# PAINTING WITH WORDS

Michael Edwards

Presented by

My poetic Side

# Dedication

*I dedicate this selection of  my work to my long suffering wife Jeanne.*

# About the author

MICHAEL EDWARDS

Michael Edwards is an artist whose works range from traditional watercolours to the totally abstract. His works feature in private collection across the world including Canada, America, Australia, France, Belgium, Cyprus, Burma, and Bangladesh. He is also a cartoonist and sculptor of small works which he makes from found wood and drift wood.
In contrast Michael also has an interest in poetry and the following collection showcases his poems which vary from deep thought provoking works to the whimsical. He has appropriately titled this collection: Painting With Words.

# summary

WAS IT LOVE - THE CONCLUSION

A GRAIN OF SAND

BETRAYAL

LIMMERICKS,  2 and 3

A TROUBLED MAN

MY WIFE DOES ALL THE COOKING

AND NO ONE SITS AT TABLES

DOWN INNIT STREET

ERUPTION

IN PRAISE OF AIR

THE SHEPHERD

LIMERICKS 4 5 & 6

IN UMBRIA

PROCLITIC

THE OLD OAK

THE TURNER PRIZE :  A BRIEF SUMMATION

DAYBREAK

A RESTAURANT CRITIQUE

FOREGONE

SHE WILL OVERCOME

NOT YET DEAD

INCOMING TIDE

HER SON

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

IDYLL

ALONE

WHERE EAGLES FLY

CAGE AND CREED

MILE OVEN DYE

CONVERGING PATHS

ESTUARY

INSIDE AN OYSTER

WISTOW CHURCH

THE LAMENT OF A NON-BELIEVER

AND STILL THE CANDLE BURNED

LIMERICK No 9

THE VICTIM

SQUATER'S RIGHTS

SHE DREAMS

LIMERICKS 10, 11, and 12

HE LOOKED NO MORE FOR BRIDGES

THE SAD TALE OF THE UNFORTUNATE EGG

THE ORCHARD BY NIGHT

RELEASE

THE GREAT UNREAD

NIGHT

INSIDE OUTSIDE

HER EPITAPH YET WRITTEN

TWO TRAMPS

RETAIL CYCLE

LIMERICKS 13, 14 & 15.

OUTBURST

WITHIN THE SANCTION OF THE WALLS

PLUNDER

MEMORIES

THE CORN STANDS ERECT

CHANGES

TIME TO GO

TRANSIENCE

PREDICTION

THE RETURN

THREE LITTLE WORDS

THE VIEW FROM BEYOND

LIMERICKS 16, 17 & 18.

THE MAIDEN

A UNION NOW REGRETTED

A COCKNEYS LOT (Chapter One)

TIME

LIMERICKS 19, 20 & 21

DALI

A COUPLE OF LITTLE 'UNS

THE RAIN THAT WASHED THE SKY

LIMERICKS 37, 38 & 39

THE DRESS

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

YACKY ZEBRAS

WINE UNTAINTED

MY FIRST VILLANELLE

BENEATH A PEWTERED SKY

THREE COUPLETS

DO YOU WANT TO GO?

DAWN WAITS

THE BARMY BARD

THE PATH

A SUNDAY SMILE

MY FAVOURITE TIPPLE

DOOR

IMMERSED IN TIME

AUTUMN SUN

IS TODAY TODAY ?

