

# Selected Poems of Robert Haigh

Robert Haigh

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



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## Lost Poet

*The poet was lost in a forest of words,  
With rustling leaves and swaying branches.  
He tried, but he failed to take his chances.  
Words kept their distance and gathered in herds,  
Then off they dashed, straight down to the ocean;  
He watched bemused, at their graceful motion.*

*He followed them down, and they seemed to wait.  
He wondered - he hoped - but was he too late?*

*The poet was lost in a sea of words.  
So many to choose from, he almost drowned.  
This way and that way, he looked all around  
As words became waves, and then became birds;  
Swooping and soaring, way out of his reach,  
Then finally crashing down on the beach.*

*The words were now gone; they'd melted away...  
Leaving the poet with no poem today!*

*-RH-*

## Fall and Rise of a Poet

The poet said, *"I'll write no more!  
Erato has walked out the door!  
Love has left, and nothing does remain!*

*"She was my Muse, my love, my life!  
Without her, all has turned to strife!  
Now all I hear is lost love's sad refrain!"*

I tried to give the poet cheer,  
But he would hardly let me near.  
With tears and sighs, he looked a sorry sight!

I said I'd take him for a drink  
(Or two), and give him pause to think  
About his life, this fateful, mournful night.

At length, he said he'd tag along,  
And so we joined the merry throng  
Inside the local tavern, down the lane.

He said, *"I'm drinking to forget!"*  
I nodded solemnly, and yet,  
I knew with time his smile he would regain.

A sing-along was in full swing,  
And soon we too began to sing;  
And sure enough the poet's smile returned.

We drank and sang into the night,  
As mournful moods were put to flight,  
And all the table candles had been burned.

I helped him home, past closing time,  
And on the way he wrote a rhyme.  
I told him (truthfully) I was impressed.

He laughed and said, "*Thank you, my friend!*"  
And I was sure that in the end  
The poet's pen would not have time to rest!

**-RH-**



## Cupid Doesn't Care

I called for Cupid's help today to melt your icy heart,  
But he would not (or could not) even play his part.

His quiver was quite empty, with not one arrow left.  
He shrugged his dimpled shoulders, leaving me bereft!

He wouldn't look me in the eye; he knew he'd let me down.  
He acted in a strange way, flying upside down!

He really was no help at all; I hardly think it fair.  
I've come to the conclusion that Cupid doesn't care!

**-RH-**

## Grandma's House

I loved to go to grandma's house  
When I was very small.  
Those big old empty rooms upstairs  
Always seemed so tall.  
I'd play up there without a care,  
With just one chair, that's all.

Imagination was my friend;  
I'd gladly play alone.  
I'd be a pirate captain, or  
A king upon a throne.  
Then I'd be a wizard, who  
Would turn things into stone!

My mother's voice would end my play,  
Calling from below.  
I'd grumble and complain out loud,  
But then I'd slowly go  
Down into the furnished rooms  
With coal fires all aglow.

Lemonade and chocolate cake  
Would suddenly appear.  
Grandma, with a smile, would say,  
"Here you are, my dear!"  
I'd smile right back and thank her,  
Then make it disappear!

Soon it would be time to leave,  
And we would kiss goodbye.  
Grandma would stand by the door,  
A tear within her eye.

I'd turn and wave, and she'd wave back,  
Then give a gentle sigh.

**-RH-**

## Jigsaw Puzzle

The scene is all set: I'm sitting outside  
With a giant jigsaw called, 'Passion and Pride.'  
On it are scenes from my life, past and present,  
And also some future projections ? quite pleasant!

The sun shines bright and the birds sing their song;  
I'm confident nothing will ever go wrong!  
Well, pride often comes before a great fall,  
But I am not mindful of such things at all!

I hardly notice the cool wind that blows,  
Nor for some time at least, cawing of crows.  
As dark clouds gather, I notice the change,  
And summer starts slowly to slip out of range!

Rain is now pouring, and oh what a mess!  
My jigsaw looks ruined, I have to confess.  
I take it inside, with some pieces lost.  
I'm thwarted by fate, and I must pay the cost!

Now plans can be changed, or downsized a tad.  
Sometimes such changes are not always bad.  
The life we have planned is subject to fate;  
Ideal versus real, right there on our plate!

I still have my hopes and dreams to pursue,  
Even if some of them never come true.  
*"Hope springs eternal,"* a poet once said.  
Our potential in life is there to be fed!

**-RH-**



## Sally and Ben

Ben was kinda rough around the edges,  
But Sally didn't care.  
He came without promises or pledges,  
But at least he was there.

She'd loved many men in her time, and yet  
None had treated her well.  
Would Ben turn out to be a better bet?  
Well, only time would tell.

Three things in Ben's favour: he neither drank,  
Nor smoked, nor chased women.  
So for those things alone Sally could thank  
Her lucky stars. Amen!

Much more than that, Ben sure was a cute one;  
Sal saw that from the start.  
She loved him like he was her only son;  
Yes, that kitten stole her heart!

**-RH-**

## Showdown in a Sleepy Town

Django rode to town that day,  
The wind against his back.  
The children halted all their play,  
As dust blew down the track.

He went inside the town's saloon,  
His horse tied to to the rail.  
He knew that it was nearly noon,  
With two men on his trail.

They couldn't be too far behind,  
But Django didn't care.  
He'd not be very hard to find,  
his horse being tethered there.

Django bought himself a beer,  
And drank it down real slow.  
He sensed that they were very near,  
And pretty soon they'd show.

But until then he'd stay right here,  
In this old sleepy town.  
By now he'd banished every fear,  
And drank the last drop down.

Then he heard their horses' hooves  
Out there in the street.  
Through his mind ran all the moves  
He'd make when they would meet.

At last, two men came through the door,  
Although no guns were drawn.

They very slowly crossed the floor.  
They'd followed him since dawn.

"Now!" said one, and drew his gun;  
His sidekick drew his too.  
The showdown finally had begun,  
And they would see it through!

Two shots rang out. Two bullets struck,  
And both straight through the heart!  
The two men had run out of luck;  
Too slow, right from the start!

"Self-defence," observers said,  
When the sheriff came.  
Django raised his weary head,  
And said the very same.

The sheriff said, "You're free to go."  
And Django tipped his hat.  
Then the dead were buried, so  
I'm guessing that was that!

**-RH-**



## Warm Wind (Tanka)

The wind came singing  
with a love song so divine  
reminiscent of  
you and your sweet love ? a love  
that stays with me through all time

-RH-

## I Hear the Heartbeat of the Moon

I hear the heartbeat of the moon  
Above the ocean's roar.  
I feel the pulse of every star  
As we walk by the shore.  
I hear love's voice upon the breeze  
Whisper "*Mi amor.*"

I see the moonlight on your face  
And starlight in your eyes.  
I watch the breeze caress your hair  
And breathe such gentle sighs.  
I hear the ocean call your name  
And praise you to the skies!

\* \* \*

As I hold you in my arms,  
Nature compliments your charms!

**-RH-**

## The Visitors

Drifting uneasily between sleep and insomnia,  
I assume various positions of repose:  
Unborn child; cross-palmed saint; starfish; road kill.  
In dawn's early light I see my failures and fears  
Assembled before me, cloaked in grey silence.  
I try not to look. I cover my head.  
At length, the morning sun pushes these apparitions  
Against the wall, then under the door and out of the room.  
Bleary-eyed, I throw back the covers  
And prepare to meet another day head-on.

