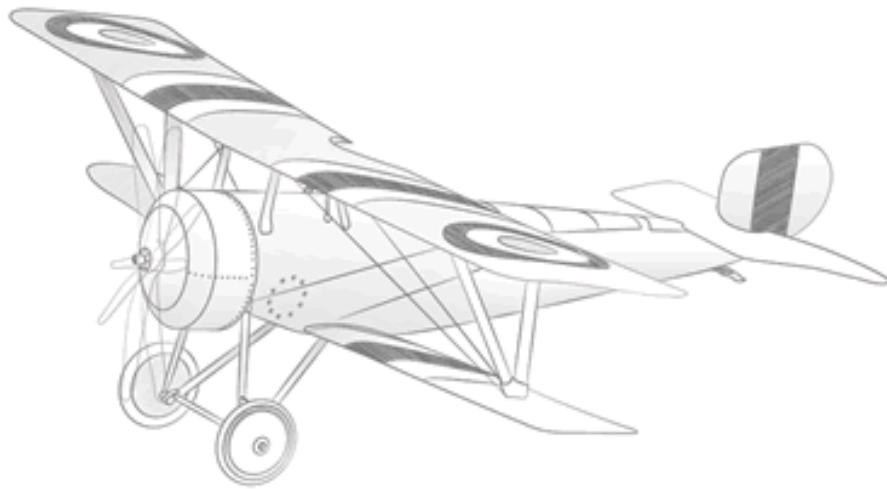


Anthology of Anthony ?Tappy ? Paul 1st Revised Edition

Anthony Tappy Paul



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

To my Parents Clive & Mona Paull as well as Grandparents and the extended family who throughout the early years encouraged my creative side. Also to my wonderful partner Janphen for whom English is not a first language but she still translates and reads and offer me morale support.

Acknowledgement

It is wonderful to have an idea in your head and write it down and then see it in print for others to see and hopefully enjoy. I try to keep my poems grounded and authentic with my views on life.

About the author

I am a 63 year old Australian living in Thailand. I have enjoyed a fruitful life playing many sports and meeting many fabulous people along the way. Creatively my first love was music starting from a very young age with support from my maternal Grandmother May, who made sure I had every opportunity to perform. My parents also supported me with a guitar and lessons but alas I wasn't very good. I soon developed an appreciation of the written word and performed in school debating teams. I have written articles for Industry and Sporting magazines and tried writing short stories. I have performed in Theatre both Musical and Comedy from 1988 up until my final show in 2019. Writing poetry gives me the opportunity to exercise my mind and continue to learn and grow. Ultimately I would like to write and publish some short stories.

summary

It's Life

A Racer

I fell in love with a Full Moon (Phnom tkh?lum r?k phrac?nthr? t?m dwng)

????????????????????????????

Misgivings of a Car Salesman

Soar to the Sky

If you think you can't you're right!

What makes it hot?

The Sea, Boats and Me.

Dogs, Puppies & Mutts

Story of the Forty-four Trees

Is this Love

A Husky Ling a Long

My Car is Compact

Playing to an Audience of One

Sea Change

The Trial of Life

Home Blessings

Blue

Red

Love for all Ages

The Saga of the 44 Trees continues

How can I speak your language

'WAITING?

Homeward Bound

Janphen my Moon

The Judgement of the Forty-four trees Part III

The Ballad of Charlie

It's Life

Second son to his mother and the first and pride of his dad,
His father a sportsman and boxer but the child a small skinny lad,

His parents and grandparents adored him and a good life for him they would bring,
And whilst unsure he could ever play sport to their joy they found out he could sing,

Through the early years he grew very little though it seemed not to matter a lot
Through music and the Boys of Brigade he seemed to have found his own plot,

His father who still loved his football with his son would watch the sport on TV,
But by chance the lad spoke to his cousin who said you should try to play it and see,

So he soon joined the club of the Brothers though small and uncertain he would be,
When the judges took score of one thing they were sure Best Clubman he was they agree,

He played not just for the Bretheren but with his school and the Saints he would share,
His father still uncertain about the boy when asked how did he play replied you were there,

But footy was not an only interest for he had learnt to skate on thin ice,

Nearly every day he skated away and discovered girls skaters were nice,

But a new sport was born of this interest for Ice Hockey he would learn to play,
Then asked by his team to be Goalie his teams new Champions so here he would stay,

But life give and takes as we travel and on that one fateful day,
Riding to work on his gleaming new bike a crash took his right leg away,

No longer able to run or skate and barely able to walk,
A new chapter in life he needed to start so with his parents he needed to talk,

Since 16 this lad had gamefully worked in the business of Shipping employed,
But for his love of motorcycles a change he would make to be closer to what he enjoyed,

Of sports his dreams were forgotten one leg not enough to compete,
But he learned when you roadrace a motorcycle you really don't need two feet,

