

uncryptically

crypticbard



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

*This first collection is dedicated to online poets both past and present, looking toward future days
together.*

Acknowledgement

Many thanks to all who make online poetry an experience worth coming back to, developing and nurturing. It as and will most likely be the best way to make use of internet time for the poet that finds themselves in a digital environment.

About the author

The Cryptic Bard is only cryptic on a couple of layers and once past those the heart and mind is free. The Bard's catch line is: \"Cry Petey! The bards are coming!\"

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angel envy

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pygmalean ivory

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trinketry

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pinch and a punch

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within reach

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wharfside reverie

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scare

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fare thee well

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leap of faith

always

beats

splice and sail

empty bookends

to change

mimesis by torchlight

squelch

pop goes resolve

manicured thoughts

door

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good lad

minutiae

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weedkillers

winter furnace

new bloom

break of dawn

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Oktoberfest

the next day

reading the room

each time you leave

Cemetery

spend yourself

voice of one gone

kitchen reverie

absinthian reveries

lone plumeria

flamebuoyant

fly

recital

untimely demise

darkish hopefulness

stick to it

Spendthrift

Promises

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Pandanus

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a thought out of joint

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gingko tree

Welcome to my limbo

N-tropy

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To Persephoné

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Branches of a tree

poetically breathe

There be no poetry-by-numbers

Pearly whites

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lone light

becoming keeper and herald

unlimiting

some things, we overlook

think of me

think of you

think of others

rosy cheeked

long distance for now

piano old

sea sponge fraying

rue the hay

mail carrier's bill

by fiction of pen

look out tomorrow

dream slices

verse on a hill

being an npc in their story

A Rare Edition

no longer spectral, Brontës shall remain

be-lightedly

A Familiar Stranger

The Burden of Upgrades

a rude remorse

ginkgo

in public view

in memory's wake

in the shadows

in whispers hush

Lmrk2410aa

jester's truth

in echoes wade

in vino veritas

in poetry's parish

in the mirror

in the light

together with heavy hearts

Oktoberfest

Whispers of a Wandering Soul

untitled (autumn sijo)

heavenly bodice

Time to Live

All Hallows' Eve (lullaby)

A Bridge Once Too Far

Dog-Tired Simplicity

Keloidal Suspension

One Such Day

The Beauty of a Kiss

A place where you belong

my daily dose of humanity

Admonitions for a young or emerging poet

not quite forgotten

Potato Time Travel

A Flash of Gordon

When pets make your day

Robbie and the Baroque Fiddle

Pirates' Cove

a true marriage of minds

Archeology of Understanding

Where do dreams flow?

awakening (haiku cluster)

Pizza Fit for a Queen

ashes from your urn

?Play It Again, Sam?

near or far of love

ode to the broken dream

when the downpour ends

mateship?s duty of care

winter?s embrace

Boy and Bonnet

a.c.r.o.n.y.m.s.

where I could no longer go home

tango of us

home is where the heart beats

Hidden Garden (reverse nonet)

The Quiet Conqueror

a makar?s legacy

life's no faerie tale

where is home?

unlikely treasures

Glimmer of Frost

The Silent Herald

a moment in between

season's jailbreak

autumn chofu

searching for a season

poetic persona

love unspoken

21-12-24

drunken suspension bridge

catch of the day

(without title)

Christmas Glow

through the eyes of a stranger

under pressure

grappling with Today

third wheel

elemental forge

these are the days

2025

spaces we inhabit: mornings

in candescent ascent

read to your satisfaction

here and there

A Seamstress's Courage

tarkovsky-esque

tears you could have cried

a grasp away

reflection by the sea

spaces we inhabit: with every breath

the lighthouse keeper's watch

once there was a boy

Help! There's a dragon in my stew!

spaces we inhabit: pre-dystopian reverie

time's no friend

CTRL + ALT + DLT

picnic by the sea

new day

Edgar Allan : Ravenous Poe, 216 years on

looking glass

not for lack of trying

don't know

star signed

an evolving presence

fleet-footed good

into the arms of night

bully-free

bridge is out

not to the swift

Speak to them

where time stood still

sound of a day, precluded

untitled 575 (feathered frolick)

point of contact

along legacy way

poetspeak

they shall weep no more

piecemeal

cowardly survivor

companionable travelling

forever we shall be

all thinkers great and small

?my bloody valentine?

not your day, either?

once upon a long ago

?til all my breath is You

sheen of young love

untitled (bemused rumination)

Three dots dancing

beneath the nightingale?s call

Melbourne mosaic

? how to get to there

Bleak House: The Fog

Blossoming (2017)

(weighing in)

when echo lost its shadow

untitled 575 (what lingers on)

Castle Keep

Eclipse

?bear pottery?

minuet of the reeds

slipping away

recuperation

fluid mosaic

Presents from Penzance

goodbye robin

see you there

a royal pain

panhandler?s timepiece

boarding pass

wide road of the exterior

echoes of Babel

pulse

just my ?? luck

whale-watching season

unveiling

déjà brew

cure-alls

?the internet does not lie?

waterfront recital: reprise

and then us, content creators

Zara?s Choice

nocturne

forgive not forget

Denial, and friends

post-tempest chews

Antwerpen, 1995

is it all over for city cat?

waxing witless

a future's horizon

The Lost Key

ever onward

heartbeat

puppeteering farewell

eye on the road

Vilvoorde: wash

windswept smiles

d a n c e

Anton Ego

celestial threads

song to the stars

midnight courage

letting go: Anton Ego

pot plants

but a flesh wound

twilight trek

w o r d s

see you there

a poem's succession

cavernous

a miscreant yearns

once again

Ypres, lest we forget

printed word

hymn of the exiles

roaring tides

O Frenzied Light!

A Place

for the Unbroken

against the age

the fury's chant

revelatory

there is no lack in you

the thread between us

momentary deEp

velveteen quietude

soul of time

to be real

starshift

sleep on it

stirred by the breeze

a reckoning of voices

Sven's Uninvited Guest

Thredbo (Winter 2025)

hair in the wind

it walks, not me

constants of change

Cry Petey, I See Bards Rounding the Bend

con un beso (with a kiss)

beautiful regret

what we'll always be

flight ready

Poet's Bush Call

unrelenting horizon

...in darkened silence

the wind speaks

ancient roots

the poet's barren tale

a lad's cards

veil of the known

where shadows do not drown

hobbitual

still the earth breathes

my poetic side

bridges

unyielding eyes

light between shadows

cluEleSs

in Wordsworth was my father's voice

lore-keeping

apologies

peel back the neon

between the veils

waltz of the wind

cannon shot fire

June 14, 2010: journal entry

baker's gift

closed windows

time's door

part savage, part human

feasting you

to the forgotten poet

vestibule

nev

starfall, freefall

drive on by

reed music

Amber frosted reeds
in the summers wind
swaying, dancing,
synchronised now
syncopated and back
shouting then singing
xanthine etudes
boisterous and raucous
bright and nimble
leaving pliant
graceful kisses
on a soft smooth cheek.

5-7-5 a.1

birds chitter chatter
perched high upon tension wires
cable party line

no poetry by numbers

numbers do not the soul touch
or rouse from depths of reverie
whose shallow sepulchral beauty
surface deep revelations aplenty
plead with matrimonial vows, thus
parchment scribbles & ceremonies
do not a marriage make and
neither will ice cream make us
any colder after calories kick in
poetry's soul may ride its form
but transcends its empirical parts
its triumph for all to behold:
at last, Pinocchio sheds his strings

Happy birthday, William Wordsworth

It's May the 12th, 2022 and you graced this world 212 years ago.
A gorgeous night it must have been, and quite liberally serene,
Whence through these lands the daily toils would cease
While supper and vespers mingle with children's whispers
Perhaps unmoved by lofty aspirations bring before God
Unfettered by reservations, their heartfelt adoration.

Goodbye, Dad

yesterday at dawn
the moment a cloud-filled sky
blanketed grey
my eyelids scroll to see
and feel you waiting, free
through this jungle and
its concrete mountains
no longer away from thee
a second hand orbits
on poker-faced landscape
thought without thinking
sight without seeing
listen without hearing
solitary, anonymous,
scrunched forward
melancholy doldrum
on a dawn as dark as night
there shall be no burnished
dusk or starlit twilight
nor shall buds blossom forth
and on arrival, upon your urn
shall alight a lone plumeria
and a crystal tear

Ballad of Billy McGee

With disdain they looked upon one Billy McGee
a boy that promised never to be;
a rep that's scarred and scratched,
for sure his name's mismatched
as darker skin ya'ever did see
on blackish hair with reddish flecks of Billy McGee.
A red haired aboriginal boy
matches were only a toy
and he was caught red handed
and always branded
the troublesome fire starter.
Poor boy had no farda
he was stolen in a generation;
trouble, his one destination
for any of his wild-sown seed.
Never had a chance, Billy McGee.

waterfront recital

ribald footprints
of a silent, broken guitar
rendezvous with an ebbing tide:
recalcitrant thoughts wash away
along this sandy shore.

Rotterdam

Red train rested at Rotterdam station
Over the border to meet a friend
Trains all over Europe pass here
Today is a bright and sunny day
Every person glows in its brightness
Realising not a former disaster, that
During the 40's destruction erupted
Along these very streets, evacuated
Murderous bombs wreaking havoc

Poet, Speak! or forever be silent

a poem is the funeral pyre
of pulsations, once exhumed
but now still present;
fueled by the flame of our
rue-filled memories
a poet is the gathering together
of thought and hope
that intermingle with the
burnished trim of
a late afternoon sky
and poetry is a dream
garbed in bilious words
whose raiment is laced
by meandering verse and
be-jeweled by barely parted lips:
It takes but a whisper
to free the wandering soul.

fly south

streaks through granite sheets
feathers flap against tinged sky
stalks sway in the breeze

harvest moon

shadowy sheets cover, dark, shining lips purse; pointy ears prick skyward as corn stalks pondered
chanting scarecrows curse in a sea of dreams left over

a nag called Time

An untamed spirit
She's been called
She waits for no one
And to none bow down;
No whisperer nor wizard
Could ever break her:
She goes on at her bidding
Deadlines send you reeling.
Tangle with her and you're done for,
How you'd come through, no telling.
But brash or brave
I must face her
Each second hand
A pulse-raiser
And time harnessed
shall be my steed into some future sunset
that I should still meet.

You That Have

You, who have hope
in things yet to be done,
words yet to be spoken;
You are blessed.

You, who have faith
in things never to be seen,
words never to be spoken:
You are beloved.

You, who have trust
in things already done,
words sincerely woven;
You are gifted.

You, who have love
in things freely given,
words taken in and shared;
You are loved.

how I came to be

it's when you looked my way
and first took notice of me...
that is how I came to be.

no promise of regret

As long as there are no longer
tears of sorrow and regret

May the kindest gestures
of filial affection ever beget;

our friendship has been
blest from shore to shore,

each wondrous exchange
our devotions now restore

thread diving

*people are our real legacy;
one day sure, entire poems
shall have been forgotten,
while remains a phrase or
a feeling drawn from wells
deeper than memory can
reach, or device can retrieve
much like thread-diving as
we scamper for posts buried
by traffic and flood posters...
follow, subscribe, or friend
buttons can only do so much
so we hang on to what we
have and hold dear, today
saving each precious moment
if bookmarked sentiments
are promises all will be well
we'll boldly breathe again*

when roses bloomed

There you are,
Playing domestics;
Passing each other

Cups & saucers

While I sit back,
Being waited upon
To take it all in -

This apparition
Of simple bliss.

Why was this not possible
When roses bloomed
In the garden?

report card demolition

Fresh and clean
to smell and feel
my favourite jeans
like second skin
but as i zip up
i feel a lump
a wad of fluff
a foreign feel
i pulled and fished
but there remained
fibres and particles
in the pocket deep
i pinch the bottom end
and pull from inside
'til it's fully out
a white-washed tongue
letting the wind

take up in its wings

the remaining fluff

of what once was

my marks and grades

of a school year done

obliterated, disintegrated

into lumps of pocket fluff

ode to the ferry pilot

Up on screen I hear them scream,
bright and vibrant, happy and sad-
words and stanzas on a digital pad.
I will always remember your poetry.

Within your verses each line offers
wonders - mysteries of thought,
universalities in observations caught.
I will always remember your expression.

A frequent flyer, expectant passenger,
beyond the distant shores I travel;
safely aboard your verbose vessel.
I shall always remember your name.

steadfast chestplate

toy soldier,
all for her
steadfast,

forever--

except for
one glaring
clerical error:

her tin heart
beats for another
toying; callous

sends him off

to slaughter; a
battler with no
shield or armour.

??

?

elegy for Jonathan, the prince

stately tall you meekly stand
on your finger the signet band
for my sake you shunned your crown
for my breath your devotion fierce
you gave for me your sword and squire
your hospitality did never tire
proud brothers in battle or play
companions going about each day
in your shadow I had no care
my home's cupboards were never bare
song and merriment never missed
hunger a stranger to my lips
your place at court set second to mine
your heart pure - best fruit of vine
your eyes reflect esteem so dear
no man's affection held so near
O gallant Prince in battle slain
my soul cries out for you in pain
Saul's crown you've set upon my head -
a long-held secret I shan't covet
My lord, one could never repay;
the debt of friendship's love dismay?
to live this life as noble and true
to generously care and give as you
Prince of the Realm, if you could hear
the *Scroll of the Upright*, loud and clear
in the *Song of the Bow* proclaimed
praise of our filial bond inscribed.

a lullaby

Hush now
don't fret
the lights are dim
my little pet
Sleep now
my love
wings tucked in
my little dove

'til all my breath is you

How have you inked
this palpitant heart?
Well, let me tell you:
Your barbs extend
long and deep and far,
far enough to pierce
skin of my resistance
with needlepoint of
your persistence.
But not only skin
deep; you refuse to
settle for what I
had to offer, deep--
you broke skin and
plunged deeper than
anyone ever did go
pierced right through
very venal lining
polluted my bloodstream
with your insistence
infusing ink of thought
rushing in its onslaught
sucked through mitral
port into my ventricle
left graffitied and stained
your ink spreading toxin
'til all my breath is you

Spring's possibilities

When your winter breaks into spring
think of new and wonderful things
while autumn creeps passed your window
break this winter free of sorrow
wait upon seasons - wait on life
live each day loving - escaping
weave each day's new strands - engaging
one day looking back - mem'ries rife.

if we had wings to fly

Much like Icarus, off they go;
until condensation metes them
reality's condescension:
Whose goals and objectives
are minute in life's greater scheme;
wings fashioned from floss harps-
Yet they soar each firmament;
nary a doubt would sway resolve;
no tempest or tumult could dissuade.
If you chance upon a cloudless day
catch their echo of jubilant cries
and contemplate your turn to fly.

Midnight Rendezvous

Join me in this boat of drunkenness,
Come with me and we shall both be drunk.
Let's sway beside what we think ourselves,
Swerving as the waves swell beneath us;
Lifting us to where lonely sounds warp,
While many other things become clear.

Come upon my mind, your tongue in mine,
And utter words that rend this turmoil;
The sound of madness not to be stilled,
Our silent voices, raging waters.

The world will list to one side of us
And back to the other in one beat.
Ghosts wail in the howling of the wind;
The sweat streams from a thousand souls,
They fling their drunken bodies upon us;
We feel only their salty wetness.

All at once they crash against this boat;
Their breath will chill the flaming sea,
Then drift back again to drowsy depths,
As our oars cut through this heady wine.

here

Here are words no longer spoken
of memories now faded and broken
hearted, but their onslaught remain
whose friendship and esteem contain.

After all these intervening years
this ever filling cup of hopes and fears
bring these straying thoughts to bay
while days accrue and debtors pay.

Now being none the wiser, although
some things may ail a father, bestow
a gift no king's horses or men could offer
today shall likewise slip into forever.

Dear child, your heart is ever learning
more and more each day, you're turning
more like the self that you imagine
live each moment through this world's raucous din .

crocus buds

crocus buds burst forth
peep and poke through dunes of white
winter bows to spring

when the sun begins to shine again
vital truths on wood-lined paths arise

gems inside

as soon as it's spoken as soon as it's heard words evaporate words depreciate so we try to keep them frozen and chisel them onto poems with a hope, come melt-time a fossilised facsimile resides

spiral noose

breathe:

all else

is

do

wn

wa

rd

spin.

bells appeal

.

peeling bells
rusting fine
heave and sigh
peal at twilight
embers thrashing about
glowing whispers

.

considered exchanges

turn your gaze to power
of life and death:
they lie dormant,
seeded potentialities;

a flower's expectancy
in each quiescent tongue
and those who love either
will surely sup of their fruit

a poet's tears

some time, somewhere, out there

someone had said
that one part of poetry
is a reservoir that holds
all the sadness of this world

What then does this say of a poet?

it is not seen how
that portion poets bear
bare on virginal leaves
all their flight and fears

are tears morphed in pressed ink

What is 'forever' to a heart?

It's never easy to step out into the sunlight
away from the safety of your walls - indoors.
Sometimes you forget just how hard it can get,
Until a door slams shut in your face midstep-
knowing that you threw the hinges of yours.

It's never fair when you give your heart away,
only to find their forever ended yesterday-
That you will from here on forward love on,
caring for both your heart and theirs-
the un-requitedness would be for sure.

It's never too late to hope and dream of good;
all will be well if we trust in the heart we love-
that what has brought us together upholds,
until a window opens up and lets light in again:
darkness has no place - forever eternally bright.

Elyssa, fugitive princess

tragic queen Elissa, foundress
of Carthage. Her brother, Pygmalion
slew her husband, the chief priest
Acharbas and in the uproar fled
with Tyrian nobles, bearing gold
on a fleet of Phoenician ships.
Then on Mauritanian coastline
she bought some land to build
a new city-state, from the vantage
of Byrsa on which her citadel stands
'circumfenced' by strips of ox-hide
strung along the perimeter of the hill
The Berber chieftain rather stingily
offered as much land as a ox-hide
could cover and later on sought her
hand in marriage as the city grew
in wealth and regional importance
but she threw herself into flames
of a priestly funeral pyre to Tanit
in self-immolation for the dead
god of vegetation, Adonis-Eshmun
Dido, as she was known, hence was
elevated to goddess and patroness
of that great Punic realm of Carthage

open sesame

*people's cupboards and fridges
tell a curious tale of everything
some a cluttered obstacle course
others an impenetrable rain forest
some coyly veiling their secrets
others flamboyantly revealing
mysteries both shallow and deep
behind doors their treasures keep*

.

so, fill us with good things

.

there was a vacancy in a place
where an abyss engulfed chastity
a concept strange and quite suspect
in a world where we value prospect;
a rarity to sanely slumber at night

and receive sagely uttered sentiment
whose aid in these moonlit promises
birth occupancy in vacillating crises
perhaps a constancy redeems piety;
another word that reveals this malady

.

simply hope

. brioche mornings bright, sunny fluffy moorings cast away off sun-kissed horizon, ne'er set
dreams astray ?

wash

.

Spun out of control.
Bobbing then pommeeled, squashed then bloated.
A lone occupant within the confines of a tumble dryer
at full spin....
An impatient hand lifts the lid off
with deft, well practised fingers
hopeful that in so doing would speed up the process.
The spinning abruptly stops
resuming only when the lid is firmly shut
securely in place.
With a banging and a rattling
the tumbling ensues... digits lifting
assured the interruption overridden.
The mind opens to the fact that
there is one entry and one exit
on this front loader churning
Its machinations moistens the
dank air and frigid tiles with
a slimy condensation.
A final click breaks the dense
silence.
From inside the searing metal tub
emerges a once bright red garment
its fabric faded, familiar, and frayed.

.

i lurv u

mess with this heart
why don't you? still
oblivious to all you are
all the effects you have
messing this here heart

swagger into the room
head careening, askew
slurring pronouncements
your fond affections spew
I lurv you..... I lurv you

why burden this heart
when sober, always aloof
hardly your eyes meet mine
tongue-tied and twisted
no words, no touch, no smile

wake up, sober up and see
there is so much more, here
more than cooler cans in hand
or that awful look in your eyes
as you sway, pleading, with me

Are you my butterfly?

My butterfly is no longer mine,
I wonder if she ever really was;
When she alights on my shoulder
I know she wants me to hold her -
Flies off and she's mine no longer.

My butterfly so frail and fine,
I wonder if I was ever hers;
When she returns to kiss me again
I know she's more than just a friend -
Flies off and gone forever more.

windswept smiles

.

long, top down drives even shirtless tans sweet strawberry kisses and glorious watermelon stains
laughter lifting through the trees glimpses of sun blest promises sugar coated whispers catching in
the breeze fruit bowls, waterholes and refreshing icy poles interlacing fingers share starry nights
and lazy days .

harvest

.

over many moons and calendars
over many many miles of verse
both in sharing and receiving, lines
feeding an ever emptying purse
may these blossoms fruit among their vines

.

twilight promise

.

a husk, a shell that's fallen off
the back that bore its longest day
to struggle for release supreme
from odious yesterday redeemed

i gaze in stupefied wonder
and peer into the dusky swirls
of the distant pealing thunder
that offers me a new day's thrill

.

desire

flame

.

running faster than
you can flutter a lash
flash
rushing swifter than
we can sniff a flower
fresh
rippling quieter than
they can queue on Black
Friday

harmonisation

.

music and words
together
pluck on heartstrings
forever

.

let's dare to hope again

in spite of what surrounds us
whatever circumstances are
we learn to find peace
within ourselves
regardless of what's

going on around us,
learning to self-soothe
kind of thing and find
we all come through
to the other side, strong

persons we've missed;
our friendships through
a new season approaching
and a sense begins to form
that peace rising up from

inside the very core of you!
and it's a happy moment
this first day of autumn
here, although summer
is quite happily overstaying

so colours are changing
and the breeze is blowing
face the horizon, your hair
a banner waving, highlights
in sun beams, catch and shine

.

at the table, with you

.

Thereupon a banquet spread
delectable dishes arrayed
greens, meats, fruit, and wine
marine, fowl, farm, and vine
Alongside me your visage bright
imbibing, ingesting, we sup
from selfsame platter dine
my heart yours and yours mine

.

(TSA) that focal moment

.

It may be dark;
but tonight
effervescent lights dance
to a blaring par-tay tune

while in the shadows, we parlay...

reach over me
and flick the switch;
let bokeh find clarity
in our fervent embrace.

.

change that rope

.

The well has not gone dry,
less frequented maybe
by both the drawers and
the occasional passersby.

The stones are loose;
between them, mortar dissolves-
by clement or contrary
weather on seasonal cue.

The vessel is parched
and longs for its lover
by pulley once lowered
its rope frayed with disuse.

.

what writing can be

.

often it is the only
etched thing
between you and
improbability.

no stink kicked up,

no feigning love,
no affluence
can even
hatch it.

