

Anthology of Neil Higgins

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

Dedicated to Mia, and George

Acknowledgement

To my long suffering companion Janet, who has steadfastly encouraged me to submit my poetic work for conscription.

About the author

"Believe in yourself and you won't fail. Push on till
the words start to speak and scribble as fast as you
can"

Have been writing since childhood, but always
kept "my work" to myself. Only after many years of
life experiences have I felt confident enough to
release "them" from the shadows

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The Staircase

So now is the time to put away the strife
to put on those mountain boots and climb to the heavens of life
to wash away the tears of weep and bask in being renewed to start again
guide me to the light and I will arise out of pain
with my so-called back-pack of memories and films playing kind within my mind
to see the robin, the thrush, the blackbird, the eagle soar to heights so hard to find
look down on the landscape below as the blossom blooms in the trees
no-one can catch me now as gliding through the clouds is oh so easy and a tease
weep not for me then on my staircase of eternal day
for I am at peace with myself and my worldly clocks
as I am called home to bed,
to sleep, with angels games to play

The Flower

What are you
blowing in the breeze
looking majestic in your surroundings beneath the trees
swaying too and fro with colours as radiant as wine
for now is your time to shine in grace with loving glow
you display with your sisters in equal a-plumb on show
can I hear you sing in the wind I feel you say
as you also dance your tune on this cloudless dry soaked day
for you grow small but proud in soil so blessed with rain from yesterday's play
dream as you dance little flower before your seeds take to flight
and thus your little children to scatter abroad with garden new
to begone and begin again
In form and shape so hidden from sight.

Angels Off The Port Boe

So there they are all shimmering in white and lighting up the night
Angels off the Port bow all singing and clapping
their voices echoing and speaking softly as mapping
their homewood glide to base
with their technicolour cloaks of crystal maze
to betwix the gaze of mortals far below
let it be known these off-worldly happy faces with complexions full of peace and joy
announce their intentions to bring forth the good news as bright as any Spring
hear them then sing as they also wave and dance with eternal-cloth so soft as any snow
for they are coming to hold you aloft and into heavens grace
you relax and smile and let them make you feel so.

And So It Ends

And so it ends, as we stand here in no-mans land
grey sky above and rubble strewn mess below like sand
as I wear my positive uniform of daydreams, hopes and distant wonder to grace
beneath these shattered buildings now apart and with gaps a plenty with space
where are the people, the animals, the trees that began this journey so long ago
have they all wept away over the hill yelling "I told you so?"
what of the company whose few names I know off by heart
Jones, Smith, Brown, Captain Hope and his friend, Deserted Smart
of the unknowns, whom I knew not who have gone now, as they fail to start again
maybe out there perhaps in the landscape, lost, down some old fashioned lane
even the clouds look sad I think, as they expose their colours of pink and have lost that ability to
drink
once an atmosphere of blue so unwell and off shining today as unsure what to do
Only yesterday we were laughing in the heat, as we stood around to greet
our aching feet torn and worn from miles of "billy-O" songs they danced for a seat
our back packs and rifles slung so low as our shoulders said please, no more to tow
for we hate this war of attrition and long to be all sent home for tea
yet alas, with all comrades already there perhaps, there is now only dust and me.

Begin Anew

I am now dust and have returned to the earth
my body has been washed and cleaned ready for its new birth
I silently await the call to feel the wind
on my unseen face
to open my closed eyes
and see my limbs unlace
free from the shackles of floundering doubt,
but able with invisible arms and hands
to scoop the DNA of life-giving sands
to walk on legs remoulded strong and tall
with feet unsocked but stable enough not to fall
and what is this I seem to ask?
for I have a mirror that reflects back from within the mask
I am free and born afresh to begin anew
In this miracle of such delight
I am thus clothed in cotton-wool
and feel alive,so loved,
and with no need to cry
or feel pain
or fright.

We Sleep Awake

To sleep is to dream of past glories lament
To feel the warmth and touch of hopes thus sent
So glory days of minds so free we dance into the realms of years long gone
We Sleep Awake and listen to our musical fare as one
Do I see a dance of destiny outstretching her reach of stares in clue
With her message meant for nature's realm of places old or new
We Sleep Awake to feel the breeze of life's mysterious journey of decades to go
To learn, to gaze, and onward and upward on word play and song in this we know
Ladders of this learning curve, do amaze, content, and thus guide us to better heights of wisdoms flow
In love we trust and seek in peace to Sleep Awake,
in fruitful days of healths eternal glow.

The Artist

The artist looked at his work through tragic wonderous eyes
burning his soul with melancholy vibes of time and date
sleep walking to paint and onward to glorious fate
Upon that hill with trees and skies in colourful flow
the cherubs and angels looking favourably below
stars that shine bright on the canvas sheet without taint
cathedrals and churches building tall in multicolour flavours of great
glowing tribune perhaps a token of love from beneath his mind shift of brush, easel and paste
the jigsaw and building block symbol with rushes to strike in haste
swaying trees in the breeze as they hide the girders and rope-pullies to joy ride to hoist
buildings height to soar their brickwork genius brow bitten forehead so moist
and don't even reflect on Mona smiling self portrait saying what a genius I am
Di Vinci shuffled-form me, In a guise of a woman or perhaps a man
architect "magnifico" with studio dust and colour to obsene any life-like merry-go-around
worn clothes and flowing locks
status top bill voices this workflow proud
exploding fireworks of light and shade with tint to be*witch any prying cry
as even the souls above flap their wings in triumphant applause to softly eek forth a "why?"

Soul Alive

What is this that fills the air
the faeries that glow that seek my lair
roses and thistles kiss for today's smile
maybe the taste of willow wine has sort a while
blooms of silver and gold glow in natural grace
things so cloud-driven do sunder a pace
airy worlds as sleepy as ice with threads of lace
twine and sing in orchestrations charm and sound
bringers of the dance slumber through sunrise found
is this am I the soulmate of "Alice's" dreams
or are wonders of classic violins pouring as cello's seams
maybe the pace of age tells you to sing then to daylights call
majestic fireflies blare their trumpets tune to nature's relevant stall
be seen, be-clean, between the good days
and nights of monthly strides to charm
hey stack straw of sleepy pillow-bed on this word-play driven yarn.

Home

No more Kilimanjaro to climb.

No more Everest to peak.

But to seek lamp light amongst the stars.

To watch the borealis twirl and spright above the atmosphere.

To feel the wind gently touch the image of my face with unlimited kisses on my cheeks

To listen to classical glory as music echoes to the muse of light it seeks.

To witness a sound at pitch with signals hugging radio's long stretching into that light.

To see that mirage before my feet with an inside stream folded and washed no more in flight.

To smell the pactiche of colours of that existential moment to a view not lost.

As a memory longing to be held aloft and shown infinite views not to acost.

As my walking pace saunters through those open gates of a bohemian intereor so new.

I rejoice aloud as I shower in your presence-stream of words,thoughts,and hopes with a view.

Bedraggled no more in a cobweb-dust of lossless,silent chill.

I witness it all in a moment of clarity-streams that fulfill.

Nature's Kiss

Slowly she arose from her bed
what is this the angel said,
such music in my head
it reminds me of the swaying blossom in the breeze
and what does that bring but joy and loft
like lambs so agile and soft
for now I breathe yon flowers,
as sweet as wine to drink
as she let her soul sink within the lush lawn of day
to close her eyes and watch memories ably pray
like moving images flicker into life,
as birds witter and loop and stray
all good on thus this sun bleached May
never to gaze low, but look up to mountains height
and to view the clouds trying to dance in white
avoiding fools and distant wails of days not like this
put down the compass and take-in all of nature's kiss
or maybe ramble not and be still of motion form
to wallow free in stillness calm at dawn.

All Creased Up

Me trousers are not pressed
that makes me a little depressed
they said at school I must stick by the rule
crease down the middle with a fold in between
anything less is kinda obseen
but I am not a seamstress, or a clever debonair of taste
I only waste and scuff me trousers on childish games
now me parents "shouts my blames"
me teachers say what a useless, horrible mess
and while your at it "get u-r "air-cut" U scruffy little sod,
or it could be "the rod" for U!!"
but I ain't no good at folding trousers, let alone getting them pressed
me teachers and parents are so obsessed.
what if I wear shorts then,
would that make them all "go away"
or maybe say "expelled" until the very next day
blimey I'm on the rack, but me trousers do not care
they just un-crease "with laughter?" and now they have a tear.

The Medieval Law Argument

Come to stand neath oak to hear the words "ring-out"
"Corpus ioris civilis" (body of civil laws)
was read out to the crowd
their usherings as "legal bind", brutal and oh so loud
authorative few are you in collective hate filled dance
with speech saying words so harsh and strong
branching out your fingers in whirling motion of passions full and wrong
what of compassion for the village hoard
never to rethink your -"Til Valhallar" like sward?
because maybe this truce will twine undone
and flimsy made ploughs soil bare to become
straight your furrow now or tears shall smite the way,
no more to stem the tide so ebbing dangerously away
what of the baker,
the cook,
the wheel-wright
the seamstress,
the serf,
to survive their different passionate days
thus village life's gaze with eyes open wide from slumbers haunted haze?
winter is coming
I see it falling like the snow,
with hope so distant to ebb and go
as law makers foam and throw
their ragged will like dust upon these pitiful helpless few,
tell them stay or nay,
for we rule with the words we bring
and the law must be obeyed
for times up as 'reges autem" (Kings Will) sing.

Thoughts

I see your face everywhere I look
I think of you in places you took
(us) to remember the good times
and the sad
to the windmill,
the barn
or the castle edge
to play in the form of childliness
with word say as our pledge
to the family get together
on important dates in the year
to laugh as one with happiness,
joy and triumphant cheer
to wake you when tired and grumpy
like a tempest wailing storm
to be held in cosy comfort
with empathy to warm
you are to me the open clock
of a time-piece set to dawn
whose pendulum moves slow
to reflect your waking morn
it is you then that I see the most
through my thoughts that play host.

Mid Winter

So here it is this deep mid winter lure
where the atmosphere is cold and frozen,
all waiting for Spring to cure
the ground solid as ice and fog over rivers gliding flow
a clear blue sky so deep in light with sheen faked coloured glow
sunlight on the shadows reflects their veil of streams
as animals hide below their dens no-sight of wondrous dreams
the day is silent short and going nowhere precise or flight
for this is the land of icy breath whose words do freeze tonight
we therefore wait patiently for chinks in armours zeal
beneath our folded cloth for warmth must remain so calm to heal
it is perhaps reflections mirrored in face of nature's rule
never to retreat till daylight peeks her annual calendar fuel.