BINDING VOWS

SECLUSION

MY PLACE

THREE SMILES

THE UNKNOWN MAN

LEICESTER STATION

COMICAL COUPLETS

ARRIVAL

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

TO THE RIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN

STOP

ECHOES

ALONE

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

NOSTALGIA

DESPAIR

A BIT MORE MIRTH

A SIMPLE MAN

FADED

LIMERICKS 23, 23, and 24>

THE GATHERING

THE CHAPEL

PLANS FOR TONIGHT

DINING ETIQUETTE

AT THE CONCERT

CASTAWAY

BUFFET FODDER

NATURAL THREAT

LIMERICK 25

PERCEPTIONS MISPLACED

LIMERICK 26

Great Forces

LIMERICK 27

HIS NAME NOT HANDED DOWN

THROUGH THE NIGHT

SCOTLANDS INDEPENDENCE

LIMERICK 28

TEMPEST

LIMERICK 29

THE CLOAK I WEAR

LIMMERICK 29

THE WHITE FROCKED MAID

BLONKIT NIBBLUS

THE DARK OF MIDNIGHT HOUR

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

I LIKE SAID IT

LIMERICK 31

WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED

MEN IN SHORTS

LIMERICK 32

SYNTACTIC AMBIGUITY 1

AS YET UNWRITTEN

LIMERICK 33

FIVE THIRTY PM

MATURITY

TWO IN HAIKU STYLE

SUSPICION

SYNTACTIC AMBIGUITY  5 and 6

LOST IN THE NIGHT

ODDS AND SAUSAGES

FESTIVAL OF ST ANTHONY - LISBON

DESERTED GRAVEYARD

ICE CREAM ROUNDABOUT

IN GRANDEUR

THE ARTIST RESPONDS

LIBERTY

LIMERICK No 35

YOU AND ME

DESIDERATUM

LIMERICK 1

MY LITTLE DOGFISH

THE WIND BLOWS

THROUGH THE NIGHT

THROUGH THE NIGHT (2)

THE COW IN THE WIND

WAKENING

MEMORIES AND DREAMS

Couplet (1)

A FEW SINGLE LINERS

THE DECEPTION OF POLITICS

THROUGH THE NIGHT (3)

A FEW COUPLETS

WORK IN PROGRESS (1)

WORK IN PROGRESS (2)

OPHELIA

A FEW COUPLETS (2)

IN THEIR ANCESTORS LAND

HE NEVER DINED

AGE IS IN THE MIND

THE LIFE AHEAD

HAROLDS LAMENT

ANOTHER DAY

A FEW BITS AND PIECES

AND WAVES WILL ALWAYS ROLL

SUMMER BEDDING IS NOT AN OPTION

LATE JULY

WORDS WRITTEN

THREE SENRYUS

3 ONE LINERS

THE SMILING DIED

DROWNED IN SORROW

SHE SLEPT IN RESTFUL PEACE

LIMERICK No40

A FEW COUPLETS (3)

Dreamers

HER VOICE FELL SOFT

EMERGING

A LANTURNE

LANTURNE 2

CLOSE OF DAY

SUMMER IDYL

ESSENCE POEMS - A SEQUENCE

THE DESTITUTE

LIMERICK No 41

A MERRY LUNCH

BENEATH A WANING MOON

ALONE

JOURNEY'S END

STRIKE OUT COUPLETS

FRESHLY COOKED

THE LETTER

PAST DREAMS

SOME MORE ONE LINERS

SUMMER

Winter

AUTUMN

THE SEASONS

THREE BITS OF MERRY

PYRAMID SELLING

EBB AND FLOW

DAFFODILS

ETERNAL LINKS

LIMERICK No 42

FIVE SEVEN FIVES

SHE CONFIRMS

DREAMS - A FEW ONE LINERS

A THOUSAND WRECKS

LIMERICK No 44

SHE SOUGHT HER LIBERTY

THREE FROM FUSIONS

A COUPLE OF EDONES

THE ABSTRACT ARTIST

WELL FED AM I

HIS PICTURE GONE

LIMERICK 43

SHE MONSTICHS

THE BURGESS SHALE

MORE MONOSTICHS

HE'LL BE A POLITICIAN YET

RING RING

FIRST LOVE

DORCAS

IN DREAMS

FROM FUSIONS 1

FUSIONS 2

FUSIONS 3

REFLECTED EDONE

MULTITASKING

THE TEMPTRESS

FUSIONS 4

ON BEING A POET

THE AUTOCRAT

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM (Version 1)

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM (2)

KIPPERED

A GENTLE LAND

THE HOUSE

THE MARTYRS CROWN

A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

CAST IN FALLOW FIELDS

LIKE CORN IN WIND

THREE 5,7,5's FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

FIVE MORE FIVE SEVEN FIVES

THE ANCIENT LAND

AT LAST IN LOVE

THE DECISION

THE BOOK

THE CLOWN

HER TAINTED HEART

ANOTHER CRUDY

A SHELTERED NOOK

THE MERMAIDS SIGH

YET ANOTHER CRUDY

WITHOUT EXCUSE

THE RING

ARRIVAL OF SPRING

ARTIST

IN PRAISE OF MILK

MEASURED REASON

SHE PLAYED THE FLUTE

THREE ONE-LINERS

ONLY GHOSTS AND ANGELS

SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES

SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES (2).

SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES (3)

MAN'S CONSTRUCT

DEPARTURE

LIMERICKS 8 30 & 34

CHICKS

BE MINE

SUMMER SOLSTICE

A FEW LUNES

THEY WOULD NOT BLEED

THE CONFORMIST

A COUPLE OF COUPLETS TIMES TWO

GUILT

Adversary Rhymes (1, 2 and 3)

ADVERSARY RHYMES (2 3 & 4)

NEW RESOLVE

SIMPLISTIC COMPLEXITY

ANOTHER BUNCH OF ONE LINERS

LIMERICKS 35 & 36

POETRY IS ....

