

# Anthology of The Fife Wanderer



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*I dedicate this book of poems to the thoughts in my mind ?*

## About the author

I have a deep rooted Passion for Walking and connecting with Nature, Raising Mental Health Awareness, and scribbling my thoughts down freeing them from my mind.?

Mental Health Advocate. Charity Fundraiser,  
Walking Group Leader, Poet.

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## Wander

*As I wander leaving my thoughts and troubles behind,  
Clearing the clutter from my wandering mind.*

*As I wander calmly, relaxed and in no need to hurry,  
Without a care in the world, with no stress or worry.*

*As I wander listening, watching seeking new adventure,  
I find myself inspired by the beauty of nature.*

*As I wander with my feet not my mind,  
Leaving my thoughts and troubles behind.*

*Walking really does mend my mind.*

## Sweet 16

*16 years and growing old, never listening to what I was told.  
Trying to learn the fundamentals of life, Growing up in a wee town in Fife.  
Often straying down the wrong path, When a wiz a lad everything was a laugh.  
I was sweet 16 and growing old, I had to start listening to what I was told.*

## Fall

*Warm Autumn colours*

*Leaves descend towards the ground*

*Colder times ahead.*



## Me

I once knew a person that person was me, That person I knew, thought they knew me.  
The first moment we met I just could not believe.  
That face looking back was none other than me.

## Nature connecting my mind

*The beauty of Mother Nature inspires me and feeds my mind, My mind is open, excited, thinking and preparing for what lies ahead.*

*As I breathe in the cool air searching for a connection between nature and my mind.*

*I hear the birds, I see the deer, I smell the wild garlic, the wild flowers as i start to form my connection.*

*Drifting through the meadow my mind is focused on everything except reality, My thoughts are clear and pure, my mind is happy my soul is calm.*

*Mindfully strolling through Mother Natures garden.*

*My full attention on the present, the here and now, A connection between my mind and nature has been established.*

*Freeing my mind from my thoughts the worry and the stress of everyday life, In that moment I am disconnected from the real world.*

*This ancient exercise called walking is leading me to some beautiful destinations.*

*My mind is in a positive place, allowing me creativity, peace and most importantly time to heal.*

*What lies ahead for me is very much of a mystery, an adventure, I will surely keep exploring and continue to search for what I am trying to find.*

*For now this is my happy place, a place of serenity.*

*Will I ever find what my mind has searched for so long, Will I ever be content and happy with what I have.*

*What is my life's purpose my ikigai.*

*Will I ever find myself the real person within.*

## Eco

*Red bricks are warming  
Victorian walled garden  
Early ripe fruit trees.*

## When A Wiz A Lad

*When a wiz a lad a got intae trouble,  
Kicking about wi the wrang kind o people.  
Getting involved wi the drink n the drugs,  
Smashed oot ma nut wi the local thugs.  
No given a fuck what ma parents wid say,  
A always knew better at the end o the day.  
Always involved in a wee bit o crime,  
Never thinking it may lead to jail time.  
Up in the dock wi charges tae stick,  
That's when a realised a had been a wee prick.  
Time for a change it had tae be,  
The next time I'm up it's a custodial fir me.  
A kick up the arse and a fine a received,  
Escaping the jail a wiz fucking relieved.  
A shit load tae dae to change ma auld ways,  
Praying tae fuck it wiz just a wee phase.  
When a wiz a lad a thought a knew better,  
Until a grew up and realised a wiz just a wee belter.*

## Love

*Standing alone*

*On japanese bridge*

*Koi glistening.*

## The Lads

*Walking along the west highland way,  
With a few of the lads from back in the day.*

*Walking for charity to complete in 5 days,  
One thing for sure it will end one of two ways.*

*Reminiscing about our times gone by,  
Laughing so much with a tear in our eye.*

*Digging deep, pushing through the pain,  
The highlands are tough and the hills are a drain.*

*There is no way we are going to fail,  
One step at a time along this challenging trail.*

*Highs and lows every single day,  
Picking each other up along the way.*

*Not long to go and the end is in sight,  
A beer and a curry will be welcomed tonight.*

*Job done and our challenge complete,  
It's now time to chill and sort out the old feet.*

*We are the lads from back in the day,  
Walking ninety six miles along the west highland way.*

## Scotch Mist

Oor Heather and Peat  
Supped a couple o wee haufs  
A dreich winter nicht.

## Winter Beauty

*A fresh winter walk*

*There is snow on the mountains*

*Sun on the summit.*



## The City

*Strolling aimlessly  
Through the bustling city streets  
Street art on the walls.*

## Love And Life

The rhythm of our hearts will continue beating as one.

