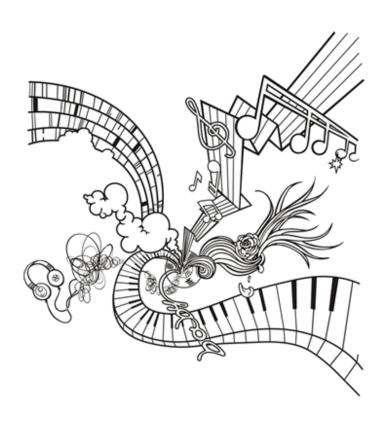
Far To Go

Howard Osborne



Presented by

My poetic Side Z



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

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NO MUSE

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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 pimpernels are not all scarlet red