

# Anthology of Blue-eyed Bolla

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*I dedicate this book to my wife, Lorraine. She is my muse and the true inspiration behind all my poetic output.*

## Acknowledgement

First of all, I would like to formally thank all of those who have helped me in the amazing feat of publishing this book of poetry. I thank My Poetic Side, my lovely, supportive daughters, my gorgeous wife, who is my muse and all my subsequent readers.

## About the author

I am an aging poet, living in the High Peak of Derbyshire. I am also a retired teacher, who still finds time to tutor students who need help with exam preparation. I am happily married to my first love, Lorraine and when I am not writing, I am reading, or simply out walking in the hills.

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## Death of a Poet

One day at dawn a poet rose  
And thought he'd try his hand at prose  
To poet pals he met at park  
He said, "That's how I'll make my mark!"

Loquacious lad like Marcel Proust  
His brevity just needed boost!  
As poet, he'd been stuck in mud  
Like lotus bloom bound up in bud

He longed to be verbose in verse  
But deep inside his heart did nurse  
A need to nurture novel long  
So sure that stanzas suited song

Or sentimental, love-filled line  
While he was craving stronger wine  
That flowed effusively like stream  
A sea of endless words - his dream!

## Love & Cruelty

Of love we lost, those losers lied  
Declaring our lost love had died  
Announcing, "Was not meant to be,  
The marriage of our girl with thee!"

Of love we both fell into deep  
Beneath their wretched rug did sweep  
When we broke up they danced for joy  
On grave of petty poet boy!

Of love called first, we'd shared in peace  
They prayed to God that it would cease  
That it would fail to freely flow  
In time, they hoped, we would outgrow

Of love that they suspected true  
With coward's kiss they would have slew  
If we had not that stormy day  
Flung love, like worn out shoes, away

Of love that we will not forget  
Repent of, rue, no nor regret!  
They'd never in their wildest dreams  
Suspect that still today it streams

Of love that heaven let them find  
They'd boast, but to our own be blind  
They knew, like them, one soul we shared  
But when has cruelty ever cared?



## A Song of Sorrow

My soul is singing like a bird  
A song of sorrow I once heard  
A nightingale perform one day  
When Lady Love had flown away

His was a sad and sorry plight  
A pretty poor pathetic sight  
He seemed ~ as such, resembled me!  
Since I myself know misery

For loss of Love's a tragic thing  
As troubadours would often sing  
In pain-filled, medieval times  
They'd pluck their lyres, recite their rhymes

Composed laments of long-lost love  
They penned, as pleas, to God above  
For healing of their heart and mind  
(They saw in God, the caring kind)

Their verse performed would touch and tear  
Of broken hearts the wounds lay bare  
Their lyrics moved the king and queen,  
Who'd sat before like stone, serene

And peasants wept and so did lords  
The soldiers' tears would wet their swords  
While priests would pine and chant and pray  
As men possessed ~ like me today!

Whose soul is singing like a bird  
A song of sorrow I once heard  
A nightingale perform one day

When Lady Love had flown away

## No Need for Tears

No tears of grief or gratitude  
Did fall upon your grave  
No souvenirs of yours survived  
For father's son to save

Just cherished childhood memories  
To melt my heart of stone  
Those rich, romantic reveries  
To move me when alone

Of course, there's faded photographs  
Raw remnants that remain  
Those patronising Polaroids  
Of pure pictorial pain

No tears of grief or gratitude  
Were shed when you expired  
Your widow's wept sufficiency  
Meant mine were not required.

## When You Are Old

When you are old and done with dreaming  
and silence makes you feel like screaming.  
When storms, for you, won't cease,  
I'll pamper you with peace.

When sadness stains your days, once sunny  
and you can't laugh or find it funny,  
I'll play the clown for you,  
just like I used to do.

When darkest days drag on all dreary  
and times too tragic, turn you teary.  
When life is one long trial,  
I'll sing, to make you smile!

When faith has failed and hope lies bleeding  
and lines you pen are prayers of pleading.  
If God does not come through,  
I'll undertake for you.

When you are old and stooped and sleepy,  
worn out, with weary eyes all weepy.  
When you don't have a prayer,  
you know I'll still be there.

## Guitar Man

On earth, my father, loved to sing  
and strum upon the lyre.

On guitar too; he was self-taught,  
he'd play till he'd perspire!

But he grew tired, when work did taint  
his spirit bright and shining.

Was wearied by this wayward world  
of woe and mindless mining.

So, when his bones could bear no more  
the darkness that was falling  
his soul succumbed to sounds above:  
sweet angel choirs were calling!

And so he died, but left for me  
a legacy to cherish:  
a grief, to last me all my life,  
that will not part or perish.

And this does truly comfort me:  
his soul has ceased from seething.  
He plays guitar on brighter shore,  
where beauty he is breathing!

## Dreamland

My dad was a prince, but was painfully poor.  
Creditors crept and kept knocking his door.  
So fled underground to free coal from its seams.  
Became a coal miner and dreamer of dreams.  
My mum was a maiden, from Mercia she hailed.  
A beautiful princess, voluptuously veiled.  
She laughed when they named her: a mother to be.  
'With child' in a sweatshop; she'd soon be set free!  
My dad was a singer; he played the guitar.  
When not down the bookies, or drunk in a bar,  
He'd jam with his cousin; they'd started a band.  
They cut their first single; dad called it, 'Dreamland!'  
My mum, she got married, when loving bore fruit.  
Said, dad looked outrageous dressed up in a suit.  
My mum, she seemed sassy, all wayward and wild.  
Her heart though was warming, with love for her child.  
My dad said he'd raise me like one of his own.  
A boy bent on poetry, dad's little clone.  
A child of his dreaming, who'd do well at school.  
Like scholar or poet, not featherbrained fool.  
My mum and dad whispered, but sometimes they'd shout.  
My mum shouted loudest, 'bout dreams she did doubt!  
Dad sometimes grew solemn; he hadn't been well.  
His troublesome symptoms to doctor he'd tell.  
My mum made her mind up; dad had to retire.  
With mining from morning till night he'd expire!  
But fates they were calling; their fingers had writ.  
So dad said he might as well stay down the pit.  
My dad died that summer, at age thirty nine.  
Last eyes clapped upon him, I think they were mine.  
As child of his dreaming, I'd started to see  
Dad's dying was making a poet of me!  
My mum went on breathing when dad's breath had fled.

She wept like a widow alone in her bed.  
Her dream, like her dreamer, to spite her, had died.  
A cross now she carried: "I'm coping," she lied.

## **Secret Sin**

**Beneath that bitter, steel blue sky  
Into my heart I dared not pry  
For shameless secret dug down deep  
Would want to surface, wail and weep**

**And cruelty of a coward's crime  
Would pine to pour on page in rhyme  
Reverberating round my head  
Would leak in lines from soul that bled**

**Its Testament of Tortured Truth  
That yellow-bellied yarn that youth  
Inflicted on me and my kin  
A savage, shameless, secret sin**

**Within our bitter, broken home  
Beneath our damned, despotic dome  
Dread DEATH, He posed and postured proud  
As dad lay sleeping 'neath his shroud!**



## Poetic Death

My poor, poetic stream has ceased  
The poet in me has deceased  
Within my garret's graveyard gloom  
He rots like corpse in toxic tomb

My poems now are paltry things  
They're weak and worn and wear no wings  
Caked hard, with cruellest, crystal crust  
They crumble into dirt and dust

My stanzas set like stagnant sun  
With rhymes, they have no race to run  
For ink has curdled and congealed  
Set hard as sword or soldier's shield

My compositions cannot flow  
Compacted, as they are in snow  
Ice-bound inside a glacial glade  
In shadow land of sunless shade

My poor poetic stream subsides  
Turns off like tap and turns like tides  
The poet, in me, meets no more  
With muse upon her sacred shore

She says she cannot make ends meet  
So sells herself upon the street  
Says all her dreaming days are dead  
Now poet rots alone unread

## Me & Mother T

Mother T, she said to me  
That love is all there's meant to be  
She said it really was the key  
To happiness and harmony

But in our fallen galaxy  
She added, incidentally  
Man's lust is on a selfish spree  
Marauding, like a mad marquis!

And Judgement's on its way, said she  
To sort it ? that's a certainty!  
When God will send his son, JC  
Weighed down with holy weaponry!"

I said, so petit bourgeoisie  
And plebs, should ALL be warned to flee  
To get down on their bended knee  
And pray with pure and pious plea

That even blue blood royalty  
Arse wiping Aristocracy  
Should give up gems and jewellery  
Take vows of peasant poverty

That queen should part with property  
Give palace to a refugee  
Should learn to chatter properly  
Drop Pouncey lingo, utterly?

She said, "No, I cannot agree."  
Then I said, look I disagree  
With preaching down to peasantry

Already on our hands and knee!

And then she sweetly asked of me,  
"My child, why act so angrily?"  
I told the saint, "Look, certainly  
Pure love has got to be the key

And yes, we all want harmony,  
World peace and love and charity,  
But we are on a troubled sea  
The wrong side of eternity

Force-fed on food from f\*\*\*ed up tree  
We poor don't lust like royalty  
Our lust is lust for liberty  
Their lust's for jewels and jubilee

Let them get down on bended knee  
For rotten royal revelry  
God's poor, should be exempt, you see  
Our punishment is poverty!"

Then Mother T, she smiled at me  
And beam of light, so heavenly  
Lit up her face like Christmas tree.  
"Calm down, I'm only testing thee!"

She whispered, as she spoke to me  
And offered her apology  
She then gave me a guarantee  
That if I'd be her devotee

She'd share a secret now with me  
To turn me to humility  
Then Mother T, she said to me:  
"The royal rich are poor like thee

They hunger for some sympathy  
For love and care and charity  
Don't scold them for prosperity  
Deep down they're just like you and me

Washed up upon a troubled sea  
The wrong side of eternity."  
(My words, she'd turned them round on me,  
But still we could not both agree)

Her time then came to part from me  
To leave me with my poetry  
Return to poor and poverty  
With grace and sweet Urbanity

And when we'd parted company  
I felt a glow inside of me  
Was it the gift of Mother T:  
Her Neverland naivety?

Or was it my humanity  
Highlighting the insanity  
Of bowing down to royalty?  
That's just not Christianity!

## A Sacred Summer's Day

Once, throughout the stillness of a sultry summer's day  
I slept, until the stars appeared and moon came out to play  
And as she rose resplendently when sister sun had set  
I rued the dying of that day with ruthless, raw regret

For I had spent it senselessly, let hours like sand all seep  
My eyes I'd closed so carelessly, so spitefully in sleep  
So blindly I did blunder when I let it sail away:  
That wasted world of wonder of a sacred summer's day

## Love Lines

By the leafless, winter trees  
In the frozen, biting breeze  
I composed love lines for you  
Like your love for me was true

On the sunless, shaded shore  
Solemn, silent, insecure  
I told God I loved you still  
With a love He could not kill

In my garret's gloomy grey  
Hid my sorry self away  
Put my pen to page to pour  
Pain between the lines still raw

At the place you'd sat and cried  
When you knew your love had died  
I sat now, alone, to weep  
For the love I felt too deep

## Lorraine, My Lady Love

Lorraine, she is my lady love  
And there is none I hold above  
No other mortal mademoiselle  
Could cast on me as strong a spell

To hold me in this dreamlike state  
Where I would sit for years and wait  
Till tide churns up the ocean floor  
Her bottled note, to wash ashore:

Love's messenger, to wish me there  
Beside her, in Calypso's lair  
To hear my sad, sweet singing bird  
My nightingale, not mockingbird!

Her song's the sweetest sorrow's sung  
It sounds serene as church bells rung  
With clang of comfort to console  
This sorry sinner's mortal soul

Lorraine, she is my lady love  
On wings she soars and sails above  
Her music, like the spheres in space  
Spreads smiles upon this sinner's face

And in this bag of aging bones  
She melts the heart set hard as stones  
Then calls me back to be a child  
When love was wonderful and wild.

## Poet Boy

I fell in love with poetry  
As boy upon my mother's knee  
She fed me rhymes to help me sleep  
Read sonnets that would make me weep

She dressed me in a poet's cloak  
And sang to me each time I woke  
Like Sappho, singing with her lyre  
As I lay dreaming by the fire

Till Life dealt her that bitter blow  
And sorrow in her soul did sow  
Then she could voice her verse no more  
Nor nurse me as she did before

Her sonnet-son she used to love  
She slew that dear, defenceless dove  
For mother, in my broken youth  
Was widow, torn by tragic truth



## Noble Truth

I suffered from that sylvan smile  
She wore that day upon the stile  
Within that forest's golden glade  
Where we had sat to share the shade

That day of love's first tender kiss  
When I was blessed and burnt by bliss  
I suffered, in her sweet caress  
From shape so stunning in that dress!

For in my deepest heartache's core  
Her face I knew I'd see no more  
Within this vale of broken dreams  
Where soul-destroying, savage streams

They wash away with heartless flood  
The lass whose love was in my blood  
Just like the Buddha taught in youth:  
'To suffer is a noble truth!'

And here below these hallowed stones  
Lies buried deep a dead man's bones  
My father's ? if you'd care to know  
For him I tend the flowers that grow

I cultivate each tender bloom  
To grace his long-neglected tomb  
For when I lost him as a child  
Some say it sent me weird and wild

That I would never come to weep  
Above the earth where he did sleep  
Instead, I'd while away the time

Composing love's romantic rhyme

For girl I yearned for in my youth  
That traitor, cruel in claw and tooth  
While dad, forgotten underground  
In sorrow slept without a sound

## Land of Dreams

Llandudno is a land of dreams  
Where honeymooning glows and gleams  
Beside a sea of deep delight  
On magic, moonlit winter night

For lovers, who are young, or not  
No visit there can be forgot  
For solemn sounding sacred sea's  
An echo of eternity

And at the shrieking seagulls' song  
They'll sigh, for love will not last long  
Since life's a wave they can't control  
A morning's promenading stroll

Along a beach at dawn of day  
A single splash of salt sea spray  
By placid, peaceful, pensive sea  
Reflecting their mortality

And 'neath the ocean's soulful sighs  
The devil hides in deft disguise  
To watch them board their sinking ship  
Where champagne tames their tragic trip

Before they shed their pearly shell  
As time and tide so soon will tell  
When sea-god, old Poseidon, proud  
Will weave for them a seaweed shroud

Llandudno is a land of dreams  
Where lovers glow like gold that gleams  
Till twilight turns and fades to grey

When Death descends like bird of prey!

## When I Set Out to Sail the Sea

When I set out to sail the sea  
My mother cheered, hooray!  
She prayed I'd stay away  
So glad she'd been set free  
When I set out to sail the sea  
My mother cheered, hooray!

What would I find across the sea  
If fate or fortune smiled?  
On her unwanted child  
Would God provide for me?  
What would I find across the sea  
If fate or fortune smiled?

When I wrote home across the sea  
My letters lay unread  
To her I'd long been dead  
No longer family!  
When I wrote home across the sea  
My letters lay unread

When I returned from o'er the sea  
With pockets full of gold  
My mother, poor and old  
She'd missed me terribly!  
When I returned from o'er the sea  
With pockets full of gold

## My Children

My children will live on  
When I am in the earth  
When I am dead and gone  
They'll meet with merry mirth.

Each Christmas they will drink  
A toast and talk of me  
A thought or two they'll think  
Of how I used to be

My children will survive  
When I am dust and dreams  
When I'm no more alive  
Than silent, sleeping streams

At Easter they will talk  
And bring me back to life  
And on a lonely walk  
They'll talk about my wife

My children will recall  
Our love that lasted years  
Our photo on the wall  
Will bring them all to tears!

## When I Was First a Poet

When I was first a poet  
I'd pray to gods of stone  
Shipwrecked upon an island  
I'd languish there alone  
To gild the golden lily  
Barefoot on burning coal  
Down Muse's mystic river  
I'd sell my mortal soul

To prove myself a writer  
I'd open up a vein  
Pour crimson ink on paper  
Persuade with pen in pain  
I'd wander through the twilight  
A ghost in grieving glade  
Sad sorrow's spectral shadow  
In God-forsaken shade

When I was first a poet  
I'd wrap myself in rhyme  
Devote to verse completely  
Forever; for all time.  
In versifier's garret  
I'd lock myself away  
Till muse on me took pity  
In solitude I'd stay

So poems I could edit  
I'd stab and slash with sword  
Each sad or sorry stanza  
Cut off their foetal cord  
I'd dance like whirling dervish  
While flames on foetus fed

From termination's terror  
My poetry it bled

When I was first a poet  
I'd tell with teary eye  
My tender tale of loving  
That somehow went awry  
When true love turned out tragic  
Tore out the heart of me  
With cruellest cut and malice  
Maimed me an amputee

Forlorn on field of battle  
I'd watch the sailing clouds  
Come down and clothe the hilltops  
Like sacramental shrouds  
Till shafts of streaming sunlight  
Tore slits for rhyming rays  
To slip through Dante's darkness  
And light my dreary days

When I was first a poet  
Was careful how I trod  
For poetry, it wore for me  
The face and form of God  
And all those solemn sonnets  
By poets I had read  
It seemed were wove of wonder  
From goddess' golden thread

That clothed me in my garret  
When I got out of jail  
(My melancholic marriage  
That Fortune forced to fail)  
Then Fate found me a true love  
To heal my broken wing



Who set me free from sorrow  
So soul again could sing

When I was first a poet  
A juvenile in jeans  
With passion for my poems  
Still growing in my genes  
The seeds of savage sorrow  
Sowed, oh, so silently  
Were sweet, since muse was making  
A poet out of me

And so she'd see devotion  
I'd come in from the cold  
To eulogize her beauty  
Before my love grew old  
I'd love and laugh and linger  
Till twilight turned to gold  
The poems in my pocket  
That never would be sold!

## Desideratum

A rose as lovely as a summer breeze  
A faery, dancing 'neath the woodland trees  
A lily, pure and white as fallen snow  
A blonde, with breathless beauty, all aglow

A gleaming goddess with a heart of gold  
A signorina for my arms to hold  
A girl with pouting lips I long to kiss  
A magic maiden who I'll always miss

A star-child fell from golden realms above  
A forest fire of first-born teenage love  
A muse, to turn my rhymes to molten lead  
A girl I wooed with words before I wed!

## Shadowland

Too long was I denied her touch  
The woman who I loved so much  
Blonde-tressed, with eyes that glowed and gleamed  
A goddess girl, or so it seemed

To me, when I was cursed by youth  
Condemned to taste the tragic truth  
That she, who was the world to me  
Would never be my destiny

Too far into the Shadowland  
She walked, when she let go my hand  
Fair femme, of whom I'd grown too fond  
Dark-haired became, no longer blonde

For she had changed, but so had I  
Star-cross'd beneath a savage sky  
And star-cross'd love, of course, includes  
Those never-ending interludes

Where lovers' paths do so diverge  
They separate, with sorrow's surge  
That wipes the footprints in the sand  
They made, while walking hand in hand

Too long apart to merge or melt  
Together, feeling what we felt  
Before fair hair turned grey like skies  
And magic faded from our eyes

## Silver Moon

O let me live a lonely life  
Far from the gaudy glow  
Of men, machines, suburban strife  
To breathe where zephyrs blow!

For I have seen with youthful eyes  
The glory of the night  
And I have felt, 'neath frosty skies  
Serene, at such a sight:

The setting of the silver moon  
The silent, starlit sky  
The songbird's tender, tranquil tune  
As dawn is drawing nigh

## Some Sweet Savior

In my fragile youth you found me shaking  
Like a loveless lily growing wild  
Touched my hollow heart, already breaking  
Nurtured me, your nameless, naked child

To my eyes you blazed like vision blinding  
Beautiful in feature, form and face  
Fellowship with you and friendship finding  
I grew up on godliness and grace

Till those clouds of glory I'd been trailing  
Died, one day, as Queen Aurora rose  
And the youth, turned man, whose faith was failing  
Felt no longer; feelings all had froze

Then the years flew by and I grew bolder  
Damning you, a dark, demented dream  
Coward I became, with conscience colder  
Sacrificed you, sold you down the stream

In my final years, with twilight falling  
I would sell my soul, not count the cost!  
To hear the voice of some sweet saviour calling  
Like the long-lamented one I lost!

## **Girl on the Wall**

**I'd come back to earth  
Woke up from a dream  
Still merry with mirth  
I'd sat by a stream**

**Reliving once more  
The dream, now awake  
As waters did pour  
Like tears in the lake**

**In dream, kids were young  
And all of them knew  
In kitchen there hung  
A picture of you**

**My kids watched us dance  
They knew it was love  
A magic romance  
From heaven above**

**I shed dreamer's tears  
For I had it all  
My kids and no fears  
And girl on the wall**

**My kids called you mum  
They knew you were kind  
They banged on their drum  
And you didn't mind**

**My kids knew you'd come  
Each time that they'd call  
Their surrogate mum**

**The girl on the wall**

**I watched the dream fade  
As dreams always do  
Then wished God had made  
A mother of you**

**My kids though were sired  
By siren I'd wed  
And you I desired  
For years had been dead**

## Our Goddess

She dances 'neath the showers  
At odd nocturnal hours  
Among the trees and bowers  
Where witch and black cat cowers  
They say she has strange powers  
Like wizards in their towers  
She's ghost who glares and glowers  
Whose gaze can fade the flowers  
She stares at milk - it sours!  
Like demon she devours  
But in the daylight hours  
When sun dries up the showers  
She's goddess who empowers  
And we are glad she's ours!



## A Land of Dreams

Llandudno is a land of dreams  
Where sorrow's face no longer seems  
As savage as a rabid beast  
Since sadness there's forever ceased

Llandudno is a little taste  
Of heaven, that you dare not waste  
So silently it slips away  
Like love you yearned for yesterday

Llandudno's quaint, genteel and nice  
A pretty perfect paradise  
A magic land of make believe  
That you will never want to leave

Llandudno is a state of mind  
A fantasy you sometimes find  
Along the coast, beside the sea  
An echo of eternity

Llandudno leaves you calm inside  
Its tender, tranquil, turning tide  
Will touch you, take away your fears  
Its warming winds will dry your tears

Llandudno's an idyllic cove  
Where lovers with their romance rove  
Upon the Orme, along the pier  
Where all their heartaches disappear

Llandudno is a magic morn  
Where poet, in your soul, was born  
When you lay dreaming on the beach

Of love, when it swam out of reach

Llandudno is a seagull's song  
A sigh, for love, that won't last long  
Since life's a wave we can't control  
A morning's promenading stroll

Llandudno is the way, the truth:  
The love you yearned for in your youth  
That breathed on you one summer's day  
Like dream divine that would not stay

## When We Had Souls

In Buxton, when a balmy breeze  
Sometimes, politely sways the trees  
And clouds decide to part and melt  
To let us know how spring once felt...

We dance, like dervish in a dream,  
Beneath the sun, as she does stream  
In rays, that warm our blighted bones.  
And all those graceless gripes and groans

(That winter wrung from us, when snow  
Dug in, like war, and would not go)  
Disperse, like early morning mist  
When we're caressed in spring and kissed

In Buxton, by a balmy breeze  
We stand up tall as timeless trees  
In touch with years when youth was king  
And we had souls that still could sing.

## Grace and the Goddess

Out of the ashes was born my belief  
Grown in the grave of the garden of grief  
Watered in winter of world-weary woe  
Grace and the goddess they caused it to grow

Grace and the goddess they loved me for free  
Soothed me with salt from the steely blue sea  
Wooed me and won me, renewed me, reformed  
Succoured my sorrow and faith in me formed

Grace and the goddess they caused it to bloom  
Down in the dank of the dungeon's grey gloom  
Laid like a lotus as boat braved the swell  
Faith, she had found me and saved me from hell

Out of the darkness of dread and despair  
Into the lighthouse of comfort and care  
Solemn from sleep and the world's septic breath  
Grace and the goddess divorced me from death

## Brave Heart

I bid your broken heart be still  
Beat slowly, bide its time until  
Until this sorrow season's slept  
And all its tortured tears are wept

I bid your heart, till then to wait  
Lay low for now, for fairer fate  
Will one day dawn like burning star  
On healing wings from fields afar

Pure joy will find its way to you  
With love, turn up, till then stay true  
For He who breaks will also bind  
He may seem cruel, but God is kind

He bids your broken heart be calm  
The grief will grate, but will not harm  
For bitter bread at sorrow's feast  
He feeds you first; not last, at least!

He bids you, therefore, don't despair  
Petition Him and pour out prayer  
Your saviour's strong, so strong to save  
So bid your broken heart, be brave!

## Lost Love

I held love in my arms one summer  
Till summer heat began to fade  
Then like a bee-bright honey hummer  
She flew away down tree-lined glade

I missed her golden, gleaming tresses  
I missed her eyes of China Blue  
I missed her shape in skin-tight dresses  
I missed, for I still loved her true

I lost her loving for a lifetime  
But I could not forget her smile  
As ghost, she came to haunt my night-time  
With beauty that could still beguile

I pined for her until the twilight  
Began to cast its aging spell  
I mourned for her as tears and moonlight  
Upon my poet's pages fell

I saw, once more, the love I'd longed for  
When love had long been buried deep  
A gran, with daughter's bairn to care for  
She did not smile; I did not weep.

## Love's Insanity

I'll pen with tears you tore from me  
These lines of love's insanity.  
These bitter, written rhymes I've cried  
From savaged heart and soul inside.

Inside this shell that once was me:  
The man you robbed of liberty,  
Of freedom, for I fell for you  
When selfishly you turned the screw

On fetters for my hands and feet  
(My diadems of dark defeat)  
You forged in furnace, set ablaze  
With passion; you composed this craze

I bear, so now I sit and stare  
Alone, in dungeon of despair  
Your ghost is all that's left to blame  
For someone said, "She's not the same;

She's been another girl, since him;  
More sociable, serene, so slim!  
Sophisticated; not a kid;  
She's born again since she got rid!"

I'll pen with pain (you put me through)  
These lines, to say, in love with you  
I'll stay, and if the tide won't turn  
And Fate refuses your return

I'll dedicate to girl long-dead  
These lines that will remain unread  
For though they seek to settle score

I will not lay them at your door!



## The Lady Grey

Like ghost she glides and gleams as marshy mist  
Unknown, unheard, uncared for and unkissed  
Sad, sorry sight, if truth it should be told  
Since she was once a poet, proud and bold  
But nowadays she sneaks through door and wall  
Soliloquising shadow in a shawl  
Till dawn does break and spectre has outstayed  
Her welcome, then her form and features fade  
This ghost, that locals call the Lady Grey  
Holds in her hand a prayer book ? so they say  
But others of a literary bent  
Know Lady bears a poet book she's lent  
And others who've observed her for a while  
Have even said they've sometimes seen her smile!

## The Hollow Man

The hollow man lives in the sun  
A refugee who's on the run  
He breathes and burns and bravely sings  
About the time when he had wings

He wonders though the reason why  
An angel in the sun won't die  
And that it's, oh so, awfully sad  
He lost his wings and then went mad

That tragic day of solar flare  
When he was born a man with hair  
With eyes and bones and heart of steel  
When wings from off his back did peel

The hollow man he sometimes dreams  
Then wakes as teardrops flow in streams  
But instantly, he wills them dry  
Since sun, she scowls at men who cry

The hollow man lives in the sun  
Without the angel wings once won  
But sometimes, when he's warm, he prays  
And earth is blest with golden rays

## Eternally

Till snow all melts and dies  
While weeping willow cries  
I'll stay and sleep till spring  
When soaring skylarks sing

Till seasons turn once more  
And sea, sunset and shore  
Recall to reverie  
My memories of thee

Of thee, sweet summer love  
When there were gods above  
And you would always wait  
To meet me by the gate

Till darkness it was gone  
And light it lit upon  
Our souls down by the stream  
Where love was all we'd dream

## The Die is Cast

There's nothing more to pay  
No reparation day  
For sin, there's no more guilt  
His blood has all been spilt

That man they mocked and marred  
With scourge and spear-thrust scarred  
For me, He was bled dry  
The deathless dared to die!

For me took all their flak  
They stabbed Him in the back!  
The life, the way, the truth  
I lost with my lost youth

(When Satan, she'd seduced)  
Have all come home to roost  
Set fire my soul divine  
Like diamond in a mine

There's nothing more to pay  
No penance left today  
The Rubicon He's crossed  
He's saved the soul I lost!

There's no more room for doubt  
Let cynics sneer and pout  
For me, the die is cast  
By Christ: the first and last

## Eternally

Till snow all melts and dies  
While weeping willow cries  
I'll stay and sleep till spring  
When soaring skylarks sing

Till seasons turn once more  
And sea, sunset and shore  
Recall to reverie  
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Of thee, sweet summer love  
When there were gods above  
And you would always wait  
To meet me by the gate

Till darkness it was gone  
And light it lit upon  
Our souls down by the stream  
Where love was all we'd dream

## The Ghost of Me

Dawn is breaking, but I'll not be  
forsaking you; not now, not never!  
For though today our ties you'll sever  
Unbinding you for now, from me  
From me, I know, you'll not be free

For when my bones are buried deep  
within the earth and soul does sleep.  
The ghost of me will haunt you still  
beyond the grave's cruel, craven chill.

I'll watch you in the fading light,  
a phantom, who you cannot fight,  
nor drive away, for I will wait  
outside your once frequented gate.

Until your children dressed to mourn,  
bear you away one breaking dawn  
In tears, for what you meant to each  
now that you too are out of reach

Dawn is breaking, yet my heart's  
no longer aching; it wings its way to you  
just like it used to do bled me dry  
and left me here to die  
Where with my dying breath  
I whispered it:  
I'll dream until your death.

## Dead Daffodils

The daffodils are dead or dying  
Their leaves upon the lane are lying  
Like sunlight they once shone  
Now golden gleam has gone

A host upon the hill were swaying  
In summer breeze, like nuns all praying  
Then blooms were bled to brown;  
Cruel children trod them down

But daffodils are born believing  
The ghosts, they give up, won't be grieving  
When blooming by the bay  
Seems damned to death's decay

The daffodils, of spring, are sleeping  
Like dear, departed dead, unweeping  
In peace, 'neath summer skies  
For like the dead, they'll rise!

## Of Love That Conquers...

While pen and paper I possess  
Along with Muse, my soul to bless  
These poems, like a stream, will flow  
And you will be the first to know

Dear reader, that my rhyme, though poor  
At least, might reach your deep heart's core  
To win from you a willing ear  
Forgive me if I interfere

But I will bleed in line and verse  
A secret sorrow I do nurse  
Good taste forbids me speak her name  
For pain of poet she's to blame!

And of this pain I'll gripe and grieve  
Upon this tear-stained tattered sleeve  
Forgive me, please indulge this fool  
I'm uncomposed and can't stay cool

I'm touching poets' well known themes:  
The dashing of his cherished dreams  
The tearing of his tender heart  
The lovesick lover torn apart

Withhold your judgment friend and foe  
For though this happened long ago  
The wound is raw; it's open still  
So, if you have some time to kill

Let words of warning be to you  
This poet's tale of love untrue  
And if you cannot feel for me



**Beware yourself of first love's tree**

**For she will smile and you will melt  
Not ever love like this you've felt!  
Yes, love tastes sweet 'neath youthful bowers  
At first, but soon like sin it sours**

**And you may yearn a lifetime long  
To hear once more her sweetest song  
But rarely, so I won't presume  
Romance and first love may resume**

**But that, dear friend's, another tale  
And patently beyond the pale  
For those who sorrow's overcome  
Of love that conquers, I'll stay shtum!**

## My Goddess From the Silent Stars

When she returned to me that day  
and saw I'd ceased to hope or pray.  
She tore the thorn crown from my brow  
and swore to me this sacred vow:

"My love for you has never ceased  
and even when I seemed deceased  
to you ? while all your hair turned grey;  
I never really went away.

And now I've knocked upon your door  
your aching heart will ache no more.  
For I will heal the hurt and pain  
and never make you grieve again"

And so, my dream, that long lay dead,  
like Christ, when all his blood was bled,  
she raised to life before my face;  
gave back ? not one ? but every trace

of girl, who'd crucified my soul  
when love, from me, she once had stole.  
And warm with life, with blood and bone,  
not ghost, unreal, or copied clone

she stood, and shared her own cruel scars,  
my goddess from the silent stars.  
And so I'd heal and understand  
she touched me with her nail-torn hands,

bestowing beauty ? newly bled  
and in that dawn of rusty red  
we merged ? two lovers into one

and my grey grief I'd lived upon

she kissed away, and as sunrise  
drew back the veil of her disguise,  
the sorrow of our wasted years  
seemed trifling as our teenage tears.

## Elegy for a Dead Dad

Upon the season's sultry breeze  
The lilac wastes her perfumed breath  
While sunlight streams through trembling trees  
To light the land of midnight death

The swallows sigh upon the wing  
The swift and song thrush sing so soft  
As eagle, on his throne, as king  
Above the clouds soars safe aloft

And I, a mortal, dare to dream  
Though I am quintessential dust  
Beneath the sky I vainly scheme  
As loins and limbs are laced with lust

But oh, my father, where are you  
On this sad summer's soulless day?  
From bones now cold and steely blue  
Does soul of yours still pine away?

Beside your long-neglected grave  
I stand all statuesque and stare  
As glimmer of the life you gave  
Pours through my veins like pagan's prayer

## **This Son of Sorrow**

**Somewhere, set free from pain, he lies  
Beneath the grey, indifferent skies  
A husband, brother, son and friend:  
My father till the bitter end!**

**His watch, his ring, his car, his gold,  
His suits, his shirts: they've all been sold  
His garden's grown, but gone to seeds  
His flowers wilt, waylaid with weeds**

**Someday, when he has long been dust  
And garden tools have turned to rust  
I'll make myself re-find that place  
Where I first saw my father's face**

**And I will kiss that sacred ground  
Where childhood's peace was so profound  
When I would watch him dig and plough  
With bended back and beaded brow**

**Somehow, since Time's a healing thing  
I'll wait, like bird with wounded wing  
For years, till grief at last will yield  
For father, in that far off field**

**Then I will pray a pilgrim's prayer  
Cast off my craven coat of care  
Let unwept tears fall fast to free  
This son of sorrow who was me.**

## **Bitter Breezes**

**I wrote her name upon the water  
My goddess, who was Zeus' daughter  
For from the sea she rose  
With golden locks for clothes**

**I wrote her name with youth's first fires  
For maiden of my mad desires  
THEY said I was bad news  
A mean malicious muse!**

**I wrote her name with pen I borrowed  
She left me, but for me, she sorrowed  
In seaweed-sharpened shawl  
Came cruellest cut of all!**

**I wrote her name in dreams, when dreaming  
Against the spite of sirens scheming  
I never had a prayer  
For her, THEY would not share**

**I wrote her name in love-sick letters  
With shackles on my wrists and fetters  
All forged for me to wear;  
To wash me from her hair**

**I wrote her name with purest passion  
In hope, Fortuna, would refashion  
Our Fate ? star-cross'd and cruel  
Secured by father's rule**

**I wrote her name; my pen was pleading:  
"You're killing me!" I rhymed. When reading,  
Her heart might melt inside**

**Along with goddess' pride!**

**I wrote her name so THEY would read it  
My hand ? THEY swore she'd never need it  
That hand will reach her still;  
My love they'll never kill!**

**I wrote her name on breezes blowing  
Poetically, cruel seed was sowing  
To make her father sad  
And drive her mother mad!**

## **Girl From the Kissing Gate**

The mountains and the misty moon  
The sunset and the sea  
The world of wonder shining bright  
Are not enough for me

When I take pause to scan the lake  
Into its depths do peer  
I long to see reflected there  
The one I love so dear

Beside my own familiar face  
Caught in that mystic glass  
I yearn to see the girl I lost:  
Sweet Kate, my lovely lass

For then the rocks and crags I'd climb  
To hear the skylark sing  
And o'er creation's hills and vales  
I'd roam to hear them ring

With love and laughter like before  
When at the kissing gate  
I'd met the one with beauty's smile  
My dearest, darling Kate



## My Lovebird

**My lovebird is a nightingale  
Sweet singer in a shady lee  
A gorgeous bird of paradise  
A rainbow-coloured symphony**

**Sometimes, she is a turtle dove  
A gentle bird, though not unwise  
At night, as owl, cruel bird of prey  
She soars, then swoops from savage skies**

**At times she is a wee, wan wren  
A frail and fragile feathered thing  
Some days she flies as eagle bold  
On most majestic, mighty wing**

**I love her when she softly sings  
Like skylark on a dreamy day  
But mostly when she glides like swift  
In summer's breathless, brief ballet**

## Lorraine: (by the gods foretold)

Timely as a new-born spring  
Fragile as a linnet's wing  
Chatty queen of party crowd  
So outspoken, loud and proud

Princess, who has perfect poise  
Singing skylark 'bove the noise  
Naïve girl, who's shrewd and wise  
Nothing 'bout her to despise

Beautiful and breathing love  
Holy angel from above  
Tender, tough, straight-talking, true  
Slender foot in slender shoe

Luscious laughter, festive fun  
Subtle as a smoking gun  
Worth far more than grimy gold  
Precious: By the gods foretold!

## The Undivided

With gleaming, golden buttercups  
As far as eye can see  
And dancing daisies blown by breeze  
Beyond a sheltered lee

It's summer! and we're side by side  
Walk hand in hand once more  
Just out of teens last time we touched  
We're both now fifty four

We wind our way and wander free  
'Cross hill and vale we stray  
Perhaps she'll plait a daisy chain  
Like girl from yesterday?

We spread our blanket on the ground  
With hands betraying age  
We reminisce 'bout years we lost  
But we won't rant or rage

For we have always been in love  
Together or apart  
And we were joined through our lost years:  
One breath, one soul, one heart!

## The Blazing Rag

The Blazing Rag's a seedy inn  
Go past each day; I've not been in  
A motley crowd reclines inside  
So I don't saunter past; I stride!

Pub crawling home deep in the night  
Pugnacious punters sometimes fight  
Their voices echo in the dark  
Punch holes in peace across the park

The Blazing Rag's of ill repute  
A viper's nest; I don't dispute  
Yet trophies glitter midst the grime  
Awards in frames from former time

When long before my beery birth  
Men downed their merry mugs of mirth  
And diced with dominoes and darts  
Let beer bind up their broken hearts

My beer, I drink at home from cans  
I let the tradesmen in white vans  
Frequent that bar to stand and sup  
From grimy glass or chip-kissed cup

But one day, I'll pack poet's bag  
And brave that bar: The Blazing Rag  
I'll hail the barman: "draw me off  
A pearly pint, to quickly quaff"

And maybe, if the pint does please  
I'll warm to them and feel at ease  
'Mong brother boozers built like me

Sad sailors on a stormy sea

All killing time with noble ale  
Inside the body of this whale  
A hundred million miles from home  
Beneath a dark, despotic dome

Where I feel now the poet's call  
To share my liquored lines with all  
Perhaps perform while pints they nurse  
To entertain them with my verse!

But maybe that's for future times  
When Blazing Rag feels need of rhymes  
For now, I'll sit with them and sup  
And watch the Twenty First World Cup!

## A Father's Day Elegy for a Dead Dad

Upon the season's sultry breeze  
The lilac wastes her perfumed breath  
While sunlight streams through trembling trees  
To light the land of midnight death

The swallows sigh upon the wing  
The swift and song thrush sing so soft  
As eagle, on his throne, as king  
Above the clouds soars safe aloft

And I, an orphan, dare to dream  
Though I am quintessential dust  
Beneath the sky I vainly scheme  
To turn the tide of doubt to trust

But oh, my father, where are you  
On this sad summer's soulless day?  
From bones now cold and steely blue  
Does soul of yours still pine away?

Beside your long-neglected grave  
I stand all statuesque and stare  
As glimmer of the life you gave  
Pours through my veins like pagan's prayer

## The Days of Winged Wonder

The rose and the lily, the blue bell and daisy  
The days bathed in sunlight all hallowed and hazy  
I loved them that summer when true love came calling  
Laid by me in long grass, in love with me falling

The damp, diamond dew drops: her tears that I'll treasure  
The love of her laughter; her smile of pure pleasure  
The bright balm-filled breezes, the nectar from kisses  
My mouth, on this morning, so madly it misses

The girl of my dreaming, in jeans, rarely dresses  
The touch of her fingertips, gentle caresses  
Her voice, in a whisper, like swish of the ocean  
Her kiss, breathing bliss, from her heart's deep devotion

The sound of sweet songbirds in woods gently shaded  
The locks of my true love, by beauty all braided  
Those days of winged wonder I'll yearn for forever  
From here to eternity, I'll rue them never!