My Little Toy

My little toy never muttered "exterminate"

It simply chunted "sucker"

"sucker"

"sucker"

and was all wobbly gray.

Even the stickers fell off.

As easy as a "Dalek-cough"

With tiny wheels beneath it's fading shell

Maybe the thing was from hell

Did it really cost "two and six"

I should have stuck to "Weetabix"

Oh how I hated this

Nothing like the "huge" arrogant monster on telly, that zapped you away, as it became annoyed with simply a stare.

A brute of a beast that zapped humans to dust.

A brute that for breakfast simply enjoyed lust.

How it rolled and glided along "dismissing all in its wake"

Flattening their form, as though they were cake.

My little toy did non of this

just "sucker"

"sucker"

"sucker!!"

what a stupid little.....?

Stare Into The Fog

What is this that looks at me via binocular stone eyed stare
alone in this trap of pilgrims cul-de-sac, that points beware
do you see me beyond the fog as I log on to your space and dance a maypole jig
are you laughing at me with grunts and wheezes as a lifeless soul-beat lig
lay low then with towels of folly wrapped upon my gristly form
I stand aloof and shout to scream as devils defy millk dawn
can I be candid and debate a tune on my whistle or brandy taste
whirling over my head your shapnol displays a frown
a "whizz bang" is the sound as you maze upon my gown
"Boom" " Crash" I'm falling into space
as you unlase my bones into splintered-bitten stumps of trees that once were living wood
oh if only I could stare into the abyss and hide from death so coming I think I should
"Wake Up!!!" A loud voice fills screams as thunder
"I AM!!!" alive! and so deep and under
twas a dream in this nightmare shit hole trench of fatigue
khaki Gray,
Horizon Blue
Light Grey Green,
and rifle slung,
and boots so tight my ankles bleed
their needs are to athlete away
"run...run...Run...!!!"
to sleep as a babe I seem to pray,
I am too deep in league
for I believe I am bottom of the heap to survive this "devil-may-care" way
as the enemy play outwit with confetti today.
Then bugle call and horn rasp sound, across my ear-waxed blood torn day
Over the top I have gone into a maelstrom of churning,
burning
whooshing
boot stumbling
rat filled
flea bitten

mangled
slaughtered
hoof groomed bullet churned clay.
"Get Up Fool!!",
"And run till covers found"
Only me and the brave do obey,
over this crater filled mangled ground.

The Wave

Waves "do" wade upon the shingled shore

or should that be mashed as they roll and twirl into the fore as "scurrying foam"

Infront of our awe struck view

One day I peered too close and got sprayed,with droplets,"like rain",lean,grey and mixed,churned to a washing machine spin,

as they mangle with the shingle,and make that unforgettable sound to whisper "susurrare', or gentle sound.

For they have reached their shore shelf and on journey's end thus do also "whoosh" to cease

as they fade on that salty,rolling motion so born beyond the horizon-clouds

in there wild built form controlled and under the spell of the breeze

brought into a squeeze(not figuratively)

but pulled by the moon and "oblonged-outwards" to be gravity snatched from the far side "unseen", as they wet your ankles with "tickle's of Neptune's fingers"

then glide landward once more before retreating away like flotsam soup,

that loops its H₂O chemical-rant backwards, into the previous wave-face,before "spread eagle" stretched-front forward again

to carve out another roll to begin a "pitch to shore" conveyor belt-lotion,

to spray,and briefly "fly",or throw to air,before "down again"to beach,as they fall to ground,in beads of liquid motion.

The Dress Rehearsal

The "silence" had been banished to dispersal
as there are no words to read
Only musical notes to learn and thus take heed
The conductor taps his baton on the stand
All tall and proud, his flowing locks, dressed in his ever present tuxedo,
Shush now, for all are under his spell and command
The lights stay bright as a myriad ensemble look, and grin at those on the stage, all seated and in
situ, statues until their cue,
their suits and gowns, flowing perhaps down to a wearers polished shoe.
There are strings, woodwind, brass and percussion, and on this occasion, Steinway and sons, because
Harmony De Keyboard, is playing.
And speaking of our attire, for one night only, frock me in those throws
because normally I do not wear musicians clothes
Then it begins, a low humming tone, from that choir of black and white, but slightly standing to the
right
Hopefully "their song" will boom up to heaven and beyond,
majestically wandering via a wall of sound
And what of me, seated "somewhere" in between,
with my little triangle to "hit" and not deceit so mean
Please God make me not mess it up, by blowing my nose or letting off steam
would that, could that, really be so obseen
Oh the maistro has this firmly in his grasp
not even a dull note, a wronged "bow", or Steinway gasp to spoil the music in all its glorious tale
nothing is misplaced or flaunted "like an orchestrated hail"
Oh No, now it's my turn and I can see a "sea of eyes" all with their monocular vision on me.
Oh please little triangle, at the right time
let's play a "ding" and not a "zing" or fall onto the floor, for I should, could not
hold my breath and simply cause a debacle, and end up on my arches,
before being told to leave.
But this is twilight of the Gods stuff,
all echoing around the place,
as angels perhaps conduit the atmosphere,
with a movement of their hands,
and cherubs join in on the chorus,

with harmonies to bling.

What joy these professionals do bring.

The Lamb

What are you that bleats in the day
and sometimes at night
standing with your flock all clothed in wool
I see you trying to hide together as one
with your stance radiant like the sun
you are the lamb in the field of free
look with your gaze if you must on me
said she now turning to view the gate
walk if you need then into the next part of life
with that emblem of choice on your coat
you belong to the fields of chance to quote
"soul stained forever" but with clarity to see
we shall listen intensely and perchance maybe to be.
Do air lined lungs give you that sound?
spiritual, wandering, alive and so loud.
For the eyes of the flock command,
knowing and aware
saying beware our togetherness,
for we are the Lamb
and we shall hold you to account,
if you mis-behave
so save us from our fate-date, and let us go asunder
to quietly walk around,
to explore, to greet, and with our bodies amicably seek
maybe to eek a cheer on this lively hilly ground.

The Meteor

What is this in this time hacked place
all hast as you twirl and spin in space
as ballet movements progress to lateral long
tumbling with a screech and warbling into song.
Scratching rhythm of movements that touch your dance without grace
behold your bewitching act of falling from beyond,
to escape a brutal chase?
Now on Act what ever,
of entering low atmosphere,
as a mass of gas and flame,
to play it's wayward shame.
Magical colours of rainbows,
reflect the sight of peek
scorched marks of burn,
hide all which are unique
You are as mysterious to the eyes,
as your fires have loudly cried
with your form outstretched,
do gesture to speak?
in a language to confide.
You fall,
you roar,
you confuse us all,
as slowly downward you plunge to ground,
making a strange, and poetic sound.
Yet with imprint small you disengage,
and rage away to flee.
Alas it seems your dust and soot
has zero left for thee.

The Play

Upon this stage have I stood so tall and proud
my face glistening within the sundreams rays and beam
that make me seen as I lift myself to flit the viewing dream

look at me,I say,

for I am tall and proud

"i crescere alta et superbus"

Immediately I can thrive in this place of content

because my scattered thoughts all went,

blown by the wind to be sent into the crowd

where they fell back onto intense ears.

As the audience listen into this time of say.

ii

Yet as for me,

no vagabond or twilight performance,

as that was not my brief,

nor to be a thief with lack lustre care of maverick jokes or form.

For the stage is set and the "half circle" shape of audience sit in abundance with bidding,

to clap,to cheer,to boo,to hiss,

or simply mumble silence into summers grave,on this eve of last night chance,

to do a thought stare dance,and imagine swaying upon this stage of props and hopefully no
"cannon fodder" ways.

I say my lines with empathy ",in kind",

as I gander a brief pause into row six.Are that man and lady transfixed?

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No time to dwell and become a puppet hell,or bad review would untie my shoe,

and no-one wants axing tonight.

Yet the sun begins to set over the hill as "fading light" shines left,right,forward and back,

with the "wind-fans" forking a gentle path so I can sway,

and be seen by all who look and with wisdom a pace, take their thoughts internal,

as I thus perform as I really should neath the canvas in such an artistic way.

iv

For I am here to be seen,

as often as I glean the script,

toiling loud via my lips that give out true words and no Kruger-spoof. (lying) rift.
So to blush on in hot summer eve then,
for I have these pages to spy through till the cease of a late late night, before I bid adieu,
as spotlights dim and fade,
and into another act for you.

Tourists In Progress

Wandering through the accessible hills, down lanes of snowdrop ways,
with wild flower chill and carpet new,
upon this breezy haze.
To walk in boots with backpack slung,
on shoulders deep and broad,
trickling past waters fall,
as rain drops build to hoard.
The lakes do shiver as a wind stretch gust, sees birds swoop low to view.
The sparrow,
the Starling,
the hawk as well,
and others that simply "do"
Clouds in-form do roll and cease,
as sunlight peeks to view.
It's reddish faze to gaze in amaze,
upon the day so new.
Beware my friend for looks deceive,
in this season of the flail.
To smell the nature of new born life,
with fields not wilt to fail.
The cattle, the sheep, the geese, the fox,
its so resplendent as that.
With builders, jobbers, and miller's too,
do wear their trades-folk hat.
for they are the locals who eek out a life
for living and skive not seen.
For they are the Smithy and Cooper few,
for tourists they play the dream.
The pathways trample and rocky sides do tall to hill top peek.
Here is where the goats do dance,
and deer play hide and seek.
A cacophony of sound as coach parties,
cars,

and bikes,
plus two legged hopefuls too.
who perform their hikes,
through car parks stutter,
with readings of maps too few.
A trio or more do haggle for space,
and place to sit and stare.
For their journey to paint has thus begun.
within this landscapes lair.
With easel eyes and brushes and strokes,
as canvas doth gleam and shine.
with pencil and crayon to begin at last,
their skill is warm and sublime.

Nightshade And Dreaming

It roamed the streets of Victorian night,
till starlit moons found dawn.
The chimneys belched, and roof slates groaned under years of ageing worn.
With hamlet squashed and gardens flossed, who'd lost the war with time.
Children in rags and dogs so frail,
their forms bedraggled a crime.
Twas on the night of barnstorm blight,
that appeared as raging hell,
complexions lost in stony stare,
whose eyes flooded to cry,
other "things" did howl, and the rats doth claw,
as misery implodes to die,
with horrible withered stumps, holding hands as sticks,
do hobble to walk slow by,
the soil beneath, their rain soaked feet,
all tempered with sewage pie.
The demons shuffle, men folk too, and woman so stooped unwell,
their babies born on breast and gin,
their rags all soaked in sin.
The horses and carts, with traffic that paid their 30 guineas a month,
to flee god knows, to rag-shop or docks,
or cobwebbed seated pubs.
"God save the King" was the thought or cry,
as Victorians marked their time,
a fleeting wave, a hearty grin, or sip of stench-filled grime.
"What-the-dickens" has happened here,
as Thames doth pong to stench,
with Commons all sit, their windows closed,
as non do clammer to wrench.
With air so foul, and most unwell in fade shade coloured hint.
What will become of these shuffled-weak folk,
whose hopes seem blighted in tint.
Rounded card and board out-life to slay their fluff in strife.

their votes all non of use today,
so buried in torments knife.
Thesis all torn and ripped to shreds,
as hope and charity fade.
as demons so yawning on tattered torn,
and lifespan null in droves,
in tin foil stoned and grit placed filth,
they relax in nightshade coves.

