

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 pictural pain

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

When You Are Old

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

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

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

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

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

Guitar Man

On earth, my father, loved to sing
and strum upon the lyre.
On guitar too; he was self-taught,
he'd play till he'd perspire!

But he grew tired, when work did taint
his spirit bright and shining.
Was wearied by this wayward world
of woe and mindless mining.

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

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

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

Dreamland

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

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

Secret Sin

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

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

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

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

Poetic Death

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

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

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

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

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

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

Me & Mother T

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Already on our hands and knee!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Sacred Summer's Day

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

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

Love Lines

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

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

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

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

Lorraine, My Lady Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poet Boy

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

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

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

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

Noble Truth

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Composing love's romantic rhyme

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

Land of Dreams

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Death descends like bird of prey!

When I Set Out to Sail the Sea

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

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

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

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

My Children

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

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

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

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

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

When I Was First a Poet

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

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

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

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

From termination's terror
My poetry it bled

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

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

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

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

Who set me free from sorrow
So soul again could sing

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

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

Desideratum

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

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

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

Shadowland

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

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

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

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

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

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

Silver Moon

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

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

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

Some Sweet Savior

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

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

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

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

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

Girl on the Wall

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The girl on the wall

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

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

Our Goddess

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

A Land of Dreams

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Of love, when it swam out of reach

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

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

When We Had Souls

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

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

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

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

Grace and the Goddess

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

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

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

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

Brave Heart

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

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

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

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

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

Lost Love

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

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

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

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

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

Love's Insanity

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I will not lay them at your door!

The Lady Grey

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

The Hollow Man

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

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

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

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

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

Eternally

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

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

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

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

The Die is Cast

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eternally

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

Till seasons turn once more
And sea, sunset and shore
Recall to reverie
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 you; not now, not never!
For though today our ties you'll sever
Unbinding you for now, from me
From me, I know, you'll not be free

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

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

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

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

Dead Daffodils

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

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

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

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

Of Love That Conquers...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beware yourself of first love's tree

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

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

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

My Goddess From the Silent Stars

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and my grey grief I'd lived upon

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

Elegy for a Dead Dad

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

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

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

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

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

This Son of Sorrow

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bitter Breezes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Along with goddess' pride!

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

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

Girl From the Kissing Gate

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

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

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

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

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

My Lovebird

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

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

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

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

Lorraine: (by the gods foretold)

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

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

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

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

The Undivided

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

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

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

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

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

The Blazing Rag

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sad sailors on a stormy sea

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

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

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

A Father's Day Elegy for a Dead Dad

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

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

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

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

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

The Days of Winged Wonder

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

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

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

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

The Golden Year

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

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

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

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

My True Love

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

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

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

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

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

Votive Verse for Venus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That soon, your sweetest love will all be mine!

Dear Dad

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

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

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

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

This Tender Tale of Mine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Got wed; a deed she thought well done

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mirror Image

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In mirrors of distorted truth

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

Poems Pure and Proud

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In Love

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

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

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

When the West Wind Blew

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

glued us back together,
so we'd never part

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

Camelot in the High Peak

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Sounding Sea

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

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

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

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

Love Song

I sang to love when she was young:

"You are so very fair,

For you are like a faery queen

With moonbeams in your hair."

I sang to love with sorrow's song

When from my side she strayed.

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

In bitterness, betrayed."

I sang to love in twilit grove

When we had turned to dust:

"You've made a melancholic man

Of me ? who's lost all trust."

I sang to love when I was old:

"Returned, my love, But how?"

But she just turned, with loving lips

And kissed my aging brow.

Forbidden Love

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

Home To Roost

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To see and share with us our smile

So deep in love were we that day

Since '72 had been that way

Those years apart they'd stole like brutes

It bore for them some bitter fruits

Our 'selfish' love they said had hurt

Torn them apart like shredded shirt

We say, of pain, that we produced:

"Your Chickens Have Come Home to Roost!"

Poison Pen Poems

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

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

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

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

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

Hell-Bent

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

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

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

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

I'm Still in Love with Pru!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dream Girl

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

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

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

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

A Poet's Plight

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Against the siren help me fight!

My Goddess Girl

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

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

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

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

Adonais is Fallen

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

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

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

all feted him as king!

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

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

Stolen Years

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

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

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

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

The Hidden Goddess

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

St Ives Forever

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And like the pigeons bred for homing

Will wing our way like seagulls gliding

Sink in the sea, with seaweed hiding

Then wash up like two shells on shore

To stay in St. Ives evermore!

Sunset Saved our Sanity

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sunset saved our sanity!

My Rustic Rhymes

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poems for all Seasons

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whaley Bridge

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

Llandudno: the Land of Dreams

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

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

Maiden of the Misty Morning

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lorraine: (by the gods foretold)

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

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

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

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

A Poet True

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

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

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

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

A Very Special Poet Friend of Mine

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

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

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

The Silent Poet

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Darling of Divine Delight

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Girl with the Faraway Eyes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No Regrets

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

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

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

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

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

Dream Girl (2)

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

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

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

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

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

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

That Still Small Voice

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

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

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

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

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

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

When You Are Old

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

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

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

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

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

Summer Love

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

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

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

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

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

The Sweetest Thing

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

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

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

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

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

My Lovely Lady Grey

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maid of Moira

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

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

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

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

Dead Girl

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

My English Rose

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

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

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

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

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

War Poets

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

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

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

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

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

Coralie

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

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

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

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

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

My Lovely Lady of the Lake

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

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

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

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

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

At 62

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

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

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

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

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

Since only losers die alone!

At 62, I'll need a saviour!

Who'll bollock me for bad behaviour

And bear upon His steely shoulder

The grief I'll feel at growing older.

If I procure this Prince of Peace

My fear of death will surely cease!

Poet's Pride

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

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

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

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

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

My Family and My Father's Fate

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

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

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

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

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

Our Cruel Colluding

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

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

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

Goddess

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

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

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

The Chosen One

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

This Town

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

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

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

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

My Singing Soul

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Dearest Darling Dove of Peace

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

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

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

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

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

Land of No More Shadow

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

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

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

Dear Dad

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

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

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

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

This Town's Poet

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

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

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

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

Sublime Loving Splendor

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

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

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

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

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

Freedom's Flame

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

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

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

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

Grace and the Goddess

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

remnant

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

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

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

My Prison Cell

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

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

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

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

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

She

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

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

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

Dylan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Woman

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

Winds of Change

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

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

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

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

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

The Chosen One

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

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

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

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

Dream Chaser

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

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

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

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

Sole Survivors

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

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

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

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

Truly

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

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

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

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

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

Pertaining to Poets

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

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

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

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

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

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

God's Chosen

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

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

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

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

This Vision

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

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

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

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

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

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

Strange September Sunset

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

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

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

In Whaley Bridge

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

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

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

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

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

Autumn Leaves

It's autumn...

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

November...

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

At college...

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

At twilight...

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

In darkness...

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

It's morning...

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

It's evening...

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

She broke me.

At midnight...

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

At sun rise...

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

It's autumn...

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

Kiddo

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

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

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

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

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

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

Angels in Disguise

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

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

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

Sorrowed Sighs

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

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

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

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

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

In Land of no more Shadow

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

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

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

Death of the Miner

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

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

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

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

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

Eternally

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

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

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

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

the mother who I used to know

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

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

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

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

The Western Sea

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

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

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

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

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

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

On New Year's Day

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

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

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

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

my goddess

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

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

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

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

Death From Above

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No Future

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

Soul-Enchanting Poetry

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

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

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

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

Poetry

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

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

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

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

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

The Lady Grey

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

I am He

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

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

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

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

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

in the vale of vicious voodoo.

I am he who found my first love,
found my one and only true love.
Solid shape of breathing beauty
dared me not to do my duty.
"You jump first and I'll jump after."
She lay down in lines of laughter.

A Little Happiness

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

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

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

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

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

Sea-Dog

I'll follow yon' stream down south to the shore,
just go, with the flow, to the sea.
I'll take myself off to hide my heart's hurt;
become someone else 'stead of me.

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

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

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

The Girl with the Faraway Eyes

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

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

poetry to pass the time

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

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

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

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

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

a pilgrim's prayer

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

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

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

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

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

My Sweet Bird of Sorrow

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

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

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

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

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

The Poems of My Life

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

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

The poems that I wrote in middle age
were pitiful; they putrefied on page.
Their petals pulped, poured poison from my heart,
which festered there from love that did depart.

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

The Lady Grey

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

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

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

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

Mother & Son

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

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

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

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

Verse

Verse is flowing, slowly growing,
like the starlight, gently glowing.
Noble, as the gods, all-knowing.
Tall as grass in need of mowing,
deep as winter season's snowing.
On my sleeve, like first love, showing.
Verse: a coloured rainbow sowing
mysteries beyond all knowing.

Verse is pouring, never boring,
'gainst the vicious always warring.
Rose of romance rhyme's restoring.
Rhyming's like the ocean roaring,
with the skylark sweetly soaring.
Woos the goddess I'm adoring.
Like a slumbered sleeper snoring,
vulgar voices is ignoring.

Verse is weaving, words achieving
wonder with her lyrics leaving
lovely lines to lift your grieving.
Comforting and gently cleaving
to your heart, in chest, that's heaving.
Verse will bless with undeceiving.
Beautiful, like faith, believing;
Dutiful, but never peeving.

Verse is classic; teems like traffic,
older than that Age: Jurassic.
Sultry, sapphic, sweet seraphic,
torn from hearts like tears so tragic.
Verse is honest, never graphic,
numinous, mixed up with magic;

sweetly signs, is autographic.
Picture perfect: Photographic.

Verse is moving, graceful, grooving?
Free ? so mother's disapproving.
Verse, it always needs improving;
edit it, make it earth-moving.
Carved in stone, it's too unmoving.
Rigor, therefore, needs removing.
Rigid rhyme is forced, thus proving
certain poets need reproofing!

Verse is vital, vim and vigour,
all-important, so de rigeur.
Precious metal for gold digger,
fraction you can easy figure.
Verse can make you smile and snigger.
"Tiger" tames and turns to "Tigger."
Rhyme's revolver's touchy trigger
blows a hole, than bullet bigger.

Verse will shoot you down like gunner;
she will stop you; she's a stunner,
bombshell blonde like Eva Brunner.
Tanned and tasty, see her sun her
in bikini, gods have spun her.
No man now would ever shun her.
Only one though ever won her:
Adonais, Grecian runner.

No Man's Land

This is no land for weary old men, I thought.
Let youth stand up tall to face time's tragic tide.
I'm almost a pensioner, scrawling for sport;
from hell, they call life, I just want to hide.

These dread days of darkness were so long foretold,
bad biblical days writ down on a scroll.
When one loaf of bread will cost more than pure gold
and love will become a sad sickness of soul.

There is no more strength in these worn out old bones
to face tempests issued by high heaven's hands.
Let youth's paper tigers try standing like stones;
they'll soon become stranded on time's endless sands.

State of Mind

I'm worried 'bout my state of mind;
my thoughts are callous, cruel, unkind.
And guilt and fear fill up my thinking,
but I'm not worried 'bout my drinking.

I'm worried 'cause I cannot sleep,
from sinking in depression deep.
My days are all the same; they're lumbered
with loneliness, all neatly numbered.

I'm worried 'cause I think too much
and read; I try to stay in touch
with world, but it's all doom and gloomy;
disasters, they have always drew me.

I'm worried and I need to quit,
haul myself up from out this pit.
If God is real (I'm only saying)
and he could hear; I'd practise praying.

I'm worried 'bout my state of mind;
my thoughts are callous, cruel, unkind.
And guilt and fear fill up my thinking,
but I'm not worried 'bout my drinking.

Dying Days

So sweetly did the songbirds sound.
How precious was the peace, profound.
So slowly summer followed spring
when swallow spread its purple wing.

So softly streamed the sun's sure rays
that lit and warmed our summer days.
So safe we felt, though hour was late,
when we laughed off our date with fate.

So deeply did the sunset dye
the hills a gorgeous gold and sky.
So certain and sublime life seemed,
of dying days we never dreamed.

So strange our likeness we behold
inside the glass now growing old.
So sad it has to tell this truth:
they're gone for good, those days of youth.

Poets

Poets compose when they are broken,
not because they are outspoken.
They grieve like ghosts 'neath garret's eaves,
and wear their hearts upon their sleeves.

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

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

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

Poets compose because they're breathing,
like the savage sea they're seething
because the war inside won't cease
till poems give them their release!

The Storm Soother

She stilled all his storms with her sighs,
sweet starry eyes,
soothed the sad state of his soul.

She turned all his dreams, that were rust,
to diamond dust,
melted him down, made him whole.

She kissed away all of his fears,
gave back the years,
said there was always a spark.

She'd kept him alive in her heart,
lifetime apart,
knew love could live in the dark.

She gave him, this goddess of grace,
a happy face,
danced all his demons to death.

She tenderly touched him with truth,
this tragic youth,
brought him to life with her breath.

Buxtonians

Some days I wake and feel quite blessed
at home up in the cold Northwest.
In Buxton, to be more precise.
(that land of sun-storm-cloud-snow-ice)
The locals are a hardy breed,
Buxtonian, in class and creed.
A cruder crowd you never saw:
uncouth, uncultured, rude and raw.
A timid herd, a tad obtuse,
quaint oddities out on the loose.
(But being bungled, botched and broke
makes them uncomplicated folk.)
Deep down, though, they're like you and me:
sad ships upon a stormy sea,
windswept, beneath a darkling dome,
all Eden's orphans, far from home.

Beauty's Daughter

Beauty's daughter, who did shine;
fate and fortune made her mine.
But when years of youth were gleaming,
she trod softly from my dreaming.

Like the dew on leafy lawn;
she dissolved, one day, at dawn.
When the midnight moon was waking
Beauty's daughter ? born for breaking,

tore in two the poet's heart,
though she'd sworn she'd not depart.
She was cursed to be capricious:
offspring of two vipers, vicious,

she thought, but they adopted
and so, for them, she opted.
Gone, the gleam of glory trailing
from the clouds she was once was sailing.

Beauty's daughter tried to fight
love she felt, with all her might.
But the fire just kept on burning;
secretly, the tide was turning!

Let This For You Be Poetry

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

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

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

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

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

Our Goddess

She dances 'neath the showers
at odd, nocturnal hours
among the trees and bowers
where witch and black cat cowers.
They say she has strange powers
like wizards in their towers:
a ghost who glares and glowers,
whose gaze can fade the flowers.
She stares at milk; it sours!
Like demon she devours,
but in the daylight hours
when sun dries up the showers;
she's goddess who empowers
and we are glad she's ours!

Sea-Dog

I'll follow yon' stream down south to the shore,
just go, with the flow, to the sea.
I'll take myself off to hide my heart's hurt;
become someone else 'stead of me.

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

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

I'll sit down to read, pen poems that plead
for sinners who savaged my rhymes.
Like shells on the sand; they can't understand;
so, I'll not count cruelties as crimes .

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

Magic Mangled Mystery

My life's a tearful tragedy:
a twisted, tangled thread
of magic, mangled mystery
inside my aching head.

A dark and dismal dreadful deep
where lurking in its lair
like savage, in my soul it sleeps:
dread dragon of despair.

The baneful, breathing brevity
of bitter, bated breath
for orphans of eternity
condemned to certain death!

The heartache of a lover spurned,
the cruellest coward's kiss
that for my sins, has earned for me
my banishment from bliss.

The night that stole away from me
those dearest, dream-filled days
and stained my sense and sanity
with gloomy, garish greys.

When will this winter fade and flee;
when will the spring return?
When will my true love come to me,
this tortured tide to turn?

O Life! O death! O tragedy!
O twisted, tangled thread
of magic, mangled mystery

inside my aching head!

Poets, Dullards, Dogs and Misty Mornings

The hills around Buxton grey mists are all kissing.
The Temple of Solomon's shrouded and missing!
And Doves, in the branches of trees, that are cooing,
are winning their sweethearts with whispers and wooing.

The morning is magic before walkers wander;
with peace, pure and plenty; two poet may ponder!
The stream, gently flowing, makes rhyme-making easy;
helps poets, once choosy, too clever or cheesy.

The Day Star arises with burning and blazing.
Now hills are appearing, set free from their hazing.
Soon dullards, with dogs, will depart with the dawning
and peace will be shattered, so poets, take warning!

Pushkin's Poems

Pushkin's poems, when I'm broody,
pick me up, and when I'm moody
they snap the melancholic fetter
that binds me, and I feel much better.

Pushkin, was the people's poet,
heroic verse he would bestow it,
in raw, romantic, risque rhyming,
damn-busting poems he'd been priming.

Pushkin; have you had the pleasure?
No? You've missed a precious treasure.
Peruse a poem if you're doubting,
see for yourself 'bout what I'm shouting!

(Pushkin had, for feet, a fetish.
So, Russian girls - he'd called coquettish
- their feet, he'd celebrate in sonnets,
ignoring heads bedecked by bonnets!)

Pushkin though was only messin.'
He thought good cheer he'd give, confessin.'
His witty wonder words were magic,
till duelist's bullet turned 'em tragic.

Poet's Lament

It's senseless stuff I write; I know it!
(Don't be so quick though to agree)
It seems I'll no more be a poet;
some other course is set for me.

It's for the youthful, starry creatures:
poetry's sweet sacred song.
Poets past it, just like preachers
to the desk drawer they belong.

I never did pen for a living;
I have a day job; make that two!
If critics had been more forgiving,
if they had taken kinder view.

I'd rise today with birdsong singing,
reel off my rhymes, would not relent
to sound of critics' church bells ringing
reminding me I should repent!

Manic Mother Mercy

O give me, Manic Mother Mercy,
vibrancy when I get versy.
Beat me, so I wont be boring;
give me wings to send me soaring.

Prompt my pen to pour pure passion,
filled with fervour, help me fashion
rhymes robust, with romance burning,
love-filled lines, not lines for learning.

Prevent my pen from petty preaching.
Taser me, if tiresome teaching
pollutes my page; fling frenzied fire;
damn me with demon of desire.

O make me, Manic Mother Mercy
a penman like your poet Percy.
Ablaze, with summer's scorching season.
I'll burn the devil's whore called reason!

Thank you, Manic Mother Mercy.
I need you when I'm feeling versy
I know you'll heed my prayerful pleading
and make my poems worth the reading!

In Lockdown Days

There is no schooling anymore,
nor seeing friends we saw before.
For teachers, teaching's tide is turning
and bridge to learning's broke and burning.

There's no safe haven anymore,
no sanctuary on any shore
from savage storms and sea's tsunamis,
and plagues, now marching in like armies.

There is no freedom anymore
locked down behind our own front door.
Our government, we know, is trying,
but truth they tell us sounds like lying!

There is no good news anymore,
just bad news, which begins to bore:
cruel cops and curfews, protest, pleading,
race-riot-rage, and black boys bleeding.

There's no containing anymore
this virus; it's a senseless chore.
Of safe advice we're sick and tired;
we're restless, wrung out, worried, wired!

There is no hanging anymore
'round shops and parks; the world's at war
with Covid-19's cruel contagion,
mad mocker of the mighty nation.

There is no meaning anymore,
now dissonance does darken door.
And symmetry, that rhymed with reason,

has turned on us with traitor's treason.

**There is no laughter anymore,
just mocking mirth, and furthermore:
all joy just jangles like it's joking;
good cheer, we cherished, now is choking.**

**There are no lovers anymore,
no god or goddess to adore.
The passion in our hearts is chilling;
our veins, with pestilence, is filling.**

**There is no future anymore;
an open grave's the open door.
And hope, that dove of peace, is lying
in lockdown days, on deathbed dying.**

Lovers in Lockdown

When the one I'd loved the longest caught the Covid-19 blues.
I was lost, for she had always been my goddess and my muse.
Do I stay or do I leave her? Didn't really have to choose.

When the girl, who was my heaven, barely breathing, held my hand.
Even though I knew I loved her; I began to understand:
all those days I'd walked without her, I had stepped on sinking sand.

When Aurora's sun was blazing over hills where once we'd roam.
Side by side we shared our symptoms, during lockdown in our home,
with the fire of fever raging 'neath our dark domestic dome.

When that plague would not be shaken, when each day would find us worse.
Then my angel, who was braver, stood beside my bed to nurse.
She was equal to pandemics; she could conquer cruellest curse.

When a beam of sunlight shimmered many weeks into our trial.
She, who'd soothed us in our sorrow, greeted me with sweetest smile,
vowed to me in words of wisdom; we'll defeat this virus vile!

When the healing streams did follow, day by day our strength increased.
Led by hope, we dared to wonder; from this plague, are we released?
When my son said, prayer had done it; I said, beauty slew the beast!

When my love and I recovered, we no more felt ill at ease,
so we walked and shared together summer's softly sighing breeze.
While we wandered, we remembered those who'd died of dread disease.

Dark Desire

She stands serene by streams that flow;
she sparkles like the frost and snow.
On silver, shining, starlit night
she sheds her own strange, eerie light.
She whispers through the trembling trees
and breathes on me a balmy breeze.
She starts to sing the sweetest song
of love, I lost, for which I long.
The love of one who was my life,
the girl who would have been my wife,
who woke with sweet Aurora's dawn
and danced upon the dew-kissed lawn
to fan the flames of first love's fire
forbidden love: that dark desire!

The Chosen

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

The poet's soul it senses beauty
and deems it a most solemn duty
to prompt the poet put on pages
warmer words than sly old like sages;
they're too pretentious, prone to preaching;
the world is tired of tearless teaching!

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

The soul is sad; the poet's dying;
has shed the blood and tears from trying
(with desperation's deep desire
and heaven's true immortal fire)
to touch the hearts: stone cold and frozen;
a curse, it is, to be the chosen!

Silence

One tyranny should be allowed.
Of one, we should be truly proud:
the tyranny of silence.

Then all those loud, obnoxious sounds
that terrorize us in our towns
would be suppressed, by silence.

The barking beast, the shrieking child,
the manic music, weird and wild
would all assent, to silence.

The drunken lout, who's bred to shout
inaneities, without a doubt,
would be subdued, by silence.

The protesters opposed to peace
and quiet, would be made to cease,
shot down by sniper, silence.

The tyranny, we should support,
as last or even first resort,
should be that soldier, silence.

evergreen

I hear the rustle of the trees;
their leafy branches by the breeze
are blown about; they sway and swing,
as birds, with ruffled feathers, sing.

Behind the clouds, the sleepy sun
(too shy to show her face, like nun)
begins to gleam, to warm the world,
with love, as wind moves flag unfurled

upon the town hall's trusty tower,
beside the clock that marks the hour
when rain, which lashed , so long, the ground
now ceases, leaving silver sound

of silence; wind, at last, has dropped;
the swaying branches all have stopped
and all seems still and so serene:
a silent sea of evergreen.

The Sweetest Thing

Majestic is the royal rose
and lovely is the lily.
The daisy's a delight that grows
upon the land so hilly.

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

The lotus is the Buddha's bloom,
for love and peace is praying;
it thrives among the grime and gloom
in sacred breezes swaying.

The heather, on the heath, beguiles,
blithe buttercups have beauty.
The snowdrop in the snow, she smiles,
but only out of duty.

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

Love Story

When I was young , weighed down with care,
I met a girl with golden hair;
she did not drink or smoke or swear;
she was a nurse, a dental.
All so-called beauties she'd eclipse,
a gorgeous girl with hourglass hips;
she spoke through lovely, pouting lips
with voice so soft and gentle.

We were in love, in love so deep;
I dreamed about her in my sleep.
She swore she'd stay (though talk is cheap)
within my arms forever.
But life moves on and tides they turn
and bridges built are meant to burn
and lovers cause a cruel concern
incensing swords to sever.

Yes, we had foes; all lovers do
and they despise a love that's true;
for daughters, dads would run 'em through:
those blue-eyed, lovesick dreamers.
And that was me, a Romeo;
a thorn around their rose I'd grow;
their sympathy was all a show,
those sanctimonious schemers!

And time moved on, but we were blind,
like lovers , we were far too kind;
we wanted loveless souls to find
our paradise of pleasure.
But we were growing older too
and discontent, like weed, it grew,

we watched the first love we both knew
turn into tarnished treasure.

We grew apart; she wanted more
than lover boy, forever poor.
His bible bashing was a bore
for parents with ambition.
One winter's day, she said goodbye.
There'd been no portent in the sky
to warn, no comet blazing by
to mark this cruel transition.

A lifetime, then, we lived apart
locked up inside each other's heart.
Her name, to me, a poisoned dart;
I could not even utter.
Till on a dusty, darkened screen
an email, somehow, I'd not seen
before my eyes all unforeseen
on angel wings did flutter.

The rest's historic, as they say;
we slighted love, so, we must pay:
each actor in this passion play!
There is no place for blaming.
We're married now; I'm pleased to say
the guilt and sorrow's passed away,
and love we buried yesterday
once more is fiercely flaming!

Me & My Best Friend, Steve Sorrow.

When the love I lost had left me by that savage, sapphire sea.
And the turning tides had told me that no longer she loved me.

I went working, for the season, with Steve Sorrow: my best friend.
For I knew, that love and loving, had for me, now reached an end.

As we sat in Jenk's bar drinking juicy jars of merry mirth.
I told Sorrow, that for me, there is no woman left on earth.

We were working, both as key men, for Joe Coral, on the Mile.
(Blackpool's empty, fake Arcadia, soulless stretch of gold so vile.)

It was summer, but the breezes all blew bitter down the pier.
Then I said to my friend, Sorrow: what the hell we doing here?