**-RH-**

## Django Rides Again

Django left that sleepy town,  
And no-one barred his way.  
He'd faced the men who tracked him down,  
And they had died that day!

So off he rode, now heading south,  
Where Desperadoes go.  
He tasted dust around his mouth,  
And travelling was slow.

Mexico seemed like a plan;  
He thought he'd go down there.  
Just a drifting, lonesome man,  
With love he longed to share.

Women down in Mexico  
Are passionate, they say;  
Simply dressed in calico,  
With smiles to greet the day.

At length he reached a bordertown,  
With buildings painted white;  
People strolling up and down,  
And two men in a fight!

He stopped outside the old hotel,  
And gave his horse a drink.  
Eyes were on him, he could tell;  
He'd barely time to blink

Before a girl approached him,  
With beauty, grace and charm.

Fair of face and lithe of limb,  
She grabbed him by the arm.

She asked, "***Are you a gun for hire?  
I need your help, señor!***"

He felt her hand ? it was on fire!  
She stirred his soul, for sure!

He looked into her lovely eyes,  
And asked her to explain.  
She told him, through her sobs and sighs,  
Her anguish and her pain.

Her father owed a gambling debt ?  
An I.O.U. he'd signed.  
The man he owed was greedy, yet  
He'd something else in mind!

He told the father of the girl  
Though money would be fine,  
He'd rather take this precious pearl,  
To be his concubine!

Django fumed at hearing this;  
He knew he was in love.  
He'd help this girl he longed to kiss;  
This vision from above.

He found the man he wanted  
Inside the town's saloon,  
Playing cards, undaunted.  
He knew he'd face him soon.

He saw the man was cheating,  
And called him out on that.  
With heart now quickly beating,

The man picked up his hat.

He grabbed the gun inside it,  
But he was much too slow.  
Django drew, then fired and hit  
The man's right hand, and so

The menfolk rounded on the cheat,  
And knocked him to the ground.  
Django, meanwhile, went to meet  
The new love he had found.

He told her that he loved her,  
And asked to know her name.  
She answered, "***I'm Ramona.***  
***I truly feel the same!***"

Then, at last, the lovers kissed,  
And Django planned to stay.  
He never knew what he had missed  
Until that fateful day!

Ramona's father never paid  
The money that he owed.  
The man who cheated him was made  
To hit the dusty road!

**-RH-**



## Matt's Hat (Limerick)

There was an old fella named Matt  
Who kept a pet mole in his hat.  
The mole liked to dig  
And play with Matt's wig  
And Matt was OK with all that!

-RH-



## A Pain in the 'But'

I could have been a surgeon

But

I hate the sight of blood.

I might have been a goalie

But

I'd never dive in mud.

I would have been a pilot

But

I'm nervous in the sky.

I should have been a rock star

But

The big-time passed me by.

I'd be a lion tamer

But

I've got his allergy.

I thought about the priesthood

But

I sin too easily!

I'll find a job that suits me

One day, I tell ya bub.

Meanwhile, I'll draw my benefit

And go down to the pub!

**-RH-**

## When the Snowmen Came

One cold winter's day the snow came down;  
A blanket of white covered the town.  
Children streamed out and started to build  
With snow, and soon the gardens were filled  
    With snowmen!

The youngsters kept building more and more.  
So many snowmen ? **snowmen galore.**  
**A sinister army dressed in white,**  
**Standing and staring by day and night.**  
    **An omen!**

**A big freeze set in, without a thaw.**  
**The townsfolk looked out and swore that they saw**  
**New snowmen standing next to the old,**  
**There in each garden, out in the cold.**  
    **Big snowmen!**

**Who built the new ones? Nobody knew.**  
**Children were frightened ? some adults too.**  
**Snowmen assembled in serried ranks,**  
**Blocking the footpaths, joined at the flanks.**  
    **No-go men!**

**Snowmen obstructed every known path;**  
**The people were spooked, fearing their wrath.**  
**Snow kept on falling; roads became blocked.**  
**Windows shut tight and every door locked.**  
    **No flow then!**

**Snowmen were marching down every street;**  
**People who saw turned white as a sheet.**

**"Have I gone mad?" one old fellow cried.  
No-one could comprehend if they tried.  
How so then?**

**Well, after a week a thaw began;  
The snowmen were gone, and every man,  
Woman and child would try to forget  
Those strangest of snowbound days, and yet ?  
They'd always remember  
The snowmen!**

**-RH-**

## Shadow of Doubt

Where does my shadow go  
When I'm asleep?  
Does it rest till daylight?  
Or does it creep  
Away, to live nine lives  
Out on the town?  
Meeting other shadows ?  
Getting it down?

You may think I'm crazy,  
But I'm concerned.  
My good reputation  
Has been hard earned.  
I don't want my shadow  
Being unfair;  
Landing me in trouble  
When I'm not there!

**-RH-**

## World in a Spin

The rich man thinks the world's in perfect order;  
The poor man knows for certain it is not.  
As refugees still stream across the border,  
Our leaders say, "Rejoice in what you've got!"

This world could surely be in better shape,  
But just what kind of shape we can't agree.  
From poverty and war there's no escape;  
It's been that way throughout our history.

A legacy of warfare, want and need,  
Is not what I would wish upon our planet.  
Our leaders thrive on selfishness and greed;  
Their appetites would even shame a gannet!

We're not all on the same page, that's for sure.  
I doubt that we're all reading the same book!  
But someone soon must surely find a cure,  
To save this world, and get us off the hook!

**-RH-**

## Fly on the Wall

The pen picked a fight with the paper;  
The four walls looked on in disdain.  
The pen broke its nib in the caper,  
But inflicted a horrible stain.

The pen lay there, battered and broken;  
The paper had two big black eyes.  
No words were written or spoken,  
Which surely should be no surprise.

The writer looked downcast and grim;  
Frustration now welling within.  
His chair creaked slightly beneath him.  
His head was beginning to spin.

The fly on the wall remained silent.  
It offered no friendly advice.  
The scene on the desk had been violent,  
And the poet was paying the price.

**-RH-**

## Cabin Fever

Rain is drumming hard on the old tin roof. The kids  
Are restless, and just about to flip their little lids!  
They want to be right out there, playing in the sand.  
I tell them it's too wet, but they don't understand.

We play 'Snakes and Ladders,' though not without some tears.  
My sons don't like to lose; but then my wife appears  
With lemonade and cookies. The boys both shout, "Hooray!"  
Board game is abandoned. "Now what else can we play?"

I find a pack of cards and start a game of 'Snap!'  
I let the kids keep winning (for I'm a decent chap).  
Then they fetch their colouring books, giving me a break.  
I read my magazine, but that's a big mistake!

The boys sneak up and ambush me, ruffling my hair.  
I'm taken by surprise, while sitting in my chair.  
Amid this rough and tumble my wife returns once more.  
"Hey! The sun is shining! Let's all get through that door!"

**-RH-**

## Dreamscape

Drifting in a field of dreams

with an ever-changing

backdrop, and

Magritte's Lost Jockey

riding, riding, riding.

