

Whims of Tangowilliam

Tangowilliam



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**_u

Dedication

To Bula

Acknowledgement

Thank you Lou

About the author

??

summary

Stations

Butterfly, butterfly

Shadows of the night ..

Tantrastic

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

My Darling Lou

The Girl Inside

Then there were orchids

A Conker's Tale

Stations

Stations

Arrival

Where can she be?

I see her first.

She stands tall, no stoop of apology and I lift my chin, stand straight and gaze at her through a mist of anticipation.

My secret moment.

Discovering me, she beams a smile and speaks. I beam back, her voice exciting me.

We are excited.

We close in gentle collision and hug.

In slow embrace, we say, "missed you ...", "found you ..."

It's the best of times ...

Departure

Am I on time?

She is in a hurry, in a worry. We are in a rush and need to push, onwards.

Schedules to keep; yesterday's sleep spent before today's first light but still we have to fight to be here and there with this and that and on time, on time, on time.

Did you remember, not to forget those important things and have no regret as we press onwards?

Tickets and times cloud our minds as we close to parting and stumble into swift embrace, whispering, "farewell ...", "see you soon ...", "will miss you ..."

Suddenly we are two. There is me and there is you. Departing, faster and faster you move away.

You journey on and I can't, won't, until you're gone, all the way. All the way ...

It's the worst of times ...

Butterfly, butterfly

Butterfly, butterfly

Butterfly, butterfly floating high, come rest by me, don't pass on by

What you seek is here.

Butterfly, butterfly wafting by, you carry my dreams, don't let them die

Stay by me.

Butterfly, butterfly, flower in the sky, come dwell with me, don't say goodbye

Dally a while.

Butterfly, butterfly my wonderful you, as my heart flutters is yours fluttering too?

Shadows of the night ..

Shadows of the night ...

She refuses my hand, as we stand, by the car.

Wondering "why?" is a bridge too far.

In silent reproach, I drive, into the fading light.

Hands on the wheel, eyes on the road, I steal a glance as we lance through, the shadows of the night.

Flickering light sweeps her face and reveals, a wonderful thing.

Still driving and striving to find the way, with words unspoken I say "love you ...".

With no conversation, she, in blind reach, strokes my hair and we share, in careless caress, a moment of intimate pleasure.

We push on through, the shadows ...

Unable to respond, held captive by bond of road and wheel. Seized by dancing light, I smile at the shadows of the night.

Words not to find, no mask to hide, no light to blind, we reject the shadows of the night.

At journeys end we still say "friend".

All shadows gone, taking my hand, with no words spoken, she says "love you too ..."

Tantrastic

Tantrastic

In still embrace, we hold me close and strain for the rhythm of our heart.

Remembering, we breathe and hold my breath, we hold my breath and then we breathe.

We look at me and I ask?

We say hold and hold and hold and hold ...

Remembering, we breathe and hold my breath, we hold my breath and breathe.

And we ask? We ask ...

Remembering, we breathe, hold, breathe, hold, breathe, we hold my breath and breathe.

If we could, if we could fly. If we could, if we could shine. If we could, if we could still time.

The clock hesitates, then ticks a tock.

A rush of time that cannot rush.

A swift of time with one pace swamps the clock, a tick a tock, a tick a tock ... at one, at rest.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

If I was a busy bee, in striped jumper, buzzing free

gathering pollen as I go, from pretty flowers, all in a row.

Then I would sing a buzzy song, smiling and happy as I zip along.

legs now swollen with my load it's time for me to hit the road,

to safe home and honey pot, hiving my treasure yields great pleasure,

in waxy vaults of golden hue, sunshine is stored with morning dew.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

My Darling Lou

My Darling Lou

My darling Lou, it's true, your wonderful Ness walks before you.

You sweep away the pain, scattering happiness and hope where you go.

This precious gift, invested in you is innocence, despite your thoughts of sad remains, of misplaced guilt, responsibility absent as a trusted friend in time of crisis.