Goddess

I found her in a field of corn,
a faerie-featured, frightened fawn.
A blonde-haired beauty, breathing love,
who'd fell, like star, from gods above.

She seemed so fair, full grown in form,
yet silent, like before a storm.
Until she spoke, which caused the trees
to tremble. Then the summer breeze

began to move, caress her face,
play with her hair, and then embrace
her body, born from thunderbolt,
(they said, that struck near sea of salt.)

She asked me if I knew her name,
and had I heard about her fame.
I shook my head, but then I blushed.
For she flung back her hair, unbrushed

and bared her beauty, newly born.
Then like a blazing star at dawn
she radiated light and heat,
and as I looked upon her feet

I glimpsed a holy halo round;
she did not tread upon the ground!
Instead, she trod upon the air,
and smiled, but I could only stare.

This vision; for that's what it seemed,
then faded, like a dream I'd dreamed,
and in its place I saw a girl,

whose hair was straight, no goddess curl!

**Her feet, now stood upon the field,
to human nature she did yield.**

**Deprived of deathless form divine
was only way she could be mine!**

Dream Girl

I dream, the most, at dawn: the witching hour,
when skies may shed a sweet, autumnal shower.
And silence is serene, as yet unshattered,
like sleeping leaves, by falling feet unscattered.

I dream in black and white and rarely colour.
And you may say that greyscale is far duller
than pigment, though, I think, it's overrated,
and monochrome will never be outdated.

I dream, but it's no psychopath's delusion.
For fate sometimes can force fantastic fusion
of lovers lost; who've long-since left lamenting;
in dreams, we see their hearts and souls cementing!

And yes, I am derided for my dreaming;
cruel cynics say that I am really scheming,
to bring a certain dream girl back to life,
the girl I lost, who now is someone's wife!

Adonais is Fallen

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

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

When Adonais breathed adieu
that fatal day in spring;
he faced ferocious foe and fray
as such a petty thing.

And I, unweeping, did not see
his last and final hour,
so some may choose to label me:
his traitor in the tower.

But Adonais, cruelly slain,
in pain, when dying, smiled.
And I know that he smiled for me:
his broken-hearted child.

True Love Tears

You fed me with your true love tears
and held me down the dreamless years,
when I was haunted day and night
by sleeplessness, that prayerless plight.
You kissed me with your lips so chaste;
though for so long we'd not embraced,
or wept or laughed or played the fool
or broke your father's iron rule.
You gave to me your gentle hand,
and walked with me across the sand,
where I did promenade with pride;
my queen of beauty by my side.
You stayed with me till twilight faded
and shadowed silhouettes invaded
this life, to touch with true love tears
our seamless, sacred, stolen years.

Kiss of Life

When weak and weary sets the sun
on my sad, sleeping soul,
and blood-red moon will not arise
to comfort and console.

When willows weep and dungeons deep
depress my dreaming mind,
and nightingale, poor prince of pain,
sweet song he cannot find.

When I am groaning, girt with grief,
and star from ancient time
breaks through, with beam, to light my cell,
but cannot make life rhyme.

When lonely, like a shipwrecked tar
upon a sea-swept shore,
where dreary days turn into years,
and I can take no more:

She comes to me, at darkest hour
when all my hope lies dead,
revives me with her kiss of life,
and dries the tears I've shed .

Love Birds

From '56 to '71,
I was a songbird's only son:
a wistful, melancholic fellow,
a fledgling, with his wings dyed yellow.

From '72 to '77, I lived on love,
with dove from heaven.
I'd found her in a field of heather;
she'd fell from sky like falcon's feather.

From '78 to '83, since bird had flown,
they set me free:
to soar and swoop from mountainside,
until my wings were clipped and tied.

From '84 to '99, with ball and chain
was damned to dine.
For hatchlings, I would serve my time;
they were the reason and the rhyme!

2000 foretold kinder fate:
8 years until 2008!
That golden year of jubilee,
when long-lost dove flew home to me.

2009 to present day, brings twilight years
to passion play, and yes,
this final storm we'll weather,
two love birds, growing old together.

I Love...

I love a tranquil, quiet place
that's far away from humankind,
where I can gain, by God's good grace,
possession of a poet's mind.

I love to wander, like the cloud,
that poet penned, 'does float on high,'
unseen, as ghost in sacred shroud,
as silent as a sparrow's sigh.

I love to while away the time
composing 'neath the broad-leaved bowers,
where I can regulate my rhyme,
and shelter from autumnal showers.

I love to tread untrodden trails,
alone, among the trembling trees,
while setting sun she fades and fails,
and twilight breathes her blissful breeze.

I love this holy hour the best:
when moonbeams gleam and owls screech,
while mortals lay them down to rest,
and weary waves weep on the beach.

Gone Girl

I waited for her twenty years,
for twenty years and more,
till someone said, 'she's dead and gone;
don't wait for her no more.'

I waited, though, for ten years more,
for ten years more did wait,
till postman pushed, one snowy day,
in haste, my garden gate.

He fed my hungry letterbox,
a letter that I read;
writ by the hand of girl I'd loved:
the Gone Girl, who was dead.

She'd wrote, confirming tragic truth:
Gone Girl indeed was dead!
But asked me, if I minded much,
an older girl instead.

I love You Most

I loved you first at Norris Hill
when we were young, with time to kill.
Before I got the urge to roam,
to wander far away from home,
where time would no more be on hand
and you would slip away like sand.

I loved you then, for we were young
and sorrow's song we had not sung.
We'd sit and watch the sea and stay
until the rocks were worn away.
For we were young enough to stare,
too much in love to have a care.

I loved you when the snow lay deep
in winter, when the world would sleep,
while we made love (as sonnets say)
till dreaming took you far away,
across the sea, beyond the blue
to empty all my days of you.

I loved you all our years apart
and hid you deep within my heart:
a secret love I would not share,
discreet as an agnostic's prayer,
which stayed unuttered on my tongue
like sorrow's secret unsung song.

I love you now that twilight years
have wiped away our teenage tears.
And we, at last, have found our way

to Buxton, for our wedding day,
which fate had booked before we met,
when sun upon the earth first set.

I love you now love's war's been won.
For your sweet smile outshines the sun
and stars that shoot across the sky
that live a million years then die
will not outlive our love; I boast!
I love you now, I think, the most!

Peevish Poets

When planets glow before Aurora's rise
and stars seem scattered 'cross the moonless skies.
I walk the leafy paths that take me home;
I have no inclination, now, to roam.

I pass the trembling trees whose leaves have bled
and share the secret sorrow they have shed.
The dawn is breaking, far off, in the east
and sounds of sighing ghosts have long-since ceased.

'Neath rolling clouds upon the heathered vales
the dew drops wet the wings of nightingales,
as they seek solace 'mong the brightening bowers,
shelter from cruel autumn's senseless showers.

And I walk on, down too familiar lanes;
I hurry, to avoid the coming rains.
I mutter to myself; that's just my age.
And peevish poets often rant and rage.

spring

At dead of night I rise from sleep
and dress myself for cold;
the years are growing old,
and you have faded like a leaf:
the phantom of my grief,
the father, I once lived with
in my childhood, which was brief.

At dawn of day, in garret's gloom
alone and fully dressed,
I lay me down to rest,
to dream of long-forgotten spring,
whose birds no longer sing;
that season, scarred with sorrow,
when they crucified my king.

Death From Above

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

War Poets

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

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

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

War poets have wandered from flowerless fields,
where poisonous poppies the soil no more yields.
They're sick of the shrieking and screaming of shells,
ground down by defeats like those damn Dardanelles!

War poets are weary; they're weary of war,
once savage, they're timid, in tooth and in claw.
But as poets of peace they'll never be known
till the ogre of war has been overthrown.

Shelley's Steely Soul

I swear by Shelley's steely soul ,
as poets, we have ups and downs.
Some lows, some highs, some times of trouble
(some bastard's bound to burst our bubble!)

I vow, sometimes, we're high as steeple.
and poets can be placid people,
until some sad, sick sons on bitches
unpick from poet's cloak the stitches!

I say, we're only killing time,
composing raw and raucous rhyme,
yet, sorrow in our souls is sowing
a mustard seed of faith that's growing!

I swear by Shelley's steely soul
As poets, we're transparent people,
with no one's mind we plan on messing;
believe us, we're hell-bent on blessing!

Poetry to Pass the Time

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

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

Poetry's the art of showing
beauty's all around us flowing
in a never ending stream,
deeper than you dare to dream!

It vies with us to vary vision
in the valley of decision.
Preaches, but it's never prying;
it trades in truth, not loathsome lying.

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

No Man's Land

This is no land for weary old men, I thought.
Let youth take a stand 'gainst this time's tragic tide.
I'm almost a pensioner, scrawling for sport!
from the hell, they call life, I just want to hide.

These dread days of darkness were so long foretold,
bad biblical days they had writ on a scroll.
When one loaf of bread would cost more than pure gold
and there'd be no shelter for body or soul!

There's no longer strength in these worn out old bones
to face storms as scorching as sirocco sand.
Let youth stand up solid, like statues or stones;
there's no place for old men in this no man's land!

November in England

November is the kindest month,
by beauty is beset.
And that I am in England now
I never will regret.

November is the birth of hope
before there's bud and leaf.
And that I am in England now
gives joy and never grief.

November is, to me, divine;
it melts my heart with love.
And that I am in England now
makes me thank God above.

November is for lovers' walks,
through woodland, o'er the wold.
And that I am in England now
is worth its weight in gold!

A Special Poet Friend of Mine

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

Ok, you wake
and aches and pains are waiting there
to ambush you like cruel assassins.
You swallow pills
and bind supports to both your knees.
Then day does dawn:
that day you dread!
But stanzas surface subtly in your soul.
And from a healing heart that once was torn
a buried thing of beauty now is born!

Ok, you're tired
from endless nights of broken sleep
and diabolic dreaming.
Your weekend flies,
with Monday's blues all waiting round the corner.
And you're washed up, like shell upon the shore,
but from the pier,
that fish hooked on my line,
I'll fry it up for you; a dish divine,
'cause you're a special poet friend of mine!

Seasons

In SPRING my heart leapt like a lamb,
was overcome with joy.

Sweet kisses she placed tenderly
on lips of golden boy.

SUMMER burst with first love's fire,
igniting heart and soul.

With solar flares and fireflies
love burnt out of control.

AUTUMN taught the trees to bleed;
it taught my heart to weep,
as lifeless leaves lay at my feet,
like love I could not keep.

WINTER wept its frozen tears,
as love grew cold to me.

Her icy heart: my Christmas gift,
a cross: my Christmas tree.

Sorrow's Season

When the love I lost had left me by that savage, sapphire sea.
And the turning tides had told me that no longer she loved me.

I went working, for the season, with Steve Sorrow: my best friend.
For I knew, that love and loving, had for me, now reached an end.

We went selling, up in Bispham, windows, worked for Big John Cash.
He was stout, but smart and savvy, wore a suit and black moustache.

Work was easy, Johnny told us, windows almost sell themselves.
Steve said: "I am not convinced, I'd rather we were stacking shelves."

Double glazing wasn't selling, Cash then had to let us go.
Steve said we should just go fishing, for some females; I said no.

Then I said, "there's no one for me, living on this island earth.
Let's go drinking, down at Jenk's Bar, juicy jars of merry mirth."

When we'd poured away our earnings, we relied on Christian Aid.
Stole the gifts from pouch and pocket. Then Steve said, "we've got it made!"

Steve then found us work as Key Men, for Joe Coral, on the Mile.
(Blackpool's empty, fake Arcadia, soulless stretch of gold so vile.)

Two months in, we both got fired: thieving money from machines;
we 'fessed up and said, "we're sorry, thieving's kind of in our genes."

Took a tram, at dawn, up North Shore, sun was rising o'er the sea.
I told Steve, "I have no future, if she won't come back to me!"

And I fed him my suspicions all about her poisoned mind
made by darling dad and mummy, creatures who could be unkind.

He just nodded, 'cause he knew me, knew that I was killing time
waiting on the god of battles to reverse this cosmic crime!

All my heart I bared before him, as each scarred and shattered shard
cried for vengeance, on those parents, cursed with hearts stone cold and hard.

And that is how I lived that season: grieving by that sapphire sea
Life was drained of rhyme and reason; she had been my symmetry!

Summer lingered, but the breezes all blew bitter down the pier.
And I said to my friend, Sorrow: "what the hell we doing here?"

Home To Roost

So deep in love were we that day;
we made up minds and moved away
from lives we could no longer live:
apart, from those who'd not forgive.

A son, for one, with spite and scorn,
who'd cursed the day that I was born,
like Oedipus of Grecian fame;
he laid upon me all the blame.

Both rivals for his mother's love,
(that goddess from the realms above)
who Fate forever did entwine
with me, her heart. For she was mine!

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

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

Then to our love nest on the hill
we welcomed those with no ill-will.
Supporters of Romance Regime:
a tried and tested true love team!

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

to see and share with us our smile.

So deep in love were we that day,
Since '72 had been that way.
Those years apart, they'd stole like brutes,
did bear, for them, some bitter fruits!

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

Lines composed on a summer's day walk in the Manifold Valley

The day dawned, dewy, but the mist was clearing;
the sun rose fiercely, soon was scorching, searing.
The trail was blazing and our heads were burning.
From Wetton Mill, we walked; we were returning.

We stopped to shelter 'neath a leafy bower.
We said, "five minutes," but we sat an hour
to hear the murmur of a stream, fast flowing
and listen to a field of flowers growing.

And in that stillness, from the sunshine, shaded,
we killed the time, while precious peace pervaded
our souls. For weeks, we'd been wound up and wired;
of mindless chatter, we were sick and tired!

Refreshed, once more, along the trail we travelled.
The sky grew darker as the day unravelled.
Then dusk descended and the light was fading,
till moon, as stately sun, came masquerading!

Poet of the Peaks

I'm the poet of the peaks.

A sad, sarcastic soul who seeks
some solace, in his twilight days
before his hair falls out or greys.

I'm the poet, past his prime,
who's running out of rhyming time.
I'm fragile as a fractured star,
redundant as a Russian Czar

I'm the poet, some may say,
who long ago had lost his way
midway upon life's journey, bleak,
without a paddle, up the creek.

I'm the poet, born and bred
for sorrow, so my star sign said.
My critics cast a crueller curse:
that I'll run out of love-struck verse!

I'm the poet, nonetheless,
at least I've style and some finesse.
Maybe too sophistication
and deffo, I've determination!

Laurelled Love

And in that grove, upon that heath
where we lay down to sleep
they wove, for you, a wedding wreath
from tears they'd made you weep.

With thorns, entwined, to bite my brow
they wove, for me, a crown
to mock me, as a sacred cow,
and cast me as a clown.

But in that grove we slept secure
in love, deep as the sea.
With laurelled love
we could endure,
like Christ, nailed to that tree!

Lovesick lines composed on a rainy day

I ponder, as rain on my window pane
slides down like the tears
we shed for the years
we let slip away
when we could not stay,
together.

I think and I feel, like when we would kneel
at the altar rail
till our faith grew stale
and our love took flight
in December's blight,
bad weather.

I muse in my mind, on the gods unkind,
who tore us in two
(but we never knew)
when we, by the stream,
lay down there to dream,
on heather.

I grieve for the past; as long as I last
I'll visit you there
down dells of despair
where we reached the end of
our tether.

I breathe and I live, but cannot forgive
the cruel, callous crime
that robbed us of time:
a lifetime of being,
together.

Shadowland

Too long was I denied her touch:
the woman, who I loved too much.
Blonde-tressed, with eyes that glowed and gleamed:
a goddess girl, or so it seemed

to me, when I was cursed with youth,
condemned to taste the tragic truth
that she, who was the world to me,
may never be my destiny.

Too far into the Shadowland
she walked, when she let go my hand.
Into that cruel abyss beyond,
dark-haired became, no longer blonde.

For she did change, but so did I:
star-cross'd beneath a savage sky
and star-cross'd love, of course, includes
those never-ending interludes,

where lovers' paths do so diverge;
they separate, with sorrow's surge,
that wipes the footprints from the sand
they made, while walking hand in hand.

Too long apart to merge or melt
together; that is how I felt
before fair hair turned grey like skies
and magic sparkled in our eyes.

Happy New Year!

We've bid farewell to that dread year;
the year of plague and Covid fear.
As pyrotechnics punch the sky
my resolution's: Do or Die!

The Rubicon we all have crossed;
it's too late now to count the cost!
Adventures new call out our names;
no more can life be fun and games!

We hope this year will be the year
of faith, that fights and conquers fear!
As pyrotechnics punch the sky
resolve this year to Do or Die!

One Brighter Day

The times we live in are unique,
but these tough times will not be bleak
if blessed by fortune, face to face,
you're held in someone's warm embrace.
And though I'm far from erudite,
in poetry, I've learned to write,
but not for those, with someone dear;
they need no one; their loved one's near!
My pen is poised for them now prone
to sail a stormy sea alone.
I don't pry and I'm not preaching;
but true love's within their reaching!
For solitaires, I feel pity.
Now that sounds trite, I know, and shitty,
but I once walked a lonely road,
all friendless, and so I wrote an ode:
to loneliness, for lonely people,
that Christ, (not found in church, with steeple)
they'd meet along the road they'd wander,
as I did, when alone I'd ponder.
And loneliness in lock-down city
paints putrid picture far from pretty,
but dawn will break one brighter day
for those who turn to Christ today!

Jesus-Fire

I was so much older then; I'm younger nowadays.
That was in the '80s, in my giant glasses phase.
I still sport a beard today, though this is changing hue,
like my lonesome, lovely locks; the grey is breaking through!

I was so much wiser then; I'm more obtuse today.
My words were weighty in the past; I had something to say!
Loquacious lines are all that pour from my poor pen these days;
In '82, was Jesus-Fire that set the page ablaze!

I was full of faith and fervour, passion, praise and pride.
Now, I'm like a fount of fear, a restless, torrid tide.
The days are darker, to me, now; how swift they sail away!
With all my lonesome, love-sick heart, I long for yesterday.

Pilgrim's Prayer

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

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

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

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

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

STARMAN

The idol, tasting twilight tears
was god, throughout my teenage years!
Aladdin Sane of song and style,
a Laughing Gnome with flashing smile.

A Rebel sent to Earth from stars
was Ziggy Stardust, Man from Mars,
till twilight came along to call
and Mother Grey did slip and fall.

And Genie, clad in Laser Jeans,
with China Girls and Bitchy Queens,
all ground to dust, with Diamond Dog,
forever froze in frost and fog.

Farewell to you sweet Suffragette.
The City sleeps, but won't forget
the STARMAN with that shock of hair,
with voice sublime, in Rock, so rare!

The Poet's Ploy

The poet has a way with words;
he rounds them up like farmer's herds.
Arranges them upon the page
in measured lines, so he can gauge
their metre, rhythm, pace and rhyme.
Perfectionist; he takes his time,
but secretly, and this is true:
puts pen to page to play with you,
to gently tug upon the strings
of your poor heart until it sings
a song so sweet, it will inspire,
like Orpheus upon his lyre!
This poet's pleasing 'poem ploy'
puffs up his heart with pride and joy!

Tough Love

She's maiden from Moira; I'm boy born in Burton;
her soul's made of same stuff as mine; I am certain!
So, life of a poet, in love, I am living,
but foes of my loving I'll not be forgiving.
It may seem I'm lost in my rhyme and verse making,
with heart now unbroken and no longer aching,
but pen pours on paper pain's past pent-up passion
and fighting my foes hasn't gone out of fashion!

She's maiden from Moira; I'm boy born in Burton;
her soul's made of same stuff as mine; I am certain!
So, life of a poet, in love, though it's aging,
'Gainst foes, that once forced us apart; is still raging!
And though love smells sweet, and has voice soft and gentle.
or dances like lotus girl so oriental...
My life, as a poet in love's, more than flowers:
It's vengeance and warfare with pitiless powers!

Overcomer

You will stride through this nightmare fearlessly,
forcefully,
fervently.

You will stroll through this nightmare carelessly,
cordially,
cheerfully,

You will walk through this nightmare worthily,
artfully,
earnestly,

You will run through this nightmare tirelessly,
heartily,
harmlessly;

You will wake from this nightmare
joyfully!

Snowdrops

Just now the stout snowdrops are blooming:
reminders that springtime is looming.
They brave the harsh breeze that is blowing;
in bleakest mid-winter they're growing!

In Latin, *Galanthus Nivalis*;
(to love them, you don't need to know this)
'Milk Flower of the Snow's' the translation;
from Promised Land brought to this nation.

All clouded in folklore and fable,
with Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel,
whose tears were all shed in the garden
of Eden; they begged heaven's pardon!

So, angels of mercy took pity,
from snowflakes made flowers so pretty:
sweet, shy, sturdy blooms bright with beauty,
all destined, by God, for this duty:

To symbolise hope, beyond sorrow,
of new world of wonder, tomorrow,
where hearts would be warmed and unfrozen
by ladies of loveliness chosen.

Just now the stout snowdrops are blooming:
reminders that springtime is looming!
Cruel winter, they tell us, is ending;
sweet solace of springtime is pending!

Love Twins

The maid made in Moira and boy born in Burton;
their souls share the same kind of stuff; I am certain!
The life of two poets in love they are living,
but foes of their loving they won't be forgiving.
It may seem they're lost in their rhyme and verse making,
with hearts now unbroken and no longer aching,
but pens pour on paper pain's past pent-up passion
and fighting their foes hasn't gone out of fashion!

The maid made in Moira and boy born in Burton;
their souls share the same kind of stuff; I am certain!
Their life as two poets in love, though they're aging,
'gainst foes, that once forced them apart is still raging!
And though he is sweet and treats her soft and gentle
and she'll dance like lotus girl so oriental...
Their life, as two poets in love's, more than flowers:
it's vengeance and warfare with pitiless powers!

A Poet

A poet can't be poem-bled
(an empty shell)
till Muse has fled.

A poet can't be lost for words,
(a dried up well)
ignored by herds.

A poet can't be wooed or won
(by witch's spell;)
it can't be done!

A poet can't be poem-bled
(in poet's hell)
until he's dead!

Maid of the Mist

Maid of the mist, in the dawn, when you came to me
swathed in the rays of Aurora's gold light.
Deep in my heart, I knew then, you were meant to be
destiny, dawning, in deep, darkest night.

Lady of love, in my youth's manic misery,
gorgeous and gleaming like goddess above;
you, above everyone else, were the world to me:
tranquil and tender as dream's dulcet dove.

Venus, through air, curled around, like the morning mist
'neath silver moon, at the harvesting time.
By farm's rustic gate, in the dark, where we first kissed,
we sowed sacred seeds of romantic rhyme.

Maid madly missed, in the twilight, you came to me,
shrouded in starlight and warm lunar beams.
Down by the shore, where the waves sang in harmony
you turned my nightmares to deep, dazzling dreams.

Dreamland

My dad was a prince, who was painfully poor.
Creditors crept and kept knocking his door.
He hid underground, freeing coal from its seams.
My dad was a miner, a dreamer of dreams.

My dad was a singer; he played the guitar.
(When not up the bookies, or down the Casbah)
He'd jam with his cousin; they'd started a band.
They'd cut their first single, dad called it, 'Dreamland!'

My mum was a maiden, from Mercia she hailed.
A beautiful princess, voluptuously veiled.
She laughed when they named her: a mother to be.
At last, from that sweatshop, she'd soon be set free!

My mum and dad married, their loving bore fruit.
My dad, he seemed stoic dressed up in a suit.
My mum, she seemed sassy, all wayward and wild.
Her heart though was warming with love for her child.

My dad and mum raised me like one of their own,
a peace-loving poet they wanted to clone.
A child of their dreaming who'd work and get wed,
compose them love sonnets for when they were dead.

My dad died, one summer, at age thirty-nine.
Last eyes to clap on him, I think they were mine:
the child of his dreaming, who'd started to see
his dying was making a poet of me!

My mum went on breathing when dad's breath had fled.
She wept, like a widow, alone in her bed.
Dad's dream, like her dreamer, to spite her, had died.

A cross now she carried: "I'm coping," she lied.

Sad Sophocles

Sad sorrow's tender tears were mine,
since my poor heart she did entwine.
Her loving looks and sweetest smiles
breathed beauty; that's how she beguiles!
Yet Sophocles said long ago:
"it's wiser just to let love go,"
but he'd not known her loving glance,
her eyes that tantalize with trance.
He said: "love tempts a traitor's touch,
betrays and tricks to love too much,
then casts aside upon the sands."
Where Sophocles so smugly stands,
but sorrow's tears that I have wept,
I'm glad, from Sophocles, were kept!

My Lovely Lass

The mountains and the misty moon,
the sunset and the sea,
the world of wonders shining bright;
they're empty now, to me!

For when I sit and scan the lake,
into its depths do peer,
I long to see reflected there
the one I loved so dear.

Beside my own familiar face
caught in that mystic glass,
I yearn to see the girl I lost:
Lorraine, my lovely lass.

For then the rocks and crags we'd climb,
to where the skylarks sing.
And o'er creation's hills and vales
our songs of praise would ring!

The mountains and the misty moon,
the sunset and the sea,
without the one with beauty's smile,
all's emptiness to me.

Piss-Poor Poems

My poems: poor, pretentious pulp in piles,
pretenders, masquerading sheets with smiles,
composed of cant by calm capricious sea,
reflective rhymes run off from mouth of me:

a raw, retarded writer on the rocks,
who weaves his witty words and hopes he shocks
his former friends, who all have robbed him blind
of real respect and treated him unkind.