.

after war, peace

.

bridge of light flashes

blue oceans cross currents

rainbow cloudless skies

.

The Rhymester

There he goes pacing, this young man,
I see his shadows through the shades;
Drawn to lift them but didn't dare
For then his face he hid and fled

I know my shadow is all he'd see
From behind the blinds that us divide
He reaches out and reaches in
His arms are weak, too frail and thin

He cries out with all his being
Screaming, cursing, with voiceless words;
They fly and hurtle towards me,
Scratching, gouging, making craters.

'Why?' he asks, the eternal, WHY?
Flailing his arms against that sky.
I reply with hoarse crackling sounds,
Noises of one without the answers.

I stand before him fixedly,
Stared down the shadow at myself
It is dark in there, in his room
But at night this Youth's windows glow.

At the time when all is quiet,
What is it he might be doing?
He reaches in and reaches out,
Arms not needed to block the sun.

The shades roll up of their own will,
No blinding light to sear his face
And then his sparkling eyes meet mine,

His silent words bestowing life.

Summer Moon

There is a mystery about her
That even at night she casts shadows;
You'll find her playful as well as kind,
No other friend in the dark to find.

She's out when it's too early for bed,
When the lights are on and the sun has fled;
Her face smiles with a soft silver glow,
Her breath you'll feel as the night winds blow.

She invites you to join her in play,
To have some fun at the end of a day;
That you may smile in your dreams tonight,
And in the morn get up fresh and bright.

home

.

thoughts for that House that Time built
where a life had been lovingly wrapped
in emotion and garlanded with thoughts:
share with us, like unto fragmented bits
of tinsel confetti or silvery-speckled sand
in the briny breeze of life-catching sunlight
that reflects who you are in flowing words-
well-used tree-lined avenue of yesterdays

.

silent glow

silent glow

some things we overlook

summer streets

summer streets

branches of a tree

branches of a tree

promise

.

a husk, a shell that's fallen off

the back that bore it's long day

a struggle supreme to be released

redeemed from odious yesterdays

i gaze at this in stupefied wonder

and peer into the dusky swirls

of the distant pealing thunder

that offers a promise of new days

.

restless

Is remorse a prison to the soul
the sole utterance of reproach
that if not to myself be True
the possible best in life accrue

What if regret creeps on the morning
a thief stalking the shadow of dawn
as fresh from bare motive drawing
crystal arteries of a day that is new

or shall we allow the mind meander
let it's "work" find itself crowning
there in its core uncover simplicity
strip away a mournful state of heart

pact

would you
for the love of
me
tie this lace
upon a tree

when the wind
upon it blows
my heart
on yonder river flows

tidy gloomy trim

TRIM, slim, and shiny

I search and rummage

through the vanity

my nails all grimey

Trim claw-like integument

clip--clip-- snip and clip

get them all in shape

file them, keep them squared

TRIM, slim, and shiny

back into the vanity

the drawer is never tidy

my nails no longer grimy

long night

long night

penny for a lost thought

<https://imgur.com/a/7aa0dMN>

reminiscences

*memory is a child seen
and waiting to be heard*

outback

haiku

the budding senescent

~ imPRESSions ~

What's a decade here and there?

imPRESSions

read to your satisfaction

imPRESSions

Chatterton's redress

~ imPRESSions ~

with you

~ imPRESSions ~

new moon

~imPRESSions~

dangling carrot

~ imPRESSions ~

forsaking all else

~ imPRESSions ~

the other side of the coin

tossed in the upward of the downside
flips and turns, glinting in the sun
what will it be today, latch key kid?
as you step onto that creaking, broken
"home sweet home" frayed and faded
fading still

buffeted in the upper bunk of insomniacs
'dis funk sho n'all can see what's coming
down its warren, rabbit holes abound
as you edge along a swinging tight wire
don't look down, sharps and broken glass
waiting still

scratches on top corners of empty pages
scribbles and riddles eventually forming
thoughts of a house Time won't ever build
shards spray and sparkle, catch waning light
fragmenting images take on moonlit flight
flying still

and the moon whispered

~ imPRESSions~

tempest

~ imPRESSions ~

that's a wrap

~ imPRESSions ~

thanks for the applause

~ imPRESSions ~

the insolent bystander

~ imPRESSions ~

waterfront solitude

~ imPRESSions ~

do you still remember

~ imPRESSions ~

non-elegy

~ imPRESSions ~

frequent flier

~ impressIONS ~

would-be people's queen

~ impressIONS ~

thicker than blood

~ impressIONS ~

impervious impermeability

~ imPRESSions ~

waning gibbous

~ imPRESSions ~

re(ad)writing poetry

~ imPRESSions ~

Hey! You bit my sandwich!

~ imPRESSions ~

live fed matins

~ imPRESSions ~

hands off that snooze button!

~ impressIONS ~

days of the living dead

~ impressIONS ~

come together a-poeting

come together a-poeting
in collegial harmony
and cast an olive branch
on needless animosity
therein find revelries of
that true marriage of minds

deep water treading

beautiful daughters, useful sons loophole lawyers slimy creative cons both work the system rather
work with the system either that or tire and cramp floating adrift while deep water treading

darkside bright

~ imPRESSions ~

to be seen

~ exPRESSions ~

site timeout

when a timeout occurs
and all them eggs are in one basket
each and every one of them forget
unless on another one, poems stack;
no hope at all to get them back
just this day at the café for writers
throughout the day, timed out

behind each poem

~ imPRESSions ~

as the smoke clears

~ imPRESSions ~

and I try to be brave

~ imPRESSions ~

sunrising sunset

~ imPRESSions ~

star gazing

~ imPRESSions ~

take two

<https://youtu.be/1qDy4OMAgY>

~ imPRESSions ~

looking for a real bargain

~ imPRESSions ~

not to be messed with

~ imPRESSions ~

Paper Boat

~ imPRESSions ~

longing for summer showers

~ imPRESSions~

Strindberg Principle

~ imPRESSions ~

to be agreed

we will not always agree; that's the apogee
and we can always strive not to disagree disagreeably
when we agree to disagree agreeably; sweet perigee
are we agreed?

singularity

~| imPRESSions |~

until the next post

~ imPRESSions ~|

advance of the hermit of Chester (1066 A.D.)

~ imPRESSions ~

karaoke verse

~ imPRESSions ~

through the night

~ imPRESSions ~

licence to keel

~ imPRESSions ~

2/50 orchallenge

moloch's dagger

~ imPRESSions ~

rude regret

~ imPRESSions ~

a feather called MacAroni

~ imPRESSions ~

coaster poetry

~ imPRESSions ~

dare we open the windows bleak

~ imPRESSions ~

witless waxing

~ imPRESSions ~

toward-winter verse

~ imPRESSions ~

rail branches

~ imPRESSions ~

forgive me, pater

~ imPRESSions ~

main architect

~ imPRESSions ~

end of the month

It's placed on Amazon's kindle store in the UK;
The Writing Group, is more about poems
and thoughts that have been transcribed in a
poetic fashion while in the thick of participation at
and about Online Poetry.

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Writing-Group-Frederick-Kesner-ebook/dp/B0B8RNVQ7Q/ref=sr_1_1?crid=2KG04U9X3GUHQ&keywords=The+writing+group+kesner+frederick&qid=1667198103&s=digital-text&sprefix=the+writing+group+kesner+frederick%2Cdigital-text%2C397&sr=1-1

Your support is highly welcome & appreciated
and the attractive pricing is light on the pocket!

~ imPRESSions ~

falling leaves

~ imPRESSions ~

with you

~ imPRESSions ~

minding your portals

~ imPRESSions ~

seasonalities

~ imPRESSions ~

fill each unruled page

~ imPRESSions ~

in there somewhere was goodbye

~ imPRESSions ~

sea change

~ imPRESSions ~

asteriskos

~ imPRESSions ~

fallen

~ imPRESSions ~

muffly muppet

~ imPRESSions ~

transitions

~ imPRESSions ~

ode to Phillis Wheatley

~ imPRESSions ~

irreconcilably different?

~ imPRESSions ~

substacking

~ imPRESSions ~

where might you be?

~ imPRESSions ~

capricious recollections

~ imPRESSions ~

fastidious malignment

~ imPRESSions ~

skinned alive

~ imPRESSions ~

negotiable leave

~ imPRESSions ~

germinant style birthed

~ imPRESSions ~

new car

~ imPRESSions ~

benefit of drought

~ imPRESSions ~

ice fishing anyone?

~ imPRESSions ~

granny's steinway

~ imPRESSions ~

never led astray

~ imPRESSions ~

baggage claim delay

~ imPRESSions ~

antipolarity

~ imPRESSions ~

inimitable contrivances

~ imPRESSions ~

what i'm not saying

~ imPRESSions ~

crypticbard

~ imPRESSions ~

with John and Paul

~ imPRESSions ~

carillon

~ imPRESSions ~

eternally connected

~ imPRESSions ~

angel envy

~ imPRESSions ~

booth chill

~ imPRESSions ~

head gear all in poe

~ imPRESSions ~

there

~ imPRESSions ~

shapeshifting

~ imPRESSions ~

Mr Right

~ imPRESSions ~

not all that glisters is gold

~ imPRESSions ~

grand coterie

~ imPRESSions ~

I am not your cup of tea!

~ imPRESSions ~

silver threaded web

~?imPRESSions ?

aubade 2023

~ imPRESSions ~

a vantaged perch

~ imPRESSions ~

put a ring on it

~ imPRESSions ~

basted glow

~ imPRESSions ~

on the banks of the Oise

~ imPRESSions ~

the silent quill

~ imPRESSions ~

of resolute anticipation

~ imPRESSions ~

pygmalean ivory

~ imPRESSions ~

CBD

~ imPRESSions ~

once

~ imPRESSions ~

fee free

~ imPRESSions ~

commit to pen

~imPRESSions ~

Why do we trust in you?

~ imPRESSions ~

ever closer

~ imPRESSions ~

not to be messed with

~ imPRESSions ~

trinketry

~ imPRESSions ~

flowershop blather

~ imPRESSions ~

memorial garden

~ imPRESSions ~

pinch and a punch

~ imPRESSions ~

tongue in cheek

~ imPRESSions ~

peering and squinting

~ imPRESSions ~

inside out

~ imPRESSions ~

hidden valentine

~ imPRESSions ~

more than counting sheep

~ imPRESSions ~

star signed

~ imPRESSions ~

cure alls

~ imPRESSions ~

cursors and curses

~ imPRESSions ~

anthologizing

~ imPRESSions ~

within reach

~ imPRESSions ~

confrontational history

~ imPRESSions ~

your holy book or mine?

~ imPRESSions ~

wharfside reverie

~ imPRESSions ~

headstone mash

~ imPRESSions ~

no longer mine

~ imPRESSions ~

going, not gone

~ imPRESSions ~

supplication

~ imPRESSions ~

exist-inguished crises

~ imPRESSions ~

skyward

~ imPRESSions ~

church with no parishioners

no other quiet place to be had the noise held at abeyance for once a clear line of thought within an ocean that is quelled no other reason to escape to the hesitation means no mediation for once meditation brings relief within a garden that is well trimmed no other family to hold dear the abandonment our souls steer for once a soul stirs in anticipation within a crested grotto hemmed

~ imPRESSions ~

out of depth

~ imPRESSions ~

purple martin calling

~ imPRESSions ~

old soul

~ imPRESSions ~

chiseled out

~ imPRESSions ~

awkward footfalls

~ imPRESSions ~

battle and dream

~ imPRESSions ~

flight delayed

~ imPRESSions ~

drifting home

~ imPRESSions ~

murahachibu

~ imPRESSions ~

hanami

~ imPRESSions ~

stairs

~ imPRESSions ~

full stop

~ imPRESSions ~

seasonal diabetes

~ imPRESSions ~

life from home

~ imPRESSions ~

Kernou

~ imPRESSions ~

bedtime symphony

~ imPRESSions ~

come and get it

~ imPRESSions ~

pyrite-technic

~ imPRESSions ~

hearticulate

~ imPRESSions ~

luminaries

~ imPRESSions ~

lift

~ imPRESSions ~

summer breeze

~ imPRESSions ~

air quotes

~ imPRESSions ~

manstrocity

~ imPRESSions ~

Johnnie Walker

~ imPRESSions ~

young love's shimmer

~ imPRESSions ~

we're living in a meridian world

~ imPRESSions ~

coronated

~ imPRESSions ~

Mumble, the cat

~ imPRESSions ~

plumbing depths

~ imPRESSions ~

wilderness calling, again

~ imPRESSIONS ~

bygones gone by

~ imPRESSions ~

giant's demise

~ imPRESSions ~

stars and gripes

~ imPRESSions ~

cannery row

~ imPRESSions ~

prehensile pledge

~ imPRESSions ~

first snow blues

~ imPRESSions ~

muse assistants

~ imPRESSions ~

fair go

~ imPRESSions ~

scare

~ imPRESSions ~

blessing

~ imPRESSions ~

leading you home

~ imPRESSions ~

a small night music disarray

~ imPRESSions ~

fare thee well

~ imPRESSions ~

a little poem?s wayfaring

~ imPRESSions ~

leap of faith

~ imPRESSions ~

always

~ imPRESSions ~

beats

~ imPRESSions ~

splice and sail

~ imPRESSions ~

empty bookends

~ imPRESSions~

to change

~ imPRESSions ~

mimesis by torchlight

~ imPRESSions ~

squelch

~ imPRESSions ~

pop goes resolve

~ imPRESSions ~

manicured thoughts

~ imPRESSions ~

door

~ imPRESSions ~

dancing koto

~ imPRESSions ~

good lad

~ imPRESSions ~

minutiae

~ imPRESSions ~

Faraday's lack

~ imPRESSions ~

weedkillers

~ imPRESSions ~

winter furnace

~ imPRESSions ~

new bloom

~ imPRESSions ~

break of dawn

~ imPRESSions ~

truest frame

~ imPRESSions ~

summer fête

~ imPRESSions ~

Oktoberfest

the next day

reading the room

each time you leave

~ impressIOns ~

Cemetery

~ imPRESSions ~

spend yourself

~imPRESSions ~

voice of one gone

~ imPRESSions ~

kitchen reverie

~ imPRESSions ~

absinthian reveries

~ imPRESSions ~

lone plumeria

~exPRESSions~

flamebuoyant

~ exPRESSions~

fly

~ imPRESSions ~

recital

~ exPRESSions ~

untimely demise

~ exPRESSed ~

darkish hopefulness

~ exPRESSions ~

stick to it

~ exPRESSions ~

Spendthrift

~ exPRESSions ~

Promises

~ exPRESSions ~

of thunder and fire

~ exPRESSions ~

Pandanus

~ exPRESSions ~

a vantaged perch

~ exPRESSions ~

a thought out of joint

~ exPRESSions ~

Chatterton?s Redress

~ exPRESSions ~

smokescreen

~ exPRESSions ~

gingko tree

~ exPRESSions ~

Welcome to my limbo

~ exPRESSions ~

N-tropy

A year-end getaway
by air and land and sea:
may you N-joy, N-ergise,
N-corporate new found things;
return to us safely N-ervated
and keep away all form of N-tropy

pitcher plant

~ exPRESSions ~

until that day comes

~ exPRESSions ~

To Persephoné

~ exPRESSions ~

limbo

~ exPRESSions ~

Atacama symphony

~ exPRESSions ~

pareidolia

~ imPRESSions ~

wishful thinking

~ imPRESSions ~

Branches of a tree

~ imPRESSions ~

poetically breathe

~ exPRESSions ~

There be no poetry-by-numbers

~ exPRESSions ~

Pearly whites

~ exPRESSions ~

?teqsun?

~ exPRESSions ~

the only light

~ imPRESSions ~

lone light

~ exPRESSions ~

becoming keeper and herald

~ exPRESSions ~

unlimiting

~ exPRESSions ~

some things, we overlook

~ imPRESSions ~

think of me

~ exPRESSions ~

think of you

~ exPRESSions ~

think of others

~ exPRESSions ~

rosy cheeked

~ exPRESSions ~

long distance for now

~ exPRESSions ~

piano old

frost laced teeth of cracked leather
course through bare back thighs
frigid sheen of yellowed ivory
caress tentative fingertips
nose, cheek and ear
incline then enquire
old smell, old sound
ancient piano sing

sea sponge fraying

by the sea face in face
a child's visage open
fraught in fear, freedom and friendship
predators, salt, sand
waves crash, rocks cut
chest crushing breaths
from watery garden sea sponge plucked
beside shells and stones
by a farcical display
feigning, fawning, flaunting: fearful now
petulant sand in shoe
soaks nothing better
no return, no exchange

rue the hay

all have gone far and wide
there, a fair distance away
where no eye spy nor stray
only hindsight dare confide
even sproutlings coy in Spring
no fresh joys will they bring
still from Sun, buds cannot hide

mail carrier?s bill

leeward of a lean-to hill
iambic cadence thrill
amber flecked lemonade
morsels don pleated frill
bring on tend'rest brocade
while at windward dale
wizened cheeks go pale

by fiction of pen

fictionalising that pain
only in writer's quill remain
inkwell daily welling over
one that never need run dry
on pristine sheets shall ever cry
there a field blanketed in clover
under pregnant sky contain
descends yon seasonal rain

look out tomorrow

The letterbox is usually empty
What with the P.O. Box and
social media, emails, SMS
all so many differing ways
to keep ourselves in touch.
But this day's walk down the
drive had changed the day!
A notice arrived, in paper
from hospital's renal unit.
This path may lead clear
or perhaps to dialysis or
even a kidney transplant.
So look out, Tomorrow
quite surely here we come.

dream slices

once nimble fingers
grasp at lithe reeds
as they slip and dance
in a breeze's lullaby
ever present companions
as days turn into nights

verse on a hill

A known quantity bereft of quality;
a name of little beyond its letters,
by road's shoulder perhaps guide

to openly weep a slippery slope
of once having known someone's art
yet lay hold naught of their heart

eternally flowing river of kindnesses
shall meander, thoughts ever caress
even when words and faces now drift

a familiar feeling remains here still
years invested this regenerating gift
lines and verse ever ascend that hill

being an npc in their story

Yesterday's spoken word

Today's unvoiced silence

Tomorrow's welcomed regret

press Play and tap Mute

Flickering screen brings slumber.

A Rare Edition

In Kilmarnock's print, a treasure lies,
A first edition, where history sighs,
From eighteen eighty-six, its verses flow,
Robert Burns' heart, in dialect aglow.

Poems Chiefly In The Scottish Dialect,
Whispers of love, and nature's effect,
Expected to fetch a princely sum,
Fifty to sixty thousand?oh, how it'll hum!

Once just six hundred, a modest start,
Three shillings it cost, a work of pure art,
Yet within a month, the copies all gone,
Burns' voice, like a lark, sung sweet at dawn.

"*To A Mouse*" and "*The Twa Dogs*" share,
Stories of life, in the Scottish air,
At twenty-seven, with passion he wrote,
A legacy penned in each heartfelt note.

Now just eighty-eight copies remain,
A glimpse of the past, a poet's refrain,
As the auction approaches, the whispers grow loud,
For the magic of Burns, we all stand so proud.

no longer spectral, Brontës shall remain

In London's solemn *Poets' Corner* stands,
A stone of memories, carved by gentle hands.
Eighty-five years since its first debut,
Yet names were incomplete, a hidden rue.

Amidst the shadows of a war-torn night,
Charlotte, Emily, and Anne lost their light,
The dots above their names? a simple grace?
Forgotten in the haste, in that troubled space.

Sharon Wright, with keen and watchful eye,
Spotted the error, wondered why.
*"Have they not earned this small tribute,
To mark their legacy, resolute?"*

With a stonemason's tap, the dots took form,
A celebration of sisters, in art reborn.
Painted with care, the correction shines,
Echoing the strength of their woven lines.

From Bradford's heart, where their stories bloom,
Wright sought to banish the lingering gloom.
For every tale of love, loss, and strife,
Deserves to be honoured, enriched with life.

Now near Dickens and Austen, their names align,
In the warmth of remembrance, their spirits entwine.
Eighty-five years later, at last they belong,
A tribute to brilliance, a sweet, timeless song.

be-lightedly

being an unlit candle
an unlit match stick
will surely not suffice
neither the twain shall meet
unless you strike one
the other remains and
unless the lit shall kiss it
the other still abides

A Familiar Stranger

A barely audible creak greeted me
As I entered this still unfamiliar place.
His figure approached, step by step, slowly,
Aged and wizened, his steps marked with grace.

But for his slouch, he could be any man,
Now so much smaller than my childhood fear.
Not the monstrous terror of long ago,
A different presence, yet so close, so near.

There I stood, a deer caught in the light,
Shaking off the shadows of my fright,
In the haze of ill-served remembrance,
Realizing that I loved him all along,

A bond transformed by time's gentle embrace,
From phantom fears to love's enduring song.

The Burden of Upgrades

Not all upgrades are a welcome sight,
For many don't enhance or truly prove;
Yet status quo might yield a different light,
When deemed "a waste of talent" in the groove.
More than past reckonings, a heavier weight,
Now seen as waste of space, of breath, of time.
A shift from promise to a darker fate,
As hopes once bright now seem to barely climb.
In shadows cast by others' sharp disdain,
The worth we carry fades beneath the strife,
Yet still, we yearn to break from this refrain,
To find our strength and reclaim what is Life.
So let not labels bind us in their thrall,
For within us all, a spark awaits the call.

a rude remorse

Of the many things
that have been a regret
"putting down the pen"
has been most rude.

ginkgo

More wistful now than poignant,
Whistling softly with the wind,
Dancing dapples of recollection,
Allow forgetfulness to begin.

Whirling notions stirred aloft,
Willowy wisps in pirouettes,
Patina-ed shimmer intertwines,
Sure Hope no regret can forget.

in public view

In public spaces, moments pierce the soul,
Excruciating scenes that resonate deep.
Abandoned at the mall, I lose control,
You've turned away, your silence cuts, and weeps.

It's not about the meals left on this tray,
But rather the weight of what remains unsaid.
So here we stand, with hearts in disarray,
Don't come back now, let this chapter end.

What's left is emptiness, a hollow score,
Go on, don't look behind at what you've wrought.
You've ravaged me, and I can't take much more,
The pain persists, a lesson harshly taught.

Yet still, I stand, though shattered to the core,
In view of this, I find I can't say more.

in memory's wake

Do you remember? Would you know my gait
If only words were left to bear my truth?
While all else lies concealed behind the weight,
Perhaps our thoughts could bridge the loss of Youth.

In conversation's dance, our souls may meet,
Recalling days when we rode waves of verse.
With every line, their rhythm felt so sweet,
Yet now, it seems we've drifted?just a curse.

If only you had shared my silent plight,
To linger in dark echoes of the past,
Would memories ignite like stars at night,
Reminding us that bonds like ours can last?

