrance

Make Love Not War

Measuring My Pride

Message

Message in a Bottle

Miracle

Miracle

Missing

Moonlight Delight

More Daydreams

Mother Nature's Wrath

Mount Vesuvius

Mountains of Capability

Mozart's Muse

Musing

My Adaptation of The Seven Deadly Sins

My Amazing Grace

My Christmas Wish

My Dragon Tale

My Everest

My Florence

My Four Minutes of Fame

My Giant

My Great Escape

My Heaviest Suitcase Contains My Heart

My Journey

My Muse and I

My Nevada

My Raven

My Romeo and Juliet

My Tears for Liverpool

Mystery

Nature's Miracle

NEW WORLD

New World

Nightly Theatre

No Rainbow Today, just a very Dark Day

Nonsense In The Air

November's Ashes

November's Gift

Observing Miracle

October

Old Bones

On the Edge of the Cliff of my Mind

Orchid

Philosophy of Time

Poet Society

Poet's Musing

Poet's Heart

Poet's Paradise

Poet's Paradise (senryu)

Poet's Satire

Poet's Sleeve

Poetic Blood

Political incorrect Ness

Ponte Di Rialto

Post-Covid-Reflection

Practically Perfect (wordiku)

Precious Moment

Presumption

Pride

Rainbows and History Books

Reality check

Red Carpet

Reflecting in Pride

Reflecting Ink

Reflecting on Reflection

Reflecting on what it's all about?

Reincarnating me

Retirement

Rounded thoughts

Sailing into Nothingness

San Francisco's Waiting

Santa's Note

Satired

Satisfactory

Seasons of Me

Selfless

Senryu

Senryu 1

Senryu 10

Senryu 11

Senryu 12

Senryu 15

Senryu 16

Senryu 17

Senryu 18

Senryu 2

senryu 22

Senryu 23

Senryu 3

Senryu 4

Senryu 5

Senryu 6

Senryu 8

Senryu 9

Sentimental to Me

Sheep In Uniform

Shopping for Forgiveness

Shrink in Doubt

Shrink Satire

Singing in the Rain

So Very Far from a Love Poem

Sometime I Imagine

Sometimes

Sometimes the skies are red with blood

Somewhere Up There

Sommelier

Sonnet

Soul Search

Sparrow's wisdom

Spreading the Love

Star Struck

Still In my Basket of Memories

Stone Heart

Studied Pride

Submerged

Sugar Coat

Supersonic

Supersonic

Surprised By Mother

Surviving Love

Tale of the Unexpected

Tango

Taxi

Telephone Talk

Ten years from now, I hope to see

That is what I call, a Positive move

That's what happened to me

The Canvas Doesn't Lie

The complexity of positivity (Shrink satire 2)

The Day of New to you Belongs

The Death of Love

The End of Love

The Flight

The Ghost of Paddy McGee

The Great Journey

The Great Journey into tomorrow

The Great Search

The Heart of Just one Woman

The Longest Night

The Magnificence of a Great Death, I am told

The Meeting

The Perfect Note

The Perfect Painting

The Pilot of My Dreams

The Poetess and the Pussy

The question of Love?

The Saddest Opera

The Secret's in The Wood

The Tiger in Me

The Visitor

The Walk

The Will To Be Me

Then it wasn't love at all

This Life We Have Been Gifted

Time

Time Machine

Time-Lapse

To See This Miracle Is A Must

Traveller

Treasure

Trick or Treat 2021

Triumph

Triumph

Was I Rose?

We Are All Champions

Weathered Well

What If Anything Will Be Left?

What If?

What is eternal love anyway? (Senryu 21)

What of Love?

What's the Point of Being Alive if You are Already Dead?

Which Came First?

Window of my Mind

Window Pain

Wings

Wings of Courage

Wings Of Wisdom

Winter in Waiting

Winter's Wish

Working Class Wisdom

A Poor Man's Poetess

She sings her songs of poetry
For those who wish to dance
Mesmerized by her words
They arrive in droves
Their lives she does enhance

A Poetess who could paint
Divine goodness
Or the
Deepest fires of Hell

With one single sentence
Enlightening and burdening
She can make any living soul
Feel joy or pain within her spell

"If the world paid attention
To the foundations nature has laid
And we built on that, the world would
Be peopled well"

As her torch burns out
Dispersing the crowd, as they part
The roars and claps
Warm her heart

She does not look for shillings
Nor does she seek fame
She is, a Poor Man's Poetess
and that's how she found her name.

A Reflecting Shot

And as I sit at this
Beautiful, colorful
Old tapas bar
On a very old stool
Drinking Tequila
I reckon
This chair could tell a tale or two?
And as I twiddle my thumbs
In between sips
Hoping the legs don't give way
I can't help but think to myself...

If my bar stool could talk
I wouldn't feel so alone.

12 Tracks

I didn't think it was wrong of me

To write a book of incredibly sad songs

Whilst I was drunk?

After all

A broken heart only needs

That one last, glass of wine

Just enough to numb

The excruciating pain

Whilst giving company to my brokenness

Eventually

Awakening to an empty bottle

And my very own love Album.

Bursting

What really makes this world go round? Are we really only truly happy If we are unhappy?
Does a great day Have to take its toll on us? Why do our own balloon's have to burst? Before we
even feel alive? When being happy is actually unhappiness When do we ever really get to feel
happy?

A Beautiful Death

It is true that my only real universe
Is the one that lives inside my mind

But I still have space
For possibility

The possibility to think and reflect

One day if the internet just died

Where the hell would any of us be?

A Beautiful Madness

It is true that my only real universe

Is the certifiable one that lives inside my mind

But I still have space

Space for possibility

The possibility to think and reflect

And to paint

Madness, being my best friend

When he knocks on my lonely door

We paint

We paint, almost as if my heart be in my hand

We spread the joy through tears of disgust and loneliness

Together, eyes closed brushing our next masterpiece

Who cares if anybody likes it?

It's mine, hell it's ours?

And I shall find a place for it

Maybe madness wants to take it home?

I admit, I miss him dearly

When he has to leave

Never knowing if he'll ever return?

But, he always does

And for today

I'm satisfied with what we have achieved?

A Beautiful Madness.

A Brand New Day

The rising Sun

Holds my future

At least for today

A new awakening

Brings new memories

Casting rays of light

Until tonight

Come what may.

A Chance Meeting with Luck

O' Day, what a glorious day
Today, I am free to wonder anywhere I please
So I've put on my finest hat
I shall go for a leisurely stroll
Around town

I have no cares
Just hanging out with the birds
Who will come down to feed on the bread
I will generously spread upon the ground

I'll watch the ducks
Quietly floating up stream
And
I shall wonder, where are they going?

I'll take a gentle breath of fresh air
When I see someone I know
I shall stop to say "hello"
Maybe we'll even have a conversation?
After all
Time is redundant

And

When I finally arrive home
With a relaxing smile upon my face

I shall open the front door
And all of the windows
Letting in fresh air
Changing it with the old

In the hope
It may blow me in the right direction.

A Colourful Confession

It was in the best ice-cream shop in town
I ordered the biggest cone they sold
It was an ice-cream as big as my head
My husband said
"you're an embarrassment"
Smirking at me, he was

I paid a whopping ten euros
I was happy to part ways with my money
This ice-cream was a masterpiece

Unfortunately...

As I was leaving the ice-cream shop
It slipped completely off the cone
And onto the tiled floor

Sending my Darling husband
Unexpectedly head over heels
Covered in chocolate chip Mint
And my favorite raspberry cheese cake

It was truly
a wonderful sight to see

His bright purple face
Just added to the glorious colours

And I?
Well I was actually, quietly thinking

Woops, who's embarrassed now?

It was the best ten euros I've ever spent.

A Gentleman's Secret

Today, I sat next to An old gentleman on the bus A man I've known for many years
He once told me He holds in his wallet A ticket of the Beatles A concert he went to
In Rome in 1975 I've always been fascinated By this fact We are very good friends We
talk about everything From politics to the weather But even after all these years I still
don't know his name.

A Happy Day

I can see the radiance from the tree
When the sun is shining bright
I can hear the buzzing of the bee
I see beauty in the light
Bird dancing in clear blue air
Twirling in sky like a shapeless kite
Clouds are sitting without a care
The rain today, has no plight
Rainbow waits for her welcome entrance
Her colors eager to make their display
But for now, there are no storms in attendance
Just the peaceful silence of a happy day.

A Healthy Heart

What is grief?

In my very humble opinion

It's simply Love

that's lost

The end of the beginning

Yet stays forever in the middle

As a memory

A Legend of Love

Far, far away in a distant land
In a cave in the middle of a dark forest
In the Scottish hills
There lived a Dragon
"Aiden"
So grand and magnificent
His fire so strong
It engulfed his own heart

For over the hill stood
In vein his deepest love
A true beauty
She was defined by her gracious warm smile
But Aiden so timid and shy
Never showed her his heart
Delicate like a leaf, lost in the giant lake

So hidden, in a cave
He felt vulnerable to the outside world
Yet for her
He would have fought an entire village
Winning her heart with his love for her
But for his lack of courage
He was afraid
If he got too close, she'd get frightened

Aiden's Heart was so fragile
So weak and wondrous
Eventually he would die alone
In the sea of his own tears
Covered in colourless confetti.

A Letter From Shakespeare

Your sweetness if not tasted
Could never be understood
An angel created in centuries past
Intended as a being to resist my task

Like weightless leaves swept up
By the lightest of winds
You fall into my heart
Your light burns resistant to
My weakened eyes
Who beholds your beauty
Could never turn away
To observe any other sight
I now see,
The depths of eternal worth.

A love Letter to Venice

To you my heart will always belong

As my tears are wiped away

Now, I am far from you

My memories stay

And one day

When you least expect it

I shall stand upon you once again

Because...

Hearts aren't meant to feel like Marble.

A Million Dreams in one

I'm going to win the lottery
I don't know when
I just know I will

And when I do
I'll say goodbye
To all the people
That hold me back
And make me miserable
Those who put me down
Taking my hopes and dreams

I'll buy a desert island
And design a beautiful little cottage
Just for me
I'd build the kitchen of my very own dream
with an island of marble and two sinks

I'll eat the finest food from the sea
And maybe even have an extra cabin
For my stilettos

I'd buy myself a helicopter
So I can fly by my worst enemies
Waving my winners cheque,
Just to annoy them

I'd drape colored lights from the tropical trees
and have all night discos
with no one to please

I'll wear my hula hula skirt
and my coconut bra

dancing in the breeze
playing the bongo drums too

Inviting "special guests only"
to my bar
that is called "Arse Hole Free"
and greet them with my very own cocktail
called

"would you like to be me"

A Nightingale Saved Me

I've lost my greatest love
There's no need
For me to wake up anymore
I don't want to hear Nightingales song
I don't even care
If the spruce comes to greet me

On my windowsill
All my bread is stale
As stale as the thoughts
Running around my emptied mind

Tasteless, is my evenings dinner
I still cook for my love, in hope
He will just for once
Come back to eat supper with me

Just to hear him laugh
And see the way his eyes lit up
When I baked his favorite pie
Just one last time
I wish he was sitting on his old leather chair
It's as lonely as me now

I told them to go away, them Birds

"Whistle your music to someone who cares"

I told them

"I'm no audience for you"

But for some strange reason
They kept coming, every morning
I often think, why me?

Why did I have
love ripped away by death?
Why, why me?

Then a thought Comes to mind
And I think
Well, I must be the luckiest, in the world
To have had that special love
In the first place

And even though he's gone
I can give the birds their fresh bread
They so truly deserve

Because
They never gave up on me
And I shall never give up on myself.

A Poet's Pastime

Charles, once told me Van Gogh cut off his ear To give to a beautiful prostitute And in
return She let him paint her nude Very close up Apparently, he kept the painting By a pot of
sunflowers On his windowsill I cannot help but wonder though... What did Bukowski himself
Ever do for fun?

A Question of Faith

If all tragedies of life
led to a path of warmth
there would be nothing
left to write about...

A Question to my Muse

Have I, lived the life I've led
Simply because
One day
I was always destined
To write about it?

A Question to Shakespeare

Oh, Shakespeare my darling, to thee I do speak
Of a time in my being, I wish we could meet

Your words and passion, in me I do seek
The Sonnet in you, that I search within me

This play in my heart, that I keep for thee
The need to write poems, for you to then read

I desire a lesson, just you and me
Answers on rhythm and rhyming, I need

I'm curious, your talent is so very clear
"Hell is empty and all the devils are here"

Your poetry makes my mind want to paint
To your words, my love I can truly relate

Hoping to find you, somewhere in me
without vision I'm lost, I just cannot see

Come to my dream, at least one time?
Give me your wisdom on midnight's chime

Oh lover thy be, oh lover thy be
Would you, could you have desire for me?

My question therefore

To Be or Not to Be?

A Raven Came to me in My Dream

A Raven came to me
In my dream
He said wear a pretty dress
And a hat of pink
Smile and know that others see you
Others see you, as you really are

Then I got to thinking

Whilst I dreamt...

What a world in which I live
Full of people, material people
I often watch
The stinking rich
I watch their cars
Their homes and of course....
What outfit their Chihuahua is wearing?
On any given day
Monday to Sunday clothes...

So chic

Judge me if you please dear reader
But, I ask you this

Where else could I possibly
Get all my Satire from?

Then I think in my sleeping mind...
Of course whilst I dream

What happens if there's a War?
What will happen to these shallow folk?
Will they run and hide?
Or hide behind their coats of mink?

Maybe their Chihuahua's
Already own bullet proof doggy vests?
And maybe even military boots?

Abruptly I then wake
I go to my window
I open it
And I shout

Ah yes, "thank you Raven"

And I wink

Then I come back in from the cold

And now...

Back to my morning chores.

A Romance, Out of This World

Angus and Edna

fell in love

on a spiritual plane

"You know, Heaven or Hell"

They met, when Angus

lost a toe to dry rot

Their bones chuckled

As their teeth chattered

Edna loved his bony arse

They walked hand in hand

knuckles clicking and clacking

knees sounded like

knives being sharpened

It was a beautiful affair

Until Angus, bent over and snapped.

A Satisfactory Note

I just want to let him know...

He was everything to me

Butterflies in stomach

A love I would have offered

Up my torso in death to save

If it was ever asked of me

Yet he pissed it all away

Up town

On nights out alone

Yet, never alone

I just wanted him to know

That I made it anyway

I found everything

I ever wanted not needed, wanted

And there my darling, right there

Is the difference

Between

Our own beliefs of

What Love actually is.

A Serious Note (senryu 19)

political hell unrepairable damage country to a halt I am working class
rich politician don't care we've been forgotten purse is now empty no bread and butter today
there's no use crying Seven bills to pay should I sell one of my kids? or sacrifice me?

A Star in the Making

Under the autumn trees
On a path of leaves smothered on ground
I was on my way
Towards the center of town

A lady, walking towards me
A familiar face
Even though I didn't know her
I really thought I did
And just then, I heard her call her dog
Wow
It was definitely her

So I blabbered
Out loud

How funny
You're the Actress from that American TV series
Aren't you?

She turned to me graciously
And said yes, yes I am

Actually, I knew her real name
I should have composed myself enough
To actually say it

You were brilliant in that
I said, in my Forest Gump voice
I then proclaimed how much
I loved that show

Ok then bye, very nice to meet you

Moving along swiftly
And feeling most impressed
And embarrassed all at the same time

Wishing I'd had the balls to ask for a selfie
Kicking myself
Because I should have been, way more cool

Actually I've been a fan
As long as I can remember

Anyway about an hour later
I couldn't help but think

What a privilege it was
To have had those words
Shared between us

And then, just then, I thought
She didn't ask who I was
What a shame

I didn't get the chance to tell her
I'm the Magnificent Teddy15
A star in the making

Of course
Another exaggeration
In the great world of me
But she wasn't to know that

Maybe if she had asked
We'd have both been smiling
For the rest of the day

And not just me.

A Tragic Tale

She stands alone, the curtains drawn
Her door is locked
Not even the birds come to flock
She has a snake, of course it's fake
She sits there hoping, one day it will wake
What's made her hide withdrawn from life?
She once was a talented poet
The words of others played on her mind
She had so much baggage
And could no longer find
The road that led her to poetry
She listened to others, who were wrong
They wanted her gone
Now she's alone
But, her mind still has the power
To write poetic songs
The beauty that's inside her
She no longer wants to share,
She's closed the door forever,
It's left her in despair
But locked inside, never to be heard
Just seems like such a crime
No one gave her a chance
She sits alone and cries
Only she can hear the music
She stands alone to dance
Writing poems and fables
In her poetry ridden trance
Unsure of how to break the spell
In hope someday, someone will care
It's such a loss and so unfair
This talented poet, will die there.

A Voyage of Sorts

And so here I am In a dream? Or so it seems I've written many a yarn
Of a love once mine
From far away And beyond the vines But on deep reflection I can't help, but wonder
Was my
greatest love affair Actually with My darling London?

A Western Plea

Soldier Soldier Please go home Take a day off Go for a run Play with your baby Have some fun At least for today Don't pick up your gun Soldier Soldier Hear me out Too much pain What's it all about? If every soldier Decided not to fight The entire world Would all sleep tonight World peace In a dream, I saw Peace and love Forever more.

Absent Without Leave

I've been to Paris

But I found zero inspiration

When it came

To writing about my trip

My Muse was

Definitely missing

Maybe it was the people?

Not one Parisian, did I find to be polite

Of course Montmartre

A sight to be seen

With a background to the Eiffel Tower

Note to self...

Sad about my un-enthusiasm

But hey, I can live with that.

Abyss

If you look deep, deep down Into the very corners And wonder At the beauty And
the kindness The hope, that's painted Into a confetti of colour If you can see the Very intimate
And Unconditional love That's when you'll know... You are inside my heart.

Acquainted with the night

As I walk the streets of my dreams Rain drizzling then turns to pour I think about my cold
wet feet And where I may finally rest? I cannot find a bench Nor can I find a bus stop shelter
The great Moon shining my path Where will I finally arrive? I'm yet to learn I'm willing to move
forward Forward and onwards To find my dreams end.

Adam and Eve in Modern Times

Adam, my heart be broken
I fell upon your love
You fell upon mine, so it seemed
Two important lovers
Entwined forever
In a Myth
It was you who wanted me gone, you Bastard
You gave me the drink
I thought it was a Spritz

Alas, we are both still here
I'm not speaking to you anymore
We'll never be famous now
Maybe just on Instagram?

The end.

After-Life

When in the earth I lay

Silent and cold

Pushing up those daisies

I shall slowly rise

Rise, as my Soul cannot stay still

Shameless of course

I shall follow her

A search to find the next

Me

Because in life and death

Earth wind and fire

Has its very own show

But the real protagonist

Is simply my soul.

Ageless Love

We watched the Eye

Floating slowly up the Thames

In giant parts on a freight barge

I remember him saying

Look, there's the Eye

On its way

To its resting place on the river bank

We didn't know then

Just what we were witnessing

We were too busy

Kissing and frolicking

Of course, as young lovers do

On a day out

Beside the magnificence of London

Now more than twenty years have passed

And when I see the enormous Eye

Hovering over the famous landmarks

It reminds me of my youth

My innocence and those first kisses

That will always be within my heart

Hidden in a secret box of ageless love.

Algebra of Love

Often, I sit and ask myself Just why is it That two beautiful people Who give
everything And more to love... Rarely, ever find eachother?

Alien's Speech

Let's get down there as fast as we can
Save these ugly humans, from dying, we can
The things we can see and smell from up here
Earth could be saved, such a glorious Sphere
They've forgotten how to love Earth, they only like cash
Greed a plenty and far too much trash
The oceans they suffer, plastic afloat
Fat cats laughing from their yachts and their boats
We'll save the planet and then they will see
 Aliens are friendly, and they'll leave us in peace.

An abrupt Goodbye

An Eruption of Sorts

There aren't enough rose garden's in Eden
To persuade me to forgive your ill treatment
One's heart is for another to cherish
Not, to have it broken, seeping lost love
The great tragedy of Vesuvius, seeping its lava
And
The sound of a thousand broken violin's
are more pleasing to my eyes and ears
than the words...
I do not love you
But even then, you were far to coward to say.

An Exceptional Moment

A miracle can never be guaranteed
But whilst I breathe, I swear to myself
I will never let one slip through my fingers
I always thought it, such a beautiful word
And I often wonder
If I will ever be able to say I had my very own?
Because for me...

A miracle
Is exactly what one believes it to be
And for me
It's the very best of words to have
At least in a heart that's full
And in a book for others to read.