My poems, plucked as rib from Adam's side,
share shape and soul with Eve, who sought to hide,
when she'd succumbed to hiss of Satan's snake.
Then slept with sin, which made her poor heart ache,

like heart of mine, from literary toil,
with poems pressed, compressed like spring in coil,
which you could read, if you were of a mind;
be curious, or if not, just be kind!

My poems, penned to please, may piss you off,
stick in your throat, sometimes, and make you cough,
like allergy's distasteful monkey nut,
which from poetic diet, you can cut!

Ode to Piss-Poor Poet

I'll conjure up, create, compose,
a poem, which to you, I s'pose
sounds easy, like a piece of piss;
put pen to paper, make 'em kiss!
How hard is it to write in rhyme?
It takes no talent, only time,
you'd think! Though don't dismiss desire,
or Muse, who forges in the fire
sweet inspiration, gleaned from God,
not wasted on just any sod!
Just wordsmith-wizard wielding wand,
rogue rhymester, who of words is fond,
proud poet, who, with poise and pose
will piss on poor pathetic prose!

My Children

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

each Christmas, and they'll raise
a toast or two to me;
a thought or two they'll think
of how I used to be.

My children will survive
when I am dust and dreams,
when I'm no more alive
than silent, sleeping streams.

At Easter time they'll talk
to bring me back to life.
And on a lonely walk
they'll talk about my wife.

Back home, they may recall
our lost and wasted years.
Our photo on the wall
may bring them all to tears!

a poet can't...

**A poet can't be poem-bled
(an empty shell)
till Muse has fled.**

**A poet can't be lost for words,
(a dried up well)
ignored by herds.**

**A poet can't be wooed or won
(by witch's spell)
it can't be done!**

**A poet can't be bribed or bought
(the truth to tell)
he'll tell for naught!**

**A poet can't be hushed by chains
(spite cage or cell)
his rhyme remains.**

**A poet can't be poem-bled
(in poet's hell)
till poet's dead!**

Planet B

There is a Planet B;
it's written in the scroll:
an earth, with no more sea,
a world of wonder, whole!

As pure as driven snow,
all purged by Prince of Peace,
where evil will not grow
and sorrows all will cease.

Planet B

There is a Planet B;
it's written in the scroll,
an earth, with no more sea,
a world of wonder, whole!

As pure as driven snow,
a place of perfect peace,
where evil will not grow
and sorrows there will cease.

Each nation on that globe
they'll rule: those souls who dwell
(all clad in righteous robe)
and quarrels they will quell.

Their capital, New J,
a city so sublime,
won't need aurora's ray,
nor spring or summer time.

The paths are paved with gold,
each door's a pristine pearl.
There'll be no growing old
for faith-filled boy and girl!

There is a Planet B;
it's waiting in the wings.
Our Lord's its meek marquis,
the king: the king of kings!

Sorrow's Season

When the love I lost had left me by that savage, sapphire sea.
And the turning tides had told me that no longer she loved me.

I went working, for the season, with Steve Sorrow: my best friend.
For I knew, that love and loving, had for me, now reached an end.

We went selling, up in Bispham, windows, worked for Big John Cash.
He was stout, but smart and savvy, wore a suit and black moustache.

Work was easy, Johnny told us, windows almost sell themselves.
Steve said: "I am not convinced, I'd rather we were stacking shelves."

Double glazing wasn't selling, Cash then had to let us go.
Steve said we should just go fishing, for some females; I said no.

Then I said, "there's no one for me, living on this island earth.
Let's go drinking, down at Jenk's Bar, juicy jars of merry mirth."

When we'd poured away our earnings, we leaned hard on Christian Aid.
Stole the gifts from pouch and pocket. Then Steve said, "we've got it made!"

Steve then found us work as Key Men, for Joe Coral, on the Mile.
(Blackpool's empty, fake Arcadia, soulless stretch of gold so vile.)

Two months in, and I got fired: thieving money from machines;
I 'fessed up and said, "I'm sorry, thieving's kind of in my genes."

Steve, by then, had gone before me; called back home, his dad had died;
at the graveside he suspected; "she's a source of suicide!"

Took a tram, at dawn, up North Shore, sun was rising o'er the sea.
Steve then promised, "in the future, tide will turn, just wait and see!"

Then I fed him my suspicions, told him 'bout her poisoned mind,
made up by her mum and daddy, creatures cruel and so unkind.

He just nodded, 'cause he knew me, knew that I was killing time
waiting for the god of battles to reverse their cosmic crime!

All my heart I bared before him, as each scarred and shattered shard
cried for vengeance, on those parents, cursed with hearts stone cold and hard.

And this was how I lived that season: grieving by that sapphire sea.
Life was drained of rhyme and reason; she had been my symmetry!

Summer lingered, but the breezes all blew bitter down the pier;
through my tears, I said to Sorrow: "what the hell we doing here?"

Melancholic Men

I miss my muse; she moved away.

Her inspiration winged its way
and left me with my poet's pen
among these melancholic men,

who wander, weeping, like a child,
with matted beard and hair grown wild
down by the side of sorrow's stream,
where dead men, walking, dare to dream

of happy times, when muse was queen,
and laughing lines had not grown lean,
where from a gleaming, golden store
a sea of sonnets swam ashore.

My muse no longer breathes on me
with sweetest, sacred symmetry.
Without her tantalising touch
my rhymes no longer count for much.

I miss my muse, more than I thought;
I should have struggled, should have fought.
When feelings froze and wouldn't flow;
I should have begged her not to go!

I miss my muse; she moved away.
And inspiration's winged its way.
I'm left alone with poisoned pen
among these melancholic men.

A Noble Truth

I suffered from that sylvan smile
she wore that day upon the stile,
within the forest's golden glade,
where we had sat to share the shade.

That day of love's first tender kiss,
when I was blessed and burnt by bliss,
I suffered, in her cruel caress,
from shape so stunning in that dress!

For in my deepest heartache's core,
her face, I knew, I'd see no more
within this vale of broken dreams
where soul-destroying, savage streams

do wash away, with heartless flood,
the girls, who have beguiled our blood,
but like the Buddha taught in youth:
'to suffer is a noble truth!'

Nikita, Little Star

You burnt too briefly, little star,
shooting from a land so far.
Like a breath of spring you came;
Nikita was your lovely name.

And gentle child, we loved you so;
it broke our hearts to let you go.
And on the day you sadly slept,
so many bitter tears we wept.

Your small, sweet soul, without a sound,
sailed silently, for heaven bound,
where sinless souls of babies dream
and little stars do glow and gleam.

Pretending, as if hearts don't break;
we lived, but questioned why they'd take
our angel, beautiful at birth;
your beauty would have blessed the earth!

We asked, if you had lived and learned
and like a supernova burned;
if God had said, "on earth remain."
(such musings, now, we know are vain)

because your ties, with earth, were slight.
For you were heaven's dear delight!
And when your angel wings did grow,
you went where holy angels go!

Free Birds

We envy all those winging birds
that sing sublimely without words.
Above the vulgar and ill-bred
they soar and swoop, while we instead

are forced to nest beside this pleb,
like flies tied up in spider's web,
beset by noxious neighbour's noise;
discord and din; yes, he enjoys!

The Bedlam of his baying hound
he savours as the sweetest sound
that ever graced this street of dreams.
Perhaps it's just to us it seems

we're at the gruesome gates of hell,
both damned, beside brute beast to dwell.
That's why we envy birds that fly
across the silent, sacred sky.

Love's Insanity

I'll pen, with tears you tore from me,
these lines of love's insanity.
These bitter, written rhymes I've cried
from savaged heart and soul inside.

Inside this shell that once was me:
the man you robbed of liberty,
of freedom, for I fell for you
when selfishly you turned the screw

on fetters for my hands and feet
(My diadems of dark defeat)
and forged in furnace, set ablaze
with passion; you composed this craze

I bear! So now I sit and stare,
alone, in dungeon of despair;
your ghost is all that's left to blame,
for someone said, "She's not the same;

she's been another girl, since him;
more sociable, serene, so slim!
Sophisticated; not a kid;
she's born again since she got rid!"

I'll pen with pain (you put me through)
these lines, to say, in love with you
I'll stay, and if the tide won't turn
and Fate refuses your return,

I'll dedicate to girl long-dead
these lines, which will remain unread.
And I shan't seek to settle score

nor lay this sell-out at your door!

Beauty's Daughter

Happy Birthday, darling baby.
There's no might and there's no maybe:
You still move like beauty's daughter,
walk, like Venus, from the water,

smile, and light the darkness falling,
speak, and sound like angel calling.
Ageing Aphrodite? Maybe,
but you're still my blue-eyed baby.

Girl I loved before our meeting
here's my heartfelt birthday greeting:
Have a dream day; you deserve it!
From the dawn till sky is moonlit!

Happy Birthday, goddess gleaming,
starlight still, from you, is streaming.
All my dreams; they would transpire
if you'd kiss me with desire!

Dead Man's Bones

Right here, below these hallowed stones,
lies buried deep a dead man's bones.
(My father's, if you'd care to know)
for him, I tend the flowers that grow.

I cultivate each tender bloom
to grace his long-neglected tomb.
For when I lost him as a child,
some said that I went weird and wild,

grew cold as steel and wouldn't grieve
or wear my heart upon my sleeve,
like mum and gran and sister, Sue
and all the other crying crew.

And I would never come to weep
beside the grave where dad did sleep.
Instead, I'd while away the time
composing raw, romantic rhyme

for girl, who loved me when he left;
(became the bliss of boy bereft!)
while dad, forgotten underground
I left to sleep in peace profound.

Right here, this checkered child does wait;
'been fifty years; is it too late
to tend these bonnie blooms that grow?
Too late for tender tears to flow?

fighter

I was a poet man in meltdown,
borderline to bloody breakdown,
I 'd lost my love and lost control;
I'd bottomed out inside black hole.

I was stressed; I'd sought sedation,
sick of social situation.
Life had lost all rhyme and reason
in that sodding silly season.

Took to drink, like fish to water,
married to the devil's daughter.
Taught; I was an educator,
had to be a gladiator

in that school for feral creatures
where they tortured timid teachers.
I was jaded, just dog-tired,
out to lunch and uninspired.

Grew a spine when true love touched me,
born again, was breathing beauty.
Turned myself like worm in fable:
shaky sap to soldier stable.

Still a poet, though I doubt it
often; talent, I'm without it.
Nonetheless, I'm still a writer:
pen's the weapon for a fighter!

Death's Dark Dreamless Rest

In death, I sleep a dreamless sleep
beneath a weeping star.
Forgotten in a lonely vale,
from life and love so far.
I do not hear the sounding sea
swim sadly t'ward the shore;
than tide so full and moon so fair,
my love, I miss far more.
In life, before cruel death did part,
my dreams weren't bittersweet..
For I would hold my darling near:
my rose, sweet Marguerite!
And If I'm in her dreams tonight
and she remembers me,
at dawn, her feet will softly tread
beside that silver sea.

And to that vale beyond the beach,
where I lay down unblessed,
beside my grave she'll dream of me
in death's dark, dreamless rest.

Song

A solitary bird
outside my lonely room
sings out that all is well
inside my garret's gloom.

Her melody's so sweet,
it makes my poor heart ache.
And I could swear, dear God,
she's singing for my sake!

A solitary soul
inside this cheerless cell,
he hears the saviour sing
that everything is well.

His song is perfect peace,
that stays when songster's gone.
It won't desist or cease,
or be expelled by none.

A solitary ray
of hope, like sunlight streams.
It dances round my bed
and wakes me from my dreams.

It's Heaven's vow to me,
that no one will dictate
the day of my decease
but Christ, who's set the date.

Little Songbird

I saw a sad and sleepy bird
alone up in a tree.
He sat so still, and when I passed,
he did not notice me.

But then he seemed to fret and flit
from branch to branch in fear.
And I felt sure that in his eye
I spied a silver tear.

I walked on past, got on my train,
sat by my colleague, Jack.
Was then I thought I saw the bird,
through window, on the track.

With wounded wing, he flew and fell,
then sang a song so sweet;
it touched me in my heart's deep core
and made me leave my seat.

Gave my excuse, left Jack to stare,
(talk on the train was cheap)
but once outside, the bird flew off,
which made me want to weep.

Love Story

I sang to love when she was young:

"You are so very fair,
for you are like a faery queen
with moonbeams in her hair."

I sang to love before she set,

like empire's sinking sun:
"You'll always be the maid I miss
now growing up's begun.

I sang to love with sorrow's song

when from my side she strayed.
A low lament, on broken strings,
by bitterness betrayed!

I sang to love in twilit grove

when she had turned to dust:
"You've made a melancholic man
of me, who's lost all trust."

I sang to love the sweetest song

when on my aging brow
she placed her tender, loving lips:
Returned! I knew not how.

Sappho's Lost Lyrics

Sad Sappho, poetess divine
lamenting over love's lost line
laid down by steady hand and pen;
on Lesbos, where you matched the men
with luscious lines on sacred scrolls.
(Sweet stanzas soothing to our souls)
Sad Sappho, Aphrodite's friend,
the fragments fate have let you send,
we treasure them as precious brand,
snatched from the fire on Grecian sand.
Unearthly verse, hallowed, sublime,
angelic, rare, romantic rhyme.
Sweet Sappho, muse with mouth divine,
O'er your lost lyrics, please don't pine!

Sappho's Isle of Dreams

Beside the sacred, moonlit streams,
where you breathed lines of honeydew,
they stole you from your isle of dreams
where Aphrodite smiled on you.

Blithe beauty-breathing poet child,
with lines sublimely speaking true:
you softly spoke and then you smiled
on holy isle, as you passed through.

T'ward coast, at dawn, they hurried you
to exile, 'cross the sea beyond.
A kiss for friends, love's brief adieu;
with tender tears they did respond.

Cruel hearts of hate that wished you harm;
did they affect you? Not at all!
Your pulse stayed slow; your face so calm,
serenely wrapped in sapphic shawl.

Your golden child, they let you bring,
along with books and poet's quill.
These feathers on a poet's wing
their hatred could not curse or kill.

They stole you from your isle of dreams,
where Aphrodite smiled on you:
The goddess girl who glowed and gleamed
while breathing lines of honeydew.

The Horse's Head

One day I woke up in my bed;
was shocked to find a horse's head.
It lay upon my pillow, still.
All I could think was, who could kill
a horse, so fine, with flowing mane;
this killer had to be insane!

Daffodils

The daffodils of spring are sighing.
Like star-cross'd lovers doomed and dying.
Each tender, tilted, tranquil bloom
too briefly lit the twilight gloom.

They gleamed and glowed in gardens, golden.
Too beautiful to be beholden
to mortals, buying by the bunch,
from shops, like they were buying lunch.

They stow in vase these fragrant flowers
to brighten up the hopeless hours
(their little lives that will not last,
for fate has found them fading fast.)

The daffodils of spring are burning.
Like comets, year by year, returning;
their briefest blaze of short-lived glory,
a vestige of the springtime story.

Wings of White

It often would come back to me
in dreams, of how we used to be;
they'd conjure up your face and smile,
your touch at kissing gate and stile,

where moon hung aimless o'er the hill
as we both shivered from the chill
of winter, and its sister, snow,
whose frosty fingers forced below

the temperature, till we would freeze.
Then breathe, with bitter breath, the breeze
of sorrow, sent on wings of white,
that turned our day dreams into night

and ushered in our silent time,
when hill we'd no more come to climb.
Disintegrated into dust,
we'd left behind, by breach of trust,

our dreams, of how we used to be
before we turned to fantasy;
both grieving ghosts, as light as air,
lamenting our lost love affair.

A Day in the Life

At dawn, a dreamer dreams so clearly,
so calmly and so cavalierly;
beholds a blazing star
bring glory from afar.

At noon, as day drags on all dreary;
his heart now aches and eyes grow weary;
he walks the lonely sand
where he first held her hand.

At twilight, treading oh so sadly,
he wanders where he missed her madly;
by solitary well
lays down like empty shell.

At dusk, his dream is damned by duty;
his star, once radiating beauty,
is fading in the east,
day dies and dreaming's ceased.

At night, he dreams her back to living;
her faithlessness needs no forgiving;
her mentors share the shame;
she's not the one to blame.

Lost Love

I held love in my arms one summer
till summer's heat began to fade.
Then like a bee-bright honey hummer
she flew away down tree-lined glade.

I missed her golden, gleaming tresses;
I missed her eyes of China Blue;
I missed her shape in skin-tight dresses;
I missed, for I did love her true.

I lost her loving for a lifetime,
but I could not forget her smile.
As ghost, she came to haunt my night-time,
with beauty that could still beguile.

I pined for her until the twilight
began to cast its aging spell.
I wept for her as tears and moonlight
upon my poet's pages fell.

I saw, once more, the love I'd longed for
(when love had long been buried deep.)
Her daughter's babe this gran did care for;
she did not smile; I did not weep.

remnant

Before I watch it pass away
I'll gather up, this dying day,
to tend, with tenderness, its grave,
for which, a poppy, I will save.

This crumb of comfort I'll compress.
Locked up inside a flower press,
immortalised, this dying day,
will live when it has passed away!

And when its sombre sun has set,
this remnant of a raw regret,
I'll bury, in my book of death,
to breathe its final, bitter breath.

Queen of Beauty

Sweet Venus, Queen of Beauty, Goddess Love
return from High Olympus up above.

I plead, before your statue, this May morn,
as brave-star, bright Aurora, brings the dawn.

Please hear my prayer, most mighty maid, so mild;
I've worshipped you since I was just a child.
I used to play upon your sun-kissed shore,
where you once trod the waves, as sea did roar.

They told me that you'd waded t'wards the land,
across the sun-soaked, searing Grecian sand.
That shadowless, you'd walked, but men had missed
the sea snail sleeping on your slender wrist.

Their lust had made them mad, to beauty blind;
they had not grasped you were the goddess kind.
O Venus, (Aphrodite if you wish.)
For you I'd sell my soul for one sweet kiss!

From Mount Olympus, on your gleaming throne,
(encrusted with pure gold and sapphire stone)
spare me one gracious, gleaming goddess glance
to pierce my aching heart with love-laced lance.

Sweet Venus, Queen of Beauty, I love you,
with passion pure and precious, trusted, true!
I kneel before you on this May Day Morn,
as brave-star, bright Aurora, brings the dawn.

O goddess, from your throne beyond the sky
speak through your statue's lips or simply sigh.
And I will take this for a sacred sign

that soon your sweetest love will all be mine!

since you went away

I've supped the sham of life-long lies;
I've fed on fear 'neath savage skies;
I've worn the shackle and the chain;
I've lived unloved and dreamed in vain.

I've borne the siren's bitter blast;
I've been seduced by spell she cast;
I've nursed her noose around my neck;
I've crumbled like colossal wreck.

I've stood the sickness of her gaze;
I've lived in hope of better days;
I've died a thousand times a day;
I've suffered since you went away.

True Poets

*True Poets pause before they pen
to ponder, pray, and only then
do they let loose and show with ink
just how they feel and what they think.*

*They sometimes soar like birds and sing;
I've watched them whirling on the wing.
They carve on mossy, green-tree bark
by light of moon when day grows dark.*

*True Poets put in pride of place
true Love, they've found, who's fair of face.
They eulogize in rosy rhyme
this goddess girl in space and time.*

*Some say that they're a crazy crew
to think they are the chosen few
who weave their words of make believe,
All unaware they are naïve.*

*True Poets have a way with words.
They round them up like farmers' herds
And then select the fairest few
(the beautiful) to breathe on you.*

*Their poems pave the streets with gold;
They're unconcerned their rhyme's unsold.
They seek the paths the pilgrims trod
towards the city built by God.*

*True Poets dare to dream and dance.
They tread this tragic world in trance;
in meditation on their muse,*

whose fire they filch to light their fuse.

*I know they play at childish games
and fool around with first love's flames.
Struck blind by love, they never learn
that beauty, it can bite and burn.*

*True Poets cradle in their chest
a tranquil soul, they call their guest,
who sleeps serene as silent night,
an infant refugee in flight.*

*They nurse this hurting, healing child
who once was wayward colt run wild.
For youth he yearns, in times before,
when life was worth the living for.*

True Poets let their lyrics lie

*all day, in sun, won't make them try
to be something they know they're not;
advises them: "accept your lot!"*

*They let their poems freely breathe.
And if their sonnets start to seethe
they sanction them, to simply be
sweet streams of sunlit symmetry.*

*True Poets, at the end of day
set out their scrawlings to survey;
curled on their couch with book and cat
they gasp: "My God, did I write that?"*

Holy Alphabet

A is for Abel, was murdered by brother.
B is for Beautiful, Eve, Abel's mother.
C is for Cain, who was killer primeval.
D is for Devil, inventor of evil.
E is for Earth, that most fortunate planet.
F is for Father: The God, who began it.
G is for Grace that is free, but expensive.
H is for Holy, to sinners offensive.
I is for Ignorance, everyone's pleadin'.
J is for Jesus, who did all the bleedin'.
K is for Kiss, of betrayal by traitor.
L is for Life everlasting - comes later.
M is for Mary, she's Christ's holy mother.
N is for Nature of Christ: Like no other!
O is for Only the Bible is candid.
P is for Peter, the rock, he was branded.
Q is for Quest, for the Truth; ask the preacher!
R is for Rabbi, it's Jewish for teacher.
S is for Sermon, that soul-saving volley.
T is for Turning, to faith, from your folly.
U is for Uttermost you can be saved to.
V is for Vision that faith it will give you.
W's for Water that we cannot walk on.
X is for Xmas, the 'Christ' part has long gone.
Y is for Yes! Easter's tomb was vacated!
Z is for Zeus, to our God unrelated.

love lines

*By the leafless, winter trees,
in the frozen, biting breeze,
I compose love lines for you,
like I penned when love was true.*

*On this sunless, shaded shore,
solemn, silent, insecure;
I tell God I love you still,
with a love He cannot kill.*

*In my garret's gloomy grey
I stow my sad self away.
Put my pen to page to pour
pain between the lines, still raw.*

*At the place you'd sat and cried
when you knew your love had died,
I sit now, alone, to weep
o'er a love I felt too deep.*

Land of Dreams

When clouds all clot the sky at dawn
and gag the gleaming glow.

When misty morning feels forlorn
and torrid tide is low.

When seagulls that did sail and soar
loquacious, loud and lewd
are stifled on the solemn shore,
so savagely subdued.

When sounding sea along the beach
retreats and will not roar
and waves all whimper, out of reach
'neath deep, dank ocean floor.

Look up and see the sun; she streams!
Our day star's breaking through.
For summer in this land of dreams
will make the world brand-new!

Kiss of Life

*When weak and weary sets the sun
on my sad, sleeping soul,
and blood-red moon will not arise
to comfort and console...*

*When willows weep and dungeons deep
depress my dreaming mind,
and nightingale, poor prince of pain,
sweet song he cannot find...*

*When I am groaning, girt with grief,
and star from ancient time
breaks through, with beam, to light my cell,
but cannot make life rhyme...*

*When lonely, like a shipwrecked tar
upon a sea-swept shore,
where dreary days turn into years,
and I can take no more...*

*She comes to me, on angel wings,
to raise me from the dead,
revives me with her kiss of life,
dries all the tears I've shed.*

Passion Flower

She is my pretty passion flower,
my rare, romantic rose.
I will not pluck her thoughtlessly
from garden where she grows.

Instead, I'll simply idolise,
appreciate and praise,
sit down by sea to study her
on still September days.

She is my pretty passion flower,
my lotus in the mire.
She will not take offence at me
If sometimes I do tire.

I know that she won't hold a grudge,
fall out with me or weep.
She'll go on being beautiful
while I am sound asleep.

And when I wake refreshed again
she'll still sit there serene.
My mild, majestic passion flower,
my faithful, floral queen!

First & Last Love

When that summer season surged,
first love found me, and we merged.
(magic maiden I had met:
beaming blonde, not bland brunette)
Hourglass hips and fairy feet,
angel eyes and smile so sweet.
She bewitched me, and beguiled
bashful boy, once wayward, wild.
Luscious lips and stunning style,
kissed me gently by that stile.
Fortune fought with fearful fate,
conquered at the kissing gate!
When our youthful years were spent,
leaving hearts both torn and rent:
lives apart with others led
till first love rose from the dead!

The Girl I Love and Live For

She is the voice of my own soul,
my secret, sacred sorrow.
She is the day for which I long
to dawn on me tomorrow.

She is the breath that beauty breathes
beside the deep blue ocean.
And like a wistful, wild gazelle
her grace evokes emotion.

She is the silver moonlit beams
that met to merge and mingle
to form a precious pool of pearl
to succour me when single.

She is the sweetest summer breeze,
with kisses true and tender.
Like searing, soaring, scorching sun;
she shines sublime with splendour.

She is the space between the stars
that's still, serene and silent,
where galaxies do gleam and glow
In void that's never violent.

She is the statue stepping down
to live in land of shadow,
with body, breath and beauty's form
from goddess she did borrow.

She is the sound of singing birds
on sunlit summer morning:
the world, with light and loveliness

so beautifully adorning.

She is the sweet serenity
beside the sounding seashore.
For now and for eternity:
the girl I love and live for!

My Darling of Divine Delight

My mesmerising mademoiselle,
her face, from canvas, casts a spell.
Enchanting, like her body, warm:
the finest, fearsome, female form.

She's simply stunning to the sight,
a darling of divine delight.
With waterfalling golden hair
and eyes that flash and twinkle fair.

