

Anthology of CST

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

The Truth Please

I Matter To Me

What Does Love Mean?

Precedent

Get Old? Never!

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Solitude

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Lavender

The Truth Please

Oh how we lie to ourselves
From other people's lies
Oh how convince ourselves
From other people's conviction
Swept along on
One big tidal wave
Of emotion

Words are all we have
But do they really show
The truth
Of the emotion
Or are they
Cloak and dagger
To the realities of the situation

I say I'm fine
But do you believe me
Why shouldn't you
Believe me
I always mean what I say
I do
Don't I?
You always mean what you say
Don't you?
In this World of constant
Broken promises
How can we trust?
We trust
And we get it wrong
So how can we trust ourselves

Oh how we lie to ourselves

From other people's lies
Oh how we convince ourselves
From other people's conviction
Swept along on
One big tidal wave
Of emotion

Where's the truth
Of any situation
Not emotion.
The truth
Lost
In translation!
In something!!!
Lost in emotion.

I Matter To Me

In this World
Of fast cars
Fast food
Fast films
Fast TV
Fast white goods
Fast trains
Fast love
Fast appointments
Fast decisions
Fast death
Everything is fast
But no one tells you how to cope
It's all new to them
No one tells you of the dangers
They don't know of them themselves
All you have is you.
What matters?
Self matters
Self worth matters
To me
I matter to me
And what I do
Matters to others
Show me -
That I matter
To me

What Does Love Mean?

If love can't save us from war
If love can't save us from hunger
If love can't save us from pain
If love can't save us from crime
However petty
However hurtful
However life-changing
However murderous
If love can't save us from all this
What can love save us from?
What can love give to us?
Is the word love a misnomer?
Does love exist?
And
What is love?
For we use the word so glibly
So pretentiously
What does love mean?
To you
And me
Do you love me
And have I found
Love
With you
I don't know -
Anymore
I don't know.
What does love mean?

Precedent

Forgive - please understand
For there has been precedent
Be aware
I will trust the Technical stance
Over the Practical estimation
For when going through
A dark, dark phase
The Technical Side said 'Yes'
But the Practical Side said 'No'
And I was left in limbo
And in a terrible dilemma!
Should I thump the table
With the Tech Report behind me?
Or should I listen to the Practical Side?
For they are on the cutting edge.
And four weeks later
We were on the cutting edge
Hopefully in time
To save Paralysis!
Pardon the Suspicion
But there has been precedent.
So in the future please
Take the Technical Stance
Over, the supposed
Practical Estimation,

Get Old? Never!

Moans and groans getting out of bed
Several trips to the bathroom in the night
insomnia
Forgetfulness
Amnesia
Memory lapses
Too cold
Too hot
Gut problems
Hearing problems
Vision problems
Mobility problems
Balance problems
Peeing in the day problems
To say nothing of the chocolate factory
That's disgusting!!
Getting old is for the birds!
I'm not getting old
Just not
Never

Your Inner Child

In the midst of gloom, doom and despair
When all seems lost and gone
Suddenly you hear the
High pitched squeal of a laughing child
A child full of hope and dreams
Remember your inner child?
Your inner child is still full of
Hope and dreams
Don't surrender your inner child to despair
Keep hold of your inner child
Keep hold of your hope and dreams
Keep hold of hope
Dreams are close behind

Commitment

Life is about commitment

Growing a child is a commitment. Nurturing a child is a commitment.

Rearing a child is a commitment. Being a parent is and should be a commitment.

Encouragement is a commitment. Being a friend is a commitment.

Doing a degree is a commitment.

Not doing a degree is a commitment.

Getting married is a commitment.

Not getting married is a commitment.

Love is commitment.

Growing a child

Whatever we do is about commitment.

Life is commitment.

And if we don't have commitment? What do we have?

We still are

We exist

But we don't live

Where is the Naughty Step?

How do we sort this mess out?

Will there be no one left except the two opposing 'warriors'?

The two boys struggling with each other in the playground

One wanting the toy that the other has got.

Neither will give in!