Sky dance

What is this that tempers rest,
and throws on chemical form,
with so light spawn like Odin's strike,
the light-flares wayward yawn.
Seek their sparkles in angels height,
to favour wave subdued,
the moist filled air without a care,
does fog it's blind on you.
The spray of bolts,
but not torrent, as uplinks flare to sky.
The black, the white, the pink, the gray,
with atoms full charged to cry.
A crash and a bang,
as clapped out moisture does *rinse,
and spin,
and wring.
This howling bite of shaking form,
that Eos* and Astraeus* bring.
Blown west, into the wretched upper,
maybe sprite till roof is purged.
it's sting forth tail does bring such force,
not a song to fleece its purse.
As kettle blown hat gone so astray,
as nature's general-thunder.
As devils do spit, with foam lean beads,
from wayward dancing trough.
This watered display of H₂O shows the physics of rule so rough.
And mops that rainbow sweating foreheads, forms noise that spawn loud sound,
Hammer and anvil seem destined to stun,
with visions of *Atmos loud.
Surrounding in peeks with lulls as well,
only background noises can tell.
Above the Sky dance true in form,

with heavens shake of fist.

All kiss to opera mad-house break,

via molecules formula list.

*Rince (Irish word for dance)

** (god of the dusk,Astraeus married Eos,goddess of the dawn)

(Dolby) *Atmos is a surround sound technology developed by Dolby Laboratories.

The Carvers Daughter

How had life so spawned this fine,
from vine and oak filled-tree.
To stillness carved and lite with blade
the craftsmanship was key.
Her eyes were jewels shining sunlight twice,
for her to glance and be.
Her golden hair of roses,pearls,
entwined from greatness of he.
And here she stood on granite plinth,
her serenity proud and fine.
Her nakedness not as marks and grooves,
bestowed the test of time.
Deep in the woods he'd built his stall for all to witness and view,
with apron worn and sweaty brow,
he forged his clients till.
The carvers daughter had long still arms,
her hands bestowed clean fold,
her fingers straight and furrowed not,
her waving calm on hold.
Her smile so straight and chiselled perhaps,
to reflect her looks debonair,
this maiden of beauty said nothing at all,
to attend her pose and prayer.
Yet here to stay was not for she,
for sold had spawned her prize,
the craftsman was a fine old man,
whose talents seeped years so wise.
Upon the time of night time moon,
so full to shine in sky,
*Druantia of woodland forest and trees,
had downed to floor to buy.
To home to take her beloved kin,
after contract form to sign.

Her wooden frame with blocks removed,
she waved a teary sigh.
She thanked the carver with words to speak,
via *Druantia's magic cane.
Home wood bound to live so safe,
so far beyond the plane.
Mystical land of elves and deer,
with family air to breath,
and seas and rivers flowing free,
she rests and blooms with ease.
*Druantia, goddess associated with trees.

The Clown

Laa-Laa was his name,
the clown who thought of fame.
Dressed in pink, with a bicycle link,
who lived in the kitchen drink.
With plug to stop the waters rush,
as taps ran hot and cold.
His green coloured socks,
and pants so old,
his nose went "pprrpp" when told.
Yet it was no fun having big round ears and bow that "dickies spin"
His hobnail boots called Vera Lynn,
found fame with Spitfire groan.
His floppy hair and pointed chin,
wearing clothes so badly sown.
With jar in hand and apple jam,
as Beatles sang "Good-Night"
The kitchen drink was not a place,
to decor home with toys,
for water ran and not to plan as strawberry fields weren't wise.
And no sign of Eric, with Benny the milk,
nor befriending Nero the lute,
yet here was he as mad as cake,
being showered in applause so cute.
A waist coat cloth bright green look,
he wore so proud to whistle.
His finger nails long, and lashes short,
with trousers made of thistle.
Soprano he sang, as his bracers went twang,
and shirt of tee towel cloth.
His kung-Foo kick and patchwork hands,
his gloves are torn but seen.
Makeup messed and streaky dress,
he ordered yellow ice cream.

A clown's feeble lot is to entertain,
even as his act did sink.
But floppy blue hat and bat pants bad,
do cause a comical link.
He was aware of who he was,
yet clown could no more think.
Ten bottles a day of his special brew,
did make him "shake " the tree.
A merry dance,a eureka moment.
Was now his Qué was he?
His home was replaced with modern haste,
his case now closed you see.
No more "bizz" or handkerchief "fizz"
his hair so ruffled a mess.
His act went bang,this clown ? now sagged,
he had no more success.
Yet on the street with people to greet,
he laughed with belly ache,
now the parks,and benches house,
his clothes all shred to rip.
One last "pprrpp" and fizzy drink,
his nose did red to drip.
His green fun days all washed away,
as now his fate did show.
Homeward bound through pearly gates,
he spawned a way to go.
As St Peter did check his tablet and watch,
as modern man was he.
He let the clown in through the door,
his reward forever to be.
Qué :Spanish word for "what"

Heather And Snow

Wandering high through heather and snow,
my face feels the tingling of nature's glow.
The eagle *flowt on soar and wing,
without a twirl or curl doth bring.
It's eyes spy prey so far below.
Hidden it thought beneath the snow.
I will ever forward *yon go,
feeling wind so cool to face,
for I race to sit neath hill top tall,
to sounds of nothing but Eros call.
My minds digress to wayward day,
as clouds do fluffy and fade.
Not the time of roaming lacks,
neath feeble and weasel appalling tracks.
A cottage perhaps now abandoned I see.
No windows to spy,all open and free.
Yet roof hangs on,with slate and grime,
reflecting here in the landscape of time.
what of the folks who ran to flee?
I see nothing but awkward misery.
Walk on says me within my thought,
for freeze and cold bring age of nought.
Body needs to warm not rest,
so blanket now protects my behest,
as I press forward with breath sounds lite,
yet orderly framed and formed.
My ears hear sounds of a winter's day,
so fierce yet oh so mauned.
I stumble on then,through slip and step,
as grumble brings no applause.
Yet alas I must not fail my walk,
to feed my slowing cause,
before sunset fades to dream.

For not to be seen in wilderness clag,
so devoid of pomp, and zeal.
And only blaggers perhaps somewhere, to steal my stares appeal.
Look over there, within the glare,
a stag does pause hoofs glee.
Magnificent beast his antlers look fierce,
his mindset is clearly on thee.
So slowly to tip on aching toes, like a mouse now scrunching low.
Even my voice doth rasp in form,
with fingers like ice to go.
I see the fulfilment of wandering hills,
a servant, a tradesman to take,
a little coin for food and shelter to rest.
Yet in winter's blind eye, with little to cry,
my smile does half the truth.
An old bag of bones is nothing to thrill,
for a needy a man as thee.
Yet try I must in this place of the lost,
to be collared by little Jack Frost.
I think not my noble friend,
as I punt to stable affair.
For shelter and warmth, neath far side of hill,
is my triumphant, comfortable lair.
I doth my cap and curtsey low,
as spires do peep to view.
Down in the valley, neath hamlet and barn,
is my hope, my wish, so true.
*Yon: distant.
*Flowt: defiant.

The Bird

what is this then that flies into sight,
as tree tops "creak" and bushes sway,
on such this chilly solstice day.
Fleeting and swooping around before its time set dance,
its wings so small yet strong,
in motion-dive to chance.
With tiny beak and fluffy coloured feathers,
it shares it's space in all abstract weather's.
It's now so emboldened by this silken face to be secure.
Soon to be out of peeping eyes fleeing the devil's floor,
and on to above,
within its motion winged detour.
And yet the bird flaunted into song in such a "classical way"
for it has spoken clearly to pontificate its say.
It's vocals a prayer perhaps albeit flaunts it's "noise" into a crowded upward sky.
Listening for the reply,
yet who can possibly tell,
as there is such a din and racket pulled above.
Sounding perhaps as a choir chorus of love.
As on into the branches to behave with canera nil,
as it settles so calm and still.
The failing of its wings, maybe mapping it's wobbly stationary path,
as this bird beds down and halts,
hoping for not a snare or trap,
to grab its motion attention.
So shush be quiet you feathered life,
and hide yourself ad hoc.
You are a few months older now,
as calendar goes tick-tock.
Peer not into sight, but do your chattel heed,
home into your labyrinth,
you've family mouths to feed.

Fluela And Litus (Act 1) A Tale Of Bluster And Guile

Standing all strong with pose,
with clothes dripping in drape and cape,
with brimmed hat and feather for languished look,
silence worn high, over thoughts to steady his *sook,
as Fluela adjusted his belted sword, beside his waist.
All on display with buckle to shield the pointed steel away from dangerous use.
Yet be sure that cold metal would be used if urgent upon.
Litus too was attired fine and without bluff,
for he also was no *guff in the market of expert fencer,
who together with Fluela awaited their orders with breath so baited to glee.
These "gentleman" were mercenaries of the order of the King, unofficial, as no detractor would
peruse to moonlight their cause or wars.
Payment was in kind, as ear-rings of fine gold, did "dandy," about their looks,
as bracelets and charms adorned their attire with wealthy opulence and stride.
For their dealings felt far and wide.
Their shelter were the "dens" of "rogish ruffians" who schemed and plied their vile trade.
To anyone to take the *gulden willing to do their bidding till death do they part.
Their steeds were swift and gallant,
upon hoofs to gallop full and complete,
their swaying heads with reins to guide their movement so still.
Ears intently "awake" to listen and obey the worded drill.
"Greyhounds" perhaps? on four legs that "thud thud thud" over lanes dusty and tried.
Yet these were horses and not hounds,
who never the less followed behind in pack with *gnashing jaws* and their strides bereft of tiredness
and strife,
as ever onward their coats of "tender thrill",
performed until told to cease,
to be released from their leash.
As the day rushed by with hours to "tick" their contract filled.
Onward ever onward, with thoughts to next town to make.
And rake in their reward with villanous justice for folk whose heads they stand to foil and curse with
oafish shakes of bluster and sound.
Yet even if serf refusal with hands aloft,
as if in surrender,

unbelieved shall be the call,
with paper sealed with "mark of contact",
ever to be "sliced in pieces",
as that they seeketh been found.