Her lips are full, with pleasing pout;
about her beauty there's no doubt.
Her smile is like Aurora's Dawn
and when her portrait has been drawn

the critics, they can't help be kind.
For faults they fully fail to find.
Instead, they grow, for girl with glow,
an all-consuming need to know

her name, and who had given birth;
to loveliness not found on earth.
She may be Aphrodite's twin,
a goddess, without shame or sin!

A girl who's always had to fight
(poor darling of divine delight)
sad suitors, who were young and old;
since beauty makes men brash and bold.

Land of no more Sorrow

As I lay lonely 'neath sweet summer showers,
all sad and wilted like forgotten flowers;
I took my comfort from a crumb so tiny,
(a thought, as small as diamond dewdrop, shiny)

That she, my life and love on earth, so tender
would not forget me, my sweet heartbreak mender!
That while I breathed upon the world still turning
and old Aurora kept on rising, burning;

she'd visit this vile vale of vapid sorrow
to pledge to me that on some bright tomorrow
we'd meet, once more, upon a moonlit meadow,
alive, in love, in land of no more shadow.

Sea-Dog

I'll follow yon' stream down south to the shore,
just go, with the flow, to the sea.
I'll take myself off to hide my heart's hurt;
become someone else 'stead of me.

I'll dream and deny the pain I can't cry,
soothe soul, in my boat, by the bay.
I'll take the high tide, lift anchor and glide,
steal stillness and stow it away.

Rub salt in my wounds and watch them all heal,
(old Sea-Dog had taught me that ruse.)
Make coastline my home, inland will not roam,
will take up again with my Muse!

I'll sit down to read, pen poems that plead
for sinners who savaged my rhymes.
Like shells on the sand; they can't understand;
so I'll not count cruelties as crimes.

And when the dawn breaks, comes casting its spell,
a new man they'll find on the beach:
a seafaring gent, a jack-tar, content,
with heart that bad love cannot reach!

Aphrodite's Grief

The soldiers grieved for Adonais, dead,
bewailed his beauty, from his body bled.
Then all those savage sons stowed swords and shields
and swore they'd no more fight on foreign fields.
Their hearts were moved, but did not break or quake;
They stared at him, as if he was awake,
like Hector or Achilles, bold and brave
or Christ, the king of love, who all men crave.
They parted though, like sea, when goddess came.
For one true love, she shared with them the same
heart-wrenching, but as she passed by them slow,
towards her Adonais with her woe;
they wept and tore their chain-mail: all the host!
For Aphrodite's grief hurt them the most.

My Whore From Salinas

I want to possess you, control you, devour you; I know you want freedom, but can't let you go.
My love it is loaded, by you it is goaded; I know you want freedom, but I love you so.
With me you're defended, so don't be offended; I know you want freedom, but want you to know:
You're Alpha, Omega, the bright star called Vega; I know you want freedom, but think you should know:
You're goddess called Venus, my whore from Salinas; I know you want freedom, but surely you know:
I've left my wife Sheila, have bought you tequila; I know you want freedom, but let's take it slow.
I just want to own you; I've cash to secure you; I know you want freedom, but on you I'll grow!

Poems for all Seasons

Sometimes I wake at rosy-fingered dawn
to pen my lines when dew drops grace the lawn.
By dusk, when blood-red moon begins to bleed,
my sorrow-laden lines I dare not read.

Some days the poems pour out of my soul,
released from county jail - out on parole.
Lay low like lines of laughing liberty,
hysterical to be at last set free!

My verse will sometimes freeze ? refuse to flow.
Take root inside me, then mutate and grow.
Until I'm large with child of pregnant prose;
these still-born poems, damned, do decompose.

On dreamless days my rhymes are red and raw.
Since they do grieve for one I knew before.
Before fate fed to me (a yearning youth)
cruel heartbreak's tried and tested tragic truth.

Sometimes when I'm composing, all Hell-bent,
I miss the words my Muse has Heaven-sent.
I substitute my own to fill the gap;
that's why sometimes I serve such sorry sap!

In haste I'll steal fruit early from the vine
before the verse can turn to vintage wine.
By plucking prematurely rhymes unripe
my scrawl, from sour grapes, will give you gripe!

In spring I come to life at 3.00 am
and conjure up a priceless little gem.
A poem, so divine, the angels weep.

Then dawn, it breaks, and I can't get to sleep!

When I must walk the dog, but need to write
and daren't delay, for words will soon take flight.
I tie him up to rail by roadside tree,
to pine away, while I pen poetry.

Sometimes my words are shy; they hide from me!
Like faery folk in sylvan, shady lee.
Each one, a springtime lamb, that I have nursed,
naïve as child, in evil still unversed.

I wield my pen, some say, like wizard's wand,
beguiling you with beauty from beyond.
In making magic I don't mean to mock;
I simply want to stir you up, not shock!

My pen, on Sunday's quiet as a quill
and sonnets so serene do simply spill
upon my parchment or papyrus page:
wise words, as well as wonderful, like sage.

Of course, when lines are lean and I feel old
my heart feels froze as arctic wind, ice cold!
I close my eyes and lisp, like child, a prayer;
If no one else, at least my soul is there!

Sometimes I write on water's weary waves,
with tears, for those with seaweed shadowed graves,
whose feet, upon the land, will no more tread;
I eulogize these hopeless ocean's dead.

In youth, my verse was callous and uncouth,
just jaded juvenilia of youth,
which I transcribed from heart, back then, unbroke
before I'd stained, with tears, my poet's cloak.

I wish that I could start it all again;
write for a living by the paying pen
creating novels fit for silver screen.
By Midas Touch, grow rich, but not grow mean!

Meanwhile, in garret's gloom the death-knell rings;
it's tolling just for me, while siren sings.
On snorting horses DEATH and HELL ride out;
then I awake from dream, so shocked, I shout!

Sometimes I sit dejected in my room,
a grieving ghost in garret's gabled gloom.
My ink won't flow, to splash my empty sheet,
but this will pass, and this is not defeat!

One day I'll write, make Heaven touch the Earth
with angel's breath, to bless with new-born birth
pure poems, rich, with rare, romantic rhyme,
inspired by muse's sweetness, so sublime!

a sacred summer's day

Once, throughout the stillness of a sultry summer's day
I slept, until the stars appeared and moon came out to play.
Then as she rose resplendently when sister sun had set,
I rued the dying of that day with ruthless, raw regret.

For I had spent it senselessly, let hours, like sand, all seep.
My eyes, I'd closed so carelessly, so spitefully in sleep.
So blindly did I blunder when I let it sail away:
that wasted world of wonder of a sacred summer's day.

My Goddess from the Silent Stars

When she returned to me that day
and saw I'd ceased to hope or pray.
She tore the thorn crown from my brow
and swore to me this sacred vow:

"My love for you has never ceased
and even when I seemed deceased
to you ? while all your hair turned grey;
I never really went away.

And now I've knocked upon your door
your aching heart will ache no more.
For I will heal the hurt and pain
and never make you grieve again"

And so, my dream, that long lay dead,
like Christ, when all his blood was bled,
she raised to life before my face;
gave back ? not one ? but every trace

of girl, who'd crucified my soul
when love, from me, she once had stole.
And warm with life, with blood and bone,
not ghost, unreal, or copied clone

she stood, and shared her own cruel scars,
my goddess from the silent stars.
And so I'd heal and understand
she touched me with her nail-torn hands,

bestowing beauty ? newly bled
and in that dawn of rusty red
we merged ? two lovers into one

and my grey grief I'd lived upon

she kissed away, and as sunrise
drew back the veil of her disguise,
the sorrow of our wasted years
seemed trifling as our teenage tears.

Caldey Beach

The sea is calm today; the sky is clear.
Across the straits the Caldey Coast draws near.
And girl, once far away, is by my side:
returned to me upon the turning tide!
For years, our tethered love, since it was strong;
sang on, in hearts apart, sweet sorrow's song.

For love lived on, when hope had bled and died,
was strong, and stood the test when it was tried.
Our foes were blind to signs, though they were warned;
to their eternal shame, our love they scorned!
These paltry points, I know, are now all moot;
they're past all comprehension to compute!

Since we are as we were when love was young;
'fore we, like stars, 'cross outer space were flung.
We missed each other; we just didn't know;
exchanged for grey, our gleaming golden glow!
Till sun had set ten thousand times or more,
we would not share this sacramental shore.

The sapphire sea still sparkles though today;
it shimmers, and the waves roll in and sway.
And on this boundless beach we're holding hands.
(two shells, washed up, upon these seamless sands)
And when she whispers, 'darling, I love you.'
I echo back, "my love, I love you too."

Poetic Peace

This warm summer day that's blazing away
I share with the trees and the flowers.
A cynic might sneer and mock me as queer
composing raw rhymes 'neath the bowers.
But that is alright; I'm feeling contrite;
there's not a bad bone in my body.
Those critics, so cruel, can call me a fool,
and slander my stanzas as shoddy.
This warm summer day, I'm feeling okay.
There's peace in this breeze that is blowing.
And poems that grow, like streams, I let flow;
to where though, there's no way of knowing!
When all's said and done, this rhyming is fun;
Exuberant? Yes, I'm euphoric!
To lie in the sun, when poem's all done
is heaven; now that's metaphoric!

Llandudno, the land of Dreams

Llandudno's like a foreign land,
with language you don't understand,
but deep in love with her you'll fall
when you have heard her deep heart's call.

It's by a sacred, surging sea
of sacramental symmetry,
with sandless beach of shingled stones,
as burnt and bleached as dead men's bones.

It has a rusty, old, grey pier,
a remnant of her yesteryear
when walkers had more time to kill
and days were longer, calmer, still.

It has a pretty promenade,
as beautiful as bearded bard.
It's long and wide as ocean deep,
with wind to dry the tears you weep.

Like queen, it sits upon a quay,
like mermaid in her majesty.
A star-encrusted, sceptred isle
that breathes out beauty to beguile.

I swear, it is the land of dreams,
where sorrow's face no longer seems
so savage, like a rabid beast,
since sadness there's forever ceased.

For connoisseurs, there is a taste
of heaven, that they dare not waste;
so silently it slips away,

like love they yearned for, yesterday.

With meditative state of mind,
this fantasy you'll surely find,
along the coast, beside the sea,
an echo of eternity

that leaves you still and calm inside;
its tender, tranquil, turning tide
will touch you, take away your fears;
its warming wind holds back the years.

Escape to this idyllic cove,
with lovers, who with romance rove,
upon the Orme, along the pier,
where all their heartaches disappear.

This land is like a magic morn,
where poet in your soul was born,
as you sat dreaming by the beach
of love, as it swam out of reach.

It is the sweetest seagull's song,
a sigh for love that won't last long.
Since life's a wave we can't control,
a morning's promenading stroll.

Beside the sea's the way, the truth:
the love you yearned for in your youth
that breathed on you one summer's day,
a dream divine that would not stay.

At last, you've found the lovebirds' dream,
a nest, where love can flow like stream.
Where passion in the blood can burn
and lessons of true love you'll learn.

Like heaven it's a holy place,
a garden paradise of grace,
where sinners stroll, or sit and stare,
and breathe the breeze and salt sea air.

Llandudno's quaint, genteel and nice,
a pretty perfect paradise,
a magic world of make believe
that you'll take with you when you leave.

I

I eat and drink; I sleep and dream
I sit and think; I plot and scheme
I laugh and cry; I live and learn
I trudge and try; I sweat and earn

I love and lust; I fret and fear
I doubt and trust; I smile and sneer
I cope and care; I hurt and hate
I steal and share; I watch and wait

I tease and talk; I give and take
I woo and walk; I feign and fake
I bleed and breathe; I wear and tear
I sulk and seethe; I stop and stare

I cling and crave; I strut and stray
I spend and save; I shop and pay
I weep and whine; I sing and shout
I pray and pine; I bitch and pout

I swear and sin; I mock and moan
I glare and grin; I grieve and groan
I rise and fall; I read and write
I coax and call; I fuss and fight

I tire and age; I crawl and creep
I rant and rage; I pry and peep
I miss and hit; I sob and sigh
I cough and spit; I wilt and die

Sunset Saved Our Sanity

That day, we spotted dolphins dancing,
free and foaming, out to sea,
in the dawn, down by the harbour,
from the wall, beside the quay.

That day, the ocean shone like silver,
gleamed and glimmered in the sun.
Those scorching rays fell fierce as famine,
bleaching, burning everyone.

That day, the sky was blue with beauty,
like the Mother of the Lord.
Clouds clung on, but soon were leaving,
cut and cleaved by solar sword.

That day, we drifted, wandered, dreaming,
seeking shelter's shady nook.
She sat still and scorched in silence;
'neath my hat I read a book.

That day, the seagulls ceased their shrieking,
soared in silence overhead.
Noontime on the burning beaches
bathers, laid out like the dead!

That day, the summer stillness settled,
like a scorching, sacred shroud.
Merged with moving, melted masses,
crucified that Cornish crowd!

That day dragged on till sun was dying,
sinking slowly in the sea.
Globe of gold in ocean bleeding:

sunset saved our sanity!

Poems Pure and Proud

I wish that I could sing as sweet
as girl, with wings upon her feet.
That I could dance her dervish dance,
spin round and round in mystic trance.

For maybe then I'd write like Keats,
rhyme deep as Yates, who spells it Yeats.
Lay lovely lines like Lakeside Bill,
each one a golden daffodil.

I wish the sound of skylark's song
would make me weep, so I would long
for goddess girl, who once had broke
my heart, with bitter words she'd spoke.

For then my rhymes would breathe romance;
they'd gleam and glow, and at one glance
my friends would all be wooed and won,
would welcome me with their, 'well done!'

I wish my pen would kiss like quill
of Sappho, then my page I'd fill
with teardrop words from clouds of fire,
all beauty-bled from dark desire.

Then verse composed in naïve youth,
I'd passed off as inspired truth,
I'd burn, like corpse beneath its shroud,
replace, with poems pure and proud!

Vita Nova

From her golden hair, like a waterfall,
to her feet, as swift as faery.
She was full-blown blonde, with a gentle gaze:
highest heaven's luminary.
Stood among her friends (such a motley crew;)
she shone like a star or comet:
like a bride's bouquet 'neath a silver moon
when there's romance writ upon it!
I fell for her then, like the one I'd loved
before I had ever met her;
Was one who I'd wrote to years ago
replying in flesh, not letter!
Too shy, when we met, so I dared not show
the love she had lit inside me.
I was yearning to tell her, there and then,
"I love YOU, my darling, only!"
Then we kissed, which was heaven touching earth,
purest Paradise descending.
And that sad, shambolic life that I'd known.
Was for me, already ending.

Shelley?s Steely Soul

I swear by Shelley's steely soul,
as poets, we have ups and downs.
Some lows, some highs, some times of trouble
(some bastard's bound to burst your bubble!)

I vow, sometimes, we're high as steeple.
and poets can be placid people,
until some sad, sick sons on bitches
unpick from poet's cloak the stitches!

I say, we're only killing time,
composing raw and raucous rhyme,
yet, sorrow in our souls is sowin'
a mustard seed of faith that's growin'!

I swear by Shelley's steely soul
As poets, we're transparent people,
with no one's mind we plan on messin';
believe us; we're hell-bent on blessin'!

eyes of lost love

Where lotus blossoms sleep,
by marshes dank and deep,
my love went down to weep
so long ago.

She'd had to let me leave,
grow old and grey and grieve,
go mad with make-believe,
not let me know

that she still cared for me,
though we could never be;
she needed to be free,
so she could grow!

She said she had moved on,
since we were twenty one;
And our first love had gone,
so long ago.

But she could not disguise
with savage sapphire lies
the love lost in her eyes
when it would glow.

A Summer Morning

How sacred is a summer morning
when night has fled and day is dawning.
The wind is warm and trees are swaying,
like nuns, lined up, on knees all praying.
The dew drop gems on leaves laid down
do gleam, more than a monarch's crown.
The tiny bird that's on the wing
sings sweeter song than we can sing.
Upon the hills the mist is moving;
the fading moon is disapproving.
For she must lose her borrowed light,
give way to sun's majestic might.
The mothers wake their girl or boy
for schooling (no one's jug of joy!)
The breeze that blew has ceased to breathe;
the air is still, the pavements seethe.
A summer morn 'neath blue skies gleaming,
beside the sea, we should be dreaming!
At noon, when globe of gold is burning,
we'll rue those hours we lost to learning!

my island home

Island of emptiness
chosen for me.
Land of lost loneliness
circled by sea.

Born to be buried here,
soulless in soil,
after a lifetime
of trouble and toil.

Far from the mainland
Of continent cruel,
breathing the beautiful
breezes so cool.

Land fit for heroes,
where heroes no more
sail 'cross the ocean
from shoreline to shore.

Island all covered
by clothing of clouds.
Swaddled and shadowed
by storm-surfing shrouds.

Conquered by conqueror,
conquered no more.
Island of liberty,
king here is law!

Island of paradise,
home of the blest,
poets and poetry,

romance and rest.

Outpost of empire,
where saviour once trod
as child, (penned the poet)
with Mother of God!

Island of emptiness,
chosen for me.
Land of lost loneliness
circled by sea.

a poet true

If I had wings and poet's skill,
a Muse at hand and time to kill,
I'd scribe for you such noble verses
about the beauty Nature nurses
inside a bud, on bough with leaf,
where wonder is the main motif.

I'd take my pen, like Bard with quill,
pour forth a stream, sublime and still.
Place pleasant poem on the page,
a song of love to never age,
grow old as moon and starry host,
or sea that creeps along the coast.

If lines would gleam like dew at dawn,
lay down like jewels on leafy lawn.
I'd sparkle with the Muse's magic,
rewrite those rhymes of truth so tragic.
Have Hector and Achilles yield,
bid both lay down their sword and shield.

If I composed like kindly Keats,
wrote rhymes where earth and heaven meets,
my poems would be less pedantic;
they'd bloom like rustic rose, romantic.
Then I would be a poet true
and I would touch the heart of you!

Real Gone Rhyme

My poetry did charm and cheer
as I sat sobbing in my beer.
It held me (like a faithful friend)
when world of mine was at an end.

Throughout my lost and languid life,
(while shackled to a wolfish wife)
those stanzas bid me bide my time;
they sang sometimes; was so sublime!

In dungeon's dank, dark days and nights;
temptations, trials, fond fancy's flights;
when life had left me all alone,
and all my wildest oats were sown,

they whispered, in a still small voice,
(which made this rhyming rogue rejoice.)
They vowed true love would visit me
by streams of sweet serenity,

where I would tread my twilight years,
with Venus, through this vale of tears.
And from those sobs I'd sown in time
I'd reap romance and real gone rhyme!

Rise Above

Above the usual ill-bred sounds
of Buxton, queen of tactless towns;
he heard (which made his sad thoughts drift)
the screaming of a sailing swift.

Above the rooftops, on the wing,
it ducked and dived like airborne king.
And he was shook by shock and awe
when it was joined by many more.

Above the hopeless hoi polloi,
this flight formation foisted joy
upon this man, out on a limb,
with wife, his sweetest synonym.

Above the usual ill-bred noise,
thank God there's Nature's jarring joys
to bless, when all around is cursed
by low-bred louts, uncouth, unversed.

Holy Land

Oh Grecian maiden, take my hand
and guide me to your Holy Land,
where echoes from a time gone by,
before Olympus' gods did die

sound sweeter than a sacred song.
Responding, my poor heart will long
to sup, with you, the sweet sublime
of legendary love, from time

that Aphrodite walked ashore
and stumbled, new-born, still unsure.
When standing shadow-less and still,
unclothed, not feeling morning chill,

she opened goddess' eyes with smile,
breathed out her beauty to beguile.
And gracing Grecian island sand,
her touch baptised it: Holy Land!

The Kiss

Below a grey and lowering sky,
went walking, just my love and I.
The path, well-trod, led to the town,
where once we said we'd settle down.

The sun was breaking through the clouds.
(those sad and sombre summer shrouds)
And as we wandered, hand in hand,
I pondered all the way we'd planned.

Then paused, to pray a private prayer
(we may not be alive to share!)
When tearful twilight times draw near,
and aging, (evil and austere)

would take its tiresome, tragic toll
on lovers, young in heart and soul,
whose feeble frame and fading form
would freeze, and blood turn cold, once warm.

Beneath a blue and cloudless sky,
was walking, just my love and I.
Then by a stream, we stopped to kiss,
which closed our future's cruel abyss.

goddess

In sunless glade the goddess stood,
beneath a leafless bower.
She'd wandered from her western wood
at twilight's tranquil hour.
Her lovely locks , with braids, were bound;
her lips were sultry scarlet.
She trod, without a single sound,
as holy as a harlot.
Beneath a silver sailing moon
the goddess sought her lovers.
One kiss, one touch, no one's immune,
no mortal man recovers.
Before the dawn, she slips away;
the western winds are calling.
for none, will she be forced to stay;
for none, will she be falling!
Aurora rose to cast her spell
on goddess, with no shadow,
as nymphs, who tread the faery dell,
her beauty, beg to borrow.

64

64's an unpoetic age
to pen, for plaudits, on this splintered stage,
when bones are aching and there's need for rest,
in dreamless sleep, on days when you're depressed.

64's not old, but it's not young!
Our senile sonnets, they should stay unsung!
An aging poet's after all a fool,
a tosser and an obsolescent tool.

64's a number, so they say;
the old are growing younger day by day!
But I don't buy that patronising crap,
when every afternoon I need to nap!

64's the age to start to think
of making out your will, with borrowed ink,
from poems, which are best left there to lie,
like sleeping dog or cocooned butterfly.

Shrouded Shelley

The longed-for summer days are dying.
Autumnal leaves already lying
remind us of that solemn season,
which soon will fall, which is the reason

why poets' pens are poised o'er pages;
they hear the storm as if it rages
to stir the soulless savage ocean,
whose waves did drown without emotion

the poet, Percy, (shrouded Shelly.)
Who breathed his last in ocean's belly;
that bloodless beast did still his passion;
turned youthful cheeks from red to ashen!

The longed-for summer days are dying;
upon that beach where body's lying
the poet brothers all assemble,
put pen to page with hands that tremble.

Ghost

Back in my youth I saw a ghost,
or what men always call a ghost.
The cynics scoffed; the simple sighed:
"Maybe it's 'cause his father died?"

Some said, "it's that damn Ouija board
and all that singing, "praise the Lord."
"A demon spirit," cousin said,
"That's not the soul of someone dead!"

My girlfriend saw the phantom too;
was then her folks said, "Yes it's true!
It must be real, she's in a state;
we wondered why she'd come home late."

Back in my youth I did not boast:
"Hey everyone, I've seen a ghost!"
I knew they'd call me daft or cracked,
but nonetheless it is a fact!

Iris Flower

Pretty little Iris flower,
joy she brings to bless the hour
when life seems stale, subdued and slow
and lacks the grace to gleam or glow.

Pretty little precious pearl:
God's good gift, this gorgeous girl,
sleeps on, in peace, and dreams her dreams
that flow from heaven in silent streams.

Swanage Pier

On Swanage Pier, my love and I
shared sun 'neath summer's sepia sky.
We sat to soak up sunbeams;
deranged by daring daydreams.

On Swanage Pier, our love was young;
she saw the youth in me and clung.
We stood, our shadows showing,
not age, but first love glowing!

On Swanage Pier, my love was told
her hands and heart, like mine, were old.
We smiled at cynics' scheming;
destroyed them with our dreaming.

On Swanage Pier, our love did blaze,
burnt off the hollow years of haze.
We shone ? two stars eternal,
voluptuous and vernal!

Planet B

There is a Planet B;
it's written in the scroll,
an earth, with no more sea,
a world of wonder, whole!

As pure as driven snow,
all purged by Prince of Peace,
where evil will not grow
and sorrows all will cease.

Hedgehogs

The hedgehogs curled up by your shed
are scared. In fact, they live in dread
of dogs and drains and deep, dank ditches,
which plague these sorry sons of bitches!

Their days on earth are numbered too,
if climate change and all that's true.
It could decline their population
and wipe these creatures from our nation.

These black-eyed fellows' fiercest foe?
The farmer! And it's touch and go
if they'll survive his fascist farming.
Their habitat he's always harming.

The badger preys on hedgehogs too
and chemicals - that toxic brew.
Cruel cars, (cold Cadillacs for killing)
the hedgehogs' blood they're always spilling.

The hedgehogs, curled up in a ball,
are spiky, sweet, and very small.
They need our help; don't say I'm raving,
like sinful souls, they're well worth saving!

long-lost friend

The holy child, who sweetly slept,
grew up and like a sinner wept
for men, who cruelly caused him grief;
he suffered from their unbelief!

This long-lost king, of truth, was made
to wear upon his brow, like braid,
a thorn crown, not as monarch proud;
His bloodstained robe was dead man's shroud!

This Lord of everlasting life,
whose touch could stem the streams of strife,
could not be praised by them enough:
(those saints, He'd made of sterner stuff.)

Their long-lost friend, this Prince of Peace,
who'd made the stormy oceans cease
and stepped upon the raging wave;
He walked alive from gloomy grave!

My Lovely Lass

The mountains and the misty moon,
the sunset and the sea,
the world of wonder shining bright;
they're nothing now to me.

For when I sit and scan the lake,
and in its mirror peer,
I long to see reflected there
the one I loved so dear.

Beside my own familiar face
caught in that mystic glass,
I yearn to see the girl I lost:
Lorraine, my lovely lass.