## The Golden Year

I lived through this year with a pleasant thought  
That deep, dreamy peace to my spirit brought  
Like glow of a candle, so still, so bright  
It lit up my mind with unearthly light

I lived through this year and I'm pleased to say  
This feeling of peace hasn't passed away  
My life is idyllic, sublime and still  
My heart is a lake that her love does fill

I lived through this year without rain or storm  
Sirocco was blowing and winds were warm  
Like wolf in the desert I wandered free  
A sorrowless soul in a tranquil sea

I lived through this year as a year of grace  
For this was the year I first saw her face  
A glimmering goddess with locks of gold  
Who gave me her hand and her heart to hold



## My True Love

To own the goddess of the grove  
I'd trade off all my treasure  
I'd court her, down by cutthroats' cove  
Relinquish life of leisure

To win her hand, my sweetest dove  
I'd kill a crouching tiger  
I'd war against the gods above  
Or climb the mighty Eiger

To keep her, I'd caress the cross  
Like Joan, they set on fire  
Pronounce all pleasure dismal dross  
Parched tinder for the pyre

To lose her and her tender touch  
Would murder all the magic  
Mutate and mangle love's young dream  
To twisted tale so tragic

To win her back, to stay with me  
While willow it was weeping  
I'd nail her to that tortured tree  
Then true love I'd be keeping!

## Votive Verse for Venus

O Venus, Queen of Beauty, Goddess Love  
Return from High Olympus up above  
I plead, before your statue, this May morn  
As brave-star, bright Aurora, brings the dawn

Please hear my prayer, most mighty maid, so mild  
I've worshipped you from since I was as a child  
When I would play upon that sun-kissed shore  
Where you once trod the waves, as sea did roar

They told me that you'd waded t'wards the land  
Across the sun-soaked, searing Grecian sand  
That shadowless, you'd walked, but men had missed  
The sea snail sleeping on your slender wrist

Their lust had made them mad, to beauty blind  
They had not grasped you were the goddess kind  
O Venus, (Aphrodite if you wish)  
For you I'd sell my soul for one sweet kiss!

From Mount Olympus, on your gleaming throne  
(Encrusted with pure gold and sapphire stone)  
Spare me one gracious, gleaming goddess glance  
To pierce my aching heart with love-laced lance

For Venus, Queen of Beauty, I love you  
With passion pure and precious, trusted, true!  
I kneel before you on this May Day Morn  
As brave-star, bright Aurora, brings the dawn

O goddess, from your throne beyond the sky  
Speak through your statue; bid it shake or sigh  
And I will see in this a sacred sign

That soon, your sweetest love will all be mine!

## Dear Dad

He dived with death one summer's day  
Left sunshine, with his kids, to play  
Transformed himself to cold, blue steel  
That dreamy day that seemed surreal

Loud tears were shed and hearts were torn  
My mum and sisters wept on lawn  
Nostalgically, they did survey  
The greenest grass my dad did lay

From time they put him in the ground  
I sank in silence, made no sound.  
They told me, "There's no shame, just weep."  
But all my grief I buried deep

To stow it, till we meet some day  
Beyond the Moon and Milky Way.  
For then and there I'll shake his hand  
And say, "Dear dad, I understand."

## This Tender Tale of Mine

Her smile, as warm as sun, did shine  
Begins this tender tale of mine  
Of girl, ordained by gods' decree  
To be the life and death of me

And yes, she shone, lit up my life  
This girl who'd one day be my wife  
But long before that sacred day  
My true love felt the urge to stray

And stray she did; she said she must  
For larger life her heart did lust  
So as I sat at college desk  
A student on crusader quest

She called me up to settle score  
"I cannot do this anymore,"  
She wept, for it was hard to part  
With love still burning in her heart

This blow I parried with a plea:  
"My darling, you are killing me..."  
But, oh, how easy it can be  
To lose your love and liberty!

For when our ties she'd cruelly cut  
I soon was shackled hand and foot  
To creature, crueller than Macbeth  
A lady, dire and dour as death

A woman of the smallest wit  
Who snared me when my girlfriend quit  
While she, who'd been my summer sun

Got wed; a deed she thought well done

She lived the dream ? far as I knew  
I later found this was untrue  
For she had kept in bedside draw  
The smiling faces we once wore

When we were young and flushed with youth  
In photographs, that told the truth  
That lovers who are born to be  
Are never of each other free

So as the seasons came and went  
And time for us was almost spent  
Love's deeper magic saved the day  
It moved the stars and Milky Way

Aligned the planets; turned the tide  
So we could end up side by side  
When twilight fell and cast its cloak  
Upon us: frailer, older folk

At fifty, Time itself stood still  
So other loves we both could kill  
As they lay sleeping, safe in bed  
We broke their hearts, for we both fled

And girl, with summer's smile so sweet  
At kissing gate arranged to meet  
And I knew then it would be fine  
Her life, once more, entwined with mine!

## Mirror Image

A sly and silent senile shape  
With seeping strength and thinning pate  
Was looking at the mirrored mess  
That recently he looked at less

The sullen, sombre face he saw  
Was not the one he'd seen before  
With youthful laurels on his brow  
As splendid as a sacred cow

When girl of sixteen years he'd kissed  
And tasted on a teenage tryst  
With birdman's daughter he had been  
His caged, wing-clipped, canary queen

At sixteen years himself, so coy  
He was her bashful, blue-eyed boy  
Who looked for learning outside school  
Which broke the birdman's golden rule

A shy and silent sparrow then  
A poet, without page or pen  
To birdman ? father of his love  
He may have been her precious dove

But he was no canary bird  
To court his daughter was absurd  
So situation he would sort  
Their romance he would soon cut short

A shy and silent senile eye  
Still sees sometimes when passing by  
The features of his stolen youth

In mirrors of distorted truth

And where his lovebird is today  
And whether she would turn away  
From his reflection in the glass  
He'll never know, so sighs, alas!



## Poems Pure and Proud

I wish that I could sing as sweet  
As gods with wings upon their feet  
That I could dance their dervish dance  
Spin round and round in mystic trance

For maybe then I'd write like Keats  
Rhyme deep as Yates, who reads like Yeats  
Lay lovely lines like Lakeside Bill  
Each one a golden daffodil

I wish the sound of skylark's song  
Would make me weep, would let me long  
For girl, I'd breathed for, who once broke  
My heart, by bitter words she'd spoke

For then my rhymes would breathe romance  
They'd gleam and glow, and at one glance  
My friends would all be wooed and won  
Would worship me with their, 'well done!'

I wish my pen would kiss like quill  
Of Sappho, then my page I'd fill  
With teardrop words from clouds of fire  
All beauty-bled from dark desire

Then verse composed in naïve youth  
I'd passed off as inspired truth  
I'd burn, like corpse beneath its shroud  
Replace with poems pure and proud!

## La Bella Donna Della Mia Mente (The Beautiful Woman of My Mind)

You were the brightest morning star  
When I was fifteen years  
You rose to fill my teenage skies  
To wipe away my tears

I fell in love and stayed that way  
Through lifetime kept apart  
I cherished you for thirty years  
Inside my broken heart

The dearest darling of my dreams  
Considerate and kind  
My fantasy ? forever young  
Forever on my mind

And on our anniversary  
Our celebration day  
Most lovely lady of my mind  
I have one thing to say:

I'm living out the fantasy  
I've dreamt of all my life;  
To live with you - in love so true  
And make of you my wife!

## In Love

In youth, we were free-falling into love  
Just like the gods and goddesses above  
Beguiled and breathless that it had begun  
We winged our way towards the setting sun

We wandered through an unfrequented field  
Where to our youthful yearnings we did yield  
From love we made; we melted into one:  
One body, mind and soul when sun had gone

And by the borrowed light of midnight moon  
That rose, replacing daytime's gold doubloon  
We whispered, as the winds of wonder blew  
And silently, so deep in love we grew

## When the West Wind Blew

I was worn and weary  
when the west wind blew.  
I was feeling fretful;  
wasn't over you!  
God was in his heaven  
with his son, who'd bled.  
"I can't do this anymore!"  
Last words you said.

I was reading Nietzsche  
and was bleeding verse;  
Philosophy, with poetry,  
made me feel worse!  
God was in his heaven,  
(not in Nietzsche's head!)  
He was like our romance:  
decomposed and dead!

I was worn and weary  
when the west wind blew.  
Told me that you loved me  
and then vowed, "It's true!"  
God was in his heaven  
while my heart, it bled.  
"Don't do this, it's killing me"  
Last words I said.

I was pumping iron,  
turned myself to steel.  
Sculptured like a statue,  
so I could not feel.  
God looked down from heaven,  
breathed a cynic's sigh

"Muscle makes the man, "he said's  
"a lovesick lie!"

I was worn and weary  
when the west wind blew.  
Thought about you aging,  
as my grey hairs grew.  
God sat safe in heaven;  
he could take his time.  
He weren't penning poems,  
running out of rhyme!

I was growing older;  
with my grief, I grew.  
Told no one about us,  
so nobody knew.  
God was in his heaven  
and he saw me weep.  
Said he'd not forsake me,  
and his talk's not cheap!

I was worn and weary  
when the west wind blew.  
Prayed, "I'm broken-hearted!"  
God said, "Join the queue!  
heartbreak is a lesson,"  
Lord above did add,  
"One day, all this heartache  
it won't seem so bad."

I'd been tried and tested  
when you got in touch.  
Thirty years of sorrow  
must amount to much.  
God came down from heaven;  
with his magic art,

glued us back together,  
so we'd never part

I was worn and weary  
When the west wind blew.  
all my tears had dried up,  
like the morning dew.  
God was back in heaven  
and the world seemed right;  
miracles can happen,  
but not over night!

## Camelot in the High Peak

I came to live in Buxton  
A liaison I did seek  
'Mong hills, where walkers like to walk:  
The pleasant Higher Peak

I came up here to conquer  
Kill the coward in my shoes  
From deeper Dales of Derbyshire  
I'd walked out on my muse!

I came to find my true love  
Who I'd lost a life ago  
I missed her hair of sunlit gold  
Bound up in Beltane bow

I came because she called me  
'Cross the lonely years we'd lost  
'Cause love had kept us crazy still  
We cared not what it cost

I came to stay in Buxton  
When the stars above aligned  
For my rose of rhyme and romance  
The poet in me pined!

I came to live in Buxton  
To the town that time forgot  
But by beauty breathed on Buxton  
She conjured Camelot!

## The Sounding Sea

When birdsong's mere monotony  
And trees are boring botany  
When skies are lined with lead  
And moon is bleeding red

I long and yearn for yesterday  
Before my lovebird sailed away  
Across the ocean blue  
When I still loved her true

When stars are spots of leprosy  
And words like 'bliss' and 'ecstasy'  
Lie empty like a shell  
Ice cold as Dante's Hell

It's then I seek the sounding sea  
Where love I lost she waits for me  
Beside her watery grave  
Watched o'er by wind and wave



## Love Song

I sang to love when she was young:

"You are so very fair,

For you are like a faery queen

With moonbeams in your hair."

I sang to love with sorrow's song

When from my side she strayed.

I sang, "my heart's all broken strings,

In bitterness, betrayed."

I sang to love in twilit grove

When we had turned to dust:

"You've made a melancholic man

Of me ? who's lost all trust."

I sang to love when I was old:

"Returned, my love, But how?"

But she just turned, with loving lips

And kissed my aging brow.

## Forbidden Love

She stands serene by stream that flows  
She sparkles like the frost and snows  
On silver, shining, starlit night  
She sheds a strange and eerie light  
She whispers through the trembling trees  
And breathes on me a balmy breeze  
Then starts to sing the sweetest song  
Of love I lost - for which I long  
The love of one who was my life  
That girl, who should have been my wife  
She wakes, with sweet Aurora's dawn  
And dances on the dew-kissed lawn:  
My one and only heart's desire  
Forbidden love of first love's fire

## Home To Roost

So deep in love were we that day  
Made up our minds to move away  
From lives we could no longer live  
Apart, with those who'd not forgive

Her son, for one, with spite and scorn  
Had cursed the day that I was born  
Like Oedipus of Grecian fame  
He laid upon me all the blame

The rival for his mother's love  
(That goddess from the realms above)  
Who Fate forever did entwine  
With me, her heart, so she was mine!

My offspring and my mother too  
Demanded: "what is wrong with you?  
Whose siren spell sent you insane?"  
I answered with one word: "Lorraine."

But they did fail to feel the force  
And not until I did divorce  
The creature that had spat them out  
Did sons of mine all cease to shout

Then from our love nest on the hill  
We welcomed those with no ill-will  
Supporters of 'Romance Regime'  
A tried and tested true love team!

Consisting of my daughters, two.  
And friends, who when the storm was through  
Were there, as we walked down the aisle

**To see and share with us our smile**

**So deep in love were we that day  
Since '72 had been that way  
Those years apart they'd stole like brutes  
It bore for them some bitter fruits**

**Our 'selfish' love they said had hurt  
Torn them apart like shredded shirt  
We say, of pain, that we produced:  
"Your Chickens Have Come Home to Roost!"**

## Poison Pen Poems

This passion for poetry's poisoning me  
I wish that my muse she would just let me be  
My nights and my days I once spent in a dream  
Now pen I hold poised while my senses all scheme

Those rose-tinted raptures and fanciful flights  
I've swapped for composing through long lonely nights  
Those needs I have nurtured, now spill on the page  
(My soul's secret sorrows, once kept in a cage)

It's taking control of my thoughts and my time  
It rules with a rod resonating with rhyme  
This plague, they call poetry, festers in me  
Old wounds it's infected; for so long pain-free

Love's lost lamentations I'd buried like bones  
In sad, shrouded sepulchres solid as stones  
Now breathe with the breath of the bitterest bile  
In venomous verse that is vicious and vile

This passion for poetry, after my death  
Will want to outlive me on my borrowed breath  
I beg you to burn, therefore, when I am gone  
This poor poet's pages I've written upon.

## Hell-Bent

When I am dead and blood is cold  
And my poor rhymes remain unsold  
Please bundle up and prep for pyre  
Pathetic verse unfit for buyer

And all I've writ I bid thee burn  
Feed to the fire, since rhyme won't earn  
One cent ? or should I say one pound?  
When I am deep below the ground

Go to my garret when I'm dead  
Beside my invalidic bed  
Snatch sack of stanzas stacked so neat  
Five metres high! 'Twas no mean feat!

Unwrap and read some ? all way through  
If you can spare an hour or two  
You'll see how stubbornly I spent  
My life on rhyme ? I was Hell-Bent!

## I'm Still in Love with Pru!

For years I could not breathe your name  
I dared not out of fear  
That my poor, wounded, weeping heart  
Would force a telling tear

And on my face, my wife would trace  
The grief you'd put me through  
And out of spite she would have spat:  
"A putrid peach was Pru"

My heart's own darling she'd despise  
And bid me follow suit  
To view you as faithless whore  
From house of ill repute

For years I could not play our songs  
I dared not out of fear  
That my poor, broken heart would sob  
And wife of mine would hear

And in my voice she would perceive  
The echo of my pain  
And curse you as, "that callous cow"  
Who I had loved in vain

My heart's own darling she'd call cruel  
And bid me curse you too  
Then I'd be forced to say, "I can't!  
I'm still in love with Pru!"

## Dream Girl

I dream the most at dawn beneath the bowers  
When skies are shedding sweet, autumnal showers  
Where silence, she's serene, as yet unshattered  
And leaves around my feet sleep on unscattered

I dream in black and white and never colour  
And you may say that grayscale is far duller  
Than pigment ? though I think it's overrated  
And monochrome will never be outdated

I dream, and dream I dream is no illusion  
For fate sometimes can force fantastic fusion  
Of lovers lost who've long-since left lamenting  
In dream I see their hearts and souls cementing

And yes, I am derided for my dreaming  
Since cynics say that I am really scheming  
That vision that I see I'll bring to life  
Steal back my stolen dream girl for my wife!



## A Poet's Plight

A siren wrapped herself around  
My soul, with wickedness she wound  
Until I could not make a move  
Without her hissing, "I approve."

She stole my sense of self-esteem  
A siren's son she made me seem  
Like Caliban, a shackled slave  
As beast, she taught me to behave

She cast no shadow on my path  
Invisible - her rage and wrath  
No eye could see her fearsome form  
Lay still like centre of a storm

Though siren sometimes sang at night  
So sweetly, till the day grew light  
Same songs she'd sang for sailing men  
To lure them t'wards the rocks and then

Bestow on them a seaweed crown  
While heaving ocean weighed them down  
On shattered ship, with tattered sails  
To join the water world of whales

This siren, to myself was wed  
With bitter beauty she had bled  
Me dry, of goodness, grace and dreams  
Seduced me with her subtle schemes

My only hope was that one day  
A goddess girl would hear me pray  
And pity this poor poet's plight

Against the siren help me fight!

## My Goddess Girl

A goddess girl I once did find  
A beauty like a gem I'd mined  
For pleasure she had been designed  
By gods, to me, had been assigned

Our hearts in love had been aligned  
Our bodies born to be entwined  
Unlike some girls; my girl was kind  
To evil she was not inclined

Her heart was pure, with love was lined  
So pretty, that you would have pined  
For just one glimpse - if you were blind  
For her I left my past behind

For that ? by most ? I was maligned  
They feared our strength when once combined!  
To guilt though I was not inclined  
For goddess girl gave peace of mind!

## Adonais is Fallen

When Adonais fought and fell  
upon Fate's foreign field  
and blood was bleeding from his wounds  
upon his sword and shield.

A stranger sought to save his life,  
as he lay on the Earth,  
while I made merry, mocked and moved  
my measured mug of mirth.

When Adonais breathed his last  
that fatal day in spring,  
his fierce, ferocious, former foes

all feted him as king!

While I, unweeping, would not watch  
his final, fateful hour,  
I pray he does not label me  
his traitor in the tower!

Oh! Adonais, sorely slain  
in wretched world gone wild.  
Forgive me, father, for my sin,  
for I was just a child!

## Stolen Years

Oh, feed me with your true love tears  
and hold me down the dreamless years,  
where twilight haunts both day and night  
and sleeplessness is prayerless plight

Oh, kiss me with your lips so chaste,  
It's been so long since we embraced,  
or wept or laughed or played the fool  
or broke your father's iron rule.

Oh, lend to me your gentle hand,  
so we may stroll across the sand,  
where I will promenade with pride,  
my queen of beauty by my side.

Oh, stay with me till twilight fade  
and shadowed silhouettes invade  
this life, to touch with true love tears  
our sacred, salvaged, stolen years.

## The Hidden Goddess

Behind her smile and blue enchanted eyes  
There hid a gorgeous goddess in disguise  
Between her tiny, turned up, tender toes  
Some sand slept silently from when she rose  
From when she rose and trod the beach at dawn  
And moved among them on that misty morn  
Stern, surly sailors, with their nets on shore  
Born blind to beauty, so could do no more  
Than lust and leer and laugh and shout out loud  
At goddess girl, dressed strange in seaweed shroud  
For they were fishermen without finesse  
Who yearned for Zeus' daughter to say, yes!  
Of thoughts 'neath locks of gold they took no mind  
They were too deep for men ? the fishing kind!

## St Ives Forever

And so we reached the final day  
Of our quaint, Cornish, coastal stay  
The week's been wonderful for weather  
But time has flown; we could not tether

Nor tie it down; it seeped like sands  
Through fingers of our aging hands  
The tide of trust, each day returning  
Turned traitor; sold us out by turning

So now we sit on Smeaton's Pier  
Sup our last glass of cider here  
Before we leave behind the beaches  
For land, as far as railway reaches

Return, via Taunton, to the Peaks  
Like Ulysses and ancient Greeks  
Returning home to weary warring  
Leave waves behind like Trojans roaring

And now we'll sing with sorrow's song  
Our dream we dreamt down Downalong  
Till time and tide moves on, and mercy  
Denied to poet Shelley: Percy!

Makes way for us by road or rail  
Or ship, with St. Ives on the sail  
To go once more to land of magic  
Where mermaids, unlike sirens tragic

Will welcome us with open arms  
Enchant us with their Cornish charms  
When we at last have done with roaming

And like the pigeons bred for homing

Will wing our way like seagulls gliding

Sink in the sea, with seaweed hiding

Then wash up like two shells on shore

To stay in St. Ives evermore!



## Sunset Saved our Sanity

That day we spotted dolphins dancing  
Free and foaming, out to sea  
In the dawn, down by the arbour  
From the wall, beside the quay

That day the ocean shone like silver  
Gleamed and glimmered in the sun  
Those scorching rays fell fierce as famine  
Bleached and burnt us, everyone

That day the sky was blue with beauty  
Like the mother of the Lord  
Clouds clung on, but soon were leaving  
Cut and cleaved by solar sword

That day we drifted, wandered, dreaming  
Seeking shelter's shady nook  
She sat still in scorching silence  
'Neath my hat I read a book

That day the seagulls ceased their shrieking  
Soared in silence overhead  
Noontime on the burning beaches  
Bathers, laid out like the dead

That day the summer stillness settled  
Like a scorching, sacred shroud  
Merged with moving, melted masses  
Crucified that Cornish crowd

That day dragged on till sun was dying  
Sinking slowly in the sea  
Globe of gold in ocean bleeding

Sunset saved our sanity!

## My Rustic Rhymes

When I'd left the sleepless city  
For these restful, rural climes  
I penned these lines, pristine and pretty  
Baptized them My Rustic Rhymes

They were writ in woodland's wonder  
By a sleepy, sunlit stream  
Was where that bees their nectar plunder  
Near where nymphs and naiads dream

I will warn you while you ponder  
This was no idyllic phase!  
Was mademoiselle who made me wander  
Cursed me with my country craze

She was maid of misty morning  
Goddess of the sacred grove  
The daughter of Aurora dawning  
So sublime she made me rove

I penned for her my love-sick poesies  
For this mistress, verse I bled  
Was there among the blood-red roses  
On forbidden fruit I fed

When I'd left the sleepless city  
Where my wife and children slept  
These poems purged my heart of pity  
For the tears that they had wept

## Poems for all Seasons

Sometimes I wake with rosy-fingered dawn  
And pen my lines when dew drops grace the lawn  
By dusk, when blood-red moon begins to bleed  
My sorrow-laden lines I dare not read

Sometimes the poems pour out of my soul,  
Released from county jail - out on parole.  
Lay low like lines of laughing liberty,  
Hysterical to be at last set free!

Sometimes my poems freeze ? refuse to flow.  
Take root inside me, then mutate and grow.  
Until I'm large with child of pregnant prose  
These still-born poems, damned, do decompose.

Sometimes, my ink it bleeds, so rhymes are raw  
For verse, it grieves for one I knew before  
Before fate fed to me, a yearning youth,  
Cruel heartbreak's tried and tested tragic truth

Sometimes when I'm composing all Hell-bent  
I miss the words my Muse has Heaven-sent  
Replace them with my own to fill the gap  
That's why sometimes I serve such sorry sap!

Sometimes I steal fruit early from the vine  
Before the verse can turn to vintage wine  
By plucking prematurely rhymes unripe  
My scrawl, from sour grapes, will give you gripe!

Sometimes I spring to life at 3.00 am  
And conjure up a priceless little gem  
A poem, so divine, the angels weep

Then dawn, it breaks, and I can't get to sleep!

Sometimes I walk the dog, but need to write  
I daren't delay, for words will soon take flight  
So tie him up to rail by roadside tree  
To pine away, while I poetry

Sometimes my words are shy and hide from me  
Like faery folk in sylvan, shady lee  
All secret springtime lambs that I have nursed  
Naïve as child, in evil, still unversed

Sometimes I wield my pen like wizard's wand  
Breathe beauty to beguile you from beyond  
Make magic, Mephistopheles won't mock  
Scrawl stanzas just to stir you up and shock!

Sometimes my pen is quiet as a quill  
And sonnets so serene do simply spill  
Upon the parchment or papyrus page  
Wise words, as well as wonderful, like sage

Sometimes when lines are lean and I feel old  
And heart feels froze as arctic wind ice cold  
I close my eyes and lisp, like child, a prayer  
If no one else, at least my soul is there!

Sometimes I write with water on the waves  
And weep for those with seaweed shadowed graves  
Whose feet, upon the land will no more tread  
I eulogize in tears these ocean's dead

Sometimes my verse is callous and uncouth  
Like jaded juvenilia of youth  
That I transcribed when heart was still unbroke  
Before I'd stained with tears my poet's cloak

Sometimes I wish that I could start again  
Write for a living by the paying pen  
Creating novels fit for silver screen  
By Midas Touch, grow rich, but not grow mean!

Sometimes in garret's gloom the death-knell rings  
It's tolling just for me, while siren sings  
On snorting horses DEATH and HELL ride out  
Then I awake from dream, so shocked, I shout!

Sometimes I sit dejected in my room  
A grieving ghost in garret's gabled gloom  
My ink won't flow, so stare at empty sheet  
But this will pass, so this is not defeat!

Sometimes I write and Heaven touches Earth  
And angel's breath does bless with new-born birth  
Pure poems, rich, with rare, romantic rhyme  
Inspired by Muse's sweetness, so sublime.

## Whaley Bridge

I want to move to Whaley Bridge where peace is ocean deep.  
I want to sit and stare and stay and soothe my soul with sleep.  
I want to move to Whaley Bridge to watch the flowers grow.  
I want to wander down the wharf where holy waters flow.  
I want to rest my weary bones beside that old canal,  
Read Proust, Rousseau, Stendhal, Moliere  
Flaubert, Balzac, Pascal!  
I want to scribe with peaceful pen beneath a shiny star,  
Perform my rhymes of raw romance at Whaley Reservoir.  
I want to spend my twilight years with wife I love and trust,  
At Whaley Bridge shed my last tears before I turn to dust.

## Llandudno: the Land of Dreams

Llandudno's like a foreign land,  
with language you don't understand,  
but deep in love with her you'll fall  
when you have heard her deep heart's call.  
Llandudno's by a surging sea  
of sacramental symmetry,  
with sandless beach of shingled stones,  
as burnt and bleached as dead men's bones.  
Llandudno has an old, grey pier,  
a remnant of her yesteryear  
when walkers had more time to kill  
and days were longer, calmer, still.  
Llandudno has a promenade,  
as beautiful as bearded bard.  
It's long and wide as ocean deep,  
with wind to dry the tears you weep.  
Llandudno sits upon a quay,  
like mermaid in her majesty.  
A star-encrusted, sceptred isle  
that breathes out beauty to beguile.  
Llandudno is the land of dreams,  
where sorrow's face no longer seems  
so savage, like a rabid beast,  
since sadness there's forever ceased.  
Llandudno is a little taste  
of heaven, that you dare not waste;  
so silently it slips away,  
like love you yearned for, yesterday.  
Llandudno is a state of mind,  
a fantasy you sometimes find  
along the coast, beside the sea,  
an echo of eternity.  
Llandudno leaves you calm inside;



its tender, tranquil, turning tide  
will touch you, take away your fears;  
its warming wind holds back the years.  
Llandudno's an idyllic cove,  
where lovers, with their romance rove,  
Upon the Orme, along the pier  
where all their heartaches disappear.  
Llandudno is a magic morn,  
where poet in your soul was born,  
as you sat dreaming by the beach  
of love, as it swam out of reach.  
Llandudno is a seagull's song,  
a sigh for love that won't last long.  
Since life's a wave we can't control,  
a morning's promenading stroll.  
Llandudno is the way, the truth:  
the love you yearned for in your youth  
that breathed on you one summer's day,  
a dream divine that would not stay.  
Llandudno is the lovebirds' dream,  
a nest, where love can flow like stream.  
Where passion in the blood can burn  
and lessons of true love you'll learn.  
Llandudno is a holy place,  
a garden paradise of grace,  
where sinners stroll, or sit and stare,  
and breathe the breeze and salt sea air.  
Llandudno's quaint, genteel and nice,  
a pretty perfect paradise,  
a magic world of make believe  
that you'll take with you when you leave.

## Maiden of the Misty Morning

Maiden of the misty morning  
Sylvan soul from sounding sea  
When you rise with daystar dawning  
Light my lost eternity

Maiden, mend my heart you've broken  
Heal me with your tender touch  
Soothe me with soft words you've spoken  
Your sweet voice I've missed so much

Maiden, we were once enchanted  
Deep in love, our lives entwined  
Graciously we had been granted  
Love that very few folk find

Maiden, what did make you wander?  
Far across the ocean blue  
Finest years set out to squander  
Twenty one to fifty two!

Maiden may you never leave me  
Nor forsake me when I'm old  
Closer come, till I can breathe thee  
Gently in my arms enfold

Maiden of the misty morning  
Meet me at the kissing gate  
At the fair Aurora's dawning  
Share with me our first love's fate

## Lorraine: (by the gods foretold)

Timely as a new-born spring  
Fragile as a linnet's wing  
Chatty queen of party crowd  
So outspoken, loud and proud

Princess, who has perfect poise  
Singing skylark 'bove the noise  
Naïve girl, who's shrewd and wise  
Nothing 'bout her to despise

Beautiful and breathing love  
Holy angel from above  
Tender, tough, straight-talking, true  
Slender foot in slender shoe

Luscious laughter, festive fun  
Subtle as a smoking gun  
Worth far more than grimy gold  
Precious: By the gods foretold!

## A Poet True

If I had wings and poet's skill,  
a muse at hand and time to kill,  
I'd scribe for you such noble verses  
about the beauty Nature nurses  
inside a bud, on bough with leaf,  
where wonderful is the motif.

I'd take my pen, like Bard with quill,  
pour forth a stream, sublime and still.  
Place pleasant poem on the pages:  
a song of love that never ages,  
as old as moon and starry host,  
or sea that creeps along the coast.

If I could be the dew at dawn,  
lay down like jewels on leafy lawn,  
I'd sparkle with the Muse's magic,  
rewrite those rhymes of truth so tragic.  
Have Hector and Achilles yield,  
bid both lay down their sword and shield.

If I composed like kindly Keats,  
laid lines where earth and heaven meets,  
my poems would be less pedantic;  
they'd bloom like rustic rose romantic.  
Then I would be a poet true  
and maybe touch the heart of you.

## A Very Special Poet Friend of Mine

Ok; you're poor  
And you are forced to fill your days  
With mindless, monotonous tasks.  
A slave to work!  
No secret savings stowed away,  
But you can write!  
You can compose!  
Your Muse can make sweet music in your mind.  
String wonder words together so divine  
'Cause you're a special poet friend of mine!

Ok; you wake  
And aches and pains are waiting for you  
To ambush you like cruel assassins.  
You swallow pills  
And bind supports to both your knees.  
The day has dawned  
The day you dread!  
But stanzas surface subtly in your soul  
For from a healing heart that once was torn  
A buried thing of beauty now is born

Ok; you're tired  
From endless nights of broken sleep  
And diabolic dreaming  
Your weekend flew  
And Monday's blues are waiting round the corner  
You feel washed up like shell upon the shore  
But from the pier  
That fish hooked on my line  
I'll fry it up for you; a dish divine  
'Cause you're a special poet friend of mine!

## The Silent Poet

Oh gentle reader; do not fear  
If lines of mine should cease.  
Receive it as a surety:  
A sign of my release!

My silence, do not judge to be  
A failure to be true  
To Muse's inspiration,  
Or bond 'tween me and you.

For there would always come a time  
When words of mine would fail.  
For frail and fragile human life  
Would force me to curtail!

So when that day so dark does dawn  
And ink can no more flow,  
Remember that I told you this,  
To warn you, so you'd know.

That poets pass as shooting stars,  
Flash by on borrowed time,  
To leave a comet's fading trail  
Of resonating rhyme.

So, gentle reader do not fear  
If lines of mine should cease.  
Receive it as my fond farewell  
My precious kiss of peace



## A Darling of Divine Delight

A darling of divine delight  
My sweetheart's shapely to the sight  
With waterfalling golden hair  
And eyes that flash and twinkle fair

Her lips are full, with pleasing pout  
About her beauty there's no doubt  
Her smile is like Aurora's dawn  
And when her portrait had been drawn

The critics couldn't help be kind  
For faults they fully failed to find.  
Instead, they grew, for girl with glow  
An all-consuming need to know

Her name and where she had been found:  
Was she a nun from holy ground?  
Or was she Aphrodite's twin  
A goddess, without shame or sin?

A darling of divine delight  
My girl has always had to fight  
Advances, from both young and old  
Since beauty makes men brash and bold

And if a canvas casts a spell  
In flesh, I have no need to tell  
Of passion she ignites in blood:  
One glimpse and it is understood!



## The Girl with the Faraway Eyes

I wrote her a song; she won't sing along  
For lyrics they romanticize  
The love that was first  
Her heart had once nursed  
The girl with the faraway eyes

I met her in France, where all true romance  
Is started, then ended, so dies  
Her heart I had won  
'Neath San Tropez sun  
The girl with the faraway eyes

Back then in her teens  
In Levi Strauss jeans  
Her smile was a stunning sunrise  
A beautiful blonde  
Her style was beau monde  
The girl with the faraway eyes

She taught me to love  
This nymph from above  
Was goddess who wore a disguise  
Though never my wife  
Was love of my life  
The girl with the faraway eyes

Her mum and her dad  
Annoyed and so sad  
That true love it binds and it ties  
Fought back with abuse  
They'd never cut loose  
The girl with the faraway eyes

Both subtle as snake  
They'd feign and they'd fake  
Yet secretly they did despise  
The poet boy's smile  
With which he'd beguile  
The girl with the faraway eyes

Betrayed me one day  
When I went away  
To college ? I'd got to revise  
Was by the sea shore  
Last time that I saw  
The girl with the faraway eyes

We parted too soon, 'neath star-crossing moon  
With sorrow she stained all my skies  
Long years though apart  
She lived in my heart  
The girl with the faraway eyes

I long for her still, with heart she did chill  
By breaking it, with all the ties  
I'll find her one day  
And ask her to stay  
The girl with the faraway eyes

## No Regrets

So swiftly dies the dream of life  
So soon the mists enfold  
I crave, therefore, one day of love  
Till sea o'er me has rolled

So swiftly seeps the sands of time  
So soon the swallow's gone  
So all my longings, all my dreams  
I've now reduced to one:

That I could live one day with her  
Together, at Land's End  
At Longships Lighthouse stay with her  
My lover and best friend

That I could feel her tender touch  
Once more upon my face  
That I could hold her in my arms  
Once more, my love, embrace

So swiftly dies the dream of life  
So soon the sun it sets  
If I could spend that day with her  
I'd die with no regrets

## Dream Girl (2)

That day, of tinted, tragic twilight  
By a still and soundless sea  
Clothed in mild, majestic moonlight  
My true love came back to me

For a lifetime she had wandered  
Far from water's ebb and flow  
Time together she had squandered  
Stayed away, so scars could grow

But when time the tide was turning  
Calling her to come back home  
She arose with youthful yearning  
Far from loved ones she did roam

In her heart she'd heard the ocean  
Singing soft from sand-scarred shell  
Touched by first love's raw emotion  
Deep in love, once more, she fell

She had loved me for a lifetime  
Vowed I was the only one  
Played with passion for a pastime  
Till pretenders all had gone

That day, of tinted, tragic twilight  
By a sad and soundless shore  
Clothed in misty, magic moonlight  
Dream girl knocked upon my door

## **That Still Small Voice**

**As autumn leaves were falling  
My true love's voice came calling  
I heard her by the bay  
Where we'd once gone to stay**

**As wild west wind was blowing  
I had no way of knowing  
This voice was just a dream  
Not real, like rock or stream**

**As heart of mine was aching  
My mind it was mistaking  
The wind, for voice I knew  
Of girl: my first love true**

**As sun so low was lying  
And day was nearly dying  
Down on this Cornish Coast  
I heard my true love's ghost**

**As moon rose o'er the ocean  
Was pain and deep devotion  
That conjured up the sound  
Of girl, laid in the ground**

**As sea it ceased from roaring  
And slept, like gulls, not cawing  
That still small voice, she sighed  
And in the darkness died.**

## **When You Are Old**

**When you are old and done with dreaming  
And silence makes you feel like screaming  
When bitter breezes bite  
And foes are fierce: I'll fight!**

**When sadness stains your days once sunny  
And you can't laugh or find it funny  
I'll play the clown for you  
Just like I used to do**

**When days drag on all dark and dreary  
And times, too tragic, turn you teary  
When life is one long trial  
I'll sing, to make you smile!**

**When faith has failed and hope lies bleeding  
And lines you pen are prayers of pleading  
If God does not come through  
I'll undertake for you!**

**When you old and stooped and sleepy  
Worn out, with weary eyes, all weepy  
When you don't have a prayer  
You know I'll still be there!**

## Summer Love

One summer, I was loved with fire so fierce  
By girl, whose smile, like Cupid's barb did pierce  
The endless aching of my broken heart  
With sunlight she filled up each pining part!

She calmed the restless raging of my mind  
And kissed with quiet breathing that did bind  
The wounds within, where witch with wingless feet  
Had savaged me and sifted me like wheat

This girl, with tresses blonde and eyes of fire  
I'd longed for all my life with deep desire  
She'd haunted me in sleepy, twilight dreams  
Surrounded me with moon-lit golden gleams

She wooed me now with wide-eyed wonder wings  
Soothed sorrowed soul, so somehow now it sings!  
She held me in the hollow of her hand  
She slept with me on snow-white silver sand

Yes, I was loved, and it was not a dream  
It was a goddess by that sun-lit stream!  
Who breathed me back to life from dusty death  
By beauty that she breathed with ev'ry breath

## The Sweetest Thing

Majestic is the royal rose  
And lovely is the lily  
The Daisy's a delight that grows  
Upon the land so hilly

A tulip field's a sunset gold  
Poor poppies' hearts are bleeding  
The orchid is for luck, we're told.  
A weed, no one is needing!

The lotus is the Buddha's bloom  
For love and peace is praying  
It thrives among the grime and gloom  
In sacred breezes swaying

The heather on the heath beguiles  
Blithe Buttercups have beauty  
The snowdrop in the snow, she smiles  
But only out of duty

We leave it to the sweetest thing:  
The violet, fresh from sleeping  
To sing to us the song of spring  
With joy to end all weeping



## My Lovely Lady Grey

She sits beside me statuesque  
Not posed like dancer's arabesque  
Her features form a faithful face  
Like goddess of a long-dead race

She sparkles like the silver moon  
On summer nights in flaming June  
And sheds her lustre and her light  
Upon my dark and dreary night

She's silent sometimes as the trees  
Unshook by breath of breathing breeze  
With mild, most melancholic mind  
And heart that's of the tender kind

She speaks with words that woo the waves  
The beauty in her voice betrays  
An angel, in a female frame  
Olympian, with human name.

Who is this purest, priceless pearl?  
Dressed in the guise of gracious girl?  
If you don't know by now, I'll tell.  
All questioning I'll duly quell:

She is the lovely lady grey  
Who smiled on me one autumn day  
When I was lifeless as a leaf  
Fresh fallen in my godless grief.

## Maid of Moira

Maid of Moira, meek and mild  
High Olympus' holy child  
From idyllic fields you fled  
Earth-bound beauty, born and bred

'Midst the Midlands' mining hills  
Bleak as Blake's satanic mills  
You did plant sweet faery feet  
Where the Earth and Heaven meet

Maid of Moira cast your spell  
On my disenchanted hell  
Part me from my pining pain  
Smile upon me; send me sane!

In my moonlit twilight days  
Shed on me love's ravished rays  
'Neath the stars you've left behind  
Kiss me into my right mind!

## Dead Girl

I waited for her twenty years  
For twenty years and more  
Then someone said that she was dead  
That I should wait no more  
I waited though for ten years more  
For ten years more did wait  
Till postman pushed, one rainy day,  
In haste, my garden gate  
He fed my hungry letterbox  
A letter that I read  
Writ by the hand of girl I loved  
Who someone said was dead  
She'd wrote to share this sober truth:  
THAT GIRL indeed was dead,  
But wondered if I minded much  
An older one instead!

## My English Rose

Oh! England, I will love you still  
Despite your bitter, winter chill  
Though home of cretin, clown and churl  
You are the land that grew my girl!

And I'd not move down sunny south  
Nor crave the kisses from a mouth  
With Latin lips, who's darkly donned  
A beauty, second-rate to blonde

On sun-kissed shores, where maidens sweet  
Tread softly with their dainty feet  
No goddess Greek could thrill me so  
Like English Rose I've come to know

In England's green and pleasant place  
From such a rare, romantic race  
My love was raised like rustic rose  
An angel, from her head to toes!

Oh! England, I do love you still  
And I will never get my fill  
Of praising you each dismal day  
For girl of gold you grew in grey

## War Poets

War poets are weary; they're weary of war  
War poets aren't war poets ? not any more  
They're cool connoisseurs of conflicts gone cold  
They're battle-hard veterans war cannot scald!

War poets aren't burning with anger no more  
They've swapped no man's land for sun by the shore  
War's cruel, callous killing no more strikes a chord  
From playing at war games war poets are bored

War poets, to war zones, no longer return  
For blood-spattered battles they no longer yearn  
Their pens, once outspoken, indignant and loud  
Like guns, have fell silent, like soldier in shroud

War poets have wandered o'er flowerless fields  
Where poisonous poppies the soil no more yields  
They're sick of the shrieking and screaming of shells  
Ground down by defeats like those damn Dardanelles!