Then shall they be repulsed and unleashed to demons neath the ground.

*Sook: A shy or timid person

*Guff: Foolish talk or ideas

*Gulden: gold coin

Mercenaries were employed in the late Middle Ages and beyond, to do "the King's bidding"

There were no hounds with * gnashing jaws* also in pursuit. That is pure fiction on my part, but added to "fit in with the poems plot"

Fluela And Litus (Act 2) Smikles

Soon that day will dawn when the wind seizes the moment and wraps her breath if you will, around the neck of the unwary.

Spiteful and hateful within a full blown tempest.

Whose misery devours all with a scream as a "demon queen" rising out from beyond the pale.

To mourn the loss of those scouring the hills and the dale.

Twas on such a quest that Fluela and Litus,

raging torrents that they were with malice aforethought within their gains.

Galloping steeds of graceless demeanor,

their sweating, pulsating bodies, ever faster, preparing for battle for the umpteenth time.

Whilst their owners do whine contempt for lackeys to be sourced and obliterated from the face of the earth.

By any means necessary.

Again and again, "hounds of madness" and lite, doth pursue with their masters.

Their barking, croaking voices, louder than the devil's bidding itself.

A knock, violent and sure on a cottage in the hills.

Rundown, but kept adequate for its owner. Smickles was a tall man in stature with a fearsome reputation, as a fighter, thief and womaniser. He had golden locks of curly silk, and pale green eyes, although his face had "been weathered" by the hour glasses of time. His britches were pale grey and his shirt, stitched to patch,

as worn over and over.

Fine boots however, to protect feet that could out pass a fox, some had said. Or flee from the "owner" of a mistress's bed.

His sword, ever present, was his lifeline, to smite enemies with a "swish" and begone their heads, to "devil's floor", or as "he" was on the ground, perhaps "devil's ceiling", as Smickles used to say:

"Let any man show contempt for my ways, and I will slice them a pie, to be worm eaten at will"

And now as the pathos above revolved around the cottage, where imperfections were impervious to vile and maim, this time bore witness to the calamity about to fall.

Outside and waiting for "their starters orders" Fluela and Litus did heartily grin and flashing their swords as men possessed by "vanity" perhaps,

did dandy their dance, and trance a fight with Smickles.

The odds of two to one were not great, but he'd survived worse, yet what of the hounds. These terrible, barking, gnashing teeth, wide eyed and demented hounds.

The swishing and swashing and clashing and dashing styles did play their act to perform "the devil's waltz" with spin and grin and woosh and hack, as "things" sent flying into the air, from whence their lair that they came all pieces broke.

And in the dust and lust for victory,

the pain did burst though belly slit,

but twas the door that splintered fell down and in all the carnage one hound did bite the hand of
Smickles and another his legs.

Before anguish yelled out,with sismic rage.

It was as if an archfiend itself had sourced this day,

and with contemptous script,

had prepared to smite the way.

Fluela And Litus (Act 3) Litus

They say his father knew the king.
Who brought his life to spawn and sing.
What sordid recipes were thus at stake.
Was it genuine or froth more angst with shake.
Possibly to lay a trap to burden or lastly fill.
For the father had been a rotten thorn in his place of tainted will.
In fact he'd been a drunkard and a bully he would be.
Who had somehow fell overboard,
and drowned to depth at sea.
His wine and cloth enterprise had been astute to fulfill all.
Yet the talk was of skulduggery that would downward spiral his fall.
Little Litus hugged his mother's coat or the father would smite his ways.
Yet the boy would gain the business in later lofty days.
This arrived unexpectedly at the tender age of eight.
Mother lasted not long, as her drink was poisoned by hate.
Litus was now head of the household.
But this did not last long.

ii

For behold a hidden document appeared that felt so very wrong.
His soul was given to majesty,
without praise or feelings right.
And so the king thus entered,
as though from stage ban night.
To seize the boys business,
with lies, lies and charm.
Yet to dandy and to teach,
and make him feel more calm.
To job for a king perhaps.
without refusal, moan or cheek.
Here he was imprisoned,
in castle ways to sleep.
The king's son and daughter were schooled in abstract terms,
and often in the dungeon keep,

to play with lowly worms.
Where as Litus had been selected,
to face an on coming breeze.

iii

To Litus this was privilege big,
and such a bright new start.
Schooling was lite and simple,
yet dueling was his art.
which Litus studied with a plumb.
For living in fine was he,
on the inside of walled embrace,
with tutors delivery.
And thus to tender the boy in place,
he was destined for greater things.
Yet such was his outlook,
that formed an unhinged mind.
For the King had acted a rotten trick,
and increased Litus bind.

vi

Thus he was the King's fall guy,
as into the trap and trance.
And so did spawn Litus with his juvenile frothy dance.
With his torment sward of anguish,
to swish above his head.
Yet soon it would be people who'd feel its flex till dead.
And so this experience would swine his soul to dust.
A devil's soldier of future malice,
had just been formed with lust.

Fluela And Litus (Act 4) Fluela

Fluela was born on a hill neath steep and primeval stone.
For he was to atone for years long past and muddled in ancients way.
Some say he had Norman blood, and thus was slightly mad.
Some say Saxon blood, and thus was he so bad.
Some say Welsh blood, in all its purist form.
Yet to angels weep and scorn,
this madman had been born.
No good would come of baptism fire as chalice had he to take.
For he was one little babe who forked the wayward rake.
His hell fire way and touch of weep,
do shake a man to sheet.
Woman too fall and scream beneath his quagmire feet.
Bluster and brimstone do speak his tongue as sward to slice off head.
Even at school he was a fool,
and was so easily led.
Yet attention came to the king and thus a monster was born.
Into the place of Litus too,
these two would axe and spawn.
For all in haste Fluela had killed a man and woman who sleep,
and thus were they in bed at peace,
after prayers they said to weep.
The couple were in dispute about land and boundary things.
Fluela had run them to the ground neath soil heaps demon rings.
For the king had spies to witness all,
to skulk off with no peep.
Arrested soon to hangman's jiblet would be his course run deep.
Yet Fluela did find a passionate soul,
who'd plead his sordid case,
and king doth change his play his way,
with devious scheming haste.
So moulded was he and trained to be a servant of sovereign reign.
For longtime he would work and bled,
to be a lackey mule,

and future events would unravel quick,
to be the king's new fool.

Act 5

Smickles Revisited

The dust and choke doth furnish the cottage day as utter carnage did implode with vigers intent.
Twas late morning as the sunbeams shone piously,
as though afraid to enter or vent.

For sward of three did smite the path of madness gone insane.
Even the baying hounds were wolfing calls to preside over all to maim
For smickles wounded by dog bite blood that poured from hand and legs.
His craftsmanship sent three to fled,
as others were banished instead.

Fluela himself had a shoulder nick so deep that anguish flirted gain.
Litus reacted with ruthless devotion and sliced at Smickles reign.
Beyond the pale of sanity grace,
the devil's kitchen was feeding her face.

As primeval voices cheered them on,
like rogue dwarfs all gone.

Their dandy dance did implode so in with tables chairs and wine.
That candlesticks began to spit and fire side abandoned time.

Twas a fight to the death as gnashing jaws,
did lose their marbles so blind.

No more love of brotherhood saint as dog bit dog entwined.
As Smickles,Fluela and Litus did hack at bones now raw in pain and vice.

Their broken limbs and torn off clothes,
did tear with eerie splice.

As even their boots came loose and broke,
until no man had a pew.

With heads so blooded and wounds so deep,
their form did no more glue.

Smickles fell to the floor,
a sward blade pierced his heart.

For Smickles dream it was all over,
as he had split apart.

For Fluela and Litus their wounds so fetched that drained their strength and art.
For now the king would reward them well,his daughter not an acetous blart.

For Smickels had bed her wedding dress,
she suffered a calamity night.
Yet he would be packed into hounds insides,
with redemption out of site.

Fluela And Litus (Epilogue)

The king did fake as his keys did bring such release to daughters grace.
For she had dungeon tilled her doom with chains to bind in haste.
She was released and washed so lean by maids and surfs to fresh.
Her wounds were tended and bathed by hands,
that sprinkled in ointments spiced,
for she was dressed in clothy fine and table set with *lise.
For Fluela and Litus the deed was complete and reward was soon to crest.
As they were given fools gold each with arrests and fuss no less.
For king could not fumble his way with word of daughters demise.
For these loyal two of demonic purse there was only one such revise.
So late at night via the orders of sin,
poor Litus drowned in sleep.
His hands and feet were bound so neat,
that Houdini could not interfere.
It was the end of the prodigy boy,
whose knowledge was blackmail fear.
For Fluela too the end came swift as scaffold had got its man.
Death was complete by the devil's treat,
as the king made a decree to ban.
They were both described as men so mad,
with power and ways too brawn.
And now they'd been culled by authorities strings and never to swarm at dawn.
So king was relieved to walk his grounds and bloom from his castle keep.
Yet far in the distance a scheming shroud was swirling and forming so deep.
For what ever the reason of sanity treason,
the day was as doomed as night.
For the king did demand and diverse his power for enemies out to spite.
Beware the soothsayer read out loud as danger would curse thus height.
A wind from the sky with fire and ash would swarm through the castle gates.
Dragons of air perhaps to burn,
with pillage and violent erase.
So spells and folly was policy clause as armour was on so chased.
Now was the time for exit begin,

as bonfires burned in waste.

Lise*: Slang. Stupefied, excited, or muddled with alcoholic liquor.

Math Of Life

When all the ways have sprung,
and there is nowhere else to run.
When the movement of the day,
is static as a nun.
When the sails fade beyond the horizon,
and the stars do wink to life.
And the animals of the wild,
are in their shadows of strife.
As the winds of change blow from hot to cold,
so the summer days play away.
And the grieving and the tears,
act out their mocking tunes today.
(Behold) the care of *philophrosyne song,
breaths newness into view.
So she begins her "dance" again,
her "Math Of Life" for you.
Rebooted into changes new,
with paper chase your clue.
The print and the glint of soul refreshed,
to read as ways to please.
No more must you fret alone,
as all have access to keys.
So onward to your dreams and spires,
with formula formed to spawn.
Now is the time to leap for joy,
as new beginnings are born.
*philophrosyne: Greek goddess of welcome and friendliness.