Floating under a spacious sky

with barely a breath

of wind, and

Coleridge's albatross

gliding, gliding, gliding.

The jockey will never

reach his destination

and the albatross is doomed

to die. But wait ? dreams

have their own reality.

Perhaps the jockey can

find the finishing line

and the albatross may

fly away before his

life is claimed by



the Mariner's crossbow.  
But we cannot dream  
forever. We awake to  
the reality of an often  
fickle and cruel world.

-RH-

## These Paths and Lanes

These paths and lanes I've walked along  
So many times before.  
They've barely changed throughout the years;  
Still steeped in days of yore.  
Old memories cry out to me,  
And tales of family lore.

The cottage where my parents lived  
Lies empty, looking sad.  
I smile as I recall once more  
The happy times we had.  
But that was oh so long ago,  
When I was just a lad.

St Martin's church, with steeple tall,  
Stands proudly on the hill.  
My uncle Joe once rang those bells,  
And they are ringing still.  
Old Joe's long gone; he's buried there,  
Along with auntie Jill.

The farmland, stretching out for miles,  
Has hardly changed at all.  
The cattle grazing in the fields  
Are just as I recall.  
Same trees ? the ones I used to climb ?  
Still stand there, by the wall.

I turn, then walk back to my car,  
Parked down beside the green.  
I think about the friends I had,  
Now gone, or never seen.  
A two-hour drive and I'll be home.

She'll ask, "Where have you been?"

-RH-

## Swan Song

He'd written songs a plenty,  
And sang them every night.  
He'd started out aged twenty,  
Upon this fancied flight.

He'd sing in halls and taverns,  
To all who cared to hear.  
Some venues were just caverns,  
With contraband and beer.

Oh! Those fearless wings of youth  
Would take him soaring, high!  
Recklessness would rule, in truth,  
With ne'er the question, "Why?"

Countless women came and went,  
With true love set at naught.  
Time and money all well spent;  
At least that's what he thought.

Life at thirty was the same;  
Still just a boy at heart;  
Wandering without true aim  
Through life's uncertain chart.

At forty he was weary  
Of living life this way.  
It all became so dreary  
With every wasted day.

At fifty he decided  
He'd really had enough.  
No loyalties divided,

He packed up all his stuff.

He'd not that much to carry ?  
Spare clothes stuffed in a bag.  
He didn't care to tarry,  
For life was just a drag!

\* \* \*

Now here he sits at sixty,  
Still playing his guitar.  
No longer caught betwixt, he  
Concedes he's not a star.

He sings his poignant swan song,  
With no-one else around.  
If you think he's sad, you're wrong ?  
Great peace of mind he's found.  
-RH-

## Bad Haircut and a Close Shave

*I woke up today feeling wonderful!  
My thoughts were all shiny; none of them dull!  
I ate my breakfast, then wandered downtown,  
Wearing a smile ? no hint of a frown.*

*The sun shone brightly; the sky was blue.  
My thoughts were frisky, and all about you!  
I flew down the street on the wings of love.  
Our needs and desires fit just like a glove!*

*I saw my reflection in a store window;  
It told me I needed a haircut, and so  
I stepped inside an old barber's shop;  
The barber began to cut and to crop.*

*The mirror revealed he'd butchered my hair!  
I said, "I'm not paying!" and rose from the chair.  
The barber came back with a cut-throat razor,  
So I fled the scene without my blazer!*

*I lost my best jacket, but kept my head;  
Still breathing (thank goodness), not joining the dead!  
I made my way quickly to you, my dear,  
So happy to find you waiting right here.*

*Now here I am, in your sultry embrace;  
Caressing your curves and kissing your face!  
You don't like my haircut? Neither do I!  
I'll find a new barber, my sweet, by and by!*

*-RH-*

## King Arthur

*I sit at my table  
And ponder the fable  
Of Arthur  
And all his brave knights  
With much derring-do  
And Merlin there too  
Inventing  
All sorts of delights*

*The sword in the stone  
Which Arthur alone  
Could extract  
And wield with great skill  
He soon became king  
With sceptre and ring  
And many  
A knave he did kill*

*Now it's understood  
King Arthur was good  
He won twelve  
Great battles they say  
But number thirteen  
Was not his best scene  
He was killed  
At the end of the day*

*But how can we know  
This really is so  
For no-one*

*Has found Camelot  
And that old Round Table  
Is surely a fable  
Although then again  
Maybe not!*

*-RH-*



## When All Is Said And Done

When writing (in whatever guise),  
I aim to please myself, it seems;  
Not caring if another's eyes  
Will ever read or analyse  
My modest form of enterprise ?  
These living, waking dreams.

My lines of verse, or simple prose,  
May not appeal to everyone.  
But I choose not to interpose,  
Nor pass rash judgement, I suppose,  
On critics, or my would-be foes,  
When all is said and done.  
-RH-

## My Music (Etheree poem)

My  
music  
is my own  
personal place  
to go when seeking  
refuge from daily stress  
and strain. My shelter from the  
tempests and storms encountered in  
that somewhat frenzied pastime called life.  
Music soothes the soul and mends those frayed ends!

-RH-

## Bukowski

I read some Bukowski poems today;  
He often had something compelling to say.  
With imagery soaring as high as a kite!  
Love him or loathe him, he knew how to write!  
Somewhat prolific, and often terrific!  
Not just a writer, but also a fighter!  
He could be quite coarse, and unrefined,  
But clearly he had a remarkable mind.  
A scruff and a slob, with a menial job,  
It's almost as if he aimed low in life;  
But his words cut through like a whetted knife!  
Just one thing really left to say:  
Go read some Bukowski poems today!

-RH-

## Edwardian Drama

*Rescued from the wreckage of of a loveless marriage,  
She rode with her lover in his horse-drawn carriage.  
It was back in the year of 1907  
When everything changed, and she found her own heaven!*

\*\*\* \*\*

*I'm not in the business of naming or shaming;  
I'm not even certain who we should be blaming.  
A marriage can falter for various reasons,  
Regardless of climate or cycle of seasons.*

*Her husband was cold and did not show affection,  
So she looked for love in another direction.  
Her suitors were many, for she was a beauty.  
In no time at all she forgot about duty.*

*A handsome young fellow soon grabbed her attention,  
And all of the others fell out of contention.  
Attraction grew quickly for these would-be lovers;  
They longed for each other's embrace, 'neath the covers.*

*They yearned and they lusted for carnal relations,  
And knew by eloping they'd end their frustrations.  
And so, with complete disregard for convention,  
They rode off together, with one clear intention.*

\*\*\* \*\*

*Rescued from the wreckage of a loveless marriage,  
She rode with her lover in his horse-drawn carriage.  
It was back in the year of 1907  
When everything changed, and she found her own heaven!*

-RH-

## Monte Cassino

August 1997 and the hot Italian sun  
both delights and torments  
as there is little shade here  
high on Monte Cassino.

The very sight of the  
Commonwealth War Graves  
in the cemetery elicits  
very strong emotions.

The sheer number of graves ?  
more than 4,000 ? almost takes  
your breath away. So many  
so young. The cemetery is beautifully kept,  
shaming the shabby state of our own.