War poets are weary; they're weary of war  
That's savage, like Nature, in tooth and in claw  
But as poets of peace they'll never be known  
Till the ogre of war has been overthrown

## **Coralie**

**I've lost my heart to Coralie,  
But please don't ever question me  
Till you have seen her on the stage  
Play goddess of the golden age!**

**She's sleek like Greek, although she's French  
And wily as a wayward wench.  
You saw her steal with just one glance  
My heart, that femme fatale from France.**

**So please don't ever be surprised  
This mademoiselle has mesmerised,  
Enchanted me with siren's spell  
Bewitched me down her faery dell.**

**I love my curvy Coralie!  
So please don't ever question me  
'Bout why I love her luscious lips  
Her made-in-heaven shapely hips**

**I've lost my heart to Coralie  
But please don't ever question me  
For wanting her; you know I'm weak  
For girl who is my goddess Greek!**

## My Lovely Lady of the Lake

My lovely lady of the lake,  
Her photograph I used to take  
To freeze forever in a frame  
The goddess with the human name

I had no photo when apart;  
Just echo in my broken heart.  
Those empty years gave me one grace:  
The memory of her lovely face

That I would conjure up when brave,  
Then ache because we could not save  
Nor salvage something at the end  
Of love affair we could not mend.

My lovely lady of the lake  
Her photograph I still do take,  
But I don't freeze it in a frame;  
No need; the lady's took my name!

And she's a loving, living thing,  
My wife, who wears her wedding ring,  
In flesh and blood, and breathing air  
Same goddess with the golden hair!

**At 62**

At 62, I'll need a saviour!  
Who'll bollock me for bad behaviour  
And bear upon His steely shoulder  
The grief I'll feel at growing older.  
If I procure this Prince of Peace  
My fear of death will surely cease!

At 62, I'll need forgiveness!  
That's certainly a saviour's business:  
To die the death and do the bleeding  
And answer people's prayerful pleading.  
For oldies too, I think you'll find  
Are sinners of the human kind!

At 62, I'll need salvation!  
For feet, I'll need a firm foundation.  
A way, a truth, a life worth living,  
A Lord, who's full of free forgiving,  
A rock, who doesn't rock or roll,  
Who's sacrosanct as sacred scroll!

At 62, I'll need some healing!  
For sickness that I've been concealing  
Within my soul, like child who's sleeping;  
I'll wake it with my wistful weeping,  
Then walk it over to the cross  
And make a gain from saviour's loss!

At 62, I'll take it steady,  
For life to come, I won't be ready  
But even so, I'll be preparing;  
Without a saviour, won't be daring  
To step into that great unknown;



Since only losers die alone!

At 62, I'll need a saviour!

Who'll bollock me for bad behaviour

And bear upon His steely shoulder

The grief I'll feel at growing older.

If I procure this Prince of Peace

My fear of death will surely cease!

## Poet's Pride

To publish my poor, rustic rhyme  
(Assuming that I had the time)  
Would puff me up with poet's pride  
In place of dream girl at my side

A thorn would pierce me through, instead  
And dreams of grandeur in my head  
Would drown her out and then replace  
My goddess girl, and in her place

False friends, would flatter and kow-tow  
Exclude my love, until somehow  
Her inspiration, it would die  
Then Muse, who'd filled my soul and sky

Would leave me in my garret room  
Where I'd grow grey from grief and gloom  
That's why I share with you alone  
My poet friends, lest I be prone

To poet's pride: the writer's curse  
(That need to publish, poet's nurse)  
Of fame, I'm fearful, and too old;  
Let's leave it to the young; they're bold!

## My Family and My Father's Fate

My mother's tearless eyes were gorgeous green  
Until my father ? her first love ? left life.  
Then sadness dyed them grey when she had seen  
The witch who makes a widow out of wife.

My sisters ? fatherless, and feeling too  
Forsaken, would have caused the stones to weep  
If they had heard their sobs when darkness grew,  
And sorrow's sword had severed them from sleep.

My father's father could not understand  
Why he had earned long years of borrowed time;  
A grandad, living longer in the land  
Than son, lacked reason, relevance and rhyme!

Myself, with eagle eyes that faith had grew  
Did fear my mother's grief too wild to tame,  
That grace it would not stifle or subdue,  
So God above, she then would come to blame.

My father's fate, some said, was twice as cruel  
For those he loved, since they lived on and breathed,  
But we feigned flippancy and played the fool;  
Inside our shattered souls alone we seethed.

## Our Cruel Colluding

Apart, we drifted like two silent clouds  
Unnoticed as grey ghosts in see-through shrouds  
No storm, no thunder and no lightning flashes  
Just dust to dying dust and ash to ashes

Alone, we travelled, each a lonely planet  
Two hearts: a mother's, son's: both made of granite  
With words we'd wounded, made each other weep  
Our sorrow, now, we both had buried deep

Alive, we tarried till the twilight hardened  
Like pilgrims pleading that our prayers had pardoned  
The time we'd wasted on our bitter feuding:  
That crime, committed with our cruel colluding!

## Goddess

She's a far-off, fresh spring morning  
I once woke to long ago  
She's the fiery day-star dawning  
Gifted with a golden glow

She's a soft, sublime sonata  
Played upon an angel's lyre  
Full of love like faithful martyr  
Facing flames with deep desire

She is like the soaring swallows  
On the summer's gentle breeze  
With her slender feet she hallows  
Earth, where mortals bow their knees

## The Chosen One

Everyone I ever knew,  
All that comic, cretin crew,  
Relatives of bone and blood,  
Kith and kin; both bad and good,  
Neighbours, mates and childhood chums,  
Lads at school in rugby scrums;  
Each one a gormless, godless git  
Like all those 'heroes' down the pit,  
Girls I've used and cast aside,  
Dads who drew short straws and died,  
Rogues and rascals, rude and rank;  
I'll sum them up with scorn, as skank!  
All born and bred to grunt and graft,  
Dim dunderheads, all downright daft;  
I'd like to stand 'em 'gainst a wall  
Then squeeze the trigger ? watch 'em fall!  
Apart from one, I've left off list;  
The only one I ever missed!  
An angel, born in brainless hell;  
A precious pearl from slime-filled shell.  
The cream - from culture crass and cold,  
Was made by God, who broke the mould;  
The single spark, who lit my life;  
That's why I chose her for my wife!

## This Town

I swear that this town (by the gods up above)  
For all of its poets, it doesn't have love  
I vow that I'll leave it when boat it comes in  
Sail south with my true love, so life can begin.

I swear that this town has no style or taste  
(Don't cast your pearls here or your words you will waste)  
I vow I'll return when hell's fires have froze  
Or when dreams and dead men from dust have arose.

I swear that this town of all culture's been bled  
Just walk through the market and hear what is said!  
I vow that the verse that their poet's compile  
Though proudly performed do still stink so vile.

I swear that this town may not be on its own  
From England, some tell us, the spirit has flown.  
I swear that to beauty most now are born blind;  
Become this town's poet? You're out of your mind!

## My Singing Soul

My soul is singing like a bird  
The song it sings is love  
Along the shore, upon the hills  
Beside the sleepy Dove:

The river that forever flows  
To wash the years away;  
The place my singing soul loves best  
To serenade and say:

A girl, she wanders wild and free  
As sweet, Sirocco breeze  
She pouts her lips and winks her eye  
And uses charms to tease

She sends my soul like soaring swift  
To swoop and swirl and feed  
She binds, with tender touch, the wounds  
My writing soul does bleed

This girl I love's my darling heart  
Who's half of my own soul  
She sits beside me by the stream  
To calm me and console

She heals my long-forgotten fears  
Those nameless, faceless foes  
And in their place she plants pure peace  
Like dreaming stream that flows.



## My Dearest Darling Dove of Peace

Sometimes, up in my loft, I lie  
And watch the clouds go sailing by.  
Then thoughts take wing and start to wander  
And on the painful past I ponder.

Then thoughts give way to sleep and dreams,  
But I'm woke up by silver streams  
Of light, through garret window flowing,  
From melancholic moon now glowing.

For when I'd lay like dead man dreaming;  
The sun had set and now was streaming  
In lunar beams of borrowed light  
From lesser light that rules the night.

And I felt cold and lost and lonely  
Until I heard my one and only!  
Call out to me, with voice so sweet;  
Then I was up and on my feet

And all my dark, demonic dreaming,  
My sad, insane and senseless scheming;  
She kissed away and caused to cease,  
My dearest darling dove of peace.

## Land of No More Shadow

When I lay lonely 'neath a broken bower  
All sad and wilted like forgotten flower  
I took my comfort from a crumb so tiny  
A thought, as small as diamond dew drop shiny.

That you, my life and love on Earth, so tender  
Would not forget me: my sweet heartbreak mender!  
That while we breathed upon the world still turning  
And kind Aurora kept on rising, burning.

You'd visit me, in dreams, to slay my sleeping sorrow  
And pledge to me that on some bright tomorrow  
We'd meet, once more, upon a moonlit meadow,  
Alive, in love, in land of no more shadow!

## Dear Dad

He dived with death one summer's day;  
Left all his kids alone to play.  
Transformed himself to cold, blue steel,  
That dreamy day that seemed surreal.

Loud tears were shed and hearts were torn;  
My mum and sisters wept on lawn.  
Nostalgically, they did survey  
The greenest grass my dad did lay.

From time they put him in the ground  
Was silent; I made not one sound.  
They told me, "There's no shame, just weep."  
But all my grief I buried deep

I stowed it, till we'd meet some day  
Beyond the Moon and Milky Way.  
For then, I'd shake him by the hand  
And say, "Dear dad, I understand."

## This Town's Poet

I swear that this town (by the gods up above)  
for poets and poetry; they've lost all love.  
I vow that I'll venture with stanzas on scrolls  
Down south, to seek solace from sensitive souls.

I swear that this town has no style and no taste.  
(Don't cast your pearls here or your words you will waste)  
I vow I'll return when hell's fires have all froze  
Or when dreams and dead men from dust have arose.

I swear that this town of all culture's been bled  
Just walk through the market and hear what is said!  
I vow that the poems their poets compile  
Though proudly performed will be judged juvenile.

I swear that this town may not be on its own  
From North West of England the spirit has flown!  
I swear that to beauty those born here are blind;  
Become this town's poet? You're out of your mind!

## Sublime Loving Splendor

In autumn you left me alone with the showers  
I walked broken-hearted each day 'mong the bowers  
When winter arrived with its ice and its snowing  
Went down to the lake where we'd often gone rowing

And those early days of my sorrow and grieving  
I suffered in silence while stanzas were weaving  
The years then flew by and I met and soon courted  
A girl ? unlike you ? though blonde hair she had sported

And she was the first of my loves; there were many  
But none held a candle to you; wasn't any!  
I pined through the years of my hell they called marriage  
Detained in that dungeon, my vows did disparage

I missed you, my love, like a limb I'd had severed  
To part with my heartache I'd truly endeavored  
So when the dawn broke on that day like no other  
My sheer jubilation nobody could smother!

That autumn we met after thirty one summers  
We loved like the birds and the bumble bee hummers  
For we got it back: our first love, sweet and tender  
And sorrow was slain by sublime, loving splendour!

## Freedom's Flame

My prison cell felt just like home,  
So didn't grieve I could not roam,  
Or wander; there was just no need  
To kneel and pray to God and plead

For freedom; freedom's in the brain;  
It can't be compromised by chain,  
Or bars, or locks, or razor wire;  
It burns inside your heart like fire!

My prison cell had been preparing  
My soul, as I sat silent, staring,  
For life, outside, where world is turning  
And now I'm ready for returning

From silent cell, to lousy living,  
Where felons don't find much forgiving.  
I'll pass you by without you knowing  
That freedom's flame's gone by you, glowing!

## Grace and the Goddess

Out of the ashes was born my belief  
Grown in the grave of the garden of grief  
Watered in winter of world-weary woe  
Grace and the goddess they caused it to grow  
Grace and the goddess they loved me for free  
Soothed me with salt from the steely blue sea  
Wooed me and won me, renewed me, reformed  
Succoured my sorrow and faith in me formed  
Grace and the goddess they caused it to bloom  
Down in the dank of the dungeon's grey gloom  
Laid like a lotus as boat braved the swell  
Faith, she had found me and saved me from hell  
Out of the darkness of dread and despair  
Into the lighthouse of comfort and care  
Solemn from sleep and the world's septic breath  
Grace and the goddess divorced me from death

**remnant**

Before I watch it pass away  
I'll gather up this dying day  
And tend, with tenderness, its grave,  
From which, a poppy, I will save.

This crumb of comfort I'll compress,  
Immortalise in flower press,  
To conjure up this dying day  
When it has long since passed away.

And when its sombre sun has set,  
This remnant of a raw regret,  
I'll bury, in my book of death,  
To breathe its final, bitter breath.



## My Prison Cell

My prison cell felt just like home;  
I did not grieve I could not roam,  
or wander; there was just no need  
to kneel and pray to God and plead

for freedom; it was in my brain!  
Could not be compromised by chain,  
or bars, or locks, or razor wire;  
it burnt inside my heart like fire!

My cell, you see, was just preparing  
my soul, while I sat silent, staring,  
till life, outside, where world was turning  
would favour my first love returning,

to light my life of loveless laughter,  
add love to freedom ever after;  
unfreeze the frozen feelings flowing;  
from freedom's flame to goddess glowing.

My prison cell I left behind  
(that cruellest cage of humankind)  
Was where I grew into a man  
of faith, according to God's plan!

## She

At dawn, she taught me tenderness and love,  
Breathed beauty she had borrowed from above.  
So sweetly by that sylvan, starlit stream  
She dallied in my diamond-dusted dream.

At noon, she went and wandered far from home  
For fuller freedom frantically did roam.  
Myself; I pined away in perfect pain,  
Without her touch I slowly went insane.

At dusk, she sought me out when moon was full,  
To save me from dark days, distinctly dull.  
Restoring sense and soul and sanity;  
She made a man from madness that was me!

## Dylan

My poor, dear darling's dog lies dead;  
No more need he be fussed or fed.  
She heard the news from source down south,  
Where blood had bled from Dylan's mouth.

The day she left to come to me  
Was last time she would ever see  
His face, or watch his faithful form  
Look up from basket, waking warm.

I met him once while on a walk.  
Was at the time she could not talk  
To me, at least, she had agreed,  
But love must satisfy its need!

And so we wandered for an hour;  
She'd left her husband in the shower,  
But would not let me near to kiss;  
We parted, but we knew we'd miss

Each other, if apart too much;  
And that we'd have to keep in touch.  
And so we did: in love we'd fell;  
This made her man play merry hell!

He kept her dog, their son, their house,  
Since she could not remain his spouse.  
Together, we BOTH paid a price;  
For love you have to sacrifice!

She was not there for Dylan's death,  
To see him breathe his final breath.  
While I; I got to keep a cat,

Whose death, well, I'll get over that!

My poor, dear darling's dog lies dead;  
He's buried near the garden shed  
Of house she used to call her home  
Before love's longing made her roam.

## Woman

I dreamt I was in love once more  
Upon a sun-drenched, south sea shore,  
With goddess girl, whose hair was braided;  
We lay among the sand dunes, shaded.  
I dreamt until that bubble burst  
And love lay lost, in dream I'd nursed.  
Then like the sylvan sunlight streaming  
That goddess girl of my dumb dreaming  
Returned to me, in shape and form  
Of woman, real, robust and warm:  
A rhapsody of romance raging;  
Solidified, to share my aging!

## Winds of Change

The warm winds touch the troubled trees  
To bless them with beatific breeze.  
This sends the branches softly swaying,  
In silhouette, like nuns all praying.

They blow down every silent street,  
But fear no stranger they may meet.  
They haunt, but not like ghost, who's gliding;  
As royalty, proud winds go riding!

The winds sometimes will hold their breath,  
Like damned, before their date with death.  
They mock the midnight moon by howling,  
Pursue their prey as panther prowling.

On silent seas they stir a storm,  
So sailors sleeping safe and warm  
Will rise, from fear, and feign devotion,  
To seek the Lord of winds and ocean.

The fresh winds kiss my fevered face.  
Upon my troubled brow they place  
Cool fingers, Heaven's bliss bestowing,  
Unconsciously, without their knowing!

## The Chosen One

The poet's soul is like no other;  
'Tis sister to the stars and brother  
To faery folk, each mystic creature  
And goddess girls who'll never feature  
Or figure in most mortal's thinking;  
(I've seen them mock while slyly winking.)

The poet's soul it senses beauty  
And deems it her most solemn duty  
To paint a picture on her pages,  
With words of wisdom: just like sages!  
Yet not pretentious, paltry preaching;  
With rhyme, she's teasing, never teaching!

The poet's soul is swathed in sorrow.  
For beauty, to be born tomorrow  
Will not be held or owned by many;  
She weeps and wonders if there's any  
Who'll wake when world is filled with gladness  
And sun has set on all this sadness.

The poet's soul is slowly dying;  
It's drained of blood and tears from trying  
(With desperation's deep desire  
And heaven's true immortal fire)  
To touch the hearts: stone cold and frozen;  
O how she wished she'd not been chosen!

## Dream Chaser

Was cloudless by that southern sea  
The day she swore she'd marry me.  
But biting, bitter breeze was blowing  
And there was just no way of knowing

That she was messing with my mind,  
That kisses could be so unkind  
Bestowed beneath a blissful bower  
At such a faithless, fateful hour.

Was raining when she drove away  
And I knew then she'd start to stray  
That all her smiles and warm embracing  
Was just a dream I had been chasing

That I was facing life alone  
Because her heart was made of stone.  
The sun was setting when she rang me  
To ask me for my lonely latchkey.



## Sole Survivors

Lorraine began my loving and my grieving,  
My madness and my spirit's blind believing  
That torture, far too terrible to tell,  
Would cease, and then into my sombre cell

A saving stream of loving light would filter:  
(Sweet solace for a life thrown out of kilter)  
And I'd awake, at last, all healed and sane  
Beside my first and long-lost love, Lorraine.

Lorraine lived on, for me, when we were over:  
(A fearful fate that hid a four-leaf clover!)  
For when a thousand suns had sunk and set,  
The girl, who'd been a dream, at last I met.

It was a winter's day when wind was raging;  
(The years had passed, for hearts, without their aging.)  
As she wept tears the broken-hearted cry;  
I breathed the sigh that sole survivors sigh.

## Truly

My true love found me griping  
Like a groaning, grouchy ghost  
When I'd been left an orphan  
All alone down by the coast.

My true love did enslave me  
With her fatal, flirty eyes,  
Seduced me with her singing  
And her sultry, sylvan sighs.

My true love drew me to her  
Like a spellbound, speechless slave,  
Salvationless and stranded  
Like a soul she'd have to save.

My true love made me merry  
Like a measured mug of mirth,  
Delivered me from dreaming;  
Put my feet back on the earth.

My true love told me, "truly,  
I will never leave your side,"  
But I could not believe her,  
So the love between us died.

## Pertaining to Poets

The souls of poets are sublime,  
Though they seem sentimental.  
Some say they're sad, but they like the gods  
They're silent, still and gentle.

The thoughts of poets, when conveyed  
Can cause a heart to flutter.  
Read from a page, they sound like words  
A human could not utter.

The pens of poets, when they're primed  
Can pulverise a planet.  
Their ink can heal or break a bone,  
Or melt a heart of granite.

The lives of poets; they are filled  
With joy and jubilation.  
Their words are wove on sacred wings  
Of angel aviation.

The wives of poets sometimes grieve,  
Like widows in their towers,  
When poet's mind is merged with muse  
For many moonlit hours.

The lives of poets, short or long;  
It doesn't really matter.  
Their breathed out beauty, it will grow  
From single seed they scatter.

## God's Chosen

When I feel low and lonely  
My love, my one and only,  
Will smile at me and say,  
"These blues will blow away,

And how can you feel lonely?  
I am your one and only;  
I'll never go away  
Until my dying day!"

When I feel weak and worthless,  
Most miserable and mirthless,  
My lovely lady sings,  
Like angel without wings:

"Since when have you been worthless,  
Most miserable and mirthless?  
You're singularly, strong;  
God's chosen all along!"

## This Vision

This vision passed before my eyes:  
A lady from the sacred skies.  
Who trod with tender steps of grace  
Towards me, she had turned her face.

This lady was my true first love,  
My angel from the worlds above.  
I gladly met her gracious glance  
And fell at once into a trance

So deep, that there could be no cure,  
Since I had met with gaze so pure.  
Transfixed, I could remain no more  
An exile, on this sombre shore.

With her, I'd have to wing my way  
Without her, here, I cannot not stay.  
I'll leave this world, my home and wife  
This vestige of a mortal life.

Enchanted, I'll forsake them all  
Bewitched by gorgeous goddess' call...  
Yet, those who will can follow me  
Across the separating sea.

To start a life, of love, anew  
Love twins, with their supporting crew!  
My plans to leave have all been made;  
This vision, I daren't let it fade!

## Strange September Sunset

**This strange September sunset seems  
Like portent from a poet's dreams,  
A prophecy that melts from sorrow  
For faithless souls with no tomorrow.**

**This picture of the day that dies,  
These hazy, harsh autumnal skies  
Do seem to whisper wordless warning  
That darker days, for some, are dawning.**

**This strange September sunset seems  
Our glimpse of glory, till it gleams,  
When we wake up in world of wonder  
Where skies are clear of storms and thunder.**

## In Whaley Bridge

In Whaley Bridge, the wind's not warm,  
But sky's a China Blue;  
It shelters you from savage storm  
That life's unleashed on you.

In Whaley Bridge, the winter chill  
Won't drive you from the town.  
For locals there have no ill-will  
To grieve or grind you down.

In Whaley Bridge you'll pass in peace  
Your dark, declining years.  
Those days of sorrow there will cease  
To torture you with tears.

In Whaley Bridge, you'll laugh and love  
And learn to let it be!  
You'll rule and reign like gods above,  
From fate and fear set free!

In Whaley Bridge, when sun has set  
The Harvest Moon will rise  
And darkest days you will forget  
'Neath Whaley's wondrous skies.

## Autumn Leaves

**It's autumn...**

**Summer's leaves are dying,  
Bleeding, falling, crying...  
She's leaving.**

**November...**

**Stars come out all shining,  
Flashing, falling, pining...  
She warned me.**

**At college...**

**Lonely, lost and longing,  
Loveless ? not belonging...  
She wrote me.**

**At twilight...**

**Manic moon's arising,  
Macabre, not surprising...  
She rang me.**

**In darkness...**

**Blinded, broken, breathless,  
Bitter, bent and restless...  
She told me.**

**It's morning...**

**Woke to Song Thrush singing,  
Wood she had been bringing...  
She burnt me.**

**It's evening...**

**Watch the late night lovers,  
Hide under the covers...**



**She broke me.**

**At midnight...**

**Church bell started ringing,  
Chime the dead out bringing...  
She killed me.**

**At sun rise...**

**World awakes from sleeping,  
Wake up ? heart is weeping...  
She's left me.**

**It's autumn...**

**Summer leaves are dying,  
Bleeding, falling, crying...  
She's leaving.**

## Kiddo

RENEWED by touch of tragic truth,  
This child turned into timid youth  
Put off his puerile playing  
As mother started praying.

RESOLVED, she sought her son some strength:  
"For you, I'll go to any length."  
She winked, and called him, Kiddo,  
This woe-begotten widow.

RESHAPED, as fatherless, by fate  
His grief did galvanize, not grate.  
His mother, once his treasure;  
He swapped for girl and pleasure.

RESTYLED, as lover realigned;  
With one, was not the staying kind;  
Her dad, when they were over  
Spat, "Curse that Casanova!"

REFORMED, by tender tear-stained face  
Of girl, he named, his goddess, Grace;  
His dad, he knew, if living  
Would frown, but be forgiving.

RESIGNED, now he is old and grey  
And there is no remaining day  
To light his mother's Kiddo;  
His wife will be his widow.

## Angels in Disguise

One day, upon some sweet, spring morning  
The reign will end without a warning  
Of critics and their scornful scheming,  
Who damned to dust our days of dreaming;  
They'll eat each worthless, weightless word  
Portraying poets as absurd.

One day, these poets, with their verses,  
Will rise and rule, and all those curses  
These critics cast like stones so savage  
Upon their rhymes they hoped to ravage  
Will fall on them like Wailing Wall  
And make these callous critics crawl.

One day, upon some bright tomorrow,  
When sun has set on all their sorrow  
The eyes of poets: wise from weeping  
Will see, while savage city's sleeping  
A new metropolis arise  
For poets - angels in disguise!

## Sorrowed Sighs

I sigh when day dawns; yes, I sigh  
o'er all those years that passed me by.  
For all those days I spent in sorrow  
believing we had no tomorrow.

I sigh when day breaks; yes, it's true  
o'er all those hours away I threw.  
For pride, preferring parting's pain  
to all those dreams, now dreamed in vain.

I sigh when sun sets, yes, and curse  
the love I nurtured and did nurse  
when smile you smiled for me alone  
concealed a heart now turned to stone.

I sigh when sun sinks; yes, and pray  
that love we savagely did slay  
will one day breathe ? if God lets live.  
Then from our hearts we'll both forgive!

I sigh when day dawns; yes, I sigh  
o'er all those years that passed me by.  
For all those days I spent in sorrow  
believing we had no tomorrow.

## In Land of no more Shadow

As I lay lonely 'neath the summer showers,  
all sad and wilted like forgotten flowers;  
I took my comfort from a crumb so tiny,  
a thought, as small as diamond dewdrop, shiny:

That she, my life of love on earth, so tender  
would not forget me, my sweet heartbreak mender.  
That while I breathed upon the world still turning  
and old Aurora kept on rising, burning;

she'd visit this vile vale of sorrow  
to pledge to me that on some bright tomorrow  
we'd meet, once more, upon a moonlit meadow,  
alive, in love, in land of no more shadow.

## Death of the Miner

My dad was a miner; could do nothing finer  
while wife kept on pleading that mouths needed feeding.  
But offspring grew older, so dad became bolder.  
From pit work retired, as driver, got hired.

His days though we're numbered and sorrow that slumbered  
soon woke up and waited; for father was fated  
to perish like poet. Before we could know it  
his ties he did sever, then drove off forever.

Now mother did smother both sisters and brother  
with love, sweet and tender; became our defender!  
But I took to thieving, despite I was grieving  
a heart full of giving and endless forgiving.

I sold stuff for money, since scratting's not funny  
for kids with no father, with mother, who'd rather  
sip whiskey than water. And there was that daughter!  
Who turned up with baby, when mother said maybe

we'll move from the city where there is more pity  
for life's lamest losers, more beggars than choosers.  
Mum went there with working, while I stayed with shirking;  
could do nothing finer, since death of the miner.

## Eternally

Till snow all melts and dies  
While weeping willow cries  
I'll stay and sleep till spring  
When soaring skylarks sing

Till seasons turn once more  
And sea, sunset and shore  
Reclaims, so I can view  
Sweet memories of you

Of you, my summer love  
When there were gods above  
And you would always wait  
To meet me by the gate

Till darkness it was gone  
And light it lit upon  
Our souls down by the stream  
Where love was all we'd dream

## the mother who I used to know

The mother who I used to know  
has melted like November's snow.  
And now she seems to simply be  
somebody else's memory:

an echo they had heard at school,  
a voice that kept them calm and cool  
while they were taken in and taught  
and trained to think like others thought.

The mother who's no longer there  
to answer plea, of son, or prayer  
can sometimes glow and glide like ghost  
on days when she is missed the most.

For sometimes, spectres waste a word.  
(The dead can speak; it's not absurd!)  
When fate is fair and love is blind,  
The cold and cruel can still be kind!



## The Western Sea

O come with me to the Western Sea.  
For there, in a sheltered, shingled lee,  
far off from weary world, half crazy,  
we'll wander along the shore all hazy.

Was there as a boy, that the bitter breeze  
would bite my cheek, till the tasselled trees  
did bend their branch to form me a bower,  
so I, from the cold cruel winds, could cower.

O come with me to the ocean deep,  
where we will no more need to work or weep.  
For winds there have changed from cold to warmer;  
they promise a kinder fate than former.

For true love, like in idyllic Greece  
has birthed us a golden age of peace,  
so we'll live long in that land of plenty  
and feel no more than a youth of twenty

O come with me to the Western Sea:  
Fair maiden, won't you marry me?  
For there, the days are always sunny  
and poets' pens, they may make some money!

I vow, as well, that we will not age,  
or only strut one hour on the stage.  
For like the gods, we will live forever  
and night will fall upon us, not never!

## On New Year's Day

On New year's day, inside, I'm no more churning  
as I recall those years of youthful yearning  
when I lay lost in life of loveless learning  
with books, I'd bought, fit only now for burning.

On New year's day, my mind's no longer reeling,  
confused about lost love I'd been concealing.  
The hurt, I'd held, has ended up in healing,  
to leave alone my first love's sweetest feeling.

On New year's day, my mind, (made up for ages)  
against the dying light no longer rages.  
The grimy guilt my callous conscience cages  
I've purged, by poet's pen, on poet's pages.

On New year's day, inside, my soul is singing,  
despite the drawing near of death knell ringing.  
For faith forced out the fear that kept me cringing;  
it's flown away, upon the west wind, winging!

## my goddess

My goddess, we have lived and loved  
while mean, malicious men have moaned,  
all mad, morose and dour  
up to this very hour.

O Venus, we kept on kissing  
while cruel, cantankerous snakes kept hissing,  
those fierce and fretting fathers  
with furrowed brows,  
opposed to lovers and their sacred vows.

Sweet Aphrodite, with laughter we did linger  
while sad and savage cynics scowled;  
we sang sublimely like a single, fearless singer,  
while wolves in wolf pits, at us, howled.

Olympus Star, daughter divine  
More wonderful than vintage wine  
Your beauty is far brighter  
than all those weary-hearted hollow girls  
who posed as peerless, pretty, priceless pearls.

## Death From Above

To Buxton town, so men would die,  
he sailed, to wait with sword and bow  
for death to fall from northern sky,

like autumn leaves when left to lie  
beneath the trees, condemned to grow  
for men he'd come to crucify.

On fair and foul, like passer-by,  
he'd gloat and glare, as blood would flow,  
from wounds, before they'd putrefy.

To Buxton town, in years gone by,  
When land still shone with goddess glow,  
came Caesar, with his evil eye.

To conquer, promenade and pry.  
He had no way, no way to know,  
his hour drew near, drew near to die.

When silver moon lit up the sky  
In land of midnight ice and snow  
The Romans dared to deify

this mortal man and magnify!  
Till 'cross the Rubicon he'd go,  
T'wards Rome, where cruel assassins lie

in wait, as ides of March draw nigh.  
When blades will flash and gleam and glow.  
And Caesar, cut, can only cry,  
As death comes falling from the sky.

## No Future

There is no magic anymore,  
for we have seen it all before:  
soft silver moon, sweet stars all shooting,  
our precious planet we're polluting.  
There are no secrets anymore,  
none hidden in the deep heart's core.  
And paradise won't be unveiling,  
nor come with clouds of glory trailing.  
There is no shelter anymore,  
no haven safe on any shore  
from savage storms and sea's tsunamis  
and plagues, all marching in like armies.  
There's nothing special anymore,  
no sacred sites like once we saw;  
the sacramental tide is turning;  
the bridge to beauty's broke and burning.  
There is no meaning anymore,  
just dissonance to darken door.  
And symmetry that rhymed with reason  
has turned on us with traitor's treason.  
There are no lovers anymore;  
our mirror image we adore.  
The passion in our hearts is chilling;  
our veins, with frozen rain, are filling.  
There is no laughter anymore,  
just mocking mirth, and furthermore;  
all joy just jangles like it's joking;  
good cheer, once cherished, now is choking.  
There is no future anymore;  
an open grave's the open door.  
And hope, that dove of peace, is lying  
on deathbed, so discreetly, dying.

## Soul-Enchanting Poetry

Was soul-enchanting poetry  
that saved me from insanity  
and healed, by means of poet's verses,  
the pain that every poet nurses

from visiting this vale of tears  
in soul-destroying youthful years,  
when love, new found, is so soon taken,  
and body, mind and soul are shaken.

Was soul-enchanting poetry  
that merged the mangled mind in me  
with Muse's wings of angel feather  
to sew the shattered shards together

of heart, and so-called inner child,  
when love I'd lost had wandered wild;  
cruel words, true love, should not have spoken,  
then heart of mine would beat unbroken.

## Poetry

One day, when all the poets die  
and there is left below the sky  
Just waters, kissed by lunar light  
that gleam and ripple in the night;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

When pens and quills have all grown cold  
take autumn's glades of gleaming gold,  
where fragrant fires and balmy breeze  
do burn and breathe through trembling trees;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

While lovers 'neath the pearly moon  
still sigh and sing and sweetly swoon,  
with lips, that laugh and love and tease;  
when beauty breathes from hearts like these;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

When swifts and swallows swoop in spring  
and skylarks soar aloft to sing,  
while sun sets silent off the shore  
and sea does cease to rage and roar;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

One day, when all the poets die  
and in their graves the poets lie,  
upon the heath, go fill your arms,  
with honeysuckle's tender charms;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

## The Lady Grey

She is a ghost, who glides like marshy mist,  
unknown, unheard, uncared for and unkissed.  
A sad and sorry sight, if truth be told,  
since she was once a poet, proud and bold.  
But nowadays she sneaks through door and wall,  
soliloquizing shadow in a shawl.  
And when dawn breaks and she feels she's outstayed  
her welcome, then her form and features fade.  
This ghost, the locals call, The Lady Grey;  
she clasps a prayer book in her hand, they say.  
But others of a literary bent  
say that she holds her lines of lost lament.  
For when she floats like phantom down the aisle;  
she greets the altar with a sneering smile.



## I am He

I am he who walked and wandered  
in the night; the days I'd squandered  
rhyming, in my gloomy garret,  
perched like a performing parrot.  
Tethered, while the world was turning,  
eating, hating, hurting, earning.

I am he who sat there seething,  
broken, bowed and barely breathing;  
pouring out my pain on paper.  
(May seem like a comic caper  
sharing sorrow in a sonnet  
for the world to spit upon it. )

I am he who loves no other:  
sister, son or dear old mother.  
All did choose to love and leave me  
when the girl who once did grieve me  
messed me this good-news greeting:  
"Let's make a date, arrange a meeting!"

I am he who stood still, shaken.  
Maybe I had been mistaken?  
And the voice was only ghostly,  
not the girl who I'd missed mostly.  
Was she phantom or illusion  
sent to share my sad seclusion?

I am he who fortune favoured.  
Scent of sweet success I savoured  
when I heard my goddess whisper  
in a voice, so smooth and crisper  
than the siren's I'd grown used to

in the vale of vicious voodoo.

I am he who found my first love,  
found my one and only true love.

Solid shape of breathing beauty  
dared me not to do my duty.

"You jump first and I'll jump after."

She lay down in lines of laughter.

## A Little Happiness

I crave a little happiness  
to cheer my twilight years.  
She says I have no right to it;  
I've caused too many tears.

I pray for peace and joyfulness  
to visit me a while.  
She says, for sweet serenity  
I've been too vain and vile.

She also says I've sinned away  
the day of God's good grace,  
that when true love was offered me,  
I laughed in true love's face.

I don't deny this guilt of mine;  
I have a fatal flaw,  
but though I don't have angel wings;  
I'm not the devil's whore!

And I have been more sinned against  
in life, as man and youth,  
so I deserve some happiness  
and that's the gospel truth!

## Sea-Dog

I'll follow yon' stream down south to the shore,  
just go, with the flow, to the sea.

I'll take myself off to hide my heart's hurt;  
become someone else 'stead of me.

I'll dream and deny the pain I can't cry,  
soothe soul, in my boat, by the bay.  
I'll take the high tide, lift anchor and glide,  
steal stillness and stow it away.

Rub salt in my wounds and watch them all heal,  
(old Sea-Dog had taught me that ruse.)  
Make coastline my home, inland will not roam,  
will take up again with my Muse!

And when the dawn breaks, comes casting its spell,  
a new man you'll find on the beach:  
of seafaring bent, a jack-tar content,  
with heart that bad love cannot reach!

## The Girl with the Faraway Eyes

I wrote her a song; a simple love song,  
with lyrics that romanticize  
the love that was first,  
her heart had once nursed,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.  
I met her in France, where all true romance  
is started, then ended, so dies.  
Her heart I had won  
'neath San Tropez sun,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.  
Back then in her teens, in Levi Strauss jeans,  
her smile was a stunning sunrise.  
A beautiful blonde,  
her style was beau monde,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.  
She taught me to love, this nymph from above,  
was goddess, who wore a disguise.  
Though never my wife,  
was love of my life,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.  
She called me her beau; her folks though cried, no!  
For true love it binds and it ties!  
Held her in a noose;  
they'd never cut loose,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.  
As subtle as snake, they'd feign and they'd fake,  
yet secretly they did despise  
the poet boy's smile,  
with which he'd beguile,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.  
The dogs had their day, when I was away  
at college; I'd gone to revise.  
Was by the sea shore

last time that I saw,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.  
We parted too soon, 'neath star-crossing moon;  
with sorrow she stained all my skies.  
Long years though apart;  
she lived in my heart,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.  
I long for her still, with heart she did chill,  
by breaking it, with all the ties.  
I'll find her one day  
and ask her to stay,  
the girl with the faraway eyes.

## **poetry to pass the time**

**Poetry helps me pass the time;  
when I get bored, I turn to rhyme.  
I've had some published in a book,  
not that I give a flying f\*\*k.**

**I know my verse is often gushing;  
enough to burn one's cheeks from blushing,  
but dirty laundry gets no airing  
and on my page there's seldom swearing.**

**Poetry's the art of showing  
beauty's all around us flowing  
in a never ending stream,  
wants to wake us from our dream!**

**Vies with us to vary vision  
in the valley of decision.  
Preaches, but it's never prying;  
it tells the truth in land of lying.**

**Poetry helps me pass the time.  
In lockdown, poets turn to rhyme;  
we push our pens across the pages.  
Defiant, as the fever rages.**

## a pilgrim's prayer

Upon the season's sultry breeze  
the lilac wastes her perfumed breath,  
while sunlight streams through trembling trees  
to light this land of midnight death.

Sad swallow sighs upon the wing,  
with swift and song thrush singing soft;  
the eagle, on his throne, as king  
above the clouds soars safe aloft.

And I, a mortal, dare to dream,  
although I'm quintessential clay;  
beneath the sky, in vain, I scheme  
to conjure one who went away.

I whisper, "Father, where are you  
on this sad, soulless summer's day?  
Your bones are cold and steely blue;  
does soul somewhere still pine away?"

And by his long-neglected grave  
I stand, all statuesque, and stare,  
as grief, a gracious God has gave,  
pours from my heart like pilgrim's prayer.



## **My Sweet Bird of Sorrow**

**How deep do I love you sweet songbird of mine!  
How long, in my chateau, for you I did pine.  
Each night found me howling like Timber Wolf Grey;  
when cynical suitors swore you'd passed away.**

**How much did I suffer when you wouldn't sing;  
how often I wondered why you wouldn't wing  
yourself to my window when spring it had sprung,  
when song of sweet sorrow your voice should have sung.**

**For each twilit evening since youth, for me, dawned,  
while moon above mellowed, all silver and horned.  
You'd come to me daily; in winter or fall;  
both springtime and summer each echoed your call.**

**Oh, sweet bird of sorrow, I've missed you so long;  
I've even forgotten the sound of your song!  
My nightingale neighbours nest near to my door;  
at sunset, I hear them, they croak and they crawl.**

**Not one sings as sweetly as songbird of mine;  
not one's as delightful or deeply divine.  
And one bright tomorrow, I know that you'll sing,  
for I can't believe that you died in the spring.**

## The Poems of My Life

The poems I composed when I was young  
were holy, sacred seeds, from soil that sprung,  
like field of flowers, all aflame and free,  
the backdrop to a life of symmetry.

In youth, my poems were a hallowed host,  
thrice blessed by Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
delightful to the eye and to the ear,  
gave to each reader rhyme to charm and cheer.

The poems that I wrote in middle age  
were pitiful; they putrefied on page.

Their petals pulped, poured poison from my heart,  
which festered there from love that did depart.

The poems that I pen in life's decline  
are sunlight soft, mature, like vintage wine,  
that I have bottled up to shed like tears  
of joy! For love's come back with twilight years!

## The Lady Grey

She is a ghost, who glides like marshy mist,  
unknown, unheard, uncared for and unkissed.  
A sad and sorry sight, if truth be told,  
since she was once a poet, proud and bold.

But nowadays she sneaks through door and wall,  
soliloquizing shadow in a shawl.  
And when dawn breaks, she feels that she's outstayed  
her welcome, so her form and features fade.

This ghost, the locals call, The Lady Grey;  
she clasps a prayer book in her hand, they say.  
But others of a literary bent  
say that she holds her lines of lost lament.

Others, who have seen her turn at bay  
say that she holds a faded grey bouquet  
and when she floats like phantom down the aisle;  
she greets the altar with a sneering smile.

## Mother & Son

Your fingers wiped away my childhood's tears;  
your sweetest smile lit up my early years.  
You fed me, clothed me, kept me safe and warm;  
you sheltered me and shielded me from storm.

