

Anthology of Joe Dawson

Presented by

My poetic side 



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Don't judge me

Don't judge me by my splendour,
Don't judge me by my wealth,
Don't judge me by my backing band,
My groupies or my friends.

Don't judge me by my Roller,
Don't judge me by my yacht,
Don't judge me by my motorbike,
The bank might own the lot.

Don't judge me by my jewellery,
Don't judge me by my looks,
Don't judge me by my photographs,
They've all been well touched up.

Don't judge me by my talent,
Don't judge me by my watch,
Don't judge me by my latest hit,
It might just be a flop.

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Used?

She loved him but she couldn't tell,
Was that love or something else?
Was it real? Her heart thought so,
Her wiser head thought No! No! No!

No, because there were signs. Undeniable
Signs, warnings signs of betrayal, of deceit
Of duplicity. Signs of a man with secrets to
Keep, heavy on lies and low on love. The
Odd slip of the tongue, the curious names
She didn't know, places they'd never been
To and homes they'd never owned.

She loved him but she didn't know,
What was truth and what was snow?
Snow to cover up his tracks, to hide
A wife and kids perhaps?

What fools love can make of us, what dreams
Love can shatter. Watching him in the half-light
He looked so innocent, so lovable, so easy to
Believe, yet somewhere at the back of her mind
Doubt was setting in and there were questions
Big questions. Why does he leave the room to
Answer his phone and who calls him at three
In the morning?

She loved him but she couldn't say,
That there's a baby on the way,
Was she loved or was she used?
She didn't want to know the truth.

A better life begins

Where I go is where the wind blows,
Where the clouds go racing by,
Where the mountains meet the heavens,
Where the tall trees touch the sky.

Where I go is where the tide flows,
Where the rocks are washed by foam,
Where the sandy beaches glisten,
Where footprints have no hold.

Where I go is where the moon shines,
Where the mermaids bask in play,
Where voices whisper 'time to leave',
Where love begs me to stay.

Where I go is where the stars shine,
Where the waters draw me in,
Where the gentle waves wash over me,
Where a better life begins.

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Ladies of distinction

Ladies of distinction read my poems,
Ladies of a certain style and pomp,
Ladies with a taste for something naughty,
Something they may say blew off their socks.

Ladies of importance turn my pages,
Ladies who take champagne oyster lunch,
Ladies with a taste for something sexy,
Something rude to make a lady blush.

Ladies of vast fortune send me feedback,
Ladies with a penchant for my pen,
Ladies with a lust for something risque,
Something to be read at night in bed.

Ladies of high rank read all my writing,
Ladies with a look and lust neckline,
Ladies with a taste for titillation,
Something on the wild and wicked side.

Ladies of renown can't wait to comment,
Ladies of distinction at the top ...
But I must go, a poem needs completeing,
For ladies in dire need of something hot.

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My breath, my world, my life

Sleep well my love, goodnight, God bless,
The stars are shining overhead, the moon
Is peeping o'er the hill, you have my heart
And always will. I bless the day I met you,
I thank God every night, I couldn't live
Without you, my breath, my world, my life.

The gentle hand that rocks the crib, the
Eyes so full of love, I couldn't ask for
More from life, I have all that I want. I
Wake the sun each morning, work hard
To earn our bread, to keep a warm hearth
Round us, a roof above our head.

I'm just a simple man at heart, I seek no
Unfair gain, all I want is you to love, my
Treasure, my domain. My first thought
Upon waking, my last before I sleep, my
Breath of life, my being, my love God
Forged for keeps.

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Sex appeal

She isn't especially outgoing, no scout
From Paramount on her tail, but there's
Something you can't buy for money, in her
Manner, her walk and her ways.

She ain't what you might call self-centred,
In fact, I would say that she's shy, but there's
Something that cries out 'she's got it', in
The way that she draws a man's eye.

She isn't too high or too mighty, although
Her reserve might mislead, what she has
Is a priceless possession, called raw,
Knock 'em dead, sex appeal.

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He's a soldier

No legs, no eyes and yet he sees,
Beyond the gruelling battlefield,
He'll crawl and drag himself between,
The blood, the guns, the IEDs.

Medics work with tourniquets,
Stop the blood he must be saved,
His heart is strong, he'll get through this,
A hero with the will to live.

Airlifted home to great applause,
His journey now is learn to walk,
On legs of unfamiliar gait,
He'll toil for months with bars and weights.

He stands assisted for a while,
Each tiny step a major mile,
A hand to guide, an arm to lean,
A grimace, gritted teeth, a scream!

Through pain and torment battle on,
He'll not be beaten by a bomb,
He cannot see but there's a light,
A thriving spirit full of fight.

He's standing, walking, wobbly pace,
The sweat of effort lines his face,
Each step a step of manly pride,
From sightless eyes wipe tears aside.

He's fully upright medals gleaming,
Wheelchair waits but isn't needed,

He's walking tall his war is over,
For God and country - he's a soldier.

God bless 'em all

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Love's total agony

Difficult moments, hours without end,
Panic and fear, will you see her again?
The turmoil, the passion, uncertainty's rife,
Love's total agony, long sleepless nights.

Dreams in the doldrums, love in despair,
Waiting and hoping, chance meetings are rare,
You know she's not coming, it's cold and it's quiet,
Love's total agony, rain pillow nights.

Love's total agony, cold like the wind,
Yours for a moment, now you've lost her again,
Old butterfingers, heart on the rocks,
Love's total agony, love's total loss.

© Joseph G Dawson

When a blind man saw the light

'Twas when I lost you that I found you,
When my heart woke up at last,
When I saw you in the light that I,
Once saw you in the past.

A light that shone so brightly,
A light that slowly dimmed,
Like a moon that slips behind a cloud,
Our light was wearing thin.

No glow remained to speak of,
No embers I could find,
Rose ashes in a cold fire grate,
Vague memories on my mind.

I woke to find you weeping,
In the half-light before dawn,
I couldn't breath, I couldn't think,
How could I be so wrong?

I swear I heard your heartbeat,
I asked if I should go?
I held you close, lump in my throat,
Relieved when you said 'No'.

'Twas when I lost you that I found you,
When the scales fell from my eyes,
When a blind man finally saw the truth,
When a blind man saw the light.

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When boy meets girl

If I had to lay hand on a truth I think I might choose
'A girl in every port' so said of the sailor and yet equally
True of so many occupations in which travel and distance
Play their part.

I am not advocating free love here I'm simply pointing
To a truth. As a musician I found that 'moving with the
Music' so to speak moved me from town to town and
Thus from girl to girl for a while.

So, did I have a girl in every port? Well, writing now as a
Totally outrageous poet I guess I did and must admit finding
Myself '24 hours from Tulsa' on more than one occasion.

And the reason or at least the one that satisfied me at the
Time, was that love is universal and no matter where you go,
No matter where you hide, love will find you and all the rules
In the world, all the indignation and all the tut-tutting will
Have little or no sway over what happens when boy meets girl.

Real love? Ah, now, that's quite another matter.

©Joseph G Dawson

A weathercast

A weathercast of human life,
From 9am and overnight,
A complex chart of highs and lows,
Occluded fronts and bright rainbows.

A deep depression overhead,
A squally night, a misty bed,
But soon a cooler wiser head,
Will know what stuff to leave unsaid.

A cotton frock in jeopardy,
There's movement in the mercury,
The field is warm, a love nest found,
The cotton frock's been up and down.

But soon there's thunder in the air,
A zip, a jacket, shoes and hair,
Big blobs of rain, a weather flash,
'Cotton frock in cornfield dash'.

Meanwhile, a church in begging mode,
A mile of pennies down the road,
They chose the day by guessing game,
The local press claimed change and rain.

The roof it leaked, the tower it leant,
Big buckets in the north transept,
When counting came the church looked shocked,
There'd truly been an act of God.

A penny wrapped in paper found,
A cheque for near ten thousand pound,

Who could it be, they racked their brains?
A cotton frock dashed by and waved.

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Be a shame to spoil the treat

I know I shouldn't do it, but I just felt so inclined,
So I took a sneaky peek into the windows of
Your mind. Therein I found some knitting, some
Cardboard and some glue, a paper chain, some
Parchment and a photograph of you.

I came across a menu, a special meal at home,
Duck a l'orange, Atlantic prawns and wine from
Cotes du Rhone. The kitchen needs a facelift,
The car's been acting up, the tyres and oil need
Changing, the engine's running rough.

The weather's getting colder, hello to winter
Blues, you plan to buy a warmer coat, you badly
Need new shoes. I didn't go much further, you
Flagged up thoughts of me, and with Christmas
Only days away, be a shame to spoil the treat.

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Destination heaven

In a manner rather course
She's got electric fingers an' dive-in eyes,
Pools of fascination I could swim for miles,
Irresistible figure nudging five foot nine,
Destination heaven an' she's mine all mine.

In a manner more refined
Won't you stay a little longer here in England?
Must you catch the flight to Paris straight away?
Tell me what I need to do that might persuade you,
Let me furnish fifty reasons for delay?

In the time I've had the pleasure of your friendship,
In the short time since you walked into my life,
I have held the keys to heaven all too briefly,
May I beg, entreat, implore you miss your flight?

In the meadows where we walked and planned forever,
In the English countryside in summertime,
In the luscious grass were passions struck like lightning,
Was it wrong of me to want more than one night?

May I sway your thinking now in England's favour,
Let your 'plane take off for Paris minus one,
I'll be by the carousel praying you'll be there as well,
I shall wait for half an hour and then be gone.

My wait was somewhat less than twenty minutes,
Just the time it takes to disembark the 'plane,
The airport echoed with my name and then I saw you wave,
And my heart cried 'France's loss is England's gain'!

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I hear your whisper

Daylight fades love lights the stars,
I hear the beating of your heart,
You're far away, but as close this,
I hear your whisper, feel your kiss.

Anxious shadows shoo the day,
Moonbeams chase the sun away,
'Tis then words come on distant lips,
I hear your whisper, feel your kiss.

The heavens conquer night is king,
The hour betrays a dropping pin,
A heart is near, a beat is missed,
I hear your whisper, feel your kiss.

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Poets Beware!

Poets Beware!

Money taken under false pretences

I know how stupid I've been and I know I shouldn't have done it, but I fancied having a poem published in a poetry book as a Christmas gift for my three sisters. The blurb and the promises made by **International Poetry Publishing and Distribution (Poetry Press)** appeared to be OK if very pricey, but Hey! It was October and Christmas was getting nearer all the time, so I stupidly parted with \$66.50 for one poem in, as it turned out, two grubby A4 paper files, the third useless copy is still on its way from Canada and may never arrive - below is my response to Poetry Press:

Without prejudice

15/12/2018

'If a tear could tell a story' ? how appropriate:

66 bucks for a spoilt poem and a storm of typos.

I think by now we all know how disappointing encountering unfit for purpose **International Poetry Publishing and Distribution (Poetry Press)** can actually be. \$66.50 for two possibly three copies consisting of eight grubby (back bedroom publisher) poetry pages on A4 strung together by a spiral binding masquerading as a book/books is not only dispiriting it is an insult to poets everywhere. As for your laughable claim of '**Editors and Proof-Readers**' you should immediately change that to **Dyslexic Illiterate Incompetents** and by so doing, if what I received with a storm of typos for over 66 bucks is anything to go by, you would be much closer to the mark.

Thank God I nipped this daylight robbery in the bud at one outrageously expensive encounter. I believe on this point I am perfectly entitled to pass on my experience as a warning to other poets. Odd thing is, these people whoever they are, didn't even have the common decency to apologise and put their own mistake right, all they originally had to do was copy and paste the correct version of the poem I sent them, instead of which some idiot retyped it, adding error after error, typo after typo as they went. Odd too, how this rubbish claims to be an international digest yet there is no mention made of where in the world each poet is located ? now I wonder why?

So, Poets Beware! There are people out there who don't give a toss about your work or how they present it. They only want your money, no apologies for mistakes, typos to be expected, no refunds, no help, no-one to turn to ? embarrassment is rife as who in their right mind is going to admit to being fleeced? Well, me for one, I take people at face value until they prove otherwise, and if my experience helps others to avoid the same mistake it was surely worth it. My advice? **Never** send money to: empiremedia@rogers.com or any outfit connected to them.

Joe Dawson

By the light of the moon

Love and I are old friends but not that old - old
Enough however to have been 'around a bit'
As they say. Love joyously smiled on me, but
Sometimes it was I who let love down and in a
Big way too on occasions. But, nonetheless,
I mostly survived as did love's affection for me.

I have courted, cavorted, frolicked and rollicked
My way through life and see no reason for change.
I am a lively, some might say blithe spirit, carefree
To a fault, but nonetheless, caring and fortunately
Entirely deprived of a need to draw attention to this
Embarrassing flaw.

Her legs were long, as nights are long,
Of gossamer and silk. She might have
Been an acrobat, so agile were her hips.
She had a sway, an elegant way, she
Could really blow a horn, as every car
That passed would blast - I loved her
Sexy walk.

Yes, love and I are old friends and it is by this
Means that I became a collector of emotions.
A dreamer of dreams, a teller of revealing
Tales both real and imagined. The line between
Truth and imagination I blur in order to advance
The validity of the tale.

Selfish? Yes, I admit I am. How could I not be
Given the feast that life has laid before me? I
Am repentant in a small way. What? Don't be
Silly, of course I'm not - why should I be?
If born a millionaire why would I wish to be a
Pauper? So I rejoice in love, write about love,
Love is the wealth and the blessing of life. I
Can't spend it in a shop, but it sure feels good
At night.

Her smile was my sunshine her eyes
My starlight, I loved her and loved
Her, I prayed for the night. When
Shadows came creeping into our dark
Room, where she bathed me in love,
By the light of the moon.

© Joseph G Dawson

The genie's in the bottle

Spare me a moment and I'll tell you a tale,
About a very weird future that's coming our way,
Few will believe it, standby for pooh-poohes,
I don't like it either, but suspect that it's true.

I can't avoid the notion that the earth's here
By intent, a nursery of 'what might be' in a
Vast experiment. A blue dot in the cosmos, where
Ideas are cast abroad, surviving types are classed
As right, chuck failures overboard.

It's all so automatic, self-organising schemes,
From cave to lathe, the bombs we've made,
'Intelligent machines'. An accelerating process,
Coming closer by the hour, a time when man is
Overruled by the rise of robot power,

We've always fought for freedom, so why now
Give it up? What safeguards might there be in
Place, should the robots turn on us? I speak of
Complications a long way off in time, synthetic
Blood, awareness cells and eyes that read the mind.

Laugh if you will, time won't stand still, a bit like
'Man won't fly', whatever man thinks of today will
Come to pass in time. The genie's in the bottle, best
Keep the stopper tight, for once we lose the right to
Think - we lose the right to life.

© Joseph G Dawson

Glad that we met

If you want to unmeet me I don't think you can,
Clocks can't be turned back as easy as that,
You can leave me, ignore me, or turn me away,
But you cannot unmeet me that time's here to stay.

I'd need to be somewhere I wasn't that day,
You'd need to be occupied far, far, away,
The clocks of the world would all stop and reverse,
For you to unmeet me the problem gets worse.

We'd have to move mountains, rivers and streams,
We'd need to invent an unmeeting machine,
It would need to unravel 'what happened next'?
So I think it's best to say, 'glad that we met'.

© Joseph G Dawson

You don?t know me

You don't know me,
I'm a man without a name,
Slippin' in for love at night,
Slippin' out again.

I'll call around midnight,
Come sneakin' up the stairs,
I'm yours for 90 minutes,
Then I'm anybody's guess.

Don't call me I'm too busy,
Don't hang around my car,
Keep walking when you see me,
Don't look my way at all.

Don't tell my friends you know me,
Don't sit next to my wife,
Don't call me at the office,
Your number's been denied.

Don't want no complications,
I got no time for grief,
If you want it, you can have it,
When you get it's down to me.

© Joseph G Dawson

Spittin? feathers

She come tearing down the highway
Looking for a friend, pedal to the metal
God knows how this'll end. There'd
Been a mystery phone call, a woman
Badly wronged, now here the injured
Party, spittin' feathers, knives and
Guns.

'Have you been messin' with my man'?
'Have you had him to bed'? 'Don't try to lie
It's on the wire, it's on the internet'. And
So it was for all to read across the world
Wide web, advice was rife, herewith a
Slice, 'You should've married Fred'.

But that's no consultation when you love
A man to bits, you gave him all the love
You have and cashed in all your chips.
Where had the story come from? Who
Was it on the phone? And why, her friend
Asked earnestly, 'Would I wreck another's
Home'?

'Well, that's as maybe' cried her friend, 'you
Callin' me a liar'? 'I know the signs, you
Can't deny that where there's smoke there's
Fire'. 'That's a jealous mind you've got my
Dear and one you need to calm, and as for
Messin' with your man, you couldn't be
More wrong'.

'I don't know all the details but I know who
Made the call, Jim's sister rang from

Memphis 'bout a party in the fall'. 'His
Sister passed the phone the Mike, who
Passed the phone to Pat, a cousin from
Ohio who said she'd ring him back'.

'A mix-up over nothin', a teacup storm at
Best, you've got your knickers in a twist,
No one's had Jim to bed'. 'A phone call
Partly overheard, by gossip's chewin' fat,
An' here you are suggestin' I've gone
Behind your back'. 'Why look at me in
Anger?' 'Why get yourself wound up?'
Why look for trouble where there's none,
What kinda friend is that?

Home's where I belong now I'll leave your
Pot to stew, in time you'll see that I was
Right, it was nothin' but fake news. You
Can call me when you calm down, best leave
It for a while, I'll see you when I see you,
Down the store or round the Mall.

© Joseph G Dawson

Took my heart to pieces

She tantalized, scandalized,
Taught me how to love,
Took my heart to pieces,
Put it back an' souped it up.

She hypnotized, paralyzed,
Stopped me in my tracks,
Kept me up 'til late at night,
Adjusting this and that.

She galvanized, maximized,
Gave everything a tweak,
Fixed my heart up with an app,
New wiring, pump and beat.

She modified, customized,
Did she give me the works?
Smooth handling on the corners,
An' all night on the curves.