And As She Called It Love

And as she called it love
And put him on his very own pedal stool
I watched in silence
She was a beautiful girl
Yet her soul seemed empty
Her eye's screamed in agony
The sad thing was
She could never see it for herself
Blinded by her need not to see
Glancing in the dark broken mirror
Was something forbidden
Brushed off
As if it were dust from a book shelf
Reading, she loved to read
Yet she left all her books upon those shelves of dust
And all he did
Was abuse her kindness
Until one day
She found courage and told him to fuck himself
The pedal stool taken back
For better use
Stacked now, are her favorite poets
Such as Charles Bukowski and Oscar wild
Of Edgar Allen Poe and of John Keats
Men who actually taught her something
Be it vulgarity or dark, and of course, true love
It was the truth
And each morning
She'd dust those beautiful books
With eyes that shined
The thing most extraordinary to me?

She never ever spoke with anger
Of those, the dark yet memorable moments
She simply said

I wouldn't be me without them

And I?

Well, I Just silently admire her beauty

From her reflection

In the now, unbroken mirror.

And I Never Learn My Lesson

I wouldn't be a good warlord My eyes are filled with ham And I only see the good in everyone
My enemies would really crucify me And hang me out to dry On a shameful lonely peg
Actually... It's happened many times And I never learn my lesson.

And of Love?

Here

There are no veils of deceit

love defines reason

when we are together

The magnificence of your being

is the simplicity within

intoxicating me with warmth

If true love be a myth

I myself have awoken a truth

your love, your love

carries me down the river

of sweet tears

Into faithful arms eternally...

And That's That

There will come a time

When I will heal

But there certainly are no rules

That come with grief

And why should there be?

Nobody, but I

Can feel the pain

Within my aching body

Blood running angry

Through my veins

Doing a good job

Considering I have a broken heart

I saw the light

And my heart's beat skipped

But it wasn't me who died

Nobody should tell me to smile

No one should say

"cheer up, it may never happen"

Because actually, it did

I shall pull myself together

When I'm damn well ready

And that's, that.

And The Light Goes On

And finally

Awoken by those

Who believe that Believing In oneself Is something Everyone should do... I'm believing today
In me.

Angel

A ray of light so strong

It feels as though

I have been struck fiercely

By a bolt of sun

I can but gaze upon this

Extraordinary

Powerful flame

I stand bewildered

Touched by this vision

Weakened by blindness

A presence of wings in sight

I am aware of such beauty

And gracious light

Created just for a moment

Never will I understand

Yet I believe

In this wondrous being

And as this magnificent

Brightness disappears

I stand and I gaze

I've been touched by an Angel today.

Angel Wings

I have come to realize
Over many years
That my lot in life
Is this...
I seem to attract shitty people
I have no idea why?
I'm certainly not attracted to them
Am I a Fly?
No
No matter how cautious
I am of these types
They seem to find me
Shitting on me in abundance
Am I a fly?
No
But if I was I would simply choose
To sit upon a sweet smelling rose
Not the shit, that they propose
Am I a fly?
No
But if I was a fly
I would be
The only fly ever to exist
With a pair of Angel wings.

Architect

I'm diving into the deepest corner
Of the pit, which pit?
I hear you ask?
Why, the pit of insanity of course

The one where I lay
With the three headed camouflaged Flamingo
Dying slowly one head at a time
Falling asleep for her last nap

I'm also next to the green Sheep
That's wearing lady stilettos
As I hear it moan about its baggy jumper
Of unravelling wool, that goes on for miles

Last but not least

The neckless Giraffe
Reading
"Where the Wild Things Are"
In Latin, crying red hearts into his tissue

Moving on swiftly
My eyeballs now raw
From this unbelievable imagery

Now into an even worse scenario

The scenario
That I may actually wake from this insanity...

After all

I bloody love being

Completely and utterly bonkers mad.

Aren't We All Just Different Coloured Butterflies?

If it is true That we only ever meet The people Who we are supposed to meet in life Well,
I've met them all I've had the pleasure to meet the jealous ones Those who take without giving
I've met the liars And the ones Who pretend to be your friend I've met the type who'd take your
man From the wedded bed I've met those who would See one starve Rather than give A piece
of bread And I've also met the few Who would give you Their last cigarette without thought
Reflecting on it all I have to wonder Which one am I? And if every meeting of fate Was
supposed to be Then, I simply wonder... Aren't we all Just Different coloured Butterflies?

Astronomy

I took the road less travelled

And to be honest

I don't know from where My courage came from? But come, it did... Everyone always told me
You won't get anywhere You'll be in the gutter Looking down at the drain Not looking up at the
stars Like all the rest of us Well, here I am To prove them wrong I'm certainly in the bling
Regardless Living my dream The dream that those Who wished to deny me Are not living
themselves And the worst thing is They will never be able to see That actually I made it... I
can definately see the stars.

At Least In My Dreams

He came to me As he does sometimes His kind soul Not that which is in life But that within my dream It's always a comfort To know he is sorry We loop arms and walk I always give the same speech "I'm sorry but I just wanted to save you" He replies "I know" And once again we are back to a happy time... And even though When I awake from this serenity The truth is we are still far apart Alas I know, his good soul Comes to make amends At least in my dreams.

Atlantic Ghost

She really was the most magnificent sight to see
Sailing the open sea on her
Was all I had ever dreamed of

First class, to beyond my wildest imagination
A fantasy for so many
Yet a long awaited dream come true, for me

You see, I was on my way to meet
Henry Smith, a Gentleman
I had been writing, for five long years

He was the proud owner of a textile mill
From New York
His family, while quite well off
Apparently down to earth

Let's say, he was my Darling pen pal
We had never met, but he was everything to me
We had promised to share our lives together
Finally, my destination belonged to our first meeting

It was no longer just a fantasy
To be on the unsinkable ship that sailed
At more than 20 knots per hour
With only sea in front
Nowhere to go, no land in sight,
Just my loving thoughts of Henry

Even though, today there was fog
The sun still shone through

It was the wind on my face

My hair uncontrollable
That made me feel
I was flying like the finest seagull
Proud to have wings

Then the sun lost its shine
Giving up its stage
To the magnificent Moons nightly performance

I remember a Musician playing the violin
Don't know why
But it seemed special tonight
I dare say, a bit haunting

Everything was running smooth
Until that one fateful moment
We bumped into the Diamond
From that split second

My voyage was lost forever
And even though I knew
I would never meet my Henry
I would still meet death, with a smile.

Atlantic Ghost "part 3"

Am I in a deep dream or a nightmare?
Waves crashing, as if they were trying to wake me up
I felt something shining onto my freezing numb face
I could feel a closeness of warmth
Opening my weak eyes to a shaking hand and a flash light
Then I heard a voice enthusiastically screaming
"she's alive" "she's alive", "sheeee's aliiiiive"

I was indeed alive, "just"
Still holding on to the debris
I was abruptly pulled onto a wooden boat
By the gentleman
Slumped on the surface as if I was a tuna
He covered me gently with a blanket
He told me his name was Charlie
Charlie had saved me

He sailed me up to the big ship
With no time to spare
And told me it was called "RMS Carpathia"
Three gentlemen pulled me up onboard, I was finally safe
I was given some warm tea and some dry clothes
They were elated with joy, to see me
And I?
So very happy to be there
I thanked Charlie, best i could for saving me
I owed him my life,
He rushed off to find more survivors
Now the hard part, I had to come to terms with reality

We left at first light, on the Carpathia
We were on our way to New York, once again
Same voyage, but now a very different Ship

Certainly not first class anymore
I believe there were just over four hundred survivors
And I was one of them

We sailed for another three days and nights
Finally, I could see the Statue of Liberty in sight
My eyes filled with relief tears and a thousand volts of emotion
My thoughts of Henry had kept me alive until now
I was barefoot I lost my shoes in the Atlantic
I couldn't help but think, what on earth would I wear
Whilst meeting my beloved Henry?
Barefoot wasn't the elegance I was hoping for

Would he even be there at the dock to meet me?
And how could this tragedy have happened?
A dream to a nightmare in seconds
I heard whispers
The crew were unaware there were binoculars aboard the Titanic
If they'd known
it may have saved us from hitting the iceberg in the first place
Extraordinary, the things now rolling around my mind

As we sailed ever closer to the dock
I almost felt more terrified and anxious
To find out if Henry had actually come to find me?
Does he even know I'm on the Carpathia?
That swept me up and saved me from never meeting him at all
Or does he think I've perished with the ship of dreams?
I had escaped smiling at death

But would I have the chance to smile face to face with Henry?

To be continued...

Atlantic Ghost "Finale"

The Carpathia had brought me back to land and to life
By now it was the 18th of April
Can you believe also my 24th birthday?
My mother always told me I'd make a grand entrance one day
And today was that day
Rescued on a Royal Mail Ship

Entering Pier 54, I couldn't believe my eyes
It was just after 9pm
Standing in the desperate crowd
Was a vision surreal at this point
It was Henry, I lost his photo, I carried in my purse
But I knew it was him straight away
He seemed to be crying and laughing all at once
He called my name and I shouted back "Henry I'm here"

Finally, I was allowed to embark
To reach the very reason I was on this journey in the first place
Into the arms of Henry Smith, six feet tall and well groomed
If but a bit ruffled, who wouldn't be?

I couldn't help but reflect on this adventure so dark
"Love can keep your mind from losing faith"
"love has no questions no matter how it's given actions are answers"

Just as I was ready to smile at death
My love for a man I had never met saved me
Henry Smith, a thirty-year-old gentleman
Who didn't give up on me
And I, who never gave up on our love

Who am I?

Oh yes...

Well, I'm Iris O'Reilly

A very proud survivor of the unsinkable ship that actually sank

And a writer of sorts, from the Grand City of Belfast, Ireland

I imagine you're all wondering

Did I marry Henry Smith?

"My eyebrows now fully raised"

Well, I'll just say this,

I certainly hope, he was worth the trip.

The End.

Atlantic Ghost "part two"

I remember the sound of the violins, stopped very abruptly
And were replaced by screams and cries for help
This great ship was sinking in the cruel Atlantic
She went down with such magnificent force
And then she snapped in half, or so it seemed
The waves extremely angry, almost as if they wanted to eat the vessel
Her lights had flickered for the last time

I remember the water was freezing

Almost as if I was sitting on the diamond itself
But it was actually debris from the tragic ships interior
I was too tired to even notice what it was?
It could have been a chair or a table
Even a dead body? I'd lost the will to think
I was holding on for my life
My thoughts were forever with Henry
In any case I was safe for a while?

I remember hearing the whistles
They were screeching through my ears
But there was also a dense fog
So dense, I could barely see if I still had my own arms
Let alone see someone helpless in the water
I just kept my eyes tightly closed
I had never seen a dead body
Not one that had drowned in such tragedy

Next to me, knowing I could do nothing to save them

I don't know why, but I couldn't help but hum
"It's a long way to Tipperary"

I hummed it until my eyes closed most unwillingly
I was exhausted, my mind and body were giving up
I simply couldn't fight my exhaustion any longer
Hoping all the while
My lights wouldn't go out for the last time
As they had on this, the Maiden Voyage
I no longer had the strength to smile at death tonight.

To be continued...

Autumn's Fall

Dancing shadows of leaves

Tell me of autumn's arrival

Colorful shades

Turning from

bright green

To yellow and pink

Pumpkin orange

rusty red

And soft brown

Warm Sunshine beaming

Through the skeleton of the great Oak

All the while I'm wondering...

How could the transition

From this now, sleeping Summer

Be so darn glorious?

Awakening

Dreams can sometimes Turn your world upside down Waking to know He was with me in
my dream Yet here, in this world He is not Sometimes I still search Hoping to find him On
the streets of London Am I dreaming? Of course I am I know he's gone But I...
Cannot wake up.

Bad Jazz

Stolen from an Angel
A Saxophone played violently
By the Devil

Angel, mesmerized in pure shock
In a moment locked between
Good and Evil

She had no choice
But to watch and listen
A performance she was most unwilling to see

[Ladies and Gentlemen] Introducing...
"Pandemonium"

Melody being eaten, ripped apart, and spat out
As the musical notes themselves
Desperately screeching for help
Without hope of rescue

If Jazz was something
You didn't really understand

Today, I'm afraid
You'd understand It even less

I could see the Angel crying
Yet, I couldn't reach out to comfort her

Devil's tongue
Was tightly wrapped around my Torso

Strangling my screams
And silencing my voice
With his deep hate and mischief

And throughout this entire theatre
All I could think was...

"Gosh" He is so incredibly talented.

Beatrice's Letter to Dante

'Twas once, I the muse be
In such times without clarity
I was your flame
You were my air
At your words I could but stare

I the fire you fused
 alas you could never choose
for I,
The secret in the gardens of your paradise
Awaiting our judgment never,
In inferno eternally we are together...

Dante's reply
Where,
 if not my lust be tangled
 would I be?
Standing upon such fire
 In misery
How could I forsake love
 that is of burning flames
In a jar suffocated by closure
My air frozen in an untimely death
My ever aching wish to
 spread your fire
leaves my soul and mind
 in a world without thought
There will never be a place
 I would cherish more
 in life or death
Therefore, I could only be truly satisfied

In paradise or hell
as long as I am with you.

Beautiful View (Senryu)

and as I look out into this, the evening light my heart skips a beat.

Beggared Heart

Within this, my beggared heart A message I do send To all of those Who've done me wrong
And to those Who've wished me dead I bid you not One moment more Not I, The writer of
my fate I shall choose when to fall And arrive outside the gate.

Bench Address

I'm sitting on a park bench

It's 07:00 am, it's Friday

The temperature is 2c

A razor blade wind

Cutting into my head

Even though

I'm wearing a thermal wooly hat

You must be wondering

Why I'm sitting here?

Well I wanted to feel

What it might be like

For a homeless person

Who actually lives on a bench

To be honest I couldn't sit here

For more than five minutes

I'm wondering

How can they possibly live in this way?

I can only believe

It is the very miracle of Must...

Today I MUST survive.

Bird

The bird is me

I wish to fly Fly myself way up high Far beyond the trees Beyond the crowds Way up
high amongst the clouds Some say Life is all about looking up But what about me? I
want to fly.

Blood on the Pavement

When I was eleven

I fell deeply in love

With Robert

He lived a few doors down from me

Of course I knew he could never love me back

He was seventeen and may I say, gorgeous

My sister Mary went out with him though, she was fifteen

I never felt jealous, I didn't feel the need

I guess you could say

He was my very own eye candy

Anyway, one day

Whilst I was riding along on my roller-skates

I saw him coming towards me

On his BMX, no less

So of course I started swaying from side to side

You could say, I was flirting?

Well...

Until I accidentally crashed into him

Head over handle bars, I went

Thumping onto concrete

"Ouch"

That bloody hurt

I got up, all dazed and broken

He looked concerned

I said "bye then" with a smile

Lucky I still had my teeth

After all, I'm already dying of embarrassment

I rushed home

I didn't show my mum my face

I didn't want to go to hospital

Instead I went straight to bed

It was only 18:00 on a lovely Saturday evening

I didn't sleep at all

My eye was cut and each hour

My whole face became more swollen

Until at 10 am, my mother was calling me

"wakey wakey"

I was so frightened to show her

What I had done to myself

But eventually, I did

She turned to me and she said

"My darling child"

"It will get much worse before it ever gets better"

I couldn't help but wonder

Was she speaking of my wounds or of love?

And still, to this day

I'm quite sure...

She was speaking of love.

Booby Prize

Little Tommy titbit,
was a naughty little boy
He liked to peer through key holes,
the ladies he'd annoy
One day whilst he was peeping
he got an awful fright
as he stood upon a ladder,
he screamed out,
"GOULD BLIMEY, WHAT A SIGHT"
M'lady, she was naked
he could not help, but see
that M'lady, had two boobies
and another
that made three.

(Second act)

He ran around the corner
Bumped in to someone tall
was, M'lady ere in question
this time, he did get caught
But now the stories ending
and now you all will see
Little Tommy titbit,
Is as happy as can be
Seeing, all three boobies
never, imagined he could touch
But when M'lady grabbed him
He had hold , the entire bunch.

The End

Breakfast Surprise

Humpty Dumpty

Went out for a nice long stroll

Tragically, he bumped into

The Dish and the Spoon

Woops...

Digestion in progress.

Bright Side

I don't see the Virus protective mask
On the face as a menace
For me
It is simply an opportunity
For those with bad breath to hold their secret
After all, no one wants the smell of
Rotting teeth and fermented Garlic
Blowing in their face

And how wonderful is this?
Alcoholics, in sunglasses plus the mask
Well, they have a new identity
Try it, I have

I also see it
As a great opportunity
For any age adult
Reaching out to the orthodontist
After years of embarrassment
Because of ugly teeth

Putting on that train track brace
Do it now?
After all, no one will see
And by the time masks become exempt
Teeth will be fabulous
Posting your photo on Tinder
Dates galore

I find all sorts of reasons to wear the mask

When I see Mr. Popodopolus on the street
You see, he has no teeth
Usually he showers me in spit
Now I gladly stop to talk for hours
And I don't need to run home for a shower
Nor do I feel
The need to vomit in the gutter

When I see people I don't like
I can murmur "up your ass"

Why not? It's all being said
In a whisper under my mask
and after all
My eyes, well they are always smiling

Endless opportunities that we must take
Whilst it's all so normal

When we no longer need the surgical mask

We'll all go back to being more diplomatic?
Surely...

Broken Arrow

And then...

In a split moment

My mood changed...

Flooded by the darkest moments

That ripped my soul from my torso

My dead body falling once more to the floor

As a dead body would fall

I could actually describe it as

Being lost, so damn lost, numb and cold

I had to find my way

But my legs somehow didn't want me to walk

I was simply stuck in a moment of time

That felt like eternity

No road could have offered me solace

Each one that I chose

Simply offering grief and uncertainty

All I thought I needed

A simple road sign signaling the right way ahead

Navigation

That we all crave at some time in our lives

The only one I found

Battered by nature's wrath

It seemed, as if it was as lost as I was?

Both of us, cheated by the claws

And scratches of the relentless winds

Pelted by rain, countless times

Rain, that sometimes felt like rocks

Flying through clouds of metal in an unforgiving sky

All I could confirm
In my tired brain-frozen-mind
Was that there would be no exit
And without an exit
It actually led me to feel peaceful
At least finding peace in my own acceptance
That I may never find my way

But then in another split second
My mood changed once more
And I didn't need that Sign
That one directive arrow
Which could have helped me find my way

Because I'd made it
I'd found the right road regardless
Albeit a dusty road filled with pot holes
But the one in which had light.

Bukowski's Muse

Amazing, I no longer feel the need to whine

Yes I'll admit, my work is never posh

I don't really like fancy poetry

I don't see the need of big words

Sending my reader to a dictionary

Simply isn't my style

It spoils the moment

Of that one great read

When the letters touch the imagination

And heart for better or worse

Leaving the mind full of imagery

Blood, Death, Love, Pain

Heaven and Hell

Even ladies of the night

Leaving tears rolling down a face

A frown or even possibly a giggle

After all

That is where the richness

Truly comes from right?

That one poem

That will get a thousand readers talking

Thinking about the magnificent imagery

And emotion from each unpoised line

Waiting anxiously for the next

Even when the poem is breaking a heart

Or angering the reader

Looking forward to raw emotion

Because that's what poetry means?

And finally... the last line

That always gives me

The satisfaction of impact

Bukowski himself

Admitted his very best friends

And finest company

Were

Bach and Mozart

And the true reason he loved them

Was because they were already dead

So maybe, just maybe

Right now

They are somewhere

Beyond the realm

Together

Composing a masterpiece?

But What Of Love?

I know

My saddest tears are just salty water

Once flowed easing the pressure

My heart doesn't actually break

When I say I'm heart broken

It just feels that way for a while

I also know

The rendering pain I feel

When knives go through my chest

Are just feelings of grief

Of course the fog hovering

Over the river will always pass

And the dark clouds which bring rain

Will eventually move onto the other side of the road

Giving way to sun and if I'm lucky, a rainbow

All these things I know

But what of love?

What of love?

I am as lost as you.

By Your Side

When I'm at my worst
When I don't want to fight anymore
Emotionally driven into a brick wall
That never seems to fall
I know that she's there
She's right next to me
Where ever I be
Her comfort guides me through
Gifting me courage
And so...
As I come back
Freeing myself
Of these chains and Demons
Bringing myself back
From the brink of darkness and Hell
I know, I'm in the arms of my Angel.

Cadaver

I was once asked by a terribly curious child What I wanted to be when I grew up? I replied.... A fully functioning corpse.