For once, the rocks and crags we climbed,
to where the skylarks sing,
and o'er creation's hills and vales
our true love song would ring!

The mountains and the misty moon,
the sunset and the sea,
without the one with beauty's smile,
they're emptiness to me.

Lorraine, My Sugar Pie

I know it won't be published,
this page of scribbled stress.
As soon as I've done bleeding
I'll burn this mangled mess.

But just for one mad moment,
a copy I'll put by.
To one I'll dedicate it:
Lorraine, my sugar pie.

You see, she was my true love,
my tender teenage dream,
who rose like Aphrodite
with golden glow and gleam.

And through life's jaded journey
when she was far away.
I knew I'd ache to hold her
until my dying day.

So, when my ship came sailing
on waves when tides had turned.
The joy drowned out the sorrow
when love, with her, returned.

ode to autumn

Autumn is the dying of the year. The season sadly sighing, "winter's near." Its lifeless, loveless leaves all bled and dried remind us of the death sweet summer's died. Autumn means the nights are drawing in. Let Halloween and Bonfire Night begin! The days are short; the nights are long and cold: (a joy for youth - oppression for the old.) Autumn wears a cloak of blood-red gold. A multi-coloured dream-coat to behold. Its bleeding and its dying's a motif of man of sorrows and the God of grief! Autumn is so beautifully adorned. Like passing of a princess, should be mourned! And with the falling of each dying leaf our hearts should break for season far too brief.

Sappho's Song of Peace

As Sappho's sweetly singing,
a sacrifice she's bringing.
For sorrow soldiers shed,
for blood they've bravely bled.
To set sweet Sappho free
to plant her poetry
in land of Grecian lilies
where sword of brave Achilles
was bathed in bloody clot
and she has not forgot!
Poor Hector on his pyre,
she plays upon her lyre!
An ode set down in song.
For peace her soul does long.

Lovebirds

From '56 to '71, I was a miner's only son.
A sensitive and silent fellow,
was easygoing, mild and mellow.

From '72 to '77, I lived on love with girl from heaven.
I'd found her in a field of heather;
she'd fell from sky like falcon's feather.

From '78 to '83, since bird had flown, they called me free:
but all those lousy losers lied.
They'd conned me like the crucified.

From '84 to '99, with ball and chain was damned to dine.
For offspring, I would serve my time.
(Were they the reason and the rhyme?)

2000 foretold kinder fate: 8 years until 2008!
That golden year of jubilee
when lovebird would fly home to me.

2009 to present day are twilight years of passion play,
and yes, the final storms we'll weather.
Two love birds, growing old together.

evergreen

I hear the rustle of the trees;
their leafy branches, by the breeze,
are blown about; they sway and swing,
as birds, with ruffled feathers, sing.

Behind the clouds, the sleepy sun
(too shy to show her face, like nun)
begins to gleam, to warm the world,
with love, as wind fans flags unfurled

upon the town hall's trusty tower,
beside the clock that marks the hour.
Then rain, which lashed, so long, the ground
does cease, to leave the silver sound

of silence; wind, at last, has dropped;
the swaying branches all have stopped
and all seems still and so serene:
a silent sea of evergreen.

Coralie

I've lost my heart to Coralie, but please don't ever question me till you have seen her on the stage
play goddess of the golden age! She's sleek like Greek, although she's French and wily as a
wayward wench! She stole my heart with just one glance, that femme fatale from Paris, France.
So please don't ever be surprised this mademoiselle has mesmerised, enchanting me with siren's
spell, bewitching me down faery dell. I love my curvy Coralie! So please don't ever question me
'bout why I love her luscious lips, her made-in-heaven hourglass hips. I've lost my heart to
Coralie, but please don't ever question me for wanting her; you know I'm weak for girls dressed like
a goddess, Greek!

elegy for a dead dad

Upon the season's sultry breeze
the lilac wastes her perfumed breath,
while sunlight streams through trembling trees
to light the land of midnight death.

The swallows sigh upon the wing,
with swift and song thrush singing soft.
And eagle, on his throne, as king
above the clouds soars safe aloft.

And I, a mortal, dare to dream,
though I am quintessential dust.
Beneath the sky, I vainly scheme
to fight my fears with faith and trust.

But oh, my father, where are you
on this sad summer's soulless day?
From bones now cold and steely blue
does soul, set free, still pine away?

Beside your long-neglected grave
I sit, all statuesque and stare,
as glimmer of the life you gave
pours through my veins like pilgrim's prayer.

Father Mine

Oh, Father Mine, once miner proud,
too soon, to you, came sleep and shroud.
So many battles still to win,
adventures aching to begin.

I paint you now: Eric the Red.
At dawn of day already dead.
Your orphan offspring, precious gift,
on sea of fate, you set adrift.

Your Dido queen torn up with grief,
her red-raw wound found no relief.
Shipwrecked on sorrow's senseless shore,
sent mad, since you came home no more.

Oh, Father Mine, my lifetime's done.
You're young enough to be MY son!
So don't feel sad o'er parting's plight,
for soon, with you, I will unite!

Their Love

They told you time would heal, and you'd forget.
That there'd be no remorse and no regret.
And hearts they'd torn apart would one day mend.
Yes, you believed their lies and so did send

your father; he knocked boldly on my door
for property, of yours, he had come for.
A courier content with callous crime,
who smiled to see true love run out of time.

They'd told you that I'd not amount to much;
I lacked a grafter's grit and Midas Touch.
Besides, they'd weighed me up and deemed me weird.
(this future son-in-law was to be feared!)

A daughter, you were told, was far too good
to love an orphan boy whose name was mud.
He lacked that precious gem: a steady job,
preventing him from merging with the mob.

But worst of all he was a Jesus Freak,
uncouth enough about that name to speak!
And God, they'd praise, but always did pretend,
to him was dearer than a dearest friend.

And so, to love we shared, they did their worst.
Those first love twins they crucified and cursed.
But in that dungeon dark and dank and drear
their love still smouldered, starlit and sincere.

Forgotten Spring

At dead of night I rise from sleep
and dress myself for cold;
the years are growing old,
and I have faded like a leaf:
that phantom, free of grief:
(my youth) I do remember,
shone with hope, but burnt too brief.

At dawn of day, in garret's gloom,
alone and fully dressed,
I lay me down to rest,
to dream of that forgotten spring,
whose birds have ceased to sing;
to season scarred with sorrow,
though it crucified, I cling!

At noontime drear when grey skies weep
and clouds float far away,
like on a dying day.
Myself, alone, I'll hide
till you're back by my side;
I'll wait here by the seashore
till the west wind turns the tide.

At twilight hour when sun has set
and darkness casts its spell,
as waves are raising hell,
I'll tread the level, lonely sand,
where once you held my hand,
before you left me lonely
in this paltry promised land.

Winter

In winter, as the freezing fog
floats friendless 'cross the frozen field.
I watch the lost and lonely jog
and to my dread depression yield.

The shrouded, silent, silver sun
stands still, or so it seems to me.
And only mortals dare to run
away from God's eternity.

By noon, when dreary darkness falls,
I hear a soulful singing bird.
From tree to tree the creature calls.
He hopes, by one, he will be heard.

At dusk, when all our dreams expire
and empty, aching hearts grow cold.
Those thoughts, once fed with Jesus' fire,
turn grey, from summer's gleaming gold.

a clot of clay

I think about the endless sea
of God's immense eternity,
as moonbeams on the lonely lakes
lie lonely till Aurora wakes.

I scan the silent, starlit skies,
and dream about my true love's eyes.
I see my father, trashed by toil,
with sullied spade from sweat and soil.

I think of Life: that "fun-filled game,"
where bastards never get the blame,
and Truth is twisted till it's torn,
to pieces, like a babe unborn.

I think about the pain Life's made,
that victims feel, (in full they're paid!)
And then I contemplate the earth,
that mother who has given birth

to me: this thinking clot of clay:
a cold and callous castaway,
who thinks because he does not dare
to feel compassion's Christlike care.

Honeydew

Above the shrouded shady bowers,
the trees that pass their lonely hours
were dear to me. For through their grove
my love and I did one day rove.

And in a sad autumnal hour,
with kisses sweet, my love did shower
this boy: my heart she did inflame!
The music of her lovely name

enchanted me when I was weak,
(for girls with locks sublime and sleek.)
When first I glimpsed this goddess true,
who bore the name of Honeydew,

I fell in love with her so deep.
I dreamed about her in my sleep.
I'd wake, as sweet Aurora rose,
pick up my pen and would compose

a poem, which was just the first.
"I had to write, or I would burst."
I'd said, when friends of mine inquired.
"The gods themselves have all desired

to hold a goddess shaped like this,
a beauty born bestowing bliss."
I knew not then her love would fade,
And sorrow'd come to share the shade

below the shrouded shady bowers,
where now I pass the lonely hours,
with grief, to guide me through the grove,

where once my love and I did rove.

Rest in Peace

They've passed away, those strangers from my youth.
Young men grown old; their time curtailed by truth.
They sailed away, as tide turned, unconcerned.
The seasons shrugged, as borrowed bodies burned.

This land of dreams makes dust of breathing things.
Looks on unfazed, as commoners and kings
go one by one into its silent soil.
At rest, at last, from unromantic toil.

Wonder Wife

I love her more than my own eyes.
Far more than summer's sapphire skies.
She is the meaning of my life,
my goddess girl and wonder wife.
A million maidens may be sweet,
but she's the one with faery feet.
Her eyes are like twin pools of light;
they're beautiful as stars at night.
Her lips are luscious, made to kiss,
believe me, there's no other bliss
on earth like being by her side.
Without her, only suicide
could compensate or cure the pain
now that she's in my arms again.

Catwalk Queen

I admit, so many beauties have
strutted down the models' catwalk.
Tall, shapely, glistening girls,
with curvaceous contours
and kissing curls. But my love,
I believe, is queen of all.

For she's the one with glittering crown!
She's clothed in Venus' goddess gown,
and shines so supernova bright,
who in this cesspool's darkest night

did rise like sweet Aurora's dawn.
She met me on one misty morn,
when I was just a fractured thing,
a boy without a song to sing,
(a bashful bird with broken wing.)

And when we kissed, my needs were met,
and all my life I won't forget
that kissing gate, her sylvan smile,
and how we sat upon that stile

entwined, as ivy clings to tree.
And what my model means to me
I cannot breathe. For she's my breath,
and her return was life from death.

For yearning years, we were apart,
two pieces of one broken heart.
But when the planets were in line,
and we'd matured as vintage wine,

we met, once more, and merged as one.
She smiled, then all my grief was gone.
And all those wasted waspish years
seemed trifling as our childhood's tears.

These words are true, for I'm sincere.
Without her, I would not be here.
I'd be an urn of dead man's dust.
This estimation you can trust!

Poets' Pain

The poet's voice upon the wind
has died, and with the prophet's twinned:
Both seen as sentimental fools.
Both microscopic molecules

of madness, who the masses mock.
Their prattle is too trite to shock.
So, poets pen to please their pain,
in verse, that burns like acid rain.

They scrawl before dawn's early smile.
They know she'll rise and won't revile
their lines, and they're content to wait
until they'll maybe legislate

for poets, but they're no one's fool.
One day, school kids may find 'em cool!
When hell turns cold like frozen lakes
and babes play safe with rattlesnakes!

Sea-Dog

I'll follow yon' stream down south to the shore,
just go, with the flow, to the sea.
I'll take myself off to hide my heart's hurt;
become someone else 'stead of me.

I'll dream and deny the pain I can't cry,
soothe soul, in my boat, by the bay.
I'll take the high tide, lift anchor and glide,
steal stillness and stow it away.

Rub salt in my wounds and watch them all heal,
(old Sea-Dog had taught me that ruse.)
Make coastline my home, inland will not roam,
will take up again with my Muse!

I'll sit down to read, pen poems that plead
for sinners who savaged my rhymes.
Like shells on the sand, they can't understand.
So, I'll not count cruelties as crimes.

And when the dawn breaks, comes casting its spell,
a new man they'll find on the beach:
a seafaring gent, a jack-tar, content,
with heart that bad love cannot reach!

Dream Dad

I had a dream-dad many years ago,
before the bitter breeze began to blow.
He was a god, a Titan, so it seemed,
but that may be a dream that once I dreamed.

This dad, he was immortal, so it seemed,
but as I said before, I may have dreamed,
(and in this dream there was no dread demise
to dawn on me with savage, stern surprise.)

This dad, who I did foolishly adore,
was born with old Achilles' fatal flaw:
his heart, it was a bubble 'bout to burst;
this ageless Adonais, he was cursed!

I had a dad, but that was long ago,
before the bitter breeze began to blow.
He was a god, a Titan, so it seemed,
but that was just a dream a school boy dreamed.

Maid of the Mist

Maid of the mist, in the dawn, when you came to me
swathed in the rays of Aurora's gold light.
Deep in my heart, I knew then, you were meant to be
destiny, dawning, in deep, darkest night.

Lady of love, in my youth's manic misery,
gorgeous and gleaming like goddess above;
you, above everyone else, were the world to me:
tranquil and tender as dream's dulcet dove.

Venus, through air, curled around, like the morning mist
'neath silver moon, at the harvesting time.
By farm's rustic gate, in the dark, where we first kissed,
we sowed sacred seeds of romantic rhyme.

Maid madly missed, in the twilight, you came to me,
shrouded in starlight and warm lunar beams.
Down by the shore, where the waves sang in harmony
you turned my nightmares to dazzling, deep dreams.

Brand New World

The clouds, they clot the sky this morn
and gag the gleaming glow.
The murk and mist, with fog forlorn,
lament, and tide is low.

The seagulls that did sail and soar
loquacious, loud and lewd,
their screams, by sacramental shore,
are stifled and subdued.

The sounding sea, along the beach,
retreats and cannot roar.
The waves, they whimper out of reach,
down deep, dank ocean floor.

Then dawn bell strikes and beauty beams:
The Day Star's breaking through!
'Tis summer, so the sun she streams
to make the world brand-new!

One Summer

One summer, I was loved with fire so fierce
by girl, whose smile, like Cupid's barb did pierce
the endless aching of my broken heart;
with sunlight she filled up each pining part!

She calmed the restless raging of my mind,
and kissed with quiet breathing that did bind
the wounds within, where witch with wingless feet
had savaged me and sifted me like wheat.

This girl, with tresses blonde and eyes of fire
I'd longed for all my life with deep desire.
She haunted me in sleepy, twilight dreams,
surrounded me with moon-lit golden gleams.

She wooed, with wide-eyed wonder, and with wings,
soothed sorrowed soul within so now it sings!
She held me in the hollow of her hand,
and slept with me on snow-white silver sand.

Yes, I was loved, and it was not a dream;
it was a goddess by that sun-lit stream,
who breathed me back to life from dusty death
by beauty that she breathed with ev'ry breath!

Burning Love

I'll never fear, from you, caprice.
For your sweet love will never cease.
Just once I feared you'd turned at bay,
when you were forced to sail away.

But deep inside (I since have learned)
your aching heart, for me, still yearned.
And distance, in cahoots with time,
did merely raise romantic rhyme

that I would pour like precious blood
when you returned, to me, for good.
And so, my gorgeous goddess true,
the life I've spent on loving you

was not a bag of broken dreams
submerged in sad satanic streams.
First love's a flame, and love that burns,
on angel wings, one day, returns!

The Old

The old forget, or so I'm told,
when they come in from out the cold.
They oft repeat the tale they tell.
Their homes breathe out a special smell.

The old were young in days gone by,
as beautiful as butterfly,
till time crept up on them too soon,
entwined them in a cruel cocoon.

The old can laugh and joke and smile.
Their skin's as thick as crocodile.
They're armor-clad 'gainst all attacks,
bombastic as a battle-axe!

The old are fearless, so, offend.
Their bodies are too hard to bend,
but with their tongues they still can lash
the hypocrites and trailer trash.

The old survived; they've lived to tell
the secrets of the sounding shell.
Alone, washed up on shifting sand?
Go tell the old, they'll understand!

Snowdrops ~ Ladies of Loveliness

The winter-proof snowdrops are blooming:
reminders that springtime is looming.
They brave the harsh breeze that is blowing;
in bleakest mid-winter they're growing!

In Latin, *Galanthus Nivalis*;
(to love them, you don't need to know this)
'Milk Flower of the Snow's' the translation;
from Promised Land brought to this nation.

All clouded in folklore and fable,
like Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel,
whose tears were all shed in the garden;
in Eden they begged heaven's pardon!

So, angels of mercy took pity,
from snowflakes made flowers so pretty:
sweet, shy, sturdy blooms, bright with beauty,
all destined, by God, for this duty:

to symbolise hope, beyond sorrow,
of new world of wonder, tomorrow,
where hearts will be warmed and unfrozen
by ladies of loveliness chosen.

The beautiful snowdrops are blooming:
reminders that springtime is looming!
Cruel winter, they tell us, is ending;
sweet solace of springtime is pending!

Dearest Dad

He dived with death; it was one summer's day.
He'd left his three children alone to play.
Transforming himself to ice cold, blue steel,
on a dark dreamy day, seemed so surreal.

My mum shed warm tears; her heart had been torn.
My sisters held hands and wept on the lawn.
Nostalgically, they had both come to survey
the gorgeous green grass my father did lay.

From time that they put him into the ground
I shed not one tear, or uttered a sound.
My uncle said, "There is no shame, just weep."
But all of my grief I'd buried down deep.

I stowed it, until I'd meet him some day
beyond the blue Moon and mute Milky Way.
For then, far from earth, I'd shake his strong hand,
and say, "Dearest dad, I now understand."

Poisoned Advice

We kissed in the lounge. Then they drove me away
to learn how to preach and to learn how to pray.
At school of theology, where Christ was king
we students would study salvation, and sing.

I'd left on a mission, for Jesus, my Lord.
(A song sung one Sunday somehow touched a chord.)
It earned me no sympathy, only cruel scorn.
Her church-going folks were both peeved I'd been born.

Those parents, like Judas, betrayal they breathed.
They smiled to my face, but then secretly seethed.
For I loved their darling dear daughter too much.
They wanted to tell me, 'Please, stay out of touch!'

When six terms I'd spent on that scriptural shore,
she rang me to say, 'I can't do this no more!'
She wept down the phone like a widow would weep,
or slave whose cruel master in chains he would keep.

Heartbroken and hopeless, from college, went home.
My mom, with cold comfort, asked, 'why did you roam?'
One morning, in April, her dad tapped my door.
He'd come for her things ? a most merciless chore!

Like limb amputated I lay on my bed.
Recalling the last words, to her I had said.
I'd pleaded, 'You're killing me,' which cut no ice.
She shouldn't have swallowed their poisoned advice.

War Poets

War poets are weary; they're weary of war.
War poets aren't war poets ? not any more.
They're cool connoisseurs of conflicts gone cold.
They're battle-hard veterans war cannot scald!

War poets aren't burning with anger no more.
They've swapped no man's land for sun by the shore.
War's cruel, callous killing no more strikes a chord.
From playing at war games war poets are bored.

War poets, to war zones, no longer return.
For blood-spattered battles they no longer yearn.
Their pens, once outspoken, indignant and loud,
like guns, they've fell silent, as soldier in shroud.

War poets have wandered o'er flowerless fields,
where poisonous poppies the soil no more yields.
They're sick of the shrieking and screaming of shells,
ground down by defeats like those damn Dardanelles!

War poets are weary; they're weary of war
that's savage, like Nature, in tooth and in claw.
But as poets of peace they'll never be known
till the ogre of war has been overthrown.

It's War

**It's war, and it's calling you, brothers in arms,
away from your families, your friendships, your farms.
Take up your cold weapons, kiss sweethearts goodbye.
For love and for loved ones, be daring to die!**

**It's war, ask your fathers, your grandfathers too,
'bout western front trenches, cold war, Waterloo!
It's hell and it's evil, but men have to fight
No time for discussions of wrong or of right.**

**It's war, and you're watching and waiting to see
some sense and some meaning, some sweet symmetry!
But there is no reason ? all logic resists
you keeping your name off the casualty lists.**

**It's war, and you're burning the bridges you've crossed.
You're not in a movie 'bout innocence lost.
You're bleeding from wounds that you really don't need,
but you're bound to brothers - a band bred to bleed!**

The Sweet Sublime

I write romantically, in rhyme.
Not all the time.
Sometimes my pent-up passion cools
for female fools.

Then I begin to long for more,
when women bore.
I seek the sacred, sweet sublime.
That's not a crime!

Not slighting goddess or the muse.
(They can amuse.)
But deep inside my love-sick soul
they leave a hole.

This mad misogynistic mood
can seem quite rude,
but poet's life is oh, so short,
the Buddha taught.

Like line, on water, someone drew,
we're passing through.
So very soon we'll disappear.
We're such small beer!

It's time, I think, we did outgrow
these girls who glow.
Since we are simply streaming stars,
light beams through bars.

We'll sleep like shells washed up on shore,
forevermore!
So, search and seek the sweet sublime.

Don't waste your time!

Gorgeous Goddess Girl

At fourteen, when my father died, as fathers sometimes do,
I found a gorgeous goddess girl who helped me make it through.
The hurt that I had then denied, she made it start to heal.
The pain that pride had forced to hide, her true love helped me feel.

At nineteen, when my girlfriend left, as girlfriends sometimes do,
I found no friend or goddess girl to help me make it through.
My heart ? under her parents' spell ? she'd torn it into two.
I thought that it would never mend, that true love wasn't true.

At forty, when my dreams had died, as dreams they sometimes do,
I found no faith or fortitude to help me make it through.
My life, I lived as losers do, submerged in work and debt.
My heart, that sometimes ached out loud, would rage with raw regret.

At fifty, when my kids had left, as children sometimes do
I found no love from world or wife to help me make it through.
Then goddess girl, my first love true, turned up and tapped my door.
She had not changed, but nor had I, first love burnt like before.

At sixty, when the church bells chimed, as church bells sometimes do,
I wed my gorgeous goddess girl before our chosen crew.
Well-wishers all, supporters too, who knew it had to be.
And not one precious, chosen guest would dare to disagree!

Song of Hope

Sing on, my faithful, feathered friend.
Your song has stirred my heart.
It blew, like blessing, while I lay
in fear, at day's dread start.

Your chirp has cheered the gloom away
that settled on my brow.
It gave, to me, a reason why
to cope with any, how?

Sing on, despite these dreary days,
above the battle's noise.
Into my mind of mad malaise
bring perfect peace and poise.

War's savage storms hang overhead
and lunacy holds sway.
But bombs can't cut the golden thread
of your sweet song today.

Sworn Statement

I swore, by the bones of my father and mother,
the eyes of my sister, the life of my brother.

I swore, by the cross of my Lord, whom I love,
and by all the angels of God up above,
but I will not swear anymore!

I swore, by that song: the sweet song of salvation.
By blood-spattered flag of our war-weary nation.
I swore by the bible and all that is holy.
By storms that sail swiftly and streams that glide slowly
but I will not swear anymore!

I swore, by the truth, that was twisted and tortured.
By fruit plucked by Eve in old Eden's fair orchard.
I swore, by the way and the truth and the life.
By the unending love that I had for my wife
but I will not swear anymore!

I swore by the blood, of the cretins who'd crossed me,
my sword blade would spill from their wounds that would run free.
I swore to get even, with vengeance and fury,
that I'd be the judge and that I'd be the jury,
but I will not swear anymore!

The Bad Dad

Distracted by his true love's beauty,
he'd overlooked his father's duty
towards his sons and dreamy daughters,
and while he wrote upon the waters

(in rhymes romantic, youthful, yearning
because his heart, with love, was burning)
resentment rose, like lava flowing:
volcanic voice was carping, crowing.

Like siren's, screeching, screaming, sounding,
upon his aging head was pounding.
Apocalyptic hoofbeats banging,
the death-knell of cold comfort clanging.

And he'd neglected other creatures!
Those faun-like friends, with fairy features.
While he'd been courting, crudely kissing.
Their grandpappy, these doves were missing!

Dear God, forgive this foolish fellow,
who's mercilessly mild and mellow.
Besotted and beguiled by beauty,
he's deaf to all demands of duty!

Words

There're words this poet writes, he dares not read.
Cruel words, cut out from kernel of his creed.
Wounding words, yet precious as a daughter,
Composed with blood, written on the water.

Poured out at the behest of poet's muse,
Laments for love, the poet once did lose.
From time when her sweet form would crucify,
like grieving ghost, she'd menace his mind's eye.

These woeful words, he then would weep as tears.
Their conversations from those youthful years
they would beat and bruise his heart like hammer
till poet could not speak, only stammer.

About these wretched words I can't come clean.
Dear reader, read them in the lines between!
For they were words that she last spoke to me.
This lover's brokenhearted legacy.

Her words: "I cannot do this anymore."
They've punched a hole, so pain, at last, can pour.
On this page, my shattered soul is spilling.
Be kind, dear friend, pray for a mercy killing!

Silver Lining

I'd penned, with endless, dull duration
the sadness of our separation.

A tragic tale you're tired of hearing,
but listen, for it's turned endearing!

The tide that seemed so long in turning,
the bridge we thought was burnt, not burning:
Each one a death knell; we were certain!
The play was done, down came the curtain.

Those years we lived apart with others,
like husbands, fathers, wives and mothers
were long, but stars were realigning.
The clouds do have a silver lining!

And more than we had dreamed or wished for,
This pair of lovebirds, who were done for
returned to life! These star-cross'd lovers
embraced once more, thank God above us!

Her Goddess Gaze

When Zephyrus blew her to the shore
new-born from ocean deep.
She brought such beauty, love and grace
the gods began to weep.