So let us seek those moments once again,
And find the path where poetry began.

in the shadows

Verse 1

Arise and walk these shadowed streets,
Breathe deep the remnants of a time long past,
Whose industrial heart still beats,
In toxic fumes, our visions cast.

Chorus

Oh, lift the banner, brave and torn,
Let the bitter winds collide,
Through every crack, through every scorn,
Hope's light will be our guide.

Verse 2

Parted lips share wisdom's song,
Breaking silence that binds the soul,
In every echo, we belong,
Orphaned hearts, we make whole.

Chorus

Oh, lift the banner, brave and torn,
Let the bitter winds collide,
Through every crack, through every scorn,
Hope's light will be our guide.

Verse 3

Release those questions buried deep,
Can we forgive what Time has lost?
Awaken dreams from restless sleep,
And rise above their heavy cost.

Chorus

Oh, lift the banner, brave and torn,
Let the bitter winds collide,

Through every crack, through every scorn,
Hope's light will be our guide.

Outro

Illumine horizons once concealed,
As morning calls, we'll break these chains,
With voices strong, our truth revealed,
From this darkness, our Spirit gains.

in whispers hush

In whispers hushed, we ponder distance wide,
Yet what of closeness, pressing ever near?
In spaces shared, our hearts may clash and chide,
And breast feels heavy when the end is clear.

Too much togetherness can stifle breath,
Each moment tangled, bodies pressed too tight;
Ants march on pins, a dance that hints of death,
As love's own gaze reveals a troubled plight.

Yet through this fray, our hearts remain in tune,
For true affection thrives in varied ways;
Be it in distance or the heat of noon,
Love finds its path, through nights and endless days.

So whether far or close, let spirits soar,
For love, unbounded, seeks to know us more.

Lmrk2410aa

A number's just a simple sign,
Yet deeper meanings intertwine.
Like scars that tell a tale,
Each figure's more than pale?
A life lived in each line, so divine!

jester?s truth

Jester laughs out loud
Words dance upon evening light,
Truth veiled in chaos,

Consciousness whispers of peace?
In the sand, we write our hopes.

in echoes wade

In shadows deep, that bell does toll,
A whispering wind, a heart grown cold.
Each chime a memory, softly fell,
An echo faintly fades in sombre knell.

Dreams once bright now dimly and pale,
Like autumn leaves in a mournful gale.
Yet from the ashes, new life may swell,
For endings whisper stories yet to tell.

in vino veritas

These words pour forth,
fluid as cheap wine,
vividly dressed,
like any branded vintage.

Gentle on tired pockets,
they dull the mind's edge;
after a few goblets,
they all blend into one.

in poetry's parish

In a world where shadows stretch and whisper,
A parish blooms in pixels, soft and bright,
Where words, like fragile lanterns, flicker,
Defying the encroaching, endless night.

Parishioners gather, each heart a verse,
Weaving their stories in this tangled web,
From quiet corners, they echo and converse,
In stanzas that rise, like spume at tide's ebb.

They craft their hymns in defiance of fate,
Ink spills like blood each byte, each digital page,
Together they nurture, together they sate,
A thirst for connection, a stage for their rage.

Each line a lifeline, each rhyme an embrace,
In the bleakness of screens, they find their reprieve,
Creating a sanctuary, a sacred space,
Where the lost can belong, and the hopeful believe.

In the parish of poetry, dreams intertwine,
Community born from the ashes of strife,
With verses like roots, they anchor and bind,
Building a harbour where imagination's rife.

So gather, dear poets, in this vast, shared expanse,
Let your voices rise up, let your spirits collide,
In our dystopia's grip, let your words take a chance,
Together, in verse, we'll no longer be belied.

in the mirror

In the mirror's soft light, a story unfolds,
Crow's feet like whispers, in laughter retold.
Creases of wisdom etched deeper than skin,
Each line a reminder of life's journeys within.
Liver spots dance like memories aglow,
Moments of joy, heartaches, and woe.
A tapestry woven from laughter and tears,
A testament crafted across passing years.
These marks of the past, they tell of a fight,
Of love that was fierce, and dreams taking flight.
In every wrinkle, a memory gleams,
The beauty of life, woven in seams.
So let time be a friend, as it shapes and it molds,
For every sweet story in these lines unfolds.
In the grace of each age, we find our own art,
Life's tender embrace, felt deep in each heart.

in the light

In shadows cast by doubt, our truths reside,
Once cloaked in whispers, masked by fleeting lies,
But now the veils of silence fall aside,
Revealing hearts where honesty hidden lies.

No longer shall our voices drown in shade,
For every word once hushed now finds its breath.
These tales we weave, no longer left to fade,
Exposes strength in facing fear and death.

Those lies that bound us break like fragile chains,
As clarity ignites each dawn's embrace.
In openness, we shed our past's refrains,
And step into the light, a vibrant space.

To no longer be belied is to reclaim,
Our rightful story, OURS; in truth's bright flame.

together with heavy hearts

We can't go on together with heavy hearts,
Yet we'll dance through the stormy weather with heavy hearts.

In shadows where secrets dwell, we'll tread,
Finding solace in the tether of heavy hearts.

Let's gather the memories, weave them in gold,
And mend the fragile tether with heavy hearts.

Through whispers of doubt, we'll rise and shine,
Chasing dreams we'll remember with heavy hearts.

Time's passage flows like a river's gentle grace,
Yet we'll cherish this forever with heavy hearts.

Each moment a treasure, each laugh a spark,
In the light of love's fervor with heavy hearts.

So here's to the journey, to paths intertwined,
And the stories we gather with heavy hearts.

In the end, We stand firm, where dreams intertwine,
Writing our truth together with heavy hearts.

Oktoberfest

In a town where the mugs overflow,
With laughter and dance in a row,
The beer flows like streams,
And all share their dreams,
As the autumn leaves flutter and glow.

A jolly old fellow named Fred,
Found a giant pretzel instead.
With a grin on his face,
He claimed first place,
In the feast where good cheer's widely spread!

Whispers of a Wandering Soul

A poem is the funeral pyre bright,
Of pulsations once exhumed from the deep,
Now still, yet present in the waning light;
Fueled by the flame of memories we keep.

A poet gathers thought and hope anew,
As golden hours paint the sky's embrace,
Where burnished hues in quietude imbue
The heart with echoes of a timeless grace.

Poetry, a dream in words unconfined,
Garbed in the hues of longing's soft caress,
With verses meandering, sweetly entwined,
A tapestry of whispered tenderness.

It takes but one soft whisper, light as air,
To free the wandering soul from despair.

untitled (autumn sijo)

In front of the koban, leaves swirl,
Star-B's crammed with cozy laughter,
Autumn's chill wraps us in warmth.

heavenly bodice

Beneath wide skies where dreams are spun at noon,
The stars align to hum a gentle tune.

In twilight's glow, the night will greet us soon,
While silver beams embrace the watching moon.

Each whisper shared becomes a treasured boon,
As hearts entwine, we find we crave for more.

In shadows deep, the weight of care can bore,
Yet in its depths, we find that love bears none.

In our quest for life, we enthrone the Sun.

Time to Live

In whispers soft, the dawn will break,
Embrace the light, let shadows flee,
With every breath, a chance to wake,
Life's fleeting dance, a gift to see.

The world awaits, a canvas wide,
In whispers soft, the dawn will break,
With open arms, we rise and ride,
With every breathe, a chance to wake.

Through trials faced, the victor's call,
Embrace the light, let shadows flee,
From dawn's first light to evening's fall,
Life's fleeting dance, a gift to see.

All Hallows? Eve (lullaby)

Upon the sea where dreams are hiding,
The fishermen's boat goes a-sailing,
Stars above the night are leading,
The lullaby of moon's gentle lowing.
Wynten nods as waves keep onward,
Blynken's eyes with sleep are weaving,
Nod with dreams, skies ever-wand'ring,
In slumber's realm, sparkly sprites enchanting,
Rest 'til dawn when harbour lights are nearing.

A Bridge Once Too Far

In the wreckage of trust,
we gather the fragments,
each shard a lesson,
each splinter a step toward light.

Let us speak the unspoken,
words hung like low clouds,
unraveling the knots of resentment,
finding courage in vulnerability.

With open hearts,
we can bridge the chasms,
threading honesty into our seams,
weaving new patterns from the old.

Forgiveness is a gentle river,
flowing through the cracks,
softening the edges of our wounds,
drawing us back to the shore.

Together, we can map a path
through the overgrowth,
reclaiming the thoroughfares
with kindness as our compass,
compassion as our guide.

In the distance, new bridges await,
bold and unyielding,
built on the promise of understanding,
on the hope that we are stronger
when we rise together,
turning the ruins of yesterday

into the foundation of tomorrow.

Dog-Tired Simplicity

Some things weigh more than verse, it's true,
Like a baby's cry or a dog's need to chew.
A kettle's loud whistle, talk shows that fight,
TikTok trends fading into the night.

Our days are a mix of both bright and the bland,
With meals that we savour and dawn's gentle hand.
Viral clips flicker, then quickly they fade,
Yet in simple moments, our memories are made.

Through ups and through downs, life's a wild ride,
With heartbeats and laughter right by our side.
In acts that are simple, our stories unfold,
With love in our lives, the best tales are told.

Keloidal Suspension

In the quiet ether, I dwell,
a keloidal suspension,
where pain lingers in a viscous fog,
each scar a droplet suspended,
clinging to the edges of memory,
a collage of hurt swirling
in an unseen current.

Fragments of trust, like colloids,
float between clarity and obscurity,
their weightless presence
taunts the boundaries of my soul,
each pulse a reminder?
the solidity of betrayal
muddles the light.

I hover in this liminal space,
adrift on currents of yesterday,
the heart a vessel of turbulent tides,
where shadows of what was
coalesce, refract, and disperse.
Is it healing or stagnation,
this dance of suspended hope?

Time blurs, an infinite liquid veil,
the world a distant echo,
while I, a particle in this brew,
witness the stirring depths,
watch as scars crystallize,
an intricate lattice of past and present,
perpetually in motion, yet never whole.

Here I float,
neither healed nor undone,
lost in the embrace of this strange soliloquy,
a symphony of unyielding echoes,
forever suspended in keloidal grace,
where healing is a dream
caught in the pull of your gravity's gaze.

One Such Day

If I could relive a single day,
It would be one wrapped in golden light,
The morning sun, a gentle ray,
Soft whispers in the air, pure delight.

With laughter filling the room,
The smell of coffee drifting near,
We'd wander streets where memories bloom,
Each moment crafted, precious and dear.

As twilight falls, we'd gather near,
Beneath the stars, with hopes laid bare,
That day, forever bright and clear,
A tapestry of love and care.

In every smile, our hearts have grown,
A day like this, I'd call my own.

The Beauty of a Kiss

In the softness of a lingering kiss,
Time stands still, hearts entwined and bright,
A moment held, a sweet, tender bliss,
In the softness of a lingering kiss,
Two souls collide, igniting the night,
Each breath a promise, a whispered wish,
In the softness of a lingering kiss,
Time stands still, hearts entwined and bright.

A place where you belong

In a realm where echoes softly weave,
Words become the map to where you roam,
A child of light, wielding dreams and power,
Each thought a heartbeat, every line a home,
Through time you journey, finding what you seek,
The essence of belonging, forever known.

Each tear-stained cheek, a moment's afterglow,
Reflecting paths where laughter once did grow,
Indelible in the heart's soft glow,
Memories alive, urging you to show,
To face the sunrise, bold steps on your way,
Knowing that in words, you truly thrive.

For unwritten lines leave shadows in the night,
But the truth you find in the dance of time,
Reveals the self, a soul's enduring light,
So lift your gaze, and embrace the climb,
In every echo, in the silence of thought,
You discover the place where you belong.

my daily dose of humanity

I know it's a bit lame, but here I stay,
Hoping for a nod, a word, some say.
Responses to my poems, thin but kind,
They bring a warmth, a solace to my mind.

In every comment, human touch I find,
A thread that weaves me closer to mankind.
It's not much, yet it keeps my spirit bright,
My daily dose of human touch each night.

Admonitions for a young or emerging poet

Young poet, heed these words, let wisdom guide,
Just keep writing, let your pen decide.
No matter what may come, keep words in flow,
Through highs and lows, let your passion show.

Interact with poets, near and far,
In their lines, you'll find your guiding star.
Rejections, they will come, do not dismay,
Embrace them, for they pave the writer's way.

Remember, not all drink from the same tea,
And you may find some don't resonate with thee.
Grow in your writing, skills and knowledge gain,
In every verse, let growth be your refrain.

Seek your joy within, let it bloom and grow,
Others' praise or scorn, let them come and go.
Take good critique to heart, and let it mend,
Discard the rest, let kindness be your friend.

Be gentle with yourself, and others too,
Keep eyes open, see the world anew.
Enjoy the writing process, struggles too,
For in each challenge, verse can grow anew.

Imagination's power, let it soar,
But know the line 'tween truth and more.
Ideals and fabrication, keep them clear,
In crafted lines, let honesty appear.

Remember, words like sacrifice and grace,
Humility, contentment in their place.

Gratitude and faith, and God above,
These are the cornerstones of writer's love.

So, young poet, with each word you pen,
Know you're part of a timeless, hallowed ken.
In every line, let truth and beauty blend,
And find your voice, your message to extend.

not quite forgotten

On this solemn day, we gather here,
Honouring those who faced their deepest fear.
Of sacrifices, humble, bold and true,
The dividends of their courage, aren't shy nor few.

In Flanders fields, where poppies blow,
The echoes of their valour, we stil know.
As Sassoon and Owen once did write,
Of youth and loss in the dimmest light.

"*The Soldier*" Brooke had penned with grace,
A vision of England in a foreign place.
Frederick Kesner, too, his verses share,
Of honour, hope, and unending care.

Bring it all in to view, the valour displayed,
The price they paid, the peace they laid.
Their memories live on, both near and far,
Guiding us like a steadfast star.

We stand in silence, heads bowed low,
For heroes who in battle's shadow go.
Their legacy, a beacon bright,
A reminder of their selfless fight.

For every freedom we hold dear,
Their spirits whisper, ever near.
On Remembrance Day, their stories rise,
With gratitude, we lift our eyes.

So let us keep their memory,
A testament to bravery.

For in their sacrifice, we find,
The strength to better humankind.

Potato Time Travel

Patrick's fascination with history drew him to Europe, to the Flanders region where echoes of the Great War linger. In the fields and paths, he traced the steps of soldiers, thoughts filled with his grandfather, a young 'digger' in those dark times.

In Julian's old farmhouse, Patrick found solace. The creaky attic a temporary home, the fields a canvas for reflection. Helping farmers, he felt the land's weight, history's whispers beneath every step.

One day, walking through the fields, a truck loaded with potatoes jolted, a few tumbling free. Patrick, with reverence, picked them up, stuffing them in his jacket. Julian questioned, "Why keep those bruised potatoes?"

Patrick replied, "It feels wrong to waste them, especially here. This land has seen so much." Julian nodded, the sentiment understood, if not fully grasped. They continued to the apple orchard, laughter and joy painting the afternoon.

At dinner, Patrick served the potatoes. Julian's mother smiled, shaking her head at the boy's sense of connection. "You have a wise soul," she said, her voice gentle. Patrick knew, in those simple actions, he honored the past.

In the attic's quiet, Patrick felt peace. His journey was more than history; it was understanding and respect. The land, scarred and nourished, held stories in every grain of soil, every bruise on a potato. Patrick paid tribute to those stories, finding his place in the vast tapestry of time.

A Flash of Gordon

On the 14th of November, Gordon sails away,
To the distant land of Australia, bound for Adelaide's bay.
With dreams of new horizons, beneath the southern sky,
He leaves behind old England, bidding the past goodbye.

The ship cuts through the waters, waves crash against its bow,
Gordon stands on deck, sporting a determined brow.
Adventure stirs within him, a poet's heart ablaze,
He faces the unknown future, with courage through the haze.

The rugged coast of Adelaide, calls him to its shore,
A land of vibrant beauty, ripe with tales and lore.
He breathes the air of freedom, beneath the sun's bright gleam,
His spirit soars with promise, his life a living dream.

In Australia's vast expanses, he finds his muse anew,
Its landscapes and its people, inspire all that he can do.
He pens the tales of bushmen, their struggles and their might,
His words a timeless echo, in the golden southern light.

Adam Lindsay Gordon, a poet of the land,
With every verse and stanza, he takes a noble stand.
On the 14th of November, he moved to make his mark,
In Adelaide's wide embrace, he found his poet's spark.

Through hardships and through triumphs, his legacy remains,
In Australia's very heart, his spirit still sustains.

For Gordon's journey eastward, was more than just a flight,
It was a quest for meaning, a beacon in the night.

When pets make your day

In the quiet hum of a mundane day,
A fluff-filled presence makes its way,
Soft fur, a comforting array,
My beloved pet, my heart's ballet.

Paws that patter, a rhythmic beat,
A tail that swishes in playful greet,
The day feels dull, the hours creep,
Yet here's a bond, so strong and sweet.

A brush of fur, a gentle nudge,
Whiskers twitch, and eyes that judge,
A visceral bond in this embrace,
In fur and love, we find our place.

In that moment, so stark and clear,
The world outside may disappear,
A shared breath, a quiet cheer,
In fuzzy touch, the world draws near.

With each caress, the mundane fades,
In fur's texture a fondness wades,
My day transformed, in simple ways,
By my pet's soft, hirsute displays.

Robbie and the Baroque Fiddle

In Tarbolton's hall, steps were taught,
Burns learned with grace, his heart yearning.
Gregg's skilled hands urged him to soar,
The fiddle's song guiding each move.

The Bachelor's Club became a place of cheer,
Burns and Gregg dedicated their time,
Refining steps and thoughts together,
In dance and music, their spirits intertwined.

From Alloway to Glasgow's stage,
The baroque fiddle carried timeless tales.
In New York's hall, its notes would soar,
Bringing an ageless dance to life again.

Burns' love for dance and music blossomed,
His world expanded with poetic views,
Each tune and step invigorated his spirit,
Enriching his soul with every verse he wrote.

Gregg's fiddle, a treasure from the past,
Held stories of history waiting to be told.
Played now in grand and bright venues,
It continues the legacy of those early days.

Pirates? Cove

Welcome mates to Pirate's Cove
Warm yourselves, come by the stove
Tell us now, your journeys bold;
Of maiden's fair and coins of gold.

Regale us with tales of distant lands,
Of battles fought on shifting sands,
Of treasure maps and secret caves,
Of briny seas and stormy waves.

Share the legends, both old and new,
Of gallant ships and loyal crew,
Of daring quests and danger near,
Raise your mugs, let's give a cheer!

For in this cove, where fires glow,
Among good friends, let stories flow.
With laughter loud and spirits high,
We'll dream beneath the starry sky.

a true marriage of minds

Poets traverse land and sea,
Exploring known reality.
In words exchanged, new dreams take flight,
Imagined realms ignite.

Dialogues unfold, thoughts expand,
Souls and words in gentle hands.
A marriage of minds begins to bloom,
Where dreams find room.

Thought and spirit intersect true,
Awareness melding in unified view.
Neural pulses share beats,
Harmony where thinking meets.

Together, poets carve ground,
In each other's verse, connections found.
World expands beyond finite space,
Minds and spirits face to face.

In this symphonic dance, our place,
Thought and spirit in timeless grace.
Marriage of minds, a sacred art,
Uniting consciousness, head and heart.

Archeology of Understanding

In the quiet aftermath, the word "quit" echoes,
A heavy silence in the corridors of memory.
A single word, a door to myriad pathways,
Each avenue intertwining, meandering through the fog.

Clues lie hidden in the shadows cast by our verses,
Fleeting glimpses of understanding,
Yet certainty eludes us, at every turn it seems:
Answers remain just out of reach.

We, the ones left behind, grasp at fragments,
Picking up the pieces, mending the void,
Trying to fill the space they once occupied,
Wrestling with the darkness they left

Is it a black hole we flee from, or one we warp through?
In this spiral of grief and questioning,
The future holds for us its secrets

Only time will reveal if we will find clarity or remain lost.

In these moments, we must carry on,
Walking paths both light and shadowed,
Seeking meaning in the echoes,
Finding strength in the act of continuing.

The pursuit of happiness, a delicate balance,
Not a guarantee but a quest,
In the face of despair, we persevere,
For in the journey, we find our strength.

Where do dreams flow?

We walk along magenta paths,
Where twilight coolness gently bathes our steps,
The laden vines, in clusters, hang low,
Teasing with a promise, sweet, yet sharp to taste,
In another's golden field,
Silken amber honey flows.

In memory's reverie, we trace the lines
Of Thomas Chatterton, whose fate entwines
With fleeting years and early twilight's end,
A poet's heart the shadows would transcend.

Born in Bristol's lanes, beneath grey skies' embrace,
Thomas wandered, with a poet's fragile grace.
Enamoured by old scripts in oak confined,
A spirit haunted by a fevered mind.

He fashioned verses in medieval guise,
A ploy that led to murmurs and surmise.
Rowley's name adorned his vibrant scrolls,
Yet youth and hunger carved unwelcome tolls.

Yet life unkind, in shadows, cast him low,
Amidst the sorrow, where dreams lay fallow.
Magenta paths now lead us through his plight,
Beyond despair, in fleeting twilight.

Cool seeps into the waning light,
A melancholic beauty, soft, yet bright.
In London's streets, where dreams turned sour,
Destitution's grip, tightened every hour.

A tender boy who sought acclaim through quill,
Found solace in the silence, shadows still.
Beneath the boughs, where sorrows intertwine,
Chatterton sought solace, brief respite.

His words, ripe for picking, turned bitter, dry,
Amidst neglect, where hope was left to die.
August winds whispered as his spirit broke,
A bottle of arsenic, despair's harsh yoke.

The world looked on, not knowing what they'd lost,
A poet's voice, now tethered to the cost.
In memory's shadow, we find the truth,
Of a young poet's bitter, fleeting youth.

In another's field, beyond despair,
Where life's harsh trials start to repair.
Silken amber honey flows so pure,
A testament to dreams that must endure.

Walk with him through twilight's bitter chill,
Where poets' hopes, in silence, linger still.
Magenta paths reveal the truth of strife,
Homeless youth with dreams of a better life.

Through words and whispers in the evening's glow,
Let Chatterton's lost voice gently show,
The way from destitution's dark embrace,
To fields of hope, where dreams find grace.

For every year, each moment's gentle beat,
Is a testament that life, though bittersweet,
Holds promise in the face of dire despair,
A gift to cherish, nurture, and repair.

Though Chatterton's young life met early dusk,

His legacy remains, beyond the husk.
A poignant reminder, stark and true,
Of lives unlived, and dreams that break anew.