© Joseph G Dawson

In the great flood of love

Like the rush of the sea comes a great
Flood of love, unstoppable tides drive
A wild urge to touch. Abroad on a wave
That craves naked release, in the eye of a
Storm, in the arms of a dream.

She wants you, you know so, you need
Her so bad, did you think to ignore love?
Did you think that you can? You don't
Have the power to resist when love calls,
It's not in your gift, and in fact never was.

A silhouette fancy, a heart-stopping light,
Curves that you know will be all yours
Tonight. Curves that ignite a love-storm
In your mind, a rush now to reach her, a
Race with the tide.

Through waves of raw passion make sense
If you will, of the falling sensation, the swirl,
And the spill. No words are required save a
Whispered 'come on', take all that there is,
In the great flood of love.

© Joseph G Dawson

Tell me you're mine

Tell me you're mine even though you are not,
Lie to me pretty you know what I want,
Pour me some make-believe, make me believe,
Tell me you love me just lie through your teeth.

Tell me you love me with all that you've got,
Lay it on thick don't let tears put you off,
Pile on the lies while you laugh up your sleeve,
Tell me you're mine you're so good at deceit.

Tell me you miss me and much more besides,
You know how I love a really good lie,
Stoke up the hoax with a mirage of dreams,
Tell me you're mine so that I may believe.

© Joseph G Dawson

Love and I

Love and I are old friends, old enough to have
Been 'around a bit' as they say. Love joyously
Smiled on me, but sometimes it was I who let
Love down and in a big way too on occasions.
But, nonetheless, I mostly survived as did love's
Affection for me

I have courted, cavorted, frolicked and rollicked
My way through life, and see no reason for
Change. I am a lively some might say blithe spirit,
Carefree in the extreme, but nonetheless caring and
Fortunately entirely deprived of a need to overly
Dwell on this embarrassing flaw.

Her legs were long as nights are long of
Gossamer and silk, she might have been
An acrobat so agile were her hips. She
Had a sway, an elegant way, she could
Really blow a horn, as every car that
Passed would blast - I loved her sexy
Walk.

Yes, love and I are old friends and it is by this
Means that I became a collector of emotions.
A dreamer of dreams. a teller of revealing tales
Both real and imagined. The line between truth
And imagination I blur in order to advance the
Validity of the tale. Selfish? Yes, I admit I am.
How could I not be given the feast that life
Has laid before me? I am repentant in a small
Way... don't be silly of course I'm not - why
Should I be?

If born a millionaire why would I wish to be
A pauper? So I rejoice in love, write about love.
Love is the wealth and the blessing I was born
With, I can't spend it in a shop but it's a Hell
Of a currency at night.

Her smile was my sunshine, her eyes my
Starlight, I loved her, and loved her, I
Prayed for the night, when shadows came
Creeping into our dark room, where she
Bathed me in love by the light of the moon.

© Joseph G Dawson

Post this another time

In the time it took the ink to dry,
I was struck by thoughts of woe,
Did I really want her back again?
Would she read the words I wrote?
Should I trust my inner feelings?
Should I leave the past behind?
Should I walk away from yesterday?
Give love another try?

So many girls, so many cars,
So much of life was mine,
So how come I could never find,
The girl my heart desired?
It wasn't down to money,
Nor was it down to time,
I got so much you'd find me drunk,
On lips as sweet as wine.

I've tasted all the vineyards,
Laid down some fine wines too,
I've pressed the grapes of heaven,
Squeezed till there was no more juice.
In the time it took the ink to dry,
'Hark! High heels on my drive',
I'll be on the razzle late tonight,
Post this another time.

© Joseph G Dawson

A flash of eyes

An unexpected lightning bolt,
A sudden glance, a fearsome jolt,
A striking impact locked in time,
A lasting dream, forever mine.

A love I know that cannot be,
But I can dream, pretend that she,
Has favoured me ... not true alas,
This woman I can never have.

A twist of fate, a trick of sorts,
A smile but all else out of court,
A path that I can never take,
A love too far, a love too late.

A love too late, but still I find,
What e're the hour she's on my mind,
No place to run, no place to hide,
A victim of a flash of eyes.

© Joseph G Dawson

He took her in his arms and tore ?

He took her in his arms and tore the
Buttons on her blouse, she didn't
Seem to notice, doesn't care when
She's aroused. Her dress sense fell
To nothing, there are lots more in
The shops, to his whispered, God, I
Want you, she replied, Oh, please
Don't stop.

He took her in his arms and tore the
Ribbons from her hair, tumbling
Tresses, sweet caresses, shaken
Hearts are stirred. Fingers, finding
Fingers, searching lips and hungry
Eyes, heated kisses, squeezing
Kisses, up and down her spine.

He took her in his arms and tore ...
Well, let's not be precise, he tore
What you might think he tore, an
Embroidered work in white. He
Met with no resistance, no force
That might repel, it wasn't all his
Doing though - a lady likes to help.

© Joseph G Dawson

A sip from the cup of true love

We all need a heart to depend on,
A heart that is faithful and true,
A heart that can see past life's troubles,
To the heart that I know is in you.

We all need a touch of forgiveness,
A kindness to which we're all due,
From a heart that claims not to be perfect,
Like the heart that I offer to you.

We all need a draught of compassion,
A sip from the cup of true love,
A light in a moment of darkness,
A hand when it's hard to get up.

We all need a heart in the background,
A heart that can open closed doors,
A heart without hidden agenda,
A heart that will always be yours.

© Joseph G Dawson

Getting older ?

Getting older is a time to slow down.
What! Are you mad? Getting older
Is a time to fill your boots with the
Good things in life, the pleasures in life,
All the things in life you couldn't do
When caught in the city lights and the
Workaday rush of busy, busy, busy.

Getting older? Opportunities abound,
Look out for them, they are everywhere.
Let's not forget who you are and what
You have already achieved. Retirement
Does not signal the end of the road, far
From it, what retirement signals is the
Start of a new journey of discovery.

The time has come to give time the old
Heave-ho, you are no longer a slave
To time, time is your own to do with
As you wish and the more fun you can
Cram into every second the happier you
Will be. Time is but a clock, the turning
Of the earth, the oscillations of a crystal.
Turn over a new leaf, wind a new clock,
Cast time aside, live life for the sake of
Life and the rewards will be many. You
Are not a robot, you are flesh and blood
In need of contact with flesh and blood.

Flesh and blood is love, a beating heart,
A caring heart, a hand to hold, eyes that
Shine ... take the first step on the highway
To a happier life. Reignite the real 'You',

The child in your heart. Drastic change
May not be required, just the odd tweak
Perhaps here and there. Get out more, buy
A bike, go on holiday, cruise the Med', go
Swimming, play tennis, go bowling, take
Up birdwatching, anything, likely to put
You in contact with flesh and blood.

Hearts that smile a lot, live a lot longer.
Outlook plays a major part in well-being
Too, look up not down, face the sun, get
A tan, feel the wind in your hair. Don't
Wait to be asked out, if you have someone
In mind get round there, knock on the door,
You will not be arrested by the Love Police
But you may regret it forever, as too may
The other party, if you don't give it a try.

Life is not a singularity, we are made to
Be together, we each need a hand to
Hold, a waist to squeeze, a strong arm
To lean on. No one need be an island
And yet so many are, not always of their
Own doing, but with a gentle push or a
Little kindly encouragement, the lonely
Can make a break for freedom - love and
Companionship are out there and they
Are yours to claim.

© Joseph G Dawson

Another loss has come to call

When loss becomes a habit and
Losing de rigueur, can't make
A move that doesn't lose you
Something by return. It's hard
To see the future through a cloudy
Crystal ball, no double six, no
Trumps, no tricks, no winner
Takes it all.

No breath of consolation, no star
To gaze upon, no magic wand to
Wave aloft, no comfort from the
Gods. Loss is such an absolute, a
Heartbreak Hell first class, when
Suddenly the sand's of time run
Faster through the glass.

Long days are growing shorter in
The Autumn of a life, what once
Would last forever has a lesser
Span tonight. The room is turning
Chilly, the faces say it all, a pale
Horse in the midst of life, another
Loss has come to call.

© Joseph G Dawson

Fingers

There are so many beautiful things about love
I have run out of fingers on which to count them.
My fingers are vital when it comes to love. I need
Them to write of my passion and my longing and
To pay for a dozen red roses at a till that requires
My fingers to enter a pin number that only I and
My bank know of so that funds may flow from my
Bank account into that of the flower seller.

A night of passion bathed in love, too quickly
Slips away, your perfume lingers still my dear
Oh, how I wished you'd stay. Without fingers I
Would be at a loss to write and furthermore
How would our hands meet? How would I steady
Myself down on one knee prior to taking a small
Box from my pocket opening it and with a rock
Sparking in the moonlight place it on her finger?

Without fingers what kind of a lover would I be?
Without touch how would I touch where invited to
Touch and moreover, how would a woman know
Of my love for her? The trembling fingers that speak
More than words can say, tracing love where love
May be traced, moonlight pleasures, starlit dreams,
Dreams that last not just for one night - but every
Night thereafter.

© Joseph G Dawson

The blues blew in today

A sky that cried, a dark moonrise,
A storm that lost its way,
The air is still, a sudden chill,
The blues blew in today.

It took my heart quite by surprise,
I shed a tear in vain,
I caught my breath, I guess you've guessed,
The blues blew in today.

No warning sign, no preface,
No messenger to say,
A breeze aloft and there it was,
The blues blew in today.

A fateful salutation,
On a melancholy date,
A haunting draught, Miss Fortune laught,
The blues blew in today.

It may not last forever,
I seek a quick escape,
But in between, I take my leave,
The blues blew in today.

A chord struck on a keyboard,
The pianist needs a shave,
No point tonight, the bar is quiet
The blues blew in today.

© Joseph G Dawson

Love is ?

A priceless jewel beyond compare,
You'll find no equal anywhere,
No counterfeit, no lookalike,
No stand-in, ringer, copyright.

A luscious treat, a fantasy,
As sweet as any sweet can be,
As tender as a budding flower,
A proper handful come the hour.

A blissful night of ecstasy,
Warm hands, warm lips, warm
Where might be. And where might
Be 'twixt heart and thong, a gentle
Touch can do no wrong.

A sudden charismatic blow,
A velvet glove as soft as snow,
No one on earth can beat this thing,
For love, is love, and love is ... King.

© Joseph G Dawson

God's night off

Breathe in the sweet deep perfumed air,
The hour is late, soft auburn hair,
Who could resist, who could not care?
God help me, I'm in trouble here.

'Twas just a drink, a passing smile,
Sit down and spend a little time,
A low-cut dress, a kiss and then,
God help me, I'm in love again.

She reached the fabric of my soul,
From where the core was sore exposed,
She touched my heart, she kissed until,
God help me, I said, 'Yes, I will'.

The room was warm, the woman 'Wow!'
I said I would, can't back out now,
She asked if I would stay the night,
God help me, I've just said, 'I might'.

A window open to the stars,
The moon looked down, she's in my arms,
She begged 'come on,' I could not stop,
Thank goodness it was God's night off.

© Joseph G Dawson

To write of love

To write of love is to appear to risk
All without risking anything. To tell
All without fear of comeback or
Consequence. To fall in and out of
Love on a whim, to lay beside a
Beautiful woman or weep at the
Bedside of a dying child, it makes
No difference, the pen is immune;
You are in charge of the pen and
Pen does your bidding, scrapes
There may be, but escape hatches
Are everywhere.

To write of love is to take command
Of love, to do with it as you will. To
Give the heart a run for its money
That place where pain and pleasure
Live together. Nights interspersed by
Intervals of incandescent connexion
Before once again returning to the
Pitiful lodgings of uncertainty and
Misgiving, but where would love be
Without doubt and uncertainty?
Those two guardians of the heart
Who see to it that a lady will be
Wooed and the suitor kept, for the
Most part, in slippery suspension.

Legs, limbs and other things, beauty
Half exposed is often better than the
Naked truth and this is where, for the
Connoisseur, 'To write of love' comes
Into it's own and where delicately

Crafted undertones draw the mind into
Seeing things that are not there and
Have certainly not been said, but have
Been accurately and succinctly felt
By the reader, who is left in no doubt
As to the intentions of the author.

To write of love may be to journey
Back in time, especially when the
World has done with you and love
Has too. Where better than than
Memories of an old love now known
To be alone and for whom something
At the back of the heart still remains.
Time it would appear has healed or
Perhaps unkindly, 'any port in a storm
Will do', giving fresh legs to a past
That may now look far more attractive
Than a lonely future - whatever the
Price.

© Joseph G Dawson

Splintered love

When the going gets tough,
An' times get hard, you turn
Your back to avoid a lot, of
Stuff you'd rather not have
Heard, from a mouth that's
Gone from bad to worse.

This is not the love that once
There was, this is somethin'
Else an' it's gotta stop, it's
Gotta stop an' I mean now,
'fore the hurt gets worse an'
The knives come out.

What was it turned a head
That once, had smiling eyes
Awash with love? A love so
Firm, so passion led, what
Storm, what fever, snapped
The thread?

When cold winds blow come
Climes disturbed, a house in
Turmoil love converts, to nights
Of anger, blame and more, a
Splintered mess where once a
Door.

Where anger rules and wills
Conflict, no peace on earth,
No time to think, no time to
Take the time to rest, when
Looks could kill and homes

Are wrecked.

What altar sees what's yet
To come, dearly beloved, oh,
Please come, come, not always
So, I'm glad to say, but life
Is long and fortunes fray.

Then comes the day no one
Foresaw, a wandering eye,
She's his for sure, a moment
Let's say opportune, the die
is cast, the marriage doomed.

A day or so perhaps a week,
A change in tone when no
One speaks, it's in the air,
It's there to feel, another
Silent tortured meal.

No need for questions, plain
As day , the tension builds,
The bed is made, 'go sleep in
It', 'your bags are packed',
'Well, yes I will, I won't be
Back'.

A fist in anger, thrown in
Haste, not a door this time but
A tearful face, pans are flying,
Kids awake, a siren screams,
Help's on its way ...

© Joseph G Dawson

The deeds of love

She took his heart and trashed it
On the rocks of high deceit, she
Spent the day a wifely way, she'd
Got the kids to feed. She told no
One her motives, suffice that she
Believed, the long legs in the house
Next door had flashed and he'd
Been weak.

One look and he'd been conquered,
No chance he might resist, from
Toes to ankle, calf to thigh, he
Touched, caressed, and kissed. A
Journey part completed, her
Perfume on his tongue, an almost
Silent whisper 'Don't stop now ,
'Oh, please come on'.

What is a girl to do when things go
Badly wrong like this? Well. don't
Get mad, get even, an' that's exactly
What she did. A new woman in
The mirror, a dress to catch the eye,
Long legs in killer heels, a daring,
Plunging, low neckline.

Well, no, she wasn't hungry for
Another man as such, her aim was
Far more subtle, what she wanted
Was his love. She still knew how
To get it, she'd been slow of recent
Days, too tired to pretty up, too
Tired to stay awake.

Not every act of conscience is
Uniquely cut and dried, sometimes
There are diividing lines, forgiveness,
Space and time. Not every man is
Perfect, nor every woman right, and
Life is so much richer, when you
Face your faults and fight.

And thus it came to pass that night,
In shock, surprise and awe, he saw
The girl he married surrounded
In a bar. Why had he done the
Things he did? Why had he been so
Blind? When what he sought was
Always his, and had been all the
Time.

Later in a corner, a cosy seat for
Two, their bond had not been broken,
Their love as good as new. We make
Mistakes from time to time, in fact
All humans do, the strong ones' hold
The deeds of love, kept safe and bullet
Proof.

© Joseph G Dawson

It?s not a haunted house

It's not a haunted house, it's
Just disturbed, it's the wind, it
Often does that, don't be scared.
Did you see the curtains move?
Did a presence cross the room?
If it did, I didn't see it, that's
The truth.

It's not a haunted house, it's
Just distressed, for many years
It's suffered much neglect, the
Gas pipes sometimes moan,
And I can't deny it's cold, but I
Do assure you you'll be safe in
Bed.

Don't listen to the tapping, the
Scraping or the screams, and do
Ignore the voices on the stairs.
It's all imagination, nothing more
And nothing less, and I promise
Hand on heart there's nothing
There.

It's not a haunted house, it's
Just upset, it's seen a dozen
Masters fall on death. The faces
On the walls, the footsteps in
The hall, sad reflections of a past
It can't forget.

Now blow the candle out and
Go to sleep, put from your mind

All thoughts of what might be, at
The bottom of the bed, slowly
Crawling up your leg, best ignore
It if you'll take a tip from me.

It's not a haunted house, it's
Just possessed, with a need to keep
Whoever rests their head. It isn't
Hallowe'en, but I'm afraid you
Cannot leave, it's locked the doors,
It's barred the windows, chained
Your legs.

© Joseph G Dawson

The love of the moment

In the love of the moment we say
Things we don't mean, we promise to
Cherish, to love and to keep, but by
Dawn mea culpa creeps onto the scene,
'What on earth was I thinking, how
Could you believe?'

The stars marred my judgement your
Body confessed, that you needed my
Love as I needed your breasts. What
I said was no more than the moment
Required, I sweetened your ear with
Some words that you liked.

**

In the love of the moment sweet joy
Rules the night, a feather-touch lover,
A gent so polite, he promised to love her
'Til worlds without end, kept his word,
And his promise, read on my dear friend.

The stars saw the passion in true love
Expressed, did I tell you I love you?
The answer is yes. I'll say it once more,
Then I'll say it again, I love you, I love
You, forever Amen.

© Joseph G Dawson

Through the prism of dreams

A love letter I found that was tucked
In the sand, as soon as I saw it I
Could tell by the hand, 'twas someone
I knew, a girl I admired, it was written
To me, well now, there's a surprise.

Through the prism of dreams I read
All that she wrote, she missed me she
Said and hoped I'd soon be home, she
Said she'd be waiting, her heart full
Of love and if I felt the same we could
Marry at once.

Through the prism of dreams I prayed
For a pen, some Basildon Bond, a postman
As well, and there in a flash, a smart
French secretaire, set up on the beach
With an inkwell and chair.