THE BEHOLDERS EYE

ADVERSARY RHYMES 7 8 & 9

POETRY IS.....RECEIVED BY LISTENING EARS

LIMERICK 41

A FEW COUPLETS

LOOKING DOWN

THE CHINESE BRUSH (1)

THE CHINESE BRUSH (Stage 2)

THE CHINESE BRUSH (Completed Work)

CHRISTMAS ODE (1)

CHRISTMAS ODE (2)

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE

THE PAIN OF REJECTION

RUMOURS

SENSES AND RECOLLECTIONS

RACHEL

FROM COMMENTS AND FUSIONS

THE CHAPEL

ADVERSARY RHYMES  10 11 & 12

BLUNDERS

TOO MUCH MUFFIN

SATURDAY

LOVE'S FIRST TASTE

GROWING OLD - A FEW ONE LINERS

IN ECSTASY

SHUT UP

THIS LAND HE CALLS HIS HOME

NESSUN DORMA

COLD CRABS

PUPPETRY

HEY WAITER THERE'S A .....

ANOTHER COUPLET COLLECTION

LOVE'S CYCLE

CAUSATION

LUMBER

THREE LITTLE COUPLETS

LIMERICKS 46, 47, and 48

THE FILM I VIEWED LAST NIGHT

MELT

DIVERGENCE OF PARALLELS

OLD MAN

A COMPILATION OF COUPLETS

ADVERSARY RHYMES 13, 14, & 15

ON NIGHTS LIKE THESE

IF ALL THE WORLD...(1)

SPILLED INK SHADOWS

A QUORUM OF QUINZANES

RESERVED WITHIN

IF ALL THE WORLD...(2)

SHORTIES FROM FUSIONS

WHO I AM

NOW FARP THE SHOTS

NOW SHARP THE FROSTS

LOVE IS >>>

ME AND MY FAMILY

WHERE ONCE IN TIME I HELD DOMAIN

IN DENIAL

KISS ME HARDY

MORE THAN ONE ONE LINER

THE PATH

LOVE IS...etcetera

NOVEMBER

TRUE HISTORY

BENEATH THE WANDERING STARS

RISING PAIN

FOG

A WOMAN OF DIGNITY

CULTURE

WOULD SHE SURVIVE ?

MARCH

WITH TIME

LIMERICKS 49 and 50

BENEDICTION

THREE SHORTIES

SO MANY WARS

EMOTIONS IMPRINTS

BURNING

LIMERICK 51

AN EARLY STROLL

EVOLUTION

WITHIN

THE SEEDS OF LOVE

IT'S WHERE I AM

THREE TERCETS

LOVE RENEWED

SHE WAS ALONE

OUTSIDE THE BOX

SUPRESSIONS HOLD

THEY BLENDED OUT OF SIGHT

A COLLECTION OF COUPLETS (2)

BETWEEN THE ROSES

MARCH WHEN.....

FLAKES FALL

GENEALOGY

Alone

IN TONES OF GRATITUDE

THE OWNERS ARE REALLY TO BLAME

WHITE HAIR AND WALKING STICKS

MOUNTAIN RANGES

Mrs BROWN

A BEVY OF BREVETTES

A JOKE IS NOT A JOKE

FROM PASSION TO ENCHANTMENT

EPIGRAM No1

EPIGRAM No 2

EPIGRAM No 3

WITH RESOLUTION

WATER DROPLETS

AN ESSENCE

LIMERICK No 52

ANOTHER ESSENCE

ALL MY OWN

UNWINESQUE

AN ARTISTS EYE

TWO MORE EDELECTS

A COUPLE OF QUINZAINES

AS ONE

SUNDAY

EARLY MORNING

THE EMPTY BEACH

TODAY IS A DAY FOR.....!

IN A COMMON THEME

SHE SHOPPED AT LIDL

YESTEROW IS TOMODAY

TRANSIENT DREAMS

LIMERICK No54

ONCE HONED

WORDS

RESTITUTION

LANTURNES BY THREE

SHE DANCED

TRANSIENT DREAMS

SILHOUETTED

A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

A LIFELESS LAND

SIX LANTURNES  (In Collaboration with Laura )

AS AN ARTIST SEES

A NAANI

A COUPLE MORE COUPLETS

SHE SWAM IN A LUMINOUS SKY

PREJUDICES

MERLOT

BUTTERFLY

THIS LAND

A COUPLE OF 575s

THE LADY DRESSED IN BLACK

A PAIR OF SOCK COUPLETS

OBSERVATIONS MADE DURING THE CUTTING OF TOE NAILS

THE SILENCE BROKEN

IN MOSS AND SWAMP

Where Have All The Poets Gone?