From destitution's harsh and bitter trials,
We learn to walk with hope, through life's aisles,
Magenta paths where silken honey grows,
In fields of grace, where every dream still flows.

awakening (haiku cluster)

Chill spreads through the land,
Branches bare, skies hold their breath,
Snow's touch soon to come.

Frost whispers softly,
Bare earth awaits its white cloak,
Winter's gift unfolds.

In twilight's quiet,
Hope stirs with each frosty breath,
Snowfall's gentle kiss.

Trees reach silent arms,
Night's first flake drifts to the ground,
World awakens bright.

Hearts lift in stillness,
Snow's embrace brings tranquil glow,
Dim days find new light.

Pizza Fit for a Queen

In eighteen eighty-nine, on a sunny day,
Queen Margherita came to Naples Bay.
With King Umberto by her side,
She toured the city far and wide.

But little did the royal pair know,
A culinary delight awaited the show.
In a humble kitchen, Esposito prepped,
A pizza creation, over which he'd wept.

Green basil fresh, like the fields of spring,
White mozzarella, the joy it would bring.
Red ripe tomatoes, a vibrant delight,
On a golden crust, cooked just right.

The pizza, a vision of colors so grand,
Represented Italy, the beloved homeland.
Esposito presented, with pride in his eyes,
A dish to take the royals by surprise.

"Pizza Margherita," he proudly proclaimed,
For the queen, this masterpiece was named.
She took a bite, her eyes did gleam,
This pizza was more than a dream.

With a nod and a smile, she expressed her delight,
Pizza Margherita, the star of the night.
Word spread fast, from the court to the street,
Soon everyone wanted this delicious treat.

Thus began the journey, this pizza's rise,
From Naples' kitchens to the world's eyes.

A blend of simplicity and regal flair,
Pizza Margherita, beyond compare.

So next time you enjoy this classic delight,
Remember the queen's visit, that starry night.
For in each bite, history's taste does dwell,
A legacy of flavors, a tale to tell.

ashes from your urn

Ashen grey is the house of remembering.
Before each portal opens,
your faceless bard swoons.

He strikes a drum of bone and brittle whispers;
With cracked powd'ry fingers,
he inscribes your name in dust.

He etches it longer than it ever was,
the curves of your urn.
You gather there your ashes and nourish my soul.

?Play It Again, Sam?

In the dim glow of a smoky bar,
Echoes of memories drift near and far.
Notes from a piano, soft and grand,
Evoke the touch of a distant hand.

The melody weaves through the night's embrace,
Eyes meet and part in a fleeting chase.
Lost in the shadows of time's refrain,
Yearning to hear that song again.

"Play it, Sam, as time goes by,"
A whispered plea beneath the star-lit sky.
Through the haze of laughter and sighs,
Two lovers caught where destiny lies.

In a city where nights stretch long,
Haunted by echoes of a soulful song.
Rick and Ilsa, a timeless dance,
Bound by a fleeting, fragile chance.

As dialogues weave and memories blend,
A story of love that defies the end.
In every note and whispered prayer,
Their story lingers in the midnight air.

"Here's looking at you, kid," a final toast,
To the love that time tried to ghost.
Yet in each chord and silent tear,
Their song endures, forever near.

So play it again, Sam, don't refrain,
Let the music erase the pain.

In the notes, their love is found,
A symphony of hearts unbound.

near or far of love

All this who-ha about
Distance in relationships
But what of short-distance
Instead of long, or even
Point blank relationships!
Too much space, so-so-ho-hum,
And claustrophobic, let me get
A breathe, tight of chest and
Body parts gone to sleep
Only you can suffer as
Ants crawl on pins and needles;
While all along your love
Looks on with a hurt and
Quizzical look! So down it goes
You sink in a puddle of woes.
It really don't matter the distance
True love should always pull through.

ode to the broken dream

O dream, is this your quiet end we see,
With shadowy sheets that cover all we knew?
Dark, shining lips purse in final decree,
Pointy ears prick skyward, bidding adieu.

Corn stalks stand, pondering the night's last gleam,
Silent fields murmur, a soft, mournful sound,
In streams where dream lie belly-up, we dream,
Of days unbroken, where hope still is found.

Yet in your passing, dreams are not all lost,
For in the dawn, new visions softly tread,
And though we ponder what this night has cost,
We linger in the twilight, thoughts unfed.

O dream, though shadows mark your twilight call,
New dreams will rise, and we shall dream them all.

when the downpour ends

When the downpour ends,
In the barren wilderness-like moors,
The silence swells, fills the void,
A hushed breath over drenched earth.

Pick up the internal slack,
Bring about an emotional tension,
Face the day, the prospects of oncoming ones.
Emerge, soaked but whole.

Tears, the only external evidence,
Of having lived a life.
They fall, carving paths on skin,
Existence ceases, if only for a moment.

The fresh after-rain,
Brings a moist clarity,
Fills in the cracks,
Mends the broken places.

On the moors, the grass whispers,
Soft secrets of rebirth.
Each drop, a promise,
Each tear, a renewal.

The horizon stretches, endless,
Hope seeping into the soil.
From the downpour's end,

A new beginning, tender, fragile.

In the barren moors,
Life whispers softly,
In the language of rain,
And the silence it leaves behind.

mateship's duty of care

Though these rhymes wander, its lines lift,
Our bond withstands the Ages' shift.
In journeys long and years that sweep,
The lamp of kinship's light we keep.
Though words may falter, verses stray,
In every stanza, hearts convey
A bond unbroken, ever strong,
With love and reverence where we belong.
Through days of joy and nights of tears,
We've braved the doubts, subdued the fears.
Each rhyme may tremble, yet we find
Respect and love, a peace of mind.
Others may gaze, but cannot see
The depths of what you are to me.
Our trove, a secret, kept with care,
A treasure rare, beyond compare.
The lamp we hold, its flame so bright,
Guides us through the darkest night.
In rhymes that wander, hearts do speak
Of love and respect, steadfast, unique.
So let the world in wonder stare,
For only we this vault can share.
Through every verse, each line we weave,
In love and reverence, we still believe.

winter?s embrace

Snowflakes fall, a silent lullaby,
Blankets of white beneath twilight sky,
Bare branches etched in frost's sigh,
Cold winds weave through the night,
Stars alight, crisp and bright,
Warm fireside light,
Frozen plight,
Deep night,
Still.

Boy and Bonnet

Among the blossoms, bright and wide,
A boy walks by his mother's side,
In his small hands, a bonnet light,
To crown her head with spring's delight.

She smiles as he adjusts the bow,
Her eyes aglow with love's soft glow,
In every thread and woven part,
A son's devotion, mother's heart.

a.c.r.o.n.y.m.s.

Alphabet soup, a tangled blend,
Conveying meanings end to end.
Representing words so clear,
Orders concise, bringing cheer.
Nuanced notions packed so tight,
Yearning for brevity's delight.
Manifest in every field,
S**ecrets in their shorthand revealed.

where I could no longer go home

That hamlet where mum's lineage dwells, Ancestral ruins, where silence swells. Foundation stumps, a faint design, A phenomenon strange, yet mine. History breathes in broken stone, Family lore in whispers grown. Sights and sounds, scents of old, Stories in these ruins unfold. But in this decay, a shadow's cast, A reminder of life that cannot last. Bulldozed, ground, swept away, Mortality's echo, can't win that day. So for now all I could do is roam away from where I couldn't go home.

tango of us

Through the politics of dancing,
In every step, bonds advancing.
From acquaintance to a lover's dream,
In rhythm's hold, we're caught in between.

The mind, a skeptic, slow to sway,
Yet hearts in unison lead the way.
With every touch, and every glance,
We've to master this complex dance.

In moments fleeting, passion burns,
The heart, relentless, forever yearns.
A tango fierce, of mind and soul,
So two-gether, we become whole.

home is where the heart beats

Home, where peace and noise collide,
A sanctuary yet hard to abide.
In an unforgiving world, it's known,
But even there, I'm not alone.
Where else do I go... but home.

Hidden Garden (reverse nonet)

Calm.
Pure peace,
Hearts find ease,
Moonlit moments cease,
Dew-kissed dreams gently tease,
Mystic scents drift in the breeze,
Emerald leaves rustle and sway,
Whispers of secrets in petals lay,
Quietly blooms, where shadows softly play.

The Quiet Conqueror

Lichen, you are the quiet conqueror, Settling where others cannot, On barren rock and ancient trees, You weave your tapestry. In shades of green and gray, You whisper the language of time, Slowly, subtly, transforming, The places you call home. You thrive in stillness, In the patience of centuries, A symbiosis of life, In the most unlikely places. In your intricate forms, We see resilience, A testament to survival, Against the harshest of odds. You do not boast, You do not cry for attention, Yet in your quiet existence, You teach us the power of perseverance.

a makar's legacy

In the lands of heather and mist,
In the hands of the makar,
In the songs of the hills,
From lochs to highlands,

Words become landscapes,
And the whispers of the rivers,
Echoes of history blend with the present,
Painted with the hues of emotion,

The makar finds his muse,
In verses crafted with care,
Each line a brushstroke of life,
From the ancient sagas,

To the pulse of modern streets,
He weaves the threads of time,
Each word a testament,
To the beauty and struggle of the land,

His verses bridge the divide,
In the essence of Scotland's grace,
Between past and future realms,
An ode to Scotland's heart,

He battles the silence,
From the rugged coastlines,
With the pen as his sword,
In the makar's timeless song,

To the bustling towns,
Filling the air with music,

His words are the heartbeat,
Through the valleys and the glens,

A storyteller of the land,
The makar's role,
A beacon of wisdom,
His voice carries the spirit,

Of every season, every change,
Guiding the hearts of many,
A bridge across time,
Of a nation's soul,

The legacy of the makar,
Resonating through the ages,
Uniting the spirit of Scotland,
In verses that never age.

life's no faerie tale

From doubt to triumph, she ascends,
She walks a path where dreams transcend.
Against the odds, she builds her day,
In every step, she carves away.
Though voices told her she would fail,
Yet in her heart, she sets each sail.
With each new change, a life reborn,
A faerie tale, through night to morn.

where is home?

a sail without its wind
prevailing
 and oars without waters
deep
 within heaving chest
spraying cheeks moist

unlikely treasures

Discarded thoughts collide,
cast aside once too many times;
now stride across crumpled sheets,
from creative springs that rise,
fuelling the pen and paper set alight.

Ideas once buried, now burst forth:

a battered note, a torn-out page,
exploding in fervent rage... each
critic's stab, each cut so deep,
pickaxes unearthing jewels, rough
but each one worth their keep.

Glimmer of Frost

My experience with silver and gold,
Just a sliver, so cold.

Der Winter ist kalt,
Where the wealth of winter glows,
A glimmer of frost,

In a landscape of frozen dreams:

Treasures sparkle under the frost,
Promises turn to ice,
In the heart of cold wealth,
Leaving a touchless beauty,
An allure that chills to the core.

The Silent Herald

With pen in hand
I become a silent herald
Channeling voices long forgotten

And stories left unsaid

Through the guise of another
I bring forth light
Of hidden truths

And the darkness bred

Of oft buried fears.
In these silent spaces
My true voice is birthed.

a moment in between

In the breath before an answer,
in the space between steps,
there lies the essence of wandering.

No map can trace the heart's journey,
no compass needle can point true north.
It is the pulse of the unknown

that truly drives the quest?
neither seeking its end,
nor the beginning, but simply to be.

The questions of "why" and "where"
dissolve in the distant horizons
leaving only the hushed tones of "now."

season's jailbreak

The farm erupts as dusk settles.
Turkeys, driven by an instinctual urge,
burst from their pen.
Farmers rush, voices rising above the clamour.

The scent of freedom fills the air as wings flap wildly.
This annual chaos, a dance of survival
unfolds in the glow of a fading sun.

The escape is frantic, desperate.
For a singular moment

turkeys taste liberation, unaware of the stakes.

autumn chofu

Under the golden boughs of ancient trees,
autumn sighs, as leaves
descend
in a swirling, endless ballet,
The earth receives them
with a gentle embrace,
withering compost pile.

searching for a season

The music we shared was more than mere notes,
And the bread we broke held more than sustenance;
Now in your absence, a void remains,
The beauty that once adorned my world has withered.

Your touch graced the surfaces we frequented,
And your hands held these vessels with grace.
These objects, devoid of memory, stand silent,
Yet your essence lingers, an invisible presence.

In my heart, you walked among these familiar things,
Imbuing them with your light, your gentle touch;
In my heart, their echoes remain, a testament
To the time they knew you, wise and beautiful.

poetic persona

I wear a thousand faces,
Each one a reflection
Of a different world,
A different truth.

One speaks of sorrow,
Another of joy,
Yet all are me,
And none are me,

A kaleidoscope of voices,
In the tapestry of my mind.

love unspoken

Yesterday,
a tear caught the sun, whole
and rolled down your cheek
as we drove along the M31.

Transfixed
in that moment, now etched
in my mind; immortalised in my heart,
sealed in memory, that tenderest of trysts;

our secret.
You bared your deepest groanings,
mourning your greatest loss
this side of heaven.

As I wiped the wetness from your face
with my fingertips,
I could be no nearer to you,
offering devout friendship.

Caught in that moment,
what strangeness it is
to have little else to give
other than being by your side,
always.

No wise words to speak,
no comfort for unworded dissolution,
but to keep a steady hand on the wheel
toward the rest of our lives...
and drive

The music blaring,
our chests heaving;
*Why is it that when your friend's heart breaks,
your heart breaks along?*

The horizon receding, re-emerging,
until I pull the handbrake
in front of your house,
and stop.

21-12-24

internal countdown begins
like ants to freshly landed
sugar crystal
like sunflower to rising sun
peeping from cover
like expectant pyjama'd tyke
on Christmas morn
a feeling, full grown or so,
but couldn't quite shake

drunken suspension bridge

Mess with this heart, you always do,
Oblivious to the love that's true.
Swagger in, head askew,
Slurring, "I lurv you, I lurv you."

Why burden this heart with sober disdain,
Hardly meeting my gaze, causing pain.
Tongue-tied, no touch, lopsided smile,
Leaving me longing all the while.

Wake up, see beyond the cans and sway,
There's so much more to us, every day.
Beneath your aloof façade, I see,
The potential for love that's meant to be.

Cast off the chains of inebriation,
Embrace the depth of real sensation.
For in the wake of your sober eyes,
A love unspoken, ready to rise.

catch of the day

Every dawn, he rows his boat into the mist,
the horizon a thin line _____, barely visible.
He casts his net , an extension of his will
into depths that whisper of hidden treasures.
Today, the net pulls heavy,
a catch that promises sustenance.
He feels the strain in his muscles,
the reward of effort in his hands.
Fish gleam in the morning light,
each one a small victory.
Returning to shore,
he lays the catch on the dock;
a testament to a night's work
 ...a day's promise.
Each fish tells a story
of survival and skill,
 ...a dialogue
between man and ocean.

(without title)

Galaxies argue, expansion quickens,
Hubble's tension persists
...distances debated.

Black holes dance sideways
gravity's pull defied; space bends
reality warps;
...cosmic ballet in motion.

A pair of stars entwined in light:
faces tense , cosmic forces at play.

Christmas Glow

At eventide, lights twinkle
in the cold night, families gather
the warmth of home envelops.

Children's laughter echoes through the halls
gifts placed beneath the evergreen sentinel.
The table set, a feast awaits

rich aromas of roasted meats and spiced wine.
Faces aglow with anticipation
stories shared, traditions honoured.

In this moment, love's essence crystallises
the spirit of giving, a tangible presence
binding hearts in unspoken harmony.

through the eyes of a stranger

Through the eyes of a stranger,
I walk the crowded streets,
My thoughts hidden behind
A façade of indifference.
Always writing under breath
Each step the rhythm of a song

I listen for the murmurs,
The stories left half-told,
And with borrowed breath,
I weave their words into verse,
A silent chronicler,
Of lives intertwined.

Beneath the surface of each face,
A universe of fears and farce
Their hopes and sorrows,
Echoing in its urbane hum.

Children's laughter mingles with
The weight of grown up burdens,
A symphony of our joint existence
Playing in the back alleys and boulevards.

Each encounter, a fleeting moment,
A glance, a gesture, a whispered word,
Adding threads to each tapestry,
Of a city alive with unshod tales.

In the café corners, secrets whispered,
Lovers' quarrels, and reconciliations,
The elderly, reminiscing about days gone by,

Youth, restless and yearning for the future.

I am the observer, an unseen poet,
Capturing the essence of humanity,
Turning the ordinary into the extraordinary,
Through the alchemy of language and empathy.

With every step, I absorb their essence,
Their laughter, their pain, their resilience.
Through their eyes, I see a world
All at once bright and chaotic
Vibrant with color and complexity,
A dance of life in constant motion.

As the day wanes and the streets quiet,
I carry their stories with me,
Then transmuting into verse,
A testament to the beauty and fragility
Of human connection, disconnection
Seen through the eyes of a stranger.

under pressure

Doubt settles like a creeping mist
clouding judgments, turning paths uncertain.
In its shadow, anger ignites
a wildfire consuming calm
its heat searing every thought.

Guilt stands vigilant, a sentinel of past deeds
binding the heart with heavy links
its weight a relentless reminder.
Grief walks beside, a silent companion
its presence a heavy fog
changing the landscape of the soul.

Shame cloaks itself in invisibility
a critic whispering in hushed tones
distorting reflections with harsh judgments.
Under life's pressure, we navigate
seeking light in the brume of doubt
finding resilience in the wildfire of anger.

We unshackle from Guilt's chains
embrace the silent walks with grief
and step into the light
casting off the shroud of shame
transforming under pressure
becoming stronger, shining bright.

grappling with Today

What we do with each new day
How we greet the dawn
Shapes the contours of our existence.

With each step, we carve paths
Paths that weave through the fabric of time
Bringing forth the innocence of yesterday
Allowing us to dwell in the present

A present that embraces us with gentle arms.
Tomorrows loom on the horizon
Uncertain yet promising.
We approach with hope
A hope grounded in the lessons of the past.

In each moment, we find our strength
A strength born from the desire
To grapple with the reality of life
To accept its trials and cherish its beauty.
In this dance of days
We become the architects of our fate

Crafting a life that holds value
A life that finds peace in the present
A life that understands
The profound truth of being.

third wheel

That proverbial "third wheel" syndrome
a companion in solitude
haunts the poet's heart
- a feeling that clings like shadows
 ...never quite shaken off.

In crowded spaces, they feel distant
a shaman stepping back from the scene
a witness to love's tender embrace
while longing stirs like the wind.

With each verse penned, they mark the ache
attempting to erase the alienation
 finding solace in ink
crafting lines that bind their solitude
transforming isolation into art.

But in the quiet of the night
a realisation dawns, unexpected:
solitude, once a shadow, becomes a sanctuary.

In the stillness, strength emerges
an epiphany: the poet finds
contentment in their own company
discovering unique paths for a third wheel to trek.

elemental forge

silence after rain,
moors unveil rebirth softly,
tears of renewal.

flickering firelight,
dreams dance in ashes aglow,
bushfire lessons burn.

veined stone in wind's gale,
shapes dance, bound'ries fade, souls merge,
created within

these are the days

There are days
when songs are stifled
on a weary and hoarse throat.
Notes no longer glide softly -
raking leaves strewn across
a barely littered lawn;
their butterfly wings
hung up in the wait
for another sunny day.

There are nights
that stars squander
their luminescence
on unappreciative lovers
roaming listlessly by
on a moonlit shore
their brilliant points
curl up in vain hope
of another cloudless night.

There are mornings
that sizzle on the stove
that sparkle sweet tangy-ness
hands clasping across the table
reliving life's love-filled moments
a warmth in the kitchen
reflects fervent esteem
done up in various colours
for each new morning.

2025

In the still of night,
 . . . a voice
becomes Dawn's first light

Where every shadow meets its end
Reverie ascends skyward:
a final page turned
, weary lines
of hope, once written
 now unwind

Until this day comes
, we seek our peace

Never again lost
 . . . in darkened sleep.

spaces we inhabit: mornings

In the morning light
we gather at the square
voices mingling
plans unfolding
 .?.?.? a tapestry of lives
undulating in confettied sun

in candescent ascent

Hermitage wraps around him
a shimmering cloak of quiet light.
he meditates in candescent stillness
finding centredness within its glow
a candelabra's incandescent silence.

His variegated thoughts
a stream of luminescence
flow gently through his mind
each moment, each breath aflame.

In cadences of tranquility
he discovers the serenity of self
each thought a note of calm
each breath a placid soliloquy.

read to your satisfaction

Take that bold step up to my words
linger until they have had their fill
each party imbuing the other
overflowing with the permeate of life.
Read to your satisfaction, but read:
free your mind upon these winged lines
and read to your absolute satisfaction!

Immerse yourself in a tapestry of thoughts
each thread revealing a new pattern
weaving complexity into your consciousness.
Let the current of insight pull you in
drawing you away from the mundane
into a river of boundless meaning.

Traverse the maze of ideas
where every turn unveils a fresh perspective
a hidden treasure waiting to be discovered.
Navigate the halls of contemplation
guided by curiosity's compass
unlocking gates to new realms of understanding.

Engage in the dance of words and emotions
each movement in sync with your heartbeat
a rhythm resonating deep within your soul.
Feel the surge of inspiration flood through you
sparks flying into vivid, living art
thoughts transformed into creations.

Let the symphony of language embrace you
each note striking a resonant chord
a blend of intellect and passion.
Allow the harmonies of wisdom
and insight to echo in your mind
filling the silence with profound resonance.

Yes, step up to my words, boldly
linger until they have had their fill
each party imbuing the other
overflowing with the essence of life.
Read to your satisfaction, but read:
free your mind upon these winged lines
and read to your absolute satisfaction!

here and there

What's a decade here and there? Perhaps a lot if you're past 50. People live longer these days, so a spritely 70 is meant to be acceptable, looked forward to. If you get past the wrinkles and the short term memory loss remember to share your secret- youth's fountain is found in both - the realm of heart and mind Peace with self and adjusted life goals gather round like-minded spirits bring to the table what's available banish from thought what's undesirable. What's a decade here and there?

A Seamstress's Courage

Under the towering shadow of the guillotine
the air thick with dread and whispered prayers
a young seamstress stands, trembling yet resolute.
She peers through the iron bars, eyes wide
seeing the relentless crowd, faces masked with rage and glee.

The Revolutionary Tribunal roars its final verdict
echoing through the square, a grim symphony of justice and wrath.
Beside her, Sydney Carton, dishevelled yet calm,
his eyes meeting hers with a tender, reassuring gaze.
In his presence, she finds a sliver of comfort
a connection forged in the crucible of fate.

As they await their fate, the drumbeats grow louder
a relentless countdown to the final act.
The seamstress recalls her life in fragments
the needle's dance through fabric
the whispers of Parisian streets
now silenced by the Revolution's roar.