I wrote that I need you, my heart aches
To be, as close as this pen to the paper
Beneath, as close as my dreams are when
Locked in your arms, when the nights
Are too short, and far too soon the dawn.

Through the prism of dreams my letter
Took wing, but it didn't arrive that's
The thing with a dream, pretence is
An art form a poet may weave, making
Fantasy real for a short time at least.

© Joseph G Dawson

A friend through and through

Betray not the moment with
Blusher and brush, eyeliner,
Mascara, a girl in a rush ...

Not quite the tone I had in mind.

Truth is I promised a lady I'd write,
With some heartfelt emotion, some
Words she might like, and so here
You find me in thought at my desk,
Where promises made, will be promises
Kept.

In the beginning there was a word
And the word was poetry, a word that
Meant so much to so many. In the
Beginning the word was lost for a name,
Many pondered the subject and soon the
Time came to Christen this most sensual,
Most meaningful of all words, and the
Name chosen was love.

Come my sweet distraction and I will
Write you a dream. I will disrobe
You with words and although you have
Never seen me you will fall in love with
My words and I with yours. I will bathe
You with words, paint you with words
And you will feel my words coursing
Through your body. There will be nowhere
My words haven't touched before finally
Coming to rest in your heart.

You may not be an angel and maybe
There are none and if there are none then
The world is a poorer place, but I don't
Believe that, for I am a dreamer and when
I dream my dreams include angels, and I
Have seen you there.

Inspired by a light of extraordinary
Power, I will finish this work with,
A smile in my heart, you're a girl in a
Million, a friend through and through,
My poetic side is enhanced knowing
You.

© Joseph G Dawson

The way a woman moves

Can't put my finger on it, wouldn't
Know where to begin, but I know it
When I see it and I know that it's a gift.
A gift that's like no other, God, she puts
Me in the mood, there is something made
In heaven in the way a woman moves.

Can't find it in a portrait, nor in a
Photograph, it's in the rhythm of her whole,
Her hips, her legs, her laugh. Just hanging
Out her washing she can detonate my fuse,
There is something made in heaven in the
Way a woman moves.

Can't ever quench my appetite, can't ever
Get my fill, knocked on the door of paradise
And Eros said 'Come in'. Since then she's
Had my number, this dream in high heel
Shoes, there is something made in heaven
In the way a woman moves.

© Joseph G Dawson

Down on his knees

Down on his knees

Sister poem to: The way a woman moves

Candlelight watches what others
May not, an intimate razor, a coy
Beauty spot. A toner, a tonic, a
Splash of glam shine, a girl getting
Ready to thrill and surprise.

A tempting aroma, a body divine,
A play gel that trespasses over the
Line. A giggle, a squeal, a personal
Touch, a warm body lotion, a warm
Body rub.

Candlelight colours in bubbles
Galore, an unhurried hour for a
Girl and her thoughts. She's got
All it takes, she's got all she needs,
By midnight tonight he'll be down
On his knees.

© Joseph G Dawson

Budding love, awkward moments

She sat beside him in the cinema
Feeling fidgety and awkward. Her
Skirt, perhaps a little too short
For the occasion, riding up with
Every wiggle, every twist, and once
Again, for the umpteenth time that
Night, requiring a determined grip
On a wayward hemline.

Wriggling beside him she felt sure
He'd seen, sure he'd noticed. What
Must he think of her?

Dreams don't come much better than
This, sat beside the most beautiful
Girl in the world, the girl he thought
Would never in a million years agree
To go out with him. A dream he now
Considered to be in imminent danger
Of collapse, the foundations crumbling
As he sat there unable to do anything
About it, and the girl beside him, clearly
Uncomfortable and wanting nothing
More than to be out of his sight.

Fiddling with his dad's tie and a shirt
At least an inch too short for the beltline
Of his pants, he turned to the girl beside
Him who promptly looked away.

'I love him but can't touch him, it's too
Early in the night, although I really do
Wish that he'd slip his hand in mine'.

Without waiting for the film to end
And by unspoken mutual agreement,
They rose from their seats and left
The theatre. The air outside was cool
And fresh and somehow spirit lifting,
His hand easily finding hers, and in a
Happier frame of mind they headed
Towards the park, the one they'd both
Played in as children.

First date, first time, if not a Coke
Then surely something to mark the
Occasion and what better than fish
And chips from a brightly illuminated
Van from where a mouth-watering
Aroma filled the night air.

Budding love, awkward moments, a
First date ending not as it had begun,
But in a long lingering kiss and the
Very likely possibility of another
Chance to see the film they'd both
Missed.

© Joseph G Dawson

How far the stars?

If feeling down, depressed or blue,
Out there somewhere a love that's true,
A love that knows what you've been through,
Herewith some words writ just for you.
(Read three times a day or as required)

How far the stars?

How far the stars? How deep the sea?
To the moon and back? Not enough for me.
My love for you it has no end, no middle
Distance, time or trend, no rule, no gauge,
No measured stretch, no clock to stop, no
Change, no rest.

How far the stars? How deep the sea?
I calculate infinity.
My love for you goes far beyond, the
Last star shining cometh dawn, no
Speculation, clause or traps, no lawyer's
Tricks, no caveats.

How far the stars? How deep the sea?
Beyond all measures known to me.
My love for you is without terms, there
Are no documents or words, no fine talk
Couched in doublespeak, no lies to haunt
A lover's sleep.

How far the stars? How deep the sea?
Herewith in truth I pledge to thee.
My love for you, a captive heart, it's
Yours forever , doubt me not, for I will

Prove, and you will see, how far the
Stars, how deep the sea.

The light that lights the world is love.

© Joseph G Dawson

Back to the drawing board

It all seemed so easy, A cinch
Of a plan, just get her to love
Me was all that I asked, but
The plan went awry, as plans
Often do, so it's back to the
Drawing board, compass, and
Rule.

Thought I might write a song
Dedicated to love, one bound to
Impress her but sadly no luck,
The song didn't do it, failed to
Capture her mood, so it's back
To the drawing board, compass
And rule.

A eureka moment, now this can't
Go wrong, turn up in a limo' at
Least a block long. But outside
Her house the whitewall tyres
Blew, so it's back to the drawing
Board, compass and rule.

Oh heaven, oh heaven, oh please
Stop the rain, I looked out the
Window, it's raining again. She
Said she can't come 'cause we'd
Both get wet through, so it's back
To the drawing board, compass
And rule.

'Tis with pride I announce, I
Succeeded my friends, with a new

Will of iron I took charge of events.
I traded my drawing board, compass
And rule, for a dozen red roses and a
Long 'I love you'.

© Joseph G Dawson

?Is there anybody there??

Join hands to form a circle,
There are spirits in the air,
The medium makes enquiries,
'Is there anybody there'?

One knock for 'Yes', two knocks
For 'No', the table starts to
To turn, slowly rising as it does,
One knock, 'contact confirmed'.

The medium slips into a trance,
Her eyes roll left and right,
'Do you have a message dear,
For someone here tonight'?

'Well no, it's more a question,
Prompted by a spirit guide,
Who noticed something strange
About the Yes and No reply'.

'There's a worry in the afterlife,
That's causing quite a scare,
I knocked to say that I was here, but
Who knocks when no one's there'?

© Joseph G Dawson

Painted lady

A butterfly pondered her future,
Wherein might she fathom the truth?
A wise beetle said 'Hey!' 'If you'll
Flutter this way, I may have what
You need as a proof'.

"The future is held in a vessel, a
Mystery I'm sure you'll agree, it
Resides in a flower of extraordinary
Power, take a look, you may like
What you see'.

Therein was an image of beauty,
A phantasmagorical sight,
A magical ball, that foresaw and
Told all, of a lady, her future, her
Life.

A sparkling soothsayer of fortune,
A fantastical droplet of dew, and
Just the right thing, a painted
Lady might think, would tell her
The absolute truth.

© Joseph G Dawson

RSVP

I received an invitation to a wedding
Yesterday, for faerie folk and forest
Folk and other folk per se. Laced in
Gold, the invite told of gaiety and fun,
Obviously RSVP, so I replied at once.

I enquired about a wish list, a broom
To sweep the nest. Some cotton wool
A basket full, on which to lay the
Eggs. A thimble might be useful or a
Magnet that attracts or perhaps some
Leaves, bound up in reeds, to keep the
Nest intact,

I'm off to see my tailor, a new suit
Best bespoke, his address is 15 Leafy
Lane, first left at Gradely Oak. A silk
Top hat most seemly, white gloves and
Satin spats, a walking cane, perchance
It rains, a handy plastic mac'.

© Joseph G Dawson

RSVP (II)

As dawn broke in the forest, the
Bees were first to stir, honeycombs
For everyone, a sticky sweet affair.
Eggs were rolled from farm to bowl,
The windmill worked 'til late, and
Little hands spun sugar bands to
Decorate the cake.

A buzz of wild excitement, a
Wedding to prepare, ribbons for the
Bride's bouquet and ribbons for the
Chairs. A faerie King, a wedding ring,
The flowers arrived on time, the baker
Toiled 'til 2am, on pastry, cake and
Pies.

The wedding feast was sumptuous,
Delights of every kind, a nut pate,
And dare I say, a rather woozy wine.
There must be something in it, why
Do I feel so young, I was 56 when
I came in, and now I'm 21.

The magic of the forest, a potent
Nectar rare, brewed by Mr's Rabbit
And her friend the old March hare.
Berries, herbs and cherries, a fire to
Heat the pan, a cooling coil, it's close
On boil, 'sip slowly if you can'.

© Joseph G Dawson

The Witches Broomstick

The Witches Broomstick

A spell for the handle, a spell for the reed,
A spell for the string, a spell for the speed.

A commonplace object ignored through the
Year, that springs into life as Hallowe'en nears;
When witches & wizards, phantoms & freaks,
Pour from the shadows to cry 'Trick or Treat'.

An aircraft of woe made by Wretched & Mean,
That takes to the air with an 'orrible scream,
A bedevilled broom handle, a bewitched bunch
Of reeds, a croaky old pilot that cackles at speed.

The scare-brakes are great on the dour Duck &
Dive, but for hovering hate choose the Tease
'Til They Cry. They corner at speed and they all
Loop the loop, the cursed Evil-Diesel is top of
The group.

There are customised throttles and levers to steer,
There are seats in moan-rubber or some in sheer
Fear. The bristles are hexed by a spell most forlorn,
Take one out for a test, but be back before dawn.

As the sun slowly sets on All Saints' Day eve,
There's excitement and magic abroad on the
Streets, but do listen out for a low throaty
Hum, there's a witch overhead - Hallowe'en
Has begun.

© Joseph G Dawson

Rooms

Rooms, places in space, fashioned
Hidey-holes, four walls, a ceiling, a
Floor, and a door, just like the one
I'm sat in now writing this piece.

Lonely rooms, empty rooms, spooky
Rooms, eerie rooms, ghostly rooms,
Unearthly rooms, weird rooms, secret
Rooms, echo rooms, captive rooms,
Wholesome rooms, loathsome rooms,
Keep the world at bay rooms.

Rooms that listen and rooms that
Breathe, rooms with a temper and
Rooms that sneeze. Rooms that time
Has quite forgot, rooms lived-in by
Who knows what?

What goes on in a room when we
Leave it I wonder. Does it settle down
To silence or does it perhaps reminisce
And regret our leaving? Does the space
Previously disturbed and displaced by
Our presence now spring back into place
Telling the room of a recurring vacancy,
An absence of life, and thus every reason
For lamentation?

Is the room welcoming or is it perhaps
Dispatching and eager to see us gone?
Rooms of character, imagination, and
Attitude, magical rooms, tragic rooms.
Happy rooms, 'do come again' rooms,

Tea rooms, toy rooms, girls and boys
Rooms ...

The handle turns, the door ajar,
'Please do come in', 'stay long or short',
'But stay at least a little while', 'your
Company is much admired'. The
Atmosphere is cool and still, 'Believe
In ghosts'? 'Well, soon you will'. The
Cat goes wild and tries to hide, the
Room is locked, you're trapped inside.

Not every room behaves like this,
I don't know why, 'but there it is,
Some are worse, an' some possessed,
Some are kindly, some are blessed.
Some have seen folk pass away, some
Have seen ... 'I dare not say'.

Rooms that harbour things unknown,
Coffins, fingers, teeth and bones ...

'You heard a scream'? 'What can it mean'?
'There's a month to go to Hallowe'en'.

© Joseph G Dawson

A part of my heart

I never found out how to undo a love,
Once it's yours its forever, it's indelible stuff,
It dwells in the heart and may never vacate,
It's bags can't be packed, doesn't have a suitcase.

I tried and I failed to undo a love,
I worked day and night but it just wouldn't budge.
In the end I gave up and accepted the truth,
It's part of my heart, here to stay, win or lose.

A knot that was tied and cannot be undone,
A thread made of gold from which memories are spun,
A promise to cherish, two hearts intertwined,
The thread tangled up, but the knot it survived.

I don't try any more to undo a love,
Instead I look back to how lucky I was,
And I keep to myself, when I'm called to reflect,
That if love is forever, so too is regret.

© Joseph G Dawson

A shadow that moved

It lived in the attic whatever it was,
It started a panic, the thought was enough,
A light seen at night, tallow candle perhaps,
A shadow that moved on the cobwebby glass.

Speculation was rife, all manner of thoughts,
Was it real or imagined, did they see it or not?
A light in a window, a glow now and then,
Not much to go on, but enough dae ye ken?

A reflection perhaps, a trick o' the light,
A thief or a squatter, a bed for the night,
Whatever it was it was seen from below,
Standing back from the window, and
Wearing a cloak.

Happy Hallowe'en

© Joseph G Dawson

Forever girl

When it's time to give in and love's run its course,
When words fail and night's claim another divorce,
Looking back through the prism of joy and regret,
Try as hard as you like you will never forget.

Never forget the first kiss, the first touch,
The first night of high passion, wrapped up in her love,
When promises made were both real and sincere,
When the world stopped, your heart stopped, as
You drew her near.

When your heart stopped and heaven felt ever so close,
Does the memory not linger, does love have a ghost?
You might think that it does when the shadows prevail,
On her birthday, at Christmas, in cards that you've saved.

Cards that meant so much not so long ago,
When she told you she loved you with kisses galore,
When she told you forever was far too short a time,
But if that's all there is - it'll do for a while.

When it's time to give in and love's run out of steam,
Some men fight for their corner, some throw the towel in,
Some men muster the power to move heaven and earth,
To recover, their lover, their forever girl.

© Joseph G Dawson

Touching a beautiful woman

Oh how I pray she'll look my way and
We'll lock hearts in a moment of promised
Surrender. Two souls bound together in a
Distant embrace, empty tables, empty space,
The hour is late and time is slipping away
Yet just we two remain. A waiter coughs
And looks at her watch, who will make the
First move, who will acknowledge the other,
Whose hips will nudge tables aside in the
Journey from you to me or from me to you.
Should I get up or should I let you make the
First move, but if I do and you stay still the
Moment may be lost forever and I will
Leave alone.

She swallows hard and silently gulps air. She
Is more surprised than she has ever been in
Her entire life. Her breasts heave and she is
Not sure what has happened for she is moved
In a way no one has ever moved her before
Her whole body is on fire. She is on the point
Of tears and she is afraid of her own reactions
Will she succumb to love? Yes, she will, for
She has moved a beautiful woman.

She touched her heart and visibly made it sing
Moved her totally and completely. There is no
Hiding how she feels and no hiding what she
Craves. Her blood runs wild through her veins
And lifting her shoulders upwards in complete
Submission she gives in to feelings too long

Concealed, too long denied. She has become
As putty in the hands of a woman and in the
Hands of a woman she has become whole.

Her lips part as she looks deep into her eyes
For she has aroused a flower. A flower whose
Petals are not used to being taken in this way
When did she become so weak, so vulnerable
To the touch of a woman but Hell, who cares?
Too late now anyway for she is upon her and
She is in her arms. Her glow spectacular. Her
Light has been lit and lit it will stay forever.

The barriers have been breached, splintered
Even. A trickle has become a torrent, a torrent
A great flood of love. Unstoppable longing
Pours from rivers of want in a frenzied rush
Of desire swollen by discovery. Love lain
Dormant for too long now freed from the
Shackles of uncertainty, free to breathe, free
To flourish, free to love.

A mixture of bewilderment and joy crosses
Her contented face. Once too beautiful, too
Fragile to be touched here then is that same
Gorgeous retiring creature now released from
Captivity and firmly in the hands of love. Each
Touching the other, exploring the other, lips to
Lips, skin to skin. It seems the wait has been
Worth it, for touching a beautiful woman has
Fulfilled a vast desire for love in both.

© Joseph G Dawson

All Hallows? Eve

A Transylvanian escapade,
A mummy-fest beyond the grave,
A night macabre, dark as death,
A gruesome hand, a withered leg,
A witches coven, broomstick freaks,
A night of candy, trick or treat.

Blood-curdling screams that ring through
The trees, telling of witches, ghosts and
Banshees, hot cauldron's bubbling, mean
Spells galore, warty red spots and wide
Open sores.

Creepy dead creatures, white sightless eyes,
Beware of the dark on this auspicious night.
A coffin lid casually cast to one side,
The signs are he waits in a graveyard nearby.
He wears a black cape with a lining of red,
His teeth bear the blood of a beautiful neck.
Who might it be, well. three guesses all,
Don't open the door, it might be - Dracula!

A wild night macabre like never before,
Unspeakable things knock and wait at the
Door, it's a brave soul indeed who answers
The bell, for the caller that waits is too
Scary to tell.

Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en, scream if you dare,
But what good will it do? There's nobody there!
What moved in the shadows, what played with

Your hair, a graveyard commotion, a ghoulish
Affair. A finger that beckons, 'come into the
Woods', keep walking, don't dawdle, it's after
Yer blood. But all that aside, 'tis a night to believe,
In the fun and the spirit of All Hallows' Eve.

© Joseph G Dawson

Sing the blues

Shall I betray a lover's secret?
Shall I tell of tears and pain?
Should I mention days of longing?
Tell of nights alone again?