Risk and reward, bound hand and foot with no escape. Heart and mind in sweet caress of disagreement takes all light away.

Your love is balm to the wound that inflicts. Your love gives strength to every weak bridge. Your love saves all in reach.

My darling Lou, it's true, your wonderful Ness walks before you.

The Girl Inside

The Girl Inside

She comes and goes, hides and shows, the Girl inside.
Concealed by Woman host, warned against tears being cried,
again and again. No lessons learnt the Girl inside retires and waits, for Him.

Him is scarce, unexpected, is here with Woman now, unaware of the Girl inside.
Woman is talking, smiling, gazing with eyes open wide.
He smiles suddenly and the Girl, awakes, smiles back, now out of hide.

The Girl is coy, as girls can be when playful gambles free,
in happy display with little bidding when Him is here to Be.
Veiled in woman's years, the Girl shines through, He sees only She.

Girl, all fluster and flap, dizzy in muddle, smiles a rainbow and giggles,
dazzling in innocent reveal of the Girl inside, all forfeit to Him as possible beau,
He holds spent breath and paints this memory, as time passes slow.

In conjured trick She is gone. He blinks and blinks again but sees only Woman,
beautiful guardian of She, the Girl inside. He, in search of rainbows end, smiles.
The Girl inside, in doubt of secrets spilled in want of fragile plan fades into Woman,
beautiful trusted friend of She.

No hurt to test, no tears to cry, no eyes to dry, no long goodbye.
She comes and goes, hides and shows, the Girl inside.

Then there were orchids

Then there were orchids

Tarmac lane eventually giving way to limestone and dusty track on a gentle rise.

Warm yellow sun, testing, as we walk on.

Hedge rows, greedy for space, halted by the prohibited rocky trail.

Then there were orchids, small, delicate and beautiful in the purest way.

On a sunny day walking with her, being with her.

An unexpected glimpse into an abandoned quarry. Looking down and upon a private place.

Not spent but shabby, weary, waiting to be rediscovered. What used to be is no more.

Now a safe haven for those that seek it. We pass on by.

Broom, wild strawberries, jewellike and dog rose lead the way to a resting place with a view.

Forest fragrance fills the air.

Sharing a blanket laid on grass, no one to see but us. No one in mind but us.

Being close to her.

Sunshine and trees as far as you can see and us blotting the peace in a playful, engaging, intimate way.

Visited by butterflies going nowhere in particular, having been somewhere and moving on. No time for us.

I am reminded that just being can be generous, when being is with her.

Looking for self I discover another and wonder at the path that brought me here.

This gentle recall will spill, on cloudy days, with what stood then and the prospect of finding that path again.

A Conker's Tale

A Conker's Tale

(With a nod to Mr Yeats)

Bonkers the conker said to Stella the sheep "Show me the moon in your skies, build me a bridge from your sighs, serenade me a song, no lies".

Stella the sheep sighed Bonkers a bridge, mooned him sweet gaze to his eyes, crooned him fair love, sang him hope of Stella the prize.

Bonkers the conker speechless with joy bobbed up and down and rolled on the ground and around and around in dizzying thrill of love now found.

Stella the sheep took fright at the sight and left for safe pen at top speed. She'd seen conkers go bonkers before, no telling what mayhem in store!

Rules must be made, to Bonkers dissuade, from displaying emotions at will. All joy to be squashed, all romance be quashed, all passion hushed to be still.

So Bonkers stopped spinning, lost all hope of winning his prize. No bob to his stride, no care for his pride, he sat on the ground, all alone and cried.

Bonkers now spent, Stella found peace and felt better with each passing day. Safe in her pen, trusty shepherd for zen she wanted tamed Bonkers as friend.

Can this game be played, spayed lover turned friend or for Bonkers the conker the end?

Bonkers, confused, whispers ...

"And who could play it well enough if deaf and dumb and blind with love? He that made this knows all the cost, for he gave all his heart and lost".