

# Far To Go

Howard Osborne



Presented by

*My poetic Side* **P**

## Dedication

*To those who may stumble upon my poems, and not fall - at least physically*

## About the author

Howard Osborne is retired from several previous scientific and business careers during which he travelled widely, but now has more time for writing. He has written short stories, poems, a novel and scripts. Others may regard some of his writing as dark or ironic, yet he maintains a positive outlook on life. He lives in Yorkshire, England with his wife from Alabama.

## summary

NO MUSE

SKY AT NIGHT

DUST

THE LOOK

NO LONGER SCARLET

## NO MUSE

### NO MUSE

I have no muse to prompt any new words  
My imagination's source is only my head  
Inside my right brain, the crunch of gears  
As nerve endings spit sharp darts of ideas  
Dry wells of inspiration do cause me tears  
Think for yourself, as some poet has said  
And keep separate, the whey from curds  
Unlike some, who see beauty all around  
I am driven only by images in my mind  
Raised up from depths by mental pump  
Then out of the inkwell, words can jump  
But empty phrases will land with a bump  
Sometimes a busy brain can be very kind  
With that final line, the verse is crowned  
Say it how you see it, is excellent advice  
Yet occasionally, there are droughts too  
When a dry searing wind blows the sand  
The cause of that, I may not understand  
It erodes the gist of what I had planned  
I know there are feelings other than blue  
And a rush of inspired words will suffice

## SKY AT NIGHT

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I am transfixed when I see the sky at night  
Stars deceive you with their twinkling light  
Some are coloured, others flickering white  
Far away from the cities the sky is jet black  
As if someone had given the daytime back  
Billions of stars, but it is focal length I lack

Beyond gravity, seeing the Earth in blue  
It's our atmosphere that gives it that hue  
Strong detachment from home, it is true  
Out here, one is a cold and lonely entity  
With three planets aligned, it is a syzygy  
But the bright sun brings us our energy

But looking much further out into space  
It's many galaxies jostling for their place  
And will any black hole ever show its face  
It seems so empty, hence is called a void  
Dark gravitational pull makes it spheroid  
New stars born as others are destroyed

## DUST

DUST The life one has lived may be dust Blown away in the morning breeze Some contributions appear as rust As scarred iron in a world of ease Treasured memories may be skewed To fit, like a swollen foot into a shoe But with a form of fantasy is imbued As what others remember is not true Were all those years ever for naught Growing up, working, taking a wife As all relationships are now fraught And are not much value to any life Writings that others will never read A modest sum to leave in one's will Sitting alone with none taking heed Few even recognised that I was ill The seeds I planted, now have grown Photos packed away in that dusty box Others live lives that are all their own But I am kept safe with window locks

## THE LOOK

### THE LOOK

There is a special kind of light in her eyes  
Perhaps a twinkle, and more than a glow  
But then again, how could any really know  
When holding her gaze, it's seeing the prize

Their effect on me is almost to hypnotise  
As I am lost in a deep and wondrous void  
Yet I'm sure no ruse nor trick is employed  
And in others, I can almost hear their sighs

Such power and influence hangs in the air  
The effect is magnetic and drawing me in  
And is a most strange yet wonderful, affair  
Leaving me helpless with such a silly grin

Always surprised, with no time to prepare  
And I feel the ruffling of hairs on my skin



## **NO LONGER SCARLET**

### **NO LONGER SCARLET**

I say, now stop, look back and think  
Of all the times that came and went  
Just thinking naught may come of it  
But now you'll be turning on the spit  
The promises given, yet never meant  
Made quicker than an eye can blink

A life that's just lived without regard  
For other's welfare or means to cope  
Strutting around like a pompous prig  
See hurt from afar but not care a fig  
Around the neck you'll feel the rope  
There'll be no turn of a friendly card

You've been so adept at looking away  
In your world of money and privilege  
Built upon other's hard working backs  
But I'm now aware of many new facts  
As others are hanging from the bridge  
I have doubts that you will last the day

In some ways, I really wish you dead  
A payback to the people what is due  
Between all the popinjays down here  
Dressed in finery, and pale with fear  
You may have hope that I'll save you  
But pimpnrels are not all scarlet red