Caged Bird

If it wasn't for my gentle heart
My feathers would have burned fiercely
A soul that once had light
My freedom just a memory
I must reject these tiresome thoughts
That savage my taunted mind
Reduce them to a petal of hope
With harmony entwined
I wish for the day
Empathy opens my cage
And lets me fly away
At least she knows I'll do my best
Determined, come what may
With forceful winds that once were tender
Blowing me into the blazing sun
My courageous assumption of what could be
Is yet to be undone.
Lightning strike my sorrowed heart
If I cannot be me,
Compassion strike my cage tonight
And let my mind fly free.

Caged Bird

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S.H ©

Canvas

He was considered a strange Soul
even at the best of times
He had lots to say
Yet nobody really listened

A genius mind
He created landscapes
And starry skies
Which intrigued
Even the most stubborn of eyes

Sunflowers
Poetry grown in a meadow
Painted into a vase of pride and gratitude
Bringing the colour yellow to life

I remember his cry for help
Later claiming he didn't remember
What he had done
Never the less he painted his pain
To share with the few who enjoyed his mind

A bandage, covering his left ear
I often wonder why he chose the left one?

Anyway, it turns out
More than just a few admired him
I can't help but wonder
If he could see into the future?
Imagining his own true worth and fame?

Captivated

My soul, what really is my soul?
My inner feelings and thoughts perhaps?
If my soul breaks
It simply cannot be fixed
It's invisible, after all
Yet, very much part of my being
A rich word Indeed
When I say, my soul has lost its spark
It simply means, I'm feeling less in control of my life?
There are no antibiotics to heal a broken soul
Nor surgical procedures?
It is my mind
That can pull my soul out of its imaginary gutter
That it sits in uncomfortably
On those hardest of day's

When...

Everything is dark
Everything is dull
Everything is painful

Love...

A broken love
Doesn't need to be cured
Because if it was real love in the first place
That love would never have needed a remedy?

Therefore, my soul will always be captivated
By my own minds medicine.

Cascade

*Here, there are no veils of deceit
love defines reason
when our eyes meet*

*The magnificence of your being
is the simplicity within
intoxicating me with warmth*

"If true love is a myth
I myself have awoken a truth"

your love,

your love

*carries me down the river
of sweet tears
Into your arms eternally.*

Chauffeur

A Monster truck filled with words
That's what I've got in the back of my mind
Sometimes I wish they would tip out
Onto the ground
And I'd be done with 3 AM wake up calls
My muse driving me round the bend
And me?
I'm half asleep
Awaking to first light
With scrunched up paper by my bed.

Chocolate Chip Dilemma

He was more than happy to oblige
Opening his computer for the very first time
A question came up Do you accept all cookies?

Christmas Chill

Even though, for me

The season is Christmas I know... For the Homeless It's simply just winter.

Christmas Memoirs

Whenever Christmas came around

I felt the lowest of my being

The darkest moments inside my soul

Ripped apart by arguments

Between people around me

Reasonable requests

Mother always wanted peace and harmony

Father wanted to be a Man

And put a turkey on the table

But between them

What did they really achieve?

Looking back now, quite a lot

In my own family

We have what we have and that's our lot.

Cloud 9

I can feel them

Them, giant Boeing wheels

Coming down onto the tarmac

As we're about to land on the ground

Close to my beloved London

I've been dreaming of a better Christmas

All night long

Alas...

Whilst deep dreams

Can be profoundly welcome

It's the realization

When once again I awake

That brings me back down with a bump.

Coffee Beans

And as I swing through

The revolving doors

Of the five star hotel Where I'm meeting A very old friend I realize, I have a stain On
my synthetic jumper I don't panic though Because I believe That even the richest of the rich
Sometimes spill the coffee.

Composed

Craving the love Withheld from within His dark, cold heart I could no longer sing My
melody had escaped Following its very own destiny And yet... Not even a tear was shed
Because My eyes had lost All their colorful tapestry.

Confession

Forgive me Father
For I have sinned
My cabinet flew open
So I drank all the Gin...

Consequence of Love

It's very true that love

Didn't kill you or I

So why do I feel so dead?

If the consequence of love

Was a death so deeply painful

Then why do any of us

Accept it in the first place?

Daydream

I want to have a love affair with
The great Oscar Wilde
Just to be wrapped around his mind
Even for one single moment
Having his words
Float softly but firmly
Into my heart...

Death of a Muse

Sometimes I feel
As if I'm living in a parallel world
Existing only for her enjoyment

My brain doesn't rest
Feeling like
I've used these ink notes before?

These moments have been played out
In my very own three am wake-up-calls
I'm being psyched by her
And if I'm honest, I'm exhausted

I know what's going to happen
Because I've seen it in my imagery
Every time I close my eyes
And in the corner of my mind
It is almost always the reality

Haunted by my Muse

Even when I lock myself
In a sun filled room
My vision of death
Never lets me be

I'm never at peace
Because...

What will be written
Has already been.

Decay

Today's world

Is rotting

Famous People

killing themselves

On a daily basis

So too is the girl next door

And the boys who play with knives

Desperation is the perfume

That lingers in the air

As the world turns rotten

And everyone is now

A liar, a thief, a Cheater, a Loser

A Rebel, or a Sheep

I'm just looking at it

Through as many glass windows

As I can

Because

It's the safest place to be

I too, am at a loss

When will life once again

Become one worth living?

December's Truth

She was the one...

The one, who made it all so magical

Everyone always thought it was him

But I can let you into the secret now

Now, she's no longer with us

The love was spread far beyond just one day

She was Mother Christmas

Every day of the year

And what of

Father Christmas?

He never had a patch on her

She was everything.

Déjà Vu

I just took a massive leap of faith
Into the unknown
In hope
I have been rational enough
To decide through my darkest times
To finally turn my attention
Into believing once again

In myself

Delicate Me

I've put it all away
All the pain I've suffered in my life
That's led me humbly to this day

All the disappointment
The hardship
hunger
Hatred
Grief
Anger
Sorrow

I've done it
I've put them all in a
Beautiful antique set of drawers
That sits so pretty
and
Even though I know what's inside

I no longer wish to open them
I no longer wish to feed
My bad memories

I'll let them starve
I have no interest in keeping them alive

I won't open these drawers
But if I do
A long, long time from now

A beautiful Butterfly

Will find her way out
Flying into the blue sky

And I'll be free.

Destination

A heart empty of dreams
is just a
Bird without wings.

Destiny

I trust

I'm supposed to be

Where I am

When I am there...

Diamond in the Sky

I remember she used to take me with her
We used to ride the bus
I must have been around five year's old
See, she had a cleaning job
I think that's what it was?

She used to say she was "helping a friend"
She probably didn't want me to know
That she was cleaning
She was certainly a proud lady

I didn't mind going though
I remember I got to play outside
In Camden Lock
Where flowed the Regent's Canal
I felt like I was abroad

It was very different from the London streets
Where we lived, which were dark and miserable
Police sirens were an hourly sound in my young ears

Here in Camden it was
Posh, with a buzz of happy sightseers
I'd be right outside watching the enormous house boats
leaning upon a fence, with one hand under my little chin
Just observing the sights

Once, I even got really close to the side of a Barge
Like a floating mansion it was
I suppose now, it would all look so small
Now that I'm all grown up, of course

Funny, after we stopped going
"To help her friend"
I never had the urge to visit Camden
But sometimes, when I think of her
I remember those times

Her hands blistered and red
Eczema wreaking havoc upon her tired hands
I was so grateful for the time she spent with me
And the fact that she would, despite her pain
Hold my hand so tight, smiling down at me reassuringly

All the while me, looking up at her
Thinking quietly to myself
When I grow up, I want to be just like you.

Did You Know?

Did you know?
Once, I nearly died tragically
From dark love?
I don't often acknowledge it
As I favor the light
And occasionally...
I also love to tango with
Mr. Bojangles.

Dinner Time

Right under his house
Lived an enormous Alligator
A pet he kept secret, for many years

Until one day
The Alligator got fed up with steak
And wanted to try something sweet
So up he came to greet his master...

Murder?
Yes, but not much mystery, right?

The police said

Belief is this...
There was more than one reptile down there

Unfortunately
(They haven't managed to trace the second one yet)

The NYPD Notes...

They are still searching for a few Gentlemen
Who were neighbors

They were playing strip poker at the time

At least four of them are believed to be British

Apparently they were all poets...

Disbelief

Why do I always feel like I'm not worth being loved?
I still wait for the day
He says he wants to leave, he's had enough
I don't trust a soul
And I don't know why
It might be in my last life; someone was sly?
Why can I not settle
And believe in what I see?
Why can I not accept
That someone actually loves me?

Disco Time

Squirrel having fun

Flower's of summer dancing

Spring, now sleeping tight.

Doggy Style

What is Poetry?

well for me

It's when I'm inspired to question

The things I see around me

Observation of sorts

For example,

Why does the beautiful lady

Sitting next to me on the bus

Have a Prada bag?

And knowing, she has a Prada bag

Why is she on the bus?

Is her Porche in the garage?

Maybe she cannot afford a car at all?

Those bags cost a fortune

Maybe she just chose her preference?

Then I start questioning

My own reasons for not having a posh bag

Well, I guess poets don't need luxuries?

It doesn't matter what your bag is called right?

So just when I'm answering

My own question

A little doggy pokes his head out

From under the loose sparkly zip

So then I have to question...

Why any woman would spend

That much money on a bag

Only to have it filled with dog shit?

Don't Shoot The Mockingbird

Music of Mozart please?

An orchestra of one

Singing from the great tree of hope

Nature's most talented performer

Gentle, and proud to be

Annoying to some

Yet a vison to see

The mockingbird

Never mocking me.

Don't Tell my old Man

Marriage... Well it's not for everyone Turns out It definitely isn't for me So if I could give Any advice or wisdom

In my old age of forty-seven It would be... Don't bloody do it What did I just hear you say? Forty-seven isn't old? Tell me about it It's what marriage does to you It really is a ball and chain I frown at the very thought of falling in love again... I'm still trying To get rid of the last one Happy Valentine's dear.

Dramatics of Slumber

Where for ought thou
Stranger and lover be?

As I search upon the daffodils
And daisy's
Alas, I'm yet to see

Where for ought thou darling be?

The one who visits me in my dreams

In fields of sunflowers
I await the face of thee

As I breathe midnight's air

In the lusciousness of the unconscious

I feel your heart

It beats as if I and thy
Were one

On awakening, my heart does bleed.

Dream

And, as I lay my weary head
Onto these dreams of new
Upon my old and creaking bed
I dread a nightmare or a few
And of these dreams of gold and mad
I hope, the light will awake me
From tormented, distant, dormant lands
And wake I shall, with my dreams clearly

Or
Alas, with...

Nightmares, deeply dark and eerie.

Dream Scene

Dragon talking in riddles
In a castle on the cliff
A wicked queen washing her laundry
Her wickedness, seems to be just myth

A swollen river of chocolate right above my head
Dancing to soft music
Played by an orchestra of bumble bees
Who are all wearing red

And a Hedgehog who is singing
"She loves you yeh, yeh, yeh"
There's a kookaburra dancing
With a bright orange Mare

A Crocodile sitting by the marshmallow creek
Wearing my sun hat, as I turn to look closer
He smiles at me and winks

A flying saucer flown by an octopus
Waving down at me
Naughty monkeys jumping
Off the bed into confetti sea

A giraffe painting an up-side-down rainbow
For all to admire
There's a bright blue frog
Balancing on a tight rope wire

And the town clock that's sits
Upon the oldest living tree

Tic-tocking backwards

Oh yes, and me?

well...

I'm afloat an old shoe drifting

Deeper and deeper

Into my dream.

Dream Space

I have bags and bags

Of wonderful hopes and dreams

But, nowhere left

To lay them

In the hope

They will

One day come alive

There isn't even any space

In the back of my mind

Alas

Nowhere

For them to go...

But wait

My Inner Muse tells me i'm wrong.

Dream Time

When my Enemies
Visit me in my dreams
I take it as a great compliment
That they are missing me.

Dreaming of Rome

Last night I dreamt
I was taking a dip
In the
Magnificent Trevi, in Rome
A baroque fountain
Wrapped around me like a towel
I wasn't in water
I was in champagne

I remember in this dream
I was so happy
I didn't care for anything
Just I, in a posh bath
Swimming around in the glorious bubbles
Every so often taking a sip

And as my dream ends abruptly
Like every dream does
I awoke with the hiccups.

Driven Out Of Paradise

From clay he was born
God's breath formed his shape
Gentle air ran through his veins
He opened his eyes and spoke

A man created to take care of the world?
Adam had many jobs to do
He was given the Garden of Eden
Flowers and birds
Heaven on earth

Adam needed someone to share his life
So God was kind and gave him a wife
Having such a blessing didn't come for free
God told this couple
"never eat the fruit from the tree"

Curiosity, over came one day
A serpent came, to lead Eve astray
Ever so willing, the fruit looked good
After taking a bite, and
Eve fell ill, with guilt

She then, gathered fruit for Adam
Forbidden fruit that tasted fine
she knew it was wrong, but she didn't mind
A call from God, they both started to shake
As he asks "did you taste good and evil"
Blaming each other for the sin
God was disappointed, they'd disobeyed him

Now a world of evil lay upon their bed
No more roses and no sweet scent left
Just the stench of evil
Ripening on the trees
Apples of dark in a future foreseen.

Editor

I often wonder if an Actress

Can really see her own talent on screen?

Determination, self-satisfaction

Finishing with a perfect wrap

And even watching herself

In rewind from a sofa thirty years later

Or would it only remind her

How, she could have done it better?

Beating herself up with

What if's and self-judgement?

And if so

I get to thinking...

Is it also the same for a Published Poet?

Egg Yolk in A Comet?s Tail...

It is I, who stays awake all night
Mind going round
On its very own carousel of madness
That never seems to quiet
Tomorrow I shall take
My final bow
In the Town Square

Where I have presented my musings
Upon the unsuspecting public
Just going about their business
And everyday lives

The Town Square

Where the Arches are bold
And the cobbled paving
Has silent history of everyone
Who has stood to look up at the stars

I always put on a different show
I always have a place to go inside my mind
And the crowd loves whatever I do
Knowing that even one stranger
Can feel my presence and acknowledge my existence
makes me feel alive

Tonight alas, I shall take my bow and say goodnight
To everyone, who has stopped to listen
Each person, who has smiled with my words

And laughed out loud
Now I'm off to a smaller Square
Where time is waiting for me to share
Once again
Words, oh words what words so grand?

As my lungs fill the stage
For my last performance
Yours find it hard to breathe
As you are sorry that I have to leave

Goodbye Town Square

I hope to see you again, one day
If not, then I shall die within our memories
And ride on the tail of the comet
That will pass by the stars
Into nothingness.

Einstein (comedy)

I had a friend called Einstein
He was such a sweet, sweet thing
Round with trumpet like spouts
And a very special grin

I couldn't tell whether he had eyes
And a mouth, I couldn't say?
But every night he'd say hello
In his own very special way

I remember well, this particular night
As I wasn't quite myself
I'd drunk a bottle of whiskey
That I found upon my shelf

I don't know why I did it
Usually I drink tea
But this night wasn't normal
And now you all will see

Einstein he was crying
No tears but I could tell
His voice that was like Kevin's(minion)
Was now more like a girl's

He claimed he would be leaving
a bad man had spoken to the world
Disinfectant would cure the virus
Einstein really did feel cursed

I tried to reassure my friend

Without him I'd feel worse
We'd had great times together
He really was diverse

Einstein will be leaving
No longer he'll be here
And I myself be grieving
To lose a friend so dear

The pentagon has spoken
Einstein's fate is in the bag
So I say goodbye to Einstein
But boy, do I feel mad

Aliens arriving,
To take my dear friend home
How do we all know this?
Spaceship bumped into a drone

We know this virus, global
But I promise to you this
Don't drink disinfectant,
You're better off with gin.

Element of Surprise

And as he tips his head down
to look at me
his glasses, hanging off the tip of his nose

I say "hello"

He replies...
"I've missed you"

I cannot believe it
After all, I'm his Editor

Embrace

I'm on a new road
Hoping to walk calmly and quietly
Without the sight of misery
Chasing me to the nearest cliff edge
I'm hoping
That this path will be less twisted
Maybe less haunted
And even straight forward?
But
If I come to a crossroad
Not knowing which way to go
I shall use logic
Hopefully moving me in the right direction
Although
Maybe in the end
I may have to except
It will be my heart that decides.

Emotional Shortcut

A sensory system and power supply
A computer brain
That can simply be switched
On or off

Blood doesn't flow through veins
Just staring into nothingness
Without any thoughts what so ever
Behind eyes is simply
The soul of a computer
Tangled in
Wires and circuits

Peaceful, and Restful
She cannot feel grief
Nor disappointment
She could never feel
A broken heart

"An enormous part of me
Thinks she is lucky"

And as I watch her, I tremble
Because
I can almost feel her robotic heart
Wanting desperately to beat
If just for a moment

To feel any slight emotion
"At least that's what I imagine"

But If I'm really honest

Her artificial intelligence

And lack of feelings

Just makes me feel envious.

Empty

Reflecting

At the bottom of the glass

Not one not two but three bottles drank in haste

Is it any wonder

One would wake with such a bad headache?

I have to reflect

On the very reason many of us writers drink

Is it because it softens the hard walls?

We seem to put up inside our very selves?

To shield us from the horrors we have ourselves seen and experienced?

Or is it merely an excuse?

And the only real reason we drink is because we like too?

Or is it...

That we are simply just searching for the true answers to love?

Enlightened

Where my tears where once heavy

Now are light

It must be because

I've shared such grief

In a world that actually listened

I'm now able to walk

When

Forever, before

I was just dragging feet

Almost as if

They were made of stone.

Envelope of Flames

You're the king of my universe
Your poetry ignites my gentle heart
Where the river was born to a peaceful flow
We stand together as one sweet soul
In this the tempestuous ocean of life
Our paths have never crossed
There is no greater sorrow
Than knowing our hands will never touch
But you are deep within me
From my love of poetry
You've led me to your wisdom

"Love which absolves no one is beloved from loving"

You've captured me with your charm
My love for you will bring me to my death
And in Eternity
We shall finally ignite our great love.

Evening Rush Hour

He was so beautiful I remember...

He walked onto the train My heart stopped for a mere moment Or so it seemed? He had a flat cap Just like mine Although his was blue He had the biggest brown eyes And a huge smile Even though it was evening The sun seemed present And extremely strong He looked at me for a second Being Shy, I looked back down at my book In the most subtle of ways, of course I knew instantly, he was my soulmate At the next stop I got off the train And as I went to buy my vegetables At the market On the way home from work As I always do I couldn't help but smile So hard, my jaw hurt.

Every Day is Poet's Day

My husband is a poet He often climbs to the top of the cliff To find his inspiration But today...
He found it at the bottom.

Expectations

When life sends you to heaven Just to see who's there? Then you come back down to earth Missing that one soul You really loved and for whom you really cared Every day a mountain to climb Every hour, hoping That you find them in a crowd Somewhere out there Knowing that even when They visit in your dream To tell you, they are with you Waking up You know, that it's not true And certainly not fair Missing that special love And its richness That made us who were are Having hold of our own emotion Standing by our memories Holding them regardless Like a hologram that we always see Love doesn't fade Neither should She or He.

Exploding Satire

I can't remember If I closed the bloody gas? Oh, maybe I'm fucked ...

Extraordinary

Somebody asked me To describe
My very first Experience of love So I did It was... An incredibly dark And Twisted love
poem.

Falling into a Dream

On the Venetian streets

I have yet to tread

But even I, dare to dream

Dreaming of the day I do

I will just lean out

At the end of one of the piers

off the Grand Canal

Where the sight

Of every great romance

Can be witnessed

On a Gondola

Each and every evening at sunset

I wonder could a poetess

Actually afford a gondola ride?

What about a glass of wine?

Maybe sipped from the Murano glass

She always hears so much about?

Surrounded by

Colorful landscape and gothic beauty

Speed boats filled by the richness

Of a film star wallet's

And me? me?

Well, like I said

I can dream can't I?

After all wasn't it Shakespeare

Who wrote about Venice?

He, who never saw with his own eyes

Now I know why, he invented the line

To be or not to be?

Was it to be in Venice?

Wasn't that meant for Hamlet?

The streets painted from his genius mind and vision

A Poet, he too could not afford

To sample the richness

Of a coffee by the canals of love

The Bard a beard and a great imagination

I bet he made a few bucks

In the end though

Didn't he?

And I, of pure British blood

I expect I shall do something similar

Maybe I'll write my very own play?

About a mad Poetess

Who fell off a Gondola into the arms of

The Ghost of Shakespeare perhaps?

And yes of course

I'll play the leading lady

But wait...

Who would actually catch me?

Feast

There is a thief

Intruding inside My already empty heart With no more strength to fight Let him take what is
left My heart, now but a carcass Hollow and still However... With times kind patience
It may once again be filled With true loves colourful confetti.