You pulled the splinter from my tiny hand,  
You said, "have faith, till you can understand!"  
You worked like slave when dad could breathe no more;  
a widow with three kids is always poor.

For all these things I'm grateful, mother dear;  
to raise us without dad was no small-beer!  
But when I grew up wilful, wretched, wild  
you washed your hands of your weak, wayward child.

But I was marred by grief, as well as you;  
so, to my own self, I could not be true.  
We quarrelled, have not seen each other since;  
the guilt from both our hands we'll never rinse.

## Verse

Verse is flowing, slowly growing,  
like the starlight, gently glowing.  
Noble, as the gods, all-knowing.  
Tall as grass in need of mowing,  
deep as winter season's snowing.  
On my sleeve, like first love, showing.  
Verse: a coloured rainbow sowing  
mysteries beyond all knowing.

Verse is pouring, never boring,  
'gainst the vicious always warring.  
Rose of romance rhyme's restoring.  
Rhyming's like the ocean roaring,  
with the skylark sweetly soaring.  
Woos the goddess I'm adoring.  
Like a slumbered sleeper snoring,  
vulgar voices is ignoring.

Verse is weaving, words achieving  
wonder with her lyrics leaving  
lovely lines to lift your grieving.  
Comforting and gently cleaving  
to your heart, in chest, that's heaving.  
Verse will bless with undeceiving.  
Beautiful, like faith, believing;  
Dutiful, but never peeving.

Verse is classic; teems like traffic,  
older than that Age: Jurassic.  
Sultry, sapphic, sweet seraphic,  
torn from hearts like tears so tragic.  
Verse is honest, never graphic,  
numinous, mixed up with magic;

**sweetly signs, is autographic.**

**Picture perfect: Photographic.**

**Verse is moving, graceful, grooving?**

**Free ? so mother's disapproving.**

**Verse, it always needs improving;**

**edit it, make it earth-moving.**

**Carved in stone, it's too unmoving.**

**Rigor, therefore, needs removing.**

**Rigid rhyme is forced, thus proving**

**certain poets need reproofing!**

**Verse is vital, vim and vigour,**

**all-important, so de rigeur.**

**Precious metal for gold digger,**

**fraction you can easy figure.**

**Verse can make you smile and snigger.**

**"Tiger" tames and turns to "Tigger."**

**Rhyme's revolver's touchy trigger**

**blows a hole, than bullet bigger.**

**Verse will shoot you down like gunner;**

**she will stop you; she's a stunner,**

**bombshell blonde like Eva Brunner.**

**Tanned and tasty, see her sun her**

**in bikini, gods have spun her.**

**No man now would ever shun her.**

**Only one though ever won her:**

**Adonais, Grecian runner.**

## No Man's Land

This is no land for weary old men, I thought.  
Let youth stand up tall to face time's tragic tide.  
I'm almost a pensioner, scrawling for sport;  
from hell, they call life, I just want to hide.

These dread days of darkness were so long foretold,  
bad biblical days writ down on a scroll.  
When one loaf of bread will cost more than pure gold  
and love will become a sad sickness of soul.

There is no more strength in these worn out old bones  
to face tempests issued by high heaven's hands.  
Let youth's paper tigers try standing like stones;  
they'll soon become stranded on time's endless sands.

## State of Mind

I'm worried 'bout my state of mind;  
my thoughts are callous, cruel, unkind.  
And guilt and fear fill up my thinking,  
but I'm not worried 'bout my drinking.

I'm worried 'cause I cannot sleep,  
from sinking in depression deep.  
My days are all the same; they're lumbered  
with loneliness, all neatly numbered.

I'm worried 'cause I think too much  
and read; I try to stay in touch  
with world, but it's all doom and gloomy;  
disasters, they have always drew me.

I'm worried and I need to quit,  
haul myself up from out this pit.  
If God is real (I'm only saying)  
and he could hear; I'd practise praying.

I'm worried 'bout my state of mind;  
my thoughts are callous, cruel, unkind.  
And guilt and fear fill up my thinking,  
but I'm not worried 'bout my drinking.



## Dying Days

So sweetly did the songbirds sound.  
How precious was the peace, profound.  
So slowly summer followed spring  
when swallow spread its purple wing.

So softly streamed the sun's sure rays  
that lit and warmed our summer days.  
So safe we felt, though hour was late,  
when we laughed off our date with fate.

So deeply did the sunset dye  
the hills a gorgeous gold and sky.  
So certain and sublime life seemed,  
of dying days we never dreamed.

So strange our likeness we behold  
inside the glass now growing old.  
So sad it has to tell this truth:  
they're gone for good, those days of youth.

## Poets

Poets compose when they are broken,  
not because they are outspoken.  
They grieve like ghosts 'neath garret's eaves,  
and wear their hearts upon their sleeves.

Poets, they celebrate with verses  
breathing beauty Nature nurses  
inside a silent shooting star,  
in magic moonbeams men can't mar.

Poets, they can be happy people,  
high sometimes like church's steeple,  
until they dive like submarine.  
(in darker times when lines are lean)

Poor poets in their lives are lonely  
till they find their one and only  
their rose of rare romantic rhyme,  
who turns for them the tide and time.

Poets compose because they're breathing,  
like the savage sea they're seething  
because the war inside won't cease  
till poems give them their release!

## The Storm Soother

She stilled all his storms with her sighs,  
sweet starry eyes,  
soothed the sad state of his soul.

She turned all his dreams, that were rust,  
to diamond dust,  
melted him down, made him whole.

She kissed away all of his fears,  
gave back the years,  
said there was always a spark.

She'd kept him alive in her heart,  
lifetime apart,  
knew love could live in the dark.

She gave him, this goddess of grace,  
a happy face,  
danced all his demons to death.

She tenderly touched him with truth,  
this tragic youth,  
brought him to life with her breath.

## Buxtonians

Some days I wake and feel quite blessed  
at home up in the cold Northwest.  
In Buxton, to be more precise.  
(that land of sun-storm-cloud-snow-ice)  
The locals are a hardy breed,  
Buxtonian, in class and creed.  
A cruder crowd you never saw:  
uncouth, uncultured, rude and raw.  
A timid herd, a tad obtuse,  
quaint oddities out on the loose.  
(But being bungled, botched and broke  
makes them uncomplicated folk.)  
Deep down, though, they're like you and me:  
sad ships upon a stormy sea,  
windswept, beneath a darkling dome,  
all Eden's orphans, far from home.

## Beauty's Daughter

Beauty's daughter, who did shine;  
fate and fortune made her mine.  
But when years of youth were gleaming,  
she trod softly from my dreaming.

Like the dew on leafy lawn;  
she dissolved, one day, at dawn.  
When the midnight moon was waking  
Beauty's daughter ? born for breaking,

tore in two the poet's heart,  
though she'd sworn she'd not depart.  
She was cursed to be capricious:  
offspring of two vipers, vicious,

she thought, but they adopted  
and so, for them, she opted.  
Gone, the gleam of glory trailing  
from the clouds she was once was sailing.

Beauty's daughter tried to fight  
love she felt, with all her might.  
But the fire just kept on burning;  
secretly, the tide was turning!

## Let This For You Be Poetry

One day, when all the poets die  
and there is left below the sky  
Just waters, kissed by lunar light  
that gleam and ripple in the night;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

When pens and quills have all grown cold  
take autumn's glades of gleaming gold,  
where fragrant fires and balmy breeze  
do burn and breathe through trembling trees;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

While lovers 'neath the pearly moon  
still sigh and sing and sweetly swoon,  
with lips, that laugh and love and tease;  
when beauty breathes from hearts like these;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

When swifts and swallows swoop in spring  
and skylarks soar aloft to sing,  
while sun sets silent off the shore  
and sea does seethe and rave and roar;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

One day, when all the poets die  
and in their graves the poets lie,  
upon the heath, go fill your arms,  
with honeysuckle's tender charms;  
let this, for you, be poetry.

## Our Goddess

She dances 'neath the showers  
at odd, nocturnal hours  
among the trees and bowers  
where witch and black cat cowers.  
They say she has strange powers  
like wizards in their towers:  
a ghost who glares and glowers,  
whose gaze can fade the flowers.  
She stares at milk; it sours!  
Like demon she devours,  
but in the daylight hours  
when sun dries up the showers;  
she's goddess who empowers  
and we are glad she's ours!

## Sea-Dog

I'll follow yon' stream down south to the shore,  
just go, with the flow, to the sea.

I'll take myself off to hide my heart's hurt;  
become someone else 'stead of me.

I'll dream and deny the pain I can't cry,  
soothe soul, in my boat, by the bay.  
I'll take the high tide, lift anchor and glide,  
steal stillness and stow it away.

Rub salt in my wounds and watch them all heal,  
(old Sea-Dog had taught me that ruse.)  
Make coastline my home, inland will not roam,  
will take up again with my Muse!

I'll sit down to read, pen poems that plead  
for sinners who savaged my rhymes.  
Like shells on the sand; they can't understand;  
so, I'll not count cruelties as crimes .

And when the dawn breaks, comes casting its spell,  
a new man they'll find on the beach:  
a seafaring gent, a jack-tar, content,  
with heart that bad love cannot reach!



## **Magic Mangled Mystery**

My life's a tearful tragedy:  
a twisted, tangled thread  
of magic, mangled mystery  
inside my aching head.

A dark and dismal dreadful deep  
where lurking in its lair  
like savage, in my soul it sleeps:  
dread dragon of despair.

The baneful, breathing brevity  
of bitter, bated breath  
for orphans of eternity  
condemned to certain death!

The heartache of a lover spurned,  
the cruellest coward's kiss  
that for my sins, has earned for me  
my banishment from bliss.

The night that stole away from me  
those dearest, dream-filled days  
and stained my sense and sanity  
with gloomy, garish greys.

When will this winter fade and flee;  
when will the spring return?  
When will my true love come to me,  
this tortured tide to turn?

O Life! O death! O tragedy!  
O twisted, tangled thread  
of magic, mangled mystery

inside my aching head!

## Poets, Dullards, Dogs and Misty Mornings

The hills around Buxton grey mists are all kissing.  
The Temple of Solomon's shrouded and missing!  
And Doves, in the branches of trees, that are cooing,  
are winning their sweethearts with whispers and wooing.

The morning is magic before walkers wander;  
with peace, pure and plenty; two poet may ponder!  
The stream, gently flowing, makes rhyme-making easy;  
helps poets, once choosy, too clever or cheesy.

The Day Star arises with burning and blazing.  
Now hills are appearing, set free from their hazing.  
Soon dullards, with dogs, will depart with the dawning  
and peace will be shattered, so poets, take warning!

## Pushkin's Poems

Pushkin's poems, when I'm broody,  
pick me up, and when I'm moody  
they snap the melancholic fetter  
that binds me, and I feel much better.

Pushkin, was the people's poet,  
heroic verse he would bestow it,  
in raw, romantic, risque rhyming,  
damn-busting poems he'd been priming.

Pushkin; have you had the pleasure?  
No? You've missed a precious treasure.  
Peruse a poem if you're doubting,  
see for yourself 'bout what I'm shouting!

(Pushkin had, for feet, a fetish.  
So, Russian girls - he'd called coquettish  
- their feet, he'd celebrate in sonnets,  
ignoring heads bedecked by bonnets!)

Pushkin though was only messin.'  
He thought good cheer he'd give, confessin.'  
His witty wonder words were magic,  
till duelist's bullet turned 'em tragic.

## Poet's Lament

It's senseless stuff I write; I know it!  
(Don't be so quick though to agree)  
It seems I'll no more be a poet;  
some other course is set for me.

It's for the youthful, starry creatures:  
poetry's sweet sacred song.  
Poets past it, just like preachers  
to the desk drawer they belong.

I never did pen for a living;  
I have a day job; make that two!  
If critics had been more forgiving,  
if they had taken kinder view.

I'd rise today with birdsong singing,  
reel off my rhymes, would not relent  
to sound of critics' church bells ringing  
reminding me I should repent!

## Manic Mother Mercy

O give me, Manic Mother Mercy,  
vibrancy when I get versy.  
Beat me, so I wont be boring;  
give me wings to send me soaring.

Prompt my pen to pour pure passion,  
filled with fervour, help me fashion  
rhymes robust, with romance burning,  
love-filled lines, not lines for learning.

Prevent my pen from petty preaching.  
Taser me, if tiresome teaching  
pollutes my page; fling frenzied fire;  
damn me with demon of desire.

O make me, Manic Mother Mercy  
a penman like your poet Percy.  
Ablaze, with summer's scorching season.  
I'll burn the devil's whore called reason!

Thank you, Manic Mother Mercy.  
I need you when I'm feeling versy  
I know you'll heed my prayerful pleading  
and make my poems worth the reading!

## In Lockdown Days

There is no schooling anymore,  
nor seeing friends we saw before.  
For teachers, teaching's tide is turning  
and bridge to learning's broke and burning.

There's no safe haven anymore,  
no sanctuary on any shore  
from savage storms and sea's tsunamis,  
and plagues, now marching in like armies.

There is no freedom anymore  
locked down behind our own front door.  
Our government, we know, is trying,  
but truth they tell us sounds like lying!

There is no good news anymore,  
just bad news, which begins to bore:  
cruel cops and curfews, protest, pleading,  
race-riot-rage, and black boys bleeding.

There's no containing anymore  
this virus; it's a senseless chore.  
Of safe advice we're sick and tired;  
we're restless, wrung out, worried, wired!

There is no hanging anymore  
'round shops and parks; the world's at war  
with Covid-19's cruel contagion,  
mad mocker of the mighty nation.

There is no meaning anymore,  
now dissonance does darken door.  
And symmetry, that rhymed with reason,

**has turned on us with traitor's treason.**

**There is no laughter anymore,  
just mocking mirth, and furthermore:  
all joy just jangles like it's joking;  
good cheer, we cherished, now is choking.**

**There are no lovers anymore,  
no god or goddess to adore.  
The passion in our hearts is chilling;  
our veins, with pestilence, is filling.**

**There is no future anymore;  
an open grave's the open door.  
And hope, that dove of peace, is lying  
in lockdown days, on deathbed dying.**



## Lovers in Lockdown

When the one I'd loved the longest caught the Covid-19 blues.  
I was lost, for she had always been my goddess and my muse.  
Do I stay or do I leave her? Didn't really have to choose.

When the girl, who was my heaven, barely breathing, held my hand.  
Even though I knew I loved her; I began to understand:  
all those days I'd walked without her, I had stepped on sinking sand.

When Aurora's sun was blazing over hills where once we'd roam.  
Side by side we shared our symptoms, during lockdown in our home,  
with the fire of fever raging 'neath our dark domestic dome.

When that plague would not be shaken, when each day would find us worse.  
Then my angel, who was braver, stood beside my bed to nurse.  
She was equal to pandemics; she could conquer cruellest curse.

When a beam of sunlight shimmered many weeks into our trial.  
She, who'd soothed us in our sorrow, greeted me with sweetest smile,  
vowed to me in words of wisdom; we'll defeat this virus vile!

When the healing streams did follow, day by day our strength increased.  
Led by hope, we dared to wonder; from this plague, are we released?  
When my son said, prayer had done it; I said, beauty slew the beast!

When my love and I recovered, we no more felt ill at ease,  
so we walked and shared together summer's softly sighing breeze.  
While we wandered, we remembered those who'd died of dread disease.

## Dark Desire

She stands serene by streams that flow;  
she sparkles like the frost and snow.  
On silver, shining, starlit night  
she sheds her own strange, eerie light.  
She whispers through the trembling trees  
and breathes on me a balmy breeze.  
She starts to sing the sweetest song  
of love, I lost, for which I long.  
The love of one who was my life,  
the girl who would have been my wife,  
who woke with sweet Aurora's dawn  
and danced upon the dew-kissed lawn  
to fan the flames of first love's fire  
forbidden love: that dark desire!

## The Chosen

The poet's soul is like no other;  
it's sister to the stars and brother  
to fairy folk, each mystic creature,  
and goddess girls, who'll never feature,  
or figure, in most mortal's thinking;  
(I've seen them mock while slyly winking.)

The poet's soul it senses beauty  
and deems it a most solemn duty  
to prompt the poet put on pages  
warmer words than sly old like sages;  
they're too pretentious, prone to preaching;  
the world is tired of tearless teaching!

The poet's soul is swathed in sorrow.  
For beauty, to be born tomorrow,  
may not be held or owned by many;  
the poet wonders if there's any  
who'll wake, when world is filled with gladness,  
and sun has set on all this sadness.

The soul is sad; the poet's dying;  
has shed the blood and tears from trying  
(with desperation's deep desire  
and heaven's true immortal fire)  
to touch the hearts: stone cold and frozen;  
a curse, it is, to be the chosen!

## Silence

One tyranny should be allowed.  
Of one, we should be truly proud:  
the tyranny of silence.

Then all those loud, obnoxious sounds  
that terrorize us in our towns  
would be suppressed, by silence.

The barking beast, the shrieking child,  
the manic music, weird and wild  
would all assent, to silence.

The drunken lout, who's bred to shout  
inaneities, without a doubt,  
would be subdued, by silence.

The protesters opposed to peace  
and quiet, would be made to cease,  
shot down by sniper, silence.

The tyranny, we should support,  
as last or even first resort,  
should be that soldier, silence.

**evergreen**

I hear the rustle of the trees;  
their leafy branches by the breeze  
are blown about; they sway and swing,  
as birds, with ruffled feathers, sing.

Behind the clouds, the sleepy sun  
(too shy to show her face, like nun)  
begins to gleam, to warm the world,  
with love, as wind moves flag unfurled

upon the town hall's trusty tower,  
beside the clock that marks the hour  
when rain, which lashed , so long, the ground  
now ceases, leaving silver sound

of silence; wind, at last, has dropped;  
the swaying branches all have stopped  
and all seems still and so serene:  
a silent sea of evergreen.

## The Sweetest Thing

Majestic is the royal rose  
and lovely is the lily.  
The daisy's a delight that grows  
upon the land so hilly.

A tulip field's a sunset gold,  
poor poppies' hearts are bleeding.  
The orchid is for luck, we're told,  
a weed, no one is needing.

The lotus is the Buddha's bloom,  
for love and peace is praying;  
it thrives among the grime and gloom  
in sacred breezes swaying.

The heather, on the heath, beguiles,  
blithe buttercups have beauty.  
The snowdrop in the snow, she smiles,  
but only out of duty.

We leave it to the sweetest thing:  
the violet, fresh from sleeping  
to sing to us the song of spring,  
with joy to end all weeping!

## Love Story

When I was young , weighed down with care,  
I met a girl with golden hair;  
she did not drink or smoke or swear;  
she was a nurse, a dental.  
All so-called beauties she'd eclipse,  
a gorgeous girl with hourglass hips;  
she spoke through lovely, pouting lips  
with voice so soft and gentle.

We were in love, in love so deep;  
I dreamed about her in my sleep.  
She swore she'd stay (though talk is cheap)  
within my arms forever.  
But life moves on and tides they turn  
and bridges built are meant to burn  
and lovers cause a cruel concern  
incensing swords to sever.

Yes, we had foes; all lovers do  
and they despise a love that's true;  
for daughters, dads would run 'em through:  
those blue-eyed, lovesick dreamers.  
And that was me, a Romeo;  
a thorn around their rose I'd grow;  
their sympathy was all a show,  
those sanctimonious schemers!

And time moved on, but we were blind,  
like lovers , we were far too kind;  
we wanted loveless souls to find  
our paradise of pleasure.  
But we were growing older too  
and discontent, like weed, it grew,

we watched the first love we both knew  
turn into tarnished treasure.

We grew apart; she wanted more  
than lover boy, forever poor.  
His bible bashing was a bore  
for parents with ambition.  
One winter's day, she said goodbye.  
There'd been no portent in the sky  
to warn, no comet blazing by  
to mark this cruel transition.

A lifetime, then, we lived apart  
locked up inside each other's heart.  
Her name, to me, a poisoned dart;  
I could not even utter.  
Till on a dusty, darkened screen  
an email, somehow, I'd not seen  
before my eyes all unforeseen  
on angel wings did flutter.

The rest's historic, as they say;  
we slighted love, so, we must pay:  
each actor in this passion play!  
There is no place for blaming.  
We're married now; I'm pleased to say  
the guilt and sorrow's passed away,  
and love we buried yesterday  
once more is fiercely flaming!



## **Me & My Best Friend, Steve Sorrow.**

When the love I lost had left me by that savage, sapphire sea.  
And the turning tides had told me that no longer she loved me.

I went working, for the season, with Steve Sorrow: my best friend.  
For I knew, that love and loving, had for me, now reached an end.

As we sat in Jenk's bar drinking juicy jars of merry mirth.  
I told Sorrow, that for me, there is no woman left on earth.

We were working, both as key men, for Joe Coral, on the Mile.  
(Blackpool's empty, fake Arcadia, soulless stretch of gold so vile.)

It was summer, but the breezes all blew bitter down the pier.  
Then I said to my friend, Sorrow: what the hell we doing here?

## Goddess

I found her in a field of corn,  
a faerie-featured, frightened fawn.  
A blonde-haired beauty, breathing love,  
who'd fell, like star, from gods above.

She seemed so fair, full grown in form,  
yet silent, like before a storm.  
Until she spoke, which caused the trees  
to tremble. Then the summer breeze

began to move, caress her face,  
play with her hair, and then embrace  
her body, born from thunderbolt,  
(they said, that struck near sea of salt.)

She asked me if I knew her name,  
and had I heard about her fame.  
I shook my head, but then I blushed.  
For she flung back her hair, unbrushed

and bared her beauty, newly born.  
Then like a blazing star at dawn  
she radiated light and heat,  
and as I looked upon her feet

I glimpsed a holy halo round;  
she did not tread upon the ground!  
Instead, she trod upon the air,  
and smiled, but I could only stare.

This vision; for that's what it seemed,  
then faded, like a dream I'd dreamed,  
and in its place I saw a girl,

**whose hair was straight, no goddess curl!**

**Her feet, now stood upon the field,**

**to human nature she did yield.**

**Deprived of deathless form divine**

**was only way she could be mine!**

## Dream Girl

I dream, the most, at dawn: the witching hour,  
when skies may shed a sweet, autumnal shower.  
And silence is serene, as yet unshattered,  
like sleeping leaves, by falling feet unscattered.

I dream in black and white and rarely colour.  
And you may say that greyscale is far duller  
than pigment, though, I think, it's overrated,  
and monochrome will never be outdated.

I dream, but it's no psychopath's delusion.  
For fate sometimes can force fantastic fusion  
of lovers lost; who've long-since left lamenting;  
in dreams, we see their hearts and souls cementing!

And yes, I am derided for my dreaming;  
cruel cynics say that I am really scheming,  
to bring a certain dream girl back to life,  
the girl I lost, who now is someone's wife!

## Adonais is Fallen

When Adonais fought and fell  
upon fate's foreign field,  
and blood was bleeding from his wounds  
upon his sword and shield,

a stranger sought to save his life  
as he lay on the Earth,  
while I made merry, mocked and moved  
my mug of measured mirth.

When Adonais breathed adieu  
that fatal day in spring;  
he faced ferocious foe and fray  
as such a petty thing.

And I, unweeping, did not see  
his last and final hour,  
so some may choose to label me:  
his traitor in the tower.

But Adonais, cruelly slain,  
in pain, when dying, smiled.  
And I know that he smiled for me:  
his broken-hearted child.

## True Love Tears

You fed me with your true love tears  
and held me down the dreamless years,  
when I was haunted day and night  
by sleeplessness, that prayerless plight.  
You kissed me with your lips so chaste;  
though for so long we'd not embraced,  
or wept or laughed or played the fool  
or broke your father's iron rule.  
You gave to me your gentle hand,  
and walked with me across the sand,  
where I did promenade with pride;  
my queen of beauty by my side.  
You stayed with me till twilight faded  
and shadowed silhouettes invaded  
this life, to touch with true love tears  
our seamless, sacred, stolen years.

## Kiss of Life

When weak and weary sets the sun  
on my sad, sleeping soul,  
and blood-red moon will not arise  
to comfort and console.

When willows weep and dungeons deep  
depress my dreaming mind,  
and nightingale, poor prince of pain,  
sweet song he cannot find.

When I am groaning, girt with grief,  
and star from ancient time  
breaks through, with beam, to light my cell,  
but cannot make life rhyme.

When lonely, like a shipwrecked tar  
upon a sea-swept shore,  
where dreary days turn into years,  
and I can take no more:

She comes to me, at darkest hour  
when all my hope lies dead,  
revives me with her kiss of life,  
and dries the tears I've shed .

## Love Birds

From '56 to '71,  
I was a songbird's only son:  
a wistful, melancholic fellow,  
a fledgling, with his wings dyed yellow.

From '72 to '77, I lived on love,  
with dove from heaven.  
I'd found her in a field of heather;  
she'd fell from sky like falcon's feather.

From '78 to '83, since bird had flown,  
they set me free:  
to soar and swoop from mountainside,  
until my wings were clipped and tied.

From '84 to '99, with ball and chain  
was damned to dine.  
For hatchlings, I would serve my time;  
they were the reason and the rhyme!

2000 foretold kinder fate:  
8 years until 2008!  
That golden year of jubilee,  
when long-lost dove flew home to me.

2009 to present day, brings twilight years  
to passion play, and yes,  
this final storm we'll weather,  
two love birds, growing old together.



## I Love...

I love a tranquil, quiet place  
that's far away from humankind,  
where I can gain, by God's good grace,  
possession of a poet's mind.

I love to wander, like the cloud,  
that poet penned, 'does float on high,'  
unseen, as ghost in sacred shroud,  
as silent as a sparrow's sigh.

I love to while away the time  
composing 'neath the broad-leaved bowers,  
where I can regulate my rhyme,  
and shelter from autumnal showers.

I love to tread untrodden trails,  
alone, among the trembling trees,  
while setting sun she fades and fails,  
and twilight breathes her blissful breeze.

I love this holy hour the best:  
when moonbeams gleam and owls screech,  
while mortals lay them down to rest,  
and weary waves weep on the beach.

## Gone Girl

I waited for her twenty years,  
for twenty years and more,  
till someone said, 'she's dead and gone;  
don't wait for her no more.'

I waited, though, for ten years more,  
for ten years more did wait,  
till postman pushed, one snowy day,  
in haste, my garden gate.

He fed my hungry letterbox,  
a letter that I read;  
writ by the hand of girl I'd loved:  
the Gone Girl, who was dead.

She'd wrote, confirming tragic truth:  
Gone Girl indeed was dead!  
But asked me, if I minded much,  
an older girl instead.

## I love You Most

I loved you first at Norris Hill  
when we were young, with time to kill.  
Before I got the urge to roam,  
to wander far away from home,  
where time would no more be on hand  
and you would slip away like sand.

I loved you then, for we were young  
and sorrow's song we had not sung.  
We'd sit and watch the sea and stay  
until the rocks were worn away.  
For we were young enough to stare,  
too much in love to have a care.

I loved you when the snow lay deep  
in winter, when the world would sleep,  
while we made love (as sonnets say)  
till dreaming took you far away,  
across the sea, beyond the blue  
to empty all my days of you.

I loved you all our years apart  
and hid you deep within my heart:  
a secret love I would not share,  
discreet as an agnostic's prayer,  
which stayed unuttered on my tongue  
like sorrow's secret unsung song.

I love you now that twilight years  
have wiped away our teenage tears.  
And we, at last, have found our way

to Buxton, for our wedding day,  
which fate had booked before we met,  
when sun upon the earth first set.

I love you now love's war's been won.  
For your sweet smile outshines the sun  
and stars that shoot across the sky  
that live a million years then die  
will not outlive our love; I boast!  
I love you now, I think, the most!

## Peevish Poets

When planets glow before Aurora's rise  
and stars seem scattered 'cross the moonless skies.  
I walk the leafy paths that take me home;  
I have no inclination, now, to roam.

I pass the trembling trees whose leaves have bled  
and share the secret sorrow they have shed.  
The dawn is breaking, far off, in the east  
and sounds of sighing ghosts have long-since ceased.

'Neath rolling clouds upon the heathered vales  
the dew drops wet the wings of nightingales,  
as they seek solace 'mong the brightening bowers,  
shelter from cruel autumn's senseless showers.

And I walk on, down too familiar lanes;  
I hurry, to avoid the coming rains.  
I mutter to myself; that's just my age.  
And peevish poets often rant and rage.

**spring**

At dead of night I rise from sleep  
and dress myself for cold;  
the years are growing old,  
and you have faded like a leaf:  
the phantom of my grief,  
the father, I once lived with  
in my childhood, which was brief.

At dawn of day, in garret's gloom  
alone and fully dressed,  
I lay me down to rest,  
to dream of long-forgotten spring,  
whose birds no longer sing;  
that season, scarred with sorrow,  
when they crucified my king.

## Death From Above

To Buxton town, so men would die,  
he sailed, to wait with sword and bow  
for death to fall from northern sky,

like autumn leaves, when left to lie  
beneath the trees, condemned to grow  
for men he'd come to crucify.

On fair and foul, like passer-by,  
he'd gloat and glare, as blood would flow,  
from wounds, before they'd putrefy.

To Buxton town, in years gone by,  
When land still shone with goddess glow,  
came Caesar, with his evil eye.

To conquer, promenade and pry.  
He had no way, no way to know,  
his hour drew near, drew near to die.

When silver moon lit up the sky  
In land of midnight ice and snow,  
the Romans dared to deify

this mortal man, and magnify!  
Till 'cross the Rubicon he'd go,  
T'wards Rome, where cruel assassins lie

in wait, as ides of March draw nigh.  
When blades will flash and gleam and glow.  
And Caesar, cut, can only cry,  
As death comes falling from the sky.





## War Poets

War poets are weary; they're weary of war.  
War poets aren't war poets, not any more.  
They're cool connoisseurs of conflicts gone cold;  
they're battle-hard veterans who war cannot scald!

War poets aren't burning with anger no more.  
They've swapped no man's land for sun by the shore.  
War's cruel, callous killing no more strikes a chord,  
from playing at war games war poets are bored.

War poets, to war zones, no longer return.  
For blood-spattered battles they no longer yearn.  
Their pens, once outspoken, indignant and loud,  
like guns, they've fell silent, as soldier in shroud.

War poets have wandered from flowerless fields,  
where poisonous poppies the soil no more yields.  
They're sick of the shrieking and screaming of shells,  
ground down by defeats like those damn Dardanelles!

War poets are weary; they're weary of war,  
once savage, they're timid, in tooth and in claw.  
But as poets of peace they'll never be known  
till the ogre of war has been overthrown.

## Shelley's Steely Soul

I swear by Shelley's steely soul ,  
as poets, we have ups and downs.  
Some lows, some highs, some times of trouble  
(some bastard's bound to burst our bubble!)

I vow, sometimes, we're high as steeple.  
and poets can be placid people,  
until some sad, sick sons on bitches  
unpick from poet's cloak the stitches!

I say, we're only killing time,  
composing raw and raucous rhyme,  
yet, sorrow in our souls is sowing  
a mustard seed of faith that's growing!

I swear by Shelley's steely soul  
As poets, we're transparent people,  
with no one's mind we plan on messing;  
believe us, we're hell-bent on blessing!

## Poetry to Pass the Time

Poetry helps me pass the time;  
when I get bored, I churn out rhyme.  
I've had some published in a book,  
not that I give a flying f\*\*k.

I know my verse is gauche and gushing,  
enough to burn your cheeks from blushing,  
but dirty laundry gets no airing  
and on my page there's seldom swearing.

Poetry's the art of showing  
beauty's all around us flowing  
in a never ending stream,  
deeper than you dare to dream!

It vies with us to vary vision  
in the valley of decision.  
Preaches, but it's never prying;  
it trades in truth, not loathsome lying.

Poetry helps me pass the time.  
In lockdown, poets turn to rhyme;  
we push our pens across the pages,  
defiant, as the fever rages.

## No Man's Land

**This is no land for weary old men, I thought.  
Let youth take a stand 'gainst this time's tragic tide.  
I'm almost a pensioner, scrawling for sport!  
from the hell, they call life, I just want to hide.**

**These dread days of darkness were so long foretold,  
bad biblical days they had writ on a scroll.  
When one loaf of bread would cost more than pure gold  
and there'd be no shelter for body or soul!**

**There's no longer strength in these worn out old bones  
to face storms as scorching as sirocco sand.  
Let youth stand up solid, like statues or stones;  
there's no place for old men in this no man's land!**

## November in England

November is the kindest month,  
by beauty is beset.  
And that I am in England now  
I never will regret.

November is the birth of hope  
before there's bud and leaf.  
And that I am in England now  
gives joy and never grief.

November is, to me, divine;  
it melts my heart with love.  
And that I am in England now  
makes me thank God above.

November is for lovers' walks,  
through woodland, o'er the wold.  
And that I am in England now  
is worth its weight in gold!

## A Special Poet Friend of Mine

Ok; you're poor  
and so you're forced to fill your days  
with mindless, monotonous tasks.  
A slave to work,  
no secret savings stowed away,  
but you can write!  
You can compose!  
Your Muse can make sweet music in your mind,  
string wonder words together so divine.  
And you're a special poet friend of mine!

Ok, you wake  
and aches and pains are waiting there  
to ambush you like cruel assassins.  
You swallow pills  
and bind supports to both your knees.  
Then day does dawn:  
that day you dread!  
But stanzas surface subtly in your soul.  
And from a healing heart that once was torn  
a buried thing of beauty now is born!

Ok, you're tired  
from endless nights of broken sleep  
and diabolic dreaming.  
Your weekend flies,  
with Monday's blues all waiting round the corner.  
And you're washed up, like shell upon the shore,  
but from the pier,  
that fish hooked on my line,  
I'll fry it up for you; a dish divine,  
'cause you're a special poet friend of mine!

## Seasons

In SPRING my heart leapt like a lamb,  
was overcome with joy.

Sweet kisses she placed tenderly  
on lips of golden boy.

SUMMER burst with first love's fire,  
igniting heart and soul.

With solar flares and fireflies  
love burnt out of control.

AUTUMN taught the trees to bleed;  
it taught my heart to weep,  
as lifeless leaves lay at my feet,  
like love I could not keep.

WINTER wept its frozen tears,  
as love grew cold to me.

Her icy heart: my Christmas gift,  
a cross: my Christmas tree.

## Sorrow's Season

When the love I lost had left me by that savage, sapphire sea.  
And the turning tides had told me that no longer she loved me.

I went working, for the season, with Steve Sorrow: my best friend.  
For I knew, that love and loving, had for me, now reached an end.

We went selling, up in Bispham, windows, worked for Big John Cash.  
He was stout, but smart and savvy, wore a suit and black moustache.

Work was easy, Johnny told us, windows almost sell themselves.  
Steve said: "I am not convinced, I'd rather we were stacking shelves."

Double glazing wasn't selling, Cash then had to let us go.  
Steve said we should just go fishing, for some females; I said no.

Then I said, "there's no one for me, living on this island earth.  
Let's go drinking, down at Jenk's Bar, juicy jars of merry mirth."

When we'd poured away our earnings, we relied on Christian Aid.  
Stole the gifts from pouch and pocket. Then Steve said, "we've got it made!"

Steve then found us work as Key Men, for Joe Coral, on the Mile.  
(Blackpool's empty, fake Arcadia, soulless stretch of gold so vile.)

Two months in, we both got fired: thieving money from machines;  
we 'fessed up and said, "we're sorry, thieving's kind of in our genes."

Took a tram, at dawn, up North Shore, sun was rising o'er the sea.  
I told Steve, "I have no future, if she won't come back to me!"

And I fed him my suspicions all about her poisoned mind  
made by darling dad and mummy, creatures who could be unkind.



He just nodded, 'cause he knew me, knew that I was killing time  
waiting on the god of battles to reverse this cosmic crime!

All my heart I bared before him, as each scarred and shattered shard  
cried for vengeance, on those parents, cursed with hearts stone cold and hard.

And that is how I lived that season: grieving by that sapphire sea  
Life was drained of rhyme and reason; she had been my symmetry!

Summer lingered, but the breezes all blew bitter down the pier.  
And I said to my friend, Sorrow: "what the hell we doing here?"

## Home To Roost

So deep in love were we that day;  
we made up minds and moved away  
from lives we could no longer live:  
apart, from those who'd not forgive.

A son, for one, with spite and scorn,  
who'd cursed the day that I was born,  
like Oedipus of Grecian fame;  
he laid upon me all the blame.

Both rivals for his mother's love,  
(that goddess from the realms above)  
who Fate forever did entwine  
with me, her heart. For she was mine!

My offspring and my mother too  
demanded: "what is wrong with you?"  
"What siren spell sent you insane?"  
I answered with one word: "Lorraine."

But they did fail to feel the force  
and not until I did divorce  
the creature that had spat them out  
did sons of mine all cease to shout.

Then to our love nest on the hill  
we welcomed those with no ill-will.  
Supporters of Romance Regime:  
a tried and tested true love team!

Consisting of my daughters, two.  
and friends, who when the storm was through,  
were there, as we walked down the aisle,

to see and share with us our smile.

So deep in love were we that day,  
Since '72 had been that way.  
Those years apart, they'd stole like brutes,  
did bear, for them, some bitter fruits!

Our 'selfish' love they said had hurt,  
torn them apart like shredded shirt;  
we say, of pain, that we produced:  
"Your Chickens Have Come Home to Roost!"

## Lines composed on a summer's day walk in the Manifold Valley

The day dawned, dewy, but the mist was clearing;  
the sun rose fiercely, soon was scorching, searing.  
The trail was blazing and our heads were burning.  
From Wetton Mill, we walked; we were returning.

We stopped to shelter 'neath a leafy bower.  
We said, "five minutes," but we sat an hour  
to hear the murmur of a stream, fast flowing  
and listen to a field of flowers growing.

And in that stillness, from the sunshine, shaded,  
we killed the time, while precious peace pervaded  
our souls. For weeks, we'd been wound up and wired;  
of mindless chatter, we were sick and tired!

Refreshed, once more, along the trail we travelled.  
The sky grew darker as the day unravelled.  
Then dusk descended and the light was fading,  
till moon, as stately sun, came masquerading!

## Poet of the Peaks

I'm the poet of the peaks.

A sad, sarcastic soul who seeks  
some solace, in his twilight days  
before his hair falls out or greys.

I'm the poet, past his prime,  
who's running out of rhyming time.  
I'm fragile as a fractured star,  
redundant as a Russian Czar

I'm the poet, some may say,  
who long ago had lost his way  
midway upon life's journey, bleak,  
without a paddle, up the creek.

I'm the poet, born and bred  
for sorrow, so my star sign said.  
My critics cast a crueller curse:  
that I'll run out of love-struck verse!

I'm the poet, nonetheless,  
at least I've style and some finesse.  
Maybe too sophistication  
and deffo, I've determination!

## Laurelled Love

And in that grove, upon that heath  
where we lay down to sleep  
they wove, for you, a wedding wreath  
from tears they'd made you weep.

With thorns, entwined, to bite my brow  
they wove, for me, a crown  
to mock me, as a sacred cow,  
and cast me as a clown.

But in that grove we slept secure  
in love, deep as the sea.

With laurelled love  
we could endure,  
like Christ, nailed to that tree!

## Lovesick lines composed on a rainy day

I ponder, as rain on my window pane  
slides down like the tears  
we shed for the years  
we let slip away  
when we could not stay,  
together.

I think and I feel, like when we would kneel  
at the altar rail  
till our faith grew stale  
and our love took flight  
in December's blight,  
bad weather.

I muse in my mind, on the gods unkind,  
who tore us in two  
(but we never knew)  
when we, by the stream,  
lay down there to dream,  
on heather.

I grieve for the past; as long as I last  
I'll visit you there  
down dells of despair  
where we reached the end of  
our tether.

I breathe and I live, but cannot forgive  
the cruel, callous crime  
that robbed us of time:  
a lifetime of being,  
together.

## Shadowland

Too long was I denied her touch:  
the woman, who I loved too much.  
Blonde-tressed, with eyes that glowed and gleamed:  
a goddess girl, or so it seemed

to me, when I was cursed with youth,  
condemned to taste the tragic truth  
that she, who was the world to me,  
may never be my destiny.

Too far into the Shadowland  
she walked, when she let go my hand.  
Into that cruel abyss beyond,  
dark-haired became, no longer blonde.

For she did change, but so did I:  
star-cross'd beneath a savage sky  
and star-cross'd love, of course, includes  
those never-ending interludes,

where lovers' paths do so diverge;  
they separate, with sorrow's surge,  
that wipes the footprints from the sand  
they made, while walking hand in hand.

Too long apart to merge or melt  
together; that is how I felt  
before fair hair turned grey like skies  
and magic sparkled in our eyes.



## Happy New Year!

We've bid farewell to that dread year;  
the year of plague and Covid fear.  
As pyrotechnics punch the sky  
my resolution's: Do or Die!

The Rubicon we all have crossed;  
it's too late now to count the cost!  
Adventures new call out our names;  
no more can life be fun and games!

We hope this year will be the year  
of faith, that fights and conquers fear!  
As pyrotechnics punch the sky  
resolve this year to Do or Die!