A first try would not go unnoticed for his efforts the President gave an reward,
And during the very next season he took the Sportsman's Encouragement Award,

But another sport had been calling as he now learned to ski on the snow,
So with little tuition and too much ambition Alpine Racing he thought he would go,

But work, a wife and son had arrived and took precedent over just having fun,
A brief time in Karting and Speedway before stopping to care for his son,

But all this time he had practiced his singing and with the Academy learned,
Seeing a show on the stage he wanted to play so to Savoyards his interest would turn,

A pirate, a bum, a book seller to play he worked hard to sharpen his skill,
And to add to the fun he was joined by his son who could imitate voices at will,

Acting and singing in many ensembles a lead role he wanted to play,
For Phoenix he auditioned the role of the father and was awarded the role on that day,

The lad loved to speed across land air and sea and this he knew how to do,
To pilot a watercraft supercharged, soaring a Glider and racing a motorbike too,

But these days he just likes to travel over Japan and Asia to roam,
But he kept on returning to Thailand and today he calls Thailand his home.

This lad no matter what has happened to him had always tried to stand tall,
Now his parents and brothers have all passed away he is glad he was born as a Paull.

A Racer

A racer is one who likes speed for the fun not afraid of potential danger,
Adrenaline he craves and competition he savors no thought of losing I wager,

To be faster than most is the aim of this bloke as he gives every last drop of sweat,
Be it legs, ski or motor whatever the course no matter the cost or the debt,

He might race on the dirt, sideways to the turn a concrete wall on his right to avoid,
Or ski down a snow hill the ultimate thrill no brakes just a sea of white void,

To take to the air is another cool dare aerobatics and dives can give you high G's,
Or a supercharged ski can race on a sea getting rough and tossed in the breeze,

What motor vehicle on two three or four wheels round circuit a lap time can yield.
That is so inviting and so very exciting when with speed and machines you will deal,

These rather odd people there need not fear for the speed in itself cannot bend,
Danger is not acceleration or even top speed but rather the sudden stop at the end!

I fell in love with a Full Moon (Phnom tkh?lum r?k phrac?nthr? t?m dwng) ?????????????????????????????????

You may find yourself talking to people, feeling disconnected you see,
You may look in all the wrong places looking for the right company,

But to find you must always be looking because fate never waits on a man,
And just when you think that it's over that's when the next chapter began,

For me at the time I was surfing the web not really expecting to find,
But by chance I happened upon a site with a Thai girl who worked in Dubai,

Rose was her name at least it said here and her smile as bright as the sun,
By the time we had spoken for many weeks for sure my heart she had won,

But home would beckon for four children she had and mother and brothers as well,
So from Dubai to Thailand and then Sis a ket to her home she returned for to dwell,

By now we were close and spoke openly and I found her birth name was Janphen,
In Thai means Full Moon so romantic and pure it would be time soon to meet but just when?

So we planned for a day that was not far away to see if our feelings were real,
I arrived in a car and she wasn't too far so we met and my heart she did steal,

That was so long ago and soon after you know we started to live as a couple,
Today a new house and soon make her my spouse then to visit my home on the double.

Janphen my dear our problem is clear because we come from different cultures,
But through thick and thin we take it all in and for all time our love will endure.

??
??
??
??
??
??
??

???????????????? ???? ???
??
??
??
??
??
??
????????????????????

??
??
??
??
?????????? ??????????? ??????? ???
??

Misgivings of a Car Salesman

In avoiding trouble we seek not to cross the path of these criminal types,
Convict Politician or Car Salesman perhaps or is their rep just a great lot of tripe.

For it is true that some of them shrewd will forget to fill in all of the details,
Named worst of the worst the Car Salesman it's true most hated of anyone retail,

But then you see along there comes me new and oblivious to all said before him,
A road to the Sale I would study and learn my knowledge now full to the brim,

Problem you see is a nice guy like me can be fooled by a system if flawed.
The customer arrives and charm we provide so that by all then we will be adored,

Our job simply is to listen and to match your needs to what we can offer to sell,
At the end the of the day if attention you pay you will see that we're helpful as well

To question no crime but be sure at the time that we have alternate motives intended,
If Management says that the sale won't go through to get the commitment amended,

This is what we do ask commitment from you to purchase some of our product,
But it's quality sure we cannot guarantor for the maker gives warranty edict,

His warranty may cover some but not all of the ailments that you might endure,
A Salesman can't know what problem can grow in the sale his intentions were pure,

In making the sale the benefits we regale so in the best light our product you see,
But never tell lies to the customers eyes be truthful and honest can be,

Problem you see is greater then me machines can sometimes be troublesome,
Though it's not I telling a lie but mere chance your new product be bothersome,

My reputation marred by the plight of the car although I be innocent of any cause,
People stressed out have something to shout to think who's at fault they won't pause.