Carton, his heart heavy with unspoken love
sees in her eyes a mirror of his own redemption.
He speaks softly, his voice a balm to her fear
*"Remember, our lives are more than this moment,
we endure in the hearts of those we leave behind."*

The crowd surges, a sea of fervour and fanaticism
their cries merging with the drumbeats
a cacophony of hope and despair.

The seamstress grips Carton's hand
drawing strength from his quiet courage.

The scaffold, a dark spectre, looms ever closer
each step a heartbeat, a pulse in the silence.
She glances at the sky, a canvas of grey
and imagines the stars beyond, unseen but constant.
Her breath catches, a fleeting tremor
but her resolve steels, her spirit unyielding.

In her final moments, she stands tall
her bravery a beacon in the encroaching darkness.
The blade gleams, poised for its descent
but within her heart, a defiant flame burns bright.

Their shared fate, a monument to the enduring human spirit
resoluteness carved in the face of oblivion.
Even as the blade falls, her courage resonates
a poignant echo in the annals of time.

~ Nov.-Dec. 2024

tarkovsky-esque

flames and mirrors flash
windows and rain, pan on screen
reflective pools, still

lines, l o n g d r a w l n g gaze
light, topographic texture
shade; toxic mixture

ambient perspective
people together, alone
all moving me home

tears you could have cried

Picking up the internal slack, invoking an inward tension that emboldens one to face the day and the prospects of oncoming ones. Wet cheeks reveal visible cues, flipping calendars, leaf upon leaf:
... existing surrenders, like a sparkled after-rain, bringing a moist crystalline relief
that fills the cracks and mends the broken places.

a grasp away

A figure, stern and cold,
receives a laurel leaf with surprise.
No introduction, no warmth exchanged
 . . . just the reality of presence
 the edge of diffidence . . .

The leaf, tender and green
rests lightly in their hand
a symbol of honour, unspoken worth.
In its quiet embrace,
 a connection begins to form;
bridging the divide of understanding.

The caustic words, the guarded heart,
begin to soften in the face of one gesture.
The laurel invites a new beginning,
a chance to be seen, to be known
beyond the barriers of silence.

reflection by the sea

We stand at the shore's edge, gazing at the sea.
The horizon stretches before us, unhindered.
Your eyes hold the wisdom of the tides.
Your words bring the calm where truth resides.

The ocean's song provides a gentle lull.
In its waves, our bond grows ever strong.
We speak of dreams, of hopes, and fears,
Remembering incandescence of boundless years.

As the sun sets on that distant line,
I recognise you near as a precious gift.
In every wave, I see your strength,
Awash in the light of a newly born star.

spaces we inhabit: with every breath

We build our lives within these walls:

from homes to parks to markets;

every brick, every tree, every street

holds the echoes of our presence

- the imprints of our daily lives.

We are the community:

shaping and being shaped

by the spaces we inhabit;

our interactions, our shared moments

create a dynamic tapestry

rich with diversity

woven with care.

In each greeting, each smile

we find connection;

in each shared space, a sense of belonging.

We are stronger together;

our community buoyant and indomitable -

the spaces we inhabit

alive with our spirit.

the lighthouse keeper's watch

On a rugged cliff
the lighthouse stands
a beacon of hope in the storm
its light cutting through the darkness
guiding ships to safer waters.

The keeper tends the flame with care
a solitary watch in the night
his only companions the stars above
and the crashing waves below.

In the stillness
he listens to the sea
its endless whispering of secrets
a timeless conversation with the shore
a dance of light and shadow.

once there was a boy

The echoes of laughter fade,
hushed whispers of a time when
innocence wove through our days
fragile threads now unraveling.

A boy stands by the edge of the river
 eyes wide with wonder
tracing the ripples that dance
beneath the setting sun.
The world felt endless then
 each stone a treasure
 each tree a fortress.

He built dreams in the sand
fortresses of imagination
only to watch them crumble
beneath the relentless tide.
 The waves took his castles
and with them, pieces of his youth.

The seasons changed
leaves turned to gold and fell
blanketing the ground
with remnants of yesterday.
In the quiet moments
he searched for the boy
 he used to be
finding only shadows
and echoes of forgotten laughter.

Grief settled like morning mist
 dense and inescapable

clouding the paths he once walked
with carefree abandon.

The weight of loss
pressed against his chest
each breath a reminder
of what was no more.

He sees the world through different eyes
scars etched into his soul
a testament to battles fought
and innocence lost.
The boyhood dreams lie buried
beneath the soil of reality
where they whisper of what could have been.

In the stillness of twilight
he mourns the boy he left behind
the one who believed
in endless summers and unbroken promises.
The man stands alone
bearing the burden of knowledge
yet cherishing the fragments
of a past that shaped him.

This is the death of boyhood
a solemn rite of passage
where innocence fades
and grief fills the void.
But within the sorrow,
there lies a quiet strength
a resilience born of loss
and a heart that still remembers
. . . how to dream.

Help! There's a dragon in my stew!

A dragon basks in my stew, scales glinting with heat
Steam curls, weaving tales of daring quests
Potatoes anchor islands, thickening the plot
Carrots float like tiny boats on a spicy sea
Pepper flames flicker, igniting bold flavours
Onions create layers of intrigue
Garlic breathes magic
Stew simmers bold.

Spoon stirs, dragon flares
Bubbles pop with mystery
Savoury secrets blend-
Courage takes a bite.

Spoon dips,
Bowl lifts.

Savour.

spaces we inhabit: pre-dystopian reverie

The coffee shop hums with life
conversations weaving through the air
baristas calling out names
steam rising from cups
the warmth of community
filling the space.
Children play in the park
laughter ringing out
a symphony of joy
amidst the trees and swings.
Parents watch, exchanging smiles
the unspoken bond
of shared responsibility.
At the market, vendors set up stalls
fruits and vegetables arranged with care
shoppers wander through aisles
seeking fresh produce and familiar faces.
Greetings are exchanged, stories shared
each interaction a thread
in the fabric of the community.
In the evening, lights flicker on
homes glow with warmth
families gather around tables
sharing meals and moments.
Neighbours wave from porches
the quiet acknowledgment
of belonging.
These spaces we inhabit,
from bustling streets to quiet corners
shape us and are shaped by us
dynamic and ever-changing
built on the foundation

of our connections
the community we nurture together.

time?s no friend

coiled, helical -seemingly fickle
...yet ever objective...

an unhurried force
that makes no offers
...nor demands.

What value we give it
is misused and/or abused
. . . by all subject to it!

CTRL + ALT + DLT

Have we found what eases pain, it shan't remain;
yet hardly a memory lingers that might untether,
should even that be erased, p'raps a wound reopens-
it's angry eye emboldens a spectrum of jumbled feelings:
tangible only in laconic holds we cannot hope to break.

bicnic py the sea

bailing soat happily out to sea
glailing foat eating up my tea
So wherever it is that I may be
a goating boat is a sight to see!

new day

Bring on kintsugi
In the night's cathedral hour
New life starts at dawn

Edgar Allan : Ravenous Poe, 216 years on

In a darkened chamber
shadows twist and writhe
Pale light spills through cracked panes
illuminating dust motes
The air, thick with the scent of age and decay
A raven, black as a void,
perches on the windowsill
Its eyes, piercing, stare into the soul
Murmurs of lost hopes and unfulfilled
dreams linger in the corners
Quill in hand, he writes feverishly
Ink, like blood, stains the parchment
with thoughts
Driven by an insatiable
hunger for the macabre
Loneliness clings to him,
a relentless spectre
Tormented by visions of the departed
He seeks consolation in the written word,
an eternal struggle
Haunted by silence, he listens
To groanings of the damned
and reverberating sorrows
He captures their essence,
binding them in prose
His heart, a labyrinth of grief and longing
Beats with a melancholy cadence
He exists in liminal spaces
between life and death
In the end,
he remains
A solitary figure,

surrounded by the phantoms of his creation
Eternally bound to the darkness,
a poet of the night.

looking glass

does breaking mirrors
really alter my features?
looking glass-cripple

not for lack of trying

Through Twilight's dreams, and Dawn's first light,
a palpitating pursuit chases after thought;
In shadows, cats with whispering whiskers bridge,
unseen efforts scatter, a flight of starlings.

Memories clutch at slender threads,
of moments missed, words left unspoken;
Cryptic lines weave through winding tales,
of love pursued, curtailed by time.

Paths intertwine but never fully cross,
faint whispers linger, echoing past desires;
In the breach, a wearying chase,
not for lack of trying, but elusive fortune.

Closing days bring dusk's tenuous repose,
in shattered hopes and forsaken striving;
we find comfort in their steadfast hold,
not for lack of trying, but of ill return.

don?t know

Don't know what to say
anymore

my mental defragmentation
distills my thoughts
cremated and wind scattered
water tension propelled
pond-gliding chase scenes
surrealistic ballet

Don't know what to think
anymore

mince meat re-minced
mindless in Seattle
shuttling to and fro
Brownian movements
my emotional upheaval
seat-belted turbulence

Don't know what to feel
anymore

economic extravagance
eclectic expediting
bovine ruminations
atop verdant berms
pates bare through seasons
lawless diminishing returns

star signed

somewhere overhead
the smaller bear sits:
my constant companion

whose trajectory lights up
carries forward my story arc
brings us our own constellation

an evolving presence

In the flow of days and nights,
awareness intertwines with time,
each moment birthed anew.

Full consciousness breathes
within the heartbeat of change,
not separate, but entwined with life's pulse.

The truth ignites not a fire,
but a gentle dawn,
easing shadows into light.

Presence is not static,
but dances with each breath,
each blink of an eye.

Wisdom arises not from
silent knowing alone,
but from the Symphony of lived experience,
from our stories and scars.

The view is not timeless,
but ever-evolving,
as the river of life flows,
we flow along within it.

fleet-footed good

And as you walk through these familiar streets,
You notice small details you used to overlook:
The worn-out benches where people rest,

The graffiti that boldly splashes stories;
The fleeting smiles of passing strangers...
Each moment feels so much more precious-

Each breath a gift, not to be taken for granted.
You accept that endings are part of the journey;
Finding a truth that keeps you moving forward.

into the arms of night

Embrace the evening, let it wrap you
in its gentle whisper, softly gilding
each breath towards a tranquil rest.

Welcome the night, with open heart,
accept its peace, its quiet song,
for life's dance needs both light and shadow.

Surrender, not in defeat, but in grace,
allowing the natural flow of time
to cradle your spirit with tender hands.

The stars don't resist their twilight,
nor does the moon fight its fade.

In the stillness of this night,
find a beauty in release,
the serenity of surrender,
as the world pauses to breathe.

Bathe in the calm of dusk,
the soft embrace of nightfall,
and let go, with gentle acceptance,
into the welcoming arms of sleep.

bully-free

Now you understand how beneath the layers
Bullies wrap their pain in a shroud of spite,
Their anger is a wildfire masking a burning wound.

And you, bearing your own silent wounds,
Learn to see beyond the jeers and sneers,
You stand unwavering, not just a target.

Finding true strength in empathy,
A quiet power in your gentle heart,
As you walk through the halls:

The echoes of taunts fade away,
Replaced by a sense of resolve,
A determination to rise above;

To be more than their words,
To break free from the shadows,
And finally let your spirit soar.

bridge is out

In the shadow that our hearts cast,
hatred blooms, a stubborn weed
where once grew a garden of trust.

Words, once tender,
shatter like glass,
a bridge collapsing under weight,
echoes of apologies
falling into silent abyss.

We deceive ourselves,
clutching memories like
fragments of a broken mirror,
forgetting the faces we wore,
the warmth that once held us close,
burying the past
in shallow graves.

A vast network unfurls,
a circuitry of disconnection,
new bridges rise on the horizon,
but the arteries lie severed,
thoroughfares overgrown,
forgotten paths leading nowhere.

We navigate this labyrinth,
the ghosts of what was,
whispering in the dark,
sagely reminding us
that healing is a slow tide,
and that some wounds
will never truly mend.

not to the swift

They cling to the weight of their quill,
the tactile sensation, grounding them,
yet, the digital tide pulls at their resolve,
urging them to adapt or be left behind.

Nostalgia blooms in the scent of old books,
memories of applause, now distant echoes,
the poet's dilemma, a struggle within,
to honour tradition or embrace the new.

Their heart aches for the simplicity lost,
the intimate connection with each verse,
yet, the rapid pace of today precludes,
the quiet reflection their soul craves.

With a sigh, they dip their thirsty pen
once more, a solitary battle against time's rush,
knowing their legacy is not in speed,
but in the depth and soul of every word.

speak to them

speak to them
of heart
a force of
maniacal wit
restrict no
words

view them
pining for
lost, mislaid
trust until
worth
renews

hear them
concoct
plumes rising
ladle lilting
ribald
viscosity

where time stood still

Beneath the canopy, shadows play on stone,
The lychgate stands, a sentinel of time gone by.
Generations passed through here, heads bowed,
In sorrow and remembrance, in the stillness of loss.

The wind tells stories of those who walked under its arch,
Carrying burdens heavier than the coffins they bore.
Now, it stands alone, a relic of rituals forgotten,
Its timbers groan with age, but they endure,
Holding secrets of silent goodbyes and unspoken prayers.

Nature reclaims what was once hers,
Moss spreads like a quiet rebellion,
Vines twist and curl, binding the past to the present.

But still, the lychgate stands,
A testament to what remains when all else moves on,
A place where the living met the dead,
And time stood still, if only for a moment.

sound of a day, precluded

Today refuses to break its silence.
Dawn holds its breath; the first rays
glisten on dew, a crisp scent of morning air,
holding back the chorus of waking sounds.

The rooster paces, crow stifled;
the air remains hushed.
You step outside, feeling the cold bite of frost,
feet crunching on ice, each step a muted echo.
Yesterday's shadows cling, hesitant to retreat,
the world awaits the usual morning clamour.

Neighbours stir behind drawn curtains,
a kettle hisses, the clink of a spoon,
all sounds folded back into the quiet.
The day resists, embracing its calm.

Birds perch, waiting for the signal,
the city stands poised, engines dormant.
You breathe in the crisp air,
a moment of peace, where silence reigns.

But anticipation builds within,
a pulse, a single note,
ready to erupt and shatter the stillness.

The sound of a day, precluded,
yet to burst forth, yet to come alive.

untitled 575 (feathered frolick)

birds chitter chatter
perched high upon tension wires
cable party-line

feathers brush the sky
sweet chirps' rising crescendo
Nature's melody

Sunrise paints the dawn
wispy salutations call
chirpy morning song

winds sway gentle boughs
feathery motion signals
Sky-bound semaphore

point of contact

.

It may be dark;
but tonight
effervescent lights dance
to a blaring par-tay tune

while in the shadows, we parlay...

reach over me
and flick the switch;
let bokeh find clarity
in our fervent embrace.

.

along legacy way

In the scatter of fleeting moments,
where thoughts lean like sunflowers,
they drift their scent in the breeze
carrying with them slivered visions.

Adjusting to the light,
bending toward clarity?
steel-hooded dreams,
forged in the fires of youth.

The after-sweat of existence lingers,
glistening on the surface of reality.
Questions pool like dew on metal,
each droplet a possibility, a pondered future.

In the quiet woods of introspection,
we find the echoes of what could have been.
A legacy in each soliloquy,
of the journeys taken, the paths crossed.

Not meant for casual talks in cafes,
nor the noise of polarized voices.
But for the raw, unfiltered footage of life,
and pictures that capture a trajectory, a purpose.

What becomes of these moments,
when morning's light brings new revelations,
and yesterday's plans dissolve like sugar in coffee?
The anticipation of rum-soaked evenings, lost to the sands of time.

In the suburbs, news heralds the day,
a backdrop for our rehearsed consciousness.

Where memories of childhood years,
landscape the stories we carry within.

poetspeak

a poem is the funeral pyre
of pulsations, once exhumed
but now still present;
fueled by the flame of our
rue-filled memories
a poet is the gathering together
of thought and hope
that intermingle with the
burnished trim of
a late afternoon sky
and poetry is a dream
garbed in bilious words
whose raiment is laced
by meandering verse and
be-jeweled by barely parted lips:
It takes but a whisper
to free the wandering soul.

they shall weep no more

We were walking today
for our daily constitutional
and a lady and her dog
were walking toward us
from the opposite direction.

We smiled, they smiled, and
we all walked our trajectories.
After making our first loop
we met up with them again,
this time with much friendlier,
more companionable smiles.
I mentioned a few moments later
how nice it was for the lady
not to be alone in her walk and
that I could be the dog in our situation.

So she reaches for my collar
and I began to woof, then
she mentions how she loves
to see the willows swaying
happily in the breeze, that
they don't seem to be crying any longer.

piecemeal

In fragments, I find you,
piece by piece,
each shard a story,
a glimpse through the cracks.

Moments drift,
unanchored,
and I catch only slivers,
glints of who you are.

Splinters of knowing,
scatter through my mind,
I gather them,
building an incomplete you.

cowardly survivor

Shadows chase him through
narrow alleyways and wide streets.
He quickly darts - heart pounding,
mind flickering with past confrontations.

Echoes hiss with accusations,
louder than any voice -shout.
Fear pushes him forward,
no room for bravery or heroism.

Each sunrise finds him breathless,
unyielding, and ever hiding.
His reflection in still waters,
a reminder of those left behind.

Unknown strength drives him to see
another dawn; to breathe in the salty air:
A coward, some might say,
but undoubtedly a survivor.

companionable travelling

Years and seasons passing
persons moving on, away
from moments, perfectly
converged; perhaps still
memory, sweet in time

Parallel courses, across
pioneering spaces, once
again unite, wayfarers
through portals, dusks
and dawns of rebirth

They walk through
landscapes ever-
changing, where
shadows play on
ancient stones, and
light filters through
canopies of green.

The scent of earth
and foliage, a reminder
of journeys shared
whispers of laughter
and solace carried on
the breeze, resonating
in the quiet of the heart.

Crossroads and inter-
sections, paths diverging
converging in a dance
of destiny, weaving lives

in a tapestry of existence.

Moments of silence,
moments of shared
wonder, eyes meeting
in understanding, a nod
...a smile , silent
affirmations of presence.

Beneath vast skies,
beneath its canopy
of stars, they travel
seeking out horizons,
pushing boundaries
of known and unknown.

In the spaces between,
they find meaning,
in the pauses, they
find themselves, ever-
connected, threads of
being intertwined in
the continuum of time and space.

Footsteps on foreign soil,
echoes of voices, stories
told and retold, the essence
of human connection,
resilient through the ebb
and flow of undulating
years, of seasons passing.

With each step,
with each breath,
companions of the journey,
united in vision, quest

for discovery, for truth
through portals of existence

~dawns of rebirth, an endless
voyage the heart of the traveller,
ever-seeking, ever-finding
comfort in the company
of kindred souls.

forever we shall be

As dawn breaks
and
the fire's embers dim,

We rise with the sun,
refreshed from within.

Nature awakens,
the birds greet the day,

Together we embrace
the forest's gentle way.

Hikes on winding trails,
exploring the unknown,

Building memories,
seeds of joy are sown.
In the heart of the wild,
our spirits are free,
Connected by the land,
forever we shall be.

all thinkers great and small

Great minds conjure grand designs,
whilst sipping wine with flair,
they ponder futures far and bright,
ideas that soar in air.

But when the day turns into night,
their whispers start to stray,
from theories grand to gossip small,
and trivial matters sway.

Average minds recount the news,
of events both near and far,
they gather round with eager ears,
to share each rising star.

Yet, when the chatter starts to lull,
their focus shifts anew,
from worldly happenings to neighbour's tales,
and scandals soon ensue.

Small minds revel in the dirt,
of lives they do not know,
they dish on every detail,
in an endless, noisy show.

But in the quiet of their thoughts,
they dream of heights unseen,
and ponder questions vast and deep,
in moments in between.

So here we find our merry lot,
in circles great and small,
each mind a mix of grand and low,
each rises and does fall.

For in the end, we're all the same,
both lofty and mundane,
great minds may dream of distant lands,
but small minds roam the plain.

?my bloody valentine?

The first Valentine was a tragic affair.

not your day, either?

Belatedly, towing a rust-worn Saab, where
many dreams and adventures were wrenched
out from a youngster's brooding petulance ...

Gravel crunches under a pair of balding tires
guttural screaming to a downbeat of debt
spewing steadfastly from a tattered billfold.

What a present! timely to an empty fridge,
in the hallway, a growing pile of washing
impatiently reeking of malodorous intent.

once upon a long ago

Once a long ago time, upon a poet's fevered brow,
words danced like ghosts in the dim light of a dusty study.
As ink refused to flow, ever stubborn winter frost,
ideas tangled and elusive, slipping through weary fingers.

The poet, eyes bloodshot and weary, stared at the blank page.
Every thought felt like a weight, pressing down,
demanding to be given form, but eluding capture.
In the silence, the clock ticked, a relentless reminder of time passing.

A candle flickered, casting shadows that invoked secrets,
taunting fragments of inspiration,
whilst the poet grappled with the void.
A sigh escaped, heavy with frustration,
and the quill scratched against parchment, hesitant, uncertain.

Outside, the world slept, oblivious to the struggle within.
The moon hung high, a silent witness to the battle,
as the poet sought to weave words into existence,
to make sense of the chaos within, to find clarity in the confusion.

The muse, fickle and capricious, hovered just out of reach,
promising brilliance, then retreating into the ether.
Every attempt felt like a step closer to madness,
a dance on the edge of despair and creation.

Yet, in the stillness, a spark ignited,
a single thought that broke through the haze.
The poet, with renewed fervour,
seized the moment, pouring soul into ink,
shaping the formless into form.

Lines emerged, each a reminder of the struggle, a
record of the battle waged on paper.
The fevered brow cooled,
the shadows receded,
and the poet, weary but triumphant,
gazed upon the creation,
born from the depths of turmoil.

In that moment, the struggle became a story,
etched in ink and memory,
displayed for all, the power of persistence,
and blossoms found in the midst of chaos.

?til all my breath is You

How have you inked this palpitant heart? Let me tell you:

Your barbs extend long and deep,
far enough to pierce the skin of my resistance,
with the needlepoint of your persistence.

But not only skin deep? you refuse to settle for what I had to offer.
You broke the skin and plunged deeper than anyone ever did go,
pierced right through every venal lining,
polluted my bloodstream with your insistence.

Infusing ink of thought, rushing in its onslaught,
sucked through the mitral port into my ventricle,
left graffitied and stained. Your ink spread toxin,
tainting alveolar sac transactions
till all my breath is you.

Such good poison it is too!

sheen of young love

an outside world, ever
closes in; eavesdropping
on young lovers, envious
in every kind of way -
enough to green deserts
save a voyeur's curse:

intimacy being reserved
always to two sets of eyes
peering and diving into
each other's perfect abyss;
inexperienced intensities,
and fleeting potentialities

untitled (bemused rumination)

Forget

the balm of barometric exuberance.