One saying

'it's broken, you've destroyed it, why want it

The other just saying, 'I want it'

'It is destroyed, why want it?'

'I want it'

Neither will budge

Who will sort this out?

The playground leader or the Head of the school?

How will they sort this out?

Send each boy to the naughty step?

Where is the naughty step of this progressive school?

A so called progressive school full of regressive attitudes and toys.

Where is the naughty step on this planet Earth?

Solitude

Solitude

Solitude is good

It shuts out the clamour

Of this noisy World

It clears out your mind

Of this noisy World

It allows you time to

Think

Clearly

To sort out things

To sort out toxicity

To sort out who's wrong

And

Who is right

To sort out who's lied

And who's been true

To get rid of the liars

And hold on to the true

And if you're the only one

Who has been true

Then

Hold on to yourself

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Who will set me free? Me

Set me free.

From what?

This vice you put upon me

This so called love you said to me!

This so called understanding

That we had with each other

This so called empathy

That we had together

Set me free?

You'll never set me free

Unless I remember

The hurt of your betrayal

Unless I remember

The pain you left with me

When I lose the pain

When I box the betrayal

Then you'll just be

An annoying memory

Then I'll know

I've set myself free

I call out to you Nurse

I call out to you nurse
And what do you see?
A little old lady
Who used to be me.
All withered and down
Depressed and far gone
Toothless and near blind
A life almost done.
I call out to you nurse
But what do you see?
As you impatiently change
The bed, yet again
And wash me
And dress me
As quick as you can
It happens all too quickly
Too quickly for me
And tears fall from my eyes
And roll down my cheeks
That once were so rosy
With a head of hair so sleek.
I called out to you nurse
But what did you see?
A lonely old woman
Who used to be me.
I called out to you nurse
And what did you see?
For one day my young nurse
One day you'll be me.

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That Smile

She was but a human being
Elevated to a higher position
By history, by society?
To do what?
As history would have it
To govern?
As society would have it?
Long to reign over us.
As She would have it?
To be an example of how a human being should be to their fellows.
Kind; considerate; peaceful; giving, funny
And all with a smile
A big radiant beam
Let's smile at each other
Not cry
Let's smile.
In memory.

The Wrong Planet

I've landed on the wrong Planet.

Where am I?

What is happening?

Why all this hunger?

Why all this sickness?

Why all this fighting?

Why all this war?

Why all this killing?

Why all this death?

Why all this greed

Why all these people?

Why all this strife?

Why all this destruction?

Why?

The Planet I left ... or was I only dreaming?

Why did I wake up?

My planet was so perfect!

Bang

Bang! And I spiralled down into a long deep sleep Sleep Sleep Sleep. Against all the odds, I spiralled back up and awoke Awoke without power Spiralling down again I had a flat battery. I went backwards and forwards in my mind. Slowly the power returned But my ceiling is lower I now have a less powerful battery. I don't understand It takes me a long time to cotton on to little things I forget names I forget what I've just read - I can't read I can't understand how I did what I did before. And self destruction kicks in The battery is less powerful And Now The chassis is getting rusty And Bits fall off! Am I due for the scrap heap? Can I make the chassis appealing enough by patching up? Is there enough power left in the battery to kickstart the motor once again? To bring the chassis back to purring life To wake again? To start again? Chloe ©?

Who

Who was I?

Who am I?

Who will I be?

I don't know, to all three!

I just don't know.

I can't remember the who I was and

I'm not sure I like the me now but

I'm not sure who I will be.

So where do I go to find out who I was? Where do I go to sort out the who I am? Where do I go to find out who I will be?

Does it matter who I was?

Does it matter who I am?

But it matters who I will be.

And that is up to me.

Lavender

The smell!

Makes me forget this World.

Forget the white, the black, the colours
in between.

Forget the hybrid - you are or you're not

Forget the plastic

Forget the waste

Forget the divide

Forget the destruction -

to our animals

to our forests

to our oceans

to our mountains

to our ice caps

To our Planet

Takes me back to a World

Without the human race

Bickering

Arguing

Destroying

Takes me back to our home

Let's start again

Lavender

Just the smell