So evil or not this car salesman lot appears from some point of view,
Falsely accused misunderstood perhaps the opinion should have a review.

Soar to the Sky

Any man sees the The Eagle soaring with the greatest of ease
While men walk on the ground dreaming of flight just a tease

But though no man can fly on his own sure it is true,
We built manned flying machines of fabric wire and spruce,

The Wright Brothers first to the air they would take,
But by now all men dreamed for the dream was awake,

But their wings could not move fixed straight with no power,
So attached an engine to push the plane along in this hour,

Over the years man would try many forms of propulsion,
If you like clean air though piston, jet, rocket cause revulsion,

To truly be free and fly like the bird then you need only air and the wing,
Study you must of airstreams and thermals then to soaring yourself you bring,

For Soaring achieved in a glider we see that has no means of self motivation,
But soaring in air full of thermals and lift of the Raptor it's a true imitation,

Me a right leg amputee was a glider for me for foot pedals you must control,
My instructors at Boonah said hoshposh and soon I would pilot the plane whole,

It was said to me boy have you not heard of ace fighter pilot Douglas Bader,
With two legs of tin in a Spitfire, Battle of Britain would win it couldn't be any harder.

I agreed now I can see if he can so me so I read his book Reach for the Sky,
Solo pilot of glider I became soon using his inspiration you can understand why,

But what of the soaring wasn't it boring circling thin funnels of air?
But if try you'll discover like this is no other, Ridge to Cross Country dare,

So my brothers at Boonah I wish I'd come sooner so to learn and polish my skills,
Those these days I live so far away for sure come back to Boonah Gliding I will.

If you think you can?t you?re right!

Whilst we speak outwardly with other people all day,
In our head another voice does chatters away,

Only we hear those words for the voice for ourselves only meant,
But it's words are they wisdom or paranoia which way are they bent,

Some say there's two balanced to be Angel and Devil,
But which side of the ledger do you lean to be level,

To be too much of one and not enough of the other,
Turn paranoid you will be or else conceited to another,

And so in our lives though we don't even know it,
Influencing our action these voices do show it,

So be careful of love and all of it's hurt the pitfalls it brings,
But my head on the other side says loves a wonderful thing,

Whichever voice you believe your path will it set,
But the consequences unknown to you still will be yet,

You may have been world champion but the voice said no chance,
If the voice is ignored you believe in yourself the chance you enhance,

For in this life there are no guarantees don't give up before trying,
Your future unknown your achievements are real the voice just lying,

But the voice can be good even in bad it wants to protect from failure and pain,
Pain is a teacher failure too you cannot know your besters inside your brain.

Another opinion you should consider but your own decision the only one matters,
Voices you hear you still listen too but remember not to leave dreams in tatters,

So if you understand now if you think you can't you're right,
Reverse the scenario and believe you can be in the fight.

What makes it hot?

If you work on your engine and paint your car it's hot,
But if you leave everything standard and unclean it's not,

A hot girl will spend money on make up and gym to fit in tight dresses,
But other women totally happy to be as they are as God blesses,

The sun shinning down constantly on the sand,
Can make your feet hot do you understand,

But a night can be hot as an adjective too,
Because of what young boys and girls try to do,

The new band in town has a new song that's hot,
With songs from a new album now six on the trot,

When with sickness you struggle your temperature hot,
You must call in the Doctor he'll give you an antibiotic shot,

If you go on a hot date is the temperature warm,
Or your youthful arousal and wet dreams the norm,

So descriptive of appearance or intentions or sound,
Or maybe your feeling the heat from the ground,

An adjective the word hot can certainly be,
But it's meaning seems to keep changing to me,

The Sea, Boats and Me.

As a young lad affinity with boats and water I had,
For to have sun and smell salt in the sea I was glad,

My first boat a project leaky from rotten wood,
But to fix make seaworthy I thought that I could,

With fibreglass the hull and transom set fast,
But the truth was I didn't know how long it could last,

With three on board we set out on a smooth water cruise,
But leaking it was so head to land we did me not amused,

Even worse when pulling it on to the trailer,
The centre beam broke a complete total failure,

But undaunted I was for the call to the Sea,
Said that another boat might be better for me,

So I traded trailer and engine on a used alloy Brooker,
White and blue with mid station steer quite a looker,

But unfortunately too the Brooker was floored,
Because the Mercury outboard refused to roar,

At first it started but spluttered told it needed a stator,
No matter how many times it was fixed it would stop again later,

So to skrimp and save for a new outboard I must,
And finally a new Mercury in which I could trust,

But boats are all different some big and some small,
So in a fast shiny speed boat in love I would fall,

It was certainly fast and could take four comfortably,
But not safe in rough water no good for the open sea,

So a safer sea boat a Haines Hunter new in blue I found
Swapped the engine then to sea to catch fish we were bound,

But this boat was versatile and so fast you see,
That behind it with friend's guidance I learned to ski,

With Deep Sea Fishing or water-skiing I could never be bored,
Many boats for each purpose I bought each as I could afford,

But my friend loves the feeling of trimming the sails,
He racing sailboats with tall masts to catch the winds wail,

But of other things I dream for my time on the sea,
A floating home Fly Bridge twin diesel cruiser for me,

But not to be all alone for this this journey I take,
To find a good sea going woman to be my First Mate,

So whether sunset or sunrise on the water don't miss,
You will enjoy that smell of the ocean and taste of salt mist.