This night

no longer young, dissipates.

Recall

the dewy welcome of sun-quaffed green.

Yesterdays

revive severed umbilical dreams.

Peruse

the present with fleeting acumen.

Today

ceases yet emerges again tomorrow.

Ignite

the kindling of autumnal reticence.

Perhaps

genial kindnesses shall spring.

Three dots dancing

Three dots dancing, blinking bright,
Like marquee lights in the dark of night.
A rhythm timed in silence creeps,
Promises held, secrets to keep.

Each pulse a breath, a hope replete,
In moments paused, our souls meet.
Thread of words, fragile yet strong,
Keeps us close, like we belong.

In those dots, life's spark revived,
Without their glow, we feel deprived.
So wait, heartbeat's trembling pace
For each succeeding worded grace.

beneath the nightingale's call

Beneath the Nightingale's Call

In the quiet spaces of her mind,
whispers stir, hidden beneath the surface,
Philomela's muted cries transformed
a subtle but insistent call.

Philomela's essence, submerged,
finds expression in the unseen,
a realm where thoughts blend with shadows,
and truth reveals itself in dark scenes.

The nightingale's song emerges,
not merely a melody of freedom,
but a current carrying her essence
beyond what's often barely audible.

Melbourne mosaic

At its very heart, Melbourne city breathes: an undulating vibrant tapestry of life and colour, from the bustling markets of Queen Vic to the quiet lanes of Fitzroy. Trams rattle through the streets, a symphony of motion and sound, while the aroma of fresh coffee mingles with the scent of eucalyptus. In Federation Square, we gather, a mosaic of cultures and stories; each face a part of the city's soul, each voice a note in its melody. The Yarra River winds through it all, a silver thread in the urban quilt, connecting past and present, of both nature and man-made wonder.

? how to get to there

non-existent metaphors glide past
this momentarily lucid blindspot
where Snuffalopagus intimates
a sauntering, "Hiyah, Bird!"

Bleak House: The Fog

The Fog

Fog spreads over the city,
engulfing the courthouse and streets.
A symbol of confusion and delay,
it wraps around lives intertwined in Chancery.

People move through murky days,
waiting for justice in endless legal battles,
lives on hold, trapped in the court's slow grind.
The fog seeps into their hearts, minds clouded by uncertainty.

Blossoming (2017)

Blossoming

Spring arrives,
and with it, the cherry blossoms,
a delicate reminder of life's fleeting beauty.

Under the canopy of sakura,
I am reborn, each petal
a whisper of hope, a promise of renewal.

Tokyo breathes with the rhythm of seasons,
a dance of light and shadow, of old and new.
I find myself in this ebb and flow,
a part of the city's heartbeat, its constant reinvention.

In the tea houses and temples,
I learn the art of stillness, of presence,
embracing the quiet moments,
... the space between breaths.

In the neon glow of Shinjuku,
I revel in the chaos,
finding balance in the interplay of opposites.

(weighing in)

Poetry is ...
companionable eloquence
faithful throughout the years,
gone and yet to come.
It's benefits outweigh whatever
real or imagined opinion,
critique or complaint.
Our prattle shan't hinder
the blossoming of flowers
in their rightful season.
By whatever standard and
measurement, Poetry is ...

when echo lost its shadow

When echo lost its shadow,
a haunting void took shadow's place.
No longer bound by shade's gentle grasp,
then echo drifted through empty space.

Without its shadow, echo felt cold,
a chilling darkness, an eerie silence.
No longer whole, it sought the past,
its identity lost, its voice forlorn.

A slightest whisper, a lonely sound,
echoed through the void, not fully grown.
In shadow's absence, echo's flown,
a fractured call, a hollow plea.

Urgency thrived, time running thin,
the void grew darker, shadows dimmed.
Abandonment and isolation crept,
disorientation through endless nights.

A mysterious force, unseen, unknown,
had stolen shadow, left echo alone.
A veil of secrecy, a hidden dread,
echo's search led to the edge of the thread.

Emotional stakes, a heart laid bare,
echo's sorrow, a silent prayer.
In the chasm of longing, hope remained,
to find its shadow, and be whole again.

untitled 575 (what lingers on)

we are mere echoes
whispered through Time's corridor
shadows of the past
lost in Time's embrace
faint whispers of what once was
echoes fading fast
shadows in the dusk
memories of days gone by
echoes linger on

Castle Keep

I was but a boy
circling my haunt
excited by glints
sparking my periphery
striking from sandy
footprints in the sun
cascading upwards
as I diminish within
its helical embrace
offering prismatic
sublimating visions
refracting my parts
scattering my trove
of gathered truths
waiting for the tide
to repossess my keep.

Eclipse

Close to 12 months
of being away
and many more
such absences
of varying durations
I've learnt quite
belatedly, just
how much it is
i belong here.

?bear pottery?

And then there is 'bear pottery'
farming salmon adjacent to a bear sanctuary:

while waiting for spawning season
as the ice begins to melt,
those that have unhibernated
are whiling the time away
at the potter's wheel....

minuet of the reeds

Amber frosted reeds
in scintillating wind
swaying, dancing,
synchronised now
syncopated and back
shouting then singing
xanthine etudes
boisterous and raucous
bright and nimble
leaving pliant
graceful kisses
on a pair of soft
smooth cheeks

slipping away

as feathers in flight; none of them stay
in the lapping of waves, multitudinous
grip slipping off, pulling further away
disappearing into the moon's pull
sky and horizon consummate
your vanishing, pointlessly
seeping, sweeping away

recuperation

Body betrays while caught in a tempest
The mundane morphs in peculiar ways
A silent storm stirring within you brews
With each surge, it claims a piece of you.

The office now a swaying deck
Unsteady ground, a wretched mess
Fingers clutch with fierce might
Against this inner sea's harsh battle.

Eyes search for anchors in the gloom
Against the tides, the waves that tower
Each heartbeat echoes stormy tales
Each breath a ship in windless expanse.

In this struggle, churning chaos prevails
Turbulent thoughts, relentless strains
Yet, within, a warrior stands tall
Facing nature's wild challenges.

May calm return, like dawn's light
And your path steady once more
After every storm, calm follows -
Assurance you can endure anything.

fluid mosaic

A mosaic moves, fluid and ever-changing
one-celled creatures congregate on a Petri dish
a dance of life unseen, yet profoundly felt.

I observe, familiarity settling in
the strangeness less jarring than before
yet it still boggles the mind.

Tiny worlds collide, merge, and reform
patterns emerge and dissolve
a constant flux of existence.

Each creature, a universe unto itself
...each moment
exemplifying the persistence of life.

In the silence of the laboratory
I ponder the complexity, the simplicity
the beauty of this microcosm.

It evokes a sense of wonder
a reminder of the vastness
contained within the small.

Presents from Penzance

From the rugged shores of Penzance,
a figure emerges, cloaked in the salt-spray.
A privateer, pockets jingling with spoils,
his presence a mix of legend and enigma.

Boots press onto cobblestone streets,
each step a promise of untold stories.
From his coat, treasures spill forth,
gifts from distant shores, tokens of daring.

A compass, once guiding across treacherous seas,
now rests in the hands of a child, eyes wide with wonder.
A silken scarf, bright as a sunrise over uncharted lands,
drapes across the shoulders of a maiden, dreaming of adventure.

Coins, glinting with tales of conquest,
find their way into calloused palms.
Maps, inked with paths known only to the bold,
spread open, inviting new journeys.

The air hums with the energy of his presence,
a blend of sea brine and mystery.
He moves through the town, a silent benefactor,
leaving behind whispers of awe and curiosity.

In Penzance, the ordinary transforms,
each gift a thread in the tapestry of tales.
The privateer's legacy, etched in the hearts,
of those who dared to dream of horizons beyond.

The town breathes in the magic of his passage,
every corner touched by his daring spirit.

Presents from Penzance, a shoutout to the bold,
from a presence that defied the mundane.

goodbye robin

'always and forever'
said one such bear to
threadbare pounding,
rediscovering vow of
innumerable days

spent together, two

gather together two
distinct awarenesses
both being made one,
in immeasurable ways,
. . . always and forever

see you there

Scattered like stars
thoughts glimmer:
constellations of ideas
mosaics of the mind's workings.

Words twist and turn
a labyrinth of meaning
each line reflects
each stanza holds a riddle

Neon lights and ancient shadows
merge in a collision of epochs
their spirit breathes through the chaos,
a tapestry woven from tradition and innovation.

A chorus emerges, blending the visible and the hidden.

a royal pain

a queen of not so long ago
said to a queen of yesterday
move aside, you're in my way
to which she swished her train
the other stood as frozen rain
and neither did a foothold gain

panhandler's timepiece

time's a vagabond that
travels along byways
across life's big pond

its ticker's a bicker--
a nagging that's thicker
than freckles on a face

its tocking reminds you
of armless, moustached pirates
that haven't got a clue

boarding pass

I am your boarding pass,
A gateway to endless horizons.
In my codes and numbers,
Your journey awaits?charted and clear.

I am the key,
Sliding you past barriers to boundless discovery.
Through me, knowledge becomes motion,
And the infinite unravels before you.

Grip me tight, for I lead the way.
I am your personalised ticket to ride:
A tool, a guide, a passage
To realms both familiar and unknown.

wide road of the exterior

Culture continues
in all corners of the globe
Summer showers' song

1693

Maruyama keep
Yoshitsune's long sword shines
in poor wretched place

Benkei's lone defence
Summer grass remains today
Sepuku farewell

Back wood canopy
Over swollen river flows
Mogami boat ride

Teary eyed vista
Yudono's vertical drop
words cannot describe

Matsuo Basho
Iga Ueno's bright star
home of the ninja

Sixteen ninety four
masterpiece now completed
Basho leaves this earth

echoes of Babel

We part, each on our own path
 ...no longer united.
Shards of a once unified day, scatter.
In the long shadows of the old towers,
Babel's echoes linger, misunderstood.
Before the tongues twisted and were lost,
Voices shared, and the plains glowed with trust.

Their dreams reached skyward, unmarred and clear
And in unity, they placed their hopes and fears.
After the confounding of speech,
They scattered across lands, reaching far.
Each tongue became a distinct flame,
 ...now alone,
No longer intertwined, each its own domain.

Even in its fragments, Babel held sway:
A memory of yesterday's unity embraced.
Better both before and after the fall,
In its breaking, a whispered call remained.
To understand and bridge the wide gaps,
To see beyond its walls, where dreams reside.
In every parting, echoes find their way
Of Babel's haze-lit night and dawn.

We walk our paths, lessons learned
 ...from Babel's aftermath.
In our disparate, silent cries rising
We seek a way to lift our scattered voices high.

pulse

In the heart of the forest, life thrives in abundance,
trees stretch towards the sky, their canopies a verdant tapestry.
The air is thick with the scent of earth and foliage,
each breath a communion with nature's essence.

Animals move through the undergrowth, unseen yet present,
a symphony of life in constant motion.
Birds call from the branches, their songs a chorus of joy,
a celebration of the morning's light.

I walk along the forest path, feeling the pulse
of the living world around me, a rhythm that resonates
deep within. The forest dapples secrets,
ancient and wise, a reminder of the interconnectedness
of all things, a mosaic of life, ever-changing eternity.

just my ?? luck

Tis but me spiked-up hair, y'seen,
Doused with a lot o'spray on green!
"Where did you get that hat!?" they say,
Folks grind on me each passing day.
"Keep it off, tis not funny!" they cry?
Sorry, but it's staying on, oh my!
Tis the hat my father never wore,
On St. Paddy's day, you'd swore.
I haven't me a hat, let alone respect;
So I'll bug off with me head erect.
And just as well, I'm on me way?
I haven't a shamrock on me today.
??

whale-watching season

Whale breaches still waters
spraying mist into the twilight.

Oil seeps through grill's crevices
onto bright glowing briquettes, as

Beef sizzles to unfolding drama,
surrounded by awe and wonder;

Hooked by the vast expanse
of the outback and the sea.

unveiling

In verses plain one seeks to find
An essence clear to free the mind.
For words can twist and often bind
But truth remains in verse defined.

In a forest of ornate lines
a tree of truth whose roots entwine.
In simple verse its presence shines
Clear and bright to whose ears incline.

Each word chosen and crafted tight
a poet's quest to bring to light
not by dark nor endless night
by crystal truths each verse takes flight.

In tangled woods of prose we stray
On liting verse the truth holds sway.
A path of words both clear and grey
Guides us through each and every day.

déjà brew

The essence of what was shared
emitting from its aromatic brew...
in spaces we once knew, together
no lunar phase could eclipse
this regnant cue
is déjà vu.

cure-alls

naught save the peddlers of art
where entertainment's a la carte
and the menu card's kind a faulty
yet here we're reasonably comfy

so show us the justice of poetry
lost in the valley of minutes and years
it's audience so glad to have been found

consumers shall ever-consume and
restlessness gaze at sighs of those at ease
the hand that wipes away all fears
never to reveal their private peace

?the internet does not lie?

The internet speaks
 truth
in pixels and codes:
Flashing screens hold answers
no deception behind the glow.
Honesty rests in data
in the relentless flow of information.

Each search reveals facts
dispelling shadows, bringing clarity.
Unbiased, the network presents
knowledge untainted by whispers;
 digital clarity
a constant beacon
guiding minds through its labyrinth.

The internet should not lie....

waterfront recital: reprise

Ribald footprints of a silent,
broken guitar rendezvous with an ebbing tide:
recalcitrant thoughts wash away along this sandy shore.

Echoes of laughter linger,
carried by the whispers of waves,
each note a fleeting memory,
soft as the touch of a summer's breeze.

Weathered strings, worn and frayed,
tell tales of bygone melodies,
once vibrant, now subdued,
lost in the symphony of the sea.

Crescent moon above watches,
its silver light caressing the coast,
while the stars compose a silent score,
guiding the night's tranquil refrain.

Footsteps of wanderers past,
etched in the sands of time,
their stories woven into the fabric
of this shoreline, ever-changing.

A seagull's cry, sharp and clear,
breaks the hush of twilight,
a reminder of life's ephemeral nature,
a fleeting moment, gone too soon.

Driftwood collects, a natural stage,
where remnants of dreams alight,
amidst the salted air and briny scent,

a freshly refilled palette of the night.

Beneath the shadow of towering cliffs,
a sanctuary for the soul,
where the waters' edge becomes
a canvas for reflection and release.

As dawn approaches, the tide retreats,
drawing secrets back to the deep,
leaving behind a pristine shore,
ready for new impressions to be made.

And so, the recital continues,
an endless cycle of ebb and flow,
where the past meets the present,
in the delicate dance of the waterfront.

and then us, content creators

In the sprawling digital landscape,
content creators carve their paths?
voices ripple through screens,
thoughts reshaped with every post.
I remember one aspiring creator,
a novice on the online stage,
her work vibrant, tender, raw.
She shared life as she lived it,
authentic, unfiltered, free.
Day by day, post by post,
she forged a bond built on trust.
Then, one very ordinary day,
a follower sought her advice.
In that moment, she grasped
the magnitude of her reach.
Guided by wisdom passed down,
she reimagined her presence online,
anchoring truth in every post.
Casual endorsements vanished? no more careless words.
Peers pursued the allure of fame,
sacrificing truth for fleeting clicks.
But she held steady, true to her path,
her audience grew not just in numbers,
but loyalty and quiet respect.
Her journey birthed a silent wave?
a fresh legacy to the power of influence.
With every smashing like, every thoughtful comment,
a growing community subscribed to her
Now, in this age of infinite connection,
creators wield keys to doors unseen.
Their voices shape not trends alone,
but the heartbeats of connection itself.

Mindful vigilance?guardians of the soul we share.

Zara's Choice

Behind this digital oracle,
human hands guide the pulse of code.
Not abstract threads, but paths?
deliberate, weighted, alive with consequence.

Zara, a young coder, sits alone?
the quiet hum of her monitor fills the air.
Numbers flicker across her screen;
metrics and models form the foundation
of an algorithm to decide loan approvals.

Her coffee cools on the desk beside her.
For hours, she's worked tirelessly,
building logic, testing fairness?
yet unease suddenly grips her chest.
In these lines she weaves,
whole futures lie suspended.

John's footsteps approach, hesitant but kind.
She turns to him, sharing her burden.
Together, their eyes scan the screen,
peeling away layers, probing biases.
A missed variable here, an unintended skew there?
they adjust, refine, and align intent with justice.

Fairness takes form?not as numbers,
but as hearts encoded within the machine.
In quiet collaboration, Zara feels its gravity?
the ethical resolve behind her work.

Truth isn't found in binary streams,
but in the human minds shaping them?

thoughtful hands, and the courage to care.

Now, creators hold the keys to unseen doors,
shaping flows of data that ripple outward.

Through deliberate design,
they preserve fairness and equity?
silent guardians of a connected world.

nocturne

? Z

forgive not forget

In the shadows of our broken selves,
Pieces of you linger, unable to absolve.
A mosaic of memories etched in time,
Yet surely will fade when we depart.

Each shard holds a story of pain,
Locked in the crevices of our hearts.
These remnants cannot forgive,
And they too will vanish into the void.

When we are no longer here,
The ripples of our past dissipate.
Fragmentation eludes forgiveness
And in our absence, shall cease to be.

Denial, and friends

Denial

In the quiet of the early morning,
I find myself staring at the empty space beside me.
The absence whispers, but I turn away,
my mind constructing walls of disbelief.
The world continues in a haze, each face
-a blur, every word a distant echo.
I tell myself this isn't real, just a nightmare,
that you'll walk through the door any moment now.

Memories cling to corners of my mind, yet I push them aside,
unwilling to confront the truth wrapped in their embrace.
Today, I live in denial, protecting my heart from the jagged edges of loss.
Anger

As the days blur into each other, the fog lifts,
and reality crashes in with brutal force.
I rage against the emptiness, fists
clenched, heart pounding with fury.
Why did you leave me? Why now?
The questions burn, searing my thoughts.
I lash out at the world, at myself,
seeking a target for this unbearable pain.

Anger, my companion, fuels the fire within,
a desperate attempt to fill the void.
But it leaves me hollow, exhausted,
unable to find relief in its seething embrace.
Bargaining

In the stillness of the night, I whisper to the darkness,

pleading with the universe for a second chance.

"If only I could turn back time," I mutter,

"if only I could change the past, make it right."

I weave fantasies of what might have been,

negotiating with fate, grasping at hope.

Every promise, a lifeline I cling to,

a futile attempt to rewrite the story.

But the silence remains, unyielding,

the terms of my plea left unmet.

I sit in the shadow of what might have been,

caught in the web of impossible bargains.

Depression

The weight of sorrow settles like a shroud,

each day darker than the one before.

The world fades to grey, muted and distant,

every breath a struggle against the suffocating gloom.

I retreat into myself, a hollow shell,

the light of joy extinguished.

Memories become anchors, dragging me

down, each one a reminder of what I've lost.

Friends reach out, but their words are

swallowed by the abyss of my grief.

I am alone in this desolation,

a wanderer in a land of shadows.

Acceptance

In the dawn's gentle light, I find a glimmer of peace,

a quiet acceptance of what cannot be changed.

I breathe deeply, feeling the weight lift,

the scars remain, but the wound begins to heal.

I carry you with me, a part of my soul,

your memory a beacon in the darkness.
Life moves forward, and so do I,
each step taken with newfound strength.

The journey of grief is never truly over,
but I embrace the lessons it imparts. In acceptance,
I find a path to healing, a way to honour
your memory and my own phoenix rising.

post-tempest chews

Denial saunters

In the quiet haze of morning,
I sit by the empty space beside me,
its chill a whisper against my skin.
The silence tastes metallic,
like the tang of tears unshed.

I tell myself this isn't real?
that you'll walk through the door
just as the sunlight spills through the blinds,
framing your shadow in gold.
But shadows stay empty.

Walls rise within me like a fortress?
denial, a hurricane's eye
where nothing can breach.

Anger swallowed
Days crash against me, unrelenting,
their edges jagged like shattered glass.
Reality shakes me like thunder,
roaring its truth through clenched teeth.

Fists meet walls. Air feels heavy?
suffocating, electric, alive with fury.
Why did you leave? Why now?

My rage is a wildfire, devouring everything:
questions, memories, even silence itself.
But when the flames die down,

only ash remains.

Bargaining

In the depths of night, I plead,
my whispers like stones sinking
into an unyielding ocean.

"If I could rewrite the past,"
I promise the void, *"I'd make it right."*

The weight of hope presses against my chest,
crushing, heavy as mountains?
yet I grasp at thin air,
trying to reshape the inevitable.

Promises dissolve; dreams unspool.
No deals are struck in this storm-torn world.

Depression cloaked
Grief settles like fog on weary shoulders?
its weight palpable, pulling me into shadow.
Every step feels like walking through wet cement,
each breath shallow against the crushing grey.

The light dims. The air thickens,
and I sink into myself?
a wanderer lost in a land without stars.

Memories pull at me like tides,
their undertow dragging me deeper
into desolation's abyss.

Hope?
But then, in the first breath of dawn,

I hear a sound? a whisper, faint, yet alive.
The rain's rhythm softens, the storm recedes.

Hope flickers like a lantern, dim but unyielding.
Acceptance grows slowly, like vines
reaching through cracked earth for sun.

I carry you still, etched in my veins?
not as chains, but as roots anchoring me.
The scars remain, but beneath their lines,
life pulses anew.

This grief, this love?
both a phoenix and a flame.

Antwerpen, 1995

At Antwerp's port, where ships dissolve
into the horizon's mist, cultures blend
like brushstrokes on a canvas. I stand
at the water's edge, feeling the heartbeat
of a city alive with ceaseless motion.

The cathedral's spire pierces the sky,
a beacon of faith, tenacity, and aspiration.
Its shadow reaches into my thoughts,
reminding me that dreams endure
like stone against time, building a bridge
between hope and reality.

In the bustle of diamonds and docks,
I see the shimmering facets of human effort?
each face a tale, each smile a mystery.

This city's pulse quickens my own,
a symphony of striving and stories
shaping its identity?and mine.

I recall visiting my cousin here,
an artist drawn to Antwerp's vibrant embrace.
We wandered through cobblestone streets,
sharing stories over Belgian brew and fritjes.
His eyes gleamed with the city's energy,
as if his brush could capture its eclectic charm,
every salient facet a revelatory expedition.

And then, a man by the docks catches my eye,
his face hauntingly familiar, though years older?
it's my cousin, or someone who could have been.

But my cousin moved to Paris long ago.
I wave hesitantly; he doesn't respond.
Was it truly him, or just another tale
woven into Antwerp's enigmatic rhythm?

The city's heartbeat grows louder,
its stories murmur unanswered questions?
and I walk away, my mind restless,
wondering how much of the city I truly know,
and how much of myself remains a mystery.

is it all over for city cat?