## One Brighter Day

The times we live in are unique,  
but these tough times will not be bleak  
if blessed by fortune, face to face,  
you're held in someone's warm embrace.  
And though I'm far from erudite,  
in poetry, I've learned to write,  
but not for those, with someone dear;  
they need no one; their loved one's near!  
My pen is poised for them now prone  
to sail a stormy sea alone.  
I don't pry and I'm not preaching;  
but true love's within their reaching!  
For solitaires, I feel pity.  
Now that sounds trite, I know, and shitty,  
but I once walked a lonely road,  
all friendless, and so I wrote an ode:  
to loneliness, for lonely people,  
that Christ, (not found in church, with steeple)  
they'd meet along the road they'd wander,  
as I did, when alone I'd ponder.  
And loneliness in lock-down city  
paints putrid picture far from pretty,  
but dawn will break one brighter day  
for those who turn to Christ today!

## Jesus-Fire

I was so much older then; I'm younger nowadays.  
That was in the '80s, in my giant glasses phase.  
I still sport a beard today, though this is changing hue,  
like my lonesome, lovely locks; the grey is breaking through!

I was so much wiser then; I'm more obtuse today.  
My words were weighty in the past; I had something to say!  
Loquacious lines are all that pour from my poor pen these days;  
In '82, was Jesus-Fire that set the page ablaze!

I was full of faith and fervour, passion, praise and pride.  
Now, I'm like a fount of fear, a restless, torrid tide.  
The days are darker, to me, now; how swift they sail away!  
With all my lonesome, love-sick heart, I long for yesterday.

## Pilgrim's Prayer

Upon the season's sultry breeze  
the lilac wastes her perfumed breath,  
while sunlight streams through trembling trees  
to light the land of midnight death.

Sad swallows sigh upon the wing,  
with swift and song thrush singing soft;  
the eagle, on his throne, as king  
above the clouds soars safe aloft.

And I, a mortal, dare to dream,  
although I'm quintessential clay;  
beneath the sky, in vain, I scheme  
to conjure one who went away.

I whisper, "Father, where are you  
on this sad, soulless winter's day?  
Your bones are cold and steely blue;  
does soul somewhere still pine away?"

And by his long-neglected grave  
I stand, all statuesque, and stare,  
as grief, a gracious God has gave  
pours from my heart like pilgrim's prayer.

## STARMAN

The idol, tasting twilight tears  
was god, throughout my teenage years!  
Aladdin Sane of song and style,  
a Laughing Gnome with flashing smile.

A Rebel sent to Earth from stars  
was Ziggy Stardust, Man from Mars,  
till twilight came along to call  
and Mother Grey did slip and fall.

And Genie, clad in Laser Jeans,  
with China Girls and Bitchy Queens,  
all ground to dust, with Diamond Dog,  
forever froze in frost and fog.

Farewell to you sweet Suffragette.  
The City sleeps, but won't forget  
the STARMAN with that shock of hair,  
with voice sublime, in Rock, so rare!

## The Poet's Ploy

The poet has a way with words;  
he rounds them up like farmer's herds.  
Arranges them upon the page  
in measured lines, so he can gauge  
their metre, rhythm, pace and rhyme.  
Perfectionist; he takes his time,  
but secretly, and this is true:  
puts pen to page to play with you,  
to gently tug upon the strings  
of your poor heart until it sings  
a song so sweet, it will inspire,  
like Orpheus upon his lyre!  
This poet's pleasing 'poem ploy'  
puffs up his heart with pride and joy!

## Tough Love

She's maiden from Moira; I'm boy born in Burton;  
her soul's made of same stuff as mine; I am certain!  
So, life of a poet, in love, I am living,  
but foes of my loving I'll not be forgiving.  
It may seem I'm lost in my rhyme and verse making,  
with heart now unbroken and no longer aching,  
but pen pours on paper pain's past pent-up passion  
and fighting my foes hasn't gone out of fashion!

She's maiden from Moira; I'm boy born in Burton;  
her soul's made of same stuff as mine; I am certain!  
So, life of a poet, in love, though it's aging,  
'Gainst foes, that once forced us apart; is still raging!  
And though love smells sweet, and has voice soft and gentle.  
or dances like lotus girl so oriental...  
My life, as a poet in love's, more than flowers:  
It's vengeance and warfare with pitiless powers!

## Overcomer

You will stride through this nightmare fearlessly,  
forcefully,  
fervently.

You will stroll through this nightmare carelessly,  
cordially,  
cheerfully,

You will walk through this nightmare worthily,  
artfully,  
earnestly,

You will run through this nightmare tirelessly,  
heartily,  
harmlessly;

You will wake from this nightmare  
joyfully!



## Snowdrops

Just now the stout snowdrops are blooming:  
reminders that springtime is looming.  
They brave the harsh breeze that is blowing;  
in bleakest mid-winter they're growing!

In Latin, *Galanthus Nivalis*;  
(to love them, you don't need to know this)  
'Milk Flower of the Snow's' the translation;  
from Promised Land brought to this nation.

All clouded in folklore and fable,  
with Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel,  
whose tears were all shed in the garden  
of Eden; they begged heaven's pardon!

So, angels of mercy took pity,  
from snowflakes made flowers so pretty:  
sweet, shy, sturdy blooms bright with beauty,  
all destined, by God, for this duty:

To symbolise hope, beyond sorrow,  
of new world of wonder, tomorrow,  
where hearts would be warmed and unfrozen  
by ladies of loveliness chosen.

Just now the stout snowdrops are blooming:  
reminders that springtime is looming!  
Cruel winter, they tell us, is ending;  
sweet solace of springtime is pending!

## Love Twins

The maid made in Moira and boy born in Burton;  
their souls share the same kind of stuff; I am certain!  
The life of two poets in love they are living,  
but foes of their loving they won't be forgiving.  
It may seem they're lost in their rhyme and verse making,  
with hearts now unbroken and no longer aching,  
but pens pour on paper pain's past pent-up passion  
and fighting their foes hasn't gone out of fashion!

The maid made in Moira and boy born in Burton;  
their souls share the same kind of stuff; I am certain!  
Their life as two poets in love, though they're aging,  
'gainst foes, that once forced them apart is still raging!  
And though he is sweet and treats her soft and gentle  
and she'll dance like lotus girl so oriental...  
Their life, as two poets in love's, more than flowers:  
it's vengeance and warfare with pitiless powers!

## A Poet

**A poet can't be poem-bled  
(an empty shell)  
till Muse has fled.**

**A poet can't be lost for words,  
(a dried up well)  
ignored by herds.**

**A poet can't be wooed or won  
(by witch's spell;)  
it can't be done!**

**A poet can't be poem-bled  
(in poet's hell)  
until he's dead!**

## Maid of the Mist

Maid of the mist, in the dawn, when you came to me  
swathed in the rays of Aurora's gold light.  
Deep in my heart, I knew then, you were meant to be  
destiny, dawning, in deep, darkest night.

Lady of love, in my youth's manic misery,  
gorgeous and gleaming like goddess above;  
you, above everyone else, were the world to me:  
tranquil and tender as dream's dulcet dove.

Venus, through air, curled around, like the morning mist  
'neath silver moon, at the harvesting time.  
By farm's rustic gate, in the dark, where we first kissed,  
we sowed sacred seeds of romantic rhyme.

Maid madly missed, in the twilight, you came to me,  
shrouded in starlight and warm lunar beams.  
Down by the shore, where the waves sang in harmony  
you turned my nightmares to deep, dazzling dreams.

## Dreamland

My dad was a prince, who was painfully poor.  
Creditors crept and kept knocking his door.  
He hid underground, freeing coal from its seams.  
My dad was a miner, a dreamer of dreams.

My dad was a singer; he played the guitar.  
(When not up the bookies, or down the Casbah)  
He'd jam with his cousin; they'd started a band.  
They'd cut their first single, dad called it, 'Dreamland!'

My mum was a maiden, from Mercia she hailed.  
A beautiful princess, voluptuously veiled.  
She laughed when they named her: a mother to be.  
At last, from that sweatshop, she'd soon be set free!

My mum and dad married, their loving bore fruit.  
My dad, he seemed stoic dressed up in a suit.  
My mum, she seemed sassy, all wayward and wild.  
Her heart though was warming with love for her child.

My dad and mum raised me like one of their own,  
a peace-loving poet they wanted to clone.  
A child of their dreaming who'd work and get wed,  
compose them love sonnets for when they were dead.

My dad died, one summer, at age thirty-nine.  
Last eyes to clap on him, I think they were mine:  
the child of his dreaming, who'd started to see  
his dying was making a poet of me!

My mum went on breathing when dad's breath had fled.  
She wept, like a widow, alone in her bed.  
Dad's dream, like her dreamer, to spite her, had died.

A cross now she carried: "I'm coping," she lied.

## Sad Sophocles

Sad sorrow's tender tears were mine,  
since my poor heart she did entwine.  
Her loving looks and sweetest smiles  
breathed beauty; that's how she beguiles!  
Yet Sophocles said long ago:  
"it's wiser just to let love go,"  
but he'd not known her loving glance,  
her eyes that tantalize with trance.  
He said: "love tempts a traitor's touch,  
betrays and tricks to love too much,  
then casts aside upon the sands."  
Where Sophocles so smugly stands,  
but sorrow's tears that I have wept,  
I'm glad, from Sophocles, were kept!

## My Lovely Lass

The mountains and the misty moon,  
the sunset and the sea,  
the world of wonders shining bright;  
they're empty now, to me!

For when I sit and scan the lake,  
into its depths do peer,  
I long to see reflected there  
the one I loved so dear.

Beside my own familiar face  
caught in that mystic glass,  
I yearn to see the girl I lost:  
Lorraine, my lovely lass.

For then the rocks and crags we'd climb,  
to where the skylarks sing.  
And o'er creation's hills and vales  
our songs of praise would ring!

The mountains and the misty moon,  
the sunset and the sea,  
without the one with beauty's smile,  
all's emptiness to me.



## Piss-Poor Poems

My poems: poor, pretentious pulp in piles,  
pretenders, masquerading sheets with smiles,  
composed of cant by calm capricious sea,  
reflective rhymes run off from mouth of me:

a raw, retarded writer on the rocks,  
who weaves his witty words and hopes he shocks  
his former friends, who all have robbed him blind  
of real respect and treated him unkind.

My poems, plucked as rib from Adam's side,  
share shape and soul with Eve, who sought to hide,  
when she'd succumbed to hiss of Satan's snake.  
Then slept with sin, which made her poor heart ache,

like heart of mine, from literary toil,  
with poems pressed, compressed like spring in coil,  
which you could read, if you were of a mind;  
be curious, or if not, just be kind!

My poems, penned to please, may piss you off,  
stick in your throat, sometimes, and make you cough,  
like allergy's distasteful monkey nut,  
which from poetic diet, you can cut!

## Ode to Piss-Poor Poet

I'll conjure up, create, compose,  
a poem, which to you, I s'pose  
sounds easy, like a piece of piss;  
put pen to paper, make 'em kiss!  
How hard is it to write in rhyme?  
It takes no talent, only time,  
you'd think! Though don't dismiss desire,  
or Muse, who forges in the fire  
sweet inspiration, gleaned from God,  
not wasted on just any sod!  
Just wordsmith-wizard wielding wand,  
rogue rhymester, who of words is fond,  
proud poet, who, with poise and pose  
will piss on poor pathetic prose!

## My Children

My children will live on  
when I am in the earth.  
When I am dead and gone,  
they'll meet with merry mirth

each Christmas, and they'll raise  
a toast or two to me;  
a thought or two they'll think  
of how I used to be.

My children will survive  
when I am dust and dreams,  
when I'm no more alive  
than silent, sleeping streams.

At Easter time they'll talk  
to bring me back to life.  
And on a lonely walk  
they'll talk about my wife.

Back home, they may recall  
our lost and wasted years.  
Our photo on the wall  
may bring them all to tears!

## **a poet can't...**

**A poet can't be poem-bled  
(an empty shell)  
till Muse has fled.**

**A poet can't be lost for words,  
(a dried up well)  
ignored by herds.**

**A poet can't be wooed or won  
(by witch's spell)  
it can't be done!**

**A poet can't be bribed or bought  
(the truth to tell)  
he'll tell for naught!**

**A poet can't be hushed by chains  
(spite cage or cell)  
his rhyme remains.**

**A poet can't be poem-bled  
(in poet's hell)  
till poet's dead!**

## Planet B

There is a Planet B;  
it's written in the scroll:  
an earth, with no more sea,  
a world of wonder, whole!

As pure as driven snow,  
all purged by Prince of Peace,  
where evil will not grow  
and sorrows all will cease.

## Planet B

There is a Planet B;  
it's written in the scroll,  
an earth, with no more sea,  
a world of wonder, whole!

As pure as driven snow,  
a place of perfect peace,  
where evil will not grow  
and sorrows there will cease.

Each nation on that globe  
they'll rule: those souls who dwell  
(all clad in righteous robe)  
and quarrels they will quell.

Their capital, New J,  
a city so sublime,  
won't need aurora's ray,  
nor spring or summer time.

The paths are paved with gold,  
each door's a pristine pearl.  
There'll be no growing old  
for faith-filled boy and girl!

There is a Planet B;  
it's waiting in the wings.  
Our Lord's its meek marquis,  
the king: the king of kings!

## Sorrow's Season

When the love I lost had left me by that savage, sapphire sea.  
And the turning tides had told me that no longer she loved me.

I went working, for the season, with Steve Sorrow: my best friend.  
For I knew, that love and loving, had for me, now reached an end.

We went selling, up in Bispham, windows, worked for Big John Cash.  
He was stout, but smart and savvy, wore a suit and black moustache.

Work was easy, Johnny told us, windows almost sell themselves.  
Steve said: "I am not convinced, I'd rather we were stacking shelves."

Double glazing wasn't selling, Cash then had to let us go.  
Steve said we should just go fishing, for some females; I said no.

Then I said, "there's no one for me, living on this island earth.  
Let's go drinking, down at Jenk's Bar, juicy jars of merry mirth."

When we'd poured away our earnings, we leaned hard on Christian Aid.  
Stole the gifts from pouch and pocket. Then Steve said, "we've got it made!"

Steve then found us work as Key Men, for Joe Coral, on the Mile.  
(Blackpool's empty, fake Arcadia, soulless stretch of gold so vile.)

Two months in, and I got fired: thieving money from machines;  
I 'fessed up and said, "I'm sorry, thieving's kind of in my genes."

Steve, by then, had gone before me; called back home, his dad had died;  
at the graveside he suspected; "she's a source of suicide!"

Took a tram, at dawn, up North Shore, sun was rising o'er the sea.  
Steve then promised, "in the future, tide will turn, just wait and see!"

Then I fed him my suspicions, told him 'bout her poisoned mind,  
made up by her mum and daddy, creatures cruel and so unkind.

He just nodded, 'cause he knew me, knew that I was killing time  
waiting for the god of battles to reverse their cosmic crime!

All my heart I bared before him, as each scarred and shattered shard  
cried for vengeance, on those parents, cursed with hearts stone cold and hard.

And this was how I lived that season: grieving by that sapphire sea.  
Life was drained of rhyme and reason; she had been my symmetry!

Summer lingered, but the breezes all blew bitter down the pier;  
through my tears, I said to Sorrow: "what the hell we doing here?"



## Melancholic Men

I miss my muse; she moved away.

Her inspiration winged its way  
and left me with my poet's pen  
among these melancholic men,

who wander, weeping, like a child,  
with matted beard and hair grown wild  
down by the side of sorrow's stream,  
where dead men, walking, dare to dream

of happy times, when muse was queen,  
and laughing lines had not grown lean,  
where from a gleaming, golden store  
a sea of sonnets swam ashore.

My muse no longer breathes on me  
with sweetest, sacred symmetry.  
Without her tantalising touch  
my rhymes no longer count for much.

I miss my muse, more than I thought;  
I should have struggled, should have fought.  
When feelings froze and wouldn't flow;  
I should have begged her not to go!

I miss my muse; she moved away.  
And inspiration's winged its way.  
I'm left alone with poisoned pen  
among these melancholic men.

## A Noble Truth

I suffered from that sylvan smile  
she wore that day upon the stile,  
within the forest's golden glade,  
where we had sat to share the shade.

That day of love's first tender kiss,  
when I was blessed and burnt by bliss,  
I suffered, in her cruel caress,  
from shape so stunning in that dress!

For in my deepest heartache's core,  
her face, I knew, I'd see no more  
within this vale of broken dreams  
where soul-destroying, savage streams

do wash away, with heartless flood,  
the girls, who have beguiled our blood,  
but like the Buddha taught in youth:  
'to suffer is a noble truth!'

## Nikita, Little Star

You burnt too briefly, little star,  
shooting from a land so far.  
Like a breath of spring you came;  
Nikita was your lovely name.

And gentle child, we loved you so;  
it broke our hearts to let you go.  
And on the day you sadly slept,  
so many bitter tears we wept.

Your small, sweet soul, without a sound,  
sailed silently, for heaven bound,  
where sinless souls of babies dream  
and little stars do glow and gleam.

Pretending, as if hearts don't break;  
we lived, but questioned why they'd take  
our angel, beautiful at birth;  
your beauty would have blessed the earth!

We asked, if you had lived and learned  
and like a supernova burned;  
if God had said, "on earth remain."  
(such musings, now, we know are vain)

because your ties, with earth, were slight.  
For you were heaven's dear delight!  
And when your angel wings did grow,  
you went where holy angels go!

## Free Birds

We envy all those winging birds  
that sing sublimely without words.  
Above the vulgar and ill-bred  
they soar and swoop, while we instead

are forced to nest beside this pleb,  
like flies tied up in spider's web,  
beset by noxious neighbour's noise;  
discord and din; yes, he enjoys!

The Bedlam of his baying hound  
he savours as the sweetest sound  
that ever graced this street of dreams.  
Perhaps it's just to us it seems

we're at the gruesome gates of hell,  
both damned, beside brute beast to dwell.  
That's why we envy birds that fly  
across the silent, sacred sky.

## Love's Insanity

I'll pen, with tears you tore from me,  
these lines of love's insanity.  
These bitter, written rhymes I've cried  
from savaged heart and soul inside.

Inside this shell that once was me:  
the man you robbed of liberty,  
of freedom, for I fell for you  
when selfishly you turned the screw

on fetters for my hands and feet  
(My diadems of dark defeat)  
and forged in furnace, set ablaze  
with passion; you composed this craze

I bear! So now I sit and stare,  
alone, in dungeon of despair;  
your ghost is all that's left to blame,  
for someone said, "She's not the same;

she's been another girl, since him;  
more sociable, serene, so slim!  
Sophisticated; not a kid;  
she's born again since she got rid!"

I'll pen with pain (you put me through)  
these lines, to say, in love with you  
I'll stay, and if the tide won't turn  
and Fate refuses your return,

I'll dedicate to girl long-dead  
these lines, which will remain unread.  
And I shan't seek to settle score

nor lay this sell-out at your door!

## Beauty's Daughter

Happy Birthday, darling baby.  
There's no might and there's no maybe:  
You still move like beauty's daughter,  
walk, like Venus, from the water,

smile, and light the darkness falling,  
speak, and sound like angel calling.  
Ageing Aphrodite? Maybe,  
but you're still my blue-eyed baby.

Girl I loved before our meeting  
here's my heartfelt birthday greeting:  
Have a dream day; you deserve it!  
From the dawn till sky is moonlit!

Happy Birthday, goddess gleaming,  
starlight still, from you, is streaming.  
All my dreams; they would transpire  
if you'd kiss me with desire!

## Dead Man's Bones

Right here, below these hallowed stones,  
lies buried deep a dead man's bones.  
(My father's, if you'd care to know)  
for him, I tend the flowers that grow.

I cultivate each tender bloom  
to grace his long-neglected tomb.  
For when I lost him as a child,  
some said that I went weird and wild,

grew cold as steel and wouldn't grieve  
or wear my heart upon my sleeve,  
like mum and gran and sister, Sue  
and all the other crying crew.

And I would never come to weep  
beside the grave where dad did sleep.  
Instead, I'd while away the time  
composing raw, romantic rhyme

for girl, who loved me when he left;  
(became the bliss of boy bereft!)  
while dad, forgotten underground  
I left to sleep in peace profound.

Right here, this checkered child does wait;  
'been fifty years; is it too late  
to tend these bonnie blooms that grow?  
Too late for tender tears to flow?



**fighter**

I was a poet man in meltdown,  
borderline to bloody breakdown,  
I 'd lost my love and lost control;  
I'd bottomed out inside black hole.

I was stressed; I'd sought sedation,  
sick of social situation.  
Life had lost all rhyme and reason  
in that sodding silly season.

Took to drink, like fish to water,  
married to the devil's daughter.  
Taught; I was an educator,  
had to be a gladiator

in that school for feral creatures  
where they tortured timid teachers.  
I was jaded, just dog-tired,  
out to lunch and uninspired.

Grew a spine when true love touched me,  
born again, was breathing beauty.  
Turned myself like worm in fable:  
shaky sap to soldier stable.

Still a poet, though I doubt it  
often; talent, I'm without it.  
Nonetheless, I'm still a writer:  
pen's the weapon for a fighter!

## Death's Dark Dreamless Rest

In death, I sleep a dreamless sleep  
beneath a weeping star.

Forgotten in a lonely vale,  
from life and love so far.

I do not hear the sounding sea  
swim sadly t'ward the shore;  
than tide so full and moon so fair,  
my love, I miss far more.

In life, before cruel death did part,  
my dreams weren't bittersweet..

For I would hold my darling near:  
my rose, sweet Marguerite!

And If I'm in her dreams tonight  
and she remembers me,  
at dawn, her feet will softly tread  
beside that silver sea.

And to that vale beyond the beach,  
where I lay down unblessed,  
beside my grave she'll dream of me  
in death's dark, dreamless rest.

## Song

A solitary bird  
outside my lonely room  
sings out that all is well  
inside my garret's gloom.

Her melody's so sweet,  
it makes my poor heart ache.  
And I could swear, dear God,  
she's singing for my sake!

A solitary soul  
inside this cheerless cell,  
he hears the saviour sing  
that everything is well.

His song is perfect peace,  
that stays when songster's gone.  
It won't desist or cease,  
or be expelled by none.

A solitary ray  
of hope, like sunlight streams.  
It dances round my bed  
and wakes me from my dreams.

It's Heaven's vow to me,  
that no one will dictate  
the day of my decease  
but Christ, who's set the date.

## Little Songbird

I saw a sad and sleepy bird  
alone up in a tree.  
He sat so still, and when I passed,  
he did not notice me.

But then he seemed to fret and flit  
from branch to branch in fear.  
And I felt sure that in his eye  
I spied a silver tear.

I walked on past, got on my train,  
sat by my colleague, Jack.  
Was then I thought I saw the bird,  
through window, on the track.

With wounded wing, he flew and fell,  
then sang a song so sweet;  
it touched me in my heart's deep core  
and made me leave my seat.

Gave my excuse, left Jack to stare,  
(talk on the train was cheap)  
but once outside, the bird flew off,  
which made me want to weep.

## Love Story

I sang to love when she was young:

"You are so very fair,  
for you are like a faery queen  
with moonbeams in her hair."

I sang to love before she set,

like empire's sinking sun:  
"You'll always be the maid I miss  
now growing up's begun."

I sang to love with sorrow's song

when from my side she strayed.  
A low lament, on broken strings,  
by bitterness betrayed!

I sang to love in twilit grove

when she had turned to dust:  
"You've made a melancholic man  
of me, who's lost all trust."

I sang to love the sweetest song

when on my aging brow  
she placed her tender, loving lips:  
Returned! I knew not how.

## Sappho's Lost Lyrics

Sad Sappho, poetess divine  
lamenting over love's lost line  
laid down by steady hand and pen;  
on Lesbos, where you matched the men  
with luscious lines on sacred scrolls.  
(Sweet stanzas soothing to our souls)  
Sad Sappho, Aphrodite's friend,  
the fragments fate have let you send,  
we treasure them as precious brand,  
snatched from the fire on Grecian sand.  
Unearthly verse, hallowed, sublime,  
angelic, rare, romantic rhyme.  
Sweet Sappho, muse with mouth divine,  
O'er your lost lyrics, please don't pine!

## Sappho's Isle of Dreams

Beside the sacred, moonlit streams,  
where you breathed lines of honeydew,  
they stole you from your isle of dreams  
where Aphrodite smiled on you.

Blithe beauty-breathing poet child,  
with lines sublimely speaking true:  
you softly spoke and then you smiled  
on holy isle, as you passed through.

T'ward coast, at dawn, they hurried you  
to exile, 'cross the sea beyond.  
A kiss for friends, love's brief adieu;  
with tender tears they did respond.

Cruel hearts of hate that wished you harm;  
did they affect you? Not at all!  
Your pulse stayed slow; your face so calm,  
serenely wrapped in sapphic shawl.

Your golden child, they let you bring,  
along with books and poet's quill.  
These feathers on a poet's wing  
their hatred could not curse or kill.

They stole you from your isle of dreams,  
where Aphrodite smiled on you:  
The goddess girl who glowed and gleamed  
while breathing lines of honeydew.

## The Horse's Head

One day I woke up in my bed;  
was shocked to find a horse's head.  
It lay upon my pillow, still.  
All I could think was, who could kill  
a horse, so fine, with flowing mane;  
this killer had to be insane!



## Daffodils

The daffodils of spring are sighing.  
Like star-cross'd lovers doomed and dying.  
Each tender, tilted, tranquil bloom  
too briefly lit the twilight gloom.

They gleamed and glowed in gardens, golden.  
Too beautiful to be beholden  
to mortals, buying by the bunch,  
from shops, like they were buying lunch.

They stow in vase these fragrant flowers  
to brighten up the hopeless hours  
(their little lives that will not last,  
for fate has found them fading fast.)

The daffodils of spring are burning.  
Like comets, year by year, returning;  
their briefest blaze of short-lived glory,  
a vestige of the springtime story.

## Wings of White

It often would come back to me  
in dreams, of how we used to be;  
they'd conjure up your face and smile,  
your touch at kissing gate and stile,

where moon hung aimless o'er the hill  
as we both shivered from the chill  
of winter, and its sister, snow,  
whose frosty fingers forced below

the temperature, till we would freeze.  
Then breathe, with bitter breath, the breeze  
of sorrow, sent on wings of white,  
that turned our day dreams into night

and ushered in our silent time,  
when hill we'd no more come to climb.  
Disintegrated into dust,  
we'd left behind, by breach of trust,

our dreams, of how we used to be  
before we turned to fantasy;  
both grieving ghosts, as light as air,  
lamenting our lost love affair.

## A Day in the Life

At dawn, a dreamer dreams so clearly,  
so calmly and so cavalierly;  
beholds a blazing star  
bring glory from afar.

At noon, as day drags on all dreary;  
his heart now aches and eyes grow weary;  
he walks the lonely sand  
where he first held her hand.

At twilight, treading oh so sadly,  
he wanders where he missed her madly;  
by solitary well  
lays down like empty shell.

At dusk, his dream is damned by duty;  
his star, once radiating beauty,  
is fading in the east,  
day dies and dreaming's ceased.

At night, he dreams her back to living;  
her faithlessness needs no forgiving;  
her mentors share the shame;  
she's not the one to blame.

## Lost Love

I held love in my arms one summer  
till summer's heat began to fade.  
Then like a bee-bright honey hummer  
she flew away down tree-lined glade.

I missed her golden, gleaming tresses;  
I missed her eyes of China Blue;  
I missed her shape in skin-tight dresses;  
I missed, for I did love her true.

I lost her loving for a lifetime,  
but I could not forget her smile.  
As ghost, she came to haunt my night-time,  
with beauty that could still beguile.

I pined for her until the twilight  
began to cast its aging spell.  
I wept for her as tears and moonlight  
upon my poet's pages fell.

I saw, once more, the love I'd longed for  
( when love had long been buried deep.)  
Her daughter's babe this gran did care for;  
she did not smile; I did not weep.

**remnant**

Before I watch it pass away  
I'll gather up, this dying day,  
to tend, with tenderness, its grave,  
for which, a poppy, I will save.

This crumb of comfort I'll compress.  
Locked up inside a flower press,  
immortalised, this dying day,  
will live when it has passed away!

And when its sombre sun has set,  
this remnant of a raw regret,  
I'll bury, in my book of death,  
to breathe its final, bitter breath.

## Queen of Beauty

Sweet Venus, Queen of Beauty, Goddess Love  
return from High Olympus up above.

I plead, before your statue, this May morn,  
as brave-star, bright Aurora, brings the dawn.

Please hear my prayer, most mighty maid, so mild;  
I've worshipped you since I was just a child.  
I used to play upon your sun-kissed shore,  
where you once trod the waves, as sea did roar.

They told me that you'd waded t'wards the land,  
across the sun-soaked, searing Grecian sand.  
That shadowless, you'd walked, but men had missed  
the sea snail sleeping on your slender wrist.

Their lust had made them mad, to beauty blind;  
they had not grasped you were the goddess kind.  
O Venus, (Aphrodite if you wish.)  
For you I'd sell my soul for one sweet kiss!

From Mount Olympus, on your gleaming throne,  
(encrusted with pure gold and sapphire stone)  
spare me one gracious, gleaming goddess glance  
to pierce my aching heart with love-laced lance.

Sweet Venus, Queen of Beauty, I love you,  
with passion pure and precious, trusted, true!  
I kneel before you on this May Day Morn,  
as brave-star, bright Aurora, brings the dawn.

O goddess, from your throne beyond the sky  
speak through your statue's lips or simply sigh.  
And I will take this for a sacred sign

that soon your sweetest love will all be mine!

## since you went away

I've supped the sham of life-long lies;  
I've fed on fear 'neath savage skies;  
I've worn the shackle and the chain;  
I've lived unloved and dreamed in vain.

I've borne the siren's bitter blast;  
I've been seduced by spell she cast;  
I've nursed her noose around my neck;  
I've crumbled like colossal wreck.

I've stood the sickness of her gaze;  
I've lived in hope of better days;  
I've died a thousand times a day;  
I've suffered since you went away.



## True Poets

*True Poets pause before they pen  
to ponder, pray, and only then  
do they let loose and show with ink  
just how they feel and what they think.*

*They sometimes soar like birds and sing;  
I've watched them whirling on the wing.  
They carve on mossy, green-tree bark  
by light of moon when day grows dark.*

*True Poets put in pride of place  
true Love, they've found, who's fair of face.  
They eulogize in rosy rhyme  
this goddess girl in space and time.*

*Some say that they're a crazy crew  
to think they are the chosen few  
who weave their words of make believe,  
All unaware they are naïve.*

*True Poets have a way with words.  
They round them up like farmers' herds  
And then select the fairest few  
(the beautiful) to breathe on you.*

*Their poems pave the streets with gold;  
They're unconcerned their rhyme's unsold.  
They seek the paths the pilgrims trod  
towards the city built by God.*

*True Poets dare to dream and dance.  
They tread this tragic world in trance;  
in meditation on their muse,*

*whose fire they filch to light their fuse.*

*I know they play at childish games  
and fool around with first love's flames.  
Struck blind by love, they never learn  
that beauty, it can bite and burn.*

*True Poets cradle in their chest  
a tranquil soul, they call their guest,  
who sleeps serene as silent night,  
an infant refugee in flight.*

*They nurse this hurting, healing child  
who once was wayward colt run wild.  
For youth he yearns, in times before,  
when life was worth the living for.*

*True Poets let their lyrics lie*

*all day, in sun, won't make them try  
to be something they know they're not;  
advises them: "accept your lot!"*

*They let their poems freely breathe.  
And if their sonnets start to seethe  
they sanction them, to simply be  
sweet streams of sunlit symmetry.*

*True Poets, at the end of day  
set out their scrawlings to survey;  
curled on their couch with book and cat  
they gasp: "My God, did I write that?"*

## Holy Alphabet

A is for Abel, was murdered by brother.  
B is for Beautiful, Eve, Abel's mother.  
C is for Cain, who was killer primeval.  
D is for Devil, inventor of evil.  
E is for Earth, that most fortunate planet.  
F is for Father: The God, who began it.  
G is for Grace that is free, but expensive.  
H is for Holy, to sinners offensive.  
I is for Ignorance, everyone's pleadin'.  
J is for Jesus, who did all the bleedin'.  
K is for Kiss, of betrayal by traitor.  
L is for Life everlasting - comes later.  
M is for Mary, she's Christ's holy mother.  
N is for Nature of Christ: Like no other!  
O is for Only the Bible is candid.  
P is for Peter, the rock, he was branded.  
Q is for Quest, for the Truth; ask the preacher!  
R is for Rabbi, it's Jewish for teacher.  
S is for Sermon, that soul-saving volley.  
T is for Turning, to faith, from your folly.  
U is for Uttermost you can be saved to.  
V is for Vision that faith it will give you.  
W's for Water that we cannot walk on.  
X is for Xmas, the 'Christ' part has long gone.  
Y is for Yes! Easter's tomb was vacated!  
Z is for Zeus, to our God unrelated.

## love lines

*By the leafless, winter trees,  
in the frozen, biting breeze,  
I compose love lines for you,  
like I penned when love was true.*

*On this sunless, shaded shore,  
solemn, silent, insecure;  
I tell God I love you still,  
with a love He cannot kill.*

*In my garret's gloomy grey  
I stow my sad self away.  
Put my pen to page to pour  
pain between the lines, still raw.*

*At the place you'd sat and cried  
when you knew your love had died,  
I sit now, alone, to weep  
o'er a love I felt too deep.*

## Land of Dreams

When clouds all clot the sky at dawn  
and gag the gleaming glow.

When misty morning feels forlorn  
and torrid tide is low.

When seagulls that did sail and soar  
loquacious, loud and lewd  
are stifled on the solemn shore,  
so savagely subdued.

When sounding sea along the beach  
retreats and will not roar  
and waves all whimper, out of reach  
'neath deep, dank ocean floor.

Look up and see the sun; she streams!  
Our day star's breaking through.  
For summer in this land of dreams  
will make the world brand-new!

## Kiss of Life

*When weak and weary sets the sun  
on my sad, sleeping soul,  
and blood-red moon will not arise  
to comfort and console...*

*When willows weep and dungeons deep  
depress my dreaming mind,  
and nightingale, poor prince of pain,  
sweet song he cannot find...*

*When I am groaning, girt with grief,  
and star from ancient time  
breaks through, with beam, to light my cell,  
but cannot make life rhyme...*

*When lonely, like a shipwrecked tar  
upon a sea-swept shore,  
where dreary days turn into years,  
and I can take no more...*

*She comes to me, on angel wings,  
to raise me from the dead,  
revives me with her kiss of life,  
dries all the tears I've shed.*

## Passion Flower

She is my pretty passion flower,  
my rare, romantic rose.

I will not pluck her thoughtlessly  
from garden where she grows.

Instead, I'll simply idolise,  
appreciate and praise,  
sit down by sea to study her  
on still September days.

She is my pretty passion flower,  
my lotus in the mire.

She will not take offence at me  
if sometimes I do tire.

I know that she won't hold a grudge,  
fall out with me or weep.

She'll go on being beautiful  
while I am sound asleep.

And when I wake refreshed again  
she'll still sit there serene.

My mild, majestic passion flower,  
my faithful, floral queen!

## First & Last Love

When that summer season surged,  
first love found me, and we merged.  
(magic maiden I had met:  
beaming blonde, not bland brunette)  
Hourglass hips and fairy feet,  
angel eyes and smile so sweet.  
She bewitched me, and beguiled  
bashful boy, once wayward, wild.  
Luscious lips and stunning style,  
kissed me gently by that stile.  
Fortune fought with fearful fate,  
conquered at the kissing gate!  
When our youthful years were spent,  
leaving hearts both torn and rent:  
lives apart with others led  
till first love rose from the dead!



## The Girl I Love and Live For

She is the voice of my own soul,  
my secret, sacred sorrow.

She is the day for which I long  
to dawn on me tomorrow.

She is the breath that beauty breathes  
beside the deep blue ocean.

And like a wistful, wild gazelle  
her grace evokes emotion.

She is the silver moonlit beams  
that met to merge and mingle  
to form a precious pool of pearl  
to succour me when single.

She is the sweetest summer breeze,  
with kisses true and tender.

Like searing, soaring, scorching sun;  
she shines sublime with splendour.

She is the space between the stars  
that's still, serene and silent,  
where galaxies do gleam and glow  
In void that's never violent.

She is the statue stepping down  
to live in land of shadow,  
with body, breath and beauty's form  
from goddess she did borrow.

She is the sound of singing birds  
on sunlit summer morning:  
the world, with light and loveliness

so beautifully adorning.

She is the sweet serenity  
beside the sounding seashore.  
For now and for eternity:  
the girl I love and live for!

## My Darling of Divine Delight

My mesmerising mademoiselle,  
her face, from canvas, casts a spell.  
Enchanting, like her body, warm:  
the finest, fearsome, female form.

She's simply stunning to the sight,  
a darling of divine delight.  
With waterfalling golden hair  
and eyes that flash and twinkle fair.

Her lips are full, with pleasing pout;  
about her beauty there's no doubt.  
Her smile is like Aurora's Dawn  
and when her portrait has been drawn

the critics, they can't help be kind.  
For faults they fully fail to find.  
Instead, they grow, for girl with glow,  
an all-consuming need to know

her name, and who had given birth;  
to loveliness not found on earth.  
She may be Aphrodite's twin,  
a goddess, without shame or sin!

A girl who's always had to fight  
(poor darling of divine delight)  
sad suitors, who were young and old;  
since beauty makes men brash and bold.

## Land of no more Sorrow

As I lay lonely 'neath sweet summer showers,  
all sad and wilted like forgotten flowers;  
I took my comfort from a crumb so tiny,  
(a thought, as small as diamond dewdrop, shiny)

That she, my life and love on earth, so tender  
would not forget me, my sweet heartbreak mender!  
That while I breathed upon the world still turning  
and old Aurora kept on rising, burning;

she'd visit this vile vale of vapid sorrow  
to pledge to me that on some bright tomorrow  
we'd meet, once more, upon a moonlit meadow,  
alive, in love, in land of no more shadow.

## Sea-Dog

I'll follow yon' stream down south to the shore,  
just go, with the flow, to the sea.

I'll take myself off to hide my heart's hurt;  
become someone else 'stead of me.

I'll dream and deny the pain I can't cry,  
soothe soul, in my boat, by the bay.  
I'll take the high tide, lift anchor and glide,  
steal stillness and stow it away.

Rub salt in my wounds and watch them all heal,  
(old Sea-Dog had taught me that ruse.)  
Make coastline my home, inland will not roam,  
will take up again with my Muse!

I'll sit down to read, pen poems that plead  
for sinners who savaged my rhymes.  
Like shells on the sand; they can't understand;  
so I'll not count cruelties as crimes.

And when the dawn breaks, comes casting its spell,  
a new man they'll find on the beach:  
a seafaring gent, a jack-tar, content,  
with heart that bad love cannot reach!

## Aphrodite's Grief

The soldiers grieved for Adonais, dead,  
bewailed his beauty, from his body bled.  
Then all those savage sons stowed swords and shields  
and swore they'd no more fight on foreign fields.  
Their hearts were moved, but did not break or quake;  
They stared at him, as if he was awake,  
like Hector or Achilles, bold and brave  
or Christ, the king of love, who all men crave.  
They parted though, like sea, when goddess came.  
For one true love, she shared with them the same  
heart-wrenching, but as she passed by them slow,  
towards her Adonais with her woe;  
they wept and tore their chain-mail: all the host!  
For Aphrodite's grief hurt them the most.

## My Whore From Salinas

I want to possess you, control you, devour you; I know you want freedom, but can't let you go.  
My love it is loaded, by you it is goaded; I know you want freedom, but I love you so.  
With me you're defended, so don't be offended; I know you want freedom, but want you to know:  
You're Alpha, Omega, the bright star called Vega; I know you want freedom, but think you should know:  
You're goddess called Venus, my whore from Salinas; I know you want freedom, but surely you know:  
I've left my wife Sheila, have bought you tequila; I know you want freedom, but let's take it slow.  
I just want to own you; I've cash to secure you; I know you want freedom, but on you I'll grow!

## Poems for all Seasons

Sometimes I wake at rosy-fingered dawn  
to pen my lines when dew drops grace the lawn.  
By dusk, when blood-red moon begins to bleed,  
my sorrow-laden lines I dare not read.

Some days the poems pour out of my soul,  
released from county jail - out on parole.  
Lay low like lines of laughing liberty,  
hysterical to be at last set free!

My verse will sometimes freeze ? refuse to flow.  
Take root inside me, then mutate and grow.  
Until I'm large with child of pregnant prose;  
these still-born poems, damned, do decompose.

On dreamless days my rhymes are red and raw.  
Since they do grieve for one I knew before.  
Before fate fed to me (a yearning youth)  
cruel heartbreak's tried and tested tragic truth.