Dogs, Puppies & Mutts

So to all you dog lovers man's best friend he will be,
Whether small, mid or large they are good company,

They come in all shapes and sizes and all different temperament,
Some with really short legs like a Dachshund for what are they meant,

Some have long hair and others short it depends on the sort,
A Husky covered in long fluff and fur but a Doberman nought,

Some dogs guard your family they are protective and fierce,
While others don't bark but their sharp yap your ear's pierce,

Young puppies are hyper always play and do crazy things,
But they their nonsense no problem so much joy do they bring,

When you arrive home from a day at work they will greet you,
They bark wag their tails and run over their loyalty true,

Then what of the ornamental dogs that are miniature like toys,
Chihuahua or Terrier to carry with you brings so much joy,

But proud breeds with fierce reputations good guard dogs they be,
German Shepherd Rotweiler Doberman all protect their family,

Other dogs can come from crossed over breeds,
But good mixture these mutts turn out better indeed,

But one thing in common all these dogs share their loyalty to owner,
They will be with you and your family and let nothing deter,

So never be lonely for there's really no need to be,
Just find the right breed of dog for the best company.

Story of the Fourty-four Trees

In a forest far away their was rumoured to be
A place where there grew fourty-four trees,

Now the life of a woodman is simple and fair
He need buy only trees for the timber to share

So not one but a family set out to find
If the fourty-four trees were one of a kind

But you can't enter a forest without a good guide
A couple had told the them they could take them aside,

To find these fair trees was one thing to endure
But you must know the owner and pay him for sure

The trees were there but unseen from the road
So a new path must be made for the woodman to load

The couple said yes we will let you start on that work
But you must pay a deposit fee said they with a smirk

While the woodman engaged crew and set appointments steady
The couple meant from the owner to get all the paperwork ready

They arrived at the spot the very next day with machinery and crew
But when the family met the owner there was paperwork missing askew

No work could be done because you can not pay
A person that can't prove that he owns what he say

Promises made by the couple as the family ponder the next move
Along way they came to get fourth-four trees the rumour proved true

Many times the question was asked who could prove ownership
None came forth lies told so the woodman family wasted the trip

Now to battle in court a refund they pursue
But Forty-four trees are still there what can they do

Is this Love

A young man first notices girls in his teen's
And with the right one she will enter his dreams

But when we crave what we see without knowing more
It is lust and not love that knocks on your door

For the outside appearance and aesthetics we see
Tells us all very little of who she may be

It's not wrong to fall for a pretty face next door
But in time you will see that there is so much more

For the person to whom you seek to attach
Should be like you in morals your perfect match

So it is the folly of the very young lovers
To constantly fall out before seeking another

For me the first time with my workmates sister
Unrequited the feelings when she left I still missed her

From then on just dating more or less casually
I started to believe that there was no one for me

Then by chance a social meeting through a friend
This young lady seemed interested how would this end

An interest in music and shared friends indeed
This courtship seemed what the both of us need

She lived with her family her mother's daughter still
I was shy and alone living as a bachelor still

So in nine short months we would walk down the aisle
The start very happy we both shared a smile.

Our first child would arrive just a short time away
But already the connection beginning to fray

We lived in the house that we built together
But to separate rooms we would move a desperate endeavour

For a bed for a couple we could not share
No sleep and no romance was ever found there

Thirty years all together to raise our son sure
But at the end it was pointless no more to endure

We divorce and moved on parting as friends
Which seemed a fitting way for this journey to end

Now a man's heart should not be empty for long
And we all search for somewhere to truly belong

So through friends and referrals and surfing the web
We start conversations with single women instead

For me I did spy with my little eye
A younger Thai lady that lived in Dubai

We soon hit it off and messages flew
Our feelings grow quickly so what would we do

The good thing there was that not pretty aesthetics we craved
For it was words truth and morales that our hearts must save

Though we exchanged many photos for an image to see
All slightly different but none mattered to me

The one thing for sure in her image a smile
That would brighten the evening for many a mile

So with this image a memory fixed in my brain
We met love was there it was hard to explain

Many months later we have moved in together
Our love and devotion see us through the hard weather

She is not old or young she just is who she is
But in my eyes my Princess my heart in a Tis

They say love is blind for me I'm not sure
She can't be that perfect this mother of four

Yet when I look at her what do I see
A beautiful woman and soul that loves me.