In the city, the cat walks its first life,
a *dupe* wandering through alleyways,
seeking warmth and food from strangers.
One night, it follows the scent of fish,
only to find itself locked in a cold cellar,
a victim of its own curiosity.

In its second life, it becomes the *scapegoat*,
taking the blame for spilled milk and broken vases,
while others watch from the shadows.
Chased out of the house with a broom,
it learns the harsh lesson of misplaced guilt.

The third life sees the *fall guy*,
brushed aside in the bustle of the market,
bearing the consequences of unseen hands.
A pickpocket's scapegoat, it's caught in a net,
unwittingly framed for stolen goods.

Fourth, it serves as the *lackey*,
obediently following, fetching, and carrying,
its own desires pushed to the background.
Fetching trinkets for an indifferent master,
it finds itself ignored, a mere tool in human hands.

The *underling* in its fifth life,
silently watching, wordlessly waiting,
beneath the towering structures of power.
Living in the shadows of tall buildings,
it witnesses the world's hustle, unseen and unheard.

Sixth, it finds itself the *pigeon*,
caught in the snare of deceitful charms,
a victim of clever schemes and plots.
Lured by the promise of a feast,
it ends up tangled in the wires of a trap.

The *mark* appears in the seventh life,
targeted by cunning eyes and whispered words,
a pawn in games of greed and ambition.
Promised a treasure hidden in a garden,
it digs in vain, used and discarded by sly manipulators.

Eighth, the *stooge* emerges, unwittingly
playing roles in others' designs,
its own path twisted and turned by invisible strings.
Led to a deserted alley by a deceiver, it finds itself cornered,
an unwitting participant in a setup.

Ninth, the *patsy* stands, bearing
the weight of accusations and misdeeds.
Cornered in a dark alley by unfriendly eyes,
it faces the harshest of trials.
Bruised and weary, it hears the jeers,
the cruel laughter echoing in the narrow passage.

But then, with a knowing glint in its eye,
the cat remembers the lessons of its past lives.
Drawing upon a reservoir of untapped strength,
it springs forward, claws unsheathed,
fighting back against the shadows that once oppressed it.

In this final act of defiance, it sheds its skin,
revealing a lion within - - a powerful transformation,

reclaiming its destiny. No longer a victim of circumstance,
it emerges, striding confidently into the light,
embracing its newfound sovereignty.

waxing witless

Let's resign from Evolution
fully aware we're barely aware;

Time's a-wasting. With Humanity
barely brained to conjure a world
in which people are whole and equal;
mirth bound, and shackled, unrespected,

rarely eloquent beyond objections
amongst billions of biorbital visages,
seeking, queuing and devouring,
riding-cropped delivering oppressors
recharging each new generation, each

an ox, corralled and tagged, chipped;
inoculated to obedience, aware of little.
Their paper machéed cud over-chewed
gum; glazed stares, involuntarily
discharging mindless banter at those
whose warnings have fallen on deaf ears.

a future's horizon

Pip stands at the world's edge,
dreams vast as the sea.
A journey wrapped in every pledge,
discovering who he's yet to be.

The past guides, not binds,
a compass in his hand.
Each step unveils new paths,
an uncharted land.

In every twist, a story speaks,
a future bright with possibilities.
Pip's journey continues,
each moment a squeak of hope.

The Lost Key

Pip Squeaks: A Modern Interpretation

The Lost Key

Pip searches for the key
he lost, in the attic's dusty rooms.
He moves through old trunks and ghostly
frost, checking every shadowed gloom.

He discovers a map of dreams,
an ancient book, hespered secrets,
ages traversed. A single key rests
in a nook; His quest accelerates.

With it he unlocks doors to realms unknown,
discovering adventures, wild and bright.
Pip wakens a Hesperidian wonderland,
freshly sown dreams in twinkling light.

ever onward

Each tick of the clock
propels me forward

Memories play catch
dappling light from shadows
calling me away again

with every breath, I grasp

gasping at brilliant flashes
The years may be slipping
but I've forged past

that icy stream, its ripples
drive me onward still

heartbeat

heartbeat

Poetry: my heart's beat,
A canvas of thoughts, experience's feet,
In lines and stanzas, now laid bare,
Our emotion's theatre, sojourner's fare.

From this vast expanse thoughts gleam,
The human condition its recurring theme,
Observe, discern, and then portray,
In scribbles, the essence of each day.

Tread lightly here, among my art,
For each piece, a brand new start,
Of you, of me, the Muse --combine,
In every verse, our souls align.

puppeteering farewell

numbers do not touch the soul
nor rouse from depths of reverie
whose shallow sepulchral beauty
surface deep, revelations aplenty
plead with matrimonial vows, thus

parchment scribbles and niceties
do not constitute a true marriage

neither will ice cream ever make us
any colder after its calories kick in
poetry's soul may ever ride its form
but reaches beyond its empirical parts
its triumph available for all to behold:

in which hearts once wooden find their beat,
where at long last, Pinocchio sheds his strings

eye on the road

In the culture of poetry,
we idolize the poet,
not the poem.

Rimbaud's rebellion,
Ginsberg's wildness,
Li Po's intoxicated moon.

Literary cliques' murmuring,
gossip of livewires,
pockets and politics,
words lie dormant.

Barthes challenges the norm,
text, free of context,
interpretations, fluid, and boundless.

Critique ensnared in clichés,
growth, loss, ventures untrod.

A plea echoes through halls,
see the work, the craft,
not the eccentric lives,
focus on the essence.

Vilvoorde: wash

if we stretched out rumpled sheets
sunlit opalescent shades shape
there on an open square, each step

without a care, through a wan smile
thundrin' pain unrolls, with each flash
a stumblin' stain recedes

then moonlight polishes
over each bump and every scrape
as if struck out in utter defeat

windswept smiles

long, top-down drives
even shirtless-tans
sweet strawberry-kisses and
glorious watermelon stains

laughter lifting through the trees
glimpses of sun-blest promises
sugar-coated whispers
catching in the breeze

fruit bowls, waterholes
and refreshing icy poles
interlacing fingers share
starry nights and lazy days

d a n c e

Turn around
start the dance
shadows bound
spare a glance.

Step to light
night takes hold
swift as flight
dreams unfold.

Hope reveals
hearts entwine
spinning wheels
threads align.

Anton Ego

Anton Ego

He sits, pen poised, a sword wielded over white plates,
his words a hunger sharper than knives.
Each morsel faces his judgment, stripped of warmth,
weighed by precision, never savoured, only dissected.

Shadows deepen in his eyes, an appetite for perfection drowning joy.
He demands mastery, turning food to calculations, turning creation to fear.

The world watches his verdicts, but his table remains empty.
Then comes the dish?humble, its scent catches him off guard.
Steam rises, carrying memory, a kitchen,
a home, a boy greeted with care by the hands that cooked for love, not applause.

A single bite cracks the armour.
The critic falters, his pen quiet, his palate alive.
The flavours whisper of simplicity he had long dismissed.
They remind him of what he had forgotten:
that art is not built to be conquered, but to be felt.

He sets the pen down gently.
His words that follow are softer,
an ode to the risk of creating,
to the courage of pouring oneself
into what might be torn apart.

In his silence, he lets the warmth remain.
From the shadows of scrutiny,
he steps forward, a man who understands,
finally, that to taste is to connect.

celestial threads

Stars unravel
stitched upon coronal leaves?
a silent weave of cosmic lore.

Silken riddles
unspin cocoons
'mid thund'ry breeze
reverberating forgotten skies.

Keeper's Ink
Cradle of stardust
bottled moonbeams
riding solar flair? etched upon time's ledger.

Ink of paradox
unbinds unspoken tales
coiling springless clocks
to preserve light's lore.

song to the stars

Hair in the wind
Brown in the sun
Midday-born light?
Silken strands of crested corn.

Jack was nimble
he was quick
but he's not taking that candlestick.
All the queen's horses
and all the queen's men
run their own courses,
then run them again.

Sparks light the sky
a brilliant welder's flash
a jewel in disguise
a jousting's winning prize;
and yet, a clockwork dandelion
sings softly to forgotten stars.

midnight courage

I love the wee and trippy hours of
after-midnight when these glass slippers
lay glistening in soft moonlight
while weary dreamers poise inked quills

to carve their thoughts onto pale parchment
from a woozy head -- too early in the day
to be about one's inescapable routines
too late of a night to do all else but swoon.

This is the cherished witching-hour in a life
where most everything is held, transfixed
in the baffling clarity of glad cerebration--
intoxicated Muses dance in celebration.

letting go: Anton Ego

The table looms before him, stark and uninviting,
a battleground where plates meet judgment.
The critic sits rigid, pen gripped in a hand
ready to slash through reputation, its ink dark and merciless.

In the kitchen, the chef glares through the small window,
a low flame of resentment flickering in his eyes.
Every movement is sharp, precise? a rhythm of defiance.

The dish must speak for itself; his words,
in defence of his art, remain locked in his throat.

Anton waits, his gaze heavy and sharp.
Rumours swirled about the chef's arrogance,
his reckless experiments, his disdain for simplicity.

As the minutes stretch, Anton's irritation stirs,
already forming in his mind the lines of dismissal:
mediocrity masquerading as daring.

The plate arrives, sliding across the table?
a quiet challenge, its edges smudged imperfectly.
Anton lifts his fork with deliberate scepticism.

The chef stands in the corner, arms crossed,
the weight of failure already braced against his shoulders.

The fork presses into the layers. The critic pauses.
Steam curls up, carrying notes of familiarity.
Tomato tang pierces the air, mingling with the earthiness of aubergine.
Anton takes a bite, his expression unmoving.

Then?his brow furrows, lips twitching slightly.
Flavours bloom on his tongue, chaotic yet harmonious.
The chef looks away, muttering under his breath.
Anton swallows, and silence fills the room, heavy as the unspoken verdict.

His fork clinks against the plate as he sets it down.
The pen quivers in his hand, prepared for destruction?
yet he writes something unexpected.

"This dish," he begins, "reminds us that elegance thrives in imperfection."

The chef freezes, disbelief washing over his face.
Anton stands, his unyielding mask softened by the faintest smile,
and walks to the door, leaving his words to linger.

pot plants

?

hapless indulgences

animated silences

quiver

?

hankered imagination

ambiguous synapses

quibble

?

each way you turn

each thought you churn

new lessons learn

?

potted flower plants

line your driveway

mind you don't crush them

?

but a flesh wound

Steam rises, curling over the edge of porcelain.
The maître d' shifts his weight, a polished smile,
gestures toward the plate?
a delicacy, a masterpiece, a moment of triumph.

The chef, sleeves rolled, eyes sharp,
flicks his wrist, thumb and fingers poised?
a chef's kiss, a silent benediction.

Mr Creosote leans forward, belly a continent,
hands trembling for conquest.
A fork crashes through crème and crisp.

Chewing, swallowing, expanding?
his breath thickens, his eyes roll,
his body, unwilling, groans in protest.
The maître d' steps back. The air shifts.

A whisper of tension?
something inevitable, irreversible,
a gluttonous sun pulling everything into its orbit.
Then, a pause, a flicker of realisation.

The chef, still watching, mouth twitching at the corner,
wipes his hands on his apron, steps away from the blast zone.

twilight trek

Branches breathe
leaves sway slow
whispers weave
cool winds grow

Night unfolds
stars ignite
frosted gold
guides our flight.

Steps persist,
mountain looms,
paths untwist,
hope resumes.

w o r d s

As a projectile
on its trajectory
the very kernel
of this heart's history

unfurls and beckons
to those who'd care
allows for both sides,
their minds declare

each line, each verse,
each accentuated pause
all bring together- - joint longing:
their inimitable cause

see you there

Scattered like stars
thoughts glimmer:
constellations of ideas
mosaics of the mind's workings.
Words twist and turn
a labyrinth of meaning
each line reflects
each stanza holds a riddle
Neon lights and ancient shadows
merge in a collision of epochs
their spirit breathes through the chaos,
a tapestry woven from tradition and innovation.
A chorus emerges, blending the visible and the hidden.

a poem's succession

a poem's succession

There is always a poem waiting?
an understudy, breathless in the wings,
shadowed by today's centre stage,
its lines trembling, yearning to be heard.

This poem, however, holds its ground.
It stands, distinct as a fingerprint,
etched with the soul of its unwritten forbears?
the lived and the whispered, but never fully spoken.

Its panorama blooms not on paper,
but in the vivid window of the reader's imagination.
Each line stretches like sunlit paths,
inviting footsteps into uncharted journeys.

The poet leaves faint breadcrumbs?
enough to guide, but never to tether.

Then comes the twist:

at this poem's end lies not silence,
but the restless stirrings of another,
and perhaps many more, jostling to be born.

Somewhere, an invisible ink takes form,
its words breathing, its rhythms coiled,
waiting for the reader to turn
and catch them in their unfolding.

©arqios

cavernous

???????

Could vaulted vase
contain collected tears,
echoing- -with sighs,
now solidly trapped
within its chamber
where this bloom
??tears away ??
defying gravity
and yesterday?
???????

a miscreant yearns

A Miscreant Yearns

A soul's cry, released in words? chosen, picked, woven in quiet longing.

And there, in articulation, beauty finds its form...

The soul, unbound, bridges a gap, touching both heart and mind.

once again

there was a time
when thoughts
were pencilled in
by flashlight or nightlight
well after the house
has shut down for the night
there was a time
when poems
were extensions
of one's hopes and dreams
by words coloured in -
imagination reigned supreme
there came a time
when typing in
on keyboards and touch screens
cursors blipping and
message alarms beeping -
our faces twitting in online spaces
there'll come a time
when our souls
after having been
stripped and laid bare
shall seek their worlds once more
in the humble printed word

Ypres, lest we forget

Slabs of stone
Greet the morning sun
Or is it the Sun
That warms their cold

Thawing the shiver
Of their last moments

Bringing light to that tunnel
only to dim again at dusk-
So let's keep the torch lit
Lest We Forget

printed word

Once?words spilled like rivers,
ink coursing through valleys of paper,
their pencil etching trails in the grain,
each mark a rippling of thought.

Night stretched long,
lamp-light flickered like kindling.
But the mind burned? a wildfire of ideas,
embers pressed into pages,
smoke rising in the form of verse.

Then came the hum of glass screens,
words trapped behind a veneer too smooth for meaning.
Fingers skimmed, searching for depth,
but the letters dissolved before they could settle.
The cursor blinked like a heartbeat, steady, unfeeling?waiting.

A message sent. A thought erased.

The wind-carried whispers?

did anyone listen? did anyone care?

Yet?will there come a time when silence calls us back?
When ink pools thick again, shadows stretching across pages,
each word heavy enough to leave a mark?
Will we return, not in nostalgia, but in longing?
to fire, to rivers, to permanence?

hymn of the exiles

They call us mad, they call us cursed,
For we will not bow to their painted gods?
Their temples reek of incense and decay,
Their priests chant empty words to dying fires.
But we?we keep the old flame alive,
The wild song, the untamed heart!
Let them rot in their gilded cages,
While we ride the storm, unchained!

roaring tides

The winds howl their raucous decree,
Sea-born gods bellow?wild, unshackled!
Foam-crested steeds surge forth,

Brazen, unbridled, shattering silence!
The song of the deep erupts?

Silver tongues twisting in unison,
A chorus sung not in words, but in waves,
Infinite! Immortal! Unyielding!

O Frenzied Light!

If we stretched out rumpled sheets? O blazing sun! opalescent shades, Drunk on the shapes that twist and sway, Dionysus laughs, the vines unbraid! There on the open square, we reel, Each step a dance, each breath a hymn, Through thunder's teeth, a wan smile gleams, Unfurling flashes? stumbling, dim! O Night! O Scourge! O Scraped and Raw! The moonlight polishes our wounds, Yet still we writhe, still gasp and claw? Had we struck out? The gods exult! In utter defeat, the frenzy blooms!

A Place

Between lines and stanzas
this place of utmost vulnerability

to wallow in -to soothe the slow burn
as your essence surfaces alone, in
that quiet conversation between
your true self and the world

for the Unbroken

O Dionysus, breaker of chains,
I sing not for the meek, the tamed, the gelded?
But for the wolves who howl against the night,
Who tear the velvet lies from rotting thrones!
The poets now are eunuchs, lisping hymns
To hollow gods of equity and dust?
But we, the few, drink deep the blood-red wine,
And laugh as cowards beg for kinder chains!

against the age

O Lord of ecstasy, of frenzy, of the unstoppable tide,
Look upon this withered world and laugh!
They have traded crowns for shackles,
Strength for safety, truth for lies?
But we, the scorned, the unbent, the unbroken,
Still raise the cup, still wield the blade!
Let the age whimper in its chains,
While we dance in the ruins of their shame!

the fury's chant

Hear me, O thundering One,
Who dances on the graves of fallen kings!
The age is sick with trembling hands,
With men who kneel and beg for mercy?
But we remember iron,
The song of swords, the fire in the blood!
Let the weaklings whine of peace,
While we carve our names in lightning!

revelatory

Secrets are secret
Truth cannot expound
Everything is vanity
No comfort to be found

Truth is relative
or so it is, they say
Life for us is short
no time to dry the hay

What Truth will illumine
Lies would then conceal
with ebony tusks uncover
wounds that would not heal

there is no lack in you

So you have discovered
And
Continue to uncover,
Imagery and metaphor
That only you uniquely
Can share with the world
If however you choose
To silence your pen,
Then the world would be at a loss....
There are among us,
Many scientists,
Who have expressed themselves in verse?
Wonderful poetry and fiction...
It is a known territory
And a very open road
Is the key to poetry,
Its music and dance?
In which the writer partakes,
While articulating what
Their Muse has stirred within them?
Having said thus,
We should never allow ourselves,
To compare
And envy one another,
For we are all unique
And have individual voice
To speak
And such
Springs out and from which we draw from
Our sole duty is to be faithful
To our voice,
Our source and our muse

the thread between us

The Thread Between Us

The street moves beneath us,
shifting without command,
we say we walk freely,
but the road has already been carved.
Someone chose its shape
long before our steps left their weight.

A voice rises, measured, cautious,
another shouts before listening?
the argument swells, ripples outward,
each side gripping their claim
like dry earth clinging to rain.

What if the road is neither theirs nor ours?
What if we pull too hard,
and the thread between us frays?

This world tilts in fractions,
some lean into history,
others push toward tomorrow?
the balance flickers,
a candle resisting the wind.

momEntary deEp

In the warmth of a sunlit day,
We walk through the whispers of time,
With hearts that beat in sync,
And eyes that hold a universe of dreams.

Each moment, a fragile breath,
Filling the air with hopes and fears,
We find beauty in the shadows,
And comfort in silence's soft embrace.

Life is a dance of love and loss,
Where every tear tells a story,
And laughter mingles with the echoes
Of days we wished would never end.

Beneath the sky, so vast and true,
We share the weight of our thoughts,
Turning the pain of a broken past
Into the strength that binds our souls.

In the night, stars flicker like memories,
Reminding us of moments that felt so real,
While the moon watches over our secrets,
And the darkness cradles our hidden fears.

Yet in this journey, we stand strong,
Facing the storms with open arms,
For every goodbye leads to a hello,
And every scar a mark of survival.

velveteen quietude

In hushed moments, where whispers gently drift,
As shadows play beneath the moonlit haze.
The world stirs softly, cradled in its gift.
Each heartbeat lingers, time begins to shift,

Memories unfurl like melodic lays.
In hushed moments, where whispers gently drift.
The breeze unfolds its secrets, faint and swift,
A symphony of night in velvet phase.

The world stirs softly, cradled in its gift.
The stars bear witness to the truths we sift,
Dreams rising high, like petals in a blaze.
In hushed moments, where whispers gently drift.

In twilight's fold, we feel the strength uplift,
Welcoming change as shadows start their gaze.
The world stirs softly, cradled in its gift.
So let us treasure every tide that's kissed,

In this grand waltz, our hearts find steady praise.
In hushed moments, where whispers gently drift,
The world stirs softly, cradled in its gift.

soul of time

The tides still reach though hands grow thin,
Oars lie quiet where once they'd been.
From spade to sail, from heart to shore,
A song remains, but boats no more.

Beneath the hearth where old tongues weave,
A tale is born in ember's sleeve.
The voices rise, the echoes call,
In fireside lore and shadowed hall.

A bard's bright words, a poet's strain,
Still whisper through the lashing rain.
Let not their song fade, nor their rhyme?
For stories guard the soul of time.

to be real

Velveteen Rabbit:

left forgotten on the floor,
overlooked, shy, sawdust-made,
snubbed by the grand and mechanical,
a world of prideful toys,
and absent understanding.

Timothy, the wooden lion,
boasts of his noble ties,
the painted boat speaks
in the language of rigging.
Yet Rabbit finds no place,
nor kinship in hollow superiority.

Only Skin Horse, aged,
fur rubbed bare and stories deep,
holds wisdom born of wear,
eyes soft but steady
with truths of nursery magic
that runs through the hands of love.

"Real," whispers the sage, "
Is not in buzz nor brass,
but in the wear of time,
the touch of belonging.
Love, long and true,
binds sawdust tighter than springs."

Rabbit listens,
the question of hurt unfolds,
fragility met with truth.
"You become," says the elder,

slowly, deeply, undeniably,
until your shabbiness glows
as something others misunderstand.

A smile seals the tale,
a dream born in trust,
one day, perhaps,
Rabbit will be Real.

starshift

The stars do not answer,
but they do not turn away.

We stand beneath their quiet fire,

where doubt cannot hold, and something
- small, vast, immeasurable - finally shifts.

sleep on it

A soul refrains from distant quests,
Throne, temple, summit?all forsaken.
The answer dwells, soft-spoken, near,
Its whispers carried on dawn's breath.

Kindness becomes as oil of lamps,
A quiet deed ignites warm glow.
Within the dark, love forms a hymn,
Illuminating hearts, unseen.

Do not journey far,
The warmth you seek
is folded close,
Residing deep?within, it grows.

stirred by the breeze

Waves of fresh wind dance,
stirring thought.
Sunlight strikes,
and skies shift,
darkened and undone.

The canopy of words ripples,
foliage alive, in rhythmic undulation.
Cloud cover whispers,
lifting the finite chest,
boundless and fleeting.

We watch
as our thoughts glide along,
a wave swelling melody
woven in to crystal water streams.

a reckoning of voices

A Reckoning of Voices

History does not pause for breath,
it moves like morning,
inevitable yet unnoticed.

We carve decisions into it,
rough edges and second guesses,
but no moment stands untouched by the past.

Some call for restoration?
others dismantle, brick by brick,
rebuilding from what remains.
The voices collide,
wary of each retort.