Sometimes when I'm composing, all Hell-bent,  
I miss the words my Muse has Heaven-sent.  
I substitute my own to fill the gap;  
that's why sometimes I serve such sorry sap!

In haste I'll steal fruit early from the vine  
before the verse can turn to vintage wine.  
By plucking prematurely rhymes unripe  
my scrawl, from sour grapes, will give you gripe!

In spring I come to life at 3.00 am  
and conjure up a priceless little gem.  
A poem, so divine, the angels weep.



Then dawn, it breaks, and I can't get to sleep!

When I must walk the dog, but need to write  
and daren't delay, for words will soon take flight.  
I tie him up to rail by roadside tree,  
to pine away, while I pen poetry.

Sometimes my words are shy; they hide from me!  
Like faery folk in sylvan, shady lee.  
Each one, a springtime lamb, that I have nursed,  
naïve as child, in evil still unversed.

I wield my pen, some say, like wizard's wand,  
beguiling you with beauty from beyond.  
In making magic I don't mean to mock;  
I simply want to stir you up, not shock!

My pen, on Sunday's quiet as a quill  
and sonnets so serene do simply spill  
upon my parchment or papyrus page:  
wise words, as well as wonderful, like sage.

Of course, when lines are lean and I feel old  
my heart feels froze as arctic wind, ice cold!  
I close my eyes and lisp, like child, a prayer;  
If no one else, at least my soul is there!

Sometimes I write on water's weary waves,  
with tears, for those with seaweed shadowed graves,  
whose feet, upon the land, will no more tread;  
I eulogize these hopeless ocean's dead.

In youth, my verse was callous and uncouth,  
just jaded juvenilia of youth,  
which I transcribed from heart, back then, unbroke  
before I'd stained, with tears, my poet's cloak.

I wish that I could start it all again;  
write for a living by the paying pen  
creating novels fit for silver screen.  
By Midas Touch, grow rich, but not grow mean!

Meanwhile, in garret's gloom the death-knell rings;  
it's tolling just for me, while siren sings.  
On snorting horses DEATH and HELL ride out;  
then I awake from dream, so shocked, I shout!

Sometimes I sit dejected in my room,  
a grieving ghost in garret's gabled gloom.  
My ink won't flow, to splash my empty sheet,  
but this will pass, and this is not defeat!

One day I'll write, make Heaven touch the Earth  
with angel's breath, to bless with new-born birth  
pure poems, rich, with rare, romantic rhyme,  
inspired by muse's sweetness, so sublime!

## **a sacred summer's day**

Once, throughout the stillness of a sultry summer's day  
I slept, until the stars appeared and moon came out to play.  
Then as she rose resplendently when sister sun had set,  
I rued the dying of that day with ruthless, raw regret.

For I had spent it senselessly, let hours, like sand, all seep.  
My eyes, I'd closed so carelessly, so spitefully in sleep.  
So blindly did I blunder when I let it sail away:  
that wasted world of wonder of a sacred summer's day.

## My Goddess from the Silent Stars

When she returned to me that day  
and saw I'd ceased to hope or pray.  
She tore the thorn crown from my brow  
and swore to me this sacred vow:

"My love for you has never ceased  
and even when I seemed deceased  
to you ? while all your hair turned grey;  
I never really went away.

And now I've knocked upon your door  
your aching heart will ache no more.  
For I will heal the hurt and pain  
and never make you grieve again"

And so, my dream, that long lay dead,  
like Christ, when all his blood was bled,  
she raised to life before my face;  
gave back ? not one ? but every trace

of girl, who'd crucified my soul  
when love, from me, she once had stole.  
And warm with life, with blood and bone,  
not ghost, unreal, or copied clone

she stood, and shared her own cruel scars,  
my goddess from the silent stars.  
And so I'd heal and understand  
she touched me with her nail-torn hands,

bestowing beauty ? newly bled  
and in that dawn of rusty red  
we merged ? two lovers into one

and my grey grief I'd lived upon

she kissed away, and as sunrise  
drew back the veil of her disguise,  
the sorrow of our wasted years  
seemed trifling as our teenage tears.

## Caldey Beach

The sea is calm today; the sky is clear.  
Across the straits the Caldey Coast draws near.  
And girl, once far away, is by my side:  
returned to me upon the turning tide!  
For years, our tethered love, since it was strong;  
sang on, in hearts apart, sweet sorrow's song.

For love lived on, when hope had bled and died,  
was strong, and stood the test when it was tried.  
Our foes were blind to signs, though they were warned;  
to their eternal shame, our love they scorned!  
These paltry points, I know, are now all moot;  
they're past all comprehension to compute!

Since we are as we were when love was young;  
'fore we, like stars, 'cross outer space were flung.  
We missed each other; we just didn't know;  
exchanged for grey, our gleaming golden glow!  
Till sun had set ten thousand times or more,  
we would not share this sacramental shore.

The sapphire sea still sparkles though today;  
it shimmers, and the waves roll in and sway.  
And on this boundless beach we're holding hands.  
(two shells, washed up, upon these seamless sands)  
And when she whispers, 'darling, I love you.'  
I echo back, "my love, I love you too."

## Poetic Peace

This warm summer day that's blazing away  
I share with the trees and the flowers.  
A cynic might sneer and mock me as queer  
composing raw rhymes 'neath the bowers.  
But that is alright; I'm feeling contrite;  
there's not a bad bone in my body.  
Those critics, so cruel, can call me a fool,  
and slander my stanzas as shoddy.  
This warm summer day, I'm feeling okay.  
There's peace in this breeze that is blowing.  
And poems that grow, like streams, I let flow;  
to where though, there's no way of knowing!  
When all's said and done, this rhyming is fun;  
Exuberant? Yes, I'm euphoric!  
To lie in the sun, when poem's all done  
is heaven; now that's metaphoric!

## Llandudno, the land of Dreams

Llandudno's like a foreign land,  
with language you don't understand,  
but deep in love with her you'll fall  
when you have heard her deep heart's call.

It's by a sacred, surging sea  
of sacramental symmetry,  
with sandless beach of shingled stones,  
as burnt and bleached as dead men's bones.

It has a rusty, old, grey pier,  
a remnant of her yesteryear  
when walkers had more time to kill  
and days were longer, calmer, still.

It has a pretty promenade,  
as beautiful as bearded bard.  
It's long and wide as ocean deep,  
with wind to dry the tears you weep.

Like queen, it sits upon a quay,  
like mermaid in her majesty.  
A star-encrusted, sceptred isle  
that breathes out beauty to beguile.

I swear, it is the land of dreams,  
where sorrow's face no longer seems  
so savage, like a rabid beast,  
since sadness there's forever ceased.

For connoisseurs, there is a taste  
of heaven, that they dare not waste;  
so silently it slips away,



like love they yearned for, yesterday.

With meditative state of mind,  
this fantasy you'll surely find,  
along the coast, beside the sea,  
an echo of eternity

that leaves you still and calm inside;  
its tender, tranquil, turning tide  
will touch you, take away your fears;  
its warming wind holds back the years.

Escape to this idyllic cove,  
with lovers, who with romance rove,  
upon the Orme, along the pier,  
where all their heartaches disappear.

This land is like a magic morn,  
where poet in your soul was born,  
as you sat dreaming by the beach  
of love, as it swam out of reach.

It is the sweetest seagull's song,  
a sigh for love that won't last long.  
Since life's a wave we can't control,  
a morning's promenading stroll.

Beside the sea's the way, the truth:  
the love you yearned for in your youth  
that breathed on you one summer's day,  
a dream divine that would not stay.

At last, you've found the lovebirds' dream,  
a nest, where love can flow like stream.  
Where passion in the blood can burn  
and lessons of true love you'll learn.

Like heaven it's a holy place,  
a garden paradise of grace,  
where sinners stroll, or sit and stare,  
and breathe the breeze and salt sea air.

Llandudno's quaint, genteel and nice,  
a pretty perfect paradise,  
a magic world of make believe  
that you'll take with you when you leave.

**I**

I eat and drink; I sleep and dream  
I sit and think; I plot and scheme  
I laugh and cry; I live and learn  
I trudge and try; I sweat and earn

I love and lust; I fret and fear  
I doubt and trust; I smile and sneer  
I cope and care; I hurt and hate  
I steal and share; I watch and wait

I tease and talk; I give and take  
I woo and walk; I feign and fake  
I bleed and breathe; I wear and tear  
I sulk and seethe; I stop and stare

I cling and crave; I strut and stray  
I spend and save; I shop and pay  
I weep and whine; I sing and shout  
I pray and pine; I bitch and pout

I swear and sin; I mock and moan  
I glare and grin; I grieve and groan  
I rise and fall; I read and write  
I coax and call; I fuss and fight

I tire and age; I crawl and creep  
I rant and rage; I pry and peep  
I miss and hit; I sob and sigh  
I cough and spit; I wilt and die

## Sunset Saved Our Sanity

That day, we spotted dolphins dancing,  
free and foaming, out to sea,  
in the dawn, down by the harbour,  
from the wall, beside the quay.

That day, the ocean shone like silver,  
gleamed and glimmered in the sun.  
Those scorching rays fell fierce as famine,  
bleaching, burning everyone.

That day, the sky was blue with beauty,  
like the Mother of the Lord.  
Clouds clung on, but soon were leaving,  
cut and cleaved by solar sword.

That day, we drifted, wandered, dreaming,  
seeking shelter's shady nook.  
She sat still and scorched in silence;  
'neath my hat I read a book.

That day, the seagulls ceased their shrieking,  
soared in silence overhead.  
Noontime on the burning beaches  
bathers, laid out like the dead!

That day, the summer stillness settled,  
like a scorching, sacred shroud.  
Merged with moving, melted masses,  
crucified that Cornish crowd!

That day dragged on till sun was dying,  
sinking slowly in the sea.  
Globe of gold in ocean bleeding:

sunset saved our sanity!

## Poems Pure and Proud

I wish that I could sing as sweet  
as girl, with wings upon her feet.  
That I could dance her dervish dance,  
spin round and round in mystic trance.

For maybe then I'd write like Keats,  
rhyme deep as Yates, who spells it Yeats.  
Lay lovely lines like Lakeside Bill,  
each one a golden daffodil.

I wish the sound of skylark's song  
would make me weep, so I would long  
for goddess girl, who once had broke  
my heart, with bitter words she'd spoke.

For then my rhymes would breathe romance;  
they'd gleam and glow, and at one glance  
my friends would all be wooed and won,  
would welcome me with their, 'well done!'

I wish my pen would kiss like quill  
of Sappho, then my page I'd fill  
with teardrop words from clouds of fire,  
all beauty-bled from dark desire.

Then verse composed in naïve youth,  
I'd passed off as inspired truth,  
I'd burn, like corpse beneath its shroud,  
replace, with poems pure and proud!

## Vita Nova

From her golden hair, like a waterfall,  
to her feet, as swift as faery.  
She was full-blown blonde, with a gentle gaze:  
highest heaven's luminary.  
Stood among her friends (such a motley crew;)   
she shone like a star or comet:  
like a bride's bouquet 'neath a silver moon  
when there's romance writ upon it!  
I fell for her then, like the one I'd loved  
before I had ever met her;  
Was one who I'd wrote to years ago  
replying in flesh, not letter!  
Too shy, when we met, so I dared not show  
the love she had lit inside me.  
I was yearning to tell her, there and then,  
"I love YOU, my darling, only!"  
Then we kissed, which was heaven touching earth,  
purest Paradise descending.  
And that sad, shambolic life that I'd known.  
Was for me, already ending.

## Shelley's Steely Soul

I swear by Shelley's steely soul,  
as poets, we have ups and downs.  
Some lows, some highs, some times of trouble  
(some bastard's bound to burst your bubble!)

I vow, sometimes, we're high as steeple.  
and poets can be placid people,  
until some sad, sick sons on bitches  
unpick from poet's cloak the stitches!

I say, we're only killing time,  
composing raw and raucous rhyme,  
yet, sorrow in our souls is sowin'  
a mustard seed of faith that's growin'!

I swear by Shelley's steely soul  
As poets, we're transparent people,  
with no one's mind we plan on messin';  
believe us; we're hell-bent on blessin'!



## eyes of lost love

Where lotus blossoms sleep,  
by marshes dank and deep,  
my love went down to weep  
so long ago.

She'd had to let me leave,  
grow old and grey and grieve,  
go mad with make-believe,  
not let me know

that she still cared for me,  
though we could never be;  
she needed to be free,  
so she could grow!

She said she had moved on,  
since we were twenty one;  
And our first love had gone,  
so long ago.

But she could not disguise  
with savage sapphire lies  
the love lost in her eyes  
when it would glow.

## A Summer Morning

How sacred is a summer morning  
when night has fled and day is dawning.  
The wind is warm and trees are swaying,  
like nuns, lined up, on knees all praying.  
The dew drop gems on leaves laid down  
do gleam, more than a monarch's crown.  
The tiny bird that's on the wing  
sings sweeter song than we can sing.  
Upon the hills the mist is moving;  
the fading moon is disapproving.  
For she must lose her borrowed light,  
give way to sun's majestic might.  
The mothers wake their girl or boy  
for schooling (no one's jug of joy!)  
The breeze that blew has ceased to breathe;  
the air is still, the pavements seethe.  
A summer morn 'neath blue skies gleaming,  
beside the sea, we should be dreaming!  
At noon, when globe of gold is burning,  
we'll rue those hours we lost to learning!

## my island home

Island of emptiness  
chosen for me.  
Land of lost loneliness  
circled by sea.

Born to be buried here,  
soulless in soil,  
after a lifetime  
of trouble and toil.

Far from the mainland  
Of continent cruel,  
breathing the beautiful  
breezes so cool.

Land fit for heroes,  
where heroes no more  
sail 'cross the ocean  
from shoreline to shore.

Island all covered  
by clothing of clouds.  
Swaddled and shadowed  
by storm-surgings shrouds.

Conquered by conqueror,  
conquered no more.  
Island of liberty,  
king here is law!

Island of paradise,  
home of the blest,  
poets and poetry,

romance and rest.

Outpost of empire,  
where saviour once trod  
as child, (penned the poet)  
with Mother of God!

Island of emptiness,  
chosen for me.  
Land of lost loneliness  
circled by sea.

## a poet true

If I had wings and poet's skill,  
a Muse at hand and time to kill,  
I'd scribe for you such noble verses  
about the beauty Nature nurses  
inside a bud, on bough with leaf,  
where wonder is the main motif.

I'd take my pen, like Bard with quill,  
pour forth a stream, sublime and still.  
Place pleasant poem on the page,  
a song of love to never age,  
grow old as moon and starry host,  
or sea that creeps along the coast.

If lines would gleam like dew at dawn,  
lay down like jewels on leafy lawn.  
I'd sparkle with the Muse's magic,  
rewrite those rhymes of truth so tragic.  
Have Hector and Achilles yield,  
bid both lay down their sword and shield.

If I composed like kindly Keats,  
wrote rhymes where earth and heaven meets,  
my poems would be less pedantic;  
they'd bloom like rustic rose, romantic.  
Then I would be a poet true  
and I would touch the heart of you!

## Real Gone Rhyme

My poetry did charm and cheer  
as I sat sobbing in my beer.  
It held me (like a faithful friend)  
when world of mine was at an end.

Throughout my lost and languid life,  
(while shackled to a wolfish wife)  
those stanzas bid me bide my time;  
they sang sometimes; was so sublime!

In dungeon's dank, dark days and nights;  
temptations, trials, fond fancy's flights;  
when life had left me all alone,  
and all my wildest oats were sown,

they whispered, in a still small voice,  
(which made this rhyming rogue rejoice.)  
They vowed true love would visit me  
by streams of sweet serenity,

where I would tread my twilight years,  
with Venus, through this vale of tears.  
And from those sobs I'd sown in time  
I'd reap romance and real gone rhyme!

## Rise Above

Above the usual ill-bred sounds  
of Buxton, queen of tactless towns;  
he heard (which made his sad thoughts drift)  
the screaming of a sailing swift.

Above the rooftops, on the wing,  
it ducked and dived like airborne king.  
And he was shook by shock and awe  
when it was joined by many more.

Above the hopeless hoi polloi,  
this flight formation foisted joy  
upon this man, out on a limb,  
with wife, his sweetest synonym.

Above the usual ill-bred noise,  
thank God there's Nature's jarring joys  
to bless, when all around is cursed  
by low-bred louts, uncouth, unversed.

## Holy Land

Oh Grecian maiden, take my hand  
and guide me to your Holy Land,  
where echoes from a time gone by,  
before Olympus' gods did die

sound sweeter than a sacred song.  
Responding, my poor heart will long  
to sup, with you, the sweet sublime  
of legendary love, from time

that Aphrodite walked ashore  
and stumbled, new-born, still unsure.  
When standing shadow-less and still,  
unclothed, not feeling morning chill,

she opened goddess' eyes with smile,  
breathed out her beauty to beguile.  
And gracing Grecian island sand,  
her touch baptised it: Holy Land!



## The Kiss

Below a grey and lowering sky,  
went walking, just my love and I.  
The path, well-trod, led to the town,  
where once we said we'd settle down.

The sun was breaking through the clouds.  
(those sad and sombre summer shrouds)  
And as we wandered, hand in hand,  
I pondered all the way we'd planned.

Then paused, to pray a private prayer  
(we may not be alive to share!)  
When tearful twilight times draw near,  
and aging, (evil and austere)

would take its tiresome, tragic toll  
on lovers, young in heart and soul,  
whose feeble frame and fading form  
would freeze, and blood turn cold, once warm.

Beneath a blue and cloudless sky,  
was walking, just my love and I.  
Then by a stream, we stopped to kiss,  
which closed our future's cruel abyss.

## goddess

In sunless glade the goddess stood,  
beneath a leafless bower.  
She'd wandered from her western wood  
at twilight's tranquil hour.  
Her lovely locks , with braids, were bound;  
her lips were sultry scarlet.  
She trod, without a single sound,  
as holy as a harlot.  
Beneath a silver sailing moon  
the goddess sought her lovers.  
One kiss, one touch, no one's immune,  
no mortal man recovers.  
Before the dawn, she slips away;  
the western winds are calling.  
for none, will she be forced to stay;  
for none, will she be falling!  
Aurora rose to cast her spell  
on goddess, with no shadow,  
as nymphs, who tread the faery dell,  
her beauty, beg to borrow.

**64**

64's an unpoetic age  
to pen, for plaudits, on this splintered stage,  
when bones are aching and there's need for rest,  
in dreamless sleep, on days when you're depressed.

64's not old, but it's not young!  
Our senile sonnets, they should stay unsung!  
An aging poet's after all a fool,  
a tosser and an obsolescent tool.

64's a number, so they say;  
the old are growing younger day by day!  
But I don't buy that patronising crap,  
when every afternoon I need to nap!

64's the age to start to think  
of making out your will, with borrowed ink,  
from poems, which are best left there to lie,  
like sleeping dog or cocooned butterfly.

## Shrouded Shelley

The longed-for summer days are dying.  
Autumnal leaves already lying  
remind us of that solemn season,  
which soon will fall, which is the reason

why poets' pens are poised o'er pages;  
they hear the storm as if it rages  
to stir the soulless savage ocean,  
whose waves did drown without emotion

the poet, Percy, (shrouded Shelly.)  
Who breathed his last in ocean's belly;  
that bloodless beast did still his passion;  
turned youthful cheeks from red to ashen!

The longed-for summer days are dying;  
upon that beach where body's lying  
the poet brothers all assemble,  
put pen to page with hands that tremble.

## Ghost

Back in my youth I saw a ghost,  
or what men always call a ghost.  
The cynics scoffed; the simple sighed:  
"Maybe it's 'cause his father died?"

Some said, "it's that damn Ouija board  
and all that singing, "praise the Lord."  
"A demon spirit," cousin said,  
"That's not the soul of someone dead!"

My girlfriend saw the phantom too;  
was then her folks said, "Yes it's true!  
It must be real, she's in a state;  
we wondered why she'd come home late."

Back in my youth I did not boast:  
"Hey everyone, I've seen a ghost!"  
I knew they'd call me daft or cracked,  
but nonetheless it is a fact!

## Iris Flower

Pretty little Iris flower,  
joy she brings to bless the hour  
when life seems stale, subdued and slow  
and lacks the grace to gleam or glow.

Pretty little precious pearl:  
God's good gift, this gorgeous girl,  
sleeps on, in peace, and dreams her dreams  
that flow from heaven in silent streams.

## Swanage Pier

On Swanage Pier, my love and I  
shared sun 'neath summer's sepia sky.  
We sat to soak up sunbeams;  
deranged by daring daydreams.

On Swanage Pier, our love was young;  
she saw the youth in me and clung.  
We stood, our shadows showing,  
not age, but first love glowing!

On Swanage Pier, my love was told  
her hands and heart, like mine, were old.  
We smiled at cynics' scheming;  
destroyed them with our dreaming.

On Swanage Pier, our love did blaze,  
burnt off the hollow years of haze.  
We shone ? two stars eternal,  
voluptuous and vernal!

## Planet B

There is a Planet B;  
it's written in the scroll,  
an earth, with no more sea,  
a world of wonder, whole!

As pure as driven snow,  
all purged by Prince of Peace,  
where evil will not grow  
and sorrows all will cease.



## Hedgehogs

The hedgehogs curled up by your shed  
are scared. In fact, they live in dread  
of dogs and drains and deep, dank ditches,  
which plague these sorry sons of bitches!

Their days on earth are numbered too,  
if climate change and all that's true.  
It could decline their population  
and wipe these creatures from our nation.

These black-eyed fellows' fiercest foe?  
The farmer! And it's touch and go  
if they'll survive his fascist farming.  
Their habitat he's always harming.

The badger preys on hedgehogs too  
and chemicals - that toxic brew.  
Cruel cars, (cold Cadillacs for killing)  
the hedgehogs' blood they're always spilling.

The hedgehogs, curled up in a ball,  
are spiky, sweet, and very small.  
They need our help; don't say I'm raving,  
like sinful souls, they're well worth saving!

## long-lost friend

The holy child, who sweetly slept,  
grew up and like a sinner wept  
for men, who cruelly caused him grief;  
he suffered from their unbelief!

This long-lost king, of truth, was made  
to wear upon his brow, like braid,  
a thorn crown, not as monarch proud;  
His bloodstained robe was dead man's shroud!

This Lord of everlasting life,  
whose touch could stem the streams of strife,  
could not be praised by them enough:  
(those saints, He'd made of sterner stuff.)

Their long-lost friend, this Prince of Peace,  
who'd made the stormy oceans cease  
and stepped upon the raging wave;  
He walked alive from gloomy grave!

## My Lovely Lass

The mountains and the misty moon,  
the sunset and the sea,  
the world of wonder shining bright;  
they're nothing now to me.

For when I sit and scan the lake,  
and in its mirror peer,  
I long to see reflected there  
the one I loved so dear.

Beside my own familiar face  
caught in that mystic glass,  
I yearn to see the girl I lost:  
Lorraine, my lovely lass.

For once, the rocks and crags we climbed,  
to where the skylarks sing,  
and o'er creation's hills and vales  
our true love song would ring!

The mountains and the misty moon,  
the sunset and the sea,  
without the one with beauty's smile,  
they're emptiness to me.

## Lorraine, My Sugar Pie

I know it won't be published,  
this page of scribbled stress.  
As soon as I've done bleeding  
I'll burn this mangled mess.

But just for one mad moment,  
a copy I'll put by.  
To one I'll dedicate it:  
Lorraine, my sugar pie.

You see, she was my true love,  
my tender teenage dream,  
who rose like Aphrodite  
with golden glow and gleam.

And through life's jaded journey  
when she was far away.  
I knew I'd ache to hold her  
until my dying day.

So, when my ship came sailing  
on waves when tides had turned.  
The joy drowned out the sorrow  
when love, with her, returned.

## ode to autumn

Autumn is the dying of the year. The season sadly sighing, "winter's near." Its lifeless, loveless leaves all bled and dried remind us of the death sweet summer's died. Autumn means the nights are drawing in. Let Halloween and Bonfire Night begin! The days are short; the nights are long and cold: (a joy for youth - oppression for the old.) Autumn wears a cloak of blood-red gold. A multi-coloured dream-coat to behold. Its bleeding and its dying's a motif of man of sorrows and the God of grief! Autumn is so beautifully adorned. Like passing of a princess, should be mourned! And with the falling of each dying leaf our hearts should break for season far too brief.

## Sappho's Song of Peace

As Sappho's sweetly singing,  
a sacrifice she's bringing.  
For sorrow soldiers shed,  
for blood they've bravely bled.  
To set sweet Sappho free  
to plant her poetry  
in land of Grecian lilies  
where sword of brave Achilles  
was bathed in bloody clot  
and she has not forgot!  
Poor Hector on his pyre,  
she plays upon her lyre!  
An ode set down in song.  
For peace her soul does long.

## Lovebirds

From '56 to '71, I was a miner's only son.  
A sensitive and silent fellow,  
was easygoing, mild and mellow.

From '72 to '77, I lived on love with girl from heaven.  
I'd found her in a field of heather;  
she'd fell from sky like falcon's feather.

From '78 to '83, since bird had flown, they called me free:  
but all those lousy losers lied.  
They'd conned me like the crucified.

From '84 to '99, with ball and chain was damned to dine.  
For offspring, I would serve my time.  
(Were they the reason and the rhyme?)

2000 foretold kinder fate: 8 years until 2008!  
That golden year of jubilee  
when lovebird would fly home to me.

2009 to present day are twilight years of passion play,  
and yes, the final storms we'll weather.  
Two love birds, growing old together.

**evergreen**

I hear the rustle of the trees;  
their leafy branches, by the breeze,  
are blown about; they sway and swing,  
as birds, with ruffled feathers, sing.

Behind the clouds, the sleepy sun  
(too shy to show her face, like nun)  
begins to gleam, to warm the world,  
with love, as wind fans flags unfurled

upon the town hall's trusty tower,  
beside the clock that marks the hour.  
Then rain, which lashed, so long, the ground  
does cease, to leave the silver sound

of silence; wind, at last, has dropped;  
the swaying branches all have stopped  
and all seems still and so serene:  
a silent sea of evergreen.



## Coralie

I've lost my heart to Coralie, but please don't ever question me till you have seen her on the stage play goddess of the golden age! She's sleek like Greek, although she's French and wily as a wayward wench! She stole my heart with just one glance, that femme fatale from Paris, France. So please don't ever be surprised this mademoiselle has mesmerised, enchanting me with siren's spell, bewitching me down faery dell. I love my curvy Coralie! So please don't ever question me 'bout why I love her luscious lips, her made-in-heaven hourglass hips. I've lost my heart to Coralie, but please don't ever question me for wanting her; you know I'm weak for girls dressed like a goddess, Greek!

## elegy for a dead dad

Upon the season's sultry breeze  
the lilac wastes her perfumed breath,  
while sunlight streams through trembling trees  
to light the land of midnight death.

The swallows sigh upon the wing,  
with swift and song thrush singing soft.  
And eagle, on his throne, as king  
above the clouds soars safe aloft.

And I, a mortal, dare to dream,  
though I am quintessential dust.  
Beneath the sky, I vainly scheme  
to fight my fears with faith and trust.

But oh, my father, where are you  
on this sad summer's soulless day?  
From bones now cold and steely blue  
does soul, set free, still pine away?

Beside your long-neglected grave  
I sit, all statuesque and stare,  
as glimmer of the life you gave  
pours through my veins like pilgrim's prayer.

## Father Mine

Oh, Father Mine, once miner proud,  
too soon, to you, came sleep and shroud.  
So many battles still to win,  
adventures aching to begin.

I paint you now: Eric the Red.  
At dawn of day already dead.  
Your orphan offspring, precious gift,  
on sea of fate, you set adrift.

Your Dido queen torn up with grief,  
her red-raw wound found no relief.  
Shipwrecked on sorrow's senseless shore,  
sent mad, since you came home no more.

Oh, Father Mine, my lifetime's done.  
You're young enough to be MY son!  
So don't feel sad o'er parting's plight,  
for soon, with you, I will unite!

## Their Love

They told you time would heal, and you'd forget.  
That there'd be no remorse and no regret.  
And hearts they'd torn apart would one day mend.  
Yes, you believed their lies and so did send

your father; he knocked boldly on my door  
for property, of yours, he had come for.  
A courier content with callous crime,  
who smiled to see true love run out of time.

They'd told you that I'd not amount to much;  
I lacked a grafter's grit and Midas Touch.  
Besides, they'd weighed me up and deemed me weird.  
(this future son-in-law was to be feared!)

A daughter, you were told, was far too good  
to love an orphan boy whose name was mud.  
He lacked that precious gem: a steady job,  
preventing him from merging with the mob.

But worst of all he was a Jesus Freak,  
uncouth enough about that name to speak!  
And God, they'd praise, but always did pretend,  
to him was dearer than a dearest friend.

And so, to love we shared, they did their worst.  
Those first love twins they crucified and cursed.  
But in that dungeon dark and dank and drear  
their love still smouldered, starlit and sincere.

## Forgotten Spring

At dead of night I rise from sleep  
and dress myself for cold;  
the years are growing old,  
and I have faded like a leaf:  
that phantom, free of grief:  
(my youth) I do remember,  
shone with hope, but burnt too brief.

At dawn of day, in garret's gloom,  
alone and fully dressed,  
I lay me down to rest,  
to dream of that forgotten spring,  
whose birds have ceased to sing;  
to season scarred with sorrow,  
though it crucified, I cling!

At noontime drear when grey skies weep  
and clouds float far away,  
like on a dying day.  
Myself, alone, I'll hide  
till you're back by my side;  
I'll wait here by the seashore  
till the west wind turns the tide.

At twilight hour when sun has set  
and darkness casts its spell,  
as waves are raising hell,  
I'll tread the level, lonely sand,  
where once you held my hand,  
before you left me lonely  
in this paltry promised land.

## Winter

In winter, as the freezing fog  
floats friendless 'cross the frozen field.  
I watch the lost and lonely jog  
and to my dread depression yield.

The shrouded, silent, silver sun  
stands still, or so it seems to me.  
And only mortals dare to run  
away from God's eternity.

By noon, when dreary darkness falls,  
I hear a soulful singing bird.  
From tree to tree the creature calls.  
He hopes, by one, he will be heard.

At dusk, when all our dreams expire  
and empty, aching hearts grow cold.  
Those thoughts, once fed with Jesus' fire,  
turn grey, from summer's gleaming gold.

## a clot of clay

I think about the endless sea  
of God's immense eternity,  
as moonbeams on the lonely lakes  
lie lonely till Aurora wakes.

I scan the silent, starlit skies,  
and dream about my true love's eyes.  
I see my father, trashed by toil,  
with sullied spade from sweat and soil.

I think of Life: that "fun-filled game,"  
where bastards never get the blame,  
and Truth is twisted till it's torn,  
to pieces, like a babe unborn.

I think about the pain Life's made,  
that victims feel, (in full they're paid!)  
And then I contemplate the earth,  
that mother who has given birth

to me: this thinking clot of clay:  
a cold and callous castaway,  
who thinks because he does not dare  
to feel compassion's Christlike care.

## Honeydew

Above the shrouded shady bowers,  
the trees that pass their lonely hours  
were dear to me. For through their grove  
my love and I did one day rove.

And in a sad autumnal hour,  
with kisses sweet, my love did shower  
this boy: my heart she did inflame!  
The music of her lovely name

enchanted me when I was weak,  
(for girls with locks sublime and sleek.)  
When first I glimpsed this goddess true,  
who bore the name of Honeydew,

I fell in love with her so deep.  
I dreamed about her in my sleep.  
I'd wake, as sweet Aurora rose,  
pick up my pen and would compose

a poem, which was just the first.  
"I had to write, or I would burst."  
I'd said, when friends of mine inquired.  
"The gods themselves have all desired

to hold a goddess shaped like this,  
a beauty born bestowing bliss."  
I knew not then her love would fade,  
And sorrow'd come to share the shade

below the shrouded shady bowers,  
where now I pass the lonely hours,  
with grief, to guide me through the grove,



where once my love and I did rove.

## Rest in Peace

They've passed away, those strangers from my youth.  
Young men grown old; their time curtailed by truth.  
They sailed away, as tide turned, unconcerned.  
The seasons shrugged, as borrowed bodies burned.

This land of dreams makes dust of breathing things.  
Looks on unfazed, as commoners and kings  
go one by one into its silent soil.  
At rest, at last, from unromantic toil.

## Wonder Wife

I love her more than my own eyes.  
Far more than summer's sapphire skies.  
She is the meaning of my life,  
my goddess girl and wonder wife.  
A million maidens may be sweet,  
but she's the one with faery feet.  
Her eyes are like twin pools of light;  
they're beautiful as stars at night.  
Her lips are luscious, made to kiss,  
believe me, there's no other bliss  
on earth like being by her side.  
Without her, only suicide  
could compensate or cure the pain  
now that she's in my arms again.

## Catwalk Queen

I admit, so many beauties have  
strutted down the models' catwalk.  
Tall, shapely, glistening girls,  
with curvaceous contours  
and kissing curls. But my love,  
I believe, is queen of all.

For she's the one with glittering crown!  
She's clothed in Venus' goddess gown,  
and shines so supernova bright,  
who in this cesspool's darkest night

did rise like sweet Aurora's dawn.  
She met me on one misty morn,  
when I was just a fractured thing,  
a boy without a song to sing,  
(a bashful bird with broken wing.)

And when we kissed, my needs were met,  
and all my life I won't forget  
that kissing gate, her sylvan smile,  
and how we sat upon that stile

entwined, as ivy clings to tree.  
And what my model means to me  
I cannot breathe. For she's my breath,  
and her return was life from death.

For yearning years, we were apart,  
two pieces of one broken heart.  
But when the planets were in line,  
and we'd matured as vintage wine,

we met, once more, and merged as one.  
She smiled, then all my grief was gone.  
And all those wasted waspish years  
seemed trifling as our childhood's tears.

These words are true, for I'm sincere.  
Without her, I would not be here.  
I'd be an urn of dead man's dust.  
This estimation you can trust!

## Poets' Pain

The poet's voice upon the wind  
has died, and with the prophet's twinned:  
Both seen as sentimental fools.  
Both microscopic molecules

of madness, who the masses mock.  
Their prattle is too trite to shock.  
So, poets pen to please their pain,  
in verse, that burns like acid rain.

They scrawl before dawn's early smile.  
They know she'll rise and won't revile  
their lines, and they're content to wait  
until they'll maybe legislate

for poets, but they're no one's fool.  
One day, school kids may find 'em cool!  
When hell turns cold like frozen lakes  
and babes play safe with rattlesnakes!

## Sea-Dog

I'll follow yon' stream down south to the shore,  
just go, with the flow, to the sea.

I'll take myself off to hide my heart's hurt;  
become someone else 'stead of me.

I'll dream and deny the pain I can't cry,  
soothe soul, in my boat, by the bay.  
I'll take the high tide, lift anchor and glide,  
steal stillness and stow it away.

Rub salt in my wounds and watch them all heal,  
(old Sea-Dog had taught me that ruse.)  
Make coastline my home, inland will not roam,  
will take up again with my Muse!

I'll sit down to read, pen poems that plead  
for sinners who savaged my rhymes.  
Like shells on the sand, they can't understand.  
So, I'll not count cruelties as crimes.

And when the dawn breaks, comes casting its spell,  
a new man they'll find on the beach:  
a seafaring gent, a jack-tar, content,  
with heart that bad love cannot reach!

## Dream Dad

I had a dream-dad many years ago,  
before the bitter breeze began to blow.  
He was a god, a Titan, so it seemed,  
but that may be a dream that once I dreamed.

This dad, he was immortal, so it seemed,  
but as I said before, I may have dreamed,  
(and in this dream there was no dread demise  
to dawn on me with savage, stern surprise.)

This dad, who I did foolishly adore,  
was born with old Achilles' fatal flaw:  
his heart, it was a bubble 'bout to burst;  
this ageless Adonais, he was cursed!

I had a dad, but that was long ago,  
before the bitter breeze began to blow.  
He was a god, a Titan, so it seemed,  
but that was just a dream a school boy dreamed.



## Maid of the Mist

Maid of the mist, in the dawn, when you came to me  
swathed in the rays of Aurora's gold light.  
Deep in my heart, I knew then, you were meant to be  
destiny, dawning, in deep, darkest night.

Lady of love, in my youth's manic misery,  
gorgeous and gleaming like goddess above;  
you, above everyone else, were the world to me:  
tranquil and tender as dream's dulcet dove.

Venus, through air, curled around, like the morning mist  
'neath silver moon, at the harvesting time.  
By farm's rustic gate, in the dark, where we first kissed,  
we sowed sacred seeds of romantic rhyme.

Maid madly missed, in the twilight, you came to me,  
shrouded in starlight and warm lunar beams.  
Down by the shore, where the waves sang in harmony  
you turned my nightmares to dazzling, deep dreams.

## Brand New World

The clouds, they clot the sky this morn  
and gag the gleaming glow.  
The murk and mist, with fog forlorn,  
lament, and tide is low.

The seagulls that did sail and soar  
loquacious, loud and lewd,  
their screams, by sacramental shore,  
are stifled and subdued.

The sounding sea, along the beach,  
retreats and cannot roar.  
The waves, they whimper out of reach,  
down deep, dank ocean floor.

Then dawn bell strikes and beauty beams:  
The Day Star's breaking through!  
'Tis summer, so the sun she streams  
to make the world brand-new!

## One Summer

One summer, I was loved with fire so fierce  
by girl, whose smile, like Cupid's barb did pierce  
the endless aching of my broken heart;  
with sunlight she filled up each pining part!

She calmed the restless raging of my mind,  
and kissed with quiet breathing that did bind  
the wounds within, where witch with wingless feet  
had savaged me and sifted me like wheat.

This girl, with tresses blonde and eyes of fire  
I'd longed for all my life with deep desire.  
She haunted me in sleepy, twilight dreams,  
surrounded me with moon-lit golden gleams.

She wooed, with wide-eyed wonder, and with wings,  
soothed sorrowed soul within so now it sings!  
She held me in the hollow of her hand,  
and slept with me on snow-white silver sand.

Yes, I was loved, and it was not a dream;  
it was a goddess by that sun-lit stream,  
who breathed me back to life from dusty death  
by beauty that she breathed with ev'ry breath!

## Burning Love

I'll never fear, from you, caprice.  
For your sweet love will never cease.  
Just once I feared you'd turned at bay,  
when you were forced to sail away.

But deep inside (I since have learned)  
your aching heart, for me, still yearned.  
And distance, in cahoots with time,  
did merely raise romantic rhyme

that I would pour like precious blood  
when you returned, to me, for good.  
And so, my gorgeous goddess true,  
the life I've spent on loving you

was not a bag of broken dreams  
submerged in sad satanic streams.  
First love's a flame, and love that burns,  
on angel wings, one day, returns!

## The Old

The old forget, or so I'm told,  
when they come in from out the cold.  
They oft repeat the tale they tell.  
Their homes breathe out a special smell.

The old were young in days gone by,  
as beautiful as butterfly,  
till time crept up on them too soon,  
entwined them in a cruel cocoon.

The old can laugh and joke and smile.  
Their skin's as thick as crocodile.  
They're armor-clad 'gainst all attacks,  
bombastic as a battle-axe!

The old are fearless, so, offend.  
Their bodies are too hard to bend,  
but with their tongues they still can lash  
the hypocrites and trailer trash.

The old survived; they've lived to tell  
the secrets of the sounding shell.  
Alone, washed up on shifting sand?  
Go tell the old, they'll understand!

## Snowdrops ~ Ladies of Loveliness

The winter-proof snowdrops are blooming:  
reminders that springtime is looming.  
They brave the harsh breeze that is blowing;  
in bleakest mid-winter they're growing!

In Latin, *Galanthus Nivalis*;  
(to love them, you don't need to know this)  
'Milk Flower of the Snow's' the translation;  
from Promised Land brought to this nation.

All clouded in folklore and fable,  
like Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel,  
whose tears were all shed in the garden;  
in Eden they begged heaven's pardon!

So, angels of mercy took pity,  
from snowflakes made flowers so pretty:  
sweet, shy, sturdy blooms, bright with beauty,  
all destined, by God, for this duty:

to symbolise hope, beyond sorrow,  
of new world of wonder, tomorrow,  
where hearts will be warmed and unfrozen  
by ladies of loveliness chosen.

The beautiful snowdrops are blooming:  
reminders that springtime is looming!  
Cruel winter, they tell us, is ending;  
sweet solace of springtime is pending!

## Dearest Dad

He dived with death; it was one summer's day.  
He'd left his three children alone to play.  
Transforming himself to ice cold, blue steel,  
on a dark dreamy day, seemed so surreal.

My mum shed warm tears; her heart had been torn.  
My sisters held hands and wept on the lawn.  
Nostalgically, they had both come to survey  
the gorgeous green grass my father did lay.

From time that they put him into the ground  
I shed not one tear, or uttered a sound.  
My uncle said, "There is no shame, just weep."  
But all of my grief I'd buried down deep.