A Husky Ling a Long

In a small district in Thailand not so long ago
Arrived a ball of fluff with blue eyes and long white nose

The hair so long and mattered the paws big and strong
All black and white the puppy so they called him Ling Long

To start off with the puppy seemed gentle and small
But soon he grew stronger and grew to be tall

Now we all know that animals grow attached to another
And soon Janphen became the fur babies mother

The company of people he preferred more then other dogs
So he slept in the bedroom and the bed blankets would hog

He loves big adventures whether they be close or far
At the sound of the door opening he would jump in the car

Ling Long loved to go for long walks with mother too
But so strong on the harness it was he that pulled you

The other dogs became jealous and with Ling Long would fight
Janphen called out no more boxing and Ling Long kept out of sight

But Ling Long a clown that wanted to have fun and play
So the children poked and teased him for most of the day

But when Mother called no Ling long you must "non" today
Which is the Thai word for sleep and Ling Long would obey

He really is a beautiful soul handsome loyal and funny too
He would eat rest and play always loyal so obey he would do

One more thing about Ling Long that sets him apart
This dog often speaks to you and not in a bark

So everyone loves Ling Long we're sure to agree
That this black and white fur ball is a great big puppy.

My Car is Compact

In Australian a tradition that has long been true
Racing on dirt in circles the young men would do

On a circle of dirt contained within walls wire and concrete
Cars motorcycles and sidecars for racing would meet

Go as fast as you can on these tracks they would say
So the public and riders soon called it Speedway

Now riders sometimes fell and crashed in to the wall
Though brave and courageous get hurt one and all

I wanted to feel the sensation of speed
But bruises or broken bones I did not need

So I looked at the cars and the many categories
To see which one suited me better my chance for glory

Single Seaters were faster and seemed to be the best way
But what size type and cost I thought to myself in dismay

Thinking hard on a Speedcar I finally decide to try
But Midget or Compact which one should I drive

I went and saw the car #22 a Compact gleaming in white
Behind the wheel I fitted it nicely so I bought it that night

Now many towns around me have Speedway you know
So on my first night of driving where should I go

Archerfield was the closest and my friends raced here too
So on Saturday Night my first race would be there to do

Now I was a novice and the #22 car was untried
So after a break down mid race they pushed me aside

But determined to do better and with the help of a friend
We changed what was needed on the Compact to mend

So a little more bad luck at Archerfield we had
So we decided to travel and race Gladstone a tad

But this track was granite not the same as clay
So much faster I was from the start of the day

The first race I was passing cars around the outside
It seem to be easy I over took in my stride

And now for the final from starting off last
I would need to get to the front very fast

So around me the fastest cars start to appear
I try to follow them while they were near

But more experienced they were in traffic then me
And I caught with a slower car and crashed heavily

The car took a tumble rolling over many times more
Me upside down fire engulfed it a goner for sure

But by officals I was quickly helped to escape
The Compact Speedcar #22 endured a worse fete

The car bent and twisted wheels torn asunder
What a wretched mistake I had made a bad blunder

So this the end no repair for funds I had not
Satisfied to help a better driver my friend Scott.

Playing to an Audience of One

Singing songs can soothe the soul of this we can be sure
Some the voice of nightingales for all of us to adore

But all must have a voice within that sometimes must come out
Not all voices similar some harsh enough to make you pout

But if the song comes from the heart then it should be heard
And for those of us with lack of tone then Karaoke is the word

For Karaoke not a contest of who can sing the best
But a chance for all to try to give the song their best

But some the lure of the song like a Siren calls
They long to bring their songs to the crowds in Music Halls

But just because you sing in tune will not make you a star
For music is subjective you may fail or travel far

But in that moment you are on stage breath the atmosphere in
Whether this be as far as you go or a your brilliant career begins

Always stay humble honest true and appreciate the cheers
You may not always get them as you wonder through the years

For it is always best to remember why it is you sing
To bring forth into the world the happiness it brings

So Sydney Opera House or local pub when it's all said and done
You should always be happy with an Audience of One.