Then gentleness and dignity,
with beauty, they were merged.
Above the waves, were swept to shore,
no longer were submerged

Her hair was long and wrapped around
her body that was bare.
She cast no shadow on the sand,
which made the locals stare.

The fisherfolk forsook their nets
to follow where she led.
But first they knelt and bowed their heads.
The fearful, they had fled.

Then as she trod the golden beach,
the children danced and sang.
(In far-off days before church bells.)
So, all creation rang.

And as Aeolus set and kissed
her face with dying rays.
Sweet Venus smiled, and darkness died
before her goddess gaze.

I Would Never Love Another

I would never love another.
So, I kept it under cover:
(when fair fate found me my lover)
Just in case they did discover.

My warped wife, my kids, and mother
behaved like Orwell's Big Brother.
They had all agreed to smother
my true love for my true lover.

When there could not be no other.
I would never love another!
So, I kept it under cover.
I stayed schtum about my lover,

Just in case they'd all discover,
and tell my wife, my kids and mother,
who would boss me like Big Brother,
from first love make me recover.

When there could not be no other:
I would never love another!

Poet Boy

I fell in love with poetry
as babe upon my mother's knee.
She fed me rhymes to help me sleep,
read sonnets that would make dad weep.

She dressed me in a poet's cloak,
and sang to me each time I woke,
like Sappho, singing with her lyre,
as I lay dreaming by the fire.

Then Life dealt her that bitter blow,
and sorrow in her soul did flow.
She could not voice her verse no more,
nor nurse me as she did before.

Her sonnet-son she used to love,
she slew that dear, defenseless dove.
For mother, in my broken youth
was widow, torn by tragic truth.

I'm still in love with poetry,
Its rhyme and rhythm's heavenly.
For there's still sacred symmetry
with songs my mother sang to me.

A Poet True

If I had wings and poet's skill,
my muse at hand and time to kill,
I'd scribe for you such noble verses
about the beauty Nature nurses
inside a bud, on bough with leaf,
where wonder is the main motif.

I'd take my pen, like Bard with quill,
pour forth a stream, sublime and still.
Place pleasant poem on the pages,
a song of love that never ages,
like sun and moon and starry host,
or sea that creeps along the coast.

If words would gleam like dew at dawn,
lay down like jewels on leafy lawn.
I'd sparkle with the muse's magic,
rewrite those rhymes of truth so tragic.
Have Hector and Achilles yield,
bid both lay down their sword and shield.

I'd teach the truth to hearts that burn
for wars to cease and tides to turn.
Love-laden lines composed with tears
of grief. In hope that golden years
will dawn when darkness fades and dies
beneath these savage sapphire skies.

If I composed like kindly Keats,
wrote rhymes where earth and heaven meets.
My poems would be less pedantic;
they'd bloom like rustic rose, romantic.
Then I would be a poet true,

and I would touch the heart of you!

A Noble Truth

I'd suffer from that sylvan smile
she'd worn that day upon the stile
within the forest's golden glade
where we had sat to share the shade.

That day of love's first tender kiss,
when I was blessed, but burnt by bliss,
I suffered, from her sweet caress,
and shape, so stunning in that dress!

I knew this ghostly girl would grieve
this boy. One day she'd up and leave
to wander like the wayward wind.
As star-cross'd lovers we were twinned!

So, in my deepest dreaming core
her face, I knew, I'd see no more
within this vale of broken dreams.
Those soul-destroying, savage streams

would wash away, with heartless flood,
that lass whose love was in my blood.
But as the Buddha taught in youth:
'To suffer is a noble truth!'

Poet of Pain

I'm not the kind of poet people read.
My poems, I don't pen, I simply bleed.
My words won't turn to ink or rest as rhyme.
They're trapped inside, and I don't have the time

to sit composing 'neath a garret roof.
I'm sociable, not saint who sits aloof.
Besides, a broken heart's a private hell,
a tragic tale too terrible to tell.

So, I won't wear upon these tattered sleeves
a heart that ghost of girl who's gone still grieves.
I'd rather bare for you a braver face,
composed and calm, so sorrow you won't trace.

But if I were to pour upon this page
my words, set free from capture in this cage.
If paper, I allowed my words to kiss,
I suppose my rhymes would read like this!

Death from Above

To Buxton town, so men would die,
he sailed, to wait with sword and bow
for death to fall from northern sky,

like autumn leaves when left to lie
beneath the trees, condemned to grow
for men he'd come to crucify.

On fair and foul, like passer-by,
he'd gloat and glare, as blood would flow,
from wounds, before they'd putrefy.

To Buxton town, in years gone by,
When land still shone with goddess glow,
came Caesar, with his evil eye.

To conquer, promenade and pry.
He had no way, no way to know,
his hour drew near, drew near to die.

When silver moon lit up the sky
in land of midnight ice and snow,
the Romans dared to deify

this mortal man and magnify!
Till 'cross the Rubicon he'd go,
t'wards Rome, where cruel assassins lie

in wait, as Ides of March draw nigh.
When blades will flash and gleam and glow.
And Caesar, cut, can only cry,
as death comes falling from the sky.

Skoole Daze

When I was once a 'carefree' kid,
a 'scholar' in a school,
was wedded to a wolf pack wild
reined in with rod and rule.

We were a flighty, feckless clan,
uncouth and football mad.
Shit-scared of ghosts and Dep'ty Head,
but most of all of dad.

Our teachers had the upper hand,
their reign of terror worked.
For each produced an iron fist
if any inmate shirked.

My wolf pack were a motley crew,
in-breds from off estates,
with 'issues' that they sorted out
at four, outside school gates.

With savage tooth and claw and boot
each fought like feral fiend.
Would punch and kick and bite and scratch
till teachers intervened.

Despite the pack and 'gainst all odds
some teaching filtered through,
as selflessly, some teachers taught
strange things I never knew.

And to this day, I truly think
these were the golden years,
before romance, hard work and drink

sowed sorrow's bitter tears.

Playtime Barbie

You could say I'm a naughty boy
to treat my girlfriend like a toy.
Like Barbie Doll, with long blonde hair
or private Geisha, Slash, Au pair.

But I don't think I do presume
when we're alone in Barbie's room,
when I insist, she dress to please
with sexy style not frumpy sleaze.

I sup cold beer - she cooks and waits
with food, kept warm, along with plates.
For lover boy works hard. So, should
expect his Barbie to make good,

and entertain him with a smile
in sexy lingerie and style.
(The old-style Barbie is the best
Before tattoos and feisty zest.)

With sugar lips, my Barbie toy
should stay compliant for her boy.
Should spice it up, yet stay demure,
attracting me with her allure.

Though I have needs, that must be met,
I sometimes, to my cost, forget
that sugar can't be mine on tap
without the risk of Barbie slap.

I am a naughty boy, I know
But I do love my Barbie so!

Poetry

Poetry's my life and breath.
It breathes beyond the veil of death.
Composed within clandestine caves
by phantoms from their ghostly graves.

Poetry's the queen of love,
whose rhymes are blessed by God above.
It's selfless, sincere, never sham,
like lordly lion or little lamb.

Poetry's my meat and drink.
It flows from feelings, and I think
it surges like a seething sea
of sacramental symmetry.

Poetry's a megaphone,
a wizard's philosophic stone.
It never can be praised too much:
has Muse's golden, Midas touch!

Poetry's my right-hand-man.
It pens its pearls from precious plan,
and lays down metered verse in rhyme,
like lovely lotus grown in slime.

These Words

These words just want to be your friends.
Some poets bore you with their pens.
Some trouble you with terror tales,
or lose you in deranged details.

These words won't weave a web of woe.
Some freeze your soul with ice and snow.
Some will not dance, just do their duty.
These words just want to breathe out beauty.

These words will not say: I accuse!
They're modeled by a mellow muse,
who's like the goddess, Aphrodite:
so fresh and funky, never flighty.

These words are free as birds of prey.
They're like the waves and salt sea spray
that kiss the shoreline's sandy beaches
to bless, with peace, where no one reaches!

Trees

Their boughs, bereft of leaves, are bare.
Songbirds have flown, and so they stare.
Their branches bend in bitter breezes,
as moss upon their faces freezes.

But winter's cruel and frosty touch,
to trees, does not amount to much.
For they have bark that's gnarled and knotted.
Their skin is thick, like blood that's clotted.

So, when the swallows take to wing
and children no more laugh and sing.
Trees dream, to summon season summer,
with bumble bee, that happy hummer.

Then winter, while the willow weeps,
is spring once more, and summer sleeps,
about to flex its fiery fingers
to melt this meanest month that lingers.

In dreams, 'neath budding boughs all shaded
young lovers lie when light has faded.
Then leaves once more grow green with gladness,
and trees forget their winter sadness.

Venus

The Sun's our sweetest morning star
who happens to be not too far
away ? unlike the lights at night
that twinkle, though not quite as bright
as Venus and that god of war,
called Mars ? red dwarf among the stars.
Pugnacious in his petty pride,
his bloody nature he can't hide.
Cruel havoc he lets loose on Earth,
while Sun, she warms, gives grace and mirth.
Let's not forget the mystic Moon,
who causes lovers' hearts to swoon.
Though Venus, I do most adore,
Of heaven's host, I love her more!

The Poet's Cat

The poet's cat is so sedate; she's happy with her feline fate.
She snoozes on the garden wall, too dignified to fret or fall.
When strolling 'cross the busy street; her heart maintains a steady beat.
She's so serene and so seraphic, fearless of the teeming traffic.

The poet's cat lies in the sun when poet's day at work's begun.
(He works, you see, so schemes and sweats. Has bills to pay, including vet's!)
She flicks her tail and seems to say, "Leave me to have a lazy day.
I'll dabble with idyllic dream, while you regard your work regime"

The poet's cat is fond of rhyme. On poet's lap proceeds to climb.
When he sits down to read his Keats, she's unconcerned it's time she eats!
Stays still as statue in a trance, at bowl of food, she will not glance.
As he reads, "A thing of beauty," she looks at him a little snooty.

The poet's cat is very clever. When she hears, "a joy forever."
She digs her claws into his knee, as if to say, "Now worship me!"
When it's time for bed and basket, foolish question ? she must ask it:
Do cats die young? You need to know! (She pities her poor poet so!)

The poet's cat then dreams a while, of cat once worshiped down the Nile.
A goddess, clothed in feline fur; a princess, not too proud to purr.
Asleep, she smiles, as if she knows, the Afterlife is where she goes.
When this life's through; she'll live one more, on heaven's sleek and shiny shore.

April in England

April is the kindest month,
by beauty it's beset.
And that I breathe in England now
I never will regret.

April is the birth of hope,
new life in bud and leaf.
And that I live in England now
gives joy and never grief.

April is for lovers' walks
through woodland, o'er the wold.
And that I love in England now
is worth its weight in gold.

April is, to me, divine.
It melts my heart with love.
And that I write in England now
makes me thank God above.

Dreams

It often would come back to me
in dreams, just how we used to be.
They'd conjure up your face and smile,
your touch at kissing gate and stile,

where moon hung aimless o'er the hill
as we both shivered from the chill
of winter, and its offspring, snow,
whose frosty fingers forced below

the temperature, till we would freeze.
Then breathe, with bitter breath, the breeze
of sorrow, sent on wings of white,
that turned our daydreams into night.

Then ushered in our silent time,
when hill no longer we would climb.
Disintegrated into dust,
we'd left behind, by breach of trust,

our dreams, of how we used to be
before we turned to fantasy.
Both grieving ghosts, as light as air,
lamenting our lost love affair.

Song of Sorrow

As silent as a sapphire star
the sinking sun expires,
while lonely lunar light from far
tranquility inspires.

The boundless, breathless ocean deep
laps lazily the shore.
Its salt sea spray and waves all weep
till death shall be no more.

Till death, no more, shall snarl and sneer
when our immortal king
will reign, and wipe away each tear,
while sorrow it will sing.

And sorrow it will always sing.
Its scars will always bear.
Like our immortal, coming king,
whose wounds he'll always wear!

Lethal Lines

My poems, like Aurora's rays,
they shine sometimes on summer days.
Each laureled line of lyrics lays
like nun, on holy ground, and prays.

Then when the savage salt sea seethes,
each poem's born again and breathes.
Amidst the graves and withered wreaths
its sword, like Samurai, unsheathes.

And verse then bares its biting blade
is deadly as the plant, nightshade,
destructive as a hand grenade,
or Napalm, dropped in forest glade.

My poems penetrate like pain.
They shed cruel tears as acid rain.
These children, of my heart and brain
are lethal, like Abe's brother, Cain.

The Girl with the Faraway Eyes

I'll sing you a song; it won't take me long
to rhyme and to romanticize.
I'll paint with just words, sing sweet as the birds
of the girl with the faraway eyes.

I met her in France, where all true romance
is started, then ended, so dies.
Her heart I had won; knew not she would run:
the girl with the faraway eyes.

She taught me to love this nymph from above.
Like goddess, she wore a disguise.
Came into my life, as lover, not wife:
the girl with the faraway eyes.

We parted too soon, star-cross'd 'neath the moon.
With sorrow she stained all my skies.
Long years though apart, she lived in my heart:
the girl with the faraway eyes

I long for her still, with heart she did chill,
by breaking it, with all the ties.
I'll find her one day; next time she may stay:
the girl with the faraway eyes.

my giddy green-eyed girl

My giddy girl with eyes of green
come sit upon my knee.
Let nectar drip from those lush lips.
With tongue, make love to me.

Forget your father; he's a jerk.
Forget your mother too.
Your cousins, sisters, friends, in fact,
screw all that cretin crew!

They say I'm old, no good for you,
a cradle-snatching fiend.
Those suckers had it in for me.
They always intervened

when gorgeous glint in your green eyes
(that giddy, loving spark)
enraptured me: that laser light
lit up my dungeon dark!

My giddy girl with eyes of green
come run away with me.
Forget those fools who trash true love,
and hate to see you free.

My Cousin

My cousin hung himself last week,
swear down, I'm talking true.
Of course, there was a girl involved,
and daughter,
makin' two.

Nobody had expected this,
though lately he'd been down.
Told Sis' his wife was leavin' him,
with daughter
flitting town.

His dad took death far worse than most,
sat still while mother screamed.
At 'do' after they'd buried Tom,
looked dazed like one who dreamed.

That wife of Tom's, the 'evil cow,'
had dared to show her face.
Some phony tears,
but no remorse.
No, not a bloody trace!

My cousin, he's found peace at last,
with Gran and Aunty Sue.
Tom's dad, my uncle,
sneered at this,
said, he knows that ain't true.

dying things

dying things will surely die,
including you, my friend, and I.
Love won't last and life's soon over,
and though you kiss like Casanova
the tide will turn to poison passion,
and like the fickle face of fashion
all beautiful and pretty creatures
will lose their lovely form and features,
and fade like fog or mist that drifts,
as sure as ocean's sand that shifts.
All dying things are doomed to perish,
from life, the loved ones we all cherish
are snatched, before our eyes can blink,
reduced to thoughts the dying think.

Birdsong

From life, of late, I must confess,
I have withdrawn a while.
Life's ground me down and does depress,
and I can't raise a smile.

Mundane and melancholic days
I'd written off, returned.
The verse I'd wove with weary words
I've gathered up and burned.

But now I've heard the skylark sing,
'midst morning's bird song choir,
and harsh offence I dare not bring
to heaven's highest flier.

For high o'er far flung Flanders Fields,
round Trench Town's Terror Towers
those birds flew over battlefields
from dawn, for many hours.

As soldiers struggled to break free,
feet sunk in deep damp sod,
the skylark's song did seem to be
the very voice of God.

Those little birds brought spring's delight
from home, their hearts to cheer.
To lift them out of war's dark night,
free them, a while, from fear.

By their grim dawn, my own I weigh,
and dare no longer whine!
For they found hope in cruellest clay

where death had come to dine!

I cherish now, by cheerful choice;
my pain - that paltry thing!
And swap self-pity's petty voice,
for skylark's song I sing!

Rose of Romance

I'd waited and wandered,
and time I had squandered
in search of my bonnie, wee lass.

Through seasons of sorrows
and tragic tomorrows
my missing her just wouldn't pass.

I felt it worth waiting,
with breath held and bating
for girl with a face, oh, so fair.

For she was my first love,
my one only true love,
my rose of romance, oh, so rare!

Narcissus

Narcissus was a handsome lad.
In poet's cloak was cutely clad.
A golden child with golden chatter,
with charm and cheek, the girls he'd flatter.

He loved his mam; he loved his gran.
He loved the gods, apart from Pan.
But more than all these charming creatures,
he loved his own fair, faultless features.

What made Narcissus swell with pride,
like King Canute who turned the tide?
A glimpse into the lake one morning,
when sweet Aurora's Day was dawning

sufficed; it fired his first love's passion,
for fairest face, that lake did fashion.
This gorgeous, godlike thing did ravish
his heart, with all its love he'd lavish

upon himself, that noble brow,
as holy as a sacred cow!
The centre of all universes,
his tale they'd tell, for years, in verses!

But gods despised this boy, so vain.
(This pompous pratt was such a pain!)
And Venus said, "it's in our power.
Let's turn him to a fragile flower!"

Secret Sonnets

The day has dawned, but all the birds stay silent as the stars.
Aurora's rays of sunlight hide, like poet's secret scars.
The sky is grey, just like the poet's melancholic mind,
subdued by stress, since soul-enchancing sonnets he can't find!
The air is stale. The kind, caressing, kissing winds won't blow.
The poet's paused, for from his placid pen the ink won't flow.
The trees won't sway. Upon the heathered hills, where by the stream
reclines his muse, the goddess, who could grace a poet's dream.
The sun sinks low, and day declines, as darkness cloaks the world.
The poet's robe, around the grieving poet's shoulders curled.
The hope has died, the sea of faith that once did soothe his fears
has dried, and left behind a valley for his tragic tears.
The moon's gaunt glow casts solemn shadows on the poet's pride.
He grieves alone, for all the secret sonnets that inside have died.

eyes of lost love

Where lotus blossoms sleep,
by marshes dank and deep,
my love went down to weep
so long ago.

She'd had to let me leave,
grow old and grey and grieve,
go mad with make believe,
not let me know

that she still cared for me,
though we could never be;
she needed to be free,
so she could grow!

But western waves will rise,
'neath savage sapphire skies,
and love lost in her eyes,
will always glow.

ode to piss-poor poet

I'll conjure up, create, compose
a poem, which to you, I s'pose
sounds easy, like a piece of piss:
put pen to paper, make 'em kiss!
How hard - you ask - is writing rhyme.
It takes no talent, only time,
you'd think! Though don't dismiss desire,
and muse, who forges in the fire
sweet inspiration from the gods:
not wasted on self-centered sods!
Just wordsmith wizard wielding wand,
rogue rhymester, who of words is fond,
a poet proud, with poise and pose,
who pisses on pathetic prose.

a rhymester's life

I languish when my lines are lean.
(You poet pals know what I mean.)
The pen I push, the whole world uses;
where's fairy dust and touch of muse's?

I suffer when my words won't rhyme.
As if I'd carried out a crime,
like cruel assassin stabbing Caesar
or crass and cowardly appeaser.

I worry when my verse won't flow,
and poet's passion will not glow.
John Keats said poems should flow freely,
like streams, sun's rays or blood, ideally.

I freak out when my stanzas stink
of stagnant sweat or icky ink.
Like contraband, so shit to smuggle,
a rhymester's life's a sodding struggle!

undivided

There're gleaming, golden buttercups
far as the eye can see.
With dancing daisies, blown by breeze,
beyond a sheltered lee.

It's summer and we're side by side.
We're hand in hand once more.
Was in our teens when we last touched,
now we're both fifty-four.

We wind our way and wander free
'cross hill and vale we stray.
Perhaps she'll plait a daisy chain
like girl from yesterday?

We spread our blanket on the ground,
with hands betraying age.
We reminisce 'bout years we lost,
but we don't rant or rage.

For we have always been in love,
together or apart,
and we were joined through our lost years:
One breath~ One soul ~ One heart!

love poem

I penned a love poem.
Then signed it and sealed it.
I stowed it away with my heart
till I'd healed it.
I poured on the pages
the pain and the pining.
Then laid them aside in a drawer
for a lining.

I wove you, with weeping,
a sonnet, sincerely,
believing that sorrow, which scarred
me severely
would fade like an ink spot
in drawer's sunless shadows,
that passion would wither
like grass in the meadows.

I proofread that poem
to purge it of errors.
I tried to erase all the
tortures and terrors
I'd dreamed, in departure's
dread dawn of damnation,
when losing you cut
like a limb amputation.

I penned a love poem
for eyes of yours only.
In drawer, like a dungeon,
I let it lie lonely.
I locked it and left it
where dust would assemble

till hand that did write it
would no longer tremble.

my true love's eyes

My true love has such dreamy eyes.
They're thoughtful and so kind.
When kissing them, I poetize.
I'm sure she doesn't mind.

Her gaze can melt my heart or slay,
deceive or dash my dream.
But if she left, I'd lose my way,
I'd drift, bereft downstream.

Sometimes her eyes will smirk and sneer.
(they'll laugh and weep as well.)
And if they've shed a sad, sweet tear,
she knows that I will tell.

Her eyes, they are a gorgeous grey,
as clear as crystal lakes.
They're feisty as the salt sea spray
from moment she awakes.

My true love's eyes will close one day,
forever ? for all time.
My poems then would fade away,
since life would no more rhyme.

those days of winged wonder

The rose and the lily, the blue bell and daisy,
the days bathed in sunlight, all hallowed and hazy.
I loved them that summer when true love came calling,
laid by me, in long grass, in love with me falling.

The damp, diamond dew drops: her tears that I'll treasure,
sweet sound of her laughter; her smile of pure pleasure.
The bright balm-filled breezes, the nectar from kisses:
my mouth, on this morning, so madly it misses.

The girl of my dreaming, in jeans, rarely dresses.
The touch of her fingertips, gentle caresses.
Her voice, in a whisper, like swish of the ocean.
Her kiss, breathing bliss, from her heart's deep devotion.

The sound of sweet songbirds, in woods gently shaded.
The locks of my true love, by beauty all braided.
Those days of winged wonder I'll yearn for forever.
From here to eternity, I'll rue them never!

obsessed

When I left home for happiness,
my mother thought me mad.
Preferred me being sad.
I had no right to happiness;
love never made her glad.

When I said marriage gave me hell,
my mother said, be true!
Then started to pooh-pooh
my true love's love ? it was a spell!
(My wife, she'd tell, I knew.)

When my first love returned to me,
my mother stirred a storm.
She feared that female form,
with soul, I'd shared eternally,
my frozen heart she'd warm!

When I left home, my wife freaked out.
My mother tried her best,
but, in the end, confessed:
"About this girl, there is no doubt,
he always was obsessed."

pilgrim's prayer

Upon the season's sultry breeze
the lilac wastes her perfumed breath,
while sunlight streams through trembling trees
to light the land of midnight death.

Sad swallows sigh upon the wing,
with swift and song thrush singing soft.
The eagle, on his throne, as king,
above the clouds, soars safe aloft.

And I, defiant, dare to dream,
although I'm quintessential clay.
Beneath the sky, I sadly scheme
to conjure one who went away.

I whisper, "Father, where are you
on this sad, soulless summer's day?
Your bones are cold and steely blue.
Does soul somewhere still pine away?"

And by his long-neglected grave,
I stand, all statuesque, and stare,
as grief, a gracious God has gave,
pours from me like a pilgrim's prayer.

passionflower

She is my precious passionflower,
my rare, romantic rose.
Beneath a blissful, Beltane bower
she glamorously grows.

But I'll not pick; I'll idolise,
appreciate and praise,
I'll eulogise and poetise
her gleaming goddess gaze.

She is my pretty passionflower,
my lotus in the mire.
No season's savage, squalid shower
will dampen my desire.

And I don't deem it dutiful
an all-night watch to keep.
Since she'll be being beautiful
while I'm still sound asleep

Then when I wake, whate'er the hour,
she'll still stand there serene:
my mild, majestic passionflower,
my faithful, floral queen!

DoWn AnD oUt

One day, my old mate, Stevie Sorrow
naïvely said, "it's cool to borrow."
That's why we robbed those suckers blind:
(The church folk who had been so kind

to us, when we were in the gutter.)
They bailed us out ? were bread and butter
to Steve and me when we were broke:
(No job, no home, no cash ? no joke!)

But all needs must, and we were needy!
(This seaside town's so shit and seedy,
a ghost town when it's out of season.)
Why Blackpool's blah ? don't know the reason?

Love lost had led me to this seashore,
when gorgeous girl called me an eyesore.
She'd once been starry-eyed with love,
till she unfurled her wings like dove.

And so, I sailed the stream fast flowing,
without my girl, and without knowing
I'd settle in this wild west town,
up-fucked, dirt-poor and out and down.

mother

My Mother is a memory,
a tumour in my head.
Abrasive, just like emery,
a demon that I dread.

I'd like to purge with poet's pen
this memory of mine.
This fiend, fucked up, by Frankenstein,
sends shivers down my spine.

My Mother's eighty-three or four.
She wrote to me last year.
We'd fought, so feelings still were raw,
And they won't disappear!

She never really was the same
after my father died.
And damaged goods they need to blame
when all their tears have dried.