Feast

Didn't the Gingerbread Man get eaten

Because

He was a rude and obnoxious little shit?

A ginger biscuit

That had a rotten attitude

Toward the people?

Isn't it also true

That he got the sweet lady

That baked him, to chase him

For miles down the road?

The consequence being

That her husband was left hungry

Therefore

left her, for the

Busty next door neighbor

Who always baked biscuits

That didn't have legs?

And didn't he make fun of a Cow

He claimed was too fat?

Just as well he met someone even more sly

Well, there you have it...

Sometimes

The Fox can actually be very useful.

Feed the Bird

Like a pigeon starving for bread She stands on the toes Of someone she knows Desperate to
get her crumbs But those crumbs? Just happen to be... Crumbs of love.

Firenze

a sight for sore eyes skyline filled up with magic and architecture.

Fisherman's Moon

With this magnificent Moon
Glowing into night
The sun tomorrow
Will have to fight
For the fisherman's spirit
And his fisherman's plight.

Flatline

I have absolutely no expectations

When it comes to Christmas

I am numb

And have been for years

Therefore either way

I won't need

The...

Emergency Room.

For a Mere Glimpse of this Love

Darkness has become My very light of love

Knowing a flicker is better than nowt I beg to differ My somewhat belief of love Having had, my
fair share of strife Yet, with my hopes still flickering Stronger than my doubt Forever hoping
For a mere glimpse of this love I read so much about.

Forest Obscure

In this forest oh so dark
I lay my head down to the ground
Tree's singing shaded tunes
Underneath the bluest moon
Hands pressed hard upon my head
Shadow of the tree tops spread
Ground awakens thunder roars
Ground awakes and asks for more
Screaming, creaking, howling wood
Above my shaking legs they stood
Sun does hide, behind black clouds
Peering, peeping tree tops howl
No such love light here at dawn
Shivering shaking trees do mourn
Waving arms of shadows past
Reawakening my somber mood
The taste of tragedy centuries passed
And centuries yet to have light
There are no such Tiger's
Burning in this forest bright.

Forever

I cannot bring you back

From death, my love

Even though my dreams

Are haunted by the very vision of you

Waking with a shaking body

Mind so tired of failure

Painting you into my dreams

Is all I can do

Alas...

Dreams of horror

Dreams of pain

Wondering if some day

We will reunite

In the winter meadows of ours.

Fragrance

It is but you, my love
Who dares to bring
My very best to its surface

It is but I,
Who carries the weight
Of a thousand roses
Upon my shoulders
Because you see them within me

Your love
Is so much more than just words
It is you, it is but everything you do
it is, your belief in me
That make me flourish
And it brings such bright colour
That blinds us both

And with a fragrance
That drenches us
Almost drowning us
In its sweet sickening perfume.

From Yorkshire With Love

All you need to do is...

Put the flour in the bowl
Adding the eggs and milk
Don't forget a pinch of salt
Throw some behind you for good luck

Here comes the fun part
Whisk it up so it looks a bit like
A funny colored custard

Take that sizzling sunflower oil tray
Out of the piping hot oven
Use oven gloves "please"

Quickly, put this heavenly mixture
Straight from the fridge
Into the muffin molds "Quick, Quick"
No time to spare, heat is everything here

Fill them, three thirds of the way
Yes, yes they're sizzling now right?
Then my friend, put them back into the oven and wait
Until they have popped out of the mold
Now looking crispy and delightful
Browned to perfection sizzling their own song?

Now all you have to do
Is add them to the platter of Roast Beef
I told you to cook earlier
Oh dear, I may have forgotten to tell you?

Never mind

Yorkshire puddings can also be eaten

With all flavors of ice-cream?

Fulfilled

Bridges are built So people can gain a physical touch And when that one special hand
Turns out to be the greatest love of your life That bridge Has truly received it's fame.

Full of beans

Unlike death A good cup of coffee Can bring you back to life.

Gaze of Dawn

And as I sit reflecting Of all the roads I've chosen I have not one regret I have come
to realize Having sorrow in my heart Does not make difference To the mysteries I face
tomorrow It simply makes me determined To face what fate has in store So I go to bed Hopeful
and thankful For all I have today All the while Looking forward To the next, brand new dawn.

Ghost Poet

If it is not for love, please let me die
For it is I, and I alone
Who can know
My true feelings, deep within my soul

Darling it is but for you, that I breathe
My hands could be tied with burning rope
I would resist the flames for your heart
I'm already under your charm filled spell

But
If you were to deny my love
Then I shall sleep deeply in an everlasting dream
A poetess hoping to change a broken past into love
For you my darling, I would.

Now to you, the audience
Here's your opportunity to laugh loudly
As the great red curtain falls
Dramatically to the floor
I get caught up in it
Leaving me rather red faced
I couldn't possibly take my bow now?

William Shakespeare would have died in shame "again"

Ghostwriter

Her hair frail

Complexion almost translucent

Eyes profoundly mournful

Body sleeping

Even though she's awake

No sound nor movements

Slumped on a chaise longue

A pen barely held in her hand

On the ragged carpet

Red paper scrunched up

And an empty bottle of

Montoro E Selvole

A corkscrew

And an empty glass

I wonder why in the hell

She looks so damn sad?

Maybe, just maybe...

She really is a ghost writer?

Goodbye Forever Verona

Lying once asleep without thoughts of love
Romeo fell upon his own worst fate
Juliet tumbled into his arms
never would they separate
It was Love at first sight
it struck them like a million lightning bolts

and so the Opera begins...
Juliet knew her love was forbidden
simply because her family wanted no ties
with that of Romeo
Two families who despised each other
I, the Poet believe "they were cursed"

Romeo and Juliet
ran away and married in secret,
before she was to marry another
Their love was too strong to surrender
even blood couldn't separate them
The evening of the day they were wed
arrived the darkest of clouds,
a duel took place and a man was killed
Romeo had blood on his hands

Having no choice but to leave at first light
or face the death penalty, he agreed to go
but little did he know
Juliet was already planning
her escape to be with him

She was summoned to marry Paris
and she agreed knowing all the while
she would fake her own death,

and return to the arms of Romeo

and so this Opera continues...

Juliet takes a sleeping potion

she is dead "so they thought"

as she lay in her tomb.

Laid to rest "but never she will"

Romeo returned to the graveside

and on disbelief of his greatest love

sleeping for eternity without him,

decides to kill himself

"Thou shall not be alone"

hailed Romeo

His heart broken he drinks the poison

"gone forever"

only to be found by a sleepy yet alive Juliet

in the most tragic moment of her life

Juliet kisses Romeo,

In hope she will also die from the poison

Alas, it wasn't to be

so she takes Romeo's dagger

"O happy dagger"

Plunging it into her heart

she is then, slumped on Romeo's

Lifeless body

Whether they found each other

in paradise, we shall never truly know

I can only hope they did

because it doesn't get more poetic than this

The End.

Haiku

A cherry blossom newly born in the garden virgin, of the sun.

haiku

bird of paradise

arriving into spring light

bursting with colour.

Haiku

winds, whisper to leaves
onto soggy ground they fall beautiful autumn.

Hauntings

Floor boards creak

As she enters

A ghost sits at the end of my bed

Every night

Why?

I don't know

But I feel the sheets waving

As she sits down

Her presence brings a sharp cold

A profound silence

I'm trying to quiet my breathing

After all

Maybe she doesn't know

I'm here?

I'm numb I cannot move

My eyes tightly closed

I'm almost tempted to sit up to see

Who she is?

Alas, my numbness is my savior

What if

She's the shadow of me?

Her Voice

Just a turbid dream
In which he hoped he could hear her voice
Speak to him just one last time
Longing desperately to hear her soft voice
Her reassuring voice
Now she's just a ghost from his past
Still very much alive
Within his poetic gut
As he scrounges from the very pit of his soul
Desperate to hear even a whisper
That once long, long ago
Made his heart sing
And as the great winds blow fairly
Spreading wisdom with
Anyone who holds out their hand to feel it
Running through their open fingers

Well, they will know
Ghost can't be seen nor heard
But she, like all of my own ghosts
Are here, in the hauntings
Of all of our minds.

Her Withering Petal

The spirit of cupid does stir
with both moon and sun, she sits so frail
her hope has worn down to her stem
she has no story left to tell

In her mind, love has lied
her Darling, nowhere to be found
her heart, a dark shadowed forest
haunted by aching images

Blue roses weeping
her exhausted thoughts.

Hidden

Only those most fortunate amongst us
Can truly ever see and feel her
So if you can, you should know
You have been chosen
Never let her see, you are looking
Turn away, if she knows you are
She's extremely reserved
Even inching in, will arouse her suspicion
And this is not a moment
To offer her anxiety
Slowly, slowly gently, does it
Remember she is fragile
Her glow is fed by your belief
When you've seen, for yourself
Lean away with extreme caution
Hopefully with a better insight
And understanding
Of what your, Angel's heart
Really looks like.

Highway

She was a day dreamer
One who actually lived out her fantasies
With a charm that could bowl you over
Her mind was genius
She was a thousand characters in one

Anything could spark a thought
Leading to a poem
Making a new chapter
Producing a new play

Lighting up, her blue eyes
As if they were illuminous

A new moment born every day
Adventure of what could be
If she let her imagination steer
She could have written a thousand books

Her beaten old Car
Was her favourite place to be
she confessed her steering wheel "Jack" was her best friend
Named after a lost lover
It led her out of town and to many places and sights
But music was her first love
She drove the roads searching for light

Funny enough she found it every time
"Freedom"

The chance to sing with
Frank, you know Sinatra
It wasn't only him though
She sang with many greats
Ella Fitzgerald, The Beatles
She even sang with Bob Marley
But her dreams came alive with Frank

She claimed him to be a Poet
An Artist and a Gentleman
Who sang musical lyrics
From the past, present and future

I never understood that?

She was ordinary and extraordinary
People thought she was mad
No one could understand
The spirit in her veins
Or why she would ride
In the hope, she may escape even for a while

She'd return home eventually every night
"Happy"

No one ever knew she drove and sang with Frank
That was between her and "Jack"

You know the funniest thing of all?

That woman, she was me.

Home

And, as her wings Now spread open fiercely like the curtains Of an aged Yet, perfectly kept theatre stage

Once again I see her sparkling eyes As if, they were made Of the finest crystal Her glow so warm Mesmerising me And as I almost touch her She whispers to me... "I am always here" And then... For the first time In a very long time I fall asleep peacefully.

Home

There's snow On the Florence Mountains now
It's beautiful to see But I can't help thinking about The homeless guy Sleeping under one of
the trees...

How Many Great Loves?

How many great loves do we get in a lifetime?
If I only ever had one
How would I know that it was the one to eclipse all others?
If I had a great love that died
Would I, could I, ever find again?
Releasing my chains of grief making room for another?
If my great love left unexpectedly
Abandoning me to roam another's heart
Would I be destined to stay alone?
living only with my loneliness?

Or maybe the truth is this
Love simply doesn't have answers
It may be, that one special love lives
Imagined in each expectant beat of our heart
Remaining the one in which, we choose it to be?

I Miss You, So Much

I miss every cobble That my feet have gladly walked and every rain cloud That seems to cover the skies Especially when it rains on one side I miss every magnificent museum I miss the sight of the skyline In all its glory The shard I've never met up close But the Canary wharf I know fondly I miss the River Thames And the Eye And even the squirrels who sometimes Jumped out to greet me I miss the musical bonanza in theatre land And the amazing colours of night The doors of Notting hill I miss the giant chestnut trees That used to shade me from the rare sunshine on a hot muggy day I miss the airplanes flying over my head On the way to Heathrow And the big red bus That used to drive me all round town Guess what? My Darling London... I miss you, so much.

I?m Just a Blank Verse

The Flowers no longer blossom in my exhausted mind
Trees no longer sway in the soft wind of my heart
I'm naked, not even a drop of imagery to cover me
I no longer talk with the birds inside my imagination
They used to greet me with a joyful whistle
To them I'm dead, invisible and mute
Oh don't worry or feel sorry, I feel nothing
Because, Inside I'm empty
I'm hollow
My tears got bored
They now live happily in the museum of misery
Laughter is just a memory
Stacked in a library, in last centuries great book of happy

My emotion has been sucked from my eye balls
Like a cigarette, letting off a puff of smoke
Into the dense air
And into the shape of "help me"
I can't even see my reflection in the mirror
Not even in the puddle of midnight's rain
I told you so...
I'm just a blank verse.

Identity Management

Walking along, on my way to work So very happy knowing I have a book of poems by
Oscar wilde Just sitting in my bag Light reading on the bus After all I have an hour to spare
on route Lucky me Anyway I'll tell you A few months ago it must have been An evening in
May A lady who lives down the road from me Had heart failure whilst driving Unfortunately her
car had no choice But to crash into a wall The lady was gone instantly She was a very sweet
lady And far too young, it made me very sad But of course That's life and that's how it goes
right? Walking past the town Square This bright sunny morning Like I do every day I saw this
lady, coming out of a bar She was smiling She got into her little blue car And drove away
happily As if she too, was off to work So I got to thinking Maybe she's a ghost? Or maybe just
maybe... I got their identities mixed up? And the lady I thought it was Is in fact Alive and well.

In His Bones

Thou shall not cry at the grave
Of a great poet
Who now lives beneath earth's great wonders
With the worms

Heaven, Hell it's all the same
When one has gone to foreign land
It may as well be that of death

To stand at the foot of a poet's grave
And feel his pride
Rising up from below his last lying bed

Even though he's dead
And all that remains are bones

That's the greatest of all poetry
Living on eternally.

In My Eyes

He brought the very worst out of me
I didn't even own my own heart anymore

When I looked in the mirror
I'd have to look twice

I just didn't recognize "me"
My smile was ripped into shreds

I could see it
In the reflection of my own eyes

In a mirror

That I simply didn't want to believe

My personality ravaged
By a man, who didn't care for anything
Or anyone but himself

One day I decided
To take my ripped shredded smile

From within the deepest part
Of my sad broken eyes

And put it back on my face

After all, a real smile is worth everything?

And so was the sparkle

Good bye to the worst love of my life

Anyone who knew me then

And knows me now

Will tell you

That even after twenty-five years

Whenever I think about this one love

It still makes my blood boil

Hatred still burns

I sank like

One of those beautiful crystal chandelier's

On the Titanic

The day I found the courage to leave him

No feelings, just numbness...

My beauty and my wounded heart

Absent without leave

And for the reader who wonders...

Why I write about him

Or even give him recognition today?

I don't, I write for me

And here's why...

A love worth sharing

Isn't worth sharing with anyone

Who is utterly blinded by their own egotism.

In My Own Shoes

As I walk along this road of life
I often think about who I am?
I remember all the bad and strife
And suddenly the brakes, I slam
There I stand and as I smile
Remembering most every mile
My aches and grief last just a while
Joyful memories stacked in a pile
No matter on which roads I cross
The life I've led has been the best
The bad times I can gladly toss
My gentle soul can surely rest.

In Silence and Disbelief (for the innocent)

Today, it is not about Politics
It is not about Terrorism

Today
It is simply about remembering
"The Innocent people who died"

For the ordinary people
Who were at work
Earning an honest Dollar
And for those
Enjoying a day of out
Tourists, in the Big Apple

It's for those who never got to see
Their Mum's or Dad's again
Son's and Daughter's
Husbands, Wives
Sisters, Brothers
Now missing from Christmas photos
Aunties, Uncles
Blood relatives
Best friends
All these people taken
In a man-made Catastrophe

This is for every single
Emergency Service, Man and Women
Who died doing the job they loved

Skills, driven by their passion to help others

And to those Emergency workers still here
Who wake every morning
Still living the constant Nightmare
Waking in a cold sweat
To the now tuneless birds
Outside their bedroom windows

It is for those
Innocent souls on the planes
Who only had moments to phone loved ones
Saying goodbye
With love, nothing but love heard in their voices

It's for a Nation
Who will mourn this dark day forever
A skyline missing its Twin Towers
Grief that only first-hand
Can really ever be understood
A lifetime of sorrow
Questions of, what if's
And all for what?

As I write this, I myself remember
Where I was and what I was doing
On the other side of the Pond
On what I can only describe as the day
The lights of the world went out

Where desperate screams echoed into space
As death and dust covered the great City

And indeed the World

Let us be united,
United for those beautiful people
Who were cruelly taken in a truly wicked fate

I remember that day, as if it was yesterday
The day the World lost its light and its hope

The Day the World stopped and stared
In silence and disbelief.

9/11/2021

In the line of fire (Comedy)

Somebody told me
Humpty Dumpty was a Cannon?

A Cannon?
What a disappointment
I always thought he was an Egg
On the edge
With a bottle of vodka by his side

Well, he does have goggle eyes
I always thought he was just drunk
Why else would he have fallen off the wall?

Well to be honest, the whole truth thing
Has just blown me away.

In the Yesterday's of Love itself

A true fools torture Is to be bitter To reminisce Of what could have been What is, is what is
meant And What will be We shall see In futures eye That will then be, in the past And therefore...
In the yesterday's of love itself.

In-Between The Lines

She was his inner being
He was in a secret confession
Every time, he wrote a poem
She was the painting within each page
Woven into the ink

His heart, burned fiercely
For a love that was never to be
Yet, he knew
She was his soulmate
The air
That he breathed
She was his energy

An unbreakable bond
That only time could understand
Two souls
Entwined
Within every word he ever wrote...

Infinity

And as the grave Lay freshly covered In moist ground Worm free, at least for now I kneel,
leaning in to read A note left on the red rose... It reads... See you in my dreams.

Inspired By Vincent

I'm in pursuit of my starry sky
If not to see the vision of such beauty
I may as well die

My spirit is free
I'm an owl of the night
Wings spread fiercely
Now taking flight

Dusk pounds my heart
Light winds keep me steady
Holding paint brush tight
Now I am ready

Only me
Only I
With the stars

Gliding through air
Blinded by excitement
Pushed by the fluffy clouds
Encouraging me forward
Into the light of a new Alba

Out of starlight
and
Into my next poem.

Into Tomorrow

As the wild summer breeze took hold
And I sat under my favorite baobab
Looking up, to see all the magnificence of this
Seemingly upside down tree
I suddenly saw my own heart fluttering above my head
I could hear the echo of the birds
Having a bath in the sweetness of their own glorious voices
Splashing their musical notes, upon my mind
Reaching up to catch my heart,
As it swayed from side to side,
To the sweet, sweet melody
It bounced higher and higher into the sky
As if it knew, I was trying to grab it?
And then I watch it gently float away
Like a lost balloon
Floating higher and higher
Away from the now and
Into tomorrow.

Invasion of my Heart

Our planet is enriched

With endless possibility, the possibility

To be so much more

Than how I see it right now

We should all be able to live

Without fear

Whoever we are

Crimes of War that are pushed under

The carpet of, "I can't be bothered to see"

Are now being swept up

For the whole World to witness

Does the World really care?

I don't want to see War

Do you?

I may write about

Fairies and Dragons

For the fun of it

But sometimes, like today

I also write passionately

About what I myself believe in

It's time to put an end to War for good

It's time we never hear of such again

The pain is too much for those who have lost

Fighting for what?

Because another human being tells us to?

Super Human, we are not

No Man or Woman can be

There's no room for War

In this potentially

Beautiful life, I share with you

We live under...

The same Skies

The same Sun

The same Moon

We share the same colour rain

Let's stand together

As Citizens of Peace

Is it really such a hard task?

As I struggle through life itself

Much like everyone else

I have to wonder

The choice between

Love and Hate

What the hell, does it cost?

What will it cost today?

Investment

So I ordered a Double cappuccino

To go The guy gave it to me With a small lid I thought to myself How rude It defeats the object of takeaway I'll spill it Anyway I paid He asked if I had Twenty cents? I gave it happily Then he gave me My change I turned to him and said And the other ten euros? He was very gracious To ask forgiveness As I grunted And then in horror I realized As I was leaving That actually... I paid with a ten euro note He then called me back Because he found A lid that would fit Don't you just hate When that happens? Maybe I shall give Ten euros back The next time I'm in there? Or maybe I won't.

Invisible

Fixating my eyes on my stairwell mirror

Panic and numbness set in

My heartbeat sped up

As if it was knocking on a door to escape

I wasn't visible

I simply couldn't see myself

Any type of reflection was lost

Although, leaning in closer

Blowing on the glass, in dismay

I could feel my breath on my cheek

In the condensation

The words

On the mirror read...

Believe in yourself.

Iris

A florentine treat bursting her way out on stage delicate and brave.