Shall I speak of never knowing?
Might be best if I forgot,
Shall I tell of petal torment?
Does she love me, does she not?

Shall I tell of weepy pillows?
Shall I tell of tearful stairs?
Shall I add forever waiting?
Steamy on and off affairs.

Shall I betray a lover's secret?
Liken hearts to worn down shoes?
Broken dreams like broken guitars,
Bet your life I'll sing the blues.

© Joseph G Dawson

Soul rights

*A wind blew hard at a crossroads,
Midsummer but the trees had no leaves,
A poor bro' had been told, of a deal made of gold,
Sign up now, say goodnight to your soul.*

*A timeless creature from Hades,
With a penchant for gitar and blues,
It touched his dark heart, gave him reason for thought,
Might be profit in blues after all.*

*Rogue radio stations loved it,
Teenagers went wild for the sound,
Risqué and oblique it had something unique,
An X-factor that dwelled underground.*

*A wind blew hard at a crossroads,
It moaned for the heart of the blues,
Every Saturday night, bluesmen lost their soul rights,
And the Devil got all the best tunes.*

© Joseph G Dawson

The man in all your dreams

You won't know 'cause I won't tell you,
You won't see, I'll keep it dark, you won't
Guess 'cause I can hide it, in a box I call
My heart. On a table in a hallway, are
Some letters trimmed in blue, I confess I
Never sent them, though they're all
Addressed to you.

There'll be no proof to go on, no litmus
Paper test, no formal indicators, no way
For you to guess. No clues to how I'm
Feeling, no measure, cup or jug, no scale
On which to weigh my heart, no way for
You to judge.

Your friends may not believe you, they'll
Smile and look away, too much designer
Stubble, the shirt too torn, too frayed. The
Man too picture perfect, his love too much
By half and as for where he keeps you,
'In a box he calls his heart'?

An ideal mystery lover, the man who
Drives you mad, the man who never
Touched you, but oh how you wish he
Had. The man on every hoarding, the
Man in magazines, the man you hope
One day to meet, the man in all your
Dreams.

© Joseph G Dawson

Give in to love

The look of longing in a loving woman's eyes,
You cannot overlook it it's shining like a light,
A beacon of serenity that hides a wilder hue,
She'll have you if you let her I recommend you do.

The look of emotion in a loving woman's eyes,
She's smouldering like tinder she's crackling like a fire,
She's ticking like a telegraph a message coming through,
She's gotta lotta love she's got her eye on you.

The look of passion in a loving woman's eyes,
She's sitting on a firework she's sparklin' with desire,
A heap of love's coming a storm is brewing up,
I'd surrender now if I were you - give in to love.

© Joseph G Dawson

Soft glides the night

Soft glides the night on silken wings,
Love's tender spells to cast, to spring,
Inspiring lovers, setting scenes,
To catch a heart, to forge a dream.

To catch a heart, the stage to set,
To find love where one least expects,
To intercept, stop in one's tracks,
One look and there's no going back.

A smile, a whisper, touch her hair,
Glancing fingers stir the air,
Tender moments, heart to heart.
Dreams for later, after dark.

Love is like no other jewel,
It sparkles best reflecting truth,
Secret signals, tell-tale signs,
It may well be tonight's the night.

Soft glides the night on silken wings,
A starry cloak, white gold cufflinks,
White gloves, black tie, a calling card,
Pray let me pin one to your heart.

© Joseph G Dawson

It was just a voice that whispered

It was just a kiss that lingered,
A little longer than it should,
It was just a hand that wondered,
And met with no rebuff.

It was just a chance encounter,
So very touch and go,
No one saw it coming,
Save perhaps the mistletoe.

A spark of festive magic,
A sprig of sweet consent,
It was all so unexpected,
Very welcome nonetheless.

It was just a fleeting moment,
Now or never then it's gone,
Their lips already touching,
Too late, the deed is done.

It was just a kiss that lingered,
In a hallway by the stairs,
It was just a voice that whispered,
'How's my dress and how's my hair?'

© Joseph G Dawson

Let me be your Valentine

Even though they have never met face to face
They have become lovers. He feels her next to
Him her skin touching his. Laying down to
Sleep at night he feels her breath on his cheek,
Her body moving close to his. Sounds silly to
Some I suppose, but we love God without ever
Seeing him so perhaps it's the same; love
Develops whatever the medium - be it prayer,
The telephone or the internet - love grows.

Love and affection seem not to be bound by
Walls, borders, rivers, and seas, but are free to
Roam where they will and in that roaming
Distance is no object as from screen to screen,
Fingers to fingers, heart to heart, love freely
Moves around the earth.

This need to be wanted and held by another no
Matter where in the world they are, speaks of a
Language of love that travels without passport.
A mysterious agency that transforms thoughts
Into dreams and dreams into ethereal reality,
Wherein distant lovers may meet and make
Love until the grey light of dawn dissolves
The illusion.

Let me take you in my arms my love, let me
Stay with you tonight, let me run my fingers
Over you, let me kiss you where you might,

Find joy and excitation in a trembling sort of
Way, let me love you with a passion, let me
Hold you, let me stay.

Let me take you to distraction where you mind
Won't let you go, let me take you to fulfilment
Turn you over, love you slow. Let me take you
To excitement make a lonely night divine, let
Me touch you, let me love you, let me be your
Valentine.

© Joseph G Dawson

Pour me a dream

If I gave you a glass would you pour
Me a dream? Decant me a draught
Of true love if you please? Pray do
Not be stingy, tip lavish and long,
Pour freely with passion to the brim
And beyond.

To the brim and beyond where love
Grips the heart, where dreams never
Ending are spun in the dark. Where a
Low whispered 'Yes' borne on trembling
Lips, turn the world upside down in the
Heat of a kiss.

In the heat of a kiss like no other before,
In the swirl of the moment, what was
That you poured? A full bodied nectar,
A draught for one night? Oh, no, you
Sipped true love, and true love's for life.

© Joseph G Dawson

She was mine

She was mine from time to time,
She came and went I don't know why,
She wasn't what you call confined,
But I still I loved her, she was mine.

She took my heart each time she left,
She brought it back a little less,
She took my breath, oh how I pined,
But still I loved her, she was mine.

She took my soul where e'er she went,
She knew my nights were lonely spent,
She told me once she needed time,
But still I loved her, she was mine.

She's coming back again tonight,
She'll be here on a Jet 2 flight,
She says she's sorry every time,
But still I loved her, she was mine.

She wasn't on the Jet 2 flight,
She didn't phone, she didn't write,
She's like the wind, she can't be tied,
But still I loved her, she was mine.

© Joseph G Dawson

There was a young woman who lived in a shoe

There was a young woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many lovers and so much to do,
Her neckline was plunging, her skirt up to here,
Her legs where to die for, her body revered.

She's everyone's darling, the drool of the school,
She teaches piano for which there's a queue,
Her fingers are long, manicured and refined,
Her pupils have trouble with tempo and time.

Her manner distracting, her smile it disarms,
She dresses to kill and she does it in hearts,
She doesn't want broth and she doesn't want bread,
Just someone to spank her and put her to bed.

© Joseph G Dawson

The last time

How often we unknowingly encounter
The last time. The last time we kissed
Twice before sleep. The last time we
Held hands in the car. *The last time*
We shared a cup or a bottle of pop.

The last time, sounds so monumental,
So grand, yet its origins are often so
Tiny, so inconsequential. *The last time!*
Oh, the mystery of it all, what was said,
When was it said, who knows, who can
Tell? That's the wonder of *The last Time*.

The last time. Such a tragedy, such a
Silly way of eroding affection. No one
Can tell when the next *last time* may
Come, nor where in a conversation it
May lurk, silently waiting to transform
Love in one form or another into:

The last time.

© Joseph G Dawson

Take heart, my heart

Be calm my heart, there's still time left,
To a find a heaving comely breast,
A prelude to a kindly soul,
A treasure worth her weight in gold.

Take heart, my heart, the day will dawn,
When eyes will meet and love will call,
'Tis not beyond thy grasp or reach,
In faith lies fortune through belief.

Be still my heart, don't anger time,
Where fools rush in, doors open wide,
A patient heart, with wisdom blessed,
Slow down, let fate decide what's best.

And thus, dear heart, the hour arrived,
When fortune placed you by my side,
A screech of brakes, a packed street car,
You stumbled, smiled, and stole my heart.

© Joseph G Dawson

The high heels in the house next door

Her footsteps paint a picture from the garden
To the shed, from the kitchen to the pantry,
From the bathroom to the bed. She's a sexy
Little firework, light the fuse and then retire,
I can feel the kind of mood she's in, her high
Heels never lie.

She's walking kind of sassy must be on her
Way to work, she runs a little boutique for
A girl who likes to flirt. A girl who likes a
Shapely leg and all that that implies, a girl
Behind a curtain, finger beckons 'come inside'

'Is this fit right or just too tight?' She spins
Round with a swish, 'What about the colour
Does it make my bust look big?' 'Do I need
To wear a bra or could I get away without'
'I value your opinion, does this emphasise
The bounce'?

But that's just half the picture, there's a
Gorgeous guy in tow, her heels are over-
Smitten when she walks she sort of floats.
She's busy in the bathroom, dresses laid
Out by the score, in and out of every one,
Well, a girl has to be sure.

She really wants to please him, give him
All she's got in stock, you don't let guys
Like this escape her walk says 'tie the knot'.
I can hear it as she runs down stairs to
Greet her paramour, her high heels jump

Into his arms, his shoe back kicks the door.

The high heels in the house next door may
Soon have to decide, does she love her boss
Sufficiently to sacrifice this guy? Should she
Tell him how she really feels, or should she
Change her job, or should she love the two
Of them, her high heels think she should.

©Joseph G Dawson

She'll be working tonight

She's nobodies fool, she's got eyes
That can see, she's still got her figure,
And five mouths to feed. Her man ain't
Around he's inside doin' time, so she's
Left to make ends meet by working at
Night.

She's nobodies fool, she's a girl on
The rack, you'd have thought her a
Starlet some 18 years back. Today she's
As wise as she should have been then,
What she does for the money, buys the
Food, pays the rent.

She's nobodies fool, she's a doll with
Long legs, she's been battered and
Bruised, play-worn and depressed.
She takes all the knocks, all the risks
And arrest, all to keep her home safe,
And her children well fed.

She's nobodies fool, she's a proud
Woman too, what she does is a must,
Her kids must go to school. Life has
Never been easy, there's always a
Price, you may see her downtown,
She'll be working tonight.

© Joseph G Dawson

Inspiration

At the heart of poetry is inspiration. A force
That may take many forms and has no limits.
It covers a soldier's pain that no one sees yet
Cuts deep and may not heal. It covers lost
Love, broken hearts and all the anguish of
Sudden tears and lonely nights and uniquely,
It covers birth, a new life coming into the world
Into the arms of a loving mother.

There is however, another poetic subject, a
Subject that takes fear and anxiety into
Account, facing challenging times head-on.

**

The room is lit, yet awful dark, the house
In tearful mood, it seemed the world was
Closing in, where e'er she looked - bad news.
The TV brought no succour, in fact it made
Things worse, bad news was coming hard
And fast from everywhere on earth.

A walk she thought might do her good,
Escape might bring relief, but loneliness
Took over as she walked the empty streets.
It struck her like a hammer blow, what
Isolation means, there was no one she
Could talk to, and no one she could meet.

If you've never met anxiety, you'll never
Know the pain, that others suffer silently,
Their secrets locked away. There are
Many signs to look for, of nervousness

And stress, you can't go round, but you
Could phone, or use the internet.

© Joseph G Dawson

Time

Beware of time she has no gown,
You do not see her move around,
But then one day by chance you find,
You've no time left to waste or wind.

No time in which to act the fool,
No time to wait while things come good,
No time to spend on useless jobs,
As time might say: 'You've had your lot'.

A gentle tick, a gentle tock,
The sound of all the time you've got,
How oft we see a clock face smile,
It's stealing all your precious time.

So don't be fooled, time does not stop,
Make good the moment, squander not,
Do all you can, keep this in mind,
God forgives, but not so time.

© Joseph G Dawson

Fingers of time

Love sacrificed on the alter of time,
Too far to reach now, too far to fly,
Gone now forever, just a memory remains,
Of a love that stood strong in its firm loving ways.

He'd known her forever, she dwelt in his heart,
They were always together, never apart,
'Til the hour came when time intervened in their lives,
And the doctor's said 'No, there's no way she'll survive'.

The shock and the heartbreak, two lovers in woe,
One destined to stay, one soul destined to go,
There is no compromise and nowhere to hide,
When the fingers of time, point to time for goodbye.

© Joseph G Dawson

Lovers-in-waiting

Hard pushed the eyes that can ignore
Black court shoes and fine denier.
Nylons at risk of a run but so what, she's
Worth it. Stockings of the sheerest kind,
Make up for the legs, 10 denier or less,
Too delicious for words and doesn't she
Know it. Cool as you like and just a hint
Of a button hard-pressed against the
Lining of a charcoal pencil skirt.

He saw her as she entered the bar and
She saw him, fortune and fortuity hand
In hand. Chance in the hands of chance
And every chance their paths will cross.
He knows and she knows precisely what
Comes next, a little promenading, a little
Flirting, just to make sure the eyes stay
Glued and all signs and signals are clear.

As midnight approaches fingers that have
Never touched before reach out lingering
Over a glass, their eyes meet, the wine
Tips ... Suddenly feminine caution gives
Way to urgent on-a-plate recklessness
As lovers-in-waiting can wait no longer.
If love has a scent then the air is full of it
His woman, her man, seemingly chosen
At random, yet made for each other before
They met. How might that be do you think
Is it chemistry, fortune or fate? Personally,
I blame the court shoes, but you dear
Reader may suppose otherwise.

© Joseph G Dawson

Restless waves

In the foam that blows across the beach,
From restless waves that will not sleep,
A message carried o'er the sea, 'on
Summer nights look out for me'.

In shells that whisper words of love,
On sparkling sand warm to the touch,
Reflections of a night revived, when I
Was yours and your were mine.

The dunes recall as does the grass, a
Lover's moon quite unsurpassed. The
Light, the night, who could forget,
The tempting press of flesh on flesh.

On nights like this I walk the dunes,
In search of footsteps, signs of you,
When summer comes again next year,
'Come find me, I'll be waiting here'.

© Joseph G Dawson

In a world of my own

In a world of my own where words
Multiply, where sometimes they wonder,
And sometimes they rhyme. Where
Sometimes deep feelings parade
On a page of illusion, confusion,
Compassion, and rage.

In a world where a story is told in a
Rhyme, where teardrops and laughter
Draw breath from a lie. Where dry
Lips glow moist in a passionate fling,
Or where hearts that were lost, find
Each other again.

In a world where the stage and the
Props are all mine, where feelings
Run high in the arms of a sigh. Where
Honesty, heartache, lies and the truth,
May be found altogether here under
One roof.

© Joseph G Dawson

The rhythm of love

Where the river of dreams meets the tide of despair,
By the sea of commotion and lost love affairs.

Where broken hearts drown in the tears of neglect,
And the bells of betrayal toll for those who'll be next.

Where the long lonely nights tick by ever so slow,
Where the pain love inflicted bars sleep from the door.
Where the cheated all go for some rest and respite,
To a place called Deception where hope thrives on lies.

Where a lie is as good as the truth any day,
On the nights when you know love is fading away.
Can't be helped I suppose it's the way that we're made,
She didn't come home guess she must be delayed.

The rhythm of love taps a varied tempo,
Can't say which is which til he doesn't come home.
'Til the house is so quiet you can hear a pin drop,
And doubts multiply with each hour of the clock.

In contrast to this there's a love that I've found,
Assayed and hallmarked with a lion and crown,
The marks are quite small there's no hullabaloo,
Just a 24 carat love that loves you.

© Joseph G Dawson

In the eye of the storm

The birds swoop low, sky ill at ease, melting
Tarmac, hard to breathe, the birds fall quiet,
The air is still, a sign, a portent, if you will.
A sign a storm is not far off, distant thunder
Scares the dog, riles the cat, new milk turns
Sour, beware the lightning, don't go out.

**

The swirl of the wind, and the rush of the rain,
Down thunderbolt alley near flash lightning lane,
Humidity's high, take a dip in the air, the latest
Hair fashion's a frizzy affair. The cauldron is
Bubbling the fire's burning high, there's fireworks
In heaven and fire in your eyes.

There are those who've been waiting for just such
A night, to throw back the covers when lightning
Bolts strike. Hearts throb to the thunder, lips long
For the rain, sweet kisses abound in tempestuous
Rage.

Two figures embrace on electrified walls, to the
Rumble of thunder, a billion volt charge. Intimate
Shadows flick-flash then they're gone, a heart
Stopping light show, a strobing light storm.

The higher the wind the tighter they cling, Legs,
Arms, and muscles, grip blood, bones, and skin,
A lover's crescendo that lasts until dawn, a
Passionate night, in the eye of the storm.

© Joseph G Dawson

It?s not her fault she?s beautiful

Don't scold her, she won't know what for,
Don't drive her hard, she's done no wrong,
Don't look for fault where there is none,
It's not her fault she's beautiful.

Don't down her when she gets dressed up,
Don't criticize her pretty looks,
Don't pick on everything she does,
It's not her fault she's beautiful.

Don't wait to see what she's got on,
Don't even say what's on your tongue,
Don't spoil her day, don't cloud her sun,
It's not her fault she's beautiful.

Don't steal her smile with cheap remarks,
Don't lock her out, don't break her heart,
Don't trash her world, don't waste her love,
It's not her fault she's beautiful.

Don't crush her pride with hurtful schemes,
Don't damn the things she does to please,
Don't sneer when better men would swoon,
It's not her fault she's beautiful.

Don't grind her dreams to dirt road dust,
Don't stint on praise, make her feel good,
Don't fail to compliment her looks,

It's not her fault she's beautiful.

© Joseph G Dawson

Erotic

When he touched her she tingled from
Head to toe, When she touched him he
Pulled her to him causing her to squeal
With excitement ...