Sea Change

We all have things we do each day
But do we watch life slip away

It seems we are always on the run
Our lives on repeat so humdrum

The young are smart they hear the call
Life's an adventure even when you fall

But our Parents and Grand Parents told us we must
Work and raise a family in God we must trust

So we do what others have done before us
A routine to follow we go to work kids on the schoolbus

A roof, food and clothing things are good as a whole
But have we forgotten the food for the soul

A rolling stone will gather no moss
But what holds us back I am at a loss

Me as a young man adventure would crave
Flying, racing or skiing but I am not that brave

So as I grew older I took stock of my life
Responsible now with a child and a wife

On the outside age is obvious on the inside not so
And soon the pangs to be free again started to grow

No more I go home to a generic household
I found so much more of life to behold

A Sea Change was coming and the winds would blow strong
Put my old life behind me find a new place I can truly belong

While dreaming of new places my new love found me
So to live with her in Thailand is where I will be

But you simply can't swap one place for another
Together we start new children and brothers

But she wants to see my homeland Australia too
To make this adventure happen what shall I do

The winds from the Sea Change continue to blow
A friend with a plan to help me I didn't know

He told me to embrace all these winds of change
You need a Sailing Boat which he could arrange

And so Janphen and I can now look to Australia
Our new home Shangeye Charlie me in Captains Regalia

I and so glad that I learn to go with the winds
These breezes of Sea Change are where life begins.

The Trial of Life

In the trial of life we will all be judged, by our peers, by our oppressors and by our subordinates,

For every choice we make in life is an action and to every action there will always be a reaction,

If you put yourself first you will put others behind you a selfish endeavor
But who around you will put your needs above theirs a truly unselfish act,

Will your selfish act cause others to suffer unnecessarily at your hand
And when someone steps up and puts you first are you indebted to them also

For whose deeds should be deemed truly bad and by whom and by what standard
Are petty people envious religious people appalled common people curious,

Judge not your fellow man they say, lest you be judged also
If only the innocent may cast a stone then who can truly sit in judgment,

So make your choices face your demons and accept the consequences
But remember your reasoning should be fair and true for all are watching what you do.

Home Blessings

This house we have built with my new love together
Blessing we seek for our families to live in forever

For meer bricks and mortar carry no history
But the land it is built on has seen many a story

And what of the cemetery that lay by the way
What ogre may come to make you it's prey

For the home should be free of all past infestations
And a new way shown to bring in happy relations

The Brahmin Father will show us the way
And a path he has made to chase evil away

And when clear the Father has made the path free
Then good spirits may enter love and warmth all can see

Now you can enter but first nine monks in all
They will chant and pray with us to protect these four walls

For three days thereafter we continue to observe
The rites of the faithful must be kept undisturbed

With friends from the village and all family as well
This new home starts to feel like a safe place to dwell

The first night we slept and all was warm safe and well
Thank the Buddha that we received Home Blessings where we dwell

Blue

Blue is the colour of the sky on a clear day
As I fly my glider miles and miles away

Blue is the colour of the deepest Sea
Where my sailing boat goes when the winds are free,

Blue is the colour of my Husky dog's eyes
Which makes him look to have a soul that is wise

Blue is the colour of my old footy clubs jersey
With white butchers stripes the Leprachauns be,

Blue is your heart if you're lonely and sad,
It shows other people that you really feel bad

But one the thing the colour blue will never be
Is the how I feel about your love for me.

Red

Red is for Christmas and the Jolly Ole Man
His Hat and Coat bright so to see him you can

And what of the Reindeer well everyone knows
That Rudolph would lead with his shiney red nose,

And the boys all like Red because everyone knows
That if your car is this colour the faster it goes,

Ferrari and Ducati with bright red paint are adorn
And many a driver allegiance to these they have sworn,

And what of a Fire Engine loud strong and proud
It's colour is Red to be seen in a crowd

And if you binge drink or get something in your eye
It's colour Red raw and a tear you will cry,

Red is for danger a warning to share
If you see a Red sign you should always beware

And what of the traffic lights with red at the top
They are there for your safety and tell you to stop,

And what of my favourite car a Brock Commodore
Hand built by a legend so Marinello Red paint it wore,

I am sure that if I think hard I could tell you much more
Why Red is a colour that we all use and adore.

Love for all Ages

As we grow old do we lose the chance
To indulge with our partner in romance

Do we lose the feel for our lovers touch
That which we use to crave soo much

Are we embarrassed at what others might think
If from this cup we chose to drink

Do we forget the joy of skin touching skin
Must the light stay off or you can't begin

Do the throngs of passion ebb and fade
Which each and every passing decade

No I can't believe this could be true
My heart still feels this love for you

We may not be as taught and trim
And our features change and start to thin

But the lines of your face still are the same
Your smile your voice the sound of your name

We may not seek a sandy beach
or sneaky closet in which to meet

The foley of youth these things be
With age privacy and comfort is the key

We may not intertwine for hours
Or share together naked showers

But the warmth of your touch still lingers
As I sensually touch you with my fingers

And the comfort of your sweet caress
I still crave now never less

So when we are alone in bed
With thoughts of romance in our heads

Be sure to reach out and take the time
To be intimate with your special other it will be fine.

