

# Anthology of chaz2296

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*To Marie, Charlie, Liam, Ruby and Ellie*

*You are the stars that guide my path*

## **Acknowledgement**

Thankyou to My poetic side for giving me the freedom to publish the poems I write and letting me into your joyous world of talented and creative poets

## About the author

My name is Andrew Shepherd and I am a poet / songwriter. I  
write what comes into my head and heart and hope people  
enjoy reading them

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## Tower Block

Made of glass wood and cement  
Thirteen monsters were council sent  
Families lived in high rise flats  
And children roamed with the dogs and cats  
A little park near a collection of shops  
The bus drove round a circle of stops  
Dirty old lifts with gum on the floors  
Held strange odours and graffiti on the doors  
Darkened stair wells where creatures hid  
Causing havoc like delinquents did  
Behind the flats the landslide sprawled  
Bees buzzed and insects crawled  
The river flowed under a bridge which spanned  
Connecting the residents to grassy land  
Happy people but rough round the edges  
As they peered from windows and leant over ledges  
Bikes on balconies and clothes hanging down  
The disillusioned youth wearing a frown  
Drunken rows and secret affairs  
All newcomers were greeted with stares  
Tiny halls and narrow little rooms  
The strange feeling of living in tombs  
Sad faces watched the explosion together  
The homes they once shared now gone forever

## The Empty House

I snook through the window and settled on the floor  
A cold icy draft floated under the door  
Footsteps walked above me and voices talked in the night  
Fear became my ally as I anticipated a fright  
I edged to the stairs and climbed them one by one  
It appeared the ghosts of yesterday wanted me gone  
On a dark landing a light shone up ahead  
The reality of seeing spooks was filling me with dread  
I creaked open the door and the light illuminated my eyes  
Rumours say unhappiness means the spirit never dies  
The room was cold and empty as dust hung in the air  
These phantoms were playing games and I was trapped in their lair  
Walking to the stairs my chest began to feel tight  
At the bottom of the stairwell stood a girl all in white  
I woke on the garden lawn wriggling in pain  
From that day onwards I was never the same again

## Interview with Jesus

I shook his hand respectfully on a warm sunny day  
And thanked him for coming along.  
With the formalities out of the way  
We prayed and he sang a song.  
Then I asked him a series of questions  
Which I believed were important to me  
And he gave me a variety of suggestions  
'These will help you' were his words 'you just wait and see'  
I asked him about natural disasters  
And priests that had done such wrong  
He replied that man is damaging what it masters  
And in his fathers eyes those people don't belong.  
I asked why terrorists are killing the masses  
And will their minds ever be free  
He said we're getting wiser as everyday passes  
And their fanaticism will soon cease to be.  
Then finally I had one more issue  
And his answer was clear and plain  
I wiped my eyes with a tissue  
When he told me 'yes, one day I will rise again'.



## Burning Inside

I relax and think  
Walk in a dream  
The world floats by  
Quiet and serene  
Maybe it's coming  
Or has it just gone  
There's a sensation  
I'm burning inside  
Scattered debris of a chiselled life  
Broken thoughts engulf me  
Close my eyes to another day  
But it will always come back again  
The burning inside  
I connect to nature  
And listen to the sea  
Walk through the raindrops  
As they bombard my physical being  
Then go home in wet dreary clothes  
And await the burning inside

## Creation

A giant crash in space  
The origins we do not know  
Beloved human race  
Something starts to grow  
Creatures gliding in water  
Monsters trudge across the land  
Flying high the winged ones saunter  
Never knowing what nature planned  
Ice spans mother earth  
And kills the behemoths dead  
The tusked walkers control their turf  
And the human rears its head  
Evolution enters the ages  
And man starts to form  
History is collected in pages  
Good and bad mixed in a storm  
We change in beliefs and values  
And grow rapidly from nation to nation  
Life flows like transcript news  
This is the world of our creation

## 30 pieces of silver

Strolling through the garden of Gethsemane  
He knew then that he had an enemy  
30 pieces of silver one had taken  
The loyal following he had forsaken  
The guards captured the holy lord  
And cruelly threw his life to the sword  
Pilate ordered his execution  
By the heartless means of crucifixion  
Hoisted high onto a wooden cross  
His eleven disciples mourned the loss  
His body was placed into a tomb in the dark  
But this celestial being would soon make his mark  
How did a dead man roll away the stone  
A feat done by just him alone  
Mary Magdalene met Jesus again  
Before he rose from this torturous plain  
The thunder roared and lightning flashed across the sky  
Then as he lifted up to the heavens the almighty said goodbye  
Leaving a moment in history that's forever tainted black  
As God lowered his hands and took his son back