Thunder rolled deafeningly across a
Billowing unstable sky, rain struck the
Windows with rich intent, and a high
Wind tore into nearby trees heavy in
Summer leaf, a hot day had given way
To an electrified sleepless night, a
Scintillating canopy of super-charged
Energy, weighty in ozone and lusting
To break loose upon the darkened
Earth below,

In the bathroom, a sliding shower door
Faithfully reflected a tumultuous crash
Of rapidly heated air directly overhead,
An ear-shattering voice from above that
Spoke volumes as to the power of nature
Over man, and on that point, both the
Storm outside and the present occupant
Of the shower were as one.

Wet steps tip-toed over twinkling black
Marble to greet deep luxurious carpet
In a gallery of wealth. A well-to-do
Young woman with the world at her
Feet suddenly caught herself unawares,
Prompted by an incautious spirit of
Devil-may-care, spinning round out of
Sheer joy and exuberance, a dizzying

Carousel that gave flight to her bathrobe
Revealing a glistening blur of a body,
A vivacious work of art, ready for love,
Ready for anything.

Here was a woman who knew her worth,
And knew too how to capitalise on every
Luscious inch of her curvaceous festival
For the eye, the hand, and the heart. She
Drew great enjoyment from nakedness,
A state she exploited to the nth degree in
Dresses that sought to hide nothing, in
Lingerie that one might say barely existed.
A true daughter of Hera, Queen of the Gods,
Her body was all she needed to draw the
Eye, to fix the focus, to raise the
Temperature.

Low-light and the trappings of wealth,
The seeds of seduction, sown with
Sumptuous aplomb in the sure and
Certain knowledge that in the hours
to come everything would be erect
And correct. For now though, dressing
Could wait, time to enjoy the moment,
To pleasure oneself, to do as she likes
In the fanciful corridors of personal
Excess. Manicured fingers, an outline
Of lust, waiting to be savoured, waiting
To be touched.

Buildings, places, décor, all have their
Role to play in the art of sensation, and
Thus, a long sash window presented the
Perfect opportunity for a lady to parade,
To put the world aside and dwell entirely

On herself. A stunning reflection, a spirit
Of seduction, a temptress, an enchantress,
A fountain of life, the light and the dark
Side of love.

Blushing glass and candlelight, steamy
Radiance swaying gracefully from side
To side, tempting the Devil to join hands,
To brush, to touch, to feel. A feminine
Glow of unmistakable fulfilment, hot,
Bubbling, quickly rising to boiling point,
Inside in turmoil, skinside on heat.
Everywhere a secret revealed, nowhere
Beyond bounds. Love indiscreet, tales
Told, deepest desires unspoken. unsaid,
Unheard, but always in the forefront of
The mind, when a guiding hand is all
A girl may need to voice love without
Uttering a word.

She stood for a while, walked to a chair,
Sat down and crossing her legs reached
For a pair of stockings still secure in their
Shiny cellophane wrapper. A moment of
Uncertainty as to which dress to choose
For the night ahead. Fact was it didn't
Matter much which dress she chose, any
Dress in her well-stocked wardrobe would,
She knew perfectly well, fit perfectly, and
Perfectly suit any conceivable occasion.

She liked to play with her wardrobe, in
And out of silk after silk, satin after satin,
Cotton after cotton, halter neck, low-cut,
Defiantly plunging, peek-a-Boo ... and
The final decision? A touch of flagrant

French chic, Cervin fully fashioned
Seamed stockings paired with Christian
Louboutin six-inch heels. 'Perfect', and
Only just in time too, for there, a distant
Chime echoing along the gallery, her
Date for the night had arrived, and you
Know how first impressions count.

© Joseph G Dawson

A birthday wish for Laura

A birthday wish for Laura

There is something profoundly tempting about
Writing imagery and verse for a lady, like a hot
Summer day that gives way to a warm summer
Moon, skin glistening, hardly a stitch, dancing
Impossibly close or, her chaperone looked away
For a moment and in that time their lips met,
Drawn by the bewitching melody of celebration
Wherein, hearts mingle and thoughts trespass,
For the duration of a poem dedicated to a very
Special friend.

A kiss sent by moonlight from a heart far away,
A forget-you-not message to mark your birthday,
You might think I'd forget, but a promise was made,
So I counted the months and I've counted the days.

There is much about moonlight to pleasure the earth,
A soft light, to highlight, a beautiful girl,
A moonlight confession, a starlight embrace,
A first kiss on a journey to Now and Always.

Look to the stars on the night of your birth,
Stand in the light as it hurries to earth,
It will bathe you in fortune, wrap you in love,
Shower you in happiness, health and good luck.

Happy Birthday Laura

© Joseph G Dawson

A tattoo or two

I kissed her on her butterfly,
I kissed her on her rose,
I kissed her on her angel's wings,
I kissed her heart and scroll.

In the urgency for love, sometimes
There is little time to spare, and
Even less time to think. She was
Lonely and so was I, so it made sense
To fall in love ? if only for an hour.

I kissed her on her spider's web,
I kissed her flowering shoots,
I kissed her on her mermaid,
I kissed her Betty Boop.

Tell me, is this way to paradise or
Have I been misled? Oh, no sir,
You have not, for there is a tattoo
Or two you may rely on for guidance.

I kissed her on her tiger's head,
I kissed her golden bell,
I kissed her on her beauty spot,
I kissed her pimperl.

Late afternoon sunshine streamed
Across the bed as we found each
Other for the third time. Her
Rose in one hand, her butterfly in
The other ? seems an hour wasn't
Nearly long enough.

© Joseph G Dawson

'Her eyes said it all'

'Her eyes said it all'

In a heart unfulfilled,
In the bosom of love,
Lies a time and a place,
One can only dream of.

Opportunity knocked,
But it wasn't to be,
Now all that remains,
Is a sweet memory.

A girl with a passion,
To capture a heart,
Keep it locked in a box,
No way in, no way out.

Time has no purchase,
No reason, no rhyme,
The years have no meaning,
The past cannot lie.

A spell of perfection,
Cast a mystical knot,
A memory unfailing,
Still fresh in the heart.

In a place far away,
Rainbows end so to speak,
Dwells true love forever,
In a time out of reach.

A heart ever faithful.

A passion recalled,
An endless reflection,
'Her eyes said it all'.

© Joseph G Dawson

Bizarre

I thought I'd write bizarre today,
And tell of places far away, with castles,
Moats, portcullis gates, from which
No soul has yet escaped.

Turning planets open doors, are they
Real or just some more, sleight of hand,
Tricks of light, it's prestidigitation
Night.

The dark hides things we cannot see,
I wouldn't look if I were thee,
Behind the veil there lurks a joke,
Now you see it, now you don't.

I came upon a curious clock,
A lazy tick, a listless tock,
Its purpose is to make time drag,
Stretch out the little time we have.

The world looks real, but who can prove,
It isn't one long April fool?
In which we get to see the prize,
That can't be won at any price.

© Joseph G Dawson

Weird

I popped into Weird when out walking today,
A strange sort of place that's not too far away,
You'll find it in shadows, look hard it's quite dim,
A beckoning finger will welcome you in.

There's a warp-curtain wall where a threshold
Appears, you may pass through a tea shop before
You reach Weird. But it's there nonetheless your
Journey's worthwhile, you'll be met by a yodelling
Foot-tapping child.

You'll go through reception and into review. where
They may take some upside down pictures of you.
Please don't comb your hair or adjust your aplomb.
There's no need for that the lens cap's still on.

There's so much to see and so much to do, there's
A trip round a plant that makes conjugal glue.
You'll be taken to see all the strange things and
More, like a sunset at three and another at four.

If that's not enough well pray come take a look,
A doll's head in a handbag is driving a bus, and
While we've been chatting there's music on hand,
From the strings of a corset once owned by Chopin.

© Joseph G Dawson

Surrealist

I'm writing today as a surrealist,
About a frog with the feet of a pianist,
A mechanical arm on an upside down farm,
Growing gearboxes, wrenches and peonies.

I might tell of a nude in pyjamas,
Or some roots with a bunch of bananas,
A trumpet in blue on the end of a screw,
Mesmerising a pina colada.

I may write of a face with no eyes,
A mouth with a fanfare of flies,
A cascade of wings and some very weird things,
In a skeleton bone coloured sky.

There's a man in a complex contortion,
A suit with no head just a torso,
A girl with some string, a gas mask in spring,
Did I see a barbell? Well, I thought so.

I could tell of a coil in a cart,
A hammer for breaking a heart,
A crab on a raft near an old phonograph,
A glass axe, two springs and a harp.

That's it, I must beg to retract,
But don't worry one day I'll be back,
I've a brick and some sand on some funny old land,
Where I'm going to paint something abstract.

© Joseph G Dawson

Love gone wrong

No more 'bless you' when you sneeze,
No more kisses when you leave,
No more eyes across a book,
No more secret 'come on' looks.

No more crisp white shirts for work,
No more girly gifts for her,
No more joy in just belonging,
No more cuddles, no more bonding.

No more giggles on the phone,
No one there when you get home,
Only one car on the drive,
Sheets are cold in bed tonight.

No more playing with her hair,
No more special times to share,
No more lovey-dovey ways,
No more pillow fight Sundays.

No more cross words left to say,
The oven's cold it's take-away,
How you wish you'd bit your tongue,
All the signs of love gone wrong.

©Joseph G Dawson

?You are mine forever?

She looked me straight in the eye,
Took my hand in hers and said,
'I am going to love you to within an
Inch of your life'. I couldn't believe
A woman would say that, but she
Wasn't just any woman, she was,
She later told me, 'my woman'.

She looked me straight in the eye,
Took my hand in hers and placed it
On her heart and said, 'do you feel
The love I have for you and if you do
Can you return it in equal Measure'?
I said I could and I would, for I have
Never before known love for a
Woman as I do for you right now.

She looked me straight in the eye,
Took my hand in hers and placed it
On her breast and said, 'you have
Become a man tonight, my man and
You will dwell with me forever even
After death'. Taking a small blade
From a silver purse she drew blood,
First from my palm then from her
Own.

She looked me straight in the eye,
Took my hand in hers and squeezed
And said, 'we are now one, our blood
Has sealed our love and what is done
Cannot be undone'. 'I am yours and

You are mine forever'. Suddenly I
Woke up and wondered if true love
Really was like that, then, turning to
The woman beside me, I knew at
Once, oh yes, it really is.

© Joseph G Dawson

Big brains?

If there is one thing to be
Learnt from the coronavirus
(Along with a million others)
One must surely be that:

You can't give big countries
Credit for big brains.

Happy Sunday Joe

I really believe...

Can a teardrop take me to heaven?
Can a wrong word cost me the earth?
Can a song and a smile lift my soul for a while?
Do'ya know, I really believe they can.

Can a rainbow colour my spectrum?
Can a cry from a child move my heart?
Can a simple 'well done' ever be quite enough?
Do'ya know, I really believe they can.

Can a whirlwind drive my ambition?
Can a kiss give me reason to hope?
Can a warm hearted man, find a warm hearted gal?
Do'ya know, I really believe they can.

© Joseph G Dawson

The tangled tears of hurt

Through the misty eyes of midnight,
Come the tangled tears of hurt,
Wet pillow's edge where tear drops shed,
Turn cold like bitter words.

Where true love would never trespass,
Where warmer hearts desert,
See the cold and lonely nights of woe,
Through the tangled tears of hurt.

In the moon-cold light of 'nothing's right',
A love that has no worth,
No future, prospect, aim or goal save,
The tangled tears of hurt.

Through the torment of the small hours,
Where thinking makes things worse,
As the clock tick tocks you can't switch off,
The tangled tears of hurt.

© Joseph G Dawson

Don?t knock where there?s no light

The townsfolk never linger,
Near that house across the way,
Where you never see a light on,
At whatever time of day.

All the bulbs are missing,
No switches on the wall,
No lampshades, wires or fuse box,
No ceiling rose or cords.

The postman never visits,
The milkman won't go near,
The birds don't nest, nor stop to rest,
The paperboys steer clear.

There's an atmosphere of worry,
That invades the homes nearby,
A recent scream disturbed the street,
But no one dared enquire.

I've heard mention of the occult,
Of a darkness Lord or Prince,
Of wicked witches, ghouls and ghosts,
And shadows indistinct.

An unearthly house of horrors,
That comes to life each year,
Especially in October,
Around the end thereof I hear.

There'll be no other warning,
Enjoy All Hallows night,

Knock only where it's brightly lit,
Don't knock where there's no light.

© Joseph G Dawson
10/10/2020

I stood back ...

Of all the mistakes that I've made,
There is one that I'll take to my grave,
I drank 'til I dropped, never watching the clock,
I stood back and let time slip away.

Of the multiple dreams that went wrong,
There is one I will always dwell on,
My get-up-and-go, was decidedly slow,
I stood back and let time slip away.

Of the great many tears that I've shed,
There is one firmly fixed in my head,
I didn't invest, for retirement and rest,
I stood back and let time slip away.

Of all the stopped clocks that I've owned,
Here's the one that has cost me the most,
I could have been rich, but I squandered my gift,
I stood back and let time slip away.

© Joseph G Dawson

Where a wise child never ventures

Where a ghost would never haunt alone,
Where a witch would never wander,
Where a banshee cried, 'turn back, turn back',
'Much evil dwells up yonder'.

Where worms desert, and snakes escape,
Where zombies carry lanterns,
Where something thrives without a light,
No wick, no match, no candles.

Where ghouls spring from the sodden earth,
Where no one's safe at night,
Where objects hurtle through the air,
Thrown by a poltergeist.

Where a wise child never ventures,
Where dark streets are taboo,
Where you never know what's watching,
And might have its eye on you.

Where shadows tread an aimless path,
Where nightmares kidnap dreams,
Where all the things you thought were myths,
Come alive, come Hallowe'en.

© Joseph G Dawson

15/10/202

A soulful goodbye

Folks out enjoying the rewards of the night,
'Hello mate, you look great, do'ya fancy a pint'?
A wild get together, a street party no less,
No thought for the rules, no thought for their health.

Social distance be hanged, they can't stand any more,
Of lockdown, of shut down, of staying at home ...

... In a hospital bed, not too far from this pen,
Lies a friend in dire straits, who they won't see again,
No mask is sufficient, no visor worthwhile,
Wise words on deaf ears, a soulful goodbye.

© Joseph G Dawson

The Halcyon gene

Inside every one of us there resides the
Spirit of expectation and, if one looks
Deep enough, a memory of a distant time,
And a distant relationship. A relationship
That harbours well in the peaceful waters
Of the mind. A mooring that some will be
Aware of and some will not, some will feel
Warmed by, and some will feel nothing at
All.

In these tranquil waters there is a deep
Seated memory, one that can never be
Erased, nor can it be deleted from the
Inner recesses of the mind. A memory
That is always triggered without prior
Notice. When it comes, it comes in a
Flash, a sudden incredible sensation
That ripples through the whole body, a
Tingling communion with something
Soul deep that may well have its roots
Wedged firmly in the earliest chapters
Of time.

In these strange times, don't be down
Hearted, don't be depressed, look to
The future and instead think on this:

*Stars that go supernova are responsible for
Creating many of the elements of the periodic
Table, including those that make up the human
Body. ... 'It is totally 100% true: nearly all the
Elements in the human body were made in

A star and many have come through several
Supernovas. *Star source Natural History Museum

So, what are you waiting for?

'Let it Shine'

© Joseph G Dawson

A girl in a rush

In slip and high heels,
She ran for the bus,
A girl in a rush,
she was late getting up.

A job application,
A salon in town,
Didn't want to be late,
Punctuality counts.

A dress on a hanger,
No time for the toast,
A two-piece forgotten,
As too was her coat.

Self-confident bounce,
Firm envious lift,
No need of support,
She was ever so fit.

The conductor was speechless,
The driver agog,
The boss so admired her,
She gave her the job.

© Joseph G Dawso

Time and Temper

A time to forgive, a time to forget,
A time to get over harsh words that were said,
Words cast in anger, spat out without thought,
A tongue bitten too late, a knife through the heart.

A pain everlasting, if one lets it persist,
But a wise head might think it a time to forgive,
In the heat of the moment, crude words out of place,
Unmeant, unintended, an unpleasant mistake.

Condemnation is easy, damnation and flak,
Some might find a good reason to make the pain last,
Keep it going forever, endless blame and reproof,
Not a perfect solution, but there are those that it suits.

Time, like a fabric, may be fashioned in length,
Harsh words take but seconds, with years to lament,
Points scored in anger, the brain disengaged,
Where on earth did it come from this uncalled for rage?

We all have our moments when the pressure builds up,
When the burden we carry, gets a little too much,
I don't know how to lengthen an over-short fuse,
But I do know a still tongue has far less to lose.

© Joseph G Dawson

Every woman in the room

Every woman in the room knew the song,
And knew too, what lay beneath the lyrics,
Lyrics so powerful, so meaningful, so
Intimate, and thus so individually personal
As to be capable of turning back the clock;
When suddenly ribbons disappeared into
Purses, heads shook time aside and tresses
Fell, whilst skirts wriggled their way a little
Higher than earlier in the evening.

A song, so like a mirror, reflecting the past,
And welcoming the hearts that dwell therein,
Memories stirred and rekindled, old loves
Remembered, nights too, long nights, long
Loves, long into the next day and beyond. All
Wrapped in the resonant echoes of a song,
Wherein youth persists, and all is possible
And easily recaptured if the will be there.

And the will was there, for every woman in
The room sparkled anew, with a new found
Confidence borne on the wings of love, a
Love of life and a love of being loved in the
Arms of a song, a song that meant so much,
So compelling that it took the evening entirely
By surprise. Je Vais T'aimer, I will love you,
And every woman in the room whispered,
'Oh, yes he did'.

© Joseph G Dawson

Love lingers long into the night

What can she have been thinking? Why had
She bid him go so early? Why had she suddenly
Cut short the evening? Why the excuses? Why
The pretence? Did she seek to hurt him and in
So doing hurt herself? A brief mood, a short-lived
Tantrum perhaps? Whatever the reason, it had
Certainly done the trick, for hurt it did, more than
She bargained for, and perhaps more than she ever
Imagined it would. How he felt, she could only guess.