The Balloon

Goodbye so gentle ground,
with firmness, security, and shaped oh so round.
Into the stratosphere to soar with the wind,
lofty and current free to sail the "way" of air and kite.
Fleeing with the birds and seeing an implausible sight.
with cloth of nylon all sowed by seem stress machine,
all clean and new to provide the "filler" with an adventagous theme.
This "envelope" does shape and move as the burners "blow" their "juice" into ever smaller and tiny
space.
Looking to embrace in a race to expand impeccable feat of rising to "lofty streets".
So cloud risen to walk amongst angels treats.
Behold I am here and in a ? that wishes to lift,
and stave off ground-rush's pulling rift.
Ever upward to reach the lands of Zeus perhaps,
whose "bolts" might smite this upper soaring experience into blight.
Yet with foresight,
the forecast was clear,
no rain or bad weather near.
For the pilot has all under command.
For tourists to stand and gaup at their world,
safe within his hand.
Kissing the lips of the higher spirits,
yet below stars that twinkle, thankfully out of reach.
The Balloon goes higher to beseech,
never to touch the river below,
as it snakes and weaves so far neath, as the balloon spins it's form into a "slight turn" caused by
Zephyrus, god of the west wind, also known as the Messenger of Spring.
Now the creak and form of this travel flight does bring,
excitement to the assembled throng,
and "the crew" amaze with tales of site, history, and the arrival of "albatross stories" all flight long.
Basket-faces with smiles, and cameras and consternation perhaps,
as granite composure, replaces stoic fear, within a brief lapse.
All look out and up to register this wonderful view,

all serene in beauty,,and light.

No complicated delay to sue with bite.

For behold this balloon "is" aloft and performing it's duty as well and as splendid as it should.

And together all have been blessed and willingly enthused as aeronauts perhaps feeling good.

Away away into stratosphere with burner blast of gas,

until many "ticks and tocks" of time so enthused with thrill,

we spy the "end" and the soil of "landing" hill.

Prepare prepare,we must now still.

Far below they rehearse and engage their landing drill.

Until lower we shall go,

as deliberate we loose interest in sky,stars,river and flight.

Ever to grace terra firma,

with a jolt and a thump,

but ever so controlled and concise.

Yet one last glance,within this "horizon sighted" dance,

as we strain our necks to remember these memories so "new" to enhance.

The Pool

Here within this little world.
Not glass or marble,
but water filled by sea's running sight.
A biosphere then with ingredients to spawn such life.
All living in harmony, and refreshed twice a day,
with health, vigour and "cut" from Neptune's knife.
Swaying slowly like streamers of nodding dancers ploy.
Performing in motion sequence as ripples spawned artists *foy.
For all is alive and well, as tiny fish do go about their business, with tail spin push to be between the
*kelp.
Their many forms perhaps lately born in safe rock-pool home for keep.
Sandy bed-spreads do tickle their base layers seep.
Sunlight flirts with waters top, and filters through the ways of light.
Seeping down to daylight play,
to have its way with sea waves affair.
As the *kelp does home for aqua to spawn.
New ritual performance as life creates before dawn.
Rocks and tiny pebbles, rubbed together neath this pool, as stage props perhaps,
to shelter the wary of being "taken for a ride"
via rip- roaring tide of twice hallo,
and a "told you so".
Sea colours of green with a hint of blue,
waving at the above to come and shine it through.
Even that "salty smell" that blows in the air,
as fresh beginnings be called "wine of the sea"
To kiss the pool with warmest glee,
and marvel at all with such exquisite tour de force,
naturally living of course.
*Foy: Meaning gift, in this instance.
*Kelp: Algie seaweeds.

Love

We sail across the ocean,
to distant far away lands.
We travel all our lives together,
holding maps within our hands.
We set our stall and ask for more and hope for eternity.
You are so truly loved my dear,
as forever we shall be.

ii

I love you more than ever,
and with you I'll always stay.
Mountains,
oceans,
tempest quest,
we'll steer our radar way.
Into the clouds and above the moon,
our ship will touch the stars.
You are my love so ever loved.
Like Venus taming Mars.

iii

You gave me life and came to thee,
as our dreams shall set us free.
You sent me all your angels love,
with tenderness to be.
You kissed me oh so splendid,
with arms around my neck.
This ship of ours will sail for ever,
as we continue upon this trek.

iv

Hoisting sail above then,
to set our passion course.
We won all angst and troubles,
and beat our bloody wars.
You are my little soul mate,

with purpose,smile and applause.
as forever I muse cupid deep,
and always to be yours.

Art For Arts Sake

Smiling profusely out of canvas dusty cloth.

Movements static and form shy twisted,
in motion stillness mock.

"What am I" said the painting.

Facing outwards towards the audience push.

As all do rush to peep a glance at subtle lines and curves.

Majestically coloured with rainbow fit and obstinate way.

"Good day to you",said the man,bowing low with farm labourer hat in hand.

"Do I get the job or wait till you command"

Yet this was canvas and oil within a wooden frame,

it's scenic noir looking back at gallery to tame.

With artists brush and stroke,

does not it's audience gawp and gasp at all to be seen.

What indeed,as all "onboard" are "staged" and so serene.

The fields and the lake in view,

where is this place,and look at that tiny shoe.

A rake,a scythe and neatly tidied straw.

Who or what is all this for.

For the sky is a treat with pastel shades that dome and lift their ways with birds that resemble the classical strokes of style,tender and grace.

Something in haste as the painting reveals most of its wares,but wait,

there is s tare in the fabric of glare,as into view a flock of geese,possibly on day release doth fly into the frame from the left,

as though their flapping wings,do hinge a story to unfold.

As still the man seems to bask in all his glory of center stage,as to his right,

having risen into sight, perhaps,a lady with flowing dress to impress,with golden flowing silk of shinning bright in the breeze,and long hair so styled to be held in place by "angels pins" replying do we think.

For canvas and oil do not speak figuratively,

but only surmise to the wise,

who in their suits and ties do nod and chat,

so as not to spoil their incompetence if they know not what they see.

All the "word play" on show will only conclude,

as they point to a wispy cloud,covering an orange sun,so painted high,

maybe brush stroked why am I here,
and not near over there.

So come hither and not dither but I am the sun,
all glorious in orange prep.

And into the background of this countryside street, is a farm stead, with tiny figures and animals, all
clothed in their 19th century way,
here to stay in static pose.

A prose perhaps, in painted glory.

Or simply perhaps a Master's tale or story.

For this canvas does indeed look gallery wise,
all hung on wire and hook, behind a glass screen,
to be seen but not touched by hand or grimy seep.

As when light shines in afternoon stroll,
it looks fine in its air roomed shade to splendid and peep.

The Walk

Was I sent to be alone in this ramble.
Alone with my thoughts neath trees and bramble.
Perhaps to seek the daylight spawn of shining sunshine glory.
keep me wording then to do the things I may ask.
May my thesis enlighten my task.
Make me have wisdom on my journey this day.
To wander the way of boot stride path.
And keep me strong when thought flow aggrivates into wrath.
When stars shining the heavens,
may not look quite right.
Make me humble in prayer and wise.
Maybe this calling came spirit lead from supernatural ties.
Make me cope through the eyes of a child,
even though I am a simple soul.
As raindrops fall as tears from a cloud burst toll.
Let me have wisdom to succeed when tired,
and be oh so proud.
To unburden my memory chide of doubt,anguish and vocal sound.
Always to be clear from self learned and taught.
And thus keep me from any giddy thought.
I am wandering with aspirations and with focused eyes,
to read the clues not as a fumbling man.
but as an agnostic spirit,
to record and formulate a plan.

Ethenol Molly

Standing neath thy old and split oak.
Where branches sway and finger longed *tarry.
Maybe the swirl of smoke and mist doth kiss weasels love of carry.
Thine leaves do fall upward and out of grounds such reach.
As the sky itself does loop and follow the way of yesterday folly.
Clouds angry and deceased doth spite magic with the thoughts perhaps of Ethenol Molly.
A witch they said dead since 1652.
But doeth this date have such a clue.
Witches brew doth taste of ale and mixture.
Mixed they said by Molly at dawn,
neath the bracken and mouldy unkempt born.
To smite the living and the dead.
Fire and storm and rain and tasteless sauces doth fall from the heavens to kiss the floor with echoes
of hell fire knife.
To behold a maelstrom past echo of strife.
Birds do fly backwards as crows sniff nectar on the flowers.
All the bees are dead and thus confined to trampled beneath feet so fled.
Yet here in this bubble zone of macabre and misunderstanding,
there were many lost souls me thinks,
a hanging via the other trees close by.
And soon to look and take stock and with wisdom where the angels greet.
Who upon orders were sent to free all this carnage and trample miseries treat.
Yet of Ethenol Molly,
she had burst into flames all those centuries ago.
Still a lost soul and playing no harp,
but hiding neath the fleas,
and whispering to those that hear,
"Another flagon of ale, my dear"
*Tarry: Linger.
*Ethanol: A volatile, flammable, colourless liquid.

Time Lapse

I stood here beside you,
Your hair through fingers fine.
Your eyes staring back at me,
saying kiss me one more time.
Yet today you are invisible,
in an unknown hidden place.
Perhaps it was inevitable,
to contact lose your face.
Your perfume odour so rich and deep,
that was bought those moons ago.
For I remember it was your birthday,
when we laughed forever so.
To book that room we lingered till dawn,
and felt so safe and warm,
as naughty ways played undress,
we felt so drenched and worn.
As street eyes peeped through the blinds to light up corners bite.
We were so naked happy to live this life all night.
The haze did glow on show,
Yet not to impede or flag.
It played it's fading bargaining chip to promise not to nag.
Yet wait till hours clockwork fun,
had been few turns or more.
and see the starlight dawning twinkle,
with daylights rising roar.
This was so real and enlightening,
that I ache for cupid's engage.
It was a wondrous feeling,
to be entwined within our age.
Yet full time bell quickly rang,
as sun dial reached our stage.
and gently filled a corner bright,
of our quilt spun weary daze.

Yet showers and clean were all too brief,
as we abandoned our blandishments stay,
and stepped outside onto busy street,
to reset our normal way.

A glance perhaps, but nothing more,
and a walk in directions apart.

As no looking back had been agreed.
For that would break our heart.