## The Burning Carousel

A fire raged in the darkness that resembled a postcard sent from hell  
It was destroying the once beautiful vision that was the old town Carousel  
Large striking white horses that in the past stood like angels in the night  
Were all now fiercely burning as they cast an eerie sight  
The smell of the charred wood and the plume of ash in the air  
Left a tearjerking memory to the workers on the fair  
A disturbing insight into mindlessness certain people possess  
The flames rose in the air caused by those who couldn't care less  
Blistering heat was getting stronger with every hour that past  
The sounds of loud sirens finally filled the air at last  
Gone was the wonderful paintwork resembling times gone by  
Now there were black patches that made the ancients cry  
What now for the old Carousel?  
With so many stories yet to tell

## Graveyard

I walk across the grass  
And read the stone  
A question I ask  
Were they alone  
Did they die at peace  
Or was the world tough  
Was death a release  
Had they just had enough  
I know it seems morbid  
To think in that way  
People probably think it's horrid  
What my mind has to say  
When I think of the lives  
It hurts me inside  
Pretty flowers are left  
For people who have died  
I pass through the iron gates  
To see who's around  
What does my future hold  
Before I go underground

## Earth and Air

We sit upon it wearily  
A blue sphere dying in space  
Listen to what nature is telling us  
Death is inevitable to the human race  
Plants that release our life source  
Struggle and feel the strain  
As heat engulfs their being  
But nobody feels that pain  
The clouds that form above us  
Are breaking day by day  
The hole is getting bigger  
Ignorance is paving its way  
As rivers start to become deserts  
Sister Mars is showing us our fate  
We have to change our thinking  
Before desolation is served on a plate  
Green house effects our being  
The sphere is imploding from inside  
When the Earth and the Air are rotting  
We have nowhere left to hide

## The Artist

Dirty old harbour where the boats moor  
And the locals idly wander by  
I sit with my easel on the grass  
And stare into the sky  
The splash of paint on canvas  
Makes me complete in my soul  
Majestic colours above me  
A clear blue day brings me to extol  
The gesticulation between the boat men  
As they cast their nets into the deep  
Makes me fill with awe and wonder  
At the secrets they have to keep  
Ripples glide along the water  
And my brush captures the sight  
Then I rest myself back down again  
To watch the waves in white  
I stand and stretch my arms  
While above birds fly in a V  
I contemplate where to go next  
Somewhere beautiful somewhere free

## The Cruise

Hold the rail and look to the sea  
Feel the wind on your face  
The spray of water refreshes  
Enjoy the beauty enjoy the space  
Far from the rigours of a busy day  
Away from the unsettling crowds  
Watch the sun shine brightly  
Above the white fluffy clouds  
Drink your Moët Chandon  
And say an occasional hello  
Watch the couples laughing  
Feel it that healthy glow  
Enjoy the music enjoy the dance  
Cause you deserve this rewarding time  
Nobody can catch you now  
You feel pretty as you look so sublime  
This is a heaven and nothing else  
It's an option we'd all really choose  
The sun the sea the beautiful people  
Just for me God created this cruise



## The Citadel

I run through the courtyard  
Sweat dripping from my brow  
Gaining a strong momentum  
For the here and the now  
My mother and my father have gone  
Through love and trivial means  
I am left alone with no one  
Just the worldly possession of five soya beans  
A guard stops me in haste  
Why do you run so fast?  
His bitterness I can taste  
The heart has dropped half mast  
My parentage has eloped into the night  
To find a new place to be  
They detested me at first sight  
My release has set them free  
And now I'm scared of the walls  
I have no abode to dwell  
Please let me sleep under the stalls  
Of this engulfing Citadel

## Holy

Holy are the birds  
Holy is the sun  
Holy is the ground that we walk upon  
Holy are the trees  
Holy is the rain  
Holy are the memories that nest in our brain  
Holy is the grass  
Holy is the snow  
Holy is the darkness that lurks when you're low  
Holy is the new born  
Holy are the seas  
Holy is a flag blown in the breeze  
Holy are soldiers  
Holy is the night  
Holy is a boxer hurt in the fight  
Holy are the animals  
Holy is me  
Holy are people on the road to be free

## Funny old man moaning

Funny old man moaning  
That's all I ever heard  
Sat in your chair  
Like some wily old bird  
Underpants bubbling on the stove  
Roll up hanging from your lip  
And the snooker bored us on tv  
Then you'd take a leisurely kip  
We'd press another button  
My older sister and I  
And you'd jump from your slumber  
Like a spider snaring a fly  
Dad would plead 'but Bill their kids'  
You'd demand the snooker stay on  
And mum the voice of reason  
Would say, 'dad let them have fun'  
Then the weary old shuffle  
As you made your way upstairs  
Knowing we'd won with allies  
'Grange Hill!', who really cares  
Funny how memories grip you  
And they never let you go  
Yes you moaned you really did  
But I miss you more than you know