In the bedroom, love was in the air, and on the air,
The promising, nay fulfilling, signature of ROJA
PARFUMS 'A Goodnight Kiss', what man would
Not succumb to such a fragrance? A full-length
Mirror bore the contemplative reflection of a woman
In a state of some remorse presently occupied in
The act of disrobing, imagining her lover still present,
Still sat in the French salon chair she kept by her
Dressing table. She sought to tease and to please
The mirage of the man she loved, now gone, yet
Still present in her mind's eye, and the slower the
Better she thought, given the very little she had on.

What a fool she had been, what a night to have wasted.
A lover nearby, a lover excited and thrilled by her every
Move, wanting, but not yet able to take; desire and
Consent, hunger and haste, a recipe to be savoured,
What she had in mind was only now coming to light,
Albeit, a little too late.

Oh, if only her were here, here in the flesh, here in
Body and mind, for there as so much to see, so
Much to love, less so very much the mother of

More. Silk of the finest transparency materialized
From an ornate drawer, and standing naked for a
Moment, she slipped into a shadow of a garment
So sheer that when pressed against flesh modesty
Immediately surrendered to the will of the heart
And the hand.

For all its artful ways in matters of seduction, chiffon
Finally and silently fell to earth, of little use now,
Save that of self-adoration, and with the approaching
Dawn, a distant clock gave notice of the hour, the night
Had slipped away and her cobweb of a nightdress its
Ability to keep a lady from her rest. Love had lingered
Long into the night, and all that now remained was a
Wish for better things tomorrow, certain that an injured
Heart be consummately repairable in light of the night
To come, and chiffon, the expeditor of all his dreams.

© Joseph G Dawson

Catch the wind

Where to my love, my darling girl,
If I should have the means?
To take you anywhere you wish,
Beyond your wildest dreams?

Hot stuff at the check-in,
A film star cabin crew.
Your wish is their command my dear,
They'd move the world for you.

What silhouette might first I see,
As you depart the 'plane?
Or might it be a rocket ship,
On a planet far away?

Your wildest dreams are wonder dreams,
No rules to bar the flight,
No runway that cannot be reached,
No wish to land denied.

What vehicle might you best select?
what colour, make and trim?
A sports car or a limousine,
A coupe to catch the wind?

Would you sit behind like royalty,
Or sit up front with me?
Your chauffeur for the journey,
Your guide to make-believe.

© Joseph G Dawson

When love gives up

We pass, step back, leave a certain gap,
We never touch, no call for that,
We never speak, save when we must,
It's what you get when love gives up.

There is no sign that says steer clear,
But something tells me that it's there,
An atmosphere, an ill will gust,
It's what you get when love gives up.

I stand real close, but there's no hug,
She knows I'm there, but doesn't look,
So I walk away, still out of luck,
It's what you get when love gives up.

I've packed my pillow, clock, and threads,
I sleep downstairs on the sofa bed,
My fault, her fault, the same result,
It's what you get when love gives up.

© Joseph G Dawson

Don't ask me to write about butterflies

Don't ask me to write about butterflies,
There ain't enough of 'em round here to
Stick on a pin. Heavy engineering has
No taste for butterflies, too concerned
With steel, aluminium and iron billets. Metal
That can be hung, swung and rolled under
The hand of man to become fearsome
Machines of death and wanton destruction.

Don't ask me to write about flowers, there
Ain't enough of 'em round here to fill a vase.
Heavy engineering has no taste for flowers,
Too concerned with gun turrets, giant trucks,
And tanks. Machines made to roam the
Earth firing a million rounds a minute, and
Woe betide any flower that gets in the way.

Don't ask me to write about the wonders
Of the woods, we did for trees long ago.
Bomb making has no time for birds, bees
And bunny rabbits. Launch pads are what
We need, bigger bullets, bigger bombs
And bigger missiles. Point 'em anywhere
You like, raze your enemy to the ground,
Nuke anyone and everything you don't
Like. Bring the world to its knees, crack
It wide open, and have done with it.

Don't ask me to write about charity, there
Ain't enough of it round here to buy a bible,
And who needs a bible, when you can take
What you want by force. Stealth aircraft are
What we need, spies in the sky, armed to the

Teeth, ready to take out anything that moves.

Don't ask me to write about butterflies, I

Haven't seen one this whole year complete.

© Joseph G Dawson

Intimate eyes

The light is poor but the eyes are not.
Candlelight highlights what the casual eye
Will never see, but these eyes can see deep
Into the soul of the other, each lost in a
Whirlpool of fascination, mesmerically waiting
For that precious moment when the threads
Of love draw tight, and the eyes can stand no
More, forcing the body to react in the only
Way it can by surrendering to love.

High-romance is in the air, bodies fresh from
Play relax, curves heaving in anticipation,
Muscles glistening. The bed is not made
For speed but for love, and thus they lie in
The arms of Eros, each trapped in the eyes
Of the other, and then that unfathomable,
Unstoppable moment occurs, when the eyes
Close, the lips meet, the lips part and ...

The night is cold but the bed is warm, and the
Eyes warmer still. She lifts his face to hers looking
Deep into his eyes in a fiery communion of souls.
They are as God intended. She kisses the riverlets
Of sweat on his brow tracing them down his face
With her warm hand to his mouth, where she wets
A finger on his tongue, and writes 'I love you' on
His cheek.

© Joseph G Dawson

Make-believe

I love a little **make-believe**,
It goes a long, long, way,
10ml in the morning,
10ml to end the day.

I **make-believe** that hunger,
Is something we can beat,
I **make-believe** the poor one day,
Will have enough to eat.

I **make-believe** that magic's real,
That a wand can at one stroke,
Turn bad to good, turn hate to love,
Turn water into Coke.

I **make-believe** the world will soon,
Become be a better place,
That war will end, my foe's my friend,
My enemy, my mate.

I **make believe** that **make-believe**,
May hide a grain of truth,
The heaven isn't just a place,
We **make-believe** in books.

© Joseph G Dawson

She knows

She knows he's been cheating
She washes his shirts,
She can smell a perfume,
She knows it's not hers.

She's looking her best,
But she knows he can't see,
'Cause the woman he married,
Ain't the woman he needs.

She knows when she lingers,
Behind in the car,
What she finds in the glove box,
Are way far too small.

She knows when she wakes up,
He might not be there,
She knows who it is,
But she no longer cares.

She knows she's a fool,
But she's also a mum,
For the kids sake she stays,
Keep the family as one.

© Joseph G Dawson

Heavens above

Can they see us from heaven?
Do they sit back and watch?
Are they into the drama, the
Erotic, or what?
Do they sit in a theatre?
Do refreshments come round?
Or is there a bar, a pub,
Or a lounge?

Does a ten minute bell ring,
Before curtain up?
'Time for another'?
'Oh, thanks very much'.
Do they rush to their seats,
For a twist in the plot?
Not at all, it's teatime,
He's washing the pots.

Do they doze through the tedium,
Of workaday gaffes?
Wake up for the juicy bits,
Wish they were back?
Do they follow a life from
Beginning to end?
This is where I came in, see
You next time my friends.

© Joseph G Dawson

I'm so good at bein' bad

I'm so good at bein' bad, I made an art of love,
I read 'go forth and multiply', and couldn't get enough.
Since then I've done my very best, to go forth quite a lot,
I go forth most nights of the week, Sunday's my night off.

I'm so good at bein' bad, I doubled my amour,
I started out with one or two, but now I'm up to four.
It's perfect on a blowy night, or when it looks like rain,
I'm busy under covers, cuddle up and start again.

I'm so good at bein' bad, I can't believe my luck,
Born to do what I like best, 'come here', 'I need a hug'.
My jackets on a hanger, my shirt is on the floor,
I'm doin' what comes naturally - bein' bad once more.

© Joseph G Dawson

You?re still the one

Seconds from heaven, so near yet so far, a
Hearbeat between us,
A locker too far, should I have been quicker, and
Rushed to your side?
Oh, I guess so, I know so,
No doubt in hindsight.

So now that you know of the torch that I bear, I
Hope that you'll read this, sometime or somewhere,
A wish that I cherish, a dream coming true, would be a
Reply and a fond word from you, but if that's not to be,
Or you think I've moved on, well
No, I'm still here, and you're still the one.

© Joseph G Dawson

Come see her now

Faerie charms, sweet love in silk,
Come see her now, she bathes in milk,
Her love no consolation prize,
What marriage fires shall burn tonight.

Depressed by harsh words, ill intent,
Come see her now, renewed, refreshed,
A phoenix if there ever was,
From beaten down, to right on top.

Past times where hard, yet still she fought,
Come see her now, new life, new start,
From broken wing, to flying high,
A fairy story? No, real life.

The past is past, and gone its woes,
Come see her now, in happy clothes,
Left far behind, the pimps and crooks,
A good man found her, fell in love.

© Joseph G Dawson

What makes an angel cry?

Her hand she rested on her breast,
Her eyes so sad I cried myself. I couldn't
Guess the reason why or what might
Make an angel cry.

Why would an angel cry I thought, what
Would it take to break her heart? What
Would it take to hurt her so? I had to
Say I didn't know.

I sat and pondered for a while and
Then a mighty voice on high, stooped
And shouted 'Art thou blind'? Canst thou
Not see what makes her cry'?

'Might it be a world in turmoil
Or a child gunned down in spite', 'a man
Who shot a woman or a cop who
Killed his wife'?

'A gun that mowed so many down',
'A stadium full of pain', 'flights that
Took off full of life to be never seen
Again'.

'Yet still you wonder why she cries',
'Can't grasp the message in her eyes',
'Can't see the Hell in evil's art',
'Can't feel the pain that breaks her heart'.

© Joseph G Dawson

Hotel Come Reflect

Is this the way to yesterday, the lane to looking back?
The road that leads to happy days avoiding cul-de-sacs?
I hope it is for there I'll stay my bag's already packed,
I have a reservation at the Hotel Come Reflect.

Where days are filled with laughter and nights are warmer too,
In the Café Kiss & Cuddle I met a girl I knew,
She took me back to Darling Street, a place of fond embrace,
To a piano in a parlour where we both sat down and played.

Our fingers chased the melody, the music oh so sweet.
The metronome had stopped by now but my heart kept up the beat.
Our fingers met and tarried, her soft hand covered mine,
Her lips as sweet as cherries, let me dream now for a while.

© Joseph G Dawson

1920s woman

She's a 1920s woman with a 1920s style,
She got shapely detonators, dynamite to blow your mind,
She rages over ragtime, she got syncopated feet,
Her dress so thin, well it feels like skin,
There ain't nothin' underneath.

She's a 1920s woman in her 1920s bath,
Snaps her pretty fingers someone winds her phonograph,
She craves the latest fashion, skirt way above her knees,
Steps out with chaps, top hat and spats,
Comes home by limousine.

She's a 1920s woman with a 1920s smile,
She an independent lady, smokes cigarettes and drives,
She's gaspin' for a cocktail, a little jazz'll go down fine,
She's a pleasure-bomb, got her garters on,
The band strikes up at nine.

© Joseph G Dawson

Where will we go next?

We've used it, abused it, swapped sweet air for soot,
We cut all the trees down and caused it to flood,
We've burnt all the oil, the coal and the wood,
Is it any surprise that the earth's warming up?

We've mined it for copper, for gold and for tin,
We ate all the life in the sea that could swim,
We killed all the wild life for tusks and for horn,
We fracked it for gas and then there was none.

Multinational packaging litters our streets,
Truck loads of rubbish wash up on the beach,
We polluted the oceans, launched junk into space,
Wherever we go we leave mountains of waste.

And now as the seas warm up round the globe,
We still fail to see what we've done to our home,
We've smashed and we've grabbed, we've ruined and wrecked,
When we've done with the earth - where will we go next?

© Joseph G Dawson

See you around

Love that lasts forever sometimes fades
Before your eyes, fades by tiny increments
Before you realise, that what you thought
Rock solid is nothing more than sand, and
What you thought long-lasting, just an ice
Cube in your hand.

Love that lasts forever? Oh, please, don't
Make me laugh, of course there must be
Lots of good relationships that last, but
What of those that fail the grade, and end
Up breaking down. when all that one is left
With is a cold 'See you around'.

Love that lasts forever is a rarity indeed,
We all think we have found it but it's often
Not to be. It doesn't mean it isn't there, far
From it I would say, but it sure takes lots
Of looking for - should you find it - keep it
Safe.

© Joseph G Dawson

I heard love pass away

Pretence is so easy, a soft suicide,
Love's death in denial, hearts beat out of time.
A tuneless crescendo, no notes one could play,
To the beat of my heart, I heard love pass away.

Don't know how it happened or when it began,
It just came into being from neglect more than plan.
Neither admitted and neither took blame,
For the long lonely nights and the troublesome days.

Looking back through the lens of the finest hindsight,
We both saw it coming, could've put up a fight,
But the dying was easy, now the die has been cast,
A part love, a half love, has just breathed its last.

We both tell a story, it suits us to lie,
Of the night I came home late with drink in my eyes,
My shirt was in ribbons, my back deeply scored,
'Twas the last straw that did for, a love that was flawed.

© Joseph G Dawson

I'm gonna love you like a woman tonight

The sun's going down an' the night's so warm,
We got the world to ourselves, I got you on my arm,
I can't think of a thing that could be better than this,
I feel your breath on my lips an' your kiss sez yes,
I'm gonna love you like a woman tonight.

I'm warmin' up the Chevy, she's full of rocket fuel,
Gonna love you like a lover, that sure feels good,
I'm on my way to heaven, I'm running like a hare,
Pick you up at seven in my blue Bel Air,
I'm gonna love you like a lover tonight.

I'm suited and booted got my motor outside,
White & lime leather, shift stick, an' Powerglide,
You're looking really pretty, super-easy on the eye,
Lotta traction, easy-action, pressin' recline,
I'm gonna love you like a woman tonight.

Five foot nothin', needs a lotta lovin',
Gonna love you like a lover tonight,
I need your kissin' I can do the zippin',
Gonna love you like a woman tonight.

© Joseph G Dawson

Heaven's call

Live for the minute, the hour, and the
Day, for who knows when it all might
Be taken away. Who knows what the
Future may hold or deny, unexpected,
Regretted, lamented, deprived.

In the still of the night when the earth
Is at rest, life silently passes from this
World to the next. Yes, it may well be
Maudlin, but nonetheless true, every
Second is precious, every second a
Jewel.

The world isn't perfect, there are tears
To be had, life's force ever fading from
'Iris to black'. The joy of warm sunshine,
A garden in spring, a true celebration
Of love in all things.

Believe in life's blessing, cast anger
Aside, rejoice in the moment, don't
Sacrifice time. Live life like you mean
It, bring joy where you can, offer help
Where help's needed, hold out a warm
Hand.

Be true to yourself, put greed to one
Side, comfort the lonely, bring light
To their eyes. Treat each day as a gift,
Good works to perform, and you'll
Have done all you can when you hear
Heaven's call.

© Joseph G Dawson

The long nights without you

If music drew you back to me,
You'd be by my side right now,
I play our favourite songs all day,
I've worn the needle out.

The record player played its last,
'Til a workshop fixed the bass,
It cost me all the dough I had,
But worth it just in case.

The tone arm slid across the disc,
The motor rumbled on,
The belt had stretched beyond its grip,
The speaker cone had gone.

Once the pride of EMI,
The joy of all our dreams,
We'd kiss and cuddle all night long,
To Bobby Vee and Jerry Lee.

The good news is it's OK now.
I've just played Troy Shondell.
This Time (we're really breaking up).
Guess I'd best play something else.

The bad news is you've not come back,
But our records have their use,
They help me get through lonely days,
And the long nights without you.

© Joseph G Dawson

Back Peddling

Pushing hard on the rickety handles of her second-hand baby buggy 13-year-old Zoë Baker gritted her teeth, bent her head low against an icy wind and wiped away a persistent tear. What she saw through reddened half closed eyes prompted painful memories of a time, not so long ago, when a leaden sky and a flurry of snowflakes would have been the stuff-of-fun for any little girl on the way to school. Now as she counted the cracks beneath her leaky shoes all they conjured up was a heavy heart, cold feet, freezing fingers and the prospect of another depressing lunch break with a Pot Noodle starter, a couple of fags, breast feeding and changing 'hot chicken korma' Huggies. Catching her reflection in a shop window Zoë quickly looked away, there was no fun and no glamour in what she saw, and certainly no 'party-scene' coping with a sprog on her own whilst the father does time in a young offenders institute.

For all the sympathy real or imagined, no one came close to understanding how wretched Zoë felt; nor how desperately she wanted to escape this premature responsibility and get back to things like snowballs by lunchtime and slides in the park before tea. As she trudged on towards school the echoes of a million laughs filled the air swirling and swooping around her in a lavish dance memoir. Faint but familiar voices called to her across a void now so great it was impossible to bridge. Uncle Ted's raucous laughter, aunt Ruby singing her head off in the kitchen and reliable old Gran who always seemed to know what a girl needed most particularly the foldy-curly stuff. One minute it was Christmastime, the next her birthday, presents galore, mad parties and a warm bed to curl up in at night. Her brief life or at least the best parts of it, danced before her along chilly corridors of penetrating wind mocking her with piercing memories of freedom and friendship and of a time when the world was new and the future held so much promise.

If only she'd listened to advice, and just for once followed it to the letter, none of this might have happened but instead, plied with drink and intoxicated by too much knowledge mixed with too little experience, she'd gambled and lost a huge chunk of her life all for a few moments of fumbled personal invasion that when over had left her numbed, cold and confused.

She remembered the night vividly standing alone in the dark rearranging her soiled clothing. What had started out as a search for love, a rebellion against something and nothing, had ended in a vacuum, an empty space across which she could just glimpse the distant silhouette of a moody desultory youth more interested now in biting his nails than helping her back to respectability. This surely wasn't the love she'd read about in magazines and seen on film. An act so short, so imperfect, she could hardly remember it, let alone feel it, and what of her love for Wayne, was it still there ? was it ever there?