Some of the Gurkha dead  
were only fifteen years of age.  
Both shocking and incredibly sad.

My son is here with me, and he  
is almost fifteen. A boy  
much too young to fight  
in anybody's war.

My father was here at Cassino  
more than fifty years before,  
with the British army.

Although he rarely spoke about  
the horrors of war he had witnessed,  
I remember him telling me that almost

every tree had been blasted to oblivion.

Hard to believe, looking at the  
beautiful scenery here today.  
Such a peaceful place, yet those  
graves are a constant reminder.

My father survived that horrific conflict  
unscathed, apart from the mental scars.  
Many of his comrades lost their lives.  
He never returned to Italy.  
Too many bad memories.

So sad. My memories of Italy are almost  
entirely good, and I return again and again  
to that land of culture, fine cuisine,  
fabulous scenery and great works of art.

I shall probably never return to Cassino,  
but I am glad that I had the chance to visit.

-RH-

## Scarecrow

I stand my ground, both day and night,  
Within this field of grain.  
My job, to scare the birds away;  
With little thanks and zero pay;  
In sunshine and in rain.

Most people pass and pay no mind;  
A few will cast a glance.  
And fewer still may point and smile,  
Amused by my sartorial style  
Or by my stolid stance.

Yet, I can have great fun sometimes,  
For I can dance, you know.  
The breeze will come and take my hand;  
I'll cut a rug right where I stand,  
And put on quite a show.

But then, when harvest time is here,  
I know I face the sack.  
The farmer will toss me aside,  
Or maybe send me on that ride  
From which there's no way back!

-RH-



## I Wonder...

Did the winds and waves obey  
All good wishes  
On that fateful, "goodbye" day?

Did you reach that distant shore?  
And did you find  
Whatever you were looking for?

Did stars help steer your course?  
And did you see  
Beyond the sun, a greater force?

Did you locate that secret door?  
Did you unlock  
Great mysteries, long held in store?

I wonder...

-RH-

## Japanese Quartet

### NIGHT SCENE (Haiku)

The moon sets her sails  
to navigate the night sky  
with great majesty

Stars twinkle and shine  
in a deep velvet backdrop  
as dreamers dream on

\*

### MAN IN THE MOON (Dodoitsu)

The man in the moon told me  
heaven is often just a  
heartbeat away for dreamers  
who knock on love's door

\*

### YOUR SMILE (Senryu)

Warm and welcoming ?  
your smile brightens up my day  
like the summer sun

\*

### OUR LOVE (Tanka)

Seasons come and go

but our love remains constant ?  
no matter the clime  
our love will travel with us  
wherever we choose to go

-RH-

## Sucker

You were the girl on the bridge  
to nowhere. A siren song  
caught by the wind.

A makeshift angel  
with glued-on wings.

A master forger,  
selling fake art  
before the paint was dry.

I saw right through you,  
but I still came running  
and I fell headlong.

I always was a sucker  
for a pretty face.

-RH-

## Aubade

Birdsong hit the morning air  
As sunrise kissed the sky.  
Lingering stars reduced their glare  
And softly said goodbye.

Wispy clouds turned red and gold,  
While trees stretched out and yawned.  
Rabbits scampered by the fold;  
Another day had dawned.

Another day in which to toil,  
Or dream, or make ends meet.  
The farmer on his own good soil;  
The beggar in the street.

-RH-

## Turnpike Sailor

I saw a turnpike sailor  
As I walked down the road.  
He fell in step beside me,  
Shouldering his load.

He told me of his life at sea,  
With colouristic charm.  
I listened to his lively talk;  
He surely meant no harm.

I found him quite amusing,  
Telling his tall tales.  
He'd sailed the Seven Seas, he said,  
Through thunderstorms and gales.

He'd led a boarding party,  
To capture Spanish gold.  
He'd seen off fearsome pirates  
Who'd make your blood run cold!

And once, when he was shipwrecked,  
He swam for many a mile,  
Until he reached an island  
And lived there for a while.

With nothing but a dagger,  
He felled the tallest tree,  
And carved himself a longboat,  
Then once more set to sea.

A friendly vessel found him,  
He would have me believe.  
It took him to North Africa

Where he learnt how to weave.

He wove fantastic carpets,  
All edged with fine brocade.  
The locals were enraptured;  
They bought up all he made!

His purse now overflowing,  
He bought himself a boat.  
And with a hand-picked crew  
Once more did set afloat.

He steered a course for England  
And almost made it home,  
When, seemingly from nowhere,  
Up blew an evil storm.

The shoreline of Old Blighty  
Could now be seen, he said.  
But then they hit the jagged rocks,  
And all his crew were dead!

He clung on to some wreckage,  
And wound up on the shore.  
All his worldly goods were gone,  
But he'd survived once more!

Despite his great misfortunes,  
He vowed to sail again.  
He'd build himself a bigger ship,  
And show the sea disdain!

"And so you see," he said to me,  
" 'Tis sponsorship I lack.  
Now any sum you care to lend  
I'll pay you double back!

"I have a hoard of Spanish gold,  
Hid far across the sea.  
Our fortune is already made,  
This I can guarantee!

"It will be an investment,  
So lend me all you can.  
And then when I return, my friend,  
You'll be a wealthy man!"

I put a sovereign in his hand  
As we approached the town.  
He gave a shrug, then off he went,  
Straight to 'The Rose and Crown.'

I chuckled at his bare-faced cheek.  
The rogue had earned his pay.  
He'd entertained me very well  
On the road to town that day.

-RH-



## Quid Pro Quo

There's no free lunch in this mean town, my friend.  
You have to play the game, and learn to bend.  
It's quid pro quo, or shiver in the cold.  
Just do as I say and you'll hit pure gold!

There's money to be made, if you're no fool;  
Now oil the wheels of business, and be cool.  
Don't tell me about ethics, they're no good!  
I left mine in some luckless neighbourhood!

You need to quickly learn what's best for you;  
We fat cats must be fed, so take my cue.  
At first you get the scraps, but stick around,  
And pretty soon you'll be on higher ground!

You'll climb the corporate ladder, given time.  
Then life from way up high will look just fine!  
What's that you say? You care about the poor?  
Then go and join them, loser! There's the door!

-RH-

## Grandpa's Little Helper

Grandpa's going to rake the lawn and gather up the leaves.  
Can you come too? Of course you can, but not in those short sleeves!

It's cold outside, you'll need your coat, and your wellies too.  
We'll rake the lawn ? yes you can help. I'll show you what to do.

We'll rake the leaves into a heap, and put them in a sack.  
We need to do it quickly now, before the wind comes back!

That wicked wind leads me a dance; he swirls the leaves around,  
And when he's done with all his fun, he throws them on the ground!

So, as the wind's not here right now, we'll take the leaves away.  
And then, when he comes back again, I wonder what he'll say?

He'll huff and puff, of that I'm sure, but it will help him none.  
We've tidied up the garden, and all those leaves are gone!  
Thank you, little one!

-RH-

## Twelve Chimes of Midnight

The twelve chimes of midnight  
Strike fear down every street.  
'Tis then the headless warrior  
Begins his dreaded beat.

With broadsword at the ready,  
He strides around the town,  
Searching for a victim,  
To hunt and hack them down!

