

Anthology of Blue-eyed Bolla

Kevin Bloor



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.

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 I cherish:
A grief, to last me all my life
That will not part or perish

In peace - and this does comfort me
His soul has ceased its seething.
He plays guitar on brighter shore
Where beauty he is breathing!

Dreamland

My dad was a prince, who was painfully poor
Creditors crept and kept knocking his door
So fled underground to free coal from its seams
My dad was a miner, a 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 propping up bar
He'd jam with his cousin; they started a band
They cut their first single; dad named 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
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 Ghost of Me

Dawn is breaking
But I'll not be
Forsaking, no,
Not now, not never!
For though today
Our ties will sever
Unbinding you
For now, from me
From you I know
I'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
Before you 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 childhood's 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
While his world it bled
"I can't do this anymore!"
Last words you said.

I was reading Nietzsche
And was bleeding verse
Philosophy AND poetry
Was feeling 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,
But, hey, talk is cheap.

I was worn and weary
When the west wind blew
Prayed, "I'm broken-hearted!"
God said, "Join the queue!"
Life is like 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
He had grown a heart!

Glued us back together
So we'd never part

I was worn and weary
When the west wind blew
Went and dried my tears 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
For 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 the 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 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 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
And passion in the blood can burn
Where 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 I would 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 glow and glide and groan like ghost
on days when she is missed the most.

And sometimes spectres waste a word;
for dead to speak; it's not absurd!
When fate is fair, a son may find:
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 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.

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 overstayed
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 pen when they are broken,
not because they are outspoken.
Grieve like ghosts 'neath garret's eaves,
won't wear their hearts upon their sleeves.

Poets celebrate with verses
breathing beauty Nature nurses
in a silent shooting star,
or magic moonbeams men can't mar.

Poets can be happy people,
high sometimes like church's steeple,
till they dive like submarine.
(darker times when lines are lean)

Poets in their lives are lonely
till they find their one and only
rose of rare romantic rhyme,
who turns for them the tide and time.

Poets pen because they're breathing,
like the savage sea they're seething.
when the war inside won't cease
poetry is 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 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, risqué 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.