Irony's Delight

She's what you call Ugly on the inside A real rich bitch She took dignity away From those who she disliked Just for fun After all, she could She had the power in her pocket She's never done an honest days work In her life Alas... All the power has gone Her tree of wealth burnt to the ground She's just a poor bitch now Like me But I shall never laugh in her face That's cruel I'll just laugh Behind her back.

Irreversible Me

As a life-long lived
In pain and hatred
I found myself
In a world of love
Or so it seemed
I gave you my trust
And my love
And you threw it away
Like everyone, I choose does
I refuse to believe that I have such bad taste
One day I shall find trustworthy
One day I'll find those who deserve me
Someday, I'll look back
And be glad I did not turn myself inside out
For fake.

It is I, who loves thee more than the sun

It is I, who loves thee more than the sun
With fiery eyes and golden locks undone
No man presumes such tender gasp of breath
Such beauty could send my lungs to their death

Let's not weep for sins, but rejoice each day
All the stars the moon and indeed the clay
Let not the weeping willow die so young
Saved the sweet honey from bee's who have stung

Dusk until dawn, to your love I have clung
Dreaming of a world that sing songs unsung
I, who dies in the forest of your heart
It's I whom will die in the forest dark

But wait no, I shall never lay me down
Thou shall be loved, to thee I take my bow

It's Now or Never

It was an evening I could never forget
The alba was closing in
The air was fresh from a midsummer breeze
I had a lemonade in hand
Watching the Cadillacs diving by from the sidewalk

Everywhere, people were just enjoying the atmosphere
I walked towards a barber's shop
I could hear a man playing a guitar
I just stood and listened
He played a tune so familiar
Yet, I couldn't think, what is was?

Just then, the barber shop door flew open
And out he came, the star of the show

It was Elvis Presley
I'm a pretty shy gal, but I screamed at the top of my lungs
He was my all-time Hero
Standing right there in front of me
I dropped my lemonade

He was staring at me, almost as if he knew me
Then all of a sudden he started singing
To the music of the guitar

It was a concert just for me
As tears of joy rolled down my cheeks
The song finished and he went on his way
But not without a small smile and a wink

I stood there for a while, just thinking
How much the music and the lyrics of the song
Meant to me, at that one moment in my life

I never saw him again except on the television,
But each time I did, I remember that concert

The one, he sang to me

Because it really was
Now or never.

James Webb and I

One day I'll leave this world And simply Move onto the next.

John and I

It's true we were born on the same day

Not the same year though

I was born in seventy-four

I'm much younger, but still

Something that has always humbled me

To share my birthday with John Lennon

It makes me feel almost important

I can't play the Piano

Not like he could

In my posh friend's house

I may sometimes lay my fingers just to imagine

Having that magic touch?

Alas, entertainment for myself

And maybe the Cat purring on the settee

Although

I did write a song once, it's a good one too

I wonder what it would have been like

To be the Fifth Beatle?

Me and John maybe even in a duet?

Ah but...

Ringo, George and Paul

They would have been so jealous

With very good reason...

After all

I'm fabulous too.

Just Another Dream

I'm bouncing on a cloud

With a giant Stork

There's a Flamingo too

A Woodpecker's pecking at my leg

I can see a ship in the distance

I hear someone shouting

"Ahoy there"

Rabbit is dancing the Tango

With the Chicken

And the Emu who Cock-A-Doodle-doo's

Is eating noodles with the Kitten

Mr Crocodile has his hands over his eyes

All the while

I'm still bouncing on the cloud

A Peacock is teaching a Ferret how to fly

And the Camel plays the banjo

And a Carp floats by...

Just for Today

I don't want to slave over A hot stove when it's 40c Dinner in the oven for hubby?

I'd rather get steamy Watching George Clooney In a romantic film Of course I'm in it too I don't want to have to think about A grown man's dirty laundry today The whites and the darks, separated? Oh no... Tomorrow I'm going to put it all In the same wash On a 100c wash and 1000 spin I might even throw in, a pink pair of knickers Well, we'll probably start using the service wash down the road after that, "thank gould" And while I'm on a roll, not a sausage one because it's too hot I don't want to clean all his hair from the bathroom Nor do I want to have to put the toilet seat down And no, I don't want to go canoeing on the Thames Just because his mate did I want to sit on the grass under a tree on Eel Pie Island With my cucumber sandwich And my bottle of prosecco With a sign on my back Saying "please Piss off" Of course under a beach umbrella After all, we have to take care of our skin I don't want to be married anymore I just want to sit here, in the tropics Thinking of nothing but me Just for today.

Just To Feel Like Me

I know life to be a whirlwind
But I'm lost, lost
I thought I was in a world I knew?
But it now shows me
I am nothing but a piece of debris
Lying face down in my very own fate
Who could have known
My deepest inner thoughts?
I have been living in my own lies
I cannot break the chains

I am me
But I am also she
She, who wants so desperately
Just to feel like me.

Leave Me Here To Dream (song lyrics)

I cannot see my way
Without you beside me
There's no future left
No future, without you
I've lost you forever
I'm here all alone
Future is empty
My path is unknown

Chorus

I don't want to wake
Leave me here to dream
Don't want the day, the day to begin

Your smile, was my light
And now you are gone
Like a flower that died
Without any sun

chorus

I don't want to wake
Leave me here to dream
Don't want the day, the day to begin

A guitar without strings
Your music has stopped
But my memories, they cling
They're all that I've got
I'm a stream without water
Tears just don't flow
the river I've cried
Has emptied my soul

Chorus

I don't want to wake

Leave me here to dream

Don't want the day, the day to begin

Come back to see me

If only in my sleep

Let me know what it's like

Beyond this world, as I weep

I'll wait for you

I'll wait for you

At least

Please, wait for me.

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Liberation of Time

Inside, of us all
There's a
A Time Machine
A myth to those who cannot believe
Yet to me
A journey very much alive
From two-thousand and twenty-one
Right back to fifteen ninety-seven

In a blink of an eye
You couldn't deny my magnificent mind?
Or of that
Youthful love
That once was
Withered with the petals of time
Faded between life and death
Thus drifting from a young lover
Into the wisest heart
That has many a tale to tell.

Life's Dilemma

Today, I was told
About a gentleman I know
He's had a stroke
And is now waiting to pass
To the other side
With loved ones taking turns
To stay by his bed side
Until he leaves this world forever
This afternoon, in my postbox
I found a Christmas card
Sent to me from the UK
On the 20th of December
But received today
Now it's new year
The Christmas greeting card
Told me that a new babe has been born
A time of great joy for all involved

And me?

If I'm honest

Life or Death?

I'm no longer sure

For which one

I feel more joy.

Locked in the very best of Time-Machine

Locked in the very best of Time-Machine A ten year old boy Smiling, as if he was just told
He'd won All the candy in the store The sort of candy he won Was the sweet girl, who caught
his eye An instantaneous love Never to fade In a flash she was gone Yet this ten year old
boy Has never moved on Nor has his smile Ever faded Eyes filled with the magnificence of joy
Each time he revisits That one moment He is... Locked in the very best of Time-Machine.

London

I haven't found my Soulmate yet

But when I do

I'm going to shout about it

At the top of the nearest hill

Or on top of a big red Bus

On the Tube

I'll climb to the top of Nelson's Column?

Maybe I'll sit on a Lion?

In my beloved Trafalgar Square

Screaming at the top of my lungs

In a red phone box

I don't care

I'm going to shout

Until my own voice is lost...

Lost in the very vision of finding him.

Lost

Every flower has its day And every flower has to wilt But if that flower flourished well That
flower, lives beyond its realm.

Love Letter

an envelope a stamp
paper and a pen
In between the lines
my heart ~

Love's Portrait

In the deepest uneducated corners of my mind
I paint a very dark picture
But not for you to see, I'm not that selfish
A very private moment of imagery
Just for me to look at
Tangles of pain and hatred
Given generously to me, by a rotten love
Actually I wouldn't want you to see my pain

A Picture of my darkest times
A tale of dark love
That was never read nor recited
Simply because I myself was never famous
After all, who would want to hear my desperate cries?
My saddest and most brutal voice written onto pages?
Tears, smearing the ink and making an even more tragic portrait?

Yes, you heard me
A tragic portrait
An image that would twist you
Blinding you with excruciating pain
Because
One thing a gut hates more than anything, is rotten love?

So from a pure and wonderful soul
My poetic heart now ruined
I sacrifice even the kindest of love
Accepting my loss eternally.

love's Confession

I confess my very first love
Was the one that gave me butterflies
It was that undying love
The one, that made me
Swing my arms around
Hoping never to let go

His hands, I wanted to hold
Twenty-four hours a day
And my smile, just wouldn't let me rest
Not even when I was asleep
Alas
It simply wasn't to be
And no matter of all
The in-betweens we had
Nothing, could keep us together

I'm not regretful
And looking back
I see a young unsteady lady
All those years ago
Now turned into me

And my confession is this
Love is filled with...
The deepest pain, immense joy
Instability, loyalty, sometimes it's just pure shit
There's hate with jealousy thrown in for fun
And sometimes even death

But I wouldn't have it any other way

Because having someone by your side
Only counts, if they count you.

Not bad at all.

Love's lasting Imagery

Love is brutal If you're not in a gutter Offering tears to the drain You're Puking love's
confetti Into A heart shaped bucket... All in all It's a mess.

Lovebirds

If there was ever a moment I wanted to talk about love It's right now It comes in so many ways In so many meanings Emotions that we don't Even know we own Until they are felt Sometimes for better And sometimes for worse Never the less Emotions, we all have Deep inside the soul Some, refuse to acknowledge Others, like me Only too happy to share the very visions Of pain and happiness We all know love But what we know Is very different And that is the beauty of its very art Because you and I? Well, we have different stories Yet, equally incredible.

Magnificent Entrance

Morning sunshine Plays peekaboo Amongst yellow leaves Upon the almost naked
trees

Branches quivering cold

Auburn hills alight In Autumn's great fire of imagery Awaiting... Winters magnificent
entrance.

Make Love Not War

When my enemies
Visit me in my dreams
I take it as a great compliment
That they are missing me.

Measuring My Pride

And so, I just got to thinking

If I wrote down on paper Every last wonderful experience I've ever had... The world Could possibly Run out of trees It may well happen...

Message

This morning, I woke up

After dreaming about a very nasty lady

Who was telling bad things

To people in a breakfast bar

She said...

We would all go to Hell

If we didn't believe the Devil exists

She seemed to worship him

And she looked as if she got pleasure

Frightening the crowd

I didn't recognize her face

But in my dream

It was right in front of me

Almost as if

She was a fixture in my real life

I can still see it as i write these lines

Anyway I told her

If she loved the Devil so much

Perhaps she should

Be having breakfast with him

Instead of frightening all those around her

Well it's my dream isn't it?

I had to say something

As the waitress placed the order on the plate

And called for the order to be collected

{Chocolate ice-cream and a profiterole}

I thought to myself

A sweet choice for someone so bitter and twisted

The nasty lady

She was nowhere to be seen or heard

I guess she got my message after all.

Message in a Bottle

Feelings of pride do stir
Love is sometimes complicated
But today is a new day
Today, let there be love.

Miracle

Restless eyes, tired of the very vision of life
Her fragile heart, searching behind every door
Through every open window
Through every empty corridor
Wondering If love would ever acquaint her loneliness?

Hesitant fragile and underwhelmed
Her head bowed low
She just sits and waits
Hoping for a miracle.

Miracle

As I grapple my way To yet Another spectacular Sunset
With the days carnage Left behind me... The finale Is always worth it.

Missing

It was something
I could never have prepared myself for

Not even today...

I still can't believe she's really gone

Nine long lonely years without her

Christmas has never been the same

The lights on the tree

Although still sparkling, have lost their light

She was that light

I'd go as far to say

It was her that made it all so special

But I'd like to say

It wasn't just Christmas day

That was special when she was around

It was every day she was alive

And now she's gone

Sure it gets better each year

And yes

She is inside my memories and heart

But she is not here in the flesh

So when I place that Angel

On the top of my tree

My hands and body shake

My eyes fill with tears

As I find myself

Balancing on the ladder

With kaleidoscope vision

Hoping I don't fall off

It's a miracle, but I never do

With knots in my stomach

I can't help but think to myself...

How I wish she was still here.

Moonlight Delight

Very recently
Over a beautiful moonlit dinner
Something suddenly struck my mind
And changed me forever

See it all started
Many years ago
When my beloved brother
Died, far away from home
He was only twenty-five
Far too young

His death however
Made me want to live my life to the full
So one day
I packed up all my belongings
And left London, to find my happiness

It wasn't hard, I hated my life at that time
I was young free and single
So I took advantage and got on a plane
I really didn't care where I would arrive?

Fortunately landing in a place
Which had no memories of old
Time to start anew

Meet new people
Enjoy a new job
And live in a new home

My nightmare had ended
No corners would I turn to find my grief
Or so I believed

Little did I know

Grief actually followed me
It's inside me
It lays on top of me
It's beside me
It even takes a bath with me

After all he died without a goodbye

I know you are waiting to find out
What actually struck my mind?

It struck me just to accepted my grief
And the death of my brother
Along with all the other people
I've so sadly lost along the road afterward

You see
My empathy has always been my weakness
But actually I'm proud of that
And who I became after my personal loss

I could never lose the love
And the deep profound hurt I feel for others
Who much like me bathe in pain

Grieving in hope that someday
It will all wash off and wash away for good

I'd like to say it suddenly struck me
Under the beautiful moonlight
That my grief will never leave me
Losing anyone you love, stays with you
But I finally feel healed with my realization
Because there is nothing
I can physically do to change the past
Nor can I bring anyone back
And I deserve my own peace and happiness
And those who have gone
Would simply want that for me

And although I'm reminded of death
Almost on a daily basis
I no longer feel the need to be sad
Or to keep it to myself
I know I'm not alone

Because

Terrible things happen every day
To all of us
To the good people and to the bad
There are no laws to protect our hearts
We are all equal, in death's eyes

So I go on, because I can
With less grief on my shoulders
Just memories of happy times
The chains finally ripped away

From my tired ankles

I've pulled myself out

Of this deep pit of grief and now I can smile

Because I am alive

And so, here I am

Living my life

The Moon, my lover and I.

More Daydreams

I'm just a poet
I live inside my own dreams
I don't care for material things
I have all I need
Right here inside my mind
I know what my future will bring
It will bring me
More daydreams.

Mother Nature's Wrath

Sacks of plastic rising from the ocean
Lining this magnificent view with the ugly truth
I found a turtle today
Awkwardly lying sideways on the sand
Goggle eyed and lifeless
I tried to wipe the tears I was crying
So I could see long enough, to cut the plastic bag
That had wrapped itself around his neck
Longing to free this beautiful creature
From its inappropriate discomfort
Hands shaking frantically whilst trying to take a breath
But it's too late
Gone is another beautiful turtle of the sea
I couldn't help but think
It would have been better off as soup
Some dignity being better than none
Oceans fury sending waves crashing to the shore
As if it wanted to swallow all land
Long gone are the days
I used to watch these extraordinary turtles
From my little wooden boat
Flying like gracious birds
Underneath the clear blue aquamarine water
Gliding so fast it was always a treat
To actually get a glimpse of their pure magnificence
Gone are the days, I could ever teach my grandchild
The true beauty of Mother Nature.

Mount Vesuvius

A Pizza Margherita, please
With sauce made from the finest tomatoes
Hand-picked today
Chopped up in the pot by loving hands
boiled for two hours
The Pizza base, shhhhh, that's a secret
Every great pizzaiolo has his own
Smothered with mozzarella di bufala
And a small handful of the finest fresh basil
That has perfume fit for Queen Margherita herself
In the oven, for five minutes and "eccola"
Drizzle with the finest Italian olive oil
And now the eruption of delight on your palate.
"Buon appetito"

Mountains of Capability

Every time I see her

It feels like I'm having

A psychology lesson

And she isn't even a psychologist

It's so annoying because

All I really need is a hug

and a "how are you"

This is the reason

I can never be myself around her

So I make a fool out of myself

I'm simply in need of a real conversation

Not judgement, just acknowledgment

So I get drunk

To drown out the finger pointing

The sad thing is

We only ever see each other

Maybe, once a year

And so

She only ever sees me at my worst

Anyway, my point is this

When I see someone sad

I give them a hug

I ask, "are you ok"?

I don't wait to see her

By unfortunate chance the next day

To whisper in her ear

"Soon we'll have that chat"

Thinking to myself

What chat?

I'm oblivious to last night

Thank goodness

Anyway

Little does she know

I'm actually a Woman

Who can move Mountains.

Mozart's Muse

Just sitting on the Piano stool in silence
Fingers placed upon the keys
Mozart's Rondo Alla Turca
Suddenly started to play
I couldn't feel my hands
But I noticed they were shaking
That's when I closed my eyes
My arms were moving so fast
I had no control
Almost as if a muse had taken me hostage
But I could hear the music
And for once my heart was filled with joy
And then...
I opened my eyes
And found myself loading dishes in the dishwasher.

Musing

The very essence of a true poet

Is the profound emotions He has processed Within his heart, memory And wide eyes
Bringing it to the table in ink And sharing it all with The outside world.

My Adaptation of The Seven Deadly Sins

LUST

I dream of nothing but you
even though my heart should be with another
I would gladly walk through flames of fire
to be free from this aching wish to have you
My lack of self-control
will be the very weakened power
that kills me
I'm restless in knowing I will be
lusting death itself.

GLUTTONY

Over-indulgence has led me away from the needy
My desire to have everything for myself
I take great satisfaction in knowing it's all mine
Temptation is my vice and it's delicious
If I could I would devour it without shame
No thought for others
I will jump into the deepest river of chocolate
and drink it dry.

SLOTH

Realizing my talents
could lead to a broken nail
If I acknowledge self-worth
I would have to do something about it
I lack the urge to do better
It's a gift I was born with
Eating the bread of idleness
keeps me from hunger
I'm nobody's boss
I'll leave that to the unfortunate slaves
who believe in doing better

Laziness that I have accepted willfully
will be my personal failure.

WRATH

Holding anger's rage and hate deep within
Pure self-destructiveness
internally eating me alive.

ENVY

Jealousy so powerful
Resenting all that my neighbors have
My desire to see them deprived
So painful to watch others enjoy life
I will gladly sew my eyes shut with a needle and thread
If I could dance with the green eyed monster
But even without eyes
I couldn't promise not to envy him.

GREED

My behavior
helps manipulate the weak
Trickery is my foreplay
material things I hoard with pleasure
The thought of someone
having more than I
just leaves me with an aching
to take at no cost
I'm blinded by obsession
Constantly wishing for more
alas in pursuit of wealth and mere objects
I am left poor.

PRIDE

Boasting myself in a costume of glory
It may be the most deplorable sin
but it is as beautiful as I
I'll compete with the Greater Being
I do believe I can win
I often wonder
Is pride really the worst sin?

My Amazing Grace

I see her piercing blue eyes
From the side of her face
She doesn't look directly at me
Almost as if she's shy?

Her porcelain skin, translucent
As if painted by Leonardo da Vinci himself?
Her delicate features are her beauty not her weakness
She is silent, not even a sign of breath

Although it's raining outside
I can hardly see through the rays of sun
Beaming on her beauty
I have no reason to question why?
Because, I know exactly who she is

And as she finally spreads her magnificent wings
As if she's simply stretching out the night's sleep

There she is, in all her glory
My very own
Amazing Grace.

© S.H

My Christmas Wish

Twas the night before Christmas

And teddy was tired

Writing her poems

Her muse, now is fired

She wants you to know

That you're all very dear

Even though she's in Italy

And not all that near

Alas,

We can say that still close, we all are

No need for a sleigh not even a car

Just press on login

You'll see her there

Hopefully with all her teeth

And most of her hair

So merry Christmas to all

And to all a goodnight

Wishing to all lots of happiness

And a Christmas so bright.

My Dragon Tale

I, the Fair Maiden
So weak and frail,
Trapped without hope of escape
In a tower so tall

Even if I was Rapunzel

It wouldn't have eased my plight

Dark, cold, damp air
Sometimes, razor blade winds

Alone with only my voice
I sing
I bellow my tunes

Ravaged are my thoughts, stripped away
Naked and hollow

Echoes of loneliness
Whistling through my ears
Enjoying my sorrow, as I lay

Sometimes I glimpse the eyes of my Dragon
furious yellow and green
although he's blind

I glimpse
The fire enraged upon his breath

His serpent scales

As big as the giant plate
Eating a banquet of the king's feast, on one
Is all I can imagine

Sometimes I see my Dragon
Spreading his wings
As if, he was
Opening his very own
Book of hope

His swaying tail as long as a corridor
Sometimes let out
Like the finest of red carpets
As if, he was inviting me to escape

My cold aching bones
Alas too weak to leave

Passing my open stone window

He flies
Into the black of night
Over the forest naked without light

Back home, to his very own Myth

And I, the Fair Maiden?