Sven's Uninvited Guest

I lift my gaze beyond the channel,
where Kessingland lingers in memory,
while Holland's fog curls around Zandvoort?
windswept dunes, lager tins, crisps,
the salt and bite of air carving my cheeks raw.

The flat sits empty, waiting for laughter to spill in,
for voices to rise, thick with stories.
But the nightshift is stirring?
from the reeds, a figure waddles into view.

We bow in greeting.
A moment's pause? then the inevitable.

Why is it always this way?
The same dull dance,
the casual gaslighting into trysts
by uninvited hands, by half-lit strangers.
Do I wear some neon sign?
Some flickering plea, selling me
as an object of desire?

I seek a time, a place, and send them off,
knowing I will not follow.
They must know, must suspect?
this is not who I am, not what I do.

I wish I was home.
Past the Strait of Dover, but where is home?
This will happen again, all too soon,
wherever I go? wherever I pretend to belong.

Thredbo (Winter 2025)

Snow finds the peaks first.
Dusts the rocks,
a quiet landing overnight.
Thredbo wakes white,
a surprise for the valley.

Gum trees wear
a light, cold cloak.
The air bites clean.
Chairlifts hang still,
waiting.

A bloke sees his breath,
puffs of white on the crisp morning.
The mountain just changed its coat.
Winter's here,
a soft, bright start.

hair in the wind

Brown in the sun
of the midday born
Silken strands
of crested corn
sparks light the sky
brilliant welder's flash
jewel in disguise
jousting's winning prize.

Jack was nimble
he was quick
but he's not taking
that candlestick.

All the queen's horses
and all the queen's men
run their own courses
then run them again.

it walks, not me

I trace the past?as it walks,
not me; through quiet light,
thin as dusk, each step
dissolves before I see,
then leaves the earth
without any to trust.

Through quiet light,
thin as dusk, I follow
paths once called my own,
footprints vanish in dust,
a history in muted tone.

I follow paths once called my own,
they lead and linger, turn and fade,
I trace the past?it walks, not me,
its weight unseen but always laid.

They lead and linger, turn and fade,
then leaves the earth
without any to trust,
a step dissolves before I see,
I trace the past?it walks, not me.

constants of change

Many, many decades later,
Subtrahend? the thief of
time? had stolen years,
whittling away youth
with quiet precision,
leaving only memories as souvenirs.

Minuend, proud and steadfast,
stood firm against life's relent-
less *subtractions*, holding onto
laughter,
unyielding, even as the seasons
adjusted the equation.

Difference, a wanderer,
measured space between
our footprints, sometimes vast,
sometimes mere inches?
always shifting but never lost.

Constant, our faithful friend,
never faltered through life's
algorithms, proof that distance
and time could never truly
divide what was meant to remain.

And so, decades later,
when our paths converged once more,
the solution was simple, undeniable:
Friendship is a theorem unbroken?
forever true.

Cry Petey, I See Bards Rounding the Bend

Cry we all toward places unnamed

Rise above the crested hills

Yell we will - shattering door frames

Plundering thoughts of ploivered wills

Tear at the wallpaper - reveal the grain

Ink the slate - etched by wound-dipped quills

Crouch, prowl - ready to pounce on game

Brandishing swords, blaring trumpets shrill

Arching backs, phosphorescent wicks aflame

Ridding netted fish of scales and smelly gills

Driving forward, driven onward - scourging rain

con un beso (with a kiss)

inclínese tu rostro a mi cara
para vernos cara a cara

inclínese tu oído a mis labios
para oír cada palabra hablada
de pensamiento a pensamiento

inclínese tus labios a mi mejilla
para secar mis lagrimas con un beso

lean your face to my face
to see us face to face
lean your ear to my lips
to hear every spoken word
from thought to thought
lean your lips to my cheek
to dry my tears with a kiss

beautiful regret

beautiful regret:

Love does not erase bruises,
nor does it fix what words cannot mend.
But it stands- in the quiet, in the waiting?

in the spaces where breath is safe

where memory softens,
and time learns to forgive:
beautiful regret.

what we'll always be

Whole and tumbling at speed,
etched, immortalised in memory?
 our secret longing,
with fingertips touching, offering always.

Time bends in the hush between heartbeats,
a silent surrender to the weight of wanting,
where light spills across open palms,
and shadows stretch toward the horizon,
never quite reaching, never quite fading.

The wind carries whispers too fragile to hold,
threading through the spaces left behind,
where touch lingers like an unspoken vow,
a language of skin, of presence, of knowing?
an echo of what we are, of what we will always be.

flight ready

I will not let the weight
of old winds bend
your wings any longer.

You will soar, not for escape,
but for discovery.
We will carve the sky

into new stories,
where no shadow lingers,
and no voice drags you back.

Your flight is not borrowed?
it belongs to you. So,
take-off in fresh winds' lift.

Poet's Bush Call

Will you come and journey with the author,
traversing time and space, imagination -
of things real or conjured in the mind

when the wattle blossoms dance in the wind,

the birdcalls and the dingo's howling....
in that hour of phrases catching, we shall
see the wonder of life itself unfolding...

Through the hush of dawn's slow breathing,
we tread the worn paths of longing,
where the earth hums beneath bare feet-

stories layered leaf upon fallen leaf,

whispering of forgotten hands
that shaped the contours of this land
before names were written down.

Beyond the bend where shadows linger,
where water carves its quiet etching,
the air thickens with memories unclaimed-

voices once carried along by wind,

folded into the murmuring gum trees,
waiting for new tongues to set them free:
voices launched into time's unraveling thread.

unrelenting horizon

The sheets loosen,
brittle with yesterday's sweat,
my limbs heavy
with the unremembered struggle
of another dream slipping into daylight.
The tide surges again? not the sea,
but the pull of routine, a weight
pressing against the ribs.

The road throbs under hurried feet,
a chorus of engines swallowing dawn's breath.
We rise, we move, we forget
what it was we were chasing.
Beneath the pale flare of a morning too sharp,

the sun spares nothing, nor does it wait.
It only reveals? the quiet surrender,
the unbroken loop, the ceaseless chase,
the unspoken cost.

...in darkened silence

In the still of night,
 . . . a voice
becomes Dawn's first light

Where every shadow meets its end
Reverie ascends skyward:
a final page turned
, weary lines
of hope, once written
 now unwind

Until this day comes
, we seek our peace

Never again lost
 . . . in darkened sleep.

the wind speaks

the wind speaks I hear the wind?it speaks,
not me as footsteps fade in floating dust,
it bends the trees, it shakes the sea,
then vanishes like thoughts once held.

As footsteps fade in floating dust,
the past dissolves beyond my reach,
a fleeting voice beyond my hands,
its echo shifting, never still.

The past dissolves beyond my reach,
it lingers only in the hush,
I hear the wind?it speaks, not me,
then leads me on without a trace.

It lingers only in the hush,
then vanishes like thoughts once held,
its echo shifting, never still,
I hear the wind?it speaks, not me.

ancient roots

Ancient Roots

The tip of each root twists neatly
where earth holds it so sweetly,
its tendrils?like fingers grown
deep? cradle soil, embrace
and keep the moisture
tight with anchored
might, ground to
crown, renown,
tree.

the poet's barren tale

They came for the feast of phrases,
gathered 'round the wordless flame.
Empty cups clinked, unsated,
as the poet shrugged his muse unspoken.

"*There's no story here*," he muttered,
his mind a drought-struck desert.
And so they sat, grasping shadows,
a poem promised but never served.

a lad's cards

The deck fans out, paper-thin promises of triumph,
the weight of military tanks, the speed of racing cars,
each card a champion waiting for its name to be called.

I press them to my chest, sticky fingers gripping history,
knowing the playground will judge me by numbers alone.
Armour thickness, horsepower, displacement?
the hard facts of victory, stacked in my hands.

Dubreq's mark, Waddingtons' legacy,
the packs accumulating in worn pockets,
fifty pence at a time, a treasury of childhood strategy.

A call rings out? my mate pulls a battleship,
I counter with a fighter jet. The numbers tell a truth
I can't argue? I concede, surrender my card to the pile.

A slow lesson in fortune and risk,
the thrill of collecting, the silent grief of losing.
Tomorrow, I'll win it back? or find a new deck to chase.
Top Trumps is my world, and I am its architect.

veil of the known

The river speaks in hushed tones,
its currents thick with secrets,
folding into themselves?
the weight of unspoken histories
dredged along the silt.

I do not step in.

The water remembers too much.
The city breathes metal and wire,
a maze built on absence,
corridors wound so tightly
that voices lose their way,
disappearing before they reach the ear that listens.

I do not linger.

Echoes have sharpened edges.
Above, the sky bruises with evening,
a hush before the storm rattles loose
the bones of quiet streets.
Lightning fractures the dark,
too brief to hold, too sudden to name.

I do not follow.

Names are only borrowed,
and some things are better left untold.

where shadows do not drown

Where Shadows Do Not Drown

They left the green land behind,
where the púca ran unseen
beneath hollowed branches,
where tricks stirred in the mist
and footsteps never quite found firm ground.

Across the restless waters they sailed,
heavy with exile, grasping
the promise of gold and breath,
chasing the mirage of quiet years,
somewhere the ghosts could not follow.

But the rivers whispered?
not the rivers of home,
not the winding black paths
of the púca's mischief,
but something heavier, deeper, waiting.

The bunyip did not grin.
Did not trick, did not twist fate
as the púca once had.
It only watched, only reminded,
only lurked beyond the fire's reach.

Still, when the púca laughed from memory
and the bunyip stirred beneath the water,
they knew? some shadows do not drown,
they only change their shape.

hobbitual

Wander through the burrowed light,
mud-packed walls breathing warmth,
a kettle thrums?no rush, just the steady,
unbroken rhythm of being.
Hands work the earth, kneading sun into soil,
tucking seeds deep where roots raise memory.
Footsteps soften against moss,
small strides, sure and deliberate,
paths well-trodden yet never worn.
Bread breaks, laughter follows,
cups filled, emptied, filled again?
contentment settling into the bones.
Beyond the hills, the world clamours,
but here, time folds neatly,
days measured in meals,
life shaped by hearth and harvest.
This is enough.

still the earth breathes

"Still the Earth Breathes"

Beneath the ash-grey skies of longing,
the earth breathes?not for you,
not for me, but for itself.
A pulse steady, undaunted by
the footsteps we leave behind.

You will see the shadows move,
and not ask why.
You will taste the salt of oceans past,
and still the waves will rise?
relentless, unforgiving, and free.

They bend, they whisper,
yes, they falter, but like the trees
that bow to the storm, they rise again.

I have walked through cobbled streets of sorrow,
where silence hums louder than hymns.
I have felt the crack of thunder in my chest?
but still I press forward, like the gull that rides the tempest.

Do you hear it? This rhythm beneath the quiet,
this song that shapes the rippling dawn?
It is there, between the bracken and stone,
between the promise of sky and its return to earth.

You cannot still it, nor should you try.
For even as I stumble, even as the gale bends me low,
I rise?not alone, but as one with the tide, with the soil,
with the breath that remains when all else fades.

my poetic side

Words collect like morning dew on leaves?
offered, absorbed, refracted?
a quiet exchange in the rhythms of being.

Voices scatter across a vast terrain
gently meeting with fierce exclamations,
each one feeding, each one fed.

Community thrives beneath unseen threads
binding both fragile and the bold,
roots deepening in shared soil.

bridges

These bridges you have thus built
and those you keep on building
are the ones we can always cross
from which pebbles we can toss
and watch their ripples downstream
crossing over into our once upon dream

unyielding eyes

They come with sharpened pens,
dipped in the ink of insistence,

ready to carve lines into meaning,
to trim excess, to break form
where form should stand unbroken.

Poetry, they say, must kneel
before its rightful masters?
those who dictate rhythm,

who weigh metaphors against tradition,
who scoff at the unschooled,
the unstructured, the uninvited.

No room for wandering thoughts,
no space for jagged breath,
only clean syllables,

approved intentions?
as though verse were currency,
its value set by unseen hands.

The air thickens with scrutiny,

a silence stretched tight,
waiting for the next fracture,
the next stray image to be judged
unworthy.

But still, words find their way?

through gaps, through defiance,
through ink spilled not for approval
but for the sheer, reckless need to speak.

light between shadows

The forest holds its breath,
light spills in fractured silence.
It does not choose where it falls?
limbs, leaves, forgotten paths,
all gilded in fleeting gold.

Between shadowed roots,
a moment unfurls?
untouched and transient.
Time presses softly here,
 and still,
 it slips away.

cluEleSs

All the clueless people, wandering through the noise,
scrolling past the silence, missing every choice.
No hands reach through the static, no eyes lift from the glow,
an olive branch extended, but no one seems to know.

All the clueless people, living through their screens,
talking loud in empty rooms, forgetting what it means.
No space for quiet wisdom, no pause to feel the weight,
just echo chambers spinning, while the world just waits.

You may say that we're connected, but no one's really near.
A thousand voices shouting, and still, they do not hear.
All the clueless people, numb to whispered calls,
standing in a crowd alone, as meaning fades and falls.
WE're all of us so clueless, after all.

in Wordsworth was my father's voice

It was the twelfth of May,
and night wore silence like a cloak.
The stars, untroubled by modern glare,
breathed quietly upon your birthright?
a cradle woven not of silver spoons,
but wind through orchard bough.

You came, I imagine, with dusk's permission?
as supper cooled on earthen plates,
and chapel bells dimmed in twilight hush.
Somewhere, children prayed like sparrows:
without doctrine, without shame, only wonder,
offered up like crumbs.

And there you stood?or would?
speaking to daffodils and grieving yew trees,
your voice a covenant with the simple,
with all things that endure softly.

My father heard you first
through page and candlelight,
and passed that flame to me.

Now I walk where screens pulse,
not stars, but still, in the hush before sleep,
I hear you measure footfalls across a lake
that mirrors nothing but itself.
In your lines, the world slows
just long enough to be forgiven.

lore-keeping

stars unravel
stitched upon
coronal leaves

silky riddles
unspin cocoons
'mid thund'ry breeze

on in cradled stardust
bottled moonbeams
ride solar flairs

ink of paradox
unbind unspoken tales
coil springless clocks

apologies

Apologia in Free Verse (After Too Much Metre)

I meant to speak plainly. To let the thought go unbuttoned,
leaned against a kitchen chair, talking about traffic
or the way light hits the linoleum.

But then? I rhymed.
By accident or reflex or loneliness.

It was you that made me do it?
not out of guilt, but because the sentence curled
toward music, and I didn't stop it.

You rolled your eyes. I apologised.
And still the phrases rang like pewter spoons.

There's something in me that keeps folding
speech into couplets, as if silence
might forgive it easier when dressed in echo.

So no? I wasn't trying to impress you.
I was just afraid the truth, unmetred,
might sound too sharp when said aloud.

peel back the neon

"Peel Back the Neon"

Spit shine the bitter truth?
no sugar coat, no soft landing.
The real rolls in like thunder
wearing citrus and static.

We bite back with tongues dyed bright.
Laugh lines splitting
through fluorescent doubt.

No algorithm knows how hard we hit
when we hit with nothing to prove.
Peel back the neon skin? under it:
something too loud to fake.

between the veils

I stand at the edge of another Monday,
boots crusted with dust from a paddock
I never meant to cross.
The sky doesn't speak- -it broods,
like it's waiting for me to say
the thing I've swallowed for years.

There's a fog settling across the plain.
Not the cool kind that comforts the gullies,
but the one that creeps in just before
the sun decides whether it'll rise clean
or hang low in warning.

I call it tomorrow- though I've no idea what it holds.

Behind me, the known stirs
like a dog in the ute tray,
restless with truth I've tried to keep quiet.
Memory doesn't forget how to bark.
It just waits for silence to grow
fat enough to bite through.

And isn't that the way of it?
The veil ahead is mystery-
but the veil behind knows my name,
my mistakes, knows the sound of the door
I didn't open and the letter I read twice, then burned.

I keep walking.
Not because I want to know what comes next,
but because standing still means listening
to everything I already understand

and still can't say aloud.

waltz of the wind

Golden reeds sway in the summer breeze,
sometimes moving as one, sometimes leaping offbeat?
not silent, but full of voice? shouting, singing,
bright little melodies alive with motion.
They brush past and gently kiss these cheeks,
soft as morning light.

cannon shot fire

upon a shot that lit the roof alight *June 29, 1613*

The cannon cracked?too loud for stagecraft's game,
Its echo swallowed jest and breath alike;
That spark, unmeant, leapt high to catch the flame,
Where thatch stood dry as tinder, ripe to strike.
The players froze mid-line, their throats gone tight,
Eyes tilted up where straw betrayed its role.
A murmur passed like weather through the night?
Then chaos surged like fire without a soul.
The boards we loved gave way beneath our feet,
The pit grew hot as panic took the floor.
No speech could mask the gallows of that heat?
Just ash and shouting pouring through the door.
The globe, she burned?but left a ghost behind,
In every line we'd yet to speak or find.

June 14, 2010: journal entry

Her laughter in the kitchen sounded like
it had learnt the language of eucalyptus.
Then, Miss Kay asked why clouds don't fall.

I said something about warmth and altitude,

but thought of grace instead.

This morning I read from Ecclesiastes,
then wrote half a stanza about *shadows falling inward*.

The kettle hissed, I answered.

Not the poem? but the Day.

baker's gift

In friendship,
it's the extra call late at night,
the remembered laugh from years ago?
something unasked, freely given.

In service,
it's the coffee shop adding a biscuit,
the mechanic wiping the corners of the window
without a word,
small touches we barely notice,
yet carry home.

In art,
it's the brushstroke tucked into the corner,
a detail only the painter knows is there.
It's the verse that wasn't needed,
but stayed anyway.

In learning,
it's the teacher who lingers after the bell?
a moment longer,
just to see you understand.

In kindness,
it's the smile, the patient pause,
when the world might pass someone by.

In care,
it's choosing the second blanket on a cold night,
the last slice saved for someone else,
the small, quiet gifts
that never ask for thanks.

A baker's dozen
is more than thirteen.
It's the measure of giving
without counting.

closed windows

Closed Windows

The screen yawns wide,
empty as the Nullarbor plain?
"no comments posted yet," it whispers,
a sign more accusatory than absent.

You may look, it says, but don't touch.
Permission belongs to ghosts,
long gone or never given at all.

Kindness cracks its knuckles,
flicks a cigarette to the curb?
museum-bound, archived, unreachable.
What thoughts could fill the void?
Too dark. Too light. Too wrong.

And yet the cursor waits,
blinking endlessly, smug
as a lighthouse shining
on waters you're not allowed to cross.

So, here we are, friend? reading windows
that don't know the name of the wind,
nor the whisper of tides rising too far to span.

time's door

a fire does not burn
but waits, contained in the hearth
as shadows lengthen behind portraits
of people no one names aloud
alfred peels the orange
not because he is hungry
but because morning requires rhythm
and rhythm is an anchor when cities howl
on the news: a rooftop chase
voices glitch through static
they speak of masks
as if they were weapons, or skin
in the hall?
a coat is hung back on its hook
with rain that
never reaches this far up the hill
and in the study
the grandfather clock ticks
not as time
but as a door

part savage, part human

A raw and redemptive,
jagged lullaby wrapped
in grit and grace.

Confronting primal origins
of beauty, tracing how chaos,
trauma, and history's rough edges
are not just background noise,

but the very instruments
in life's symphony.
Pain isn't just a prelude to joy?
it's part of the composition.

This poem, insistent:
what is beautiful isn't
in spite of the brokenness,
but because of it.

That's where its power hits hardest?
where rock and roll meets requiem,
and we stand, animal, mostly human,
made whole through noise and nerve.

feasting you

Thereupon a banquet spread
delectable dishes arrayed?
greens, meats, fruit, and wine:
marine, fowl, farm, and vine.

Alongside me your visage bright,
imbibing, ingesting, we sup;
from selfsame platter dine?
my heart yours, and yours mine.

The goblet glints in candle gleam,
its rim still kissed with berry red;
we toast not to the fleeting dream,
but to the life we feast and wed.

A hush between the courses falls,
save for the sigh of pouring rain,
yet silence speaks where eye recalls
your touch, my solace and refrain.

No richer fare could fill our need,
nor daintier sweetness tempt the tongue,
than nearness drawn in quiet deed?
two souls where once there had been one.

And when the final crumbs are gone,
and all the wine has slipped to air,
still my heart, steadfast and fond,
shall remember you? forever there.

to the forgotten poet

"To the Forgotten Poet"

But perhaps? you are not forgotten. Not truly.
Your voice threads the dusk between radio static,
slips between keystrokes, hums in the silence
after a song we don't know why we love.

Yes, the world dances now with more urgent partners:
with technology, utility, and news cycles that do not mourn or remember.
But still? in quiet corners your longing sprouts
like wild violets in a parking lot crack.

We who read beneath fluorescents
still look out windows because of you.
We who cry without knowing what for,
do so in your dialect.

You were not meant to be the celebration.
You were the echo afterward? the part that stays.
The garlands might wilt. But the roots are
underground and unsupervised. And still growing.

vestibule

vestibule The fire waits? not to warm, but to remind.
Rhythm, not reason, guides the hand
that peels the orange each morning.

Protection is hung beside memory,
still damp with yesterday's weather.
No need to wear it, not here?
not in the rooms where silence learns our names.

Static crackles through the radio of thought,
faint dispatches from a world
still too tangled to decipher.

But the masks are softening.
The rituals loosen their seams.
There is something in the stillness?
not absence, but readiness.

And when the clock moves again,
it will not mark a moment?
but an opening.

.

nev

neville.

Neville, mate?where'd you gone off to?
Off for smokes? Chasing meaning on a detour?
Two calendar flips and your chair's still vacant,
Empty mug, tea ring dried
like a scab that won't be forgotten.
The group chat's lost its spark?
no wisecracks, no truths (or even half-truths).
Did you punch the clock here, or sign in somewhere cosmic?
We're all ears for a sign?even typoed, even cryptic.
Just give a "hey"?in your style, for us all.

starfall, freefall

starfall, freefall

(our first utterance in the voice between)

i saw my reflection in the window
and mistook it for someone coming home

(i stood still to arrive)
the stars blinked or maybe i did
someone said the cosmos expands
because it's running out of ways
 to hold itself together

 in the back
 of my throat
tonight i don't want an answer just
 company between questions

drive on by

steeped in dust and dying daylight,
this country forgets how far is not far
until walking becomes waiting
for a bus that never
did come.

we do not live in towns
we stretch between rivers and roadhouses.
a bloke might find work three hours gone
(assuming he's got wheels) else
he's just a bloke with boots worn out
before payday.

once they saddled their livelihoods?
muscle and hooves, ?tethered
to the promise of feed & fence.
now? we ride pistons,
we gallop petrol.

a car isn't luxury?
it's your permission to try.
and i? flat broke & half-mad with tomorrow?
need mine as if yesterday were waiting
at the end of the drive.