He has no eyes or ears,  
Because he has no head!  
But he can sense all movement;  
Get too close and you're dead!

He comes from the old graveyard  
At midnight, on the dot.  
And he will keep on coming  
Until a head he's got!

He caught a drunken reveller,  
And sliced his neck clean through!  
But then he threw the head away;  
He knew it would not do!

He's after finer stock,  
And so his quest goes on.  
Now it's nearly midnight ?  
I think I'd best be gone!

-RH-

## Warm Winds

I hear my mother  
Calling me from my play,  
And our little green budgie  
Mimicking her voice  
With eerie precision,  
"It's dinner time! It's dinner time!"

\*

I see my father  
Sitting in his big armchair,  
Reading the evening newspaper;  
New British Heavyweight Champion,  
Brian London, staring menacingly  
From the back page.

\*

I see my sisters  
Dressed in their Sunday best,  
With ribbons in their hair.  
Time for Sunday school,  
And I must go with them.  
I can see my face in my shiny shoes.

\*

Sounds...  
Images...  
Tumbling and turning  
Through my mind.  
Minimal distortion,  
Barely altered by time.

\*

Warm winds  
Blowing in from yesterday.  
Swirling and unfurling.  
The brightly coloured strands of childhood  
Still locked safely inside my head.

-RH-

## Dance! Dance! Dance!

He was sitting there all alone,  
perfecting different ways to beat boredom,  
when she waltzed into his lacklustre life.  
She was a lovely mover and she taught him  
how to dance. She showed him  
dances he had barely even heard of.  
She began with the beguine,  
then introduced him to the hokey-cokey.  
It was then time to mambo, tango, bolero and fandango.  
With all of these mastered, it was time to tackle  
the salsa, samba, rumba and bossa nova.  
Then it was quickly into the quickstep,  
the shimmy and the shuffle,  
before coming to grips with the jive, jitterbug and bop.  
After that, the cha-cha was easy for him,  
so just for fun, she taught him how  
to hoe-down and rigadoon.  
Now she is showing him how  
to strip the willow, in traditional terpsichorean style!  
I hear they are now preparing  
to Lambeth walk right up the aisle together,  
then carioca to the karaoke at their reception.  
Their philosophy would seem to be:  
a different dance a day keeps the doctor away!  
They hope to produce their own little dance troupe,  
eventually. But for now, they are perfectly happy  
just being free to Dance! Dance! Dance!

-RH-



## Autumn Leaves (Tanka)

The bright autumn leaves  
have surrendered their colours  
to the black of night  
but tomorrow's golden sun  
will paint them for us again

-RH-



## The Day I Lost Your Love

I Heard the south wind call your name,  
And my old pony pulled up lame.  
The western sky was all aflame,  
The day I lost your love.

I saw there, on your lovely face,  
An anguished look ? more than a trace.  
Your heart was in some other place,  
The day I lost your love.

I knew that you would soon be gone,  
And I'd be left here all alone;  
Bound to be the lonely one,  
The day I lost your love.

I saw the moon fall from the sky,  
And angels all refused to fly.  
I somehow managed not to cry,  
The day I lost your love

-RH-

## Ship of Dreams

I sailed the ship of dreams last night  
Upon a stormy sea;  
The sky almost devoid of light,  
As darkness covered me!

The moon was dim, the stars all gone;  
No compass could I find.  
I held my course and journeyed on,  
Forlorn and sailing blind!

The high winds sang an eerie song,  
And tore through every sail.  
The vessel reeled and limped along,  
Bombarded by the gale!

The rain was bouncing off the deck;  
The waves were pounding too.  
The ship would soon become a wreck;  
And nothing could I do!

Then I awoke, in tangled sheets,  
And breathed a heavy sigh.  
I heard the traffic in the streets,  
And people passing by!

"A dream!" I cried, "Only a dream!"  
But what a dream, I thought.  
A freakish nightmare, it would seem,  
Dissolved now into naught!

-RH-



## Tempress!

I feel like a matchstick  
that has been struck,  
burnt and spent!  
The all-consuming flame  
of your insatiable desire  
devours my energy  
and renders me breathless!  
Your lust for life  
and its pleasures  
send me reeling!  
As I lie back on my sick-bed  
you are my night nurse,  
never leaving my side.  
Nurse! I need you!  
But I fear you could be  
killing your patient!

-RH-

## Hello, I'm Robert

Hello, I'm Robert, but I'll answer to Rob, Bob, Robbie or Bobby.  
I enjoy writing poetry and prose; I guess I would call it a hobby.  
I also play guitar and ukulele, and I sing.  
In fact, music is really my main thing.  
I also love photography and going for walks,  
But I'm kind of shy, so I hate giving speeches or talks.  
I'm married with two fine sons (both now grown).  
The boys moved out, and have families of their own.  
I live in England, where the grass is lush and green,  
But we get a lot of rain, and some days the sun is never seen!  
Still, I love my country and I wouldn't swap it for any other.  
Although I love Italy too, so I'd live there if I had to choose another!

-RH-

## Life Keeps Trying to Knock Me Down

Life keeps trying to knock me down,  
With problems thrown my way.  
It makes me wear a fitful frown,  
As blue skies turn to grey.

I've taken knocks all through the years,  
But still I battle on.  
Pleasures often plagued with fears  
Are what I feed upon.

Tarnished dreams still have their place  
In this imperfect world.  
A smile can still caress my face  
When triumph is unfurled.

Two steps forward, one step back,  
Is how it often goes.  
I compensate for what I lack  
By keeping on my toes!

Life keeps trying to knock me down,  
And sometimes it succeeds.  
But I can take and break that frown  
By tempering my needs!

-RH-

## Reading Poetry Out Loud

My wife has gone out  
with a girlfriend for the day,  
so I sit and read  
some of my favourite poems  
out loud. Really loud!

Reading a poem out loud  
brings out the musicality  
of the piece.

I let my lungs rip into Larkin,  
then follow with a foray  
into Masefield's "Mother Carey."

I stop for tea and a toasted tea-cake  
before resuming with  
Bukowski's "Bluebird."

Then I venture into  
Voltaire's vivid and varied verse.

I finish with a little levity,  
letting out my inner lampoon,  
laughing like a lunatic  
at Lear's Limericks!

Then my wife arrives home  
and asks, "What have you  
been doing with yourself?"

"Oh, just reading quietly  
in the corner,"

I reply.

-RH-



## Tetchy

While the wind wrestles  
playfully with the trees,  
and the shadows lean  
lazily against the wall,

I take my tetchy mood  
for a stroll around the block.  
The hot sun casts a critical eye  
as it measures my stride.

The pavement is pleased  
to see me. It kisses my feet  
and expects no favours.  
I can hear the *echo...*

*echo...* of time, as it passes  
from present to past. I turn  
the corner and head for home,  
my tetchy mood behind me.

-RH-

## Mystery Novel

I used to view you as an open book,  
And maybe in some ways you still are one.  
But these days, every time I dare to look,  
You turn the page before I've even done!

I used to see words like love and concern  
Written so boldly across your pages,  
But nothing like that now do I discern;  
In fact, I've read no kind word in ages!

You have turned into a mystery novel,  
And I really have no clue know *whodunnit*.  
But do I have the skill to unravel  
This tangled tale as I gaze upon it?