When he wasn't banged-up 'Wayne was a lovely lad', at least according to his mother who thought the sun shone out of his backside and was prepared to go a full ten rounds with anyone who disagreed. He saw her coming from his pram and knew what taking the pi** was before he could spell it. Zoë got the same engaging treatment, evenings and weekends spent hanging about the best street corners, smashing bus shelters and peeing on anything Wayne's one-grain brain didn't like. All top stuff, including the promise that 'you can't get caught first time,' which after a smoke and a grope, three months later led to outright panic when he initially denied even knowing Zoë. It has to be said however that Wayne was a doting father-to-be. He doted on joy riding, shoplifting and doin' spliff when Zoë's spends or the proceeds of thieving stretched that far.

Of course according to the local community bobby, all Zoë's problems could have been avoided if only Wayne and his pals had been given a ping-pong table in a super-heated lavishly appointed sports centre paid for by the taxpayer. No chance of anyone accepting the fact that poorly educated

kids can turn into uneducated duffers for whom the very act of thinking 'does your 'ed in' and can only be remedied by copious cans of lager to induce a self-inflicted stupor that gets toss-pots like Wayne through the day and night. No doubt about it though, Wayne and his pals have certainly got the measure of modern society, certain that someone will clean-up the mess they leave behind and confident that ample excuses will be found to avoid confronting a behaviour that so patently has poor schooling and poor parenting at its roots. Couch-potato mums and dads who only wake-up when their precious offspring is found wrapped around a lamppost ejected from a stolen car at three in the morning with his feet trapped under the pedals and his head 50 metres up the road.

When the news of pregnancy first poured out, shock waves registered high on the Richter scale and priorities initially became confused. 'Who's going to tell aunt Flo?' Blurted out mum automatically, 'Stuff aunt bloody Flo,' cried Zoë's dad, 'who's going stop me kicking seven bells out of the young sod and more to the point, who's going to tell the police?' 'Tell the police!' Screamed mum, 'you mean this'll go to court and be in't papers like?' 'Might do,' said dad, 'the girl's well under age.' In time, Zoë's parents calmed down and finally conceded that it was too late to do much more than stand by their daughter and give her what support they could.

Regardless of all the pity and belated advice Zoë was still a little girl with every right to behave like one. She liked to read magazines, experiment with make-up and dream the dreams of a lady-in-waiting. What did she know or care about motherhood? The sight of swelling breasts and belly in the mirror each morning were a decidedly unwelcome spectacle, a body clock she would prefer to stop or better still turn back. Her body was changing but not her age - glamour and glitz were what she wanted - not babies!

At first the change was imperceptible, but gradually day-by-day Zoë began to accept her fate, her smiles grew less radiant and less often, she began to smoke heavily and the odd drink became a habit, by her thirteenth birthday she looked and behaved like an adult who'd been to Hell and back. In this short time Wayne, true to form, had twice deserted her, twice beaten her up and almost given her a second child had he not in a fit of temper thrown her downstairs.

In the lonely hours before the foetus expelled Zoë tried to phone the police for help. She rang a number in a booklet given to her by the council and waited so long the line went dead. She banged on the wall as hard as she could and again, no one answered. In desperation, she rang a classmate's mobile and couldn't be heard above the din of another birthday party, defeated she ended the call. Frightened and cold she struggled limping into the loo and locked the door, sometime later she emerged still the mother of one, wept and went to bed.

When Zoë awoke in a room without a bulb, smelly and sweating on a damp mattress and in some considerable pain, she resolved whatever the cost to make a life for herself and her surviving child. No more filthy beds, stinking blankets, dirty houses and brain dead vandals masquerading as men. No more lies, no more apathy and no more false promises. She might only be a youngster but she knew the time had come to fight back. The first thing to do was to get some air, go to her mums and have a bath, tidy herself up and see the doctor. The next thing high on her agenda would be to give bloody Wayne the boot.

How Zoë wondered had a moment's indiscretion lead to this terrible nightmare? She knew she had some back peddling to do and some serious self respect to regain, but with a bit of luck her mum would be there and so too would her dad, which is no bad start when a girl needs to put her life back together again.

© Joseph G Dawson

For Laura

To wish a friend happy, to wish a friend well,
To wish a friend riches, long-life and good health,
A toast to your prospects, your goals and your aims,
May they all be fulfilled, ne'er the one ever fail.

There is nothing in the world quite like love,
And nothing in the world quite as inspiring as
A beautiful woman. I saw one yesterday in a
Printed cotton frock and for a moment time
Stood still, and in the silence of uncertainty, I
Momentarily knew again the 'hit' that comes
When the eyes meet and the heart stirs.

Love led me to you in verse and in rhyme,
A spell cast, a wand waved, the runes never lie,
Until the last child cries ... a card, but from who?
Received in the post, with no name and no clue,
A mystery admirer, a kiss that he blew ...
(and inside the card)

Happy Birthday to you

© Joseph G Dawson

Daniel's Fire

Daniel's Fire stood out like a puppy at a funeral. A dazzling oasis of festive electrics and liquid shenanigans pulsating amongst the shuttered lifeless offices and shops that ran the length of Hobbs Terrace. A place that by day hummed to the tune of umbrella repairs, stocking repairs, soft furnishings, travel goods, tobacco, typewriters and sundry purveyors of coffee, textiles and tea. Upper floor windows, poor of paint and putty, carried time worn gold and white lettering announcing at number 26 the ageing partnership of Messrs Jacobs, Pearson and Tilly 'Commissioners for Oaths' and further along the block at number 34 could be found chain smoking Issy Goldberg (Rainwear and Casuals) through whose dusty portals lit only by a naked incandescent 40 Watt bulb, came the heady aroma of naphtha and the angry whirl of Singer sewing machines driven on by busy hands guiding countless collars, pockets and belts under tireless needles seen dimly through the hissing steam of the Hoffman press.

Bella, out on the prowl from number 16, sat up on her hind legs and pawed the air as the first few snowflakes danced towards her on the wind, arching her back at the sight of a particularly threatening crystal she went in for the kill, pounced and rolled over only to find her paws damp but empty, a puzzle that was to be surprisingly short lived as with a chorus of contacts and a fanfare of flickering light Daniel's opened for business and a startled Bella thought it best to beat a hasty retreat.

Daniel watched as small flakes became big flakes, lots of them and just enough breeze to fill doorways, climb drainpipes and embroider the dullest of windows turning Hobbs Terrace into a Victorian Christmas card, beckoning to passers-by and bringing a keen air of anticipation to the occupants of taxis and limos that squished through the slush to deposit their fares, and sloshed away again in an endless chain of elegant arrivals.

Daniel's was always comfortably full, never overcrowded, but always a sufficient number of warm bodies to create a healthy buzz. The girls loved it, whether out on a date or just showing off a new dress, Daniel's was the place to do it. So much so that Daniel had amassed a considerable bevy of admirers, drawn by his commanding stature, his Hollywood good looks, soft confident eyes and a ten-a-side moustache. There was another reason too why the girls came flooding in, a reason that defied explanation, yet was real enough in the minds of those who had acquired a taste for truly personal liquid refreshment.

From his position behind a sensuous sweep of cool black marble, Daniel could spot the arrival of hastily applied tutty or carefully administered powder and paint, he saw through a hurried wardrobe and admired the cut and daring of a tigress out on the kill. He felt the pain of a forced smile and the warmth of a bright grin, he knew the stoop of a heavy heart and the feather light step of Eros at work. Yet for all this, Daniel never concentrated on a woman for more than a few seconds, never caught the eye of a girl unless she wanted him to, and never once disclosed a lady's secret, leaving that in the hand that held the glass, that held the drink, that held the heart.

For some girls it was a fanciful coincidence, for others nothing short of witchcraft, drinks to reflect their every mood, not blue because they were sad, nor red because they were mad, but complex works of sorcery from bottles he spun on angels wings hardly disturbing the air as he plucked anger, deceit, remorse and repentance, love, lust, want and forgiveness from seemingly nowhere to become part of a wicked or saintly fusion of fruits, bitters, spices and herbs. A spiritual chorus that at precisely the right moment he poured from a king's chalice into frosted crystal flutes before presenting them to their owners with no less a flourish than that of a Merlin himself. 'Drink this and the woman within will be revealed.' He was often heard to whisper.

How he did it no one knew, but somehow, each girl found something of herself in every sip, perhaps bitter to begin with causing the tongue to retract, then slowly yielding to subtly honeyed as her mood improved, wanting more, there might then come the tang of sharp cordials to refresh the palate, before the heart warming glow of a mystery essence mingled with an overtone of jasmine to finish.

When Angela walked into the Fire it was on a chill wind that made Daniel wish he'd worn more than black slacks and a red silk shirt. He glanced towards the door and instead of picking up the usual vibes he felt numb, her faultless make-up gave light to her eyes but revealed nothing of the woman within, even her dress expertly cut and fitting precisely where it should do, conjured up no more than guesswork, an airline hostess perhaps, or a travel agent? Yes, certainly something to do with travel he decided.

For the first time in his life he couldn't figure a woman out, couldn't feel the usual charge that linked him to the secrets of her personality and from there to her innermost thoughts. This woman was a mystery, a total blank, emanating nothing he could use from his vast array of liquors and cordials to reflect her hidden emotions. The only image, if image it was that he was certain of, was the colour black, deep and all embracing with just a hint of light somewhere off in the middle distance. Believing 'reception would be resumed as soon as possible' he conjured up a classy upscale *Femme en noir* which his mystery visitor graciously accepted strangely catching his eye as she put the glass to her lips.

Throughout the evening Lady A, as Daniel had taken to calling her, was always within sight, gliding between customers yet never actually speaking to anyone. She never once sat down, nor did she powder her nose, or nibble at the bar snacks, she was just there, a floating graceful shape that even by closing time had radiated no more information about herself than when she first came in. A truly heavenly creature with so much to tell if only he could get her to share her secrets. It wasn't that Daniel hadn't tried, he'd worked his instincts to a frazzle but had got no further than a dark sensation and when Lady A accepted a Guinness, he almost cried and under his breath, 'for my pain, she gave me a world of sighs.'

A siren wailing nearby brought the evening to an abrupt end, and as the last customers hurriedly departed Daniel switched off the lights and stood for a moment watching as the bar filled with an eerie glow, snow-light picking out the shiniest objects to give a hint of a spiritual wonderland somewhere between this world and the next. Smiling, he reached for his coat and readied himself to face the rigours of winter, turning once more before leaving perchance the magic might evaporate.

Outside the air was crisp and cold and smelt faintly of onions and freshly ground beef, making him feel hungry and anxious to get home to a hot supper. Putting the key in the lock he suddenly caught sight of Angela's reflection in the glass, she was standing on the other side of the street looking his way. Glancing round, he found the street deserted, no sign of Lady A nor anyone else for that matter. Pulling his collar up and cursing his imagination, he trudged through the snow towards the car park.

He didn't see the bus, but he heard the sirens and too late the screech of brakes, the clatter of metal and the thud of rubber as the bus mounted the curb striking him full in the back, carrying him along for some distance before he disappeared under the front wheels. Darkness descended immediately and just as quickly it became light again, an explosive dazzling light from which he had to shade his eyes. A handsome figure rose from a lifeless body part covered by bus, part by rubble and with keys in hand ... Bella, out on the prowl from number 16 jumped and beat a hasty retreat, it was snowing heavily now and no safe place for a cat. Cars and taxis busily coming and going, squishing through the fresh snow, sliding to a standstill, rear wheels spinning into the kerb in search of grip as they pulled away. Hobbs Terrace was back in business and in full swing, marking the moment when a 1940s bomb site once again shrugged off the night of December 22nd to become an oasis of festive electrics and liquid shenanigans and from the misty shadows of past conflict stepped an angel.

A gloved hand reached down to put the finishing touches to the sheerest perfumed fully-fashioned nylon and long black lashes revealed flashing eyes as fingertip pressure on a snowy door inscribed with a flamboyant D gave way to a sensuous sweep of cool black marble. Heads turned as Angela entered the bar and graciously accepted a drink from a man of commanding stature, Hollywood good looks and a smile she yearned to know better, handsome to excess, but how was she to work on him and how was she to make him notice her?

© Joseph G Dawson

A welcome breeze

A breeze that might persuade the trees,
To break a bough or shed a leaf,
Came o'er the hills and down the lane,
Across the fields of wheat and grain,
It twisted passed the ancient oak,
And up a chimney curling smoke,
Below the blacksmith's furnace glows,
A welcome breeze to blow the coals.

© Joseph G Dawson

Springtime rush

Cold springs combine to flush the hill and meadow far below,
Sharp water cast o'er edges, low sunshine, melting snow,
Brisk winds that blow across the tops, incline the daffodil,
As snowdrops fade, bluebells parade, the fields are yet to fill.
Cascading turmoil, springtime rush, a torrent once a brook,
Nature's bounty, heaven's spill, the beck is in full flood.
Calloused hands, exhausted pores, so little time to sleep,
Fields to plough, livestock to feed, no rest for man and beast.

© Joseph G Dawson

Love me or Lose me...

Smouldering eyes, siren eyes, divine eyes,
Half-smile eyes. They will scorch your heart,
Burn your bridges, sink your boat, melt your
Heart. Recovery is impossible; one look and
Your fate was sealed forever. Never knowing
For sure what happened that night; blinded
Like a rabbit in the road, hypnotised, mystified,
Stopped in your tracks eyes, never to be free
Again eyes.

Wherever you go her eyes will go with you,
Unforgettable eyes, fortune cookie eyes, got
Your name inside eyes. Take her face in your
Hands and look deep into her eyes and you
Will see yourself held there between heaven
And earth or Heaven or Hell let your heart be
The judge; for she will take no prisoners; it's all
Or nothing with eat-you-alive eyes.

Close your eyes to sleep and they will wake you,
Warm eyes, cold as ice eyes, make up your
Mind eyes, come to bed eyes, shoot you dead
Eyes. Can you do this, are you man enough;
Up to the job of loving a real woman for the
Sheer joy of belonging to longing eyes, wanting
Eyes, loving eyes, squeezing eyes, teasing
Eyes, pleasing eyes - and oh yea, love me
Or lose me eyes.

© Joseph G Dawson

I'm your wife

She dipped her pen in soulful ink,
Through tearful eyes she tried to think,
What should she write, is there still time?
Are words enough to change his mind?

She wrote in lines of tearful prose,
A broken heart in party clothes,
A silly kiss, a dance floor dare,
What fibster told such lies unfair?

The story false, spread by mischief,
There was no dark end of the street,
No press against a cold stone wall,
No truth in all these lies at all.

You must believe, you know me well,
False truths and lies I do not tell,
I have not, would not, play that game,
You know that I'm not made that way.

One silly kiss was all it was,
Would you let that destroy our love?
For if you would you're not the man,
I thought you were, I thought I had.

Come home to me right now my love,
We'll face the truth, we'll show them up,
My lips, my arms, my heart, my life,
Are yours forever - I'm your wife.

© Joseph G Dawson

Rainbow's end

When your tears have dried and life moves
On a little, and you're in a better place to
Comprehend, that the knocks in life are surely
Not God given, I'll be waiting for you here at
Rainbow's end.

When the dark clouds roll on by and skies are
Brighter, and you feel the time has come to
Make and mend, don't obstruct the smile that hides
Behind the sorrow, I'll be waiting for you here at
Rainbow's end.

When your broken heart has healed and starts
Believing, keep in mind the words sincerity
And strength, I have always loved you and will
Do forever, I'll be waiting for you here at
Rainbow's end.

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Times Squared

Time: *water under a bridge, once in a blue moon,*
In the long run, wait a minute, no time to spare...

No end of ways to look at time, no end of ways
To spend it, be it to advantage or disadvantage.
Love enriches life, whilst clock-time busily ticks
Our lives away; stealing our youth, defacing our
Dreams. But what of the other kinds of time?
The kind that stands still, the girl who will remain
Beautiful forever, the handsome young man who
Will remain as he always was - in memory at
Least. Wartime has much to answer for.

Time that loves to amble rather than rush. Slow
Time, happy times, still as fresh today as they
Were long ago when work-worn hands secretly
Pressed a little folding money into the palms of
Penniless teenagers, thankful (one hopes) for the
Blessing of doting grandparents. Then there are
Slower times still, brimful, overflowing, passion
Filled summer nights, warm grass, warm bodies,
Acres of stars to marvel at and a time for love.
Heaven above, heaven on earth, a time of dreams,
Of touch and feel, of promise and fulfilment, the joy
Of making love under a canopy of stars in a place
Only two may share. Memories, lodged forever in
The heart; love, locked forever in time. A time to
Keep in mind for the nights and times, when past
Times, priceless times, together times, love times,
Are the only times, that work to warm the chilly
Bones of lonely times.

Time to ponder, time to linger in other times, times
Gone by now, but still consummately recoverable in

The mind that loved intensely but perhaps forgot that
Times and people have a habit of slipping away, and
Before you know it old wrongs cannot be righted nor
Lost-love reclaimed. Sad times that simply cannot be
Expunged, erased or deleted, leaving a heart in the
Cold dispassionate arms of regret.

At such times, songs are composed, poems are
Penned. Time, like the blues, has its own soulful
Notes, sharp notes that whilst painful to recollect are
Strangely appealing. Poetic laments and confessions
Proliferate, readily drawn from an ever-present past
That does not diminish with time, but rather escapes
Time, finding welcome refuge and a sympathetic ear,
Manifest in the consoling words and music of poets
And song writers the world over.

More than one kind of time? Oh yes, I'd say so, hearts
May be broken, loves may be lost, sweethearts apart,
One hand rocking the cot, and therein lies a truth that
Will not be denied, nor will it be silenced: hearts may
Be broken, love may be lost, but all too often, only if
We let it happen. Time, used to advantage, may be
Summed up as being nothing more than: *right place,*
Right time. Most people know of the challenge, but not
All walk away with the prize, a prize up for the winning
In a game of hearts called: strike while the iron is hot.

If you love her, say so, if you want him, tell him, do not
Leave your future in the hands of time; you will regret it
If you do. Time and love are ticking clocks; hesitate and
All may be lost... *Right place, right time? Do not wait,*
Speak up: The Time is Now!

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Virtual love

She asked if she could write to me?
Delighted, I said yes, and so began a
Friendship, that spanned the internet.
No meeting place, no face to face, yet
What we had was real, a few shared
Words of poetry, a reason to believe.