TWO TWO LINERS>

IVY

UGLY USE OF THE LANGUAGE

WHAT AM I ?

AUTUMN

WINTER

A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

COCKNEY RHYMING SLANG IS SPOKE

PERCEPTION

A DREAM

THE BOATYARD

TWILIGHT

LIMERICK 57

THE DEBTOR

BENEATH

LOVE HEALS

SOME SHORTIES (575)

SOME ONE LINERS

THREE PICTURES PAINTED

A LITTER OF LANTURNES

A BROODING PLACE

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (1)

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (2)

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (3)

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (4)

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (5)

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (6)

MEMORIES OF WHAT WILL BE

THE STARLINGS

BE TOUGH

CHANGES

OR SO WE BOTH VOWED

SELF DOUBT

SWEATY FEET

CONTAGION

HIGH SUMMER

NIGHTSHADE WINE

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (7)

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (8)

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (9)

NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (10)

NOAH'S LAMENT

A COUPLET (1)

A COUPLET (2)

A COUPLET (3)

A COUPLET (4)

SARTORIAL INELEGANCIES (1)

SARTORINaL INELEGANCIES (2)

A POET

AUGUST

I WRITE

PURE COMMERCE

SARTORIAL INELEGANCIES (3)

SPIRITS NOW ENTWINED

THE FLY

THOUGHTS OF DEATH (1)

THOUGHTS OF DEATH (2)

THEIR SANCTUARY

TO SLEEP

HE THOUGHT

POETICAL OUTTAKES

EXPOSED

EVERY NOW AND THEN

BREXIT - THE VIEW LESS EXPRESSED

HIGH FIVES

THE EARLY BIRD (1 & 2)

EARLY BIRD 3 & 4

CORRECTNESS

CLEAR CONSCIENCE

EARLY BIRD 5 & 6

I'M A LONER

WRITINGS

PLASTIC WASTE

TORMENT

THIS WORLD, THIS LIBERAL PANTHEON

LIMERICK No 53

ME, A SNOB?

DIGITAL ART

THE BIRD POEM

FINE WINE

THE MONTHS

PRAGMATIC REALISM

THEY DANCE

THE VIEWS OF NOBLER MEN

SOME (MORE) 575s

SHE SAW THE LIGHT

A FULL HEAD OF HAIR

IRONY

REINCARNATION

SHE EATS LIKE A BIRD

POETIC CONSTRUCTION

OCEANS TEARS

HE'LL NOT VISIT EITHER AGAIN

OUCH

A CINQUAIN COLLECTION

LIMERICK No 56

THE SAME MISTAKE

HE SPURNS APPROACH

TO JEANNE

EDELECTS BY THREE

LAMPOONING

SHORELINE

SUNDAY MORNING AT LOUGHTON POOL

ABSTRACT ART

FOUR SHORTIES

WORDS UNSAID

SOME QUATRAINS

ROMANTIC SHORTIES

LET'S

NATURAL WORLD

MY EWER

INTO AUTUMN

NO MORE

A RAMBLE IN THE BRAMBLE

CRAZY COUPLETS (1)

A RECOLLECTION

CRAZY COUPLETS (2)

FOR SHE WOULD BE NO ODALISQUE

BIG FEET

INACTIVE, EXERCISE.

FLY TIPPING

TIME

NOW THEN

THE FUNERAL

ECLIPSE

CROSS YOUR HEART

THE HEAD UPON THE NAIL

OPPORTUNITIES

NO MORE

ANOTHER BATCH OF  575s

ANOTHER BATCH OF  575s (2)

BUT I CAN WRITE

SEVERED THREADS

A FEW BITS AND PIECES

AN EDILLETTE

RIOJA

AND SO TO BED

FORGOTTEN

Seasonals

KNOCK KNOCK

THE DEWS OF DAWN

TICKLING STICK

DESERVING OF FINE EPITHETS

THE RISING SUN

DOUBLE TROUBLE

THE STATISTICIAN

ONE DAY EACH WEEK

OUT OF BOUNCE

IT ONLY TAKES ONE

A MELLOW PLACE

KAZIMIR MALEVICH  WHITE ON WHITE

EMOTION

AMASSED TO PLAN

NATURE'S LEGACY

BOBBLES ON SWEATERS

ESCAPE by HUGO

WHO'S SPEAKING?