-RH-

## Kitchen Full of Kitsch

She has a kitchen full of kitsch,  
But doesn't really care.  
Countless items, all of which  
Are bound to make you stare!

Those grotesque Toby Jugs  
That leer from every shelf,  
And garish coffee mugs  
I'd never use myself!

The triple tea tray set  
With chocolate box design;  
Yes, I bought that, and yet,  
I'm glad it isn't mine!

Fridge magnets all display  
Some hackneyed, comic verse.  
Her 'funny' aprons, I would say,  
Are surely even worse!

Her lack of taste is plain to see,  
But let me tell you, brother,  
It isn't up to you or me  
To criticise our mother!

-RH-

## Sharps and Flats (Double Tetractys poem)

Life  
In the  
Key of C  
Can never be  
For there are always sharps and flats to play  
Ups and downs (sharps and flats) will come our way  
Whatever tune  
In life we  
Try to  
Play

\*

-RH-

## Ordinary Man

He's an ordinary man who lives an ordinary life.  
He works a mundane job, but has a very pretty wife.  
Just what that angel sees in him he'll never understand,  
But true love and devotion he always gets, first-hand.

This ordinary man is just an average working guy.  
He'll never earn a fortune but you know he'll still get by.  
Just one car in the driveway, reliable and sound,  
Is all he can afford, but he'll always stand his ground.

When all the bills are paid, and food is on the table,  
He isn't left with much, but he makes sure he's able  
To buy his lovely wife some highly fashioned dresses,  
Along with fine perfume, and lotion for her tresses.

She'd walk around in rags, if that's what it would take  
To keep the man she loves. But let's make no mistake,  
She likes the way he treats her; he loves her like he should.  
This ordinary man and wife think they've got it good!

-RH-

## King Size Lie

Home video by Robert Haigh

The coloured letters and numbers in parentheses refer to the chords being played.

\*

GUITAR INTRO - (C) (G) (C)

(C) You sent me a king size (Cmaj7) postcard  
From your (Fmaj7) new life in Bel Air  
You (C) said though breaking (Cmaj7) up was hard  
You were (Fmaj7) glad I wasn't (C) there  
You're (G) happy in your king size bed  
(F) At least that's (C) what you said  
But I just think you're (G) living a (G7) king size (C) lie

You wrote me a ten page (Cmaj7) letter  
Telling (Fmaj7) me about your friends  
You (C) said your life was (Cmaj7) better  
Now you'd (Fmaj7) tidied up loose (C) ends  
You (G) say you love the party life  
You're (F) happy not to (C) be a wife  
But I still think you're (G) living a (G7) king size (C) lie

(F) Some (G) day I (C) hope you'll see  
(G) Where you should (C) really be  
(F) Maybe it's (G) not with (C) me  
That (Dm) ship has sailed I (G) know we failed

You (C) sent me a ten word (Cmaj7) email  
(Fmaj7) Terse and lacking grace  
In (C) words beyond the (Cmaj7) pale  
That (Fmaj7) slapped me in the (C) face  
You (G) think that you're a lady now  
But (F) someone needs to (C) show you how  
To live a life and (G) not a (G7) king size (C) lie

(F) Some (G) day I (C) hope you'll see  
(G) Where you should (C) really be  
(F) Maybe it's (G) not with (C) me  
That (Dm) ship has sailed I (G) know we failed

GUITAR INTERLUDE - (C) (Cmaj7) (Fmaj7) (C) (Cmaj7) (Fmaj7) (C)  
(G) (F) (C) (G) (G7) (C)

(F) Some (G) day I (C) hope you'll see  
(G) Where you should (C) really be  
(F) Maybe it's (G) not with (C) me  
That (Dm) ship has sailed I (G) know we failed

You (C) sent me a ten word (Cmaj7) email  
(Fmaj7) Terse and lacking grace  
In (C) words beyond the (Cmaj7) pale  
That (Fmaj7) slapped me in the (C) face  
You (G) think that you're a lady now  
But (F) someone needs to (C) show you how  
To live a life and (G) not a (G7) king size (C) lie  
You need to live a life and (G) not a (G7) king size (C) lie

-RH-

## Sweet Dreams

*I'd like to wish you sweet dreams  
But I'm not sure you'd care.  
I tried to win you, sweetheart,  
By devious means or fair.*

*You spurned all my advances,  
Amusing all your friends.  
The looks you gave just killed me,  
But now you've made amends!*

*You're in my arms this evening,  
Just like I knew you'd be.  
Your heart is mine to keep now,  
Until eternity!*

*I've washed away the blood, dear,  
And dressed you all in black.  
I'll bury you in the woodland,  
But there's one thing you'll lack ?*

*I have your heart here with me,  
And I'll not give it back!*

*-RH-*



## Mirrors and Memories

Do mirrors have memories, and if so,  
Do they sometimes weep at the sights they have seen?  
I don't mean the ugly faces and out of shape bodies,  
But rather, all the anger, and meanness, and deceit  
That sometimes goes on behind closed doors.  
Mirrors can witness a lifetime of such things;  
Sometimes several lifetimes. So I wonder,  
Do they ever shed a tear? Do they ever tell?  
Or do they eventually break under the strain?

-RH-

## Wild Rebel Rose

She was my sweetbrier; my wild rebel rose.  
How did I lose her? Heaven only knows.  
Words cannot describe such beauty or such grace.  
I never will forget that sweet, angelic face.  
Those limpid eyes would turn to fire,  
And fan the flames of love's desire!  
She's gone, and yet, I'll not forget  
The passion in her soul. She'd let  
Her feelings rush, just like a stormy sea;  
Such wild emotions washing over me!  
But now I've lost her and my torment grows.  
Farewell, my sweetbrier; my wild rebel rose!

-RH-

## Davy's Hands

Davy's hands were highly skilled at many different things;  
They'd play the mandolin, and would dance across those strings.  
A woman's willing body would melt within his hands,  
And countless hearts were broken throughout the western lands.

He wore pearl-handled pistols, and loved to juggle knives.  
They said he'd fought a dozen men, and all had lost their lives.  
I'm told he rode with Jesse James, in the bad old days,  
But trouble with some woman sent them separate ways.

He drifted down to Mexico, so the story goes.  
But what became of Davy, no-one really knows.  
Some say he got married, and settled down at last;  
Turned those hands to farming, and buried all his past.

Davy's hands were surely blessed by some magic spell.  
It seemed (for good or mischief) they always served him well.  
Seventh son of a seventh son, he had the charm, for sure.  
He had the style, he had the smile, to open any door!

-RH-

## A Young Prince (Limerick)

There lives a young prince in the east  
Who has fifty wives ? at least!  
I'm sure that's too many.  
Some men don't have any,  
While he has a feminine feast!

-RH-

## Insomnia

I stand by my window,  
looking out at the night sky.  
Silver stars twinkle in harmony  
on a clear, velvet backdrop,  
as the crescent moon  
sings a silent serenade,  
six hours before sunrise.  
Such a beautiful, peaceful night;  
yet sleep evades me.  
This life within a life  
seems to have a will of its own.  
Insomnia wears a tarnished crown,  
and I am now a weary servant.