## Man of War

Man of War

I ran to my window  
When I heard his steps  
And watched him wander away  
He whistled a sweet gentle tune  
When War summoned him that day  
We read his letters  
Then laughed at his jokes  
As he penned his tales of the world  
He saw pyramids and lions in winter  
And monkeys with tails that curled  
But the nights seemed to get longer  
Whilst the days started to drag  
As we hid from enemy flyers  
Everyday would always be the same  
Waking to bricks and smoking fires  
Then one day in the summer  
My father finally came home  
All motionless and very still  
Be thankful he's back they said  
As his coffin rolled over the hill  
He was a fine man a courageous man  
A man who stood up strong  
Said his sergeant with the minimum of fuss  
But I know he died unhappy  
Cause he didn't serve with us

## The Sea Ghost

My feet trudge through the sand  
The searing heat is unrelenting  
And the wind whispers my name  
As the shadow takes my hand  
No face has this ghoul  
It's blackness pitched at full  
Hypnotised by its power  
Im it's follower, it's fool  
The icy shimmering waves  
Turn my body limb and lifeless  
Fear suddenly engulfs me  
Its me the phantom craves  
The saltwater makes me choke  
My assailant touches my face  
I now see who led me here  
And my voice lets out a croak  
Father please release me  
I fear that I'm going to die  
Then darkness surrounds my being  
I wash up for people to see

## The Castle

Across the water she sits so proud  
With a moat made of clear blue sea  
And as darkness engulfs the cloud  
She looks magnificent and free  
The ghosts of centuries gone by  
Return to their rightful abode  
They form shadows when they die  
As they re-enact the days of old  
Locals still like to tell the stories  
Of the King who isn't at peace  
Trying to find his past glories  
Not realising he's long deceased  
And the jester who's clowns around  
With a laugh that's somehow hypnotic  
He slipped in the rocks and drown  
In a time when his life was chaotic  
When the sun rises from the waves  
Bringing tourists who want to know  
Of the history this beauty now saves  
Its legend continues to grow

## Murder at the Manor

It was a beautiful old house  
Adorned with flowers and the odd flying bee  
Leaves fell as I drove up the driveway  
It was as picturesque as my eyes could see  
Grass rolled down the banks  
A gust of wind made the trees sway  
The gardener gave me a curious smile  
And his teeth showed neglecting decay  
If he knew my full occupation  
I bet he wouldn't be so polite  
As I was a Scotland Yard detective  
Investigating a murder that happened in the night  
The lady of the house opened the door  
And her look was a sorrowful one  
'Would you like some tea?', she asked  
But I said just no as I wanted to crack on  
I asked a series of questions  
Then spoke with all the staff  
They were still shocked about the murder  
About the deadman found in the bath  
After a tense and lengthy investigation  
It seemed that it was jealous revenge  
The culprit was a young servant  
After discovering an affair he had to avenge  
I won't forget the manor  
And the beautiful falling leaves  
Just a pity it wasn't a nice visit  
That left misery as a family grieves

## A girl washed up on the beach

The long seagull infested bay  
Sprawled into life before my eyes  
And as the breaking waves rolled along the sea edge  
I observed the locals and their look of surprise  
A tanned narcissistic looking officer greeted me  
He seemed to float on the golden sands  
"We found her here this morning officer" he uttered  
"She was naked with just a scarf wrapped round her hands"  
I saw the poor bleach blonde creature  
All covered over by a pristine white sheet  
A drown maiden washed in by the ocean  
Her modesty now restored from head to feet  
The investigations were long and gruelling  
But the view and hospitality never diminished  
I never felt anything negative here  
From the beginning to when I finished  
The killer was a lonely Moroccan tourist  
Who misjudged friendship for something more  
Such a waste of a beautiful life  
Left naked on a postcard shore



## A Rockstars blues

Wake up on the bed with three girls sound asleep  
Stare at the ceiling for an hour  
The Whiskey bottle lies near my face  
Best get up and get a shower  
The syringe lies on the floor  
My arms are white with dots of red  
It's a miracle I suppose  
That's my hearts not decided it's dead  
Rehearsing at five this evening  
I'll throw the ladies out then  
Then go and see the wife at home  
She has a bad taste in men  
My father has left a message  
Telling me I'm such a disgrace  
Well wait till we have a hit again  
Wipe that smile of his fat ugly face  
Pastor James Jackson what a lovely man  
Hypocrite on the quiet  
The things I could tell about him  
Would cause the press to start a riot  
I remember when I came down for breakfast  
And he held my mothers head in the sink  
Told me to leave the room  
He was hurting her I think  
I'm depressed thinking about it now  
The last years bike crash was a near miss  
But today I might just end it all  
And then give my lovely mother a kiss

## The Vagrant

On the bench of tranquility  
I rest my weary bones  
With drinking vessel in pocket  
The wind she gently groans  
Hankering for conversation  
Into a slumber I start to drift  
Blue sky filters my pupils  
As my vision begins to shift  
I'm dreaming of daffodils  
A lump shapes in my throat  
The pain pierces my chest  
And my soul lifts and floats  
Soaring over the fields  
Ducking under the bridge  
Unnatural supernatural pulling  
Takes me into the ridge  
There I see a miracle  
A lady shrouded in white  
She beckons me to come forward  
And tells me to enter the light