I stowed it, until I'd meet him some day  
beyond the blue Moon and mute Milky Way.  
For then, far from earth, I'd shake his strong hand,  
and say, "Dearest dad, I now understand."

## Poisoned Advice

We kissed in the lounge. Then they drove me away  
to learn how to preach and to learn how to pray.  
At school of theology, where Christ was king  
we students would study salvation, and sing.

I'd left on a mission, for Jesus, my Lord.  
(A song sung one Sunday somehow touched a chord.)  
It earned me no sympathy, only cruel scorn.  
Her church-going folks were both peeved I'd been born.

Those parents, like Judas, betrayal they breathed.  
They smiled to my face, but then secretly seethed.  
For I loved their darling dear daughter too much.  
They wanted to tell me, 'Please, stay out of touch!'

When six terms I'd spent on that scriptural shore,  
she rang me to say, 'I can't do this no more!'  
She wept down the phone like a widow would weep,  
or slave whose cruel master in chains he would keep.

Heartbroken and hopeless, from college, went home.  
My mom, with cold comfort, asked, 'why did you roam?'  
One morning, in April, her dad tapped my door.  
He'd come for her things ? a most merciless chore!

Like limb amputated I lay on my bed.  
Recalling the last words, to her I had said.  
I'd pleaded, 'You're killing me,' which cut no ice.  
She shouldn't have swallowed their poisoned advice.



## War Poets

War poets are weary; they're weary of war.  
War poets aren't war poets ? not any more.  
They're cool connoisseurs of conflicts gone cold.  
They're battle-hard veterans war cannot scald!

War poets aren't burning with anger no more.  
They've swapped no man's land for sun by the shore.  
War's cruel, callous killing no more strikes a chord.  
From playing at war games war poets are bored.

War poets, to war zones, no longer return.  
For blood-spattered battles they no longer yearn.  
Their pens, once outspoken, indignant and loud,  
like guns, they've fell silent, as soldier in shroud.

War poets have wandered o'er flowerless fields,  
where poisonous poppies the soil no more yields.  
They're sick of the shrieking and screaming of shells,  
ground down by defeats like those damn Dardanelles!

War poets are weary; they're weary of war  
that's savage, like Nature, in tooth and in claw.  
But as poets of peace they'll never be known  
till the ogre of war has been overthrown.

## **It's War**

**It's war, and it's calling you, brothers in arms,  
away from your families, your friendships, your farms.  
Take up your cold weapons, kiss sweethearts goodbye.  
For love and for loved ones, be daring to die!**

**It's war, ask your fathers, your grandfathers too,  
'bout western front trenches, cold war, Waterloo!  
It's hell and it's evil, but men have to fight  
No time for discussions of wrong or of right.**

**It's war, and you're watching and waiting to see  
some sense and some meaning, some sweet symmetry!  
But there is no reason ? all logic resists  
you keeping your name off the casualty lists.**

**It's war, and you're burning the bridges you've crossed.  
You're not in a movie 'bout innocence lost.  
You're bleeding from wounds that you really don't need,  
but you're bound to brothers - a band bred to bleed!**

## The Sweet Sublime

I write romantically, in rhyme.  
Not all the time.  
Sometimes my pent-up passion cools  
for female fools.

Then I begin to long for more,  
when women bore.  
I seek the sacred, sweet sublime.  
That's not a crime!

Not slighting goddess or the muse.  
(They can amuse.)  
But deep inside my love-sick soul  
they leave a hole.

This mad misogynistic mood  
can seem quite rude,  
but poet's life is oh, so short,  
the Buddha taught.

Like line, on water, someone drew,  
we're passing through.  
So very soon we'll disappear.  
We're such small beer!

It's time, I think, we did outgrow  
these girls who glow.  
Since we are simply streaming stars,  
light beams through bars.

We'll sleep like shells washed up on shore,  
forevermore!  
So, search and seek the sweet sublime.

Don't waste your time!

## Gorgeous Goddess Girl

At fourteen, when my father died, as fathers sometimes do,  
I found a gorgeous goddess girl who helped me make it through.  
The hurt that I had then denied, she made it start to heal.  
The pain that pride had forced to hide, her true love helped me feel.

At nineteen, when my girlfriend left, as girlfriends sometimes do,  
I found no friend or goddess girl to help me make it through.  
My heart ? under her parents' spell ? she'd torn it into two.  
I thought that it would never mend, that true love wasn't true.

At forty, when my dreams had died, as dreams they sometimes do,  
I found no faith or fortitude to help me make it through.  
My life, I lived as losers do, submerged in work and debt.  
My heart, that sometimes ached out loud, would rage with raw regret.

At fifty, when my kids had left, as children sometimes do  
I found no love from world or wife to help me make it through.  
Then goddess girl, my first love true, turned up and tapped my door.  
She had not changed, but nor had I, first love burnt like before.

At sixty, when the church bells chimed, as church bells sometimes do,  
I wed my gorgeous goddess girl before our chosen crew.  
Well-wishers all, supporters too, who knew it had to be.  
And not one precious, chosen guest would dare to disagree!

## Song of Hope

Sing on, my faithful, feathered friend.  
Your song has stirred my heart.  
It blew, like blessing, while I lay  
in fear, at day's dread start.

Your chirp has cheered the gloom away  
that settled on my brow.  
It gave, to me, a reason why  
to cope with any, how?

Sing on, despite these dreary days,  
above the battle's noise.  
Into my mind of mad malaise  
bring perfect peace and poise.

War's savage storms hang overhead  
and lunacy holds sway.  
But bombs can't cut the golden thread  
of your sweet song today.

## Sworn Statement

I swore, by the bones of my father and mother,  
the eyes of my sister, the life of my brother.

I swore, by the cross of my Lord, whom I love,  
and by all the angels of God up above,  
but I will not swear anymore!

I swore, by that song: the sweet song of salvation.  
By blood-spattered flag of our war-weary nation.  
I swore by the bible and all that is holy.  
By storms that sail swiftly and streams that glide slowly  
but I will not swear anymore!

I swore, by the truth, that was twisted and tortured.  
By fruit plucked by Eve in old Eden's fair orchard.  
I swore, by the way and the truth and the life.  
By the unending love that I had for my wife  
but I will not swear anymore!

I swore by the blood, of the cretins who'd crossed me,  
my sword blade would spill from their wounds that would run free.  
I swore to get even, with vengeance and fury,  
that I'd be the judge and that I'd be the jury,  
but I will not swear anymore!

## The Bad Dad

Distracted by his true love's beauty,  
he'd overlooked his father's duty  
towards his sons and dreamy daughters,  
and while he wrote upon the waters

(in rhymes romantic, youthful, yearning  
because his heart, with love, was burning)  
resentment rose, like lava flowing:  
volcanic voice was carping, crowing.

Like siren's, screeching, screaming, sounding,  
upon his aging head was pounding.  
Apocalyptic hoofbeats banging,  
the death-knell of cold comfort clanging.

And he'd neglected other creatures!  
Those faun-like friends, with fairy features.  
While he'd been courting, crudely kissing.  
Their grandpappy, these doves were missing!

Dear God, forgive this foolish fellow,  
who's mercilessly mild and mellow.  
Besotted and beguiled by beauty,  
he's deaf to all demands of duty!



## Words

There're words this poet writes, he dares not read.  
Cruel words, cut out from kernel of his creed.  
Wounding words, yet precious as a daughter,  
Composed with blood, written on the water.

Poured out at the behest of poet's muse,  
Laments for love, the poet once did lose.  
From time when her sweet form would crucify,  
like grieving ghost, she'd menace his mind's eye.

These woeful words, he then would weep as tears.  
Their conversations from those youthful years  
they would beat and bruise his heart like hammer  
till poet could not speak, only stammer.

About these wretched words I can't come clean.  
Dear reader, read them in the lines between!  
For they were words that she last spoke to me.  
This lover's brokenhearted legacy.

Her words: "I cannot do this anymore."  
They've punched a hole, so pain, at last, can pour.  
On this page, my shattered soul is spilling.  
Be kind, dear friend, pray for a mercy killing!

## Silver Lining

I'd penned, with endless, dull duration  
the sadness of our separation.

A tragic tale you're tired of hearing,  
but listen, for it's turned endearing!

The tide that seemed so long in turning,  
the bridge we thought was burnt, not burning:  
Each one a death knell; we were certain!  
The play was done, down came the curtain.

Those years we lived apart with others,  
like husbands, fathers, wives and mothers  
were long, but stars were realigning.  
The clouds do have a silver lining!

And more than we had dreamed or wished for,  
This pair of lovebirds, who were done for  
returned to life! These star-cross'd lovers  
embraced once more, thank God above us!

## Her Goddess Gaze

When Zephyrus blew her to the shore  
new-born from ocean deep.  
She brought such beauty, love and grace  
the gods began to weep.

Then gentleness and dignity,  
with beauty, they were merged.  
Above the waves, were swept to shore,  
no longer were submerged

Her hair was long and wrapped around  
her body that was bare.  
She cast no shadow on the sand,  
which made the locals stare.

The fisherfolk forsook their nets  
to follow where she led.  
But first they knelt and bowed their heads.  
The fearful, they had fled.

Then as she trod the golden beach,  
the children danced and sang.  
(In far-off days before church bells.)  
So, all creation rang.

And as Aeolus set and kissed  
her face with dying rays.  
Sweet Venus smiled, and darkness died  
before her goddess gaze.

## I Would Never Love Another

I would never love another.  
So, I kept it under cover:  
(when fair fate found me my lover)  
Just in case they did discover.

My warped wife, my kids, and mother  
behaved like Orwell's Big Brother.  
They had all agreed to smother  
my true love for my true lover.

When there could not be no other.  
I would never love another!  
So, I kept it under cover.  
I stayed schtum about my lover,

Just in case they'd all discover,  
and tell my wife, my kids and mother,  
who would boss me like Big Brother,  
from first love make me recover.

When there could not be no other:  
I would never love another!

## Poet Boy

I fell in love with poetry  
as babe upon my mother's knee.  
She fed me rhymes to help me sleep,  
read sonnets that would make dad weep.

She dressed me in a poet's cloak,  
and sang to me each time I woke,  
like Sappho, singing with her lyre,  
as I lay dreaming by the fire.

Then Life dealt her that bitter blow,  
and sorrow in her soul did flow.  
She could not voice her verse no more,  
nor nurse me as she did before.

Her sonnet-son she used to love,  
she slew that dear, defenseless dove.  
For mother, in my broken youth  
was widow, torn by tragic truth.

I'm still in love with poetry,  
Its rhyme and rhythm's heavenly.  
For there's still sacred symmetry  
with songs my mother sang to me.

## A Poet True

If I had wings and poet's skill,  
my muse at hand and time to kill,  
I'd scribe for you such noble verses  
about the beauty Nature nurses  
inside a bud, on bough with leaf,  
where wonder is the main motif.

I'd take my pen, like Bard with quill,  
pour forth a stream, sublime and still.  
Place pleasant poem on the pages,  
a song of love that never ages,  
like sun and moon and starry host,  
or sea that creeps along the coast.

If words would gleam like dew at dawn,  
lay down like jewels on leafy lawn.  
I'd sparkle with the muse's magic,  
rewrite those rhymes of truth so tragic.  
Have Hector and Achilles yield,  
bid both lay down their sword and shield.

I'd teach the truth to hearts that burn  
for wars to cease and tides to turn.  
Love-laden lines composed with tears  
of grief. In hope that golden years  
will dawn when darkness fades and dies  
beneath these savage sapphire skies.

If I composed like kindly Keats,  
wrote rhymes where earth and heaven meets.  
My poems would be less pedantic;  
they'd bloom like rustic rose, romantic.  
Then I would be a poet true,

and I would touch the heart of you!

## A Noble Truth

I'd suffer from that sylvan smile  
she'd worn that day upon the stile  
within the forest's golden glade  
where we had sat to share the shade.

That day of love's first tender kiss,  
when I was blessed, but burnt by bliss,  
I suffered, from her sweet caress,  
and shape, so stunning in that dress!

I knew this ghostly girl would grieve  
this boy. One day she'd up and leave  
to wander like the wayward wind.  
As star-cross'd lovers we were twinned!

So, in my deepest dreaming core  
her face, I knew, I'd see no more  
within this vale of broken dreams.  
Those soul-destroying, savage streams

would wash away, with heartless flood,  
that lass whose love was in my blood.  
But as the Buddha taught in youth:  
'To suffer is a noble truth!'



## Poet of Pain

I'm not the kind of poet people read.  
My poems, I don't pen, I simply bleed.  
My words won't turn to ink or rest as rhyme.  
They're trapped inside, and I don't have the time

to sit composing 'neath a garret roof.  
I'm sociable, not saint who sits aloof.  
Besides, a broken heart's a private hell,  
a tragic tale too terrible to tell.

So, I won't wear upon these tattered sleeves  
a heart that ghost of girl who's gone still grieves.  
I'd rather bare for you a braver face,  
composed and calm, so sorrow you won't trace.

But if I were to pour upon this page  
my words, set free from capture in this cage.  
If paper, I allowed my words to kiss,  
I suppose my rhymes would read like this!

## Death from Above

To Buxton town, so men would die,  
he sailed, to wait with sword and bow  
for death to fall from northern sky,

like autumn leaves when left to lie  
beneath the trees, condemned to grow  
for men he'd come to crucify.

On fair and foul, like passer-by,  
he'd gloat and glare, as blood would flow,  
from wounds, before they'd putrefy.

To Buxton town, in years gone by,  
When land still shone with goddess glow,  
came Caesar, with his evil eye.

To conquer, promenade and pry.  
He had no way, no way to know,  
his hour drew near, drew near to die.

When silver moon lit up the sky  
in land of midnight ice and snow,  
the Romans dared to deify

this mortal man and magnify!  
Till 'cross the Rubicon he'd go,  
t'wards Rome, where cruel assassins lie

in wait, as Ides of March draw nigh.  
When blades will flash and gleam and glow.  
And Caesar, cut, can only cry,  
as death comes falling from the sky.

## Skoole Daze

When I was once a 'carefree' kid,  
a 'scholar' in a school,  
was wedded to a wolf pack wild  
reined in with rod and rule.

We were a flighty, feckless clan,  
uncouth and football mad.  
Shit-scared of ghosts and Dep'ty Head,  
but most of all of dad.

Our teachers had the upper hand,  
their reign of terror worked.  
For each produced an iron fist  
if any inmate shirked.

My wolf pack were a motley crew,  
in-breds from off estates,  
with 'issues' that they sorted out  
at four, outside school gates.

With savage tooth and claw and boot  
each fought like feral fiend.  
Would punch and kick and bite and scratch  
till teachers intervened.

Despite the pack and 'gainst all odds  
some teaching filtered through,  
as selflessly, some teachers taught  
strange things I never knew.

And to this day, I truly think  
these were the golden years,  
before romance, hard work and drink

sowed sorrow's bitter tears.

## Playtime Barbie

You could say I'm a naughty boy  
to treat my girlfriend like a toy.  
Like Barbie Doll, with long blonde hair  
or private Geisha, Slash, Au pair.

But I don't think I do presume  
when we're alone in Barbie's room,  
when I insist, she dress to please  
with sexy style not frumpy sleaze.

I sup cold beer - she cooks and waits  
with food, kept warm, along with plates.  
For lover boy works hard. So, should  
expect his Barbie to make good,

and entertain him with a smile  
in sexy lingerie and style.  
(The old-style Barbie is the best  
Before tattoos and feisty zest.)

With sugar lips, my Barbie toy  
should stay compliant for her boy.  
Should spice it up, yet stay demure,  
attracting me with her allure.

Though I have needs, that must be met,  
I sometimes, to my cost, forget  
that sugar can't be mine on tap  
without the risk of Barbie slap.

I am a naughty boy, I know  
But I do love my Barbie so!

## Poetry

Poetry's my life and breath.  
It breathes beyond the veil of death.  
Composed within clandestine caves  
by phantoms from their ghostly graves.

Poetry's the queen of love,  
whose rhymes are blessed by God above.  
It's selfless, sincere, never sham,  
like lordly lion or little lamb.

Poetry's my meat and drink.  
It flows from feelings, and I think  
it surges like a seething sea  
of sacramental symmetry.

Poetry's a megaphone,  
a wizard's philosophic stone.  
It never can be praised too much:  
has Muse's golden, Midas touch!

Poetry's my right-hand-man.  
It pens its pearls from precious plan,  
and lays down metered verse in rhyme,  
like lovely lotus grown in slime.

## These Words

These words just want to be your friends.  
Some poets bore you with their pens.  
Some trouble you with terror tales,  
or lose you in deranged details.

These words won't weave a web of woe.  
Some freeze your soul with ice and snow.  
Some will not dance, just do their duty.  
These words just want to breathe out beauty.

These words will not say: I accuse!  
They're modeled by a mellow muse,  
who's like the goddess, Aphrodite:  
so fresh and funky, never flighty.

These words are free as birds of prey.  
They're like the waves and salt sea spray  
that kiss the shoreline's sandy beaches  
to bless, with peace, where no one reaches!

## Trees

Their boughs, bereft of leaves, are bare.  
Songbirds have flown, and so they stare.  
Their branches bend in bitter breezes,  
as moss upon their faces freezes.

But winter's cruel and frosty touch,  
to trees, does not amount to much.  
For they have bark that's gnarled and knotted.  
Their skin is thick, like blood that's clotted.

So, when the swallows take to wing  
and children no more laugh and sing.  
Trees dream, to summon season summer,  
with bumble bee, that happy hummer.

Then winter, while the willow weeps,  
is spring once more, and summer sleeps,  
about to flex its fiery fingers  
to melt this meanest month that lingers.

In dreams, 'neath budding boughs all shaded  
young lovers lie when light has faded.  
Then leaves once more grow green with gladness,  
and trees forget their winter sadness.



## Venus

The Sun's our sweetest morning star  
who happens to be not too far  
away ? unlike the lights at night  
that twinkle, though not quite as bright  
as Venus and that god of war,  
called Mars ? red dwarf among the stars.  
Pugnacious in his petty pride,  
his bloody nature he can't hide.  
Cruel havoc he lets loose on Earth,  
while Sun, she warms, gives grace and mirth.  
Let's not forget the mystic Moon,  
who causes lovers' hearts to swoon.  
Though Venus, I do most adore,  
Of heaven's host, I love her more!

## The Poet's Cat

The poet's cat is so sedate; she's happy with her feline fate.  
She snoozes on the garden wall, too dignified to fret or fall.  
When strolling 'cross the busy street; her heart maintains a steady beat.  
She's so serene and so seraphic, fearless of the teeming traffic.

The poet's cat lies in the sun when poet's day at work's begun.  
(He works, you see, so schemes and sweats. Has bills to pay, including vet's!)  
She flicks her tail and seems to say, "Leave me to have a lazy day.  
I'll dabble with idyllic dream, while you regard your work regime"

The poet's cat is fond of rhyme. On poet's lap proceeds to climb.  
When he sits down to read his Keats, she's unconcerned it's time she eats!  
Stays still as statue in a trance, at bowl of food, she will not glance.  
As he reads, "A thing of beauty," she looks at him a little snooty.

The poet's cat is very clever. When she hears, "a joy forever."  
She digs her claws into his knee, as if to say, "Now worship me!"  
When it's time for bed and basket, foolish question ? she must ask it:  
Do cats die young? You need to know! (She pities her poor poet so!)

The poet's cat then dreams a while, of cat once worshiped down the Nile.  
A goddess, clothed in feline fur; a princess, not too proud to purr.  
Asleep, she smiles, as if she knows, the Afterlife is where she goes.  
When this life's through; she'll live one more, on heaven's sleek and shiny shore.

## April in England

April is the kindest month,  
by beauty it's beset.  
And that I breathe in England now  
I never will regret.

April is the birth of hope,  
new life in bud and leaf.  
And that I live in England now  
gives joy and never grief.

April is for lovers' walks  
through woodland, o'er the wold.  
And that I love in England now  
is worth its weight in gold.

April is, to me, divine.  
It melts my heart with love.  
And that I write in England now  
makes me thank God above.

## Dreams

It often would come back to me  
in dreams, just how we used to be.  
They'd conjure up your face and smile,  
your touch at kissing gate and stile,

where moon hung aimless o'er the hill  
as we both shivered from the chill  
of winter, and its offspring, snow,  
whose frosty fingers forced below

the temperature, till we would freeze.  
Then breathe, with bitter breath, the breeze  
of sorrow, sent on wings of white,  
that turned our daydreams into night.

Then ushered in our silent time,  
when hill no longer we would climb.  
Disintegrated into dust,  
we'd left behind, by breach of trust,

our dreams, of how we used to be  
before we turned to fantasy.  
Both grieving ghosts, as light as air,  
lamenting our lost love affair.

## Song of Sorrow

As silent as a sapphire star  
the sinking sun expires,  
while lonely lunar light from far  
tranquility inspires.

The boundless, breathless ocean deep  
laps lazily the shore.  
Its salt sea spray and waves all weep  
till death shall be no more.

Till death, no more, shall snarl and sneer  
when our immortal king  
will reign, and wipe away each tear,  
while sorrow it will sing.

And sorrow it will always sing.  
Its scars will always bear.  
Like our immortal, coming king,  
whose wounds he'll always wear!

## Lethal Lines

My poems, like Aurora's rays,  
they shine sometimes on summer days.  
Each laureled line of lyrics lays  
like nun, on holy ground, and prays.

Then when the savage salt sea seethes,  
each poem's born again and breathes.  
Amidst the graves and withered wreaths  
its sword, like Samurai, unsheathes.

And verse then bares its biting blade  
is deadly as the plant, nightshade,  
destructive as a hand grenade,  
or Napalm, dropped in forest glade.

My poems penetrate like pain.  
They shed cruel tears as acid rain.  
These children, of my heart and brain  
are lethal, like Abe's brother, Cain.

## The Girl with the Faraway Eyes

I'll sing you a song; it won't take me long  
to rhyme and to romanticize.  
I'll paint with just words, sing sweet as the birds  
of the girl with the faraway eyes.

I met her in France, where all true romance  
is started, then ended, so dies.  
Her heart I had won; knew not she would run:  
the girl with the faraway eyes.

She taught me to love this nymph from above.  
Like goddess, she wore a disguise.  
Came into my life, as lover, not wife:  
the girl with the faraway eyes.

We parted too soon, star-cross'd 'neath the moon.  
With sorrow she stained all my skies.  
Long years though apart, she lived in my heart:  
the girl with the faraway eyes

I long for her still, with heart she did chill,  
by breaking it, with all the ties.  
I'll find her one day; next time she may stay:  
the girl with the faraway eyes.

## my giddy green-eyed girl

My giddy girl with eyes of green  
come sit upon my knee.  
Let nectar drip from those lush lips.  
With tongue, make love to me.

Forget your father; he's a jerk.  
Forget your mother too.  
Your cousins, sisters, friends, in fact,  
screw all that cretin crew!

They say I'm old, no good for you,  
a cradle-snatching fiend.  
Those suckers had it in for me.  
They always intervened

when gorgeous glint in your green eyes  
(that giddy, loving spark)  
enraptured me: that laser light  
lit up my dungeon dark!

My giddy girl with eyes of green  
come run away with me.  
Forget those fools who trash true love,  
and hate to see you free.



## My Cousin

My cousin hung himself last week,  
swear down, I'm talking true.  
Of course, there was a girl involved,  
and daughter,  
makin' two.

Nobody had expected this,  
though lately he'd been down.  
Told Sis' his wife was leavin' him,  
with daughter  
flitting town.

His dad took death far worse than most,  
sat still while mother screamed.  
At 'do' after they'd buried Tom,  
looked dazed like one who dreamed.

That wife of Tom's, the 'evil cow,'  
had dared to show her face.  
Some phony tears,  
but no remorse.  
No, not a bloody trace!

My cousin, he's found peace at last,  
with Gran and Aunty Sue.  
Tom's dad, my uncle,  
sneered at this,  
said, he knows that ain't true.

## dying things

dying things will surely die,  
including you, my friend, and I.  
Love won't last and life's soon over,  
and though you kiss like Casanova  
the tide will turn to poison passion,  
and like the fickle face of fashion  
all beautiful and pretty creatures  
will lose their lovely form and features,  
and fade like fog or mist that drifts,  
as sure as ocean's sand that shifts.  
All dying things are doomed to perish,  
from life, the loved ones we all cherish  
are snatched, before our eyes can blink,  
reduced to thoughts the dying think.

## Birdsong

From life, of late, I must confess,  
I have withdrawn a while.  
Life's ground me down and does depress,  
and I can't raise a smile.

Mundane and melancholic days  
I'd written off, returned.  
The verse I'd wove with weary words  
I've gathered up and burned.

But now I've heard the skylark sing,  
'midst morning's bird song choir,  
and harsh offence I dare not bring  
to heaven's highest flier.

For high o'er far flung Flanders Fields,  
round Trench Town's Terror Towers  
those birds flew over battlefields  
from dawn, for many hours.

As soldiers struggled to break free,  
feet sunk in deep damp sod,  
the skylark's song did seem to be  
the very voice of God.

Those little birds brought spring's delight  
from home, their hearts to cheer.  
To lift them out of war's dark night,  
free them, a while, from fear.

By their grim dawn, my own I weigh,  
and dare no longer whine!  
For they found hope in cruellest clay

where death had come to dine!

I cherish now, by cheerful choice;

my pain - that paltry thing!

And swap self-pity's petty voice,

for skylark's song I sing!

## Rose of Romance

I'd waited and wandered,  
and time I had squandered  
in search of my bonnie, wee lass.

Through seasons of sorrows  
and tragic tomorrows  
my missing her just wouldn't pass.

I felt it worth waiting,  
with breath held and bating  
for girl with a face, oh, so fair.

For she was my first love,  
my one only true love,  
my rose of romance, oh, so rare!

## Narcissus

Narcissus was a handsome lad.  
In poet's cloak was cutely clad.  
A golden child with golden chatter,  
with charm and cheek, the girls he'd flatter.

He loved his mam; he loved his gran.  
He loved the gods, apart from Pan.  
But more than all these charming creatures,  
he loved his own fair, faultless features.

What made Narcissus swell with pride,  
like King Canute who turned the tide?  
A glimpse into the lake one morning,  
when sweet Aurora's Day was dawning

sufficed; it fired his first love's passion,  
for fairest face, that lake did fashion.  
This gorgeous, godlike thing did ravish  
his heart, with all its love he'd lavish

upon himself, that noble brow,  
as holy as a sacred cow!  
The centre of all universes,  
his tale they'd tell, for years, in verses!

But gods despised this boy, so vain.  
(This pompous pratt was such a pain!)  
And Venus said, "it's in our power.  
Let's turn him to a fragile flower!"

## Secret Sonnets

The day has dawned, but all the birds stay silent as the stars.  
Aurora's rays of sunlight hide, like poet's secret scars.  
The sky is grey, just like the poet's melancholic mind,  
subdued by stress, since soul-enchancing sonnets he can't find!  
The air is stale. The kind, caressing, kissing winds won't blow.  
The poet's paused, for from his placid pen the ink won't flow.  
The trees won't sway. Upon the heathered hills, where by the stream  
reclines his muse, the goddess, who could grace a poet's dream.  
The sun sinks low, and day declines, as darkness cloaks the world.  
The poet's robe, around the grieving poet's shoulders curled.  
The hope has died, the sea of faith that once did soothe his fears  
has dried, and left behind a valley for his tragic tears.  
The moon's gaunt glow casts solemn shadows on the poet's pride.  
He grieves alone, for all the secret sonnets that inside have died.

## eyes of lost love

Where lotus blossoms sleep,  
by marshes dank and deep,  
my love went down to weep  
so long ago.

She'd had to let me leave,  
grow old and grey and grieve,  
go mad with make believe,  
not let me know

that she still cared for me,  
though we could never be;  
she needed to be free,  
so she could grow!

But western waves will rise,  
'neath savage sapphire skies,  
and love lost in her eyes,  
will always glow.



## ode to piss-poor poet

I'll conjure up, create, compose  
a poem, which to you, I s'pose  
sounds easy, like a piece of piss:  
put pen to paper, make 'em kiss!  
How hard - you ask - is writing rhyme.  
It takes no talent, only time,  
you'd think! Though don't dismiss desire,  
and muse, who forges in the fire  
sweet inspiration from the gods:  
not wasted on self-centered sods!  
Just wordsmith wizard wielding wand,  
rogue rhymester, who of words is fond,  
a poet proud, with poise and pose,  
who pisses on pathetic prose.

## a rhymester's life

I languish when my lines are lean.  
(You poet pals know what I mean.)  
The pen I push, the whole world uses;  
where's fairy dust and touch of muse's?

I suffer when my words won't rhyme.  
As if I'd carried out a crime,  
like cruel assassin stabbing Caesar  
or crass and cowardly appeaser.

I worry when my verse won't flow,  
and poet's passion will not glow.  
John Keats said poems should flow freely,  
like streams, sun's rays or blood, ideally.

I freak out when my stanzas stink  
of stagnant sweat or icky ink.  
Like contraband, so shit to smuggle,  
a rhymester's life's a sodding struggle!

## undivided

There're gleaming, golden buttercups  
far as the eye can see.  
With dancing daisies, blown by breeze,  
beyond a sheltered lee.

It's summer and we're side by side.  
We're hand in hand once more.  
Was in our teens when we last touched,  
now we're both fifty-four.

We wind our way and wander free  
'cross hill and vale we stray.  
Perhaps she'll plait a daisy chain  
like girl from yesterday?

We spread our blanket on the ground,  
with hands betraying age.  
We reminisce 'bout years we lost,  
but we don't rant or rage.

For we have always been in love,  
together or apart,  
and we were joined through our lost years:  
One breath~ One soul ~ One heart!

## love poem

I penned a love poem.  
Then signed it and sealed it.  
I stowed it away with my heart  
till I'd healed it.  
I poured on the pages  
the pain and the pining.  
Then laid them aside in a drawer  
for a lining.

I wove you, with weeping,  
a sonnet, sincerely,  
believing that sorrow, which scarred  
me severely  
would fade like an ink spot  
in drawer's sunless shadows,  
that passion would wither  
like grass in the meadows.

I proofread that poem  
to purge it of errors.  
I tried to erase all the  
tortures and terrors  
I'd dreamed, in departure's  
dread dawn of damnation,  
when losing you cut  
like a limb amputation.

I penned a love poem  
for eyes of yours only.  
In drawer, like a dungeon,  
I let it lie lonely.  
I locked it and left it  
where dust would assemble

till hand that did write it  
would no longer tremble.

## my true love's eyes

My true love has such dreamy eyes.  
They're thoughtful and so kind.  
When kissing them, I poetize.  
I'm sure she doesn't mind.

Her gaze can melt my heart or slay,  
deceive or dash my dream.  
But if she left, I'd lose my way,  
I'd drift, bereft downstream.

Sometimes her eyes will smirk and sneer.  
(they'll laugh and weep as well.)  
And if they've shed a sad, sweet tear,  
she knows that I will tell.

Her eyes, they are a gorgeous grey,  
as clear as crystal lakes.  
They're feisty as the salt sea spray  
from moment she awakes.

My true love's eyes will close one day,  
forever ? for all time.  
My poems then would fade away,  
since life would no more rhyme.

## those days of winged wonder

The rose and the lily, the blue bell and daisy,  
the days bathed in sunlight, all hallowed and hazy.  
I loved them that summer when true love came calling,  
laid by me, in long grass, in love with me falling.

The damp, diamond dew drops: her tears that I'll treasure,  
sweet sound of her laughter; her smile of pure pleasure.  
The bright balm-filled breezes, the nectar from kisses:  
my mouth, on this morning, so madly it misses.

The girl of my dreaming, in jeans, rarely dresses.  
The touch of her fingertips, gentle caresses.  
Her voice, in a whisper, like swish of the ocean.  
Her kiss, breathing bliss, from her heart's deep devotion.

The sound of sweet songbirds, in woods gently shaded.  
The locks of my true love, by beauty all braided.  
Those days of winged wonder I'll yearn for forever.  
From here to eternity, I'll rue them never!

**obsessed**

When I left home for happiness,  
my mother thought me mad.  
Preferred me being sad.  
I had no right to happiness;  
love never made her glad.

When I said marriage gave me hell,  
my mother said, be true!  
Then started to pooh-pooh  
my true love's love ? it was a spell!  
(My wife, she'd tell, I knew.)

When my first love returned to me,  
my mother stirred a storm.  
She feared that female form,  
with soul, I'd shared eternally,  
my frozen heart she'd warm!

When I left home, my wife freaked out.  
My mother tried her best,  
but, in the end, confessed:  
"About this girl, there is no doubt,  
he always was obsessed."



## **pilgrim's prayer**

Upon the season's sultry breeze  
the lilac wastes her perfumed breath,  
while sunlight streams through trembling trees  
to light the land of midnight death.

Sad swallows sigh upon the wing,  
with swift and song thrush singing soft.  
The eagle, on his throne, as king,  
above the clouds, soars safe aloft.

And I, defiant, dare to dream,  
although I'm quintessential clay.  
Beneath the sky, I sadly scheme  
to conjure one who went away.

I whisper, "Father, where are you  
on this sad, soulless summer's day?  
Your bones are cold and steely blue.  
Does soul somewhere still pine away?"

And by his long-neglected grave,  
I stand, all statuesque, and stare,  
as grief, a gracious God has gave,  
pours from me like a pilgrim's prayer.

## passionflower

She is my precious passionflower,  
my rare, romantic rose.  
Beneath a blissful, Beltane bower  
she glamorously grows.

But I'll not pick; I'll idolise,  
appreciate and praise,  
I'll eulogise and poetise  
her gleaming goddess gaze.

She is my pretty passionflower,  
my lotus in the mire.  
No season's savage, squalid shower  
will dampen my desire.

And I don't deem it dutiful  
an all-night watch to keep.  
Since she'll be being beautiful  
while I'm still sound asleep

Then when I wake, whate'er the hour,  
she'll still stand there serene:  
my mild, majestic passionflower,  
my faithful, floral queen!

## DoWn AnD oUt

One day, my old mate, Stevie Sorrow  
naïvely said, "it's cool to borrow."  
That's why we robbed those suckers blind:  
(The church folk who had been so kind

to us, when we were in the gutter.)  
They bailed us out ? were bread and butter  
to Steve and me when we were broke:  
(No job, no home, no cash ? no joke!)

But all needs must, and we were needy!  
(This seaside town's so shit and seedy,  
a ghost town when it's out of season.)  
Why Blackpool's blah ? don't know the reason?

Love lost had led me to this seashore,  
when gorgeous girl called me an eyesore.  
She'd once been starry-eyed with love,  
till she unfurled her wings like dove.

And so, I sailed the stream fast flowing,  
without my girl, and without knowing  
I'd settle in this wild west town,  
up-fucked, dirt-poor and out and down.

**mother**

My Mother is a memory,  
a tumour in my head.  
Abrasive, just like emery,  
a demon that I dread.

I'd like to purge with poet's pen  
this memory of mine.  
This fiend, fucked up, by Frankenstein,  
sends shivers down my spine.

My Mother's eighty-three or four.  
She wrote to me last year.  
We'd fought, so feelings still were raw,  
And they won't disappear!

She never really was the same  
after my father died.  
And damaged goods they need to blame  
when all their tears have dried.

My mother is a memory  
I'll exorcise with rhyme.  
If verse can wipe this memory  
I'll ring her up, sometime.

**songs**

My soul is singing like the birds.  
A poet's pen will lend it words,  
and on a scrap of dog-eared paper,  
before they disappear like vapor,

I'll lay, not melancholic lines.  
(a peevish poet pouts and pines)  
Instead, I'll write the way I oughta,  
like Keats, who wrote upon the water

with young man's blood, not old man's ink,  
to make you feel, not make you think!  
And when, like Keats, I give up breathing,  
like storm-tossed sea that's ceased its seething,

you'll have my songs writ down in rhyme.  
(Go read 'em when you get the time.)  
These vestiges of starlight, gleaming,  
they constitute my lifetime's dreaming.

## God-Man

They had toiled through the night; 'neath starlight they'd met.  
To fish for their future, to fish to forget.  
They sailed so they'd silence the sacred, still voice;  
It died on the breeze, so it gave them no choice.

And yet they had touched the cruel scars he had worn.  
Had felt the flesh warm that had truly been torn.  
But this was on Sunday when wounds were still raw,  
and sorrow still clouded the vision they saw.

Now breakfast was waiting as boat neared the shore,  
and the stranger was standing, but not like before.  
His shape and his features none questioned or dared  
to ask him his name; they just stood there and stared.

Till heart-knowledge dawned, as the wind kissed his face,  
and his shadow lay down in time and in space.  
They knew, now, that God was a man through and through,  
who'd crucified Death as a mild-mannered Jew.

## Separating Sea

If miracle or merely magic  
could turn the tide on truth too tragic,  
I'd cross the separating sea  
to find the girl who once loved me.

But true love's torrents have run dry,  
and sailing 'neath this savage sky's  
hopeless, since traitors tore to pieces  
our love, (those wolves with sheepish fleeces.)

With cruel assassins' bitter blade,  
they meant to murder, turn to shade,  
so I'd glide 'mong the graveyards grieving.  
When I was broken, barely breathing

they wiped me from my sweetheart's mind,  
my memory, to dust did grind.  
Reduced me to pariah, pleading,  
like Caesar, by that statue, bleeding.

If miracle or merely magic  
could turn the tide on truth too tragic,  
I'd cross the separating sea  
to find the girl who once loved me.

## Lord of Leaves

A fading leaf will never sigh  
or dread, at dawn of day, to die.  
It freely lets its colours bleed  
from trees that sprang from servile seed.

A leaf, by photosynthesis,  
imparts a lush, life-giving kiss  
to all those mortal breathing things,  
which walk, including those with wings!

A leaf is complex, clearly made!  
Consists of tip, its veins and blade.  
Created by its cosmic Lord  
to clothe the trees, He so adored.

On such a tree, bereft of leaves,  
they crucified between two thieves  
that Lord, when he was bleeding love,  
He'd felt, in heaven, up above.

And when autumnal voice did call,  
like leaf that waits in line to fall,  
He bled in yellow, red and brown,  
for sinners, wore a thorn-leaf crown.



## seasons sad and sweet

The autumn leaves, full grown, and bloodied  
all fade and fall: the lake is flooded!  
Harsh zephyrs chase the clouds away,  
just like the girl, they cannot not stay.

The nights draw in and frost is biting.  
Her feckless folks 'gainst first love fighting.  
Each one with adamant heart,  
intent on tearing us apart!

I'm grieving in the bleak mid-winter.  
This sorrow's like a steely splinter.  
It's stabbing me - assassin-style,  
like Caesar's killers, cruel and vile!

The years fly by; one hundred seasons  
of loveless living and no reasons  
sufficiently explain this mess.  
I crave her kiss and warm caress!

Then one spring did sing and splutter.  
Sent girl to me, like butter-flutter!  
Swift soaring swallow, turning tide.  
Then summer sewed her to my side!

## wishful thinking

I wish I did not live on borrowed breath,  
that I had faith to face tomorrow's death.  
I wish when bones of mine the soil does smother,  
that far beyond this life, there waits another.

I wish that I could hear the talking trees,  
that I could catch their whispers on the breeze.  
I wish my father had not died so young.  
His death, when I was fourteen years, had stung!

I wish my son still spoke to me and shared  
his wife and daughter, though I'm now grey-haired.  
I wish that I could feel no guilt or shame,  
stay stoically serene, always the same.

I wish I could compose like kindly Keats.  
That when I'm old my poet's heart still beats.  
I wish I glowed with grace and golden gleaming:  
like child, forever young, forever dreaming!

## a sort of poet

I call myself a sort of poet.  
My readers say I sometimes show it  
when I'm writing with my wizard's wand.  
(With muse, you see, I've a sort of bond!)

Of course, I'm only breath and vapor,  
a timid tiger, frail as paper.  
Born bitter, broken, barely breathing,  
a shallow shell by seashore seething.

Like comic clown, I'm entertaining.  
On the outside, you'll find me feigning  
love and laughter, joy and gladness;  
(but sorrow shrouds my soul with sadness!)

I wrestle, daily, with my weakness,  
I bolster up for future bleakness.  
I stand aloof like stony statue,  
rock-hard as steel or stone or bamboo.

I style myself a roguish rhymer.  
I'm 65, a real old-timer.  
I should be cruising, not composing.  
This poet's life is just plain posing!

**returned**

I have returned to the cradle of my youth  
to sip warm Latte in a barista's booth.  
The loquacious chatter drifted in and droned  
from the mothers, fathers and their creepy clones.

I was incognito; I was underground;  
like a fugitive who they had never found.  
I was a refugee, returning, old,  
like a spy who had come in from the cold

to the village I left many years ago  
for that languid land of midnight ice and snow.  
It all looked the same through this poet's eyes,  
that see the unseen, through any disguise.

There was tarmac laid on my cheap childhood lawn,  
where I used to lament, now I only yawn.

## Shelley's Steely Soul [ii]

I swear by Shelley's steely soul,  
as poets, we have ups and downs.  
Some lows, some highs, some times of trouble.  
(Some bastard's bound to burst your bubble!)