My mother is a memory
I'll exorcise with rhyme.
If verse can wipe this memory
I'll ring her up, sometime.

songs

My soul is singing like the birds.
A poet's pen will lend it words,
and on a scrap of dog-eared paper,
before they disappear like vapor,

I'll lay, not melancholic lines.
(a peevish poet pouts and pines)
Instead, I'll write the way I oughta,
like Keats, who wrote upon the water

with young man's blood, not old man's ink,
to make you feel, not make you think!
And when, like Keats, I give up breathing,
like storm-tossed sea that's ceased its seething,

you'll have my songs writ down in rhyme.
(Go read 'em when you get the time.)
These vestiges of starlight, gleaming,
they constitute my lifetime's dreaming.

God-Man

They had toiled through the night; 'neath starlight they'd met.
To fish for their future, to fish to forget.
They sailed so they'd silence the sacred, still voice;
It died on the breeze, so it gave them no choice.

And yet they had touched the cruel scars he had worn.
Had felt the flesh warm that had truly been torn.
But this was on Sunday when wounds were still raw,
and sorrow still clouded the vision they saw.

Now breakfast was waiting as boat neared the shore,
and the stranger was standing, but not like before.
His shape and his features none questioned or dared
to ask him his name; they just stood there and stared.

Till heart-knowledge dawned, as the wind kissed his face,
and his shadow lay down in time and in space.
They knew, now, that God was a man through and through,
who'd crucified Death as a mild-mannered Jew.

Separating Sea

If miracle or merely magic
could turn the tide on truth too tragic,
I'd cross the separating sea
to find the girl who once loved me.

But true love's torrents have run dry,
and sailing 'neath this savage sky's
hopeless, since traitors tore to pieces
our love, (those wolves with sheepish fleeces.)

With cruel assassins' bitter blade,
they meant to murder, turn to shade,
so I'd glide 'mong the graveyards grieving.
When I was broken, barely breathing

they wiped me from my sweetheart's mind,
my memory, to dust did grind.
Reduced me to pariah, pleading,
like Caesar, by that statue, bleeding.

If miracle or merely magic
could turn the tide on truth too tragic,
I'd cross the separating sea
to find the girl who once loved me.

Lord of Leaves

A fading leaf will never sigh
or dread, at dawn of day, to die.
It freely lets its colours bleed
from trees that sprang from servile seed.

A leaf, by photosynthesis,
imparts a lush, life-giving kiss
to all those mortal breathing things,
which walk, including those with wings!

A leaf is complex, clearly made!
Consists of tip, its veins and blade.
Created by its cosmic Lord
to clothe the trees, He so adored.

On such a tree, bereft of leaves,
they crucified between two thieves
that Lord, when he was bleeding love,
He'd felt, in heaven, up above.

And when autumnal voice did call,
like leaf that waits in line to fall,
He bled in yellow, red and brown,
for sinners, wore a thorn-leaf crown.

seasons sad and sweet

The autumn leaves, full grown, and bloodied
all fade and fall: the lake is flooded!
Harsh zephyrs chase the clouds away,
just like the girl, they cannot not stay.

The nights draw in and frost is biting.
Her feckless folks 'gainst first love fighting.
Each one with adamant heart,
intent on tearing us apart!

I'm grieving in the bleak mid-winter.
This sorrow's like a steely splinter.
It's stabbing me - assassin-style,
like Caesar's killers, cruel and vile!

The years fly by; one hundred seasons
of loveless living and no reasons
sufficiently explain this mess.
I crave her kiss and warm caress!

Then one spring did sing and splutter.
Sent girl to me, like butter-flutter!
Swift soaring swallow, turning tide.
Then summer sewed her to my side!

wishful thinking

I wish I did not live on borrowed breath,
that I had faith to face tomorrow's death.
I wish when bones of mine the soil does smother,
that far beyond this life, there waits another.

I wish that I could hear the talking trees,
that I could catch their whispers on the breeze.
I wish my father had not died so young.
His death, when I was fourteen years, had stung!

I wish my son still spoke to me and shared
his wife and daughter, though I'm now grey-haired.
I wish that I could feel no guilt or shame,
stay stoically serene, always the same.

I wish I could compose like kindly Keats.
That when I'm old my poet's heart still beats.
I wish I glowed with grace and golden gleaming:
like child, forever young, forever dreaming!

a sort of poet

I call myself a sort of poet.
My readers say I sometimes show it
when I'm writing with my wizard's wand.
(With muse, you see, I've a sort of bond!)

Of course, I'm only breath and vapor,
a timid tiger, frail as paper.
Born bitter, broken, barely breathing,
a shallow shell by seashore seething.

Like comic clown, I'm entertaining.
On the outside, you'll find me feigning
love and laughter, joy and gladness;
(but sorrow shrouds my soul with sadness!)

I wrestle, daily, with my weakness,
I bolster up for future bleakness.
I stand aloof like stony statue,
rock-hard as steel or stone or bamboo.

I style myself a roguish rhymers.
I'm 65, a real old-timer.
I should be cruising, not composing.
This poet's life is just plain posing!

returned

I have returned to the cradle of my youth
to sip warm Latte in a barista's booth.
The loquacious chatter drifted in and droned
from the mothers, fathers and their creepy clones.

I was incognito; I was underground;
like a fugitive who they had never found.
I was a refugee, returning, old,
like a spy who had come in from the cold

to the village I left many years ago
for that languid land of midnight ice and snow.
It all looked the same through this poet's eyes,
that see the unseen, through any disguise.

There was tarmac laid on my cheap childhood lawn,
where I used to lament, now I only yawn.

Shelley's Steely Soul [ii]

I swear by Shelley's steely soul,
as poets, we have ups and downs.
Some lows, some highs, some times of trouble.
(Some bastard's bound to burst your bubble!)

Sometimes, we're high as Blackpool's 'steeple,'
and poets can be placid people,
until some sad, sick sons of bitches
unpick from poet's cloak the stitches!

I guess we're only killing time,
just turning heartbreak into rhyme.
Yet, sorrow, in our souls is sowing
a mustard seed of faith that's growing!

I know our days, by fate, are numbered,
and when, like Shelley, we have slumbered,
we'll have no poet eulogise
our lives ? nor sweetly poetise.

And yet, by Shelley's soul, I swear:
lost legacy is such small beer,
as long as love, once lost, is lying
beside me, on my day of dying.

the ways of a poet

The ways of a poet are mad, as you know.
His reason, for rhyme, he has swapped long ago.
His mind has been wiped and his brain has been washed.
All soundness and sense, with his sanity's, squashed.

The days of a poet are strange and surreal.
They flicker like film, have a fantasy feel.
They're full, but they're fearful; fast flowing like stream.
Some days, they're delightful, some dark as a dream.

The life of a poet is short as a fuse.
It's mythical, mystic and merges with muse,
who blesses with beauty, gives grace for the grief,
in life of the poet, exceedingly brief.

The pen of a poet is poised and is primed,
prepared to pour poetry, pure, that is rhymed.
With ballpoint that's sharper than Samurai sword
a poet's more lethal than Samurai Lord!

The heart of a poet's not worn on his sleeve.
Prefers to pretend, play the fool and deceive.
He'll pose as a poet with spine of blue steel,
who's so well adjusted; it's almost unreal!

a ghost of grieving

Wayfaring through a weathered wood,
a poet wondered if he could
permit his pen to kiss the pages
with pain, he had held in for ages.

Then sudden as a flash of light
the thunder clapped with all its might,
and from a world beyond believing:
a goddess girl, before him, breathing!

She whispered with her honeyed breath:
"I know we were divorced by death,
"my love, but write! A poet must do.
Let lines flow free, from me, inside you.

Heartbreak and sorrow we have shared.
Your heart with mine, my love, is paired.
And rhyming is my way of living;
for you, it's healing and forgiving."

So, in that weathered, western wood
the pining poet understood.
This goddess girl and ghost of grieving
was sent to soothe his sorrow seething.

tragic teenage years

I know it won't be published,
this sheet of scribbled stress.
As soon as I've done bleeding,
I'll mash this mangled mess.

But just for one mad moment
a copy I'll put by.
To one I'll dedicate it:
Lorraine, my sugar pie.

You see, she was my true love,
my tender teenage dream,
who shone like Aphrodite,
with golden glow and gleam...

till loved ones she had trusted,
her wings they cruelly clipped,
and love they tore to pieces,
like letters they had ripped.

And through life's jaded journey,
when we were far apart,
I ached to simply hold her,
that piece of my poor heart.

So, for her sake I'll save it:
this missive made of tears:
a testament and tribute
to tragic teenage years.

passion flower

What are you thinking, my sweet summer rose?
What are you dreaming, my pretty primrose?
Where are they leading, those thoughts in your mind?
Who is the lover you're hoping to find?

Will you, I wonder, be thinking of me?
Will you remember how we used to be?
Lovebirds together, twin flames of pure fire,
laid down in the meadow at dawn of desire!

What are you feeling, my pure passion flower?
Who are you longing for hour after hour?
Tell me, oh love of my life, is it mine,
that name carved with yours on that Western White Pine?

de profundis

Out of the depths of my soul, simply soaring.
Poems, like prayers, they are pumping and pouring.
Kissing the pages, baptising with beauty,
telling a tale of a tough tour of duty.

From the abyss, where my feelings were ravaged,
sonnets ascend from a soul that was savaged.
Lines laid down lonely that no one is reading,
stanzas in ink that the poet is bleeding.

Born from above in the land of the breathing.
Surging like sea when it's storm-tossed and seething.
Tranquil, sometimes, like the swish of the ocean,
calm and composed with a mild-mannered motion.

Spilt like the tears from a sad willow weeping.
Pain has congealed, but the sorrow's still seeping.
Out of the depths, where the poet's reposing,
cast out and cursed for the 'crime' of composing!

Beauty's Daughter

Beauty's daughter, who did shine,
fate and fortune made her mine.
But when years of youth were gleaming,
she trod softly from my dreaming.

Like the dew on leafy lawn,
she dissolved, one day, at dawn.
When the midnight moon was waking,
beauty's daughter, (born for breaking,)

tore in two the poet's heart,
though she'd sworn she'd not depart.
She was cursed to be capricious:
offspring of two vipers, vicious.

By her dad was forced to fight
love (she'd felt) with all her might.
For he hoped the tide was turning,
and love's fire would not keep burning.

Beauty's daughter to the last
laid the blame on curse they'd cast.
All that spite her folks had spoken
broke the boy whose heart she'd broken.

a father's day elegy

Upon the season's sultry breeze
the lilac wastes her perfumed breath,
while sunlight streams through trembling trees
to light the land of midnight death.

The Swallows sigh upon the wing,
the Swift and Song Thrush sing so soft,
as Eagle, on his throne, as king,
above the clouds soars safe aloft.

And I, an orphan, dare to dream,
though I am quintessential dust.
Beneath the sky, I vainly scheme,
to turn the tide of doubt to trust.

But oh, my Father, where are you,
on this sad summer's soulless day?
From bones now cold and steely blue
does soul of yours still pine away?

Beside your long-neglected grave,
I stand all statuesque and stare,
as glimmer of the life you gave
pours through my veins like pilgrim's prayer.

under the lash

Under the lash of their resentment
I sit serene in quiet contentment.
Spurred on by sacred symmetry
my pen pours out pure poetry.

My so-called sin and conscience cruel
condemn me, but I'm no one's fool.
These monsters, Christ did deem as dross,
and crucified them on His cross!

My path, therefore, is paved with peace.
The Lord has caused the storms to cease.
To hell with feckless accusations
from friends and foes and rude relations!

My pen tells truth, come Hell's high-water.
The sword of God's good word will slaughter
the slander on those toadies' tongues,
and stop their sycophantic songs.

Under the lash of their resentment
I sit serene in quiet contentment.
With faith, I fight my foolish fears,
and soldier on, but shed no tears.

golden years

I'm prone to penning poetry,
(I sense the sacred symmetry)
that's hidden from most mortal eyes
behind a dull, but deft disguise.

The beauty of a leaf or bud,
the silence of a winding wood.
They make me feel in my heart's core:
the love that tells me, 'hate no more.'

I'm sensitive, some say a seer!
With prophet's powers and eyes that peer
into the future, dark and deep,
where some will dance and some will weep.

And I'm a poet raised on rhymes,
a child who's tasted troubled times.
Yet, through this valley's veil of tears
I've glimpsed the dawn of golden years!

as good as it gets

I've lost my youth, but kept my health,
got lovely wife; I'd call that wealth!
My mind's still sharp, rarely forgets;
this is as good-good as it gets.

I'm carefree still, just like a child,
bewitched by beauty and beguiled.
My sorrow sank with sun that sets;
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I've lived to see the love I lost
(same one my mother called star-cross'd)
return, against all odds and bets;
this is as good-good as it gets

I've found the faith I lost with youth,
that plain and simple gospel truth.
Same faith that saves from fears and frets;
this is as good-good as it gets

I'm home at last, to roam no more,
like Ulysses from Trojan War.
I live the dream; I've no regrets;
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I've seen my foes curl up and die;
they're buried 'neath a darkling sky.
They've turned to dust, like all their threats;
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I pen my lines in metered verse
(to prose though, I am not averse)
prefer though beautiful Vignettes;

this is as good ? good as it gets

I rise and one more bone may ache.
I sleep in fits and starts and wake,
but tears of joy my pillow wets;
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I'll pass away; my time will come,
at sounding of my death knell's drum.
I've kept the faith; I've paid my debts;
this is as good ? good as it gets.

I'll fade from my love's memory.
Perhaps my paltry poetry
will conjure me when she forgets;
this is as good ? good as it gets.

Shrouded Shelley

The longed-for summer days are dying.
Autumnal leaves already lying
remind us of that solemn season,
which soon will fall, which is the reason

why poets' pens are paused o'er pages;
they hear the storm as if it rages
to stir the soulless savage ocean,
whose waves did drown without emotion

the poet, Percy, (shrouded Shelly.)
Who breathed his last in ocean's belly;
that bloodless beast did still his passion,
turned youthful cheeks from red to ashen!

The longed-for summer days are dying.
Upon that beach where body's lying
the poet brothers all assemble,
put pen to page with hands that tremble.

soldiers

From dreamy days of our lost, yearning youth
we strode, like lions down the trail of truth.
But 'neath the silent starlight's million suns
we shivered at the savage sounding guns.

They proudly pounded, pelted, till we bled.
(slight soldiers, who for more than war were bred)
Together, lost, long light-years from our home,
we laughed and larked beneath a darkling dome.

Too tough or tired to turn to timid tears,
we fought, but we fought more our frenzied fears!
Our languid lines, with fingers froze, we wrote.
"Those sentences," the Sarge said, "sugar-coat!"

death by dreaming

I don't wanna burn in a blazing plane,
be bludgeoned to death by my brother, Cain.
I'd rather O.D. with a hemlock drink,
snuffed out like a candle before you blink.

Don't wanna be skewered by a shark at sea,
fast food for the fishes ? a feast for free.
I'd rather collapse in a heap on land,
be buried beneath the soil or sand.

I don't wanna die of a broken heart,
left lonely by lover to fall apart.
I'd rather a dagger was plunged in deep
to save me a lifetime of tears I'd weep.

I don't wanna drown in the ocean blue,
like Shelley, the poet, I love so true.
I'd rather depart as I'm dreaming deep,
slip slyly away as I sweetly sleep.

a siren's sonnet

Dismay has damned my pencil lead,
since Shelley's stanzas I have read.
And now I'm lost ? all uninspired.
His compositions have conspired
to strip me of my poet's cloak.
I hid beneath it when I spoke,
or played with pen in poet's pose.
Some other calling should have chose!
For I have flown too near the sun,
like Icarus' wax wings, undone.
And all my sawdust-scented scrawl
(slow scribble of a baby's crawl)
beside that god with silver tongue
sounds sham as siren's sordid song.

'cross the western sea

O come with me 'cross the Western Sea.
For there, in a sheltered, shingled lee,
far off from the weary world, half crazy,
we'll wander along the shoreline hazy.

Was there as a boy, that the bitter breeze
would bite my cheek, till the tasselled trees
did bend their branch to form me a bower,
so I, from the cold cruel winds, could cower.

O come with me o'er the ocean deep,
where we'll no more need to work or weep.
For winds there have changed from cold to warmer;
they promise a kinder fate than former.

For true love, like in idyllic Greece
has birthed us a golden age of peace,
and we'll live long in that land of plenty;
we'll feel no more than a youth of twenty!

O come with me 'cross the Western Sea:
My gorgeous girl, won't you marry me?
For there, all the days are still and sunny
and poets' pens, they may make some money!

I vow, as well, that we will not age,
or only strut one hour on the stage.
For like the gods, we will live forever,
and night will fall upon us, not never!

those days of winged wonder

The rose and the lily, the blue bell and daisy.
The days bathed in sunlight all hallowed and hazy.
I loved them that summer when girl she came calling,
laid by me in long grass, in love with me falling.

The damp, diamond dew drops: her tears that I'll treasure.
Her light-hearted laughter, her smile of pure pleasure.
The bright balm-filled breezes, the nectar from kisses:
My mouth, on this morning, so madly it misses!

The girl of my dreaming, in jeans, rarely dresses.
The touch of her fingertips, gentle caresses.
Her voice, in a whisper, like swish of the ocean.
Her kiss, breathing bliss, from her heart's deep devotion.

The sound of sweet songbirds in woods gently shaded.
The locks of my true love, by beauty all braided.
Those days of winged wonder I'll yearn for forever.
From here to eternity, I'll rue them never!

Poison Pen Poem

A poet pens in petty places
among a crowd of fretting faces.
The soul he spills upon the pages
lays down, like youth, while body ages.

He's lost, but lines from fevered fishing
fall fresh, from pen, like poison pissing.
They stain, with sin, his pristine paper.
Composing's such a chronic caper,

he thinks; and all that time he's wasting!
Offloading trash that's not safe tasting.
Yet, strangely, as the ink is sinking
it slowly soothes his troubled thinking!

poet on the brink

My pen laments the loneliness,
the emptiness of life.
On days when all seems meaningless,
as cruel as my ex-wife.

It pours its poison on the page
in streams of scribbled stress.
A waterfall of pent up rage
'gainst pain I can't redress.

My ink it spills like blood or sweat
or bitter hemlock drink.
A rhyming river of regret
from poet on the brink.

It once breathed beauty, so they say,
when pure was poet's breath.
But that sweet dream was yesterday
before my Muse's death.

This Poet

This poet is a tragic thing,
composing with a wounded wing.
Poor bird of sorrow, caught and snared;
he's convict in a cage who's scared.

A sad and sickened soul, he sighs,
like skylark who no longer flies.
A graceless, grounded, direful dove
lamenting over losing love.

This poet has a morbid mind,
since love he lost he cannot find.
She haunts him like a spectral shade
by coast, on hills, down sleepy glade,

where wild he wanders, lost in prayer.
His heart is broke; his soul is bare.
The pain from long-lost love he feels,
before his goddess ghost he kneels.

golden years

I'm prone to penning poetry,
since I have sensed the symmetry
that's hidden from most mortal eyes
behind a dull, but deft disguise:

The beauty of a leaf or bud,
the silence of a winding wood.
The echo in my deep heart's core
that bids me love and hate no more.

I'm sensitive, some say a seer!
With prophet's powers and eyes that peer
into the future, dark and deep,
where some will dance and some will weep.

Yes, I'm a poet raised on rhymes,
a child who's tasted troubled times.
Yet, through this valley's veil of tears
I've glimpsed the dawn of golden years!

Sweet Maria

Sweet Maria, she's my passion:
jet black eyes and face all ashen.
She lures me with her scarlet lips,
and tempts me with her hourglass hips.

Sweet Maria, she's a stunner.
Beautiful, like Eva Brunner.
Skin as soft as alabaster:
makes my heart beat faster, faster!

Sweet Maria, told me, shedding
tears, that there would be no wedding.
Apparently, she loved another:
my, brainless, obtuse, older brother!

Sweet Maria's still so lovely,
but I can't live if she won't have me!
Hell, what does she see in him?
He's fat and old; I'm young and slim!

a composition cure

I once put pen to page and wrote out rollicking rhymes.
I strung words together like pearls on a pearly necklace.
People, (poets, I mean) swallowed my languid lines, politely.
They fed-back comments, kind not cruel.
(since they themselves had sweat that bloody flux,
which the uninitiated call 'poetry'.)

I then spilled my soul and bared my all in verse.
True love was my muse, first love made me choose:
Lorraine, that gleaming goddess, with the laughing eyes,
who shone like Venus when the moon won't rise, but like the gods divine she winged her way.
Abandoned me, my love she would not stay.

This shadow of the man she had destroyed
in sorrow sang, to bring her back to life.
Then pain poured freely from my unseen wounds:
a sorry soldier's secret now bled out,
a composition cure without a doubt!

Lord of Leaves

A fading leaf will never sigh or dread, at dawn of day, to die. It freely lets its colours bleed from trees that sprang from servile seed. A leaf, by photosynthesis, imparts a lush, life-giving kiss to all those mortal breathing things that walk, including those with wings! A leaf is complex, clearly made! Consists of tip, its veins and blade. Created by its cosmic Lord to clothe the trees, He so adored. On such a tree, bereft of leaves, they crucified between two thieves that Lord, when he was bleeding love He'd felt, in heaven, up above. And when autumnal voice did call, like leaf that waits in line to fall, He bled in yellow, red and brown, for sinners, in a thorn-leaf crown.

a poet

A poet is a shooting star that burns with briefest light.
He glows with glory from afar, then disappears from sight.
A poet flickers in the gloom, a solitary flame.
A ghost, who haunts a garret's gloom without a famous name.

A poet's words aren't wonderful, though from a merry heart
a feast of fun and fellowship a poet may impart!
A poet is the scourge of God upon the tyrants bold.
With words he'll smash their iron rod, as prophets did of old.

A poet, is so sensitive, to readers, since they share
a soul and his humanity. To slight them, he'd not dare.
A poet's never arrogant, as if he were a king.
A poet, when all's said and done, is such a paltry thing.

A poet though's remarkable, for pen that he does own
can soothe a sick and sorry soul, but break a bully's bone!

Mother Love

when I set out to sail the sea
my mother cheered hooray!
Then prayed I'd stay away,
so glad she'd been set free.
When I set out to sail the sea
my mother cheered hooray!

What would I find across the sea
if fate or fortune smiled
on her unwanted child?
Would God provide for me?
What would I find across the sea
if fate or fortune smiled?

When I wrote home across the sea
my letters lay unread.
To her, I'd long been dead,
no longer family.
When I wrote home across the sea
my letters lay unread.

When I returned from o'er the sea
with pockets full of gold,
my mother, poor and old,
had missed me terribly
when I returned from o'er the sea
with pockets full of gold.

The One

Too holy to be human,
yet clothed in flesh like mine
He cast a sinless shadow
on paths of Palestine.

Too ageless to be mortal,
yet blood and sweat and tears
He shed, as man of sorrows,
throughout His earthbound years.

Too tender to be tainted,
yet all our hate and greed
He claimed as His possession,
for which they made Him bleed.

Too truthful to be doubted,
yet lies are still retold:
"He did not rise on Sunday."
"He's in the grave still cold."

Too gentle to be savage,
yet God Himself decreed:
He is the one appointed
to judge our brutal breed.

Too streetwise to be suckered,
yet some say He's naïve.
He knows though all about you:
He knows if you believe.

Elysium

I love this holy hour the best,
when moonbeams gleam and owls screech,
while mortals lay them down to rest,
and weary waves weep on the beach.

I'm happy in this tranquil place
that's far away from humankind,
where I can gain, by God's good grace,
possession of a poet's mind.

It's here I wander, like a cloud,
that someone said, 'does float on high,'
unseen, as ghost in sacred shroud,
as silent as a sparrow's sigh.

I love to while away the time
composing 'neath these broad-leaved bowers,
where I can regulate my rhyme,
and shelter from autumnal showers.

It's here I tread untrodden trails,
alone, among the trembling trees,
while sweet Aurora fades and fails,
and twilight breathes her blissful breeze.

Poems Pure and Proud

I wish that I could sing as sweet
as nymphs, with wings upon their feet.
That I could dance their dervish dance,
spin round and round in mystic trance.

For maybe then I'd write like Keats,
rhyme deep as Yates, who reads like Yeats.
Lay lovely lines like Lakeside Bill,
each one a golden daffodil.

I wish the sound of skylark's song
would make me weep, would let me long
for girl, I'd breathed for, who once broke
my heart, by bitter words she spoke.

For then my rhymes would breathe romance.
They'd gleam and glow, and at one glance
my girl would then be wooed and won,
would meet me 'neath the midnight sun.

I wish my pen would kiss like quill
of Sappho, then my page I'd fill
with teardrop words from clouds of fire,
all beauty-bled from dark desire.

Then verse that I composed in youth
(I'd passed off as inspired truth.)
I'd burn, like corpse beneath its shroud.
Replace with poems pure and proud!

Deluded

My poetry's a passing phase.
Dumb dreaming on deluded days,
when I (misguided by some muse,
who lies, and tells me, "you can't lose")
pour out my passion on the page,
unleash it from its gilded cage.
As if I were another Keats,
enthroned with rhyme's elect elites.
But I've been duped, like naive child,
by beauty blinded and beguiled.
And when I wake one misty morn,
I'll read my lines and sneer, then yawn.
Yes, poetry's a passing phase,
a remnant of that youthful haze
that to my ageing heart still clings,
like songbird, that no longer sings.

Retired

I'm lonely, Lord, this cruel spring day.
I've lost the will; I've lost the way.
And this ill wind that bends the trees
blows in my face a bitter breeze.