I will sleep tight

Because, I have hope
His cold blood will turn warm
And
One day he will regain his sight
And rescue me.

My Everest

I guess, if I'm not suffering
In at least one way
Then I may just be dead?
Who said that life was for living?
Let's be honest
It's not all rose petals and confetti
It's bloody hard
One day you can be at the top of a mountain
And then in a flash
Sitting uncomfortably
with those rocks people speak about
You know, at the bottom
When things can't get any worse
Still I try not to take the lift or escalator up
I like the stairs
Some might say, I'm a glutton for punishment?
But I'm not done yet.

My Florence

I remember the day

I came to rest my head

Upon your magnificent landscape

Where the olives grow succulent

And vineyards ripen

To make bottles of red Heaven

Soiled grain, Mountain rich green

Jaw dropping, Renaissance

Around each cobbled corner

I changed my visions

To lay upon your very veins

With every hope deep

Within my naked and innocent heart

Yet you, you my love

You gave little in return

My soul now dead

Faithful bones sleeping in unrest

Twisted, broken

lying in guilt deep in a lonely tomb

beside the murky Arno

Alas

In this, the Great Foreign land

My search

Still grand.

My Four Minutes of Fame

I'll write my very own poetic song
And stun the
"whole wide world"
with my talent...

I'll Sing it on stage, to everyone
Surely that's where I belong?

I'd wear a Valentino Gown
Hair tied back in a French bun

Mascara full, lipstick deep red
Chanel blush, stroked, upon my cheeks in peach

And oh, let's not forget
The vintage microphone
That goes so well with my personality
"Old"

Yes, that's me
A sight to be seen and heard
Or just a sight for sore eyes, you decide?

I always imagin

My four minutes of fame
But oh no... wait
That wasn't four minutes?

It was barely even
Twenty-five seconds
"Oh Bloody hell"

Did you count too?

I didn't think so, not even for a second

But I got you to keep reading though

Didn't I?

My Giant

My Giant walks beside me
She's my spirit that's within
She gives me so much strength
When my patience, does wear thin

My Giant walks beside me
She keeps my mind honest and fair
Sometimes, she will remind me
To use my intellect and flair

My Giant walks beside me
She tells me, I have grace
She whispers of my beauty
When I've a smile upon my face

My Giant is my best friend
My life to her, I owe
Because
This Giant that walks beside me
Is actually my soul.

My Great Escape

The only way to quiet my busy mind

Whilst I wait

For the most magical day of the year

To finally arrive

Is to leap into my imagination

So here I go...

I'm gliding through the air

With the most beautiful Snowman

Hand in hand

As I stretch out

To feel every last bump, twist and turn

I can't help but smile

Even though gravity

Isn't on my side right now

I'm flying through the candy cotton snow clouds

My Snowman looks at me

And winks

And as we come down to land

On the soft and bouncy snow

That feels like

It's going to swallow me whole

Onto the Kingdom of imagination

A figure in glorious red and white

walks towards me

As he gets closer, I realize

Well of course

It's the big Man himself

Then I think...

But he looks so much bigger

In the stories.

My Heaviest Suitcase Contains My Heart

Having regrets
makes the road forward hard to walk
the mountain ever so high above the clouds impossible to climb
Acceptance is knowing that what has been my burden
can now be blown away with the wind of change
laid to rest in a quiet place
Letting go of what was, to look forward to what will be
Forgiveness, for myself and for others
aware of what has been, knowing that it's too late
to turn back this deceitful clock, that tricked me
Unable to travel back in time
to the moment before it all changed forever
Ever strengthening my mind to just let it all go
Mourning for the final time
Saying goodbye with a gentle kiss
In the hope I will once again
Be able to love myself.

My Journey

If my life is the wind

That carries me

Into the direction of its choosing

And I,

The light weight leaf

Voluntarily being blown

I can only ever hope to land in calm

Each time she lays me down.

My Muse and I

It is I,

Who stands in the pain

Of these chains

And it is I, alone

Who can break free

I am the ink of my muse

And she is the paper of me

Thus...

We are both the writer of my poetry.

My Nevada

I was twenty-seven year's old
My spark gone
I couldn't see anything
Lost all hope in love
Was drowning
In my very own
Sin city
I remember the day
And the hour
My alarm clock died willingly
I felt nothing
I didn't notice
Every day was the same
Dark
Cold
Empty
Lonely
Once, I even pinned myself

to a billboard
On Fremont street
But nobody saw me
A million tiny lights
And I still didn't shine
As I myself discovered...
The lights of a bright city
Are much like love itself...

Sometimes
They just don't shine.

My Raven

My Raven came to me once more
He said stay down, now there's a war
He said beware of red-headed dogs
Or ugly women wearing clogs
Of a blue snake, he did not speak
But this blue snake has left me bleak
It bit me on my naked back
And now my world has turned to black

Within this dream
No peace I had...
Now I'm awake
I'm really sad...

No peace will I attain.

My Romeo and Juliet

I often sit and ask myself, why?
Why did he choose to take her?
Away from their unconditional love?
Soulmates just starting their life

When I saw them together
There was just this glow
Like magic, if you can believe it?
A sense of happiness and security
So strong that it just rubbed off
On everyone in the room
A feeling of admiration
All I could ever do, was smile

I can tell you, two people
Who were so in love was a rare sight

To this day it's hard to believe, she's gone
Knowing in which way she was taken
I ask myself constantly
How could someone that beautiful
Be taken in such harrowing pain?

I witnessed a man so broken
Left alone with a small child
There's no sense in that

Sure, there are things I believe in
But they are not of any greater being
How could there be?

When I see my friend

His heart now hollow
He smiles and laughs
When moments catch him off guard

But I can see the profound grief
That lives deep inside his eyes

I could never believe in any God
That could allow such pain.

My Tears for Liverpool

From underneath the grass so green
Here lies a girl who cannot dream
She once was alive
She once had a future
But now it's gone
Because of a shooter
A million balloons
And a million hearts
Can never bring her back from dark.

Mystery

Who am I? I'm just an ordinary woman with wings My snorkel? Well it's for those rare moments... Of, just in case.

Nature's Miracle

Oh, the dawn is upon me As I am eventually guided By a peek of the Sun's gaze She need not be shy For I have spent the night With the glorious Moon Ah, I'm not so lonely after all.

NEW WORLD

There's a Deer outside my garden gate
just staring at me with his soft eyes
from beyond his wooden sanctuary
where he usually hides from the shooter
I see the pheasant has come to greet us
he is just walking on the main road
minding his own business
he looks relaxed, as we greet him
Gardens unspoiled
the rubbish that is usually left on the ground
by people who care for nothing
is invisible today
so pleasing on the eye
Even eating at the newly opened restaurant
of years gone by is a pleasantry
all tables being finely spaced so people can actually eat
without touching the shoulders of strangers
Shouldn't it have always been this way?

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Nightly Theatre

Last night I dreamt
I was taking a dip in the
Magnificent Trevi
A baroque fountain
the largest in this beautiul
City of Rome

it was wrapped around me like a towel
I wasn't in water
I was in champagne

I remember in this dream
I was so happy
I didn't care for anything
Just I, in a very posh bath

Swimming around in the glorious bubbles
Every so often taking a secret sip

And as my dream ends abruptly
Like every dream does

I awoke with the hiccups.

No Rainbow Today, just a very Dark Day

I've lost her, she's gone From a morning wave "have a great day" Now I can only ever see her grave What is so deeply wrong with my land? What, in the mind of a young lad? Shooting just for fun? To turn around and run? Nineteen souls dead No fun, no fun for anyone No rainbow today Just a very dark day.

Nonsense In The Air

On top of the never fading Rainbow, made of gold
Sits a pink Camel, playing a tiny banjo

From down below the clouds
Giggle at such a sight
And the purple rain jumps up from the crowd
to chime in tune with the musical delight

All the while the sun is searching for his hat
Lightning strikes the paper Ark, that's tumbling in flight

And as a million sweets fall from the Giant's sack
Onto the heads of the fire flies bright

The Dodo
Awakens from a very long nap

Rollerblading in circles hoping to see...

What all the fuss is about?

November's Ashes

It all started
On a very dark morning
One November day
I can describe the darkness
I could feel it in the air
And in my bones

Darkened clouds
With an eerie creepy atmosphere
A haunting feeling
And a cold breeze that was most unwelcome
It almost felt as if I, was depressed
Even though I knew I wasn't

Then the terrible news arrived
It was around 8:am
"He's gone he's gone"
Whispers on a phone, that I can still hear today
I can honestly tell you, I could feel the pain
Even before I was told, the news
In my heart I knew
Something was very wrong

And unfortunately
It didn't end there...

But for now, I can tell you this
Sharing with you
Makes me feel as if I'm standing

Totally naked
With nowhere to hide my vulnerability
Because
Just by telling you these things
Overwhelms me with anger
And with great sadness

All the same, I'm glad you're here.

November's Gift

On the Cliffs of Clare

I stole a cheeky kiss

The winds howling

Into the ears of our shared passion

Darkest of Clouds over head

Filled with Rain

Desperately
searching for a
place to land

We ran smiling anyway, hand in hand

Giggling, out loud

From out of nowhere

Came a sharp ray of Sun

Those Cliffs, were truly Magical.

Observing Miracle

As I sip my morning coffee
In my local café-bar
I see the same Gentleman

He sits opposite me
Every day
In the same old leather seat
I often wonder why he always sits there?

You see, his wife died many year ago
To him, it still feels like she is here
I can just see it, in his eyes

Every time he sits down
It's almost as if
He is sitting down next to her
When he looks out of the window
Even on rainy days
It's as if he is looking out, at her

And when it's time for him to go home
He puts on his flat cap once again
And heads back out into the busy street

His right elbow bending
As if his darling wife
Is on the end of his arm

The thing that strikes me most about him
Is his very kind smile

And in turn

The smile he brings to me.

October

October colour's warm, as heart
leaves downfall and some do part
Upon a branch a magpie sits
And I, my eyes well they do twitch
Above my head the sky a peach
Birds do sing in oh, high pitch
Wind is kept from blowing strong
As, Autumn's time is not so long
Before the winter takes her place
And auburn leaves are barely traced.

Old Bones

Mammoth tusk

Deep in Earth's dark hole

14,000 years it's laid

I wonder how long it will be before

Someone finds me?

Lost within my very own fossil

Aching for someone

To find my bones

Forever wondering

If I will ever be discovered?

On the Edge of the Cliff of my Mind

And so, here I am Holding out my arms As if I'm going to catch something? Or something Is going to catch me? Maybe I shall fall off? Maybe I won't? Wind howling Almost as if There are fifty wolves Surrounding me Waiting patiently To see what will happen next And so here I am... On the edge of the cliff Of my mind.

Orchid

She was always so very delicate And most precious She didn't know it But I could see it, within her soul Only a very few, ever really knew How to preserve her... And in the end As all beautiful flowers do She died But even now, every time I see an orchid In full bloom She springs back to life...

Philosophy of Time

Today's, my best day
Simply because It's today

What of yesterday?
It's gone now
No need to dwell

Today
I look forward to what will be
Right here in front of me
Am I'm waiting for tomorrow?
No

Because it's really only today that matters
And anyway
Tomorrow turns into today then yesterday
Leaving my memories timeless.

Poet Society

I'm sure, I'm not the only one

Who heard

Bukowski went to Hell

Just so he could

Enjoy the company of

The great

Oscar Wilde

And

Dante Alighieri

I have to be honest

I feel quite envious

Although I heard

They refused

The company of

Shakespeare.

Poet's Musing

Has anyone of you
Ever thought
That, when we move
Towards death
The blinding bright light
Isn't that of Heaven at all
But the light of new life
And rebirth?
Of course
Just a poet's musing
But how nice it is
To imagine
Not rotting in a grave
But rather...
Becoming, once again
A new babe.

Poet's Heart

I always loved those first moments of new love
I'd put on a bit of Motown
And we'd kiss for hours

We really were without a care in the world
Looking back on those moments of first love
That were so unpredictable and new
Never possibly knowing
What the future would hold for two young lovers
Cheeky moments tossed in the air
Much like the
Sugar candy I used to love eating at the fairground

I was never too curious
I always believed everything happened for a reason
What would be would be
looking back now
I guess my true quality was being naive
But that isn't a bad thing
Because it helped me face each chapter without fear

And as I sit here today
Sharing my thoughts of reflection
With a perfect stranger
Telling of each moment of
Happiness, grief, poverty and richness
I've encountered
And
Through all the shit and shambles
Life has very generously gifted me
I am damn proud and grateful to be alive.

Poet's Paradise

The priest In my local town Is such a nice man Beautiful blue eyes Looks like Father
Christmas I pretend I don't see him And I never say good morning Just in case he puts me on
his list.

Poet's Paradise (senryu)

a demonstration of life and death, love and hate written into words

Poet's Satire

writing you Whenever my husband Asks me for nooky I tell him, no dear I'm very busy
An incredibly passionate love poem.

Poet's Sleeve

Not even I can write About my personal moments Without at least a slight cringe Although
sharing is a way of saying It happened to me too Not everyone's eyes are truly open Sometimes
even the smallest stanza Can turn into something Liberating and healing But other times Can
swell a scar into becoming More visible than ever.

Poetic Blood

I've formed my own opinion Of you dear friend I've not listened to others I've simply read in
between the lines Witnessed with great admiration All, your heart's woes And you know what? We
are not so different You and I We've loved, lost and loved again And in all the calamity Shared our
Poetic blood.

Political incorrect Ness

Happy new year?

Happy new year? You're having a laugh ain't cha? Look around you Does it look like this one Will be any different from the last? It's time we got rid of the rubbish? Let's get rid of Boris Johnson Yes the Twat you all call "Prime Minister" You know... The one that looks like Trump But speaks with a posh British accent The only thing posh about Johnson Is his stu...stu... stu stutter Happy bloody New Year.

Ponte Di Rialto

So I walked almost breathless

Choking, on my own joy

Tears just bursting onto my blushed cheeks

Emotion I could not contain

Wearing dark oversized sunglasses

Was a blessing today

Not just because there was a magnificent Sun

But I didn't want anyone to see

I was actually crying, happy tears of course

I was beside the Grand Canal

A side walk filled with romance

Bars and Restaurants

Joyful people everywhere

Finally, in sight

The beautiful Bridge of Rialto

Divided into three stair cases

An architectural miracle

Stone that has defied time, itself

A poet friend said

If I sat at the bar just beside it

I could write a poem for him

I couldn't decide where to sit

But I did write this poem

To remind myself and him

Of the beauty that this bridge beholds

A little piece of magic

For every eye that is lucky enough

To see this sight and to touch its History

To hear the noise of the seagulls

And to smell the atmosphere of pure love

To watch the gondola's passing underneath

Other women, wearing oversized sunglasses

I didn't need to imagine why

Emotion was simply in the air

Now I'm off on a boat bus

Sailing out into the lagoon

Sitting next to real venetian people

Writing this poem for my dear friend Jerry

Excited to see my next dream come true

I'm on my way to Burano

Who knows what magnificent sights await?

Post-Covid-Reflection

And I still have dreams
About shaking people's hands
With my right elbow.

I never thought the word negative
Could become positive
Until the world met Covid.

Practically Perfect (wordiku)

Superlitiously Humanitarianly

Superangelic

Precious Moment

As I light, a thousand candles

Along the road

I can see the warmth flickering

Complementing the stars above

You see

My friend told me

He wanted to kill himself

So I lit a thousand candles for him

I wanted to guide him

To a cross road

That would help him find his way

Back to life and back to choice

A brave Man

He took the challenge

And today he said, thank you

I replied...

No, No

Dear friend, thank you.

Presumption

I thought my life
Had prepared me for everything
I thought the first forty-six years
Were the ones that gave me the most trouble

Much like an old car
You spend your first three month's wages on
When you're in your really early twenties
Hoping it will get you up the hill
And maybe round a few bends

Well I'm here to tell you
That my life didn't prepare me
For the next chapter...
Did yours?

I ask because i'm polite
I already know your answer.

Pride

He is walking down the isle The biggest smile, he ever wore But it is not he Who will say... "I do"

Rainbows and History Books

Hi, I'm one of the Rainbow kids,
You know, one of the children
caught up in the Covid-19 crisis

Mum told me to paint a rainbow, so I did
Then I started to realize, it wasn't just a picture
it was a symbol of hope
A giant upside down rainbow smile
filled with happy bright color's

We stuck it on the window
and shared it with the people who walked by
the few that did, had a smile
At least that's what I believe
smiling, under their mask

No school today, and I don't go out to play
just me and my mum, Dad died a few years ago
Time's standing still as if the whole world has
stopped turning

I'd never heard silence outside my window before
isn't it the strangest sound?
Although I could hear the birds sing
they were like an orchestra playing Mozart
I know what you're thinking now
how can an eleven-year-old
now anything about Mozart?

I know a bit, I'm smart

As I sit and write, in my very own History Book

I write about people sad and silent

afraid to go outside

Parents protecting their children from the air

that should be clean now

after all, there are no airplanes in the sky

and nature, nature is in full bloom

Maybe just maybe

A beautiful Unicorn

will fly past the window, of my bedroom?

Reality check

When you're a winner
Everyone wants you Everyone loves you But when you lose You are just a nobody... Like me.

Red Carpet

Well, we all know

I didn't get the job as chief sommelier

Yes, yes I let slip I'm a binge drinker

It's all in an earlier poem under "Humor"

I got a job that I love, anyway

And now I get to wake up at 6am

Just like the old days

To taste the grapes of employment

I'm so damn happy right now

The world once again

Awaits my glorious presence.

Reflecting in Pride

Looking back I find myself With a much wider Understanding Of why things have been
The way they've been I've said before But, I'll say it again I have taken Every painful
experience Every ugly moment And I've turned Most of them Into Sweet smelling roses
Sharing them On invisible paper With beautiful people Like myself Who have all been
Through the same Something... Nothing... Everything.

Reflecting Ink

Love's lies

Spread out on a sheet of red ink

Blood drained from my weakened veins

Sucked into a pen

That is flawed with pain

As I write from

The ruins of my very own Everest

I am without lines

Just Vertigo.

Reflecting on Reflection

Stay at home to think and ponder
How you came to sit and wonder
Why the clouds are in the sky
Why do birds have wings to fly
Stay at home to think and ponder
How you came to sit and wonder
Why the sun shines oh so bright
Why some people, don't have sight
Stay at home to think and ponder
How you came to sit and wonder
Why the rain appears so sad
And why you think, dark clouds are bad
Stay at home to think and ponder
How you came to sit and wonder
Why the tree's outside are shaking
Winds of gale force nature's making
Stay at home to think and ponder
How you came to sit and wonder
Go outside to have a ponder
Find the answers have a wander
In the garden flowers bloom
Your heart be filled with sweet perfume
Stay at home to think and ponder
Go outside and have a wander
One day you won't have the chance
To touch the rain and have a dance
Stay at home to think and ponder
How you came to sit and wonder
Why your old with creaking bones
In your head strange voices moan
I'm old, I'm old, I'm old

As Summer's day has sadly gone
And Winters lights last sunshine shone
Your seasons left are all but one
Your journey home has now begun.

Reflecting on what it's all about?

Becalmed in my sleep
No rest, have I got
No earnings of peace
In my mind now of rot
As I think of the past
And the flowers in mind
No roses do smell
No peace do I find.

Reincarnating me

Next time... When I finally make it back again Once more, from the dead
I've decided

I'm going to be the greatest lady bass player Ever to walk earth I'm going to rock the future new world I'll bring a few tricks back with me From this life too Well, you didn't imagine I'd leave All my wisdom here did you? I'm currently writing my future I'm writing it all down In my little magic book That can never be destroyed That can move through time Can live for eternity Each time bringing back a new chapter My Electric Guitar? Well, that's waiting for me too I've already been practising B.B.King He'll never have a patch on me And I shall take my podium And I'll be loved by all the old souls That I've already known in this life Who'll also be renewed But until then I'm here Patiently waiting To become that star.

Retirement

One day the Sun will explode And i suppose the moon Will take his place? Night will become day? I imagine a cold glow But It won't happen in our lifetime Nor that of today's child
But each year as the heat of the Sun reeks havoc It reminds us that one day A million or so years from now There will be no more beautiful Sunsets Nor will Man ever see Dawn All the magical colours in the sky Will be gone Leaving it dark Because... He will finally take his retirement.

Rounded thoughts

Nobody ever failed me And I, never failed myself There are many Twists and turns In life
Winding roads And mountains to climb After all... Why on earth
Do you think it is round?