-RH-

## Banjo Bill

Banjo Bill

Banjo Bill

Playing for fun

But showing his skill

A man with music in his veins

Singing songs to ease your pains

All the neighbours know him well

They love the tales he has to tell

Stories set to melodies

Listen freely if you please

Banjo Bill

Banjo Bill

His fingers fly

And he's singing still!

-RH-

## Inspiration of a Poet

Inspiration of a poet  
Can come from anywhere.  
From the pages of a book;  
From the babbling of a brook;  
Or burdens they must bear.

Carried by the wind, maybe,  
Blown from some far land.  
From a dream they had last night;  
From a wrong that needs a right;  
Or footprints in the sand.

Who can say what may inspire  
A poet's idle hands?  
Something special or mundane?  
Something beautiful or plain?  
They'll know it when it lands!

-RH-

## Yuletide Hangover

Spent too much;  
Ate too much;  
Drank too much.  
Alienated several  
So-called friends.  
Made too many  
New Year's resolutions  
(I'll cross them off  
As they get broken).

\*

When the smoke clears  
What do I see?  
Same old world,  
Same old me.  
What's that you say?  
Oh yes...  
Happy New Year!  
I'll drink to that!

-RH-



## A New Year's Tale

*When past met present,  
They sat and they talked.  
It wasn't too pleasant,  
And logic soon walked.*

*Then music and words  
Decided to play,  
But chattering birds  
All got in their way.*

*When black met white  
No colours were used,  
And darkness and light  
Became quite confused.*

*So left and right  
Tried to find common ground,  
But argued all night  
On the merry-go-round.*

*Our leaders then told us,  
"We know what to do."  
They brought files and folders,  
And made a big stew.*

*They said, "There you go.  
Now eat it, it's good!"  
But it stuck in the craw,  
And it tasted like crud!*

*Then Santa Claus came  
With presents for some,*

*But the poor and the lame  
Were left feeling glum.*

*The tide is now turning,  
I hear people say,  
And slowly, we're learning  
To find the right way.*

*I'm not quite so sure  
We're on the right track.  
No miracle cures  
Were in Santa's sack!*

*-RH-*

## Coffee Shop

The girl in the coffee shop made my day;  
She beamed me a grin as she looked my way.  
I felt a warm glow, returning her smile;  
She made this old fool feel good, for a while.

A face in a million that girl possessed.  
I've seen some beauties, but she was the best!  
I felt quite flattered as she looked at me.  
Was it my charm she thought she could see?

Soon she came over to have a quick word.  
She said, "Please forgive me ? this may seem absurd.  
I just can't believe what I see. It's wild!  
You look like my grandpa! That's why I smiled!"

-RH-

## A Hammer Seeking a Nail

Well, he was a hammer, seeking a nail;  
She was a sweet girl, so precious and frail.

It seemed like a mismatch ? one made in hell,  
But strange things occur when love casts its spell.

He was hot-tempered, but she soothed his soul.  
Soon they were working toward the same goal.

He swore he'd protect her from all life's ills.  
She knew there'd be thrills, and maybe some spills.

He could be violent ? but never with her.  
Locked safe in his arms, love's passions did stir.

He, a rough diamond, and she, a smooth pearl,  
Attraction was strong, for this boy and girl.

We all know that love can often be blind;  
A curious occurrence, blighting mankind.

But sometimes these things are just meant to be;  
You could call it fate, or true destiny.

No longer a hammer seeking a nail,  
The boy wed the girl, and here ends my tale!

-RH-

## The Man Inside My Head

The man inside my head keeps telling me  
Some things are not the way they ought to be.  
He says I should be happy with my life,  
Instead of courting misery and strife.

I say to him, that's just the way things are;  
That happiness is not kept in a jar.  
He tells me that I worry far too much  
About missed opportunities, and such.

I really wish, deep down, that I could be  
As nonchalant and self-possessed as he.  
But niggles nag and gnaw inside my mind;  
I guess I've always been the anxious kind.

The man inside my head has no such woes;  
The answer to all things he thinks he knows!  
If only life were simple, like he says,  
I'd have mine figured out in two short days!

-RH-

## Hooligan Wind!

I watched the wind having wicked fun today  
Stripping leaves from trees and hurling them like confetti  
Forcing flowers to frantically dance to any old tune  
Sucking up grit and spitting it in unsuspecting faces  
Snatching hats from the heads of hapless Hooray Henrys  
And howling with inane laughter all the while ?  
Hooligan wind!

-RH-

## Distant Star

I wish upon a distant star,  
On such a coal-black night.  
A star that is so very far  
Beyond all human sight.

A leap of faith ? I know it's there,  
Shining, yet unseen.  
Further than my eyes can stare;  
So regal and serene.

I'm sure I'll go there when I die;  
My spirit flying free.  
Within those far-off heavens  
I'll spend eternity!

-RH-

## Unrequited

Although our love could never be,  
I still regard you tenderly.  
An unrequited love, at best,  
Ours never even took the test.

And yet, if one as fair as you  
Should ever give me love that's true,  
I'd count myself as blessed indeed,  
For what else could I ever need?

But still, I wish you well in life.  
May all your days be free from strife.  
May friends and family gather round.  
May health and happiness abound.

Now, if these lines can make you smile  
This laboured rhyme has been worthwhile.  
I think you'll know whose words they are,  
So I'll just sign off,  
    Love,  
        From R.

-RH-



## A Young Fellow From Bude (Limerick)

There was a young fellow from Bude  
Who went for a swim in the nude  
The wife of the vicar  
Started to snicker  
Then shouted out, "Oooh! You are rude!"

-RH-

## Life's Simple Things

The simple things can be the greatest things.  
Open your door to whatever life brings.  
I play with my grandkids, out in the park,  
And make sure they're home before it drops dark.

Seeing a kitten playing with some wool  
Reminds me my glass is more than half-full.  
I buy my wife roses ? she gives a warm smile.  
Such heart-warming moments make life worthwhile.

The best things in life are given for free.  
We just have to open our eyes to see.  
Money can buy us some good things, it's true,  
But life's greatest gifts are free as the dew!

-RH-

## Poet or Poetaster?

Am I a poet or a poetaster?  
Is this a poem or a penned disaster?  
I can see subtle shades of yes and no,  
Depending on where a poem should go.

A poet can paint a great picture with words,  
Or see his verse soar, like a flock of birds.  
A missive, or a message with a goal ?  
The written word can stir the reader's soul.

Yet, one man's ceiling is another man's floor,  
And some see a wall where others find a door.  
Any performer can put on a show,  
But am I a poet? I really don't know.

-RH-

## All Tick and No Tock

My clock ticks but never tocks,  
And those ticks are building blocks.  
Seconds, minutes, hours, days,  
Setting months and years ablaze!

So much time we simply waste,  
As it hurries by, in haste.  
Still, I'm ticked off with my clock;  
Just for once, it could say "Tock!"

-RH-

## Songs of Angels (Sonnet)

When songs of angels reach these mortal ears,  
I cease my daily toil and listen well.  
Such glorious sounds can soothe away all fears,  
And every lingering doubt they will dispel.

These songs are borne upon the winds each day,  
Though seldom heard above life's hue and cry.  
But listen very closely and you may  
Still catch those heavenly sounds as they drift by.