I'm empty as an arid cloud,
left lifeless in a corpse-clad shroud.
I've ceased to toil without a rest
to feather someone else's nest.

I've left the busy world of work.
Behind my window blinds I lurk,
to watch the race I've left behind.
I'm morbid, so by most, maligned.

I'm ageing like a knotted oak.
To not one soul this day I've spoke.
The years slip by as I sit still
upon this unfrequented hill.

Separating Sea

If my God would work His magic,
turn the tide on truth too tragic.
I'd cross the separating sea
to find the girl who once loved me.

But true love's torrents have run dry,
and sailing 'neath this savage sky
is hopeless; traitors tore to pieces
our love, (those wolves with sheepish fleeces.)

With cruel assassins' bitter blade,
they bled us, watched our feelings fade.
Then glide, among the graveyards grieving.
Bitter and broken, barely breathing.

They wiped me from my sweetheart's mind,
my memory, to dust did grind.
(Portrayed as a pariah, pleading,
they said I begged like Caesar bleeding)

If my God would work His magic,
turn the tide on truth too tragic.
I'd cross the separating sea
to find the girl who once loved me!

My Poetry

Poetry helps me to pass the time;
when I get bored, then I churn out rhyme.
I've had some published 'cross the ocean;
those Yanks are suckers for emotion.
I know my verse is gauche and gushing,
enough to burn your cheeks from blushing,
but dirty laundry gets no airing,
and on my page there's seldom swearing.
Poetry is the art of showing
that beauty's all around us growing,
It's like a river, ever streaming,
flowing deeper than sleeper's dreaming.
It warns, sometimes, like Joel's vision,
in Mercy's Valley of Decision.
Preaches, yeah, but it's never prying;
it trades in truth, not loathsome lying.
Poetry helps me to pass the time.
When I'm pissed off, I will turn to rhyme;
For friends, my pen will kiss the pages.
Against my foes like a storm it rages.

The Girl From Yesterday

Thanks to a loving heart that beat for me,
I stand unfettered now, by love set free.
The girl I owe this debt to I can't pay,
for she belongs to yonder yesterday.
From deep inside my long-forgotten past,
where paths were paved with thorns and pain was vast,
she shed her love, like leaves, in springtime's youth,
a stream that flowed with kindness, love and truth.
But she, with holy healing in her wing,
was cursed to haunt my past, where she did sing
sweet songs that stilled the siren's savage strain,
but died, like spring, yet could not live again.
This loving heart no longer beats for me,
as I stand tall, unfettered now and free.
But in my heart she'll never fade away:
the one I've deemed the girl from yesterday.

Breathing

My meek and mild mother, who gave birth to me;
my solemn, sad father, who died needlessly.
I gave them both up: one to Life, one to Death,
and now I breathe freely my own bastard breath!

Heartbreak Day

I sit highlighting, citing, writing
what I need you to know.
In lines I'm laying, simply saying:
why did you have to go?

From world that's turning; botched and burning,
with pen, I stand aloof.
In words I'm weaving, grieving, leaving
a page, as pledge and proof.

Of how I'm feeling ? raw, unhealing,
on this cruel heartbreak day.
As I sit dreaming, tears are streaming
now that you've gone away.

My Cold-Hearted Gwen

Those rhymes I once relished,
adorned and embellished
with classical quotes:
(antique anecdotes)
Were lines I once cherished,
Once published ? now perished.
Their ghosts in my mind
look to me to find...
the source of the sorrows
that tore my tomorrows
with longing for girl,
in diamond and pearl,
who'd vanquished my verses,
condemned them with curses,
and poisoned my pen:
My cold-hearted Gwen!

The Seagull

The seagull, with his eerie cry,
hangs high up in the summer sky.
He questions not, nor reasons why
his life on Earth will one day die.
Brave bird of prey, he's full of pride,
flows with wind, the waves, the tide.
When food or female he does seek,
in sing-song voice he starts to shriek.
He steals your lunch from off your lap;
a baguette or a bacon bap.
His noble nature knows no fear.
He scoffs at sinner, saint and seer.
Supreme, he soars above the sea:
The seagull, feisty, fierce and free.

Our Love

They told you time would heal, and you'd forget.
That there'd be no remorse and no regret.
And hearts they'd torn apart would one day mend.
Yes, you believed their lies and so did send

your father; he knocked boldly on my door
for property, of yours, he had come for.
A courier content with callous crime,
who smiled to see true love run out of time.

They'd told you that I'd not amount to much;
I lacked a grafter's grit and Midas Touch.
Besides, they'd weighed me up and deemed me weird.
(this future son-in-law was to be feared!)

Their daughter, you were told, was far too good
to love an orphan boy whose name was mud.
He lacked that precious gem: a steady job,
preventing him from merging with the mob.

But worst of all he was a Jesus Freak,
uncouth enough about that name to speak!
And God, they'd praise, but always did pretend,
to him was dearer than a dearest friend.

And so, to love we'd shared, they did their worst;
they crucified it, cast it out as cursed.
But even in a dungeon, dank and drear,
first love still sparkles, starlit and sincere!

In Winter

In winter, as the freezing mist
floats friendless 'cross the frozen field,
I lay down lonely and unkissed,
and to my dread depression yield.

The shrouded, silent, silver sun
stands still, or so it seems to me.
And in my mind I dare to run
away from God's eternity.

By noon, when dreary darkness falls,
I hear a soulful singing bird.
From tree to tree the creature calls.
He hopes, by one, he will be heard.

At dusk, when all sweet dreams expire,
my empty, aching heart grows cold.
And thoughts, once fed with summer's fire,
turn grey that season's gleaming gold.

Seasonal Affective Disorder

The summer lingers on, but there's a breeze.
I see it shake the leaves upon the trees.
It's cold at dusk, the nights are drawing in.
The autumn, I so dread, will soon begin.

The winter's world of white waits in the wings,
while nightingale, that bird of sorrow, sings.
The frost that bites, it waits to freeze my tears
I've shed, without you, down these septic years.

The summer season, I will sum it up:
a chalice, loving hearts are cursed to sup,
which tastes so sweet - for love, it makes you long,
but turns to hemlock on your lips and tongue.

jesus-fire

You're gonna burn with jesus-fire.
(I'm quoting God, and He's no liar!)
But if you make Him Lord and Master
you'll dodge damnation's dread disaster.

You're gonna live, and live forever.
When slender strand will snap and sever
your soul, from body you've got used to,
you're gonna sup some savage strange brew

unless you trust the man, JC.
(From fascist fears He'll set you free!)
And when that bitter bonfire's burning,
the wages that your sins were earning,

you won't be banking; there's no needing:
Jesus Christ's done all the bleeding!
Forget the pope, the priests, the church.
Despite what science says, YOU search!

If you are called, elect and chosen,
your heart will burn that once was frozen.
And faith will grow by Word and Spirit
when good news of the Lord you hear it!

You're gonna burn with jesus-fire.
Your situation's dark and dire.
Let losers scoff and cynics sneer.
YOU come to Christ. Salvation's near.

a rhymester's life

We languish when our lines are lean.
(You poet pals know what I mean.)
Our pen, sometimes, outright refuses
to trace the touch of tender Muses.

We suffer when we force our rhyme.
You'd think we'd carried out a crime!
like Chamberlain, that crass appeaser
or Brutus, boldly stabbing Caesar!

We worry when our verse won't glow,
and poet's passion will not flow.
(John Keats said poems should flow freely,
like streams, sun's rays or blood, ideally.)

We freak out when our stanzas stink
of stagnant sweat or icky ink.
Like trafficker, with skunk to smuggle,
a rhymester's life's a sodding struggle!

Love-Poet

The life of a poet in love I am living,
but foes of my loving I won't be forgiving.
It may seem I'm lost in my rhyme and verse making,
with heart now unbroken and no longer aching.
Yet pen pours on paper my pure, pent-up passion,
and fighting my foes hasn't gone out of fashion!

I don't doubt my love as I pluck off a petal.
For now, I'm more certain, since stuff we did settle!
So life as a poet in love's still engaging.
'Gainst those that did force us apart I'm still raging!
And though love speaks sweet, with a voice soft and gentle.
Then dances like Venus, or girl oriental...

My life as a poet in love's more than flowers:
It's vengeance! And warfare with pitiless powers!

thankless thoughts

I think of you when the sunlight glimmers
and the lake lies still in its warm embrace.
I think of you when the sad sun shimmers,
just before she sets and averts her face.
I think of you when the warm wind's blowing
its whispered kisses 'cross the sun-drenched sand.
I think of you when the floodtide's flowing
up the beach, where we'd wandered, hand in hand.
I think of you when I wake each morning,
as I sit 'neath the trees in their dew-drenched shroud.
I think of you, beyond dusk, till dawning,
and I lisp your name, never quite out loud.
I think of you when the twilight's gleaming,
when the pain of our parting hurts me most.
I think of you like a dead man dreaming
of a girl he knew who's a grieving ghost.

Some Sweet Saviour

In my fragile youth he found me shaking,
like a loveless lily growing wild.
He touched my hollow heart, already breaking,
and nurtured me, his naked, nameless child.

To my eyes he blazed like vision blinding;
beautiful in feature, form and face;
fellowship with him and friendship finding;
I grew up on godliness and grace.

Till those clouds of glory I'd been trailing
died, one day, as Queen Aurora rose.
The youth in me, turned man, whose faith was failing
felt no more, my feelings all had froze.

Then the years flew by and I grew bolder,
damning him a dark, demented dream.
Coward I became, with conscience colder,
I sacrificed him, sold him down the stream.

In my final years, with twilight falling;
I would sell my soul, not count the cost,
to hear the voice of some sweet saviour calling,
like the long-lamented one I lost.

The Christ Child

The Christ Child wore a seamless robe
that soldiers dared not tear.
They stole instead and gambled for,
since they could never share.

The Christ Child wore a thorny crown
that soldiers improvised,
to curse and crush and cruelly mock
the holy they despised.

The Christ Child wore a human skin
that soldiers beat and tore.
Then in his sweet, seraphic face
they scoffed and spat and swore.

The Christ Child's shoes were worn and old,
but soldiers' trick was neat.
They nailed them on with Roman steel,
wed wood to sandalled feet.

The Christ Child wore, on Christmas day,
a smile so sweet and shy,
like all the holy innocents
they dare to crucify.

Remnant

Before it fades and wastes away,
I'll gather up this dying day,
and tend, with tenderness, its grave,
for which, this poppy I will save.

This crumb of comfort I'll compress,
immortalise in flower press,
to conjure up this dying day
when it has long since passed away.
And when its sombre sun has set,
this remnant of a raw regret,
I'll bury, in a book of death
to breathe its final, bitter breath.

The Judas Tree

In winter, melancholic mist
floats friendless 'cross the frozen field,
as I hang lonely and unkissed,
and to my dread depression yield.

Above, the shrouded, silent sun
stands still, or so it seems to me.
Below, this dismal devil's son
swings slowly on the Judas-Tree.

By noon, when dreary darkness falls,
I hear a soulful singing bird.
From tree to tree the creature calls.
He hopes, by one, he will be heard.

At dusk, when all sweet dreams expire,
my empty, aching heart grows cold.
And thoughts, once fed with Jesus-fire,
turn grey the season's gleaming gold.

Death from Above

To Buxton town, so men would die,
he sailed, to wait with sword and bow
for death to fall from northern sky,

like autumn leaves when left to lie
beneath the trees, condemned to grow
for men he'd come to crucify.

On fair and foul, like passer-by,
he'd gloat and glare, as blood would flow,
from wounds, before they'd putrefy.

To Buxton town, in years gone by,
When land still shone with goddess glow,
came Caesar, with his evil eye.

To conquer, promenade and pry.
He had no way, no way to know,
his hour drew near, drew near to die.

When silver moon lit up the sky
In land of midnight ice and snow
The Romans dared to deify

this mortal man and magnify!
Till 'cross the Rubicon he'd go,
T'wards Rome, where cruel assassins lie

in wait, as ides of March draw nigh.
When blades will flash and gleam and glow.
And Caesar, cut, can only cry,
As death comes falling from the sky.

Vestiges

Left here in land of hill and peak,
where storms of sorrow slyly seek
to weary me and weigh me down:
I never chose this tortured town!
These song birds, blown upon the wing,
they squawk and sway, but rarely sing.
Since bleakness blinds them, blinds me too:
turns sapphire skies to black from blue!
Left here to age, while clouds race by,
I wait, as one by one they die:
those vestiges of youthful dreams
that flow away like sea-bound streams.

Your Faithful Friend

Sometimes, I say, it's good to drink.
It clouds the brain so you won't think
so deeply or with too much care.
Inebriation acts like prayer!
It mollifies and melts your fears,
and turns to joy your tortured tears.

When alcohol's your faithful friend,
the wife who drove you round the bend
will morph, and be a thing with wings,
a tiny fly or bird who sings.
Whose buzz won't bother you at all.
Whose caw will ring like song thrush call.

Sometimes, when on your third or forth
the wind may blow from south or north.
No matter that the storm clouds meet
above your head, the wine tastes sweet!
And Life you'll deem a dazzling dream,
a perfect Paradise will seem.

L' Chaim! (To Life!)

My mind's a maze of melancholic madness.

My soul's a sack of sentimental sadness.

It's time I shed self pity's

sombre shell,

and stepped outside my solitary cell!

The springtime songs outside my door are ringing.

The songbirds swoop,

non-stop: their sound of singing.

I dare not squelch with sorrow's baleful breath

the celebrants of life that conquers death!

My mind's made up, there's life, so let's start hoping.

Begone, this cringing crock of callous coping!

I grasped and groaned, but now it's time to give.

Was busy dying, now it's time to live!

Reclusive Rhyme

The private poet, who sleeps so soundly in this bag of bones,
sometimes awakes, to whisper wonder words that I should pen - to please him,
since he is a poet after all.

He's shy, yet eager to be read, sung or heard.
As if he were a soothing symphony or waves that swish and splash and wash ashore
a goddess girl for mortals to adore.

This poet, who's the peevish part of me, is tetchy, so I rarely rouse him up.
He slumbers, till my muse decides it's time
to raise a glass of rare reclusive rhyme.

The Chosen

The poet's soul is like no other.
It's sister to the stars; her brother's
the faery folk, each mystic creature
and goddess girls who'll never feature
or figure in most mortal's thinking;
(She's seen them mock while slyly winking.)

Her precious soul it senses beauty
and deems it her most solemn duty
to paint a picture on her pages,
with words of wisdom: just like sages!
Yet not pretentious, paltry preaching;
With rhyme, she's turns her hand at teaching!

The poet's soul is swathed in sorrow.
Since beauty, to be born tomorrow
will not be held or owned by many;
She weeps and wonders if there's any
who'll wake when world is filled with gladness
and sun has set on all this sadness.

Her sincere soul is slowly dying;
It's drained of blood and tears from trying
(with desperation's deep desire
and heaven's true immortal fire)
to touch the hearts: stone cold and frozen;
Oh how she wished she'd not been chosen!

golden years

You're prone to penning poetry,
since you have sensed the symmetry
that's hidden from most mortal eyes
behind a dull, but deft disguise:

The beauty of a leaf or bud,
the silence of a winding wood.
The echo in your deep heart's core
that bids you love and hate no more.

You're sensitive, some say a seer!
With prophet's powers and eyes that peer
into the future, dark and deep,
where some will dance and some will weep.

Your mother raised you up on rhymes,
a child, who's tasted troubled times.
Yet, through this valley's veil of tears,
you've glimpsed the dawn of golden years!

eternal

Beyond these days in time and space,
when we have ran our pilgrim race.
our soul, set free from mortal shell,
will rest a while, (devoutly dwell)
to pause for peace by sacred streams,
with breaking dawn's delightful dreams...
Until that Lord with flashing eyes
invades this planet's sin-scarred skies...
to clothe us in immortal gowns,
with gold, replace our thorny crowns.
(Our bodies, buried out of sight,
He'll raise, in wonder's wingless flight.)
Beyond this age, corrupt and cursed,
(We've done our best; it did its worst.)
there'll surely be for you and me
a safe, sublime eternity.

grace of the goddess

Out of the ashes was born my belief,
grown in the grave of the garden of grief.
Watered in winter of world-weary woe,
grace of the goddess had caused it to grow.
Grace of the goddess, who loved me for free,
soothed me, so sweetly, by the steely blue sea.
Wooed me and won me, renewed me, reformed,
slaughtered my sorrow, and faith in me formed.
Grace of the goddess caused beauty to bloom,
down in the brig of the dungeon's grey gloom.
Lost like a lotus as boat braved the swell.
Thank God she found me, and saved me from hell!
Out of the darkness of dread and despair,
into the lighthouse of comfort and care.
Salvaged from straits and the world's septic breath,
grace of the goddess divorced me from death.

Poet

I'm talentless, but stirred to scribe.
Least member of the rhymester tribe.
I'll never paint a work of art,
but 'neath my rhymes there beats a heart.
A heart of gold, not heart of stone.
A mortal, made of flesh and bone.
A poet, who a Muse once kissed,
Then vanished like the morning mist.

Dead Poets

Poets are damned to live and die
beneath this sacrilegious sky.
They pen their petty piece of rhyme
They're slaves, so they must steal the time
to pour themselves upon the page.
(They couldn't work without a wage!)

They hate to focus on themselves.
Their lives lie shattered on sad shelves.
They seek some kindly eye to see
(a heart in love with poetry!)

A kindred kind with self-same soul
who'll criticise, and yet console.
The poets, when they breathe no more,
(while oceans seethe and nations war)
leave verse (its value may be none!)
to live, when they are dead and gone.

eyes of lost love

Where lotus blossoms sleep
by marshes dank and deep.
My love went down to weep
so long ago.
She'd had to let me leave,
grow old and grey and grieve.
Go mad with make believe,
not let me know.
That she still cared for me,
though we could never be.
She needed to be free
so she could grow.
But wistful waves still rise,
'spite savage sapphire skies,
And love, lost in her eyes,
is still aglow.

loveless

It's autumn's lonely afternoon,
the sun is sinking slow.
The leaves are bleeding from the trees,
why did she have to go?
The sky is blue between the clouds,
and since she went to roam,
there stands an empty shell of stone
we used to call a home.
It's twilight, so sad stars appear.
Then darkness casts its spell.
Inside the house,
where lovebirds breathed,
I live my Loveless hell.

Real Gone Rhyme

My poetry dried up each tear
I'd spilt whilst sobbing in my beer.
It held me, like a faithful friend,
when my sad world seemed at an end.

Throughout my lost and languid life,
(while shackled to a wolfish wife)
those stanzas urged me bide my time.
In sunless shade they shone sublime.

In dungeon's dank, dark days and nights,
temptations, trials, fond fancy's flights;
like when she'd chilled me to the bone
and sorrow'd turned me into stone,

they whispered, in a still, small voice,
(which made this rhyming rogue rejoice.)
Verse vowed true love would visit me
by streams of sweet serenity,

where I would tread my twilight years
with Venus, through this vale of tears.
They swore: "These sighs, you've sown in time
will reap romance and real gone rhyme!"

Losers

Alcohol's for boozers
Boxing is for Bruisers
Choices are for choosers
Courts are for accusers
Drugs are for drug users
Hell is for abusers
Oceans are for cruisers
Parchment for perusers
Refuge for refusers
Poetry's for losers

Life

Life's meaningless, the bitch don't rhyme!
So poetry's a waste of time,
but still the poison pumps and pours,
and bares its breasts like worthless whores.
Love's languishing, and faith's no more,
mere mindlessness from shore to shore
sails on, with junk, containers crammed
with costly crap: we've all been scammed!
Life's fading fast, for me at least,
so soon, this shit will all have ceased
to bother me or piss me off:
at least I've one more beer to quaff.

Sworn Statement

I swore, by the bones of my father and mother,
the eyes of my sister, the life of my brother.
I swore, by the cross of the Lord, whom I love,
and by all the angels of God up above
that I wouldn't swear anymore.
I swore, by that song: the sweet song of salvation.
By blood-spattered flag of our war-weary nation.
I swore by the bible and all that is holy.
By storms that sail swiftly and streams that glide slowly
that I wouldn't swear anymore.
I swore, by the truth, that's been twisted and tortured.
By fruit plucked by Eve in old Eden's fair orchard.
I swore, by the way and the truth and the life.
By the unending love that I have for my wife
that I wouldn't swear anymore.
I swore by the blood of with cowards who'd crossed me,
my sword blade would spill from their wounds that would run free.
I swore to get even, by vengeance and fury.
That I'd be the judge and that I'd be the jury,
but I will not swear anymore.

Life Saver

Poetry once saved my life
when I was shackled to a wife:
(The first, I'm on my second now,
this one's not like the other cow.)

She's kind, and cares about my rhyme.
My ex. condemned it, called it crime,
that verse which was a real life line,
an anchor for this soul of mine!

So, poetry is versatile,
it leans T'wards any living style.
In love? Then it's an angel's wing.
In hell? Will make your sorrow sing.

Life to Come

Poured out and stowed from teenage years,
these pent-up, grief-filled tortured tears.
They're shed for you, most noble friend.
Dear father, these poor lines I've penned

with Ink, I've spilt for life you've lost,
by fate, so cruel, cut short, star-crossed.
You gave me life, then lost your own.
Launched out for land, unseen, unknown.

Moved on like mist across the lake,
dissolved like dew at dawn's daybreak.
Do you still live, my parent true?
Does heaven's face shine down on you?

Your son survives on slender hopes.
In darkest days, for light he gropes.
He craves one piddling, Christian crumb:
to meet you in the life to come!

Dread Day

All alone, laid low and lonely
by the ocean's lapping waves.
Fate forgot we've one and only
life to live before our graves.
Heart of mine, before, was beating
till the gods stepped into time.
Said, "you knew that life was fleeting,
that we all run out of Rhyme."
Laid upon my sick bed sleeping,
breathing out my borrowed breath.
I must leave my loved ones weeping.
Day has dawned: dread day of death.

Lost Lines

My poet friends, I'm ailing.
some sickness, stern and silent
has found me, and I'm failing
to still this storm so violent
in my soul.

My goddesses ? the Muses.
(I'd met while waves were weeping)
My rhymes, if one peruses,
will shout: "these girls are sleeping
in your soul!"

My life's a solemn sonnet,
a desert bleak and barren.
No flower grows upon it,
no royal rose of Sharon
like of old.

My lines of youthful yearning
have lost their gleam and glimmer.
My verse, once bright and burning,
exudes a sluggish shimmer
oh, so cold.

Sweet Dreams

This Life, oh it is far too brief.
That traitor, Time, steals like a thief,
but days are long when songbirds sing:
sweet sounds they share this sacred spring.

These hours, when golden rays feel warm
(cut short by sudden senseless storm)
still shine sublime inside my soul,
a memo crafted to console.

These lines, laid down before I pass,
(as dew drop pearls that grace the grass,)
will fade, like poet's toils and tears,
to leave sweet dreams of golden years.

God's Love

God loves his little poet so.
And he will never let him go
or leave him in this tainted town
forsaken, fraught and feeling down.

God likes to let his rhymester rest,
beside the ocean, blithe and blessed.
He bears him up on eagle's wings
when soul seems sad and sorrow stings.

God gives; when guilt grins in his face,
a homecoming of godly grace.
Towards his wayward, stubborn son,
like loving father he will run.

God smiles when poet's sick with with shame
and sweetly he will call his name.
Then gently take him by the hand
and whisper, "Son, I understand."

Your Faithful Friend

Sometimes, I say, it's good to drink.
It clouds the brain so you don't think
so deeply or with too much care.
Inebriation acts like prayer!
It mollifies and melts your fears,
and turns to joy your tortured tears.

When alcohol's your faithful friend,
the world that drives you round the bend
will morph, and be a thing with wings,
a tiny fly or bird that sings.
Whose buzz won't bother you at all.
Whose caw will ring like song thrush call.

When fearful sights and tragic tales
are shown and told, then sorrow sails.
It seems unreal. The pain recedes
The Son of God, for you, He bleeds,
and meaning merges in your mind
with wonder: it is redefined!

Sometimes, when on your third or forth
the wind may blow from south or north.
No matter that the storm clouds meet
above your head, the beer tastes sweet!
And Life you'll deem a dazzling dream,
a perfect Paradise will seem.

Heart of Mine

Upon my poet's page I'd wrote
of unrequited love: I quote:
"I cherish you, my maiden sweet.
Without you, I am incomplete."

A lifetime later on, through tears,
I read what's faded with the years.
And still, in poet's paltry line
lives love, which broke this heart of mine.

goddess girl

Girl of my dreams, you were once all the world to me,
even today you're the air that I breathe.
Though down to earth you were goddess-girl heavenly,
stilling the storm on the sea that did seethe.

Where are you now when the waves all wash over me?
Can you command as you did long ago?
Woman who loved me and always looked out for me.
Do you recall how I needed you so?

Love of my life, sweet soulmate's sincerity,
you breathed on me like a warm summer breeze.
Blessed by your beauty, my brutal barbarity
bled by your throne as I fell to my knees.

Performer

I force myself to smile and talk
when all I want to do is walk.
Vacate this poisoned place in time.
Alone, I'd scribble down my rhyme.

I'd let it flow like sparkling stream.
Then douse myself in drink and dream.
In my own soul ? and God I s'pose
I would confide and then compose.

But unpoetic people pry.
They want to know the reason why
a dad, who's ageing like an oak,
does not behave like normal bloke.

I force myself to smile and nod,
assure them I'm no crazy sod,
but to the grand-kid on my knee,
I then perform my poetry.