The magical life we have created shall never be forgotten.

My mind, will always be the keeper and protector of the precious memories we have shared.

Our eternal love for one another will never  
fade.

Until we meet again reuniting at the gateway to heaven.

## Yin Yang

Heavenly dragon

Tiger prowling the earths prey

Elemental force

## Alcohol Free

Nothing good has come from alcohol,  
For me anyway, no good at all.

That one sip to much and things would turn sour,  
Staggering in at god knows what hour.

No recollection what went on last night,  
Wandering about talking pure shite.

Wakening up with that feeling of guilt,  
Covered in stale beer that I must have spilt.

Worrying about what I've said or done,  
Knowing last night was probably not fun.

Waiting for a knock at the door,  
My body all bruised and a little bit sore.

Who have I upset, who did I fight,  
One thing was clear it was not a good night.

Most of the time it all turned out fine,  
However it wasn't so clever though, mixing beer with red wine.

I couldn't keep going ,this shit had to stop,  
It's now been a year since I last touched a drop.

Alcohol was going to ruin my life,  
Most certainly losing me my daughter and wife.

Now all I drink is alcohol free,  
Now I just take the car and still have two or three.

## Eagle Eye

Watching patiently  
Predatory bird of prey  
Perched on mountain wall  
Talons ready for action  
Swooping down lunch is now served

## You, Me, Everyone

Every scar has a story

Every story has a memory

Every memory has an emotion

Every emotion has an action

Every action has a reaction

Every reaction has a consequence

Everyone has feelings

Be nice

It really is that simple

## Oswald Garden

Strolling through the breezy summer meadow, A tapestry of wild flowers reaching for the bright blue skies.

The slow trickle of water flowing from the parkland golf course, Downward through the meadow channels.

Pollinators collecting nectar from the flowers, The birds feeding on thistle seeds.

Deer calmly grazing, squirrels foraging in the nearby trees while the wild rabbits play.

The loud cheer of the cricket crowd as the innings come to a close with the home team taking the spoils.

The joyous sound of fun and laughter, Families conversing with some light refreshments as the children all play together as one in the nearby play park.

Once was a dream of creating this picture of art in our minds, One day the dream becoming reality.

Nurture your mind, Discover together.

## Haunted House

empty house haunted  
by the ghost that's home alone  
casper is friendly



## In Control

Has life always been in your control?, In control of your mind, body and soul.

Little by little the daily struggles creeping in, Finding yourself searching, for the energy within.

The strength you require to get out of bed every day, And facing the world, pretending that you're okay.

Living your life with anxiety and stress, How long has this caused you much unwelcome distress.

Are you too proud to admit that you need help?

I do beg you to please, reach out for that help.

By The Fife Wanderer

## Time of Death

*A white light appears in the distance.*

*My eyes become heavy, my body starts to weaken, and my mind drifts towards the light.*

*The ticking of an old grandfather clock is all I hear, with the sound getting louder and closer.*

*The clock starts to chime: one, two, three, four, five, and six.*

*My resting heart is beating in perfect unison with the chime.*

*Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven.*

*My heartbeat starts to fade, and the ticking gets weaker.*

*On the chime of twelve, the clock stops, along with the beat of my heart.*

*The light goes dark.*

## Storm Babet

*storm babets presence  
bringing along destruction  
seek shelter, stay safe*

## Adoption

*Embarking on a journey like no other, a lengthy, emotional, intrusive journey.*

*A rollercoaster full of emotional twists and turns.*

*A feeling of judgement, are you suitable to be parents?*

*The decision is outwith your control.*

*The wait is almost unbearable.*

*And finally -*

*"Granted"*

*We are going to become parents.*

*The matching process did its magic, followed by a special delivery.*

*A knock at the door and a hand-delivered envelope, our soon-to-be beautiful daughter's story had arrived.*

*Over and over, day after day, your story was read. There was no doubt in our minds, we were going to be your Mummy and Daddy.*

*From the day you entered our world, our life changed forever, filling the void we once held in our hearts full of love.*

*Adoption has given us the life we dreamed of for so long, a life that nature could not.*

*The magical bond our family now share will never be broken.*

*The key to your forever home comes with an eternity of unconditional love.*

*We will nurture, protect, guide and love you with every inch of our being.*

*Life has given us a precious gift.*

*That gift is -*

YOU

## Gone Fishing

*gone fishing  
with my mate rod  
no plaice like it*

## I am a nature lover.

*Strolling down by the beautiful Scottish loch-side, the autumnal sun glints off the water surface.*