Sometimes, we're high as Blackpool's 'steeple,'  
and poets can be placid people,  
until some sad, sick sons of bitches  
unpick from poet's cloak the stitches!

I guess we're only killing time,  
just turning heartbreak into rhyme.  
Yet, sorrow, in our souls is sowing  
a mustard seed of faith that's growing!

I know our days, by fate, are numbered,  
and when, like Shelley, we have slumbered,  
we'll have no poet eulogise  
our lives ? nor sweetly poetise.

And yet, by Shelley's soul, I swear:  
lost legacy is such small beer,  
as long as love, once lost, is lying  
beside me, on my day of dying.

## the ways of a poet

The ways of a poet are mad, as you know.  
His reason, for rhyme, he has swapped long ago.  
His mind has been wiped and his brain has been washed.  
All soundness and sense, with his sanity's, squashed.

The days of a poet are strange and surreal.  
They flicker like film, have a fantasy feel.  
They're full, but they're fearful; fast flowing like stream.  
Some days, they're delightful, some dark as a dream.

The life of a poet is short as a fuse.  
It's mythical, mystic and merges with muse,  
who blesses with beauty, gives grace for the grief,  
in life of the poet, exceedingly brief.

The pen of a poet is poised and is primed,  
prepared to pour poetry, pure, that is rhymed.  
With ballpoint that's sharper than Samurai sword  
a poet's more lethal than Samurai Lord!

The heart of a poet's not worn on his sleeve.  
Prefers to pretend, play the fool and deceive.  
He'll pose as a poet with spine of blue steel,  
who's so well adjusted; it's almost unreal!

## a ghost of grieving

Wayfaring through a weathered wood,  
a poet wondered if he could  
permit his pen to kiss the pages  
with pain, he had held in for ages.

Then sudden as a flash of light  
the thunder clapped with all its might,  
and from a world beyond believing:  
a goddess girl, before him, breathing!

She whispered with her honeyed breath:  
"I know we were divorced by death,  
"my love, but write! A poet must do.  
Let lines flow free, from me, inside you.

Heartbreak and sorrow we have shared.  
Your heart with mine, my love, is paired.  
And rhyming is my way of living;  
for you, it's healing and forgiving."

So, in that weathered, western wood  
the pining poet understood.  
This goddess girl and ghost of grieving  
was sent to soothe his sorrow seething.

## tragic teenage years

I know it won't be published,  
this sheet of scribbled stress.  
As soon as I've done bleeding,  
I'll mash this mangled mess.

But just for one mad moment  
a copy I'll put by.  
To one I'll dedicate it:  
Lorraine, my sugar pie.

You see, she was my true love,  
my tender teenage dream,  
who shone like Aphrodite,  
with golden glow and gleam...

till loved ones she had trusted,  
her wings they cruelly clipped,  
and love they tore to pieces,  
like letters they had ripped.

And through life's jaded journey,  
when we were far apart,  
I ached to simply hold her,  
that piece of my poor heart.

So, for her sake I'll save it:  
this missive made of tears:  
a testament and tribute  
to tragic teenage years.



## passion flower

What are you thinking, my sweet summer rose?  
What are you dreaming, my pretty primrose?  
Where are they leading, those thoughts in your mind?  
Who is the lover you're hoping to find?

Will you, I wonder, be thinking of me?  
Will you remember how we used to be?  
Lovebirds together, twin flames of pure fire,  
laid down in the meadow at dawn of desire!

What are you feeling, my pure passion flower?  
Who are you longing for hour after hour?  
Tell me, oh love of my life, is it mine,  
that name carved with yours on that Western White Pine?

## de profundis

Out of the depths of my soul, simply soaring.  
Poems, like prayers, they are pumping and pouring.  
Kissing the pages, baptising with beauty,  
telling a tale of a tough tour of duty.

From the abyss, where my feelings were ravaged,  
sonnets ascend from a soul that was savaged.  
Lines laid down lonely that no one is reading,  
stanzas in ink that the poet is bleeding.

Born from above in the land of the breathing.  
Surging like sea when it's storm-tossed and seething.  
Tranquil, sometimes, like the swish of the ocean,  
calm and composed with a mild-mannered motion.

Spilt like the tears from a sad willow weeping.  
Pain has congealed, but the sorrow's still seeping.  
Out of the depths, where the poet's reposing,  
cast out and cursed for the 'crime' of composing!

## Beauty's Daughter

Beauty's daughter, who did shine,  
fate and fortune made her mine.  
But when years of youth were gleaming,  
she trod softly from my dreaming.

Like the dew on leafy lawn,  
she dissolved, one day, at dawn.  
When the midnight moon was waking,  
beauty's daughter, (born for breaking,)

tore in two the poet's heart,  
though she'd sworn she'd not depart.  
She was cursed to be capricious:  
offspring of two vipers, vicious.

By her dad was forced to fight  
love (she'd felt) with all her might.  
For he hoped the tide was turning,  
and love's fire would not keep burning.

Beauty's daughter to the last  
laid the blame on curse they'd cast.  
All that spite her folks had spoken  
broke the boy whose heart she'd broken.

## a father's day elegy

Upon the season's sultry breeze  
the lilac wastes her perfumed breath,  
while sunlight streams through trembling trees  
to light the land of midnight death.

The Swallows sigh upon the wing,  
the Swift and Song Thrush sing so soft,  
as Eagle, on his throne, as king,  
above the clouds soars safe aloft.

And I, an orphan, dare to dream,  
though I am quintessential dust.  
Beneath the sky, I vainly scheme,  
to turn the tide of doubt to trust.

But oh, my Father, where are you,  
on this sad summer's soulless day?  
From bones now cold and steely blue  
does soul of yours still pine away?

Beside your long-neglected grave,  
I stand all statuesque and stare,  
as glimmer of the life you gave  
pours through my veins like pilgrim's prayer.

## under the lash

Under the lash of their resentment  
I sit serene in quiet contentment.  
Spurred on by sacred symmetry  
my pen pours out pure poetry.

My so-called sin and conscience cruel  
condemn me, but I'm no one's fool.  
These monsters, Christ did deem as dross,  
and crucified them on His cross!

My path, therefore, is paved with peace.  
The Lord has caused the storms to cease.  
To hell with feckless accusations  
from friends and foes and rude relations!

My pen tells truth, come Hell's high-water.  
The sword of God's good word will slaughter  
the slander on those toadies' tongues,  
and stop their sycophantic songs.

Under the lash of their resentment  
I sit serene in quiet contentment.  
With faith, I fight my foolish fears,  
and soldier on, but shed no tears.

## golden years

I'm prone to penning poetry,  
(I sense the sacred symmetry)  
that's hidden from most mortal eyes  
behind a dull, but deft disguise.

The beauty of a leaf or bud,  
the silence of a winding wood.  
They make me feel in my heart's core:  
the love that tells me, 'hate no more.'

I'm sensitive, some say a seer!  
With prophet's powers and eyes that peer  
into the future, dark and deep,  
where some will dance and some will weep.

And I'm a poet raised on rhymes,  
a child who's tasted troubled times.  
Yet, through this valley's veil of tears  
I've glimpsed the dawn of golden years!

## as good as it gets

I've lost my youth, but kept my health,  
got lovely wife; I'd call that wealth!  
My mind's still sharp, rarely forgets;  
this is as good-good as it gets.

I'm carefree still, just like a child,  
bewitched by beauty and beguiled.  
My sorrow sank with sun that sets;  
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I've lived to see the love I lost  
(same one my mother called star-cross'd)  
return, against all odds and bets;  
this is as good-good as it gets

I've found the faith I lost with youth,  
that plain and simple gospel truth.  
Same faith that saves from fears and frets;  
this is as good-good as it gets

I'm home at last, to roam no more,  
like Ulysses from Trojan War.  
I live the dream; I've no regrets;  
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I've seen my foes curl up and die;  
they're buried 'neath a darkling sky.  
They've turned to dust, like all their threats;  
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I pen my lines in metered verse  
(to prose though, I am not averse)  
prefer though beautiful Vignettes;

this is as good ? good as it gets

I rise and one more bone may ache.  
I sleep in fits and starts and wake,  
but tears of joy my pillow wets;  
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I'll pass away; my time will come,  
at sounding of my death knell's drum.  
I've kept the faith; I've paid my debts;  
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I'll fade from my love's memory.  
Perhaps my paltry poetry  
will conjure me when she forgets;  
this is as good ? good as it gets.



## Shrouded Shelley

The longed-for summer days are dying.  
Autumnal leaves already lying  
remind us of that solemn season,  
which soon will fall, which is the reason

why poets' pens are paused o'er pages;  
they hear the storm as if it rages  
to stir the soulless savage ocean,  
whose waves did drown without emotion

the poet, Percy, (shrouded Shelly.)  
Who breathed his last in ocean's belly;  
that bloodless beast did still his passion,  
turned youthful cheeks from red to ashen!

The longed-for summer days are dying.  
Upon that beach where body's lying  
the poet brothers all assemble,  
put pen to page with hands that tremble.

## **soldiers**

From dreamy days of our lost, yearning youth  
we strode, like lions down the trail of truth.  
But 'neath the silent starlight's million suns  
we shivered at the savage sounding guns.

They proudly pounded, pelted, till we bled.  
(slight soldiers, who for more than war were bred)  
Together, lost, long light-years from our home,  
we laughed and larked beneath a darkling dome.

Too tough or tired to turn to timid tears,  
we fought, but we fought more our frenzied fears!  
Our languid lines, with fingers froze, we wrote.  
"Those sentences," the Sarge said, "sugar-coat!"

## death by dreaming

I don't wanna burn in a blazing plane,  
be bludgeoned to death by my brother, Cain.  
I'd rather O.D. with a hemlock drink,  
snuffed out like a candle before you blink.

Don't wanna be skewered by a shark at sea,  
fast food for the fishes ? a feast for free.  
I'd rather collapse in a heap on land,  
be buried beneath the soil or sand.

I don't wanna die of a broken heart,  
left lonely by lover to fall apart.  
I'd rather a dagger was plunged in deep  
to save me a lifetime of tears I'd weep.

I don't wanna drown in the ocean blue,  
like Shelley, the poet, I love so true.  
I'd rather depart as I'm dreaming deep,  
slip slyly away as I sweetly sleep.

## a siren's sonnet

Dismay has damned my pencil lead,  
since Shelley's stanzas I have read.  
And now I'm lost ? all uninspired.  
His compositions have conspired  
to strip me of my poet's cloak.  
I hid beneath it when I spoke,  
or played with pen in poet's pose.  
Some other calling should have chose!  
For I have flown too near the sun,  
like Icarus' wax wings, undone.  
And all my sawdust-scented scrawl  
(slow scribble of a baby's crawl)  
beside that god with silver tongue  
sounds sham as siren's sordid song.

## 'cross the western sea

O come with me 'cross the Western Sea.  
For there, in a sheltered, shingled lee,  
far off from the weary world, half crazy,  
we'll wander along the shoreline hazy.

Was there as a boy, that the bitter breeze  
would bite my cheek, till the tasselled trees  
did bend their branch to form me a bower,  
so I, from the cold cruel winds, could cower.

O come with me o'er the ocean deep,  
where we'll no more need to work or weep.  
For winds there have changed from cold to warmer;  
they promise a kinder fate than former.

For true love, like in idyllic Greece  
has birthed us a golden age of peace,  
and we'll live long in that land of plenty;  
we'll feel no more than a youth of twenty!

O come with me 'cross the Western Sea:  
My gorgeous girl, won't you marry me?  
For there, all the days are still and sunny  
and poets' pens, they may make some money!

I vow, as well, that we will not age,  
or only strut one hour on the stage.  
For like the gods, we will live forever,  
and night will fall upon us, not never!

## those days of winged wonder

The rose and the lily, the blue bell and daisy.  
The days bathed in sunlight all hallowed and hazy.  
I loved them that summer when girl she came calling,  
laid by me in long grass, in love with me falling.

The damp, diamond dew drops: her tears that I'll treasure.  
Her light-hearted laughter, her smile of pure pleasure.  
The bright balm-filled breezes, the nectar from kisses:  
My mouth, on this morning, so madly it misses!

The girl of my dreaming, in jeans, rarely dresses.  
The touch of her fingertips, gentle caresses.  
Her voice, in a whisper, like swish of the ocean.  
Her kiss, breathing bliss, from her heart's deep devotion.

The sound of sweet songbirds in woods gently shaded.  
The locks of my true love, by beauty all braided.  
Those days of winged wonder I'll yearn for forever.  
From here to eternity, I'll rue them never!

## Poison Pen Poem

A poet pens in petty places  
among a crowd of fretting faces.  
The soul he spills upon the pages  
lays down, like youth, while body ages.

He's lost, but lines from fevered fishing  
fall fresh, from pen, like poison pissing.  
They stain, with sin, his pristine paper.  
Composing's such a chronic caper,

he thinks; and all that time he's wasting!  
Offloading trash that's not safe tasting.  
Yet, strangely, as the ink is sinking  
it slowly soothes his troubled thinking!

## poet on the brink

My pen laments the loneliness,  
the emptiness of life.  
On days when all seems meaningless,  
as cruel as my ex-wife.

It pours its poison on the page  
in streams of scribbled stress.  
A waterfall of pent up rage  
'gainst pain I can't redress.

My ink it spills like blood or sweat  
or bitter hemlock drink.  
A rhyming river of regret  
from poet on the brink.

It once breathed beauty, so they say,  
when pure was poet's breath.  
But that sweet dream was yesterday  
before my Muse's death.



## This Poet

This poet is a tragic thing,  
composing with a wounded wing.  
Poor bird of sorrow, caught and snared;  
he's convict in a cage who's scared.

A sad and sickened soul, he sighs,  
like skylark who no longer flies.  
A graceless, grounded, direful dove  
lamenting over losing love.

This poet has a morbid mind,  
since love he lost he cannot find.  
She haunts him like a spectral shade  
by coast, on hills, down sleepy glade,

where wild he wanders, lost in prayer.  
His heart is broke; his soul is bare.  
The pain from long-lost love he feels,  
before his goddess ghost he kneels.

## golden years

I'm prone to penning poetry,  
since I have sensed the symmetry  
that's hidden from most mortal eyes  
behind a dull, but deft disguise:

The beauty of a leaf or bud,  
the silence of a winding wood.  
The echo in my deep heart's core  
that bids me love and hate no more.

I'm sensitive, some say a seer!  
With prophet's powers and eyes that peer  
into the future, dark and deep,  
where some will dance and some will weep.

Yes, I'm a poet raised on rhymes,  
a child who's tasted troubled times.  
Yet, through this valley's veil of tears  
I've glimpsed the dawn of golden years!

## Sweet Maria

Sweet Maria, she's my passion:  
jet black eyes and face all ashen.  
She lures me with her scarlet lips,  
and tempts me with her hourglass hips.

Sweet Maria, she's a stunner.  
Beautiful, like Eva Brunner.  
Skin as soft as alabaster:  
makes my heart beat faster, faster!

Sweet Maria, told me, shedding  
tears, that there would be no wedding.  
Apparently, she loved another:  
my, brainless, obtuse, older brother!

Sweet Maria's still so lovely,  
but I can't live if she won't have me!  
Hell, what does she see in him?  
He's fat and old; I'm young and slim!

## a composition cure

I once put pen to page and wrote out rollicking rhymes.  
I strung words together like pearls on a pearly necklace.  
People, (poets, I mean) swallowed my languid lines, politely.  
They fed-back comments, kind not cruel.  
(since they themselves had sweat that bloody flux,  
which the uninitiated call 'poetry.')

I then spilled my soul and bared my all in verse.  
True love was my muse, first love made me choose:  
Lorraine, that gleaming goddess, with the laughing eyes,  
who shone like Venus when the moon won't rise, but like the gods divine she winged her way.  
Abandoned me, my love she would not stay.

This shadow of the man she had destroyed  
in sorrow sang, to bring her back to life.  
Then pain poured freely from my unseen wounds:  
a sorry soldier's secret now bled out,  
a composition cure without a doubt!

## Lord of Leaves

A fading leaf will never sigh or dread, at dawn of day, to die. It freely lets its colours bleed from trees that sprang from servile seed. A leaf, by photosynthesis, imparts a lush, life-giving kiss to all those mortal breathing things that walk, including those with wings! A leaf is complex, clearly made! Consists of tip, its veins and blade. Created by its cosmic Lord to clothe the trees, He so adored. On such a tree, bereft of leaves, they crucified between two thieves that Lord, when he was bleeding love He'd felt, in heaven, up above. And when autumnal voice did call, like leaf that waits in line to fall, He bled in yellow, red and brown, for sinners, in a thorn-leaf crown.

## a poet

A poet is a shooting star that burns with briefest light.  
He glows with glory from afar, then disappears from sight.  
A poet flickers in the gloom, a solitary flame.  
A ghost, who haunts a garret's gloom without a famous name.

A poet's words aren't wonderful, though from a merry heart  
a feast of fun and fellowship a poet may impart!  
A poet is the scourge of God upon the tyrants bold.  
With words he'll smash their iron rod, as prophets did of old.

A poet, is so sensitive, to readers, since they share  
a soul and his humanity. To slight them, he'd not dare.  
A poet's never arrogant, as if he were a king.  
A poet, when all's said and done, is such a paltry thing.

A poet though's remarkable, for pen that he does own  
can soothe a sick and sorry soul, but break a bully's bone!

## Mother Love

when I set out to sail the sea  
my mother cheered hooray!  
Then prayed I'd stay away,  
so glad she'd been set free.  
When I set out to sail the sea  
my mother cheered hooray!

What would I find across the sea  
if fate or fortune smiled  
on her unwanted child?  
Would God provide for me?  
What would I find across the sea  
if fate or fortune smiled?

When I wrote home across the sea  
my letters lay unread.  
To her, I'd long been dead,  
no longer family.  
When I wrote home across the sea  
my letters lay unread.

When I returned from o'er the sea  
with pockets full of gold,  
my mother, poor and old,  
had missed me terribly  
when I returned from o'er the sea  
with pockets full of gold.

## The One

Too holy to be human,  
yet clothed in flesh like mine  
He cast a sinless shadow  
on paths of Palestine.

Too ageless to be mortal,  
yet blood and sweat and tears  
He shed, as man of sorrows,  
throughout His earthbound years.

Too tender to be tainted,  
yet all our hate and greed  
He claimed as His possession,  
for which they made Him bleed.

Too truthful to be doubted,  
yet lies are still retold:  
"He did not rise on Sunday."  
"He's in the grave still cold."

Too gentle to be savage,  
yet God Himself decreed:  
He is the one appointed  
to judge our brutal breed.

Too streetwise to be suckered,  
yet some say He's naïve.  
He knows though all about you:  
He knows if you believe.



## Elysium

I love this holy hour the best,  
when moonbeams gleam and owls screech,  
while mortals lay them down to rest,  
and weary waves weep on the beach.

I'm happy in this tranquil place  
that's far away from humankind,  
where I can gain, by God's good grace,  
possession of a poet's mind.

It's here I wander, like a cloud,  
that someone said, 'does float on high,'  
unseen, as ghost in sacred shroud,  
as silent as a sparrow's sigh.

I love to while away the time  
composing 'neath these broad-leaved bowers,  
where I can regulate my rhyme,  
and shelter from autumnal showers.

It's here I tread untrodden trails,  
alone, among the trembling trees,  
while sweet Aurora fades and fails,  
and twilight breathes her blissful breeze.

## Poems Pure and Proud

I wish that I could sing as sweet  
as nymphs, with wings upon their feet.  
That I could dance their dervish dance,  
spin round and round in mystic trance.

For maybe then I'd write like Keats,  
rhyme deep as Yates, who reads like Yeats.  
Lay lovely lines like Lakeside Bill,  
each one a golden daffodil.

I wish the sound of skylark's song  
would make me weep, would let me long  
for girl, I'd breathed for, who once broke  
my heart, by bitter words she spoke.

For then my rhymes would breathe romance.  
They'd gleam and glow, and at one glance  
my girl would then be wooed and won,  
would meet me 'neath the midnight sun.

I wish my pen would kiss like quill  
of Sappho, then my page I'd fill  
with teardrop words from clouds of fire,  
all beauty-bled from dark desire.

Then verse that I composed in youth  
(I'd passed off as inspired truth.)  
I'd burn, like corpse beneath its shroud.  
Replace with poems pure and proud!

## Deluded

My poetry's a passing phase.  
Dumb dreaming on deluded days,  
when I (misguided by some muse,  
who lies, and tells me, "you can't lose")  
pour out my passion on the page,  
unleash it from its gilded cage.  
As if I were another Keats,  
enthroned with rhyme's elect elites.  
But I've been duped, like naive child,  
by beauty blinded and beguiled.  
And when I wake one misty morn,  
I'll read my lines and sneer, then yawn.  
Yes, poetry's a passing phase,  
a remnant of that youthful haze  
that to my ageing heart still clings,  
like songbird, that no longer sings.

## Retired

I'm lonely, Lord, this cruel spring day.  
I've lost the will; I've lost the way.  
And this ill wind that bends the trees  
blows in my face a bitter breeze.

I'm empty as an arid cloud,  
left lifeless in a corpse-clad shroud.  
I've ceased to toil without a rest  
to feather someone else's nest.

I've left the busy world of work.  
Behind my window blinds I lurk,  
to watch the race I've left behind.  
I'm morbid, so by most, maligned.

I'm ageing like a knotted oak.  
To not one soul this day I've spoke.  
The years slip by as I sit still  
upon this unfrequented hill.

## Separating Sea

If my God would work His magic,  
turn the tide on truth too tragic.  
I'd cross the separating sea  
to find the girl who once loved me.

But true love's torrents have run dry,  
and sailing 'neath this savage sky  
is hopeless; traitors tore to pieces  
our love, (those wolves with sheepish fleeces.)

With cruel assassins' bitter blade,  
they bled us, watched our feelings fade.  
Then glide, among the graveyards grieving.  
Bitter and broken, barely breathing.

They wiped me from my sweetheart's mind,  
my memory, to dust did grind.  
(Portrayed as a pariah, pleading,  
they said I begged like Caesar bleeding)

If my God would work His magic,  
turn the tide on truth too tragic.  
I'd cross the separating sea  
to find the girl who once loved me!

## My Poetry

Poetry helps me to pass the time;  
when I get bored, then I churn out rhyme.  
I've had some published 'cross the ocean;  
those Yanks are suckers for emotion.  
I know my verse is gauche and gushing,  
enough to burn your cheeks from blushing,  
but dirty laundry gets no airing,  
and on my page there's seldom swearing.  
Poetry is the art of showing  
that beauty's all around us growing,  
It's like a river, ever streaming,  
flowing deeper than sleeper's dreaming.  
It warns, sometimes, like Joel's vision,  
in Mercy's Valley of Decision.  
Preaches, yeah, but it's never prying;  
it trades in truth, not loathsome lying.  
Poetry helps me to pass the time.  
When I'm pissed off, I will turn to rhyme;  
For friends, my pen will kiss the pages.  
Against my foes like a storm it rages.

## The Girl From Yesterday

Thanks to a loving heart that beat for me,  
I stand unfettered now, by love set free.  
The girl I owe this debt to I can't pay,  
for she belongs to yonder yesterday.  
From deep inside my long-forgotten past,  
where paths were paved with thorns and pain was vast,  
she shed her love, like leaves, in springtime's youth,  
a stream that flowed with kindness, love and truth.  
But she, with holy healing in her wing,  
was cursed to haunt my past, where she did sing  
sweet songs that stilled the siren's savage strain,  
but died, like spring, yet could not live again.  
This loving heart no longer beats for me,  
as I stand tall, unfettered now and free.  
But in my heart she'll never fade away:  
the one I've deemed the girl from yesterday.

## Breathing

My meek and mild mother, who gave birth to me;  
my solemn, sad father, who died needlessly.  
I gave them both up: one to Life, one to Death,  
and now I breathe freely my own bastard breath!



## Heartbreak Day

I sit highlighting, citing, writing  
what I need you to know.  
In lines I'm laying, simply saying:  
why did you have to go?

From world that's turning; botched and burning,  
with pen, I stand aloof.  
In words I'm weaving, grieving, leaving  
a page, as pledge and proof.

Of how I'm feeling ? raw, unhealing,  
on this cruel heartbreak day.  
As I sit dreaming, tears are streaming  
now that you've gone away.

## My Cold-Hearted Gwen

Those rhymes I once relished,  
adorned and embellished  
with classical quotes:  
(antique anecdotes)  
Were lines I once cherished,  
Once published ? now perished.  
Their ghosts in my mind  
look to me to find...  
the source of the sorrows  
that tore my tomorrows  
with longing for girl,  
in diamond and pearl,  
who'd vanquished my verses,  
condemned them with curses,  
and poisoned my pen:  
My cold-hearted Gwen!

## The Seagull

The seagull, with his eerie cry,  
hangs high up in the summer sky.  
He questions not, nor reasons why  
his life on Earth will one day die.  
Brave bird of prey, he's full of pride,  
flows with wind, the waves, the tide.  
When food or female he does seek,  
in sing-song voice he starts to shriek.  
He steals your lunch from off your lap;  
a baguette or a bacon bap.  
His noble nature knows no fear.  
He scoffs at sinner, saint and seer.  
Supreme, he soars above the sea:  
The seagull, feisty, fierce and free.

## Our Love

They told you time would heal, and you'd forget.  
That there'd be no remorse and no regret.  
And hearts they'd torn apart would one day mend.  
Yes, you believed their lies and so did send

your father; he knocked boldly on my door  
for property, of yours, he had come for.  
A courier content with callous crime,  
who smiled to see true love run out of time.

They'd told you that I'd not amount to much;  
I lacked a grafter's grit and Midas Touch.  
Besides, they'd weighed me up and deemed me weird.  
(this future son-in-law was to be feared!)

Their daughter, you were told, was far too good  
to love an orphan boy whose name was mud.  
He lacked that precious gem: a steady job,  
preventing him from merging with the mob.

But worst of all he was a Jesus Freak,  
uncouth enough about that name to speak!  
And God, they'd praise, but always did pretend,  
to him was dearer than a dearest friend.

And so, to love we'd shared, they did their worst;  
they crucified it, cast it out as cursed.  
But even in a dungeon, dank and drear,  
first love still sparkles, starlit and sincere!

## In Winter

In winter, as the freezing mist  
floats friendless 'cross the frozen field,  
I lay down lonely and unkissed,  
and to my dread depression yield.

The shrouded, silent, silver sun  
stands still, or so it seems to me.  
And in my mind I dare to run  
away from God's eternity.

By noon, when dreary darkness falls,  
I hear a soulful singing bird.  
From tree to tree the creature calls.  
He hopes, by one, he will be heard.

At dusk, when all sweet dreams expire,  
my empty, aching heart grows cold.  
And thoughts, once fed with summer's fire,  
turn grey that season's gleaming gold.

## Seasonal Affective Disorder

The summer lingers on, but there's a breeze.  
I see it shake the leaves upon the trees.  
It's cold at dusk, the nights are drawing in.  
The autumn, I so dread, will soon begin.

The winter's world of white waits in the wings,  
while nightingale, that bird of sorrow, sings.  
The frost that bites, it waits to freeze my tears  
I've shed, without you, down these septic years.

The summer season, I will sum it up:  
a chalice, loving hearts are cursed to sup,  
which tastes so sweet - for love, it makes you long,  
but turns to hemlock on your lips and tongue.

## jesus-fire

You're gonna burn with jesus-fire.  
(I'm quoting God, and He's no liar!)  
But if you make Him Lord and Master  
you'll dodge damnation's dread disaster.

You're gonna live, and live forever.  
When slender strand will snap and sever  
your soul, from body you've got used to,  
you're gonna sup some savage strange brew

unless you trust the man, JC.  
(From fascist fears He'll set you free!)  
And when that bitter bonfire's burning,  
the wages that your sins were earning,

you won't be banking; there's no needing:  
Jesus Christ's done all the bleeding!  
Forget the pope, the priests, the church.  
Despite what science says, YOU search!

If you are called, elect and chosen,  
your heart will burn that once was frozen.  
And faith will grow by Word and Spirit  
when good news of the Lord you hear it!

You're gonna burn with jesus-fire.  
Your situation's dark and dire.  
Let losers scoff and cynics sneer.  
YOU come to Christ. Salvation's near.

## a rhymester's life

We languish when our lines are lean.  
(You poet pals know what I mean.)  
Our pen, sometimes, outright refuses  
to trace the touch of tender Muses.

We suffer when we force our rhyme.  
You'd think we'd carried out a crime!  
like Chamberlain, that crass appeaser  
or Brutus, boldly stabbing Caesar!

We worry when our verse won't glow,  
and poet's passion will not flow.  
(John Keats said poems should flow freely,  
like streams, sun's rays or blood, ideally.)

We freak out when our stanzas stink  
of stagnant sweat or icky ink.  
Like trafficker, with skunk to smuggle,  
a rhymester's life's a sodding struggle!



## Love-Poet

The life of a poet in love I am living,  
but foes of my loving I won't be forgiving.  
It may seem I'm lost in my rhyme and verse making,  
with heart now unbroken and no longer aching.  
Yet pen pours on paper my pure, pent-up passion,  
and fighting my foes hasn't gone out of fashion!

I don't doubt my love as I pluck off a petal.  
For now, I'm more certain, since stuff we did settle!  
So life as a poet in love's still engaging.  
'Gainst those that did force us apart I'm still raging!  
And though love speaks sweet, with a voice soft and gentle.  
Then dances like Venus, or girl oriental...

My life as a poet in love's more than flowers:  
It's vengeance! And warfare with pitiless powers!

## thankless thoughts

I think of you when the sunlight glimmers  
and the lake lies still in its warm embrace.  
I think of you when the sad sun shimmers,  
just before she sets and averts her face.  
I think of you when the warm wind's blowing  
its whispered kisses 'cross the sun-drenched sand.  
I think of you when the floodtide's flowing  
up the beach, where we'd wandered, hand in hand.  
I think of you when I wake each morning,  
as I sit 'neath the trees in their dew-drenched shroud.  
I think of you, beyond dusk, till dawning,  
and I lisp your name, never quite out loud.  
I think of you when the twilight's gleaming,  
when the pain of our parting hurts me most.  
I think of you like a dead man dreaming  
of a girl he knew who's a grieving ghost.

## Some Sweet Saviour

In my fragile youth he found me shaking,  
like a loveless lily growing wild.  
He touched my hollow heart, already breaking,  
and nurtured me, his naked, nameless child.

To my eyes he blazed like vision blinding;  
beautiful in feature, form and face;  
fellowship with him and friendship finding;  
I grew up on godliness and grace.

Till those clouds of glory I'd been trailing  
died, one day, as Queen Aurora rose.  
The youth in me, turned man, whose faith was failing  
felt no more, my feelings all had froze.

Then the years flew by and I grew bolder,  
damning him a dark, demented dream.  
Coward I became, with conscience colder,  
I sacrificed him, sold him down the stream.

In my final years, with twilight falling;  
I would sell my soul, not count the cost,  
to hear the voice of some sweet saviour calling,  
like the long-lamented one I lost.

## The Christ Child

The Christ Child wore a seamless robe  
that soldiers dared not tear.

They stole instead and gambled for,  
since they could never share.

The Christ Child wore a thorny crown  
that soldiers improvised,  
to curse and crush and cruelly mock  
the holy they despised.

The Christ Child wore a human skin  
that soldiers beat and tore.  
Then in his sweet, seraphic face  
they scoffed and spat and swore.

The Christ Child's shoes were worn and old,  
but soldiers' trick was neat.  
They nailed them on with Roman steel,  
wed wood to sandalled feet.

The Christ Child wore, on Christmas day,  
a smile so sweet and shy,  
like all the holy innocents  
they dare to crucify.

## Remnant

Before it fades and wastes away,  
I'll gather up this dying day,  
and tend, with tenderness, its grave,  
for which, this poppy I will save.

This crumb of comfort I'll compress,  
immortalise in flower press,  
to conjure up this dying day  
when it has long since passed away.  
And when its sombre sun has set,  
this remnant of a raw regret,  
I'll bury, in a book of death  
to breathe its final, bitter breath.

## The Judas Tree

In winter, melancholic mist  
floats friendless 'cross the frozen field,  
as I hang lonely and unkissed,  
and to my dread depression yield.

Above, the shrouded, silent sun  
stands still, or so it seems to me.  
Below, this dismal devil's son  
swings slowly on the Judas-Tree.

By noon, when dreary darkness falls,  
I hear a soulful singing bird.  
From tree to tree the creature calls.  
He hopes, by one, he will be heard.

At dusk, when all sweet dreams expire,  
my empty, aching heart grows cold.  
And thoughts, once fed with Jesus-fire,  
turn grey the season's gleaming gold.

## Death from Above

To Buxton town, so men would die,  
he sailed, to wait with sword and bow  
for death to fall from northern sky,

like autumn leaves when left to lie  
beneath the trees, condemned to grow  
for men he'd come to crucify.

On fair and foul, like passer-by,  
he'd gloat and glare, as blood would flow,  
from wounds, before they'd putrefy.

To Buxton town, in years gone by,  
When land still shone with goddess glow,  
came Caesar, with his evil eye.

To conquer, promenade and pry.  
He had no way, no way to know,  
his hour drew near, drew near to die.

When silver moon lit up the sky  
In land of midnight ice and snow  
The Romans dared to deify

this mortal man and magnify!  
Till 'cross the Rubicon he'd go,  
T'wards Rome, where cruel assassins lie

in wait, as ides of March draw nigh.  
When blades will flash and gleam and glow.  
And Caesar, cut, can only cry,  
As death comes falling from the sky.

## Vestiges

Left here in land of hill and peak,  
where storms of sorrow slyly seek  
to weary me and weigh me down:  
I never chose this tortured town!  
These song birds, blown upon the wing,  
they squawk and sway, but rarely sing.  
Since bleakness blinds them, blinds me too:  
turns sapphire skies to black from blue!  
Left here to age, while clouds race by,  
I wait, as one by one they die:  
those vestiges of youthful dreams  
that flow away like sea-bound streams.



## Your Faithful Friend

Sometimes, I say, it's good to drink.  
It clouds the brain so you won't think  
so deeply or with too much care.  
Inebriation acts like prayer!  
It mollifies and melts your fears,  
and turns to joy your tortured tears.

When alcohol's your faithful friend,  
the wife who drove you round the bend  
will morph, and be a thing with wings,  
a tiny fly or bird who sings.  
Whose buzz won't bother you at all.  
Whose caw will ring like song thrush call.

Sometimes, when on your third or forth  
the wind may blow from south or north.  
No matter that the storm clouds meet  
above your head, the wine tastes sweet!  
And Life you'll deem a dazzling dream,  
a perfect Paradise will seem.

## L' Chaim! (To Life!)

My mind's a maze of melancholic madness.  
My soul's a sack of sentimental sadness.  
It's time I shed self pity's  
sombre shell,  
and stepped outside my solitary cell!

The springtime songs outside my door are ringing.  
The songbirds swoop,  
non-stop: their sound of singing.  
I dare not squelch with sorrow's baleful breath  
the celebrants of life that conquers death!

My mind's made up, there's life, so let's start hoping.  
Begone, this cringing crock of callous coping!  
I grasped and groaned, but now it's time to give.  
Was busy dying, now it's time to live!

## Reclusive Rhyme

The private poet, who sleeps so soundly in this bag of bones,  
sometimes awakes, to whisper wonder words that I should pen - to please him,  
since he is a poet after all.

He's shy, yet eager to be read, sung or heard.  
As if he were a soothing symphony or waves that swish and splash and wash ashore  
a goddess girl for mortals to adore.

This poet, who's the peevish part of me, is tetchy, so I rarely rouse him up.  
He slumbers, till my muse decides it's time  
to raise a glass of rare reclusive rhyme.

## The Chosen

The poet's soul is like no other.  
It's sister to the stars; her brother's  
the faery folk, each mystic creature  
and goddess girls who'll never feature  
or figure in most mortal's thinking;  
(She's seen them mock while slyly winking.)

Her precious soul it senses beauty  
and deems it her most solemn duty  
to paint a picture on her pages,  
with words of wisdom: just like sages!  
Yet not pretentious, paltry preaching;  
With rhyme, she's turns her hand at teaching!

The poet's soul is swathed in sorrow.  
Since beauty, to be born tomorrow  
will not be held or owned by many;  
She weeps and wonders if there's any  
who'll wake when world is filled with gladness  
and sun has set on all this sadness.

Her sincere soul is slowly dying;  
It's drained of blood and tears from trying  
(with desperation's deep desire  
and heaven's true immortal fire)  
to touch the hearts: stone cold and frozen;  
Oh how she wished she'd not been chosen!

## golden years

You're prone to penning poetry,  
since you have sensed the symmetry  
that's hidden from most mortal eyes  
behind a dull, but deft disguise:

The beauty of a leaf or bud,  
the silence of a winding wood.  
The echo in your deep heart's core  
that bids you love and hate no more.

You're sensitive, some say a seer!  
With prophet's powers and eyes that peer  
into the future, dark and deep,  
where some will dance and some will weep.

Your mother raised you up on rhymes,  
a child, who's tasted troubled times.  
Yet, through this valley's veil of tears,  
you've glimpsed the dawn of golden years!

## eternal

Beyond these days in time and space,  
when we have ran our pilgrim race.  
our soul, set free from mortal shell,  
will rest a while, (devoutly dwell)  
to pause for peace by sacred streams,  
with breaking dawn's delightful dreams...  
Until that Lord with flashing eyes  
invades this planet's sin-scarred skies...  
to clothe us in immortal gowns,  
with gold, replace our thorny crowns.  
(Our bodies, buried out of sight,  
He'll raise, in wonder's wingless flight.)  
Beyond this age, corrupt and cursed,  
(We've done our best; it did its worst.)  
there'll surely be for you and me  
a safe, sublime eternity.

## grace of the goddess

Out of the ashes was born my belief,  
grown in the grave of the garden of grief.  
Watered in winter of world-weary woe,  
grace of the goddess had caused it to grow.  
Grace of the goddess, who loved me for free,  
soothed me, so sweetly, by the steely blue sea.  
Wooed me and won me, renewed me, reformed,  
slaughtered my sorrow, and faith in me formed.  
Grace of the goddess caused beauty to bloom,  
down in the brig of the dungeon's grey gloom.  
Lost like a lotus as boat braved the swell.  
Thank God she found me, and saved me from hell!  
Out of the darkness of dread and despair,  
into the lighthouse of comfort and care.  
Salvaged from straits and the world's septic breath,  
grace of the goddess divorced me from death.

## Poet

I'm talentless, but stirred to scribe.  
Least member of the rhymester tribe.  
I'll never paint a work of art,  
but 'neath my rhymes there beats a heart.  
A heart of gold, not heart of stone.  
A mortal, made of flesh and bone.  
A poet, who a Muse once kissed,  
Then vanished like the morning mist.



## Dead Poets

Poets are damned to live and die  
beneath this sacrilegious sky.  
They pen their petty piece of rhyme  
They're slaves, so they must steal the time  
to pour themselves upon the page.  
(They couldn't work without a wage!)

They hate to focus on themselves.  
Their lives lie shattered on sad shelves.  
They seek some kindly eye to see  
(a heart in love with poetry!)

A kindred kind with self-same soul  
who'll criticise, and yet console.  
The poets, when they breathe no more,  
(while oceans seethe and nations war)  
leave verse (its value may be none!)  
to live, when they are dead and gone.

## eyes of lost love

Where lotus blossoms sleep  
by marshes dank and deep.  
My love went down to weep  
so long ago.

She'd had to let me leave,  
grow old and grey and grieve.  
Go mad with make believe,  
not let me know.

That she still cared for me,  
though we could never be.  
She needed to be free  
so she could grow.

But wistful waves still rise,  
'spite savage sapphire skies,  
And love, lost in her eyes,  
is still aglow.

## loveless

It's autumn's lonely afternoon,  
the sun is sinking slow.  
The leaves are bleeding from the trees,  
why did she have to go?  
The sky is blue between the clouds,  
and since she went to roam,  
there stands an empty shell of stone  
we used to call a home.  
It's twilight, so sad stars appear.  
Then darkness casts its spell.  
Inside the house,  
where lovebirds breathed,  
I live my Loveless hell.

## Real Gone Rhyme

My poetry dried up each tear  
I'd spilt whilst sobbing in my beer.  
It held me, like a faithful friend,  
when my sad world seemed at an end.

Throughout my lost and languid life,  
(while shackled to a wolfish wife)  
those stanzas urged me bide my time.  
In sunless shade they shone sublime.

In dungeon's dank, dark days and nights,  
temptations, trials, fond fancy's flights;  
like when she'd chilled me to the bone  
and sorrow'd turned me into stone,

they whispered, in a still, small voice,  
(which made this rhyming rogue rejoice.)  
Verse vowed true love would visit me  
by streams of sweet serenity,

where I would tread my twilight years  
with Venus, through this vale of tears.  
They swore: "These sighs, you've sown in time  
will reap romance and real gone rhyme!"