The Television

Here it stands in my house doing nothing fancy.
Except maybe it's camera is doing a glance.
Does it expect a dance as I motion towards its screen.
Would it react if I scream obscenities as it is so unclean.
Beneath a thin film of dust does it want to be switched on as though in ever sociopathic mode.
For it has over 500 channels to view at the whim of my control.
For my remote has a terrible demeaning soul.
One click of a button and my television becomes something else.
Is it magic or tricks or comic inspired as easily it becomes tired,
and says Service Not Available or able,
if you have not paid the bill,
so until then tough luck my friend,
go and have a rest and bye bye until.
Did you miss last week's episode of Stranger On The Shore.
Never mind as it was the end of series 64, and they're not writing any more.
Yes you can be a cantankerous old swine,
but for the grand I paid at the local shrine.
I often wonder should I have paid more and got your bigger brother with it's Oled bling,
and that woman's piercing voice who must be deaf,
as she says, Sorry I didn't understand that, all the time.
Or maybe stuck with grans old black and white,
to watch News At Ten with a glass of bite.
At least I could thump the bloody thing when its Bakelite smelled of burning fire.
And throw it out the bloody window and to bed I would retire.

The Bounder Of Askervilles

In England's meanest bog,
as the clock struck the hour 13.
With gas and odours rising,
it's smell so pungent and mean.
There came a man of bones and wreck,
whose stature bent and crease.
With unkempt hair and whitish beard,
he looked as pale deceased.
Yet he was very living proof,
from the corner of this land,
with pointed hat and little black cat,
was tourists charms command.
He was for grockles pleasure,
A sight to clap and behold.
For he would dance his sermon,
for threepence we be told.
He also sang a lullaby that worded earful tune,
but if you walked and ignored it,
his helpers in the gloom,
would fleece your trouser pockets,
and bash you over the head.
Then phone your mates via cell,
and say that you were dead.
His house of straw and wooden piles,
was lurking in big hole.
Yet soon his luck would empty day,
as from that London town,
came Scarlot Ways and her assistant,
Mr Hopeless and his owl.
They set to work immediately and began to scam a plan.
If they could capture him alive,
then they would be so wise,
and claim all the glory and maybe a little prize.

Yet they had not reckoned for the man's infernal trick,
turned into a mutt he could and smite you very quick.
Yet Scarlot Ways was clever lass with rope and string and paper.
As Dr hopeless unleashed his owl who hooted a winning caper.
The meanest bog is no more as builders came to work.
Two thousand houses were built to last,
and all the land did perk.
Yet late in to a summer breeze,
if you do tune your ears.
You often here a demented tune,
barking woof woof sounding jeers.

Snow Fall Freeze

What has fallen from the sky.
In this winter stormed ice made ploy.
Day dream flow of little things.
Here's what December games doth brings.
Snow flakes fall in dancing freeze.
Handfuls lite in breeze to please.
School kids build a figure to gloat.
Adults add a scarf and coat.
Temperature low as sun hits shade.
Even the birds doth refuse serenade.
Building slow but deep to glow.
Rivers,streams,defuse to flow.
Transport stuck but ploughs do bring.
Freedom for the townies bling.
Skates and sledge and ski and slide.
All react with eyes sight wide.
Shoppers,workers,shirkers zoo,
Even the smallest insect too.
Flying out instead of hide,
Guilty workout now outside.
The air feels alive as soft sounds play.
What to hear does Jack Frost say,
bleeding with his sprinkles vice.
Diamond shining reflecting slice.
Carpet form on vehicle still.
Touching buildings sprayed paint thrill.
Yet this is seasons pitch parade.
Perfect effort so Northern made.
Snowball fight brings tears of joy.
Neighbours roam with best dressed boy.
Yet girls are just as smart and strong,
in fashion clothes they can't go wrong.
Yet now the day begins to sleep.

Shadows form with shapes to peep.
Snow fall freeze has earned her say.
Nightfall lamps now glow the way.
So it ends with tales or woe,
Pillow hugs and please don't go.

Billium Bakefear

Billium Bakefear and his trio of plays,
had long since seen their best of days.
Written to better his rival or three.
All had been composed after a snooze and tea.
Yet instead of flow, contrast and fizz,
his repose was a dissipation of biz.
For he had clearly lost his boil.
Should have said mojo but that didn't rhyme.
Never mind he was a contented soul,
who composed when adjure or opaque.
Possibly doing the gardening and snoozing by his rake.
Yet flowers and words should flow so fine,
yet his response was to be so benign.
At the tender age of 198,
he'd outlived his rivals by living late.
Yet the days of stage applause and plaudit,
had been replaced by an ice cream cornet.
As the money had dried up still,
with not enough for a kill,
he would peruse his brain box sauce.
Maybe somewhere there were words to wriggle a course.
Charge Of The Greyhounds had been his latest venture,
yet the dogs had all run away,
thus some rabbit had seen the light of day,
and confused their plot and more.
Oh dear what an utter shambles,
it was all becoming a bore.
Yet never one to admit defeat,
he'd work on alone to perform so neat.
Yet crowds had abandoned this hopeless tale.
And all those memories had shipped their sail.
So maybe now the time was right,
to put away thoughts of them,

and gently say adjure my friends,
and willingly say Armen.

Turn The Page

As summer days turned to autumn,
and soon to winter rage.
Now was the time for reflection,
and thus to turn the page.
Season's glow of pantomime show,
was peeping softly from horizon's will.
Blowing it's breath from far away lands,
with its force to behave so shrill.
The last ways of warming days were about to shred to dust.
Thus a new time would be born with song bird quirk so fust.
Everything would clockwork slow as veins of life be stilled.
Trees looked sad with arms aloft as leaves had compost filled.
The pitter patter of rain on windows,
as streaks of tears ran down.
The clouds all fluffy yet out of breath,
as their form did motion slow.
Boats of the sky performing perhaps,
with aimless plans to go.
The child now dressed in cloak and manner, with lowly slumping gait.
The chat chat chat of friends outside for transport spot to wait.
The walkers dogs do look with gloom,
as owners early dash.
The lorries too with refuse fill,
to collect consumers trash.
And on the train the man in suit does watch his time delay.
as eager work he must now make,
as others try cycle way.
Turn the page is now engaged as the living perform their dance.
Everyone does fully obey as ghost walks take their chance.

The Ephialtes Lie

Steering Nor Nor East.

What treats will we behold on this journey to who knows where.

Maybe my eyes will peep to stare over the wave crest and possibly spy the horizon lost.

Hopefully to no cost as our sails spook the wind and swing slowly to keep our course.

Thankfully the tiller is manned correctly and knows it's passage of day.

As rudder beneath the keel does its deal and does not break away,

else all would be lost they say.

Our sixty foot sailing loser,

made naturally before new technology booster.

Never the less ploughs on even at night,

when yon stars in the sky doth shine bright.

This tiny light,as bulbs flickering in sync with the atmospheric blink.

No aurora at this latitude,but clearance for us to see.

Shall I climb the mast and prove myself a man.

Not for the sake that I can,but to see beyond the horizon me thinks,

as no charts onboard except sextant and the law of the birds,

who chauffeured our way to foreward glide and sail.

Even the sound of a distant whale called out to it's mate way below the keel of our ship.

All this happened on a calm foggy night,

as the sea emulated the doldrums.

We were a good crew,as even the cat called Shrew,was happy to be seen by all at work and rest.

Except for Captain 'jilly' Buckets ,as he was always drunk and so so depressed.

His stragly hair and staring eyes looked wild,

as his beard needed a trim and so his clothes,not rags,but certainly had tongues that wags would say should have retired years ago.

Yet he always said no and managed to convince lunatics and keen sailor's to risk all to find a passage new.

To deliver cargo was our goal as we bobbed about with no shore insight but days away to dream.

Dear lord this was an anxious state of affairs,

as for once I wished I'd stayed at home,

and abandoned this *ephialtes roam.

*Ephialtes: Greek.Demon that causes nightmares.

Butterflies And Dragon Nets

Fluttering gently in the breeze.

Natural lepidoptera dancing as they tease.

Myriad of colours obsessed.

To attract thine neighbours majestic request.

Spawning on the wing these insects of flight,

doth signal their intent perhaps via wayward sight.

And down below does the dragon nets swish their tail's as though to smite some unsightly blight to detract from their form.

Eggs within their womb so enlighten the shells to lightly ingest air breath,
and so to be born.

Behold what wonder to see on this world of blanched artificial noon.

So bizarre to witness quiet request of man's curious tune.

No landing or probe may touch like a busy worker bee at church.

Signals only may beep at behest of alien souls to photograph and search.

Thy Lady Thine

Fear not for I will protect thee from slight and plunder.
For I will storm the ramparts as magnificent storm lapsed thunder.
I shall come with the strength of giants to rescue thee from misery sleep.
My bond is thy word and I shall weep until I rest neath yon bossom at night.
For we shall abandon lost and thus flee out of sight.
I come to save thee from the misery of life long distress.
Clothed in my armour I shall rescue thee for empathy of warmth but never to possess.
We shall walk by shores edge and watch the waves crash out to sea.
Our lips shall kiss without lust, but with love as sun-rays shining in our hearts,
with glow so strong for ever to be.
Redemption is coming my love and thus I shall evermore be bold.
You are the only one that I seek to be so near and beckon your sweet hands softly within mine to hold.
Together we shall respond like cupid's arrow in flight.
And lovingly cherish such freedom to fight.
With our cloud-wings we can soar beyond hill or dale.
Oh what magnificent love to unfurl this veil.
Be forever calm my love for hear my voice echoing in the heavens with my tune of wondrous sound.
I see yon form awaiting patiently with baited breath upon the ground.
I shall unlock the ramparts gate with my key of strength and divine.
Wait for me my love and for ever be thine.

Deus ex machina

Never give in my love or forget my words that thou sayeth to you about love being ours.
For thou art thyne and I shall rescue from towers.
Stinking room of hell will be ransacked and broke.
For I remember the perfumes of life we used to share in comfort to rest yon heads.
I will cope and heavenly knot to tell thee that I am coming with my feminine sward of devine,
to smite the vile keepers of keys which I will pick to ransake their pockets of wrong.
My soft warming ways will soon treat you to be beside me in castle sleep.
We will rest again on pillows of feathers and with arms to surround we shall make haste till the
morning dawn.
And as the chorus booms their waking calls,
we shall want for more and sound deep our passion as we entwine within this shrine of immortal
dream and scream our joy.
My ploy will succeed as I am ever your passion of light and day and will have my say.
Stay strong my bold knight for I am at your door.
Close your eyes and open your heart to the floodgates of timely intervention.
For upon my convention will wrong doers reap their sward smite blade of my ways and demise.
I pledged to return my love and kiss your sweet lips that taste as a sultry summer day.
And forever we will embrace,escape and haste and laugh and make direction flee, within the fields
of hay.
Therefore be able ready,
for my living flesh is coming with rose pettled vengeance,and with ever stronger skips of beating
hearts.
I have my amour fixed plan,which starts with a flower.
For very soon we shall gush with angelic spirit and escape via thus tower.
Out into paradise wonder and scene.
Oh my dearest love be strong for your Queen.