*Mama duck and her family of ducklings swimming around enjoying a lovely day on the loch, the plumage of papa drake clearly visible in the distance keeping a keen eye out for any predators.*

*Also, in the distance, a feinty sound of fun and laughter coming from the nearby paddle boarders at the other side of the loch as they appear to challenge themselves to stay dry.*

*"Splash" is followed by the sound of a few chuckles from the onlookers.*

*The distinctive sound of the farmyard hens laying their eggs along at the neighbouring farm.*

*The smell of farm life instantly brings my attention back to my childhood memories with my grandparents running the farm.*

*Every turn I took produced hidden gems everywhere.*

*A lending library tucked away in the woods, an honesty box with hen and duck eggs for sale.*

*The amazing autumnal colours in the nearby woodland are nothing short of magical.*

*And the hint of chill indicates that winter is certainly on its way.*

*Four Seasons One Love*

*"Nature"*

## Trick or Treat

wee chap at the door  
a pure baltic autumn nicht  
bairns trick or treating



## mental illness

*got out of bed today*

*washed,*

*dressed,*

*teeth brushed,*

*opened the front door...*

*maybe tomorrow.*

*normal daily routine for most, but for some not that easy.*

## Lost Memories

*As we mature in years, our memories can fade and we may start to forget important parts of our life.*

*No matter how good or bad the memories, they have made us the person we have become.*

*Our loved ones may not know everything about the past that was once lived.*

*Keep your memories alive...*

*Turn your stories into poetry,*

*Journal your life,*

*Write your memoirs,*

*Become the author of your own life's work,*

*And inspire the next generation.*

## Day ?N? Night

I spend many an hour writing each day, Sunday through to Saturday.

The comfort taken from the poems I write, with no thoughts given if my work is good or shite.

I started my writing to help make peace with my mind, reducing my stress. It helps me unwind.

I will continue to write each day and night, even if my work is good or shite.

Writing has always been kind to my mind.

In a world where we can be anything, please do be kind.

## Eye of the Tiger

Ears turned back, crouching tiger ready to attack.

Lunging at its prey mighty jaws around its neck.

Eye of the Tiger

## Tired

I nestled down in a beautiful little patch; the sunflowers reaching for the sky.

Gazing up through the cluster of happy flowers, I glimpsed a beautiful angel in the corner of my eye.

What does this mean?

Is this a sign?  
that all is going to be fine.

Is this a call?  
that it may be my time to fall.

Maybe!

I will just lay here and rest.

## My Thoughts

My mind is empty my thoughts have gone, i suffer in silence when I am all alone.

I can not think of a single word to write, without my thoughts it will be one hell of a night.

I now close my eyes and count to ten, and pray my thoughts will return again.

## Let Go

Let go of your demons my friend let go, be strong, dig deep allow your strength to grow.

Let go of the pain, it serves you no more.

## Grumpy Auld Me

You get exactly what you see with me, yep just me.

Grumpy auld me.

Ask my wife if you don't believe me, she won't disagree.



## Stress

I need to confess  
my head is in a bit of a mess  
causing me a whole lot of distress  
so nevertheless  
i must now address  
this fucking thing called stress  
god bless.

## Writing the stress away

Journaling my way throughout the day, writing a poem along the way.

Morning, noon and even at night, when it enters my mind I just have to write.

Hours and hours spent writing each day, leaving so little time for me to play.

The stresses of life released from my head, my memories written my memoirs penned.

Now out of my mind and written down, I worry no more and no longer feel down.

I use my writing as a tool to manage stress, why don't you give it a try, take care and god bless.

## No Years Resolution

New year is fast approaching,  
making resolutions, are you joking?

Every day is a chance for a new beginning,  
so god only knows what the new year is bringing.

What will my New Year's resolution be?  
It would be to just simply wait and see.

For what is meant to be, will be

Happy New Year

## 70?s Kid

Awaw oot and play oor maw would say, and dinae come back till yer denners ready

After denner it wiz back oot to play, rain, hail or shine we got the game back underway

Street footie wiz oor favourite game, when the street lights came on it wiz time to go hame

Kerby gave us plenty of fun, until a car came along and made ye run

Catching bees in auld jam jars, that wiz bad, rolling them doon the hill that made them mad

Pitch and toss wiz played fir coppers, races aroond the block on oor choppers

Cash fae juice bottles got us oor sweets, the freedom we had to run aboot the streets

plundering aipples fae the neighbours tree, thank god oor childhood was technology free

There wasnae any smartphones back in oor day, just a bunch o street kids that aw went oot to play