The Saga of the 44 Trees continues

Do you remember the tale of 44 trees
That were in the forest of Prachin Buri

A woodcutter and his team traveled to find
And found themselves in a bit of a bind

For scammers had tried to sell them the trees
They did not own but still took the money for these

By the time that woodcutter had worked out what happened
The money gone no trees and the scammers in the wind

For justice now the woodcutter seeks
And goes to the local Police then to speak

But at first they say this not a Police matter
With a Lawyer then court you will need to chatter

The Public Defender agreed and then called
The accused said scammers to come to his hall

They appeared and spoke briefly but no agreement for now
Telling a story that money was with another who was out of town

So what could the woodcutter do but agree
To wait for the others return and then see.

It seems all was lost for no contact was made
What further recourse on these people can be made

The woodcutter says they will try one more time
They go to their local Police Station to find

What can be done is this not a criminal matter
To take money for something you don't own then scatter

But this time the Officer surely agrees to move forward
For this incomplete transaction was a clear case of fraud

But alas he can only take a statement and complaint for now
The local Police must issue warrant you must go back somehow

So another full day out on the road
The poor woodcutter carries the load

Without money or trees how can he survive
Can he recover what has been lost to once again thrive

The Police at the station took sometime to agree
But then issued summons for the defendant party

So home went the woodcutter again to wait
To hear from the Police of the accused party's fate

But alas when the phone rings it isn't good news
Summons served but no answer what more can he do

The Police said you must come again to relog the report
And this time the officer said with a taut

If you travel a day we can promise to you
We will serve another summons to those who are due

And this time when delivered if they refuse to be seen
We will issue a warrant to arrest them wherever they've been

So on goes this tale of woe
The 44 trees are still a no show.

How can I speak your language

The world is full of wondrous things,
And to travel there what joys it brings,

Hong Kong Singapore Tokyo Bangkok too,
There is local food and Temples so much to do,

But what if the local language you speak naught,
It's best to learn seek help and then be taught,

But which language so many which will it be,
Decide the Country first Thailand for me,

So search the Web to find someone to teach,
Someone reliable and easy to reach,

Through a school I was sent to first meet Kruploy,
Her lessons were fun and easy to enjoy,

It takes a long time to learn to speak Thai
But Kruploy taught me to understand why,

For the language is tonal many words are the same,
If it's mid, rising or falling it's all in the name,

So many hours we practice and chat,
And soon became friends well how about that,

I called her Kruploy as the webpage had said,
She told me Kru means teacher to use Ploy instead,

She knew I would come to Thailand promised to another,
So we made plans for Coffee to meet one another,

But the Coffee must be special in a cup of chompuu,
For I made her a promise that this I would do,

Our conversations became very deep,
Of personal things now with secrets to keep,

In Ploy I have found a wonderful friend,
I hope our friendship and bond will never end,

For now we practice not in an ordered way,
We rather share what happened that day,

Conversation is the best learning it's true,
And there is so much to talk about what we both do,

But we learn to speak words in Thai Glang like Bangkok,
Where I live now they speak Isaan not Glang a lot,

So my journey continues with Ploy as my guide,
Where we will meet we have yet to decide,

But meet and drink coffee we will one day,
And I promise to speak mostly in Thai on the day,

My friend Ploy a great teacher in deed,
But a better friend still if ever I need.

?WAITING?

Patience is a virtue so they say
For good things wait until the day

But can you wait too long indeed
If your waiting is to fulfill a need

I found a girl across the sea
Who promised she would wait for me

I waited to hear from her everyday
Though I was far, far, far away

I watch the phone and clock on the wall
Just waiting for my love to call

It felt at times like time stood still
But she had not forgotten and call she will

But her life and times are set apart
Three hours behind, her in day, me in dark

We said soon I would come to live together
No more waiting time ours now and forever

But being together in all things can't be
So back to the waiting in short term you see

For there are things she must do every day
Without you although you are not far away

There is not much to do while she colors her hair
Or sees the technician who makes her nails fair

Sometimes you wait alone in the car
Bored and lonely though you know she's not far

Patience is the name of the game
From frustration and anger you should refrain

For it's not the quantity but the quality of time
That should be cherished with this new love of mine.

Homeward Bound

I arrived in the August of Twenty twenty-three,
To the land of smiles my lady to see

To her farm we moved, District Sis a ket in Kanthararom
To me my sweetheart to the rest she was Mum

There a dog named Ling Long spoilt like a child
But the other seventeen dogs seem to run wild

Fields of rice as far as you could see
With water so deep it was up to the knee

The youngest child a daughter who like to run wild
Beautiful like her mother but a rambunctious child

The only son quiet though a fine scholar he be
We didn't talk often a trait of his mother you see

The middle daughter working and often away
She was clever and beautiful in her own way

The eldest a mother too and for her siblings as well
She was hard working thoughtful and treated me swell

We built a home which we all would live in
Then word of another came to my sweetheart's sugrin

For the second child and her partner of Chinese descent
Were wed and soon to them a baby was sent