Sailing into Nothingness

As I sail upon my very own Vessel
on this, the vicious tempestuous
yet, boundless Sea
With my very delicate dreams
that are unfulfilled
deep within my dying heart
Dreams of mine
that could never come true
It makes me wonder
if the mast breaks
on this magnificent ship
would anything really change at all?
Could I possibly sail off into a magnificent Sunset?
Or drown in these, the starving waves
that I call life?

San Francisco's Waiting

I always used to ask her;
How could you know a City
You've never actually seen with your own eyes?
She always replied; " I just know"
She told me, she was in love
With the Golden Gate Bridge
A truly spectacular sight
She said;
It always had the possibility
To make dreams come true
She saw its potential
It had created a pathway
People could connect
It's a Bridge of Hope, she'd say
I always thought it was the
Cable Cars that she loved
Or the hills?
Maybe even the bright lights of evening?
But it always came back to the Bridge
Even though I myself
Have only ever seen it in books
One day I'd like to visit
If only to see it in person

The Bridge she always spoke of
Then, I could whisper up to the sky
Darling Mum
"You just knew didn't you".

Santa's Note

Looking out of my window

Onto the white fluffy blanket

Of fresh snow down below

That's been left by

Mother Nature's winter mood

A Deer catches my eye

She has come to greet me

We look at each other

As if we are long lost friends

Whilst inside my warm home

The fireplace that burns and crackles

Reminds me, it's Christmas day

On the mantelpiece

I see the whiskey glass

Empty, he drank it all

His lip marks left on the crystal

On the floor, are the crumbs

And on my sparkling Christmas Tree

There's a note attached, that reads...

Thank you, now i'm pissed.

Satired

Ere, I've been taken hostage

By my comfy elastic sweat pants

It's been exactly...

Twelve days' and twelve nights' now

I'll confess, my pants

They haven't got much room left now

Oh dear, bat-bugs

only gone and turned into

fat-bug?

No matter...

Onwards and upwards, as I always say

Even if I am saying it

Sprawled out

On the comfort of my reclining armchair

I've been cheering myself up

On vodka cocktails

Yeh, paracetamol and the odd drop of rum too

I never knew I'd feel horny but it's true

Doctor, told me not to do it

But I'm doing it for research purposes

Who knows I may well be honored for my work?

Ere, I have to confess too, that watching Netflix all day

It has its upside?

Me fingers, yeh they still get exercise

Me Mind? ... not so much but that was to be expected

Not much there to begin with

If I'm totally honest

There's only so many times

I can watch Chucky though

Last night I even googled

To see, if Chucky was a real actor?

I know one thing for a fact?

Bridget Jones never has to put up with this shit.

Satisfactory

If I could put, all that I am And all, that I have Into a glass jar It could never be full Nor
would it, ever be empty It would be just perfect.

Seasons of Me

Now I know why

I was given

All these amazing paths

In my life to walk

I've weathered

Every treacherous storm

In the deepest parts of my heart

Each snowfall, thawed icicles into warm tears

With courage to combat

The winds that blow me wildly

Into directions without light

Of course not to forget

Sunshine, beaming too

It's simply so I could

Write about my adventures

And share them with you.

Selfless

Not a single day goes by

Without thinking of our last meeting Staring, helplessly at your coffin Wanting so desperately To
rip it open And put you in my arms I didn't of course... But only because I knew it wouldn't be
nice For your other guests.

Senryu

Gone, forever more this, the unsinkable ship lost in life's ocean

Senryu 1

secrets of true love
are the one's you find within
when loving yourself

Senryu 10

It's one year today I fell onto this platform Forever thankful.

Senryu 11

A child so precious wondering how beautiful is this world she lives? Fortunate to leap into imagination simply to escape Her mind filled with hope the horrors of non fiction nowhere to be seen.

Senryu 12

Life turning to death

dusk and dawn have their reasons light has its season's

Senryu 15

Planet Earth's gone mad

Our sphere, filled with such darkness Where's my time-machine?

Senryu 16

The flames of passion Sparked by a match to ignite Burning through the night.

Senryu 17

reflecting in verse
the richness of a poet?
is simply his soul.

Senryu 18

publishing my dreams

dripping the ink onto lines

one day, may come true...

Senryu 2

The truest of love
is the one you find within
cherish it always.

senryu 22

if you offer bread
a potential friend.

he'll come over to greet you

Senryu 23

Love can be so lost And then, in just one moment A new one arrives.

Senryu 3

Moon, my lover be?

Light, that beams my path of night

Never fails to shine

Senryu 4

Oh Grand, Grand Canal
Waiting patiently for me
Shakespeare would be proud.

Senryu 5

autumn leaps out "BOO"

summer just a memory

as crisp air hits lungs.

Senryu 6

Gone, my greatest love
My broken heart is drowning
In the Grand Canal

Ripped unwillingly
From true unforgiving love
Now it doesn't beat

Under gray water
Gondola passing it by
No hope of rescue.

Senryu 8

It's a brand new year with my very own blank page each day, new chapters.

Senryu 9

Grey, now gone away
colour returns to my mind

I'm bursting with joy.

Sentimental to Me

I wear twenty-four carats

Around my neck

It holds a solid heart of gold

I never take it off

I know very well It's a material possession

But It was given out of love

And thus...

Empowers my soul.

Sheep In Uniform

I can't believe one man decides my fate
Choosing how it's done
And his hair
A moustache perfectly formed on his top lip
I would have liked to rip it off

"Knowing he would suffer
Even a second's slight pain"
Would have been worth it
Standing straight, beaming smile
As if he was offering tickets to the
Merry-Go-Round
I never saw anyone come off though
Dedicated sheep in uniform
Just following his orders
I feel sick
Fortunately stomach empty
There's a lot to be said for my starvation today
It's the badge they wear, I hate most
Although the long black sleek polished boots
Also very intimidating
The sheep have no thought for life
They just do what they're told
Although they don't like fire themselves
Their faces told me they enjoyed
The vision of someone else being burnt alive
I imagined for a second
What it would feel like if I pushed one in
I already know he will be odorless
"Evil doesn't smell"
Where's the fun in that?
My sister, already taken
My heart now marble anyway

My legs no longer have feeling
Terror has paralyzed them
I'm so glad
Paralysis being my only friend
I feel nothing
Can you believe
It's the pushing and shoving
That bothers me most?
I'm not scared, I promise
No point
The more I shiver
The Evil laughter gets louder
I'm ready
Let them throw me into the fire
I'll be free from Hell
The smell of burning hair
Odor of sister's skin being cooked
Screams, unforgettable
Even when I sleep forever
I will hear them
I hope someone finds
my drawing one day?
I left it in camp,
It wouldn't be hard to find
A drawing of my house
my sister and I, outside
A swing in the garden
Painted blue like the sky
I drew a bright yellow sun
I like to think of it as my favorite last memory
Oh and not to forget
I also drew
My darling dog
My beloved German Shepherd.

Shopping for Forgiveness

You see, I must have only been

Around 10 years 'old

Mum and dad took me shopping

It was Friday evening around five pm

It was a true honor

My dad had this magnificent set of wheels

An American Car

It looked like it came out of the movies

My siblings were left at home

It was my turn to ride

Driving round the streets of London

Was just the coolest thing

I'd be smiling from ear to ear

We were on our way to the local supermarket

It must have been a special day

Because my Dad

Let me put anything I wanted in the trolley

And Mum?

Well, she didn't bat an eyelid

I felt so lucky

When our trolley was full

We pushed it to the check-out

I remember there was no stress

I know it's hard for some people to understand

But we were poor, really poor

Anyway my dad paid in fifty pound notes

Something I'd never seen before

We all thanked the cheerful cashier

And walked outside, we were on top of the world

My dad asked, shall we go and have a pint?

The pub was on the corner next to the rail bridge

I remember the trains were so loud

Anyway, we went in and sat down

He even gave me money for the juke box

I wanted to play all the songs

But I chose, Come On Eileen

I loved that song

It was actually my mum's name

I remember we finished our drinks

Mine was a coke

We went out to find the car

Arriving, I could hear

The happy atmosphere turned silent

Someone had forced open the locked boot

They'd helped themselves

To every last bag of shopping

I just remember feeling

So damn sad for my parents

See as far as I knew

They didn't have credit cards

Not even a current account

In general, they didn't need such a luxury

After some whispering amongst themselves

We eventually went back into the supermarket

But this time was somber

No smiling, just great disappointment on faces

We bought the bare minimum

And went straight home

I remember my brother and sister

Asking what's wrong?

I can't remember what I told them

I just remember I was crying on the inside

Not for me, but for them

Mum and Dad

But still, I just couldn't help but think

There must have been a family somewhere

Even worse off than us, who had no choice

But to steal from a car?

Anyway, next time I'll tell you about

The street bully who pulled my trousers down

In the local chip shop

If you like?

I could have died of embarrassment.

Shrink in Doubt

What? You don't believe in your self? Well... I don't believe my ears Or my own eyes...

Shrink Satire

My friend visited a therapist Because she had An overwhelming urge to kill herself Every day for six month She went, happy to talk Finally the shrink said "You are cured" He presented the bill... And my friend killed herself.

Singing in the Rain

Where are all the roses in bloom?

Colour, catching even the most cynical of eyes

Love, left to die in a lonely room

Words left unsaid between two

I vow never to let that happen to me twice

Even though that is a lie

Are we the creators of our Fate?

Or is Fate the creator of us?

Even when we do not know it

Our lives written into the history

Of yesterday today and tomorrow

Led by our very own tap shoes?

Thank goodness for

Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire

Life without music and poetry

Truly hard to bare.

So Very Far from a Love Poem

She hesitated as she balanced In the wind as it blew a gale And she thought to herself When
the desert storm Reaches the sea All anyone can hope for Is, that it's not a bombshell.

Sometime I Imagine

Sometimes I imagine

What it would be like to

Jump up and down on the moon?

I wonder would its glow, blind me?

Would it romance me and turn me to stone?

Would I meet anyone, up there?

Who just like me, is curious?

Could I be met by an alien?

And would he invite me

To sit and have a cup of tea?

And the all-important question

Is she really made of cheese?

Sometimes I imagine...

Whilst sitting under this tree.

Sometimes

Sometimes

I completely forget

About missing you

Then...

In one single moment

You come to the surface

Of my lake

And

Once again, I drown.

Sometimes the skies are red with blood

I'd never witnessed war until now
A fifty-inch flat screen television makes it hard not to see
I have been taught all about
The second world war
Like most, my age
Even my father was born
After the bunkers kept his mum alive
And the underground tube stations?
That were once filled with innocent people hiding from the bombs
Well, it always left me feeling a sense of awe
Whilst riding the tube as a child
I confess that the historic pictures have always freaked me out
The darkness of a Dictator
Hard to believe, that it's happening today
I'll not get to hide underground
On the platform in Oxford Street though
I'll just have to hope it doesn't get that far
But if it does
I don't want to be reminded of it on the fifty-inch flat screen

I'll just look up at the sky
Because...
Sometimes the skies are red with blood.

Somewhere Up There

When down from the sky

Comes the rain sleet and the snow

You'll be here with me.

Sommelier

I walked happily into my interview
Imagining, I was diving into a barrel of
Chianti Classico
it was going swimmingly well
until they asked me
Are you a binge drinker?
Well of course
I've never been one to lie, so I replied
Oh, yes...

Sonnet

It is I, who loves thee more than the sun
With fiery eyes and golden locks undone
No man presumes such tender gasp of breath
Such beauty could send my lungs to their death

Let's not weep for sins, but rejoice each day
All the stars the moon and indeed the clay
Let not the weeping willow die so young
Saved the sweet honey from bee's who have stung

Dusk until dawn, to your love I have clung
Dreaming of a world that sing songs unsung
I, who dies in the forest of your heart
It's I whom will die in the forest dark

But wait no, I shall never lay me down
Thou shall be loved, to thee I take my bow...

Soul Search

As soon as I walked through the door

I could feel the cold

And the dark

No sign of spring

No sign of anything

Just frozen air without light

And as my eyes dared to wonder

Around the room

I couldn't help but think...

Will I ever find her?

Sparrow's wisdom

Sparrow, sits on the branch Lent to him, generously by the tree He doesn't just sit because He trust the branch He sits because he knows That if, the branch should break He can use the gift Of his magnificent wings To guide him, safely and graciously Into his next adventure...

Spreading the Love

Let's spread love and joy

Eat and be merry Watch the carts of fantasy Pass by the joyful children As their mum's
and dads Say, with a tear in their eyes Happy Thanksgiving Christmas has begun
Christmas carols to be sung Everyday Should be... For Thanks and for Giving.

Star Struck

Ppsttt...Come

Come with me, dear friend

We're gonna look up at the stars

Can you see them?

"Well are you
looking up?"

See those stars?

Those stars that shine in the sky tonight

They're all shining down at you

Take your much deserved bow

Because tonight dear friend

Those stars up there

Are the ones who are star struck.

Still In my Basket of Memories

Another day at its end Sunset as beautiful as your eyes once were bright in colour I remember how you used to love My curly auburn hair in the dusk light Not even one moment passes Without our memories Jogged by a simple soft breeze That once used to fill your smile Under our very own apple tree You, you always hoping an apple would drop softly onto my shoulder Reminding us both We were alive And yet, now I sit here underneath alone... Your presence forever right here with me.

Stone Heart

You don't need to be a genius To change the ways of a stone heart All you need... Is great strength and courage To convince them You believe they can change.

Studied Pride

There are times in life
When we just don't say
Those things, we should
Like...
"I love you"
To someone in need
Someone, who has maybe done us wrong?

Or to someone, we deeply love
Sometimes
We just cannot forge

Those simple words out loud
Myself, I can't say them every day either
Yet there are times
They need to be said

So I'm saying them now...

I love you.

Submerged

In the spring of 96

I fell into a deep dark lake

I remember it was a very pretty lake

Never the less, I was drowning

I couldn't get back to the surface

I remember, no matter how I tried

I couldn't get there

It was as if I was in a straitjacket

My arms and my voice both numb

Eventually I surfaced...

It was Autumn

The Giant Moon was shining its sparkling white

My journey back was a success

The year?

I'm not sure

Why?

Because I'm still waiting to fall back in.

Sugar Coat

I used to wake on a Friday

Just waiting for evening to arrive

So I could get down the pub

And enjoy the musical feast

I remember I used to dance

I used to dance till 2 am

It would start with the live band at 7pm

And then move upstairs to the disco

Boy, did I have some moves

Way back then, in the 90's

Actually, not far from my mind

Was my friend Liam

See, he lived around the corner from the pub

He was such a beautiful soul

Kind eyes and an open heart

Yet he was broken, broken

Because his wife took his kids away

She left him for someone else

So he took, to drugs

I often visited him after the pub closed

Just to make sure he was alright

Most of the time, he was off his face

Sitting in the dark of the darkness

I was only young;

I didn't know anything about drugs

But I believe it was Heroin

He had a lady friend too

She was very pleasant

But after some time had passed

She was hooked too; I suppose?

Because, one Saturday morning

I saw her flashing naked in a raincoat

On the high-street

Outside Iceland Supermarket

I didn't say anything

I didn't want her to know I was looking

But I did pause for thought

What a shame

Turns out,

She was obviously as vulnerable

As he was?

I didn't visit for a while

But one day I was in the area

I passed by his abode

Council housing had its perks

But not that day

I didn't see Liam

Just bullet holes

In the wall around his front room window

I never did find out what happened

But I imagine...

He must have won the Lottery

And moved to a beautiful

Town House in Chelsea.

Supersonic

If love is a drug
Then I'm as high as a kite
Flying fiercely into the clouds...

Supersonic

If love is a drug
Then I'm as high as a kite
Flying fiercely into the clouds...

Surprised By Mother

Snow

This side of Christmas

Can melt Even the most Cynical of hearts.

Surviving Love

Surviving love
Is an enormous task
That we've all been gifted at birth

As soon as we enter the world

We need it to survive

However
It is not always given
nor is it received
By all

Therefore

If you can actually say

I am loved...

You should know

You are very lucky...

Even if you have to say it in the mirror.

Tale of the Unexpected

He lived next door
I always knew he was weird
There was always a dark spirit about him
One night I saw him carrying a tool bag

And again the next night
I peered through the curtains
Every night at 11.45 pm
He'd leave his house
The thing that struck me most
He was always smiling

I never went further
Than spying from my window
Until one night
When I was walking home
He was out much earlier than usual
It was 21.30 pm
I remember because I just phoned my mum
To let her know I was on my way home

I felt him walking behind me
He was walking incredibly fast
He brushed past me in the same direction

I could see under the lamp light
He was holding a hammer
It looked as if blood was dripping
And it looked as if
There was some sort of long hair on it

He turned to look at me
I just looked down at the floor
I didn't want him to know I saw
What he was carrying
But I wonder if he felt me shaking?

Much later
That night
My worst nightmare
Became my reality.

Tango

In the deepest darkest corner of my mind

The Devil sits patiently

Waiting for me to acknowledge him

But

Because I know he's there

I simply ignore my inner need to ask him

Do you want to dance?

Taxi

She was in an abusive relationship

No black eyes

Just really sad ones

No woman wants to wait up all night

For her man

To arrive home the morning after

A night down the pub

She waited

She always waited

When he finally came home

He'd say...

I forgot the time

But she knew

Knew, he was with other women

Isn't it true, love really is blind?

One Saturday afternoon

She took her heart ache

And her blues

Out to the local supermarket

She bought the ingredients

To make a Sunday roast

She passed a pub on the corner

She thought, fuck it

I need a drink

She went in and sat on a stool

Hopeless and tired of one-way love

The chicken dinner sat on the floor

In a plastic Tesco bag

A gentleman came over

And asked if he could buy her a drink

She accepted gracefully

Obviously there was an instant attraction

They kissed passionately

For more than four hours

Hands all over each other

They looked like

They'd known each other forever

As dusk arrived

They left hand in hand in a taxi

She actually looked happy for once

Confident and sure of herself

I'd go as far to say

She had a sparkle as she got into the cab

Her smile looked genuine

Still holding her Tesco shopping bag

I often wonder

If they found a place

By a wood log fire to make love

Into the small hours

On a soft rug?

I often wonder

Did her boyfriend

Ever get his chicken lunch on sunday?

Or did she finally realize

She needed to change her life

And choose happiness?

Telephone Talk

It was New Year's day morning

I couldn't help myself

I just had to hear his voice

So I plucked up the courage to phone him

It was a really long number

I was calling from London to New York

But as soon as he answered

I knew it was a mistake

He said "it's great to hear from you"

There was an embarrassing..... pause

He then said, "I'm with someone"

And at that moment

I plucked up all my gumption

To say...

"Well Happy New Year, I hope she is all you deserve"

Abruptly putting down the old fashioned phone

You see

They were still attached to the wall at that time

Then I suddenly...

Just got on with my life.

Ten years from now, I hope to see

As I sit and wonder How my life will be? Ten years from now I hope to see If fate is kind
Or rough winds breathe As I sit beneath this Cypress tree Hoping I can write my tales Of
wonderment and storms of Hail My adventures and my rocky roads Of love and loss and life that
grows As I sit and wonder How my life will be? Ten years from now I hope to see.

That is what I call, a Positive move

And so, as I roam the streets With no real place to go
A moment of uncertainty
A few seconds of disappointment
For the way people treat me And as I reflect
On what went on? I realize
It has brought me here A light shines in my big blue eyes
And as I climb onto the very busy bus
And move away from the negativity
That was trying it's best to grab me All I can think to myself is...
That is what I call, a positive move.

That's what happened to me

There is nothing in this world

I have learnt more valuable Than the simple fact We are all different No matter what
And when in our world We have love Then we also have room For forgiveness At least...
In the end That's what happened to me.

The Canvas Doesn't Lie

As I sweep my modest paintbrush,
Over the canvas
I find myself painting a picture
Of everything you mean to me
But then, I pause for thought...

And suddenly I realize
There's just not a canvas big enough.

The complexity of positivity (Shrink satire 2)

If it is true that negative people find problems even in the solutions What would happen
If I was to give them A non solution?

The Day of New to you Belongs

As evening sun lays his head
Onto sweet sunshine's bed
The moon she rises up once more
The Stars they twinkle and adorn

A meteor strikes through the sky
Lighting up, just for a while
A sight to see and to behold
To see this theatre light unfold

Once more the moon, her head will tilt
Once more the sun will rise from quilt
And birds will sing and chirp their songs
The day of new to you belongs.

The Death of Love

When the right person

Turns out to be so wrong

And it's too late because

Your heart and intestines

Are already

Spread out and stamped upon

The cobbled street

Spread out

As if there just wasn't enough pain already

Spills, of your inner being and your privacy

Lying dead waiting to be cremated

And

Blown into the dead sea

By an angry bitter wind

Remember this...