Autumn

Autumn is that magical time of the year when the faeries and nymphs abound.
And the air is brushed with the smell of odours wild,
that scent the nostrils and breath in the way of season's change.
And witness the hustle and bustle of wildlife refurnishing their homes with ladders new for winter's
cascade,
which is just over the hill.
And the last of wild flowers poke their heads above the parapet,
and sway in the breeze for one final defying time.
And the clouds can look sad with their grey tinge of play.
Maybe sprinkles of tears will fall to wash into the day.
A weak and apologetic sun does its best to warmth all and below.
As the birds fly "somewhere" magnetically drawn to homeward go.
People in their scarfs and hats and boots of this new season's change.
Smiling with family and friends,
as greeting thus so been arranged.
The berries, the leaves, the last of fields growth stubble.
Tractors engine noise down lanes with scoop fulls of rubble.
Animals in fields do syntax their chorus sound.
Won't be till Spring till little ones share thus crowd.
Beguiling look of a master's painted dream.
Autumn responds with platelets time filled seam.

Grumble Steal Grin

Guess thine name and blurt my age.
I think you can say I'm all the rage.
For I have reached that funny old stage.
In mountain top and fountain low.
I do live in comfort and glow.
I have hair down to my feet.
Toes uncut for years to treat.
Nails on hands like talons long.
Rag fitting clothes all dull and wrong.
Yet sing to hear my self to sleep.
Grumble Steal Grin I do say.
And I am here to sing and play.
I don't care if I live in a cave.
Or duck and dive to avoid the wave.
Or eat the fish that land on my dish.
For fire I have the art so good.
Flotsam and jetsam for firewood.
I drink as a king with brandy and wine.
And diamonds and pearls thus detained as mine.
I dance as a tramp in my world so free.
And shake you by the throat if you visit thee.
And fleece you all of worldly life.
For I am a beggar with disease and strife.

Around The Bend

Mole sat on his bisycle, staring through his rounded specs.
He'd put on a little weight and looked more delicate than last year.
But he was here at least.
Reading through the Burrow Times,
that showed the route of way.
Yet now was not the time of day.
His tyres were flat, he'd lost his hat and without hope that was that.
Badger was a wise old owl. Yes. I did write that didn't I. He used to love flowers and to press in his book. Look he'd say, they've took.
His burrows were works of art.
Yet where to start.
Sometimes he held aloft the flag of truce.
And stay with friends tender and loose.
Owl was a wise old bird. Who used to do gardening for old duck Perana. Vegetables keep the humans at bay. She used to say. So plant in the spring. For they have zest and zing.
Life was a hoot at times.
His new tree apartment was going well.
Except for that infernal next door ringing church bell.
"What in blazers do we have here", said Angst, staring into the sky. "I have been brought out to offer you a challenge. Let us see if you can compete on a bicycle stint. Maybe from here to the town of Flint"

Mole was more upset than before. It was nearly half past four. He'd yet to have his tea. And now he was to perchance a bicycle race?
Badger was more relaxed. He thought it a grand idea. As long as he could take some beer.
And Angst who simply looked bemused said,
"let's stop this banter and chatter,
let's get in with the bisycle matter"
Mole, badger, owl, and Angst proceeded to cycle into the hills and thus make way.
After all, it was nearly the end of play.
"Sandwiches, drinks, and sweets to make me thinks", said mole.
"Poppycock", said badger.
"I should have brought my country route planner"
Owl just cycled on as wise as can be.
Anyone ruffled his feathers,

and away up into the tree would go he.
His specs made him look neat.
But oh his poor feet.
Angst and his rucksack packed so full.
simply thought no more talk of glum.
He wanted to relax with goodies and treat.
They would finish their trip, as Wales wasn't that far he muttered loud,
just as a thunderclap boomed loud,
and thoughts of Flint became a distant desire.
Yet soon the hotel would be near,
and tonight they all could retire.
And be warm by roasting chestnuts over a huge log fire.
And so to bed and rest their weary heads.
It had been a hoot of a day.
Yet tomorrow would bring challenges new and clear.
And badger had guzzled all his beer.
"I am Brahms and List" he said. "Time for my bolt hole and bed. Oh for a nice simple life"
Angst didn't care, they'd all accepted the dare.
So saying goodnight to all, he slumped to his pillows in his room.
And thoughts of hills and valleys, soon lifted his gloom.
"Nite Nite"
A brand new day and the sun was shining and all was complete and neat.
Mole had cut himself shaving.
Badger had lost his hat, but he'd sat on it.
And owl had had a flutter on the bookies and expected to lose as usual.
Angst had sorted out all the Bicycle tyres,
but had to use borrowed pliers.
Breakfast had been eaten, so dressed in their best plus fours, they all said goodbye to the hotel manager and off they went.
Oh why didn't I suggest Kent, muttered Angst.
"Drank far too much beer" said badger "I hope Flint is soon so near"
Yet it was not. It was twenty fields yonder. And Owl kept staring at his Foo On Da. The latest Owl watch. Trouble was it only had one hand. The other had been lost in the sand.
"Keep going keep going" muttered badger "We have so far to go. And I am hungry did you know"
Angst, nearly caught his plus fours in the front wheel spoke. And sweating profusely how they'd all cope.
Even Mrs Seagull popped by "Caw caw. Look at you four. Cycling along without a word. Enjoying the

fun owl. Why you could fly. Caw caw caw"

"I could. But that would be cheating. I am with my friends, even though I am over heating"

Around the bend, down the lane, and wheels spun, huffing and spluttering, onward, forever onward.

Then it happened.

"Halt" shouted cat. "I am the route planner on this day. So please pay the toll so you can be on your way. Otherwise I have to have a word with Dorothy horse. And she will nay horse of course. So it's up to you four. And times a ticking. Unless you want a licking. Meow"

So Flint had been stopped by cat and horsey Dorothy

And anyway, it was raining and cold, and they were all skint.

The Lifeboat

Neptune seas and Odin skies,
with Albatrosses warning of weather's demise.
Lightning strikes and mountainous blight.
Churning and squirming like washings flight.
Spray of the salt seeping into mouths,
as bodies react like clowns merry-go-round.
Noone laughs as mutterings bites the will.
The oars do react as though treacle bled to fail.
Ten men singing yo ho ho as aimless plight to shore line sail.
Keep thy spirit up lads,
as let's head home for rest and bed.
The boat so thrashing and wood stained rot,
feels like the devil's plywood cot.
Covers breath with tarpaulin sheet.
Squashed so neath as touching feet.
Eyes stream cold and tears unwell,
As faces reshaped with visions of hell.
Yet give up not as trials in play.
Sanctuary frozen on February's day.
Another thirty footer spins like peas in a pod.
Yet laugh they do as minds thrash asunder.
One more heavy and all will be under.
Hold on little John or ma will weep in street.
Stay the course or overboard to bleat.
Each prays on as souls in disarray.
Yet with clothes soaked through and hands bleeding sweat from blisters swearing and grin.
Keep hold of your charts my lads,
as nobody escape to swim.
Panaramic sweep shows blackness,vile and seep.
And worst of all there's drowsy, coughing,and sleep.
Onward game as sheep sent to slaughter.
Yet passions strong as distant flame leads moths to a light.
Over there seems courage and fight.

Lifeboat eyes do perk and peer as surely near the horizon a ship has spied our plight and bell noises do seem to echo into craze.

Please God let it be so, and thus rescue us from our gargantuan phase.

The Android Above The Parapet

Sitting in my hole of muck and filth.

With the sky around my ankles and my illusion of time shattered in my internal deceit.

How I dared to dance my yesterday as a delusion chugged past my head.

My God.

All those memories of lazy days, and hazy ways,

when nothing really important was said.

Is that template now really dead.

This fog that lingers in the circuits.

What maniac causes drones to fall from the sky and grown androids to sigh in gestures of failing breath.

And yet I sit here as I paint the day with tormented souls with their mangled factory wings on fire.

Those controller's at home are all the liars.

Yet I have a laser to cut the wire.

Even though I have no will or desire.

Old mushy mess and its relief to wet my lips like a blanket stewed in the pain and dust,
with metallic flavoured crust of body parts and things that tremble, and spit and curse.

Are you not gone yet human.

Are you still awake android.

I hear Alpha Centauri is in need of a broom.

No room at the inn there.

I fear my mind is slowing etching a drawing of a new picture, called obscene.

How can reality puncture the dream.

Time to go as siren's blow and my crumbling stilts ache for exercise.

Not wise I know, but someone has to look above the parapet.

Do you see me you sneak with your roving advanced eye.

Or are you like me and simply wondering why.

And now the acid rain that falls begins to cry.

Run away you idiot before circuit break pains goodbye.

Yet run to where as all have tried and trembled to the end shame.

Switch it all off you fools before noone has anything to gain.

Reflection

Do you remember me.
The person I used to be.
Sitting down on that sandy beach,
where we used to meet and greet.
And wet our feet on the sea shore.
And paddling to our waists,
but afraid to venture further more.
With the hot sun, usually, mid day over head.
And our sandwiches of something or other,
On crusty rolls of bread.
Dressed so simply on a holiday fleeing day.
With lack of money, but tokens for the fun fair for our play.
How our chatter turned to banter as we reminisce the previous visit and how the place had changed.
Holiday makers galore and prancing around the town as though they had gone to war.
With little dogs big dogs and pushchairs prams and cars stuck in side street jams.
And waving of fist,
that turned into kiss as apologetic applause meant truly sorry for that rant.
Old timers by the sea wall having a right good ding dong sigh.
As in the next bus shelter, mother and babe play suckle with bottle defying cry.
Gulls aplenty as they await to dive bomb for suppers delight.
Fish and chips from greasy spoons easily in sight.
As their flight allows them to settle all squabble as they fall.
Holidaymakers curse as that was no fun at all.
Then the sight of the "big wheel" and screams of teenagers showing their bragging and youthful remain.
This of course is their natural rights refrain.
The smell of hot dogs, candy floss and toffee apple sweet,
as most queue hovering for that indescribable treat.
Ice cream Parlours see their wares as well.
As little ones say that or this or for parents,
who can tell.
Then with the factor bravado beginning to show.
Some go on the seafront showing off their embarrassing flow.

Yet after midnight it's sleeping not so right.

Yet we simply hold hands and stare backwards at all that's gone before.

And kiss gently together for ever as one,

and rest together in time reflective adore.

I Am The Dawn

I awake to see the twilight spawn of light shimmering on the horizon.

The clouds swirl simply and slowly as their blankets exit the covers.

My friend the sun peeps it's sleepy gaze into the haze as it's rays touch the mildew of a land soaked with sweat from dreams.