So baby and mother now share a room
But alas the father works and won't be home soon

As for me I want there always to be
A spot on her double bed saved just for me

But before we retire here forever a happy family
I must go back to my homeland for a pension for me

For the laws of my land say that while I am still entitled in a way
I must be there two years prior to claim on my sixty-seventh birthday

I will work until then in what I do best
Putting my skills of sales to the test

But I now am expanding and using new skills
By writing my memoirs to give other the chills

A life of adventure should not be wasted
I let others experience what I have tasted

My books now in three are all about my adventures
With six more to come focussed on different dementures

Some may say what has happened to me is crazy
Though I always survive though sometimes a bit hazy

So my adventure continues now onto a Yatch
To sail Shageye Charlie is the next part of my plot

But I can't be away from my sweetheart too long
For only together will we complete this love song

I will bring her to me as fast as can be
Arranging for her a Visa not easy you see

But I will never give up no way no how
Until both of our Governments us together allow

She is smart, fierce and confident, but still childlike sometimes
Her love always so committed, we will be together for all time.

Janphen my Moon

Janphen I will write you a small rhyme,
To remind you of things I say all the time,

Messages to each other are often confused,
To make meanings clearer what can we use,

I trust your heart as you trust mine,
I say I love you all of the time,

If I could I would treat you like a Queen,
But the means I have not so what does that mean,

It means that I fight for you everyday,
Plans for a bright future but in my own way,

We live with your family who you adore,
But for both of us life can be so much more,

Don't stand alone when I am here beside you,
Take hold of my hand, and together we two,

Can watch for each other and be there to share,
We will travel through life both knowing we care,

You say you aren't romantic and I understand,
How sometimes it's strange the touch of a man,

But if you see me and want to touch my soul,
My body is that vessel for you just to hold,

Faith let's us believe what we couldn't before,
That my touch your heart can learn to adore,

Your smile, your skin the smell of your hair,
All reasons I adore you and want to be there,

I hope in your gaze you can see in me too,
Someone who can be very special for you,

The Judgement of the Forty-four trees Part III

A woodcutters lament time passed now you see
Yet still continues the story of the forty four trees

The police now are acting to seek the truth
But stories now told them are full of untruth

The defendants claim that the woodcutter refused
To take away trees and they were not amused

Now armed with a lawyer to make good their plea
Were they indeed the victim and the woodcutter guilty

The police now confused by this turn of events
Seek clarification so notice to the woodcutter was sent

It says to attend to the station you see
To answer the question of the defendant's plea

The woodcutter now confused at this new development
Seeks his own legal advice on who should be sent

To answer such things who can that be
a Lawyer, the woodcutter and her daughter you see

But the daughter no longer lives with her mum
But now in Korea where she work from

But the Woodcutter and her brother with lawyer did go
But alas the Police wanted the daughter to show

For an eye witness account was what they needed
To prosecute the defendants who now had conceded

So the woodcutter won in kind of a way
But no conviction was recorded on that day

The police found the woodcutters story was true
And then told the woodcutter what she should do

Your lawyer should beckon the courts to request
The refund of all monies lost in this quest

This include lawyer and all legal costs
That were caused by the defendant and the woodcutter lost

Now it seems with this story we may have a happy end
But while we are waiting will the outcome still bend

I think this time the defendants must pay
Because they are guilty at the end of the day.

The Ballad of Charlie

Some are born to the land others to the sea

Let me tell you a tale of a ship called Charlie

Steel, timber and canvas from which he was built

With berthing for five crew, timbers polished to the hilt

A Bluewater boat in glistening white

Auto pilot to navigate all through the night

For many a year it served on four seas

But years of neglect meant repairs it would need

But the owner now old and tired of the sea

No longer able would leave him you see

A lot of work needed but still strong at heart

This beautiful ship needs a fresh start

But who would take on this labour of love

It needed an owner that would push and shove

For to complete the work needed many hands would it take

To expedite completion patience and time for god sake

So I took on the job of restoring Shangeye Charlie

But with help from my friends it was too much for me

For one day I intend on Charlie to roam

But for now this vessel has become my home

Working five days a week to make enough money

Too hot for me outside to work when it's sunny

But I still must do as much onboard work as I can

Be it Carpenter or Welder a true handyman

The galley near finished head and shower too

A composting toilet made ready for you

For I am not all alone in this quest

For in matters of family, wives always know best

My beautiful Janphen though fearful of the sea

Intends one day soon to come home to me

Charlie is waiting with open hatches and sails

To show my good wife the sailer's wives tale

He knows that he must keep us both safe

And sail on clear waters smooth and unscathed

This story still has a long way to go

For when Charlie will be ready we really don't know

But with the three of us together you see

We will take our Charlie to return to the sea

A ship a home the best place to be

Is always onboard the good ship Charlie.