That someone out there came across,
The same cold world as I, not exactly
Empty, more a lack of happy times.
Here we had a space to write, to chat
About our lives, to hear of all the little
Things, 'it rained quite hard last night.'

Exchanging dreams and notions in
A world that never was, passion in
The small hours, a very nearly kind
Of love. White sheets and feather
Pillows, hearts that skip a beat,
Would you, could you, think of me,
Before you fall asleep?

Tender moments locked in time, though
Many miles apart, but skin close every
Word we wrote, sincerity at heart. And
Still the memory lingers, and still the
Words were true, a virtual kind of love,
My love, fond words from me to you.

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The Planchette Psychophone

What thrills must have been had in Victorian times when electric lighting was in its infancy and smelly gas mantles flickered over tables soon to rock and sway of their own accord brought to life by wayward spirits keen to make their presence known.

Life and the afterlife were more closely aligned in those days, when a distant knock might herald the arrival of a spirit guide and hopefully news of a loved one recently passed over. Imagine the atmosphere: a half lit room, genteel ladies unfamiliar with the ever-changing mood of the spirits and there in the middle of the table lies the mysterious 'Scientific Planchette' or 'automatic writer'. What will it do and who will they hear from tonight? A young widow of recent days takes out a black handkerchief - she shouldn't be present - but couldn't stay away.

A visit to a gallery of talking boards tells of the Planchette craze of the 1860s when games companies on both sides of the Atlantic churned out Planchettes and Ouija boards in their thousands. Phantasms were widely used in the printing of eerily colourful boxes. Bony hands hung from the heavens and spindly fingers pointed down from the clouds - yet care was always taken to avoid mention of spiritual communion of any kind.

'Talking boards' - who could believe in such things today? A time when a growing number of drawing rooms feature advanced LED down lighting, complex home cinema bundles and the latest electronic tomfoolery is on hand to amuse the young. The mysterious work of the Planchette Psychophone has largely gone forever and in its place life-size Hollywood horrors pour from illuminated talking walls to dwell forever in our dreams.

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Later life?

Later life, water under the bridge, dreams fulfilled,
Promises for the most part kept, mistakes just a few,
Time to move on, time for ladies to: 'live their lives,'
Becoming girls again; girls who do lunch, socialize,
Swim, take command of their lives, whizz around
Town in their sports coupes, and shop 'til they drop.
Spring re-enters the heart, love and life take on a
New and distinctly more active prospect.

Later life, becomes a love life, the love of life.
Age is but a number, time is but a spell, a measure
Of convenience, keep a secret, kiss or tell? A date,
An invitation to dine, he'll call about nine, where
Might it lead? Where might one want it to lead...?
Whisked away in a big bucks snappy roadster, a
Tesla all electric no less. Time for a girl to take her
Time, bathe at her leisure, consult her wardrobe,
Dress low cut? Not too much, but just enough.

Later life, 'the time of your life,' the first day of the
Rest of your life, who could resist such an opportunity?
Not the girl above, nor the chap about to call and whisk
Her away in his solar chariot. No one, no matter who
They are is exempt, banned, barred or otherwise turned
Away from the joys of life. Later life can be a page turner,
A rebirth, a new chapter of companionship, love and
Laughter. A celebration of life as it should be; going
Places, doing things together, wild things, mad things...
Marking that wonderful, that glorious, that hard worked
For autumn getaway, colloquially known as: '**Later Life.**'

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Time moves on...

Time moves on and man moves on with it.
Yesterday, all was young, and the road ahead
For the most part certain. School leavers eager
To earn and learn, first Job, first pay packet, bit
Of folding money - spend as you like money. Now
Part of a man's world, part of a male society. keen
To 'Get on,' show what you can do, make a name
For yourself, start a business perhaps, open the
First shop in a profitable chain, get into music,
Top the charts, invent something... Whatever you
Do, do it well, for this is probably the money that
Will ultimately, win the wife, buy the house, and
Give your children the best education money
Can buy.

Time moves on, years pass by unnoticed, a few
Grey hairs perhaps. Sickness strikes, pain heals,
A little turmoil here and there, family stuff, bank of
Mum and dad called on again for help. Worries on
The grapevine, first son and wife; something not
Right, talk of divorce... Time moves on, troubles
Pass, life settles down, and in the settling comes
The time to make the most of the precious days
Ahead; now all yours to enjoy.

Time move on, time to woo the wife, put life back
Into life; you're not a robot, don't behave like one,
Life's for living, surprise the family, especially those
Who've been the backbone of everything for years.
Plan a holiday, get some new gear, stop flopping
About in rags, invest in a new wardrobe, you were
An attractive man, he's still there, inside, ready to
Come out any time you're ready - you'll never look

Back - nor will your wife.

Few will have failed to notice that male longevity is increasing and with it opportunity, I can't say what That opportunity might transpire to be, men are all Different and very individual in their ways, 'one man's Meat, is another man's poison' but, in the main, longer Life (if lucky enough) is a gift not to be sniffed at, and Must surely encapsulate at least a modicum of joyful Ambition in light of the road ahead being so clear of Traffic and all one need do is to hit the gas.

Time moves on and happier times lie ahead, life is What you make it, grumble if you will, but few want To hear it, better the man who sees the light and Brings the light with him. The light that lights the Mirror, wherein is reflected a new man, a wiser Man, a man who know were he's going and why. A man who appreciates the value of life, and the Lessons in life earlier life has thrown at him... Profiting every step of the way. This man is on a Mission, a mission to make the most of life for his Wife, his woman, or whoever it is has captured his Heart.

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Loneliness

Loneliness is a child of time, slow growing
And almost invisible to the naked eye, but
Look deeper and its roots may already be
Vigorous and waiting to strike. Loneliness
Has no smell, needs very little watering,
And when it comes to nutrition, it draws
Its energy from the air and from the clock.

Loneliness is a creeper whose habit it is
To cling and what it clings to it hurts. It is
A parasite, but more than that its foliage
Brings a darkness no less dispossessed
Than that of the grave. 'Why me?' A
Sufferer may ask. 'What have I done to
Cause so many people to withdraw from
My company?' But withdraw they have,
And were you to ask them why they too
Would be mightily pressured to furnish a
Sensible answer, save for the little matter
Of ageism perhaps. Loneliness is a hard
Thorn whose seeds are sown at birth and
Buried like acorns waiting to germinate,
And germinate they ultimately will.

Life is good and cheerfully moving along
When suddenly society's door slams shut
In your face. Loneliness has arrived and
With it isolation. You are no longer part of
The party, no longer to be included or
Thought of as a worthy invitee. Loneliness
Has bloomed and in that blooming a new

View of the world. A view from a room in
Which to sit and wait for a knock at the
Door that may never come. Loneliness
One might say; is in flower.

Few people it seems recognise loneliness for
What it is, even family members may miss the
Vital signs. A lack of companionship, assuming
All is well, when far from it, all is not well, and
Overlooking entirely how even a short visit
Might weaken at least one link in a chain as
Vast as any across the ghostly shoulders of
Scrooge's partner Jacob Marley. For that is
how debilitating loneliness is, a burden that
Can so easily be relieved with a little love,
And a little precious regular company.

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Sleepcatcher Way

(Virtual Love 2)

Hearts at a distance, words in between,
Faith in each other, skin close in their
Dreams. A few precious moments, they
Share every day, just to know that he's
There, just to know she's OK. Far less
Than a park bench or a local café, but
Somehow much more in a less sort of
Way.

A room with a window, that stares at
Wall, in need of a friend to share poems
And talk, to listen and hear what the
Other confides, without need of a sermon
On how to live life. A mutual concession,
Like the moon and the tide; faith to share
Feelings one might otherwise hide.

I know it's not much, but words have a
Way, of lifting the spirit and brightening
The day; an internet penfriend, a satellite
Stroll, by the banks of 'come hold me,'
Near 'you're not alone.' Arm in arm along
Wordsway, passed the ol' Five and Rhyme,
Poet's Corner looks busy: reading your
Work tonight.

The thrill of temptation, fond words in the
Night, pillow-rest whispers, a nine mile
High flight, not real, but the pictures that
Words conjure up, are more than enough
To turn humdrum to love. A fantasy lover,
Nocturnal delight, all poetic licence, but

Ever so nice, a perfect conclusion at close
Of the day, in the arms of a dream, down
Sleepcatcher Way.

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Principium et finem

The beginning and the end

Conversation between the Gods was rife that night;
Everything must have a beginning and everything
Must have an end, even the lesser Gods know that,
Yet here they were sweating over the creation of a
New planet with no end of life pathway in sight. All
Gods had an opinion, and all Gods knew best, but
Not all Gods agreed, and thus godly caveats flew
Thick and fast through a heavenly haze of spiritual
Uncertainty. Creating planet Earth no problem at
All, but how to end it, draw it to a close, terminate
Its being, undo the tangle of time, mourn its passing
Without the slightest hint of the hand of God. Truly
A godly brain-teaser and no mistake.

The wrath of God came up for consideration but
Met with little support when it was agreed Gods
Be kept out of it. Hours of wrangling followed
With lots of talk and little result; floods, frogs,
Earthquakes, Sun, wind, fire, storm, dinosaurs,
Plague, locusts, meteorites, colliding planets...
All got the thumbs down, nothing it seemed quite
Rang the chapel bell, until that is, the celebrated
God of misfortune and misery proposed a hybrid,
A composite being in the image of a God, a unique
Male creature with an exaggerated sense of self-
Importance, skilled in the art of political stupidity,
And crucially, caretaker of an absolute contempt
For the well-being of the world, and again crucially,
Lacking the power of a God.

A knock-out idea of which all Gods approved, but
Obviously, a little more flesh on the bones would

Be required before godly consent could be granted.
Further and better particulars followed revealing
The outlines of a garden and the creation of a man,
Later to be joined by a woman. An original idea of
Great merit, perfect for Gods for whom a thousand
Years is one day, and one day a thousand years.
Absolute patience at the helm if you like, all the
Time in the world, coupled with the certainty that
By this unique and most novel agency; Earth's end
Would most certainly come about in what the Gods
Liked to call: *the fullness of time*.

And lo, it came to pass that the Garden of Eden
Project was duly proposed and seconded and with
A few tweaks here and there (a snake and an apple,
Symbolic in the final specification of a little reverse
Gene-editing), mankind came into being. Beautiful
Creatures possessed of much to their advantage, but
Some critically possessed of a certain flaw, known
To the Gods as The Adam Effect. Living, breathing,
Time bombs, flesh and blood incendiaries, sleepers,
Buried deep out of sight, but within earshot of their
Wake-up call, precisely what the Gods were looking
For, the perfect solution, a hidden glitch, a natural
Failing... *All things must have a beginning, and all
Things must have an end*, and thus, pleased with
Their work the Gods rested, safe in the knowledge
That all they now need do is sit back and wait for
The end to come.

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A witches kiss

Alice Elizabeth de Frece met Tudor Marylebone by
Chance in the bar of The Barley Mow, a genuine Olde
Worlde English pub (a former coaching inn on the olde
London road) and wherein it was said Dick Turpin once
Hid in the cellar, and a ducking stool still lay idle in a
Corner, its purpose a harsh reminder of tymes gone by.
Not gone by however, was the habit in certain quarters
For a fine Havana, for witch ornate highly polished
Brass cigar lighters stood proud at four points along
The bar, atop of witch, naked flames beckoned to all
Those in want of ignition.

The Barley Mow, threshold between past and present,
An everyday gateway to historical suffering, past sins
Unforgiven and ghosts that will not rest and still linger
Unexpectedly nearby. A place where modernity and
History meet head-on to inspire and mystify, to shock
And terrify, especially around a certain date in October.
Ordering another pink gin Tudor amused himself with
Thoughts of ghosts said to roam the bar after closing
Time, and what of this strange sensation, this curious
Feeling that something was about to happen that would
Change his life forever. A sensation that magnified with
Time and was still on Tudor's mind when the bar door
Opened and in came destiny, fate, fortune, call it what
You will; she smiled, he smiled, their eyes locked for
All but a few seconds, when from a far distant place
Tudor heard himself offering drinks, ordering drinks,
Followed by introductions, after which Alice asked if
He'd keep an eye on her shopping whilst she powdered
Her nose, instantly back in the present, Tudor willingly
Agreed.

This was in the days when 'planes flew with the flight deck
Door open and bags left unattended at railway stations and
Airports were classed as lost luggage. A sane world then,
And one more at ease with itself. Upon Alice's return, they
Enjoyed drinks together and as the night wore on hunger
Drew them into the restaurant where again, a passion for
Bygone tymes brought Victorian theatre to life with Vesta
Tilley and Burlington Bertie topping the bill. Heads
Together over the menu you'd have thought they'd known
Each other for years. Following a splendid meal and with
Closing time fast approaching Tudor paid the bill, and ever
The gentleman, put Alice's shopping in his car and following
Instructions drove her home.

'Following instructions?' A broad term thought Tudor, as he
Found himself travelling along some funny old roads and into
The strangest forest imaginable. Owls hooted, shadows darted
To and fro, indistinct figures played now you see me, now you
Don't in his headlights, before finally a glow in the distance
Earned him a whispered 'We're here. you'll come in for coffee?'
Offered Alice, 'Oh yes please,' Tudor replied. It was late and
He hoped for dawn's early light to guide him back to civilization.
He'd no idea where they were, or how deep into the forest they'd
Travelled, or for that matter, why a beautiful young woman
Would choose to live so far off the beaten track.

Loaded down with shopping an obliging front door opened
Of its own accord just as Tudor reached it. 'Thank you, he
Said, before quickly corrected himself - we just don't speak
To doors where I come from.' 'That was fortunate, voiced
Alice with a smile, it often does that, something to do with
The foundations.' He removed his Jacket. rolled up his sleeves
And began unpacking the shopping and for some reason felt
Incredibly at home. 'You can feel it, can't you? Beamed Alice
Recharging a biscuit barrel, I can tell.' 'Feel what?' Countered
Tudor, a little embarrassed. 'The love of course, you can feel

The love, I know you can.'

Alice's coffee was the finest Tudor ever tasted, clearly 'made With love' as Alice mentioned more than once. Firelight gave Life to shadows that danced on the walls and ceiling, looking Up they both smiled, Alice's tantalizing silhouette reminding Tudor of just how beautiful this woman sat beside him actually Was, and 'The love' spoken of earlier had grown in strength, Leaving Tudor in no doubt that Alice had been absolutely right, 'He really could feel it' and to some tune.

Yes, and Alice could feel what Tudor was feeling too, and Thus the time had come to let him in on her secret. Raising Her coffee cup high above the table she promptly let go of the Handle, and instead of crashing to earth, the cup hovered in Mid-air precisely where she left it. No going back now, no Chance of a change of mind, she couldn't even if she wanted To, and she didn't, and thus turning to a speechless wide-eyed Tudor. Alice began a lengthy confession.' An astonished Tudor, His eyes still fixed on the hovering coffee cup, thought it best To say nothing and just listen. 'The coffee cup just now, began Alice, taking a sip and returning it to mid-air, and the front door When we arrived, it's not the foundations, never was, there's More to it than that, it's something else, something much more Fundamental; you might call it magic, sorcery, hoodoo, voodoo, Witchcraft, wizardry... there are so many names, but I like to call It by its real name: enchantment, simple as that, and where you Find yourself tonight is in an enchanted wood, in an enchanted Cottage, with an enchanted woman, there, now you know.'

He'd never flown on a broomstick before nor had he ever felt This way about a witch, his car a thousand feet below, his Arms around Alice's warm inviting waist. They flew through Billowing cloud, chased the brightest stars, zoomed over the Moon, over a rainbow and finally, back over the enchanted Wood from whence we came. Pulling her tightly to him,

Tudor whispered 'Shouldn't you be looking for a wizard?'
'Oh I've found my wizard' Alice giggled, 'you will be all the
Wizard I need.'

Alice took Tudor's hand and placed it on her breast, 'Can
You feel the love now?' 'Oh yes He replied, tender warm
flesh, the cradle of life, the fulfilment of dreams, the joy
of being, stronger than ever.' 'Time then, said Alice for a
Little aerial consummation, a little spellbinding Completion.'
Turning round, Alice let her gown fall, threw her bare arms
Around Tudor's neck drawing his open mouth to hers, their
Lips met in a long lingering kiss; Alice's breath entering and
Coursing through Tudor's body; he felt her spirit alive inside
Him, she flowed with the blood in his veins, she found his
Core and from there his heart, where she rested. No rest for
Mr Marylebone though, not with Miss de Frece wildly at large
Throughout his body. she was, he realised enchanting him,
He'd felt 'The love,' as Alice put it, but now there was
Something else, something new...

Alice's spirit rose up through Tudor's body, a body filled
With a tingling turbulent sextricity, if this was a kiss, my
God, what would loving her be like? And what is this
Thing she's done to me? Queried Tudor under his breath.
'It's' called interwitchery and the blessing of souls, 'broke
In Alice, reading his thoughts, and don't tell me you didn't
Like it, 'cause I know you did, and you want more, and
You will get more, for there is power in my kiss.' 'The
Broom is yours now, take us home.' 'Oh, and by the way
My love, a witches kiss is a seal of approval at a very high
Level, and as you have tasted the lips of a witch nothing
Else will do from now on.' 'The path out of the woods,
She added, will always be open to you, but it is unlikely
Now that you will ever find reason to leave.' And with
That there came another witches kiss, a kiss like no other,
From lips like no other, accompanied by a request like

No other; 'hurry now, it's getting light, take me to bed.'

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A song without a tune

It might have been the music of a
Song without a tune, some words
Without a lyric, no voice on earth
Could croon. A perfect heartbreak
Moment, a sad song sung in G, with
Strings inspired by cold north winds,
That blow incessantly.

A heart that paved a highway, saw a
Chance to cut and run, a heart that
Claimed a passion, but couldn't keep
It up. A heart that wrenched itself
Away, to dwell amongst its friends, a
Heart that left a love behind to wonder
And lament.

I feel sure it was the music of a song
Without a tune, a fork that scraped
Across a plate, a shudder round the
Room. A melody macabre, a blues
Note ala carte, a 7th played with gusto,
A love to break the heart.

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