It's only a feeling

And you will repair

On the other hand

The one who purposely

Made you feel this way

Well, they are probably

Doing it to someone else as we speak

And when their next victim is ready

We shall share these wise words

With them too

Because my friends...

It is

The Death of Love

Not

The Death of You.

The End of Love

I remember I was sitting on the bus On the isle of dogs
On my way home from a great night out He was waving me off I had butterflies inside my chest
It was one of the most precious moments Of my life Just for that moment, I was deeply in love
And every now and again On days like today I remember that love And of being so young and
foolish Innocent to the brutal reality Of... The end of love.

The Flight

Illusions of her
Entwined in my memories
Love, can never fade

The light that once shone
Flickers in moonlight's shadow
My love for her, stays

Physical visions, that once were
Have gone from my sparkling eyes
I, forever weep my loss

Yet

Still I'm aware
Of her presence, it's all around me
She stands beside me
Her light that forever shines
Is with me always

Her guidance willing me
To go forward each new day
With warmth gently placed
Deep within my heart

And in times I forget this...

She sweeps me up
From the depths of my deepest darkness
Holding me tight under her protective wings
Flying me into infinity

Until she decides, I've seen enough
Landing in a place where the light shines bright
Hovering over me with her graceful presence
I know she just wants me to feel my own being

And in a moment, she's gone
Leaving her message of hope all around me
Because, I'm now standing firmly
On the road of courage
I now need to believe in myself.

The Ghost of Paddy McGee

I don't mean to boast
but I have a ghost
his name is Paddy McGee
He comes to me often
when I'm sleeping
I can hear him but I don't see

I asked him why
[why did you die]?
My heart a pounding
when he replied

...My wife was a nagger
not much of a shagger
I didn't know what to do?
No peace in the bath
I'd hear her laugh
not even peace on the loo

She spent all me money
and thought it was funny
So I did what had to be done
I went off to the cupboard
and quietly got my gun
now, here I am with you

[why are you here]?
[Why do you stay]?

He did reply...

Well, I always did pray
for a good looking girl or two
[But it's just me]
[can't you see?]
...No, he replied
for I did die, after I'd drank a few

[Oh Paddy McGee
I'm so sorry for your trouble]
...That's alright, now I see double
So let me in your nice warm bed
To you I promise never to wed
Act Two
So he's gone my drunken ghost
his name Paddy McGee
He left me a memorable letter
But he didn't leave my key

He wrote...
"Your nagging was no better
Your shagging I'll give a three
It's time to try something new
What will be will be"
So off he went Paddy McGee
off to seek his fortunes
But he didn't get very far
and now you all will see

The pains of his life
and the curse of his wife
would never leave him be
For Fanny was so lonely
she jumped into the sea
The waves were very strong
her poor old soul was gone
A spirit she would be

As paddy's head was pounding
he turned around to see
His nagging wife was standing
and nagging she would be

Paddy McGee, you come here
I have something I want to say...
How dare you shoot yourself in the head
and leave me depts.' to pay

Paddy replies
"Jesus Crist is that me wife"?
Well, this is something new

Paddy McGee went straight to Hell
as now his wife was "two"

So that's my ghost of Paddy McGee
Alas this tale is over
but didn't you get a great old laugh
I bet he wished he was sober?

When he took his gun out of the cupboard
he should have thought about his life
instead of shooting himself in the head
he should have shot his darling wife.

The End

The Great Journey

In the arms of an Angel
I fly with you tonight
from this cold heartless world
On my most important flight
A journey
where rivers flow silent
No more the bridge of endless grief
To a path of light
Dense hope abandoned
A fugitive of my own spirit
Soul ravaged by the
Uncertain roads I've walked alone
To find some kind of peace
In the arms of my Angel tonight
Give my heart release...

The Great Journey into tomorrow

As the day grows old
So does the laughter
Laughter that's fading
Into the Dusky skies
Making its journey home

Echoing through the clouds
And seeping over
The dozing rainbow

Moon arriving to greet it with a smile
Laughter says "good night"
As the final theatre of the day
Takes to the great stage bright

Alas sleeping its way into
nothingness
Lost in a moment
Of time now past

Yet, a sound which will forever
Be in my memory

Another day done and dusted
And as I lay my head to rest
On my soft pillow
I'm forever grateful
Of waking into another new dawn

In hope...

That I once again

Hear the laughter in your voice.

The Great Search

I'd walk a thousand miles
Naked and barefoot
Without bread to comfort my hunger
If I knew that at a corner, no matter how far
I would find you

I'd sleep on a bed of razor sharp nails
If, when I woke I could touch you

I'd give my eyes to a blind Artist
If you promised just once I could see you

I would give my ears to a death Pianist
If you could just whisper once
Letting me know, you are close

I would rip my heart out gladly
Giving it to someone starved

Yet still
I travel light years never knowing
If I could ever find you again?

I can hear a faint murmur
In the background
A pen scribbling away on her blank page
A Poetess simply searching her mind
Hoping her Soul will soon return home.

The Heart of Just one Woman

Walking the dark London streets Only a beam of the moon to guide her Wet, and tired
Exhaustion, now almost an extra limb

Wondering why? After all, a broken heart cannot speak Yet, the pain is real Body shows all the
signs Slumped Eyes deeply somber Even the light avoids contact Afraid to be contaminated by
such misery Yet stains forever visible Broken enough not to feel the time pass Under the giant
Moon Dragging her feet in silence Waiting for Dawn to finally break.

The Longest Night

Horizontal, yet my eye's

Open as wide as an owl's in the dead of night

Waiting for my mind to give me some respite

I can actually hear the ticking of the clock

In the sitting room, way down the hall

Flexing my tongue in time with the ticks

Tick, tock, tick, tock

Moving quietly to my left side

And back onto my right

Covers pulled over my head

To hide my bright eyes reflection in the mirror

I may finally fall asleep?

Tick-tock-ticking

Tick-Tock-Ticking

Maybe it's my heart I can hear?

Tonight...

My mind
Just doesn't want to quieten

Eventually

Chirping birds tell me

In any case

My alarm will soon startle my restlessness

And all I can think is...

How bloody lucky am I?

The Magnificence of a Great Death, I am told

Where the charcoal of burnt love, does lay

My heart, now not as much as a cinder Imprisoned in my body aching to be let free My soul
now but a rogue angel lost The magnificence of a great death, I am told.

The Meeting

I cannot smile today I don't wish to speak To you, nor to anyone I just want to sit here In
silence Waiting... For the hand of my Angel

The Perfect Note

When known, the spark
Igniting the hearts of two
Where shallow endings were once a fear
now finely tuned
Like the keys of a Grand Piano
brokenness, that once was
has faded into forgotten.

The Perfect Painting

Glided brush Dipped in pure happiness swept over canvas Sprinkled with gold
Sponged over with joy Softly blown with a warm smile.

The Pilot of My Dreams

Did I tell you I'm a pilot?
Not too long after Dusk
I flew myself and my passengers
Up into the clouds
All I remember,
Emotions were joyful
Now I'm back down to earth
Turns out it was a dream
A dream that I've waited forty-seven years to have
A dream that finally told me...
I'm free, I'm happy and I'm healed
Not too shabby for a night's work
Lying on soft silk sheets
Did I tell you I'm a Pilot?
The pilot of my dreams.

The Poetess and the Pussy

A great Poetess once told me

"Those who have never experienced madness
At least once in their lives, have never lived"

One night

While I was rummaging

through a garbage bin

Down town

I was tapped on the shoulder
By the ugliest Cat i've ever seen
Bald as a coconut he was

He said...

"eh up save something for me"

I replied...

I hate my life I just want to die

[I can't believe I shared that with a cat]

The cat then replies...

Well at least when your gone your gone

I've got eight more f..... lives to live.

The question of Love?

What is love?

If not to feel broken within?

If the heart doesn't break

It beats fiercely

Embroidering pain into happiness

Inside every being, lives bitter and sweet

We each sacrifice fear with mystery

Never knowing what we'll receive

Palpitations of pure happiness?

Or excruciating pain

From loss or deceit?

Inhibitions turning into ecstasy

Each time we try

Because?

There are simply no guarantees

The nakedness of Love

Comes in many disguises

And the heart rests on hope

Thus, smearing each moment

With wonderment...

The Saddest Opera

No voice left to sing

No tears to cry

Silence of loss

City to City

Turned to rubble

In a

A light show of night

As freezing breeze blows

Shadows form

From terrified trees

Darkness of these days

Will forever haunt my dreams.

The Secret's in The Wood

A Carpenter who doesn't love his wood
Could never make a chair as beautifully
As a Carpenter who does.

The Tiger in Me

And when I speak of love I don't much mean to scare you It's just that I once had A
love that was eternal Left on the curb to die Eventually turning to dust Blood stained drains of
tears And painful amputations But if such love Could never again reappear I'd be privileged
that It ever came at all.

The Visitor

A ray of light so strong
It felt as though
I'd been struck fiercely by a bolt of sun

I can but gaze, upon this powerful
yet
gentle fiery flame

I stand bewildered
touched by a vision so bright

although weakened by blindness
a presence of wings in sight
I am aware of such beauty
and gracious divine light

created just for a moment
Heaven has fallen to Earth

Never will I understand
yet I do believe in this wondrous being

this magnificent brightness disappears

and in ecstasy
I stand and gaze

I've been touched by an angel today.

The Walk

As I walk through the fire once more

Flames, coming at me from every angle I know I'm a survivor I can walk through anything
I've done it many times Sometimes even with naked feet I'm no longer afraid I'm not giving
up the battle Because if I do Then my soul will have lost all hope And that just isn't my
style.

The Will To Be Me

I once was a Caterpillar
Delicate and shy
Then one night
Under the magnificent moonlight
I awoke from my Chrysalis
To become a Rhino
Big and strong
I now have the thickest of skin
That gives me courage
And the will to be me.

Then it wasn't love at all

Ever fallen head over heels in love?

Did it turn out to be the most painful Experience of your life? Excruciatingly, agonizing,
torturing To the point, your heart Was in your shaking hand Turned to sand or even worse
ashes? Apparently they say If it wasn't like that Then it wasn't love at all.

This Life We Have Been Gifted

What is it worth to each of us? This life we have been gifted As I see, those I love in pain
Never freed from grief And I myself Who has had, my fair share Can only reach out To those
worse off than me Those sitting vigil beside a bed Of someone they deeply love Waiting
patiently For that pair of eyes to close forever into a peaceful eternity I wonder... What it's
worth to each of us? This life we have been gifted.

Time

Fire burning in my heart

Ignited by my painful loss Nothing can put it out Heartburn, Smoldering Drought driven by her absence Suffocating in the smoke of time Because it feels like yesterday That she left... Yet now, it's actually a decade.

Time Machine

Inside all of us there's a time machine?
Yes, my friends it's called memory
A myth to those who cannot believe
Yet to me
A journey very much alive
From two-thousand and twenty-one
Back to nineteen-eighty-five
In a blink of an eye
You couldn't deny my magnificent mind?
Or of that
Youthful love
That once was
Withered with the petals of time
Faded between life and death
Thus drifting from a young lover
Into the wisest heart
That has many a tale to tell...

Time-Lapse

Monday morning 6:am
I'm so excited to hear the ringing
Of my beloved alarm clock
I jump out of bed
Eager to drink my first morning coffee
I shower, and I dress
And as I'm opening the front door to leave
A gasp of dark air takes my breath
And then with horror in my eyes
and a shaking hand holding the keys to the door
I think...Where...
Where... are you going girl?

How does one come to know what one's future holds?
If they do not search for it in every loose space waiting to be filled?

So I went to my antique dining table
I sat down on my favorite chair
And I wrote, and I wrote, and I wrote
All my images and all that I hate
All that I love
And all that makes me irate
Today there is no muse
Just I, with paper and ink...
So I wrote about the Devil
Who I believe to be a pimp
How he tricked me into doing many things
Things I would never want to do
In my humble opinion this made him rich
But then my pen moved slightly to the left
And I started to believe once more
In the great power of good
I could hear in my head

The great Saxophone of my own Soul
Playing the music of existent dreams
Finally drowning out his voice and laughter
So now, he is worthless
And as I come back from the brink of mindless nonsense
My own pride battered like an old decaying cod
Waiting to fill the bellies of the starving
It's now 6:56 am
Time to once again get a grip on my sanity
And as I reflect onto the next page
of which I truly hope to write at least a few

Maybe I'll even write about an Angel or two.

To See This Miracle Is A Must

September's Sun

Summer's, almost done In every colour And every cloud Pink and red When autumn peeks
it's head And summers sun goes to bed With every Sunrise and every Dusk To see this
miracle, is a must.

Traveller

Each and every step I take
Brings me An inch closer to... My greatest self.

Treasure

I have certainly come to realize Sometimes when we least expect it Everything comes at once Other times nothing comes at all Today, I went to a beautiful antique market Because, I heard a stranger Speaking of hearts of gold being on sale Well...

I searched every nook and cranny and didn't find one But, I did find a beautiful salt dish Made of solid silver Accompanied by a silver spoon Not too shabby.

Trick or Treat 2021

Even though I'm in lockdown
Trick or treat, I will still do
I'll knock on every window
And scare the guy on the loo

You see, I have the finest costume
I made it by myself
I took some of my face masks
And some glue off, of my shelf

No one will come near me
I already know the reason why
You see, it is my costume...

COVID-19 will make them cry.

Triumph

And as I seek to find Reason in my loss I suddenly start to laugh You laughed first But in the end I laughed louder.

Triumph

Today

I'm writing the most important poem

Of my life

I've discovered

Only those who truly love me

Can hear me cry

Behind my smile

Today I'm saying goodbye

To someone I've held in my heart

For such a long time

Today I have decided

That I do love myself

I have discovered over time

That being alone

Is not the worst thing that can happen to me?

Today I'm loosening the chains

And I'm breaking free

Oh, what of love be?

If such sadness, loneliness

And anger

Be my only friends?

I shall wake tomorrow

Opening my rested eyes

To a clear path towards

Happiness.

Was I Rose?

Why do I always

Feel so scared

When I'm close to the ocean?

My soul lost

Lost on a ship of dreams

In my last life

Perhaps?

Maybe I have flashbacks?

But they are silent and invisible

Just an eerie feeling I have

Deep within my stomach

Even looking out at the ocean

I get a great feeling of enormous injustice

I'm always scared I may drown

Panic taking my heart into palp mode

Even just looking, looking at the waves

And then whenever I see a lady

Wearing a heart around her neck

I for some reason, think that it belongs to me?

I certainly haven't any fancy things

But I think

I may have been

Somebody special?

Once upon a time...?

We Are All Champions

I guess it all comes back
To Freddy and Queen in 1985
I was a proud member
Of the London community
I was only nine year's old

Live-Aid was finally here
I remember riding my roller-skates
Around Clapham

I couldn't have been more excited
I rolled home from an early morning skate
With what felt like, rockets on my feet

I watched with pride

The concert of a lifetime
I listened to each artist
Each performer
Each string of the electric guitar
A global jukebox
Come to life

I was part of History that day
And even though
I no longer live in my beloved London
And no longer listen
To these magnificent artists performing live

I still sit sometimes
And reminisce

Of that day, when I was young
And had nothing to do but listen
Learning that in this world
We are all equal

There are no winners
No losers
We are all, Just survivors.

Weathered Well

Surrounding ones self With the best of people Can change the way we feel At any given moment

And even if There turns out to be Just one person Well... Isn't that enough? Our roads Seem to me, to be Another way of finding Our own fate As it usually hits us In the face A great suprise Or a nightmare Never the less A kind hand to hold Can help cleans up Even the worst of mess.

What If Anything Will Be Left?

I was just a thirty-year-old
At the time
On a date
Hoping to find my place
On life's busy highway
No cares in the world
Looking forward to a future
With the man I love
Now, looking back
Eighteen years' after
I'm writing as a covid victim
In a World epidemic
Which some how
Doesn't seem to slow
I'm watching
A War unfolding
Before my eyes
On Instagram
Bodies in bags in shallow graves
Swapped are the clips
Of golden retrievers
Dressed in silly hats
A War driven by a madman
Will it turn into world War Three?
I have to ask the question
That is playing over and over
In my jumbled painful mind
Why? Why?
Why, is the world so fucked up?
What if anything
Will be left
For our innocent children?

What If?

What if...

My love be the Ancient type?

Thus, the one

That means you tell me

All that's upon and within your heart

And all I have to do is

Smile.

What is eternal love anyway? (Senryu 21)

Sleeping in my dream Waiting, woken by my prince He, will never come.

What of Love?

If the rain can wash away All my ugly memories Can the sun really bring the light?
And if the wind can blow away All my bad dreams With happier ones at night Could I begin to live
once more? The way, I did once live? Or is it true that just because My dreams may now be sweet
That of our love was never meant And that I live with... Triumph not defeat?

What's the Point of Being Alive if You are Already Dead?

What's the point of being alive
If you are already dead?
As I look out of my bedroom window
At the deep profound sadness
Faces without hope
People walking more like zombies
Than humans
Not a smile to be seen
Only anger
I can see it trailing
Behind the lady, wet from the rain
It seems to be following her
Much like a dog on a lead
What's the point of being alive
If you are already dead?
A lady, desperately seeking a shilling or two
From any passerby
Who will actually look up from the cobbles
To acknowledge her?
And then I glimpse on the corner
An old man holding a sign
It reads... {The end is near}
I admit I've watched him
Many times since I was a child
But I never thought
The day would ever come
That, I would actually believe him.

Which Came First?

There was a knock at the door
It was the postman
He handed me an invitation, from the Mayor
To referee a race
Well, I was so excited of course I accepted
It was a race between the
Chicken and the Egg
Well, not long after the letter arrived
the big day was here, I was so excited
The sun was shining and the sky was blue
The atmosphere was splendid
The two contestants waited at the line
The whistle blew, they were off
They passed the first tree, with ease
The egg "fair enough was a little slow"
They both passed the first bend
All of a sudden I felt a tap on my shoulder
I couldn't believe my eyes
It was the Hare and the Tortoise
They wanted to know
Why, didn't I referee their great race?
Well, I tell you, I couldn't help but frown
As the last hill came into view
I heard the gasps from the crowd,
I turned back to look
The chicken and the egg
Had both passed the finish line
The embarrassing thing for me is that
I was so busy with the Hare and the Tortoise

I didn't see which one came first...

Window of my Mind

Looking through
The windows of my mind
I remember all my sorrow
And of course
All of my joy

It's not always easy to open these windows
Sometimes I need a reminder
To keep them well-greased
After all
Memory is a true miracle
Isn't it?
Therefor, well worth the maintenance

The imagery that I see inside
Can be a powerful minefield
Choosing to run away or face my fears
Confronting my very own ghosts
And things that haunt me

Opening my memoirs to moments of joy
That I wouldn't change for anything
Closing them to those
I wish to forget forever

If I keep hope fresh
Deep within my mind
Oiled well,
I can achieve the unachievable.

Window Pain

My apple tree has never born apples

The rabbit in the hole Silent and invisible To the outside Yet, I hear her scurry Magpie
desperate to find his mate Seems to me, he knows It may be an impossibility Hope, seems to be
his broken wing Hoping one day it will be fixed? Sun trying desperately to peek his head From
behind the darkened clouds Making the ground look somber And I? Well I cannot help but
wonder... If our world is really so bad Then why the hell Am I not in that rabbit hole too?

Wings

delicate, am I
I have been in a cocoon
time to fly away.

Wings of Courage

I felt the strong presence
of a shadow coming down
In front of me

Giant wings of courage
protecting me like a feathered shield
Reassuring me, that I wasn't alone
She was right here with me
holding my hand tight

I couldn't shake
my tremors, soothed by her grasp
Her strength was so powerful
guiding me through
with a sense of tranquility
I felt strong

And then
Out of nowhere
I was.

Wings Of Wisdom

My darling Angel came to me
And told me not to weep
"you've cried enough, it's time to stop
It's time to get some sleep"

And so I did.

Winter in Waiting

Birds flying south under autumn sun

Stars hidden within clouds above

Whirling winds bring leaves to ground

Softly touching safe and sound.

Winter's Wish

With Autumn's blanket of leaves

Smothered on the ground

In all its colorful glory

It's easy to believe that soon

Autumn will go to sleep

Winter awakening once more

Winds blowing the trees naked

Shivering, and patiently waiting for spring

But for now...

Hopefully a new blanket of white

Making everyone's Christmas bright.

Working Class Wisdom

I've been told on occasion That, I'm a genius I have no idea why? But apparently It's because I don't sell my soul To the upper class arseholes That I meet on a daily basis Well today... I proved that I am in fact a fucking genius.