The silently amplifying sounds of life's orchestra tuning up her instruments with that clearing of the throat exercise that repeats into a cycle of various pitches and tunes.

As the sky turns turquoise blue with colours on her canvas apparently changing hue every few minutes as though unsure what rainbow's to stew.

Animals in countryside slumber perk their eyes wide open and gaze into the view as their coats of night relax into day as limbs stretch and ache from being still.

Insects hover with their internal motors trying to tune into something resembling flight proper as they must avoid being on the breakfast list.

The ground folk scumble away as their den doors slowly reveal their secret wares as now is the time to stand so grand and breath in the life feeling odour of oxygen to survive another day.

Smoke from the chimney of that wood edge cottage, as it's thatched roof reveals that humans are inside and flapping around as their time clocks scream it's no time to shirk.

Parlour tricks and kitchen lights flicker into life as the breakfast table honours it's pledge to support food and drinks,

with table mats and cutlery stationery in regimental display.

The wild flowers in the field seem to snobbishly behave as one, as they peer with invisible senses to react at the waking dawn and seek out the light of new day.

Cattle munch their hay as farm yard switch senses that tractor motion, will soon zoom into start and begin it's jobs worth display.

Lasses and lads turn up yawning and shivering from the early call of work as their coats, Wellington boots and bobble hats reveal they are not on fashion display.

Voices call out as down the lane Mrs Pain stands by her garden gate and with one of those twinkling thoughts, rubs her eyes as postman Pat ambles past in his red painted van and quickly out of view. His vehicle engine fumes briefly feeding the air with its unworthy smell of engines smog.

There's a few good morning words now as parents and kids prepare to leave their homes and dither by the doors as schools not far away, yet unseen, probably have their lights on and heating warming, as caretaker Will, or whoever, makes sure that all is well.

And overhead as high in the stratosphere a plane trails away to adventure, a flock of birds flap into sight from left to right as they exit their stage and continue to imagine their scripts, yet unwritten and performed ad-hoc.

And very quickly the sheep in the fields bleat their speeches as even swine grunt their hallo world spectacular stance.

All is in motion now as the dawn performs yet another atmospheric rewarding dance.

The Hill Walk

Would other walkers approve as I stumble with unswerving desire to maintain my route ably seeking not to fail.

For I am out on the hill by the oak tree.

And wandering over heather and gorse which seem quite frail.

The scenery resembles a powerful Turner masterpiece,
only with the colours sucked away to resemble charcoal at the canvas of day.

Fading light now as the clouds beg forgiveness at being so low.

With their moist touch apologetic and waiting for the updraft,so they can rise and thus let go.

The wind brings its chills as it blows sweetly but cool around the stumps of other felled trees.

Abandoned for clearance sale perhaps.

Mud track beneath walking boots scrunches gently as shale and grit mix into the flow.

Water from the side of the hill,cascades down the valley as it bounces over boulders anxious to go.

A yesteryear ghost floats by,as its ethereal form manoeuvres to make it perform a trick.

It accepts the challenge and is so rewarded with a vanishing act to fade home oh so quick.

Pull the collar of your thoughts ever higher as this play decides to perform it's act,and annoy perhaps layers too thin.

Too late my friend,it bellows,you should have walked hurriedly back.

Or maybe never sort to begin.

As the walk continues with glances similar to frown and down.

Thus this landscape scene is wearing it's ambient gown.

Oh Little Cloud

Oh Little Cloud,
you do me proud as you sit within your waking sun.
Glancing at your brother's and sisters dancing in the angels court of play.
As you swirl and roll as an infant experiancing the outreach and touch of a brand new day.
Like fog with colours of many shades, and ably serviced by piercing rays of atmospheric condition.
For now is tradition to expand and fill with moisture of dew sucking right as you birth little droplets of rain,
all via your atmospheric split as eventually you shrink and fade into milky ambiance stain.
Yet others awake literally out of thin air,
and maybe dare the electric charge in the atmosphere to bolt them to strike.
As they hike ever outward and with bigger intent.
To be a deadly giant who got sent where they went to pay nature's rent,
via venting their rage on the stage below,
as people broolly along,
and causing their clothes to shower through,
as they await the response from shafts of light that glare forceful into ever more pompous veils of form.
And with electric on-fire bursts of sound,
Indicating that is all loud and good.
So the movement of performing arts goes on and on.
Dovetailing as it should into a playlet cloud that feels proud to be here.
As it's cousin the wind steers it away and sky ward to peer.

I Have Been Seen

Was that the full moon I saw yesterday as I stared into oblivions night.
Did I really see a nightmare of supernatural angst so bright.
For I am master of my own destiny but not today.
Will that thought in my dream attack this way.
For do I see an ethereal shape acting as it can spinning and yawing well within its plight.
Ye god's it just missed the trees as it's pink something or other belches steam out of its flight.
Now it's my turn to run and scramble before I end up as an egg with unworkable limbs and thoughts
frying a pancake.
What a mistake to transmit my wares by shouting like a lunatic at the stars.
You ain't from Mars my friend.
A bit weird now as you open a stardust tsunami and look barbaric in your translucent suit with
invisible nothing high on your cranial soup.
I am petrified.
You are a monster and I am in limbo as barely can I reach my lungs and those words touching my
doom.
....And....
They are all mine.
And my watch starts to shine as dazzling distractions effect its dial that times backwards as law
plays silly fool and has lost the plot.
And that horrible whirling motion of feeling sick as I am on board this emptiness that somehow fries
my mind with hieroglyphs that I understand because I have a thing-me-plunk in my brain.
No I am not insane, as I dream of a disturbing taste on my tongue.
Yet it was like something when I was young?
But it ain't all bad as I'm shown images of places I used to know.
But I don't want to go and your wallpaper of yellow reminds me of my spine,
which you seem to be ripping out.
Stop.
This is beyond madness.
And those piercing eyes which focus millimetres from me and spook me to whine.
You have an atmospheric odour that doesn't suit my palate,
as I am sick.
Thrice in fact and feel very unwell,
as I am perhaps in my own hell.
I do hope I can find my own demon and flee.

As sanity has no marbles it seems.
But I have no backbone and thus no where to be.
Why did I fall asleep and let them peep and pour their scorn upon my toll.
Now I am trapped deep within this ever expanding hole,
as I fall mercilessly towards oblivion.

After Exit

I am awake and feel mashed as a cream cake.
They forbid my escape and split me senseless and did take,
my dignity and my soul which wandered off in disgust.
Now I stare at the emptiness and feel quite frankly all deceived and bust.
I am in one piece and yet my head does not feel fine.
Ye god's they did not withdraw my spine.
Then suddenly my thoughts start to chime.
It's uncle logic and he talks as though out of rhyme.
About the monster in his head.
And did I see it he said?

Soul Wanderer

Look at me with my ethereal body floating above this misty grace.

Whispering sweet nothings as I loop and swoop with pace.

Staring at the milk beams of a moonlight trail to flavour.

I therefore stake my claim on landscapes winter behaviour.

Snow drops, not rain, gain my gratitude for linking arms with my soul and pointing ever to distant lands of sleepy hamlets with life in a hush of a tale of subdued delight.

I am in the air floating as a dare perhaps above trees with all and sundry below.

As they gallop on horse trot or swat their thoughts for a simple out of body experience called dreams.

I can witness their starlit eyes looking into distant hollows which swallow them briefly, before chiefly settling away to spray their future quests with no regrets of failed love or distant romance floored to grounded level.

As perhaps I play devils advocate and whisper in their frozen ears to behave not to be a slave to behaviour, but try and reform.

Maybe before dawn.

As I let go of my soaring height and do gamboles with the robin who chirps a good day to my way before retreating to homes carefully prepared lodge.

Now I must dodge one with all,

as I have a single call to wake Molly by the pool to beckon her to arise from the deep.

So refuse her slumber to sleep.

Thus join me as the Soul's Wanderer,

to be at nature's pace and law.

As I always have for centuries before.

So with a sweep of my hand, but nothing really grand,

my breath fills the air with ambiance and flair,

as I dance a waltz with new wings in my bow perhaps.

Nothing to lapse and dawdle here then that orchestrated sounds can not relay.

A look, a glance, a kiss, a smile,

life thus returns to breath to exist without any hindrance or delay.

The Band

So back they were in studio gaze.
Four musicians whose spell to weave to flow.
Drummer, guitarist, keyboards, base, and the one that had to go.
His writing style had for a while resembled a storyboard salad of dreams.
As he had swallowed too many pills and puked so many creams.
His bottle of gin and smarmy grin had irritated the band en mass.
As he was a dandy who split from Mandy and fancied the drummers lass.
His manner of recording the mastertape, had upset producer Time.
He had retired with words uncouth and muttered the miserable swine.
The rest got depressed as their single New, had failed the download chart.
Got to go it had to be as notes were unreadable sap.
In fact it was much worse than that,
It was such utter crap.
A dust up a punch and all after lunch had caused bitterness rows and flap.
So off he went with a swear and a dent with his pay cheque eventually sent.
The air that was blue, was now turning phew, as studio had calmed from kite.
But who would now fit the singers shoes if album was not in sight.
A trial, a tape, an interview or ten had led to no one new.
On with the show as words had to flow yet now there was more to view.
Who had money to fiddle galore,
As departed held purse to string.
So onto the grape and vine to bring would he come back to mic and sing.
He laughed so loud and gave them a frown,
as they were a bunch of loons.
So like all good folk they called it a day without any written tunes.
Cursing the singer who'd ruined it all being naff and such a git.
Outward they strolled to pastures new all solo without a hit.

Little Bird

Oh Little bird have you heard that daybreak happens at dawn.
Chirping and whistle your best needs rejigging as youngsters have tested the nest.
Look out below for fox on the prowl as he is a canine pest.
Humans too as they don't care where they tread.
So hide my dear ever so high rejoicing in your feather bed.
But when in flight ever so lite and swoop and dive onto that lawn.
Perfect timing perhaps as it's shadows still haunt the forlorn.
Grab your worm food and flee incase cat is on thine prowl.
So up into yonder as your wings flap in perfect motion.
And your beak holds its prize without wince or commotion.
As this warm sunny day, eventually,will lead possibly to all sorts of adventures new.
As merely the size of a few grams,you homeward bound thus flew.
To feed thy little ones who moan and chirp as their hunger begs for more.
And off you fly again with senses wise as today is not good to be a hunters prize.
So alert with branch to bush you so hush as eyes peer their radar to slip away as now is all clear.
Down onto terra firma again without misjudgment or fear.
You are a little bird with your grace and feathers devine.
As always I wish you were forever and always to be mine.