The angels send us songs that we may hear  
A preview of what lies behind the veil.  
A leap of faith can banish any fear,  
And make us unafraid to sometimes fail.

For on the back of failure rides success,  
And ultimately, our true happiness!

-RH-

## He Gave Her a Rose (Senryu)

He gave her a rose,  
And now it is a garden.  
That's what love can do

-RH-

## Words

Words are always on my mind;  
I wonder what to write about.  
Never quite know what I'll find,  
Some words whisper, others shout!

Words flit here and scamper there,  
Dancing round without a care.

Words are all like building blocks,  
Waiting to be put together.  
Some are sweet, like scented stocks,  
Some are light, just like a feather.

Others can be grave or grand,  
But words are there, at our command!

-RH-

## I Could Be Wrong ? But I'm Not!

When I was a lad, summers were longer.  
Families were closer, and somehow stronger.  
There were surely more birds and butterflies  
That flitted and fluttered and filled the skies.  
I could be wrong ? but I'm not!

Roads were much quieter ? less traffic you'd see.  
The grass was greener, and advice was free!  
We played in the street, enjoying our games.  
Neighbours were friendly ? we knew all their names.  
I could be wrong ? but I'm not!

We hadn't much money, but life was grand!  
We walked to the shop with coppers in hand.  
Big jars of sweets were there on display,  
And we'd choose from different jars each day.  
I could be wrong ? but I'm not!

Life was much simpler and worries were few.  
Dad stoked the fire and mother made stew.  
We'd all play Monopoly after our tea.  
Back then not many folks owned a TV.  
I could be wrong ? but I'm not!

Nowadays kids have oodles of stuff,  
And still they want more. It's never enough!  
When I was a lad I had what I'd got ?  
Not very much, and that was my lot!  
I could be wrong ? but I'm not!

-RH-



## Bargain Basement

I guess I'm bargain basement,  
But I'm honourable and true.  
I'd only need one chance girl,  
To prove my love for you.

I may seem rough and ready,  
And dangerous to know,  
With workman's hands, all calloused,  
But I'm gentle, even so.

My heart is warm and tender;  
My touch is soft and light.  
No vicious thoughts live in my brain;  
I'd always treat you right.

I live down in the basement  
And I can see you're wary.  
I see the way you look at me;  
You think I'm kind of scary.

Don't even drive a car;  
I breeze by on my bike.  
But I could take you places ?  
Anywhere you like.

But what's the use in hoping?  
With all your class and style  
You'd not let me come near you;  
You'd run a country mile!

-RH-

## Stained Glass Sunset (Haiku)

A stained glass sunset  
graces the western skyline,  
draped in golden robes.

-RH-

## Putrid Putin!

Vladimir Putin...  
more wicked than  
Rasputin!

Reckless half-wit  
a bully and a  
right git!

Hitler mutant  
and savage  
world pollutant!

Killer of masses  
he's the king  
of all asses!

Loathsome little man  
let's stick him  
in the can!

There's no disputin'  
he's just  
putrid Putin!

\*

Calling him names  
won't help, I know

But somehow or other  
*he's got to go!*

-RH-

## Trevor

Trevor tried to write a poem,  
But could not get it right.  
He chopped and changed most every line,  
Whilst working through the night.

By morning he felt very tired,  
With still no poem in sight.  
He had his breakfast, then he tried  
To carry on the fight ?

The fight to write this blasted poem,  
With nothing in his head.  
"Well, sod this for a lark!" he cried,  
"I think I'm off to bed!"

-RH-

## Love By Any Name

If I'm a bee, you're the honey.

If I'm a bank, you're the money.

If I'm a plant, you're the flower.

If I'm a clock, you're the hour.

If I'm a bottle, you're the wine.

If I'm a sprinter, you're the line.

If I'm a dance, you're the dancer.

If I'm a question, you're the answer.

If I'm a bluebird, you're the skies.

If I'm a winner, you're the prize!

-RH-

## I Heard It On The News

They say a storm is coming  
It's going to hit us soon  
Coming from the north they say  
By Friday afternoon  
Those big bad weather blues  
I heard it on the news

They say the price of petrol  
Is going through the roof  
That's something I already know  
I don't need further proof  
Those automotive blues  
I heard it on the news

They say the crops have failed again  
And farming's in decline  
Food is being rationed now  
We'll have to stand in line  
Those kitchen table blues  
I heard it on the news

They say that war is coming  
It's coming from the east  
I'm not sure I believe them  
I'm hoping not at least  
Those confrontational blues  
I heard it on the news

-RH-

## A Tale of Two Mirrors

The mirror that hung in the hall  
Posed problems, for you and for me.  
Although it looked chic on the wall.  
On that point we both could agree.

But you said, "This just will not do!  
I can't see my nose nor my mouth!  
I put this proposal to you:  
We move this thing six inches south!"

I looked in the mirror and said,  
"I'm sorry, but I don't agree.  
I can't see the top of my head!  
The mirror needs raising, you see."

These problems were quickly resolved,  
With only a soupçon of thought.  
Some outlay was clearly involved.  
A much LARGER mirror was bought!

-RH-



## The Big Fight

In the blue corner ? Hope!  
In the red one ? Despair!  
Now, both come out fighting,  
But let's keep it fair!

Hope seems quite lively;  
He's quick and he's keen.  
Despair looks flat-footed,  
But he's big and he's mean!

Hope dances and weaves;  
He's up for this fight.  
Despair swings and misses  
With a haymaker right.

You may think Hope's winning,  
But it's not over yet.  
Despair stands rock solid,  
And hardly breaks sweat.

There must be a winner.  
We can't have a draw.  
Spectators want blood,  
It's an unwritten law.

And so it continues,  
Deep into the night.  
One hell of a contest!  
One hell of a fight!

To a packed, noisy hall,  
The fighters fight on.

It's round 53,  
Still nobody's won!

Both Hope and Despair  
Are standing their ground,  
And the fight must go on  
For at least one more round.

I'm sorry to say that  
Our coverage ends here.  
This fight could continue  
Well into next year!

We'll give the result  
Of this epic fight  
In some future broadcast,  
But for now, it's goodnight!

## Your Eyes

Your eyes  
are bluer than the skies  
of summer. They shine more brightly  
than heavenly stars that sparkle nightly.

No finer line  
could ever define  
a shape more perfect in design.  
One look and I'm enraptured ?  
captured!

They have the power to hypnotise ?  
your lovely eyes!

-RH-

## Sing Your Song (Villanelle)

Sing! Sing your song for all of us to hear!  
A song well-sung will brighten any day.  
Play! Play that song so full of warmth and cheer!

A sprightly song is always welcome here,  
To lighten and to lift those clouds of grey.  
Sing! Sing your song for all of us to hear!

The heart is gladdened by a song so dear;  
It helps us with our load along the way.  
Play! Play that song so full of warmth and cheer!

A happy song can wipe away a tear,  
And music is the food of love, they say.  
Sing! Sing your song for all of us to hear!

We welcome any willing balladeer  
Whose singing can be heard above the fray.  
Play! Play that song so full of warmth and cheer!

Keep singing and the sun will reappear.  
Our hope still springs eternal, come what may.  
Sing! Sing your song for all of us to hear!  
Play! Play that song so full of warmth and cheer!

-RH-