CUTLETS errr COUPLETS

POST OP COMPLICATIONS

THE PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE

CUTLETS errr COUPLETS (2)

OILS DIFFUSED

ORCHESTRATEY

SHORTIE ONE

SHORTIE TWO

BREXIT - A WILFUL BETRAYAL?

SHORTIE FOUR

A DISARRAY OF COUPLETS

A STRANGER

MY SPIRIT

VICE VERSA

DOGS AND CATS

STONES

IN FRAMES OF ANTIQUE GOLD

ONIONS AND BEANS

HAIKU OR SENRYU _ WHO CARES?

INCERTITUDE

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

SOOT FREE SANTA

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL AT MPS

IN DREAMS

PARADOX

WHERE AM I ?

LOVE'S FIRST BITE

AUTUMN BREEZE

TODAY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

WINTER CLOSES (1)

WINTER CLOSES (2)

NO MORE A DREAMER

SIMPLE CHORDS

SCRATCH IT ?

FARMYARD DARTS

LIMERICK 61

TWO SHORTIES

LUSTS EMBRACE

A WHISKY MAC

TWO 575s

747

WINTER APPROACHES

A COUPLE MORE

ARTISTIC LICENCE

FESTAL LIGHT

A

ARTY COUPLETS

BOOKS IN RETIREMENT

DISCOURSE IN URINATORY EXTRACTION

FROM WHERE DO THE BREEZES BLOW?

Be

I CREATE

NO GOLD TO GLISTEN

DREAMS LOST

575 SMILES (1)

575 Smiles (2)

575 SMILES (3)

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

575s - SERIOUS (1)

575s SERIOUS (2)

THE ORCHARD

MARY HAD  (1)

MARY HAD (2)

ANDY HAD...

MARY HAD...(3)

PAINS OF YESTERDAY

YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW.

SUGGESTIVELY STRUCK

SECRET SANCTUARY

MONOSTICHS BY THE SEVERAL

I AM, I WILL BE

HIS INFLUENCES

MORE 575 SMILES

MORE 575 SMILES (2)

MORE 575 SMILES (3)

SOME 575 SMILES (4)

LAST NIGHT

THE LADY AND HER DOG

MY OWN EMISSARY

A MIRTH OF INSIGHTFUL MONOSTICHS

DELPHIAN DAYS

SOME EDITITS

OBSCURE SENRYUS

A COUPLE MORE

MOPPING UP

YOU DO NOT SEE

RICIN'S NICE

TOFFEE AND COFFEE

HER VEINS

MARCH 1st 2019

LIMERICK 58

LIMERICK 59

LIMERICK No.60

DEFINITIONS (1)

ATHENA'S FLUTE

LUSCIOUS LUCY

DEFINITIONS (2)

PRE-PORK  (a 575)

DEFINITIONS (3)

CAGE AND CREED

MARY MARY .....

LAST STREET STANDING

DEFINITIONS (4)

BODY DESIGN

BY CLOUDS REVEALED

SWIM WITH ME

GRINLOADS OF 575s (1)

GRINLOADS OF 575s (2)

BENEATH

LAVENDER'S BLUE

LAVENDER'S BLUE (No 3)

LIMERICK 57

DEFINITIONS (5)

LITTLE BOY BLUE (1)

LITTLE BOY BLUE (2)

NIGHTS OF SOLITUDE

ONCE

SADNESS

SHE CRIED IN VAIN

NO MORE HER OWN PHILOSOPHER

MARY HAD .....A RAM

THE EGOTIST

WOMAN IN BLACK

LIVING IN A DREAM

BOOK OF DESTINY

THE LUMBERING KINE

STILL LAMENTING

BELLS

PARDON ?

ONCE I HAD A LOVER

DAY MONTH YEAR

FROM COMMENTS (1)

FROM COMMENTS (2)

THE WELL OF TIME

FROM COMMENTS (3)

SMUTTY YES BUT VULGAR NO

IN TRANSCENDENCE

OBSCURE SENRYUS (1)

OBSCURE SENRYUS (2)

OBSCURE SENRYUS (3)

OBSCURE SENRYUS (4)

OBSCURE SENRYUS (5)

OBSCURE SENRYUS (5)

OBSCURE SENRYUS (6)

TEA?

BY CRAFTSMEN LONG SINCE DEAD

IN LIFE SPARE US

SHE WAITS

WORDS

A GLASS HALF EMPTY OR A GLASS HALF FULL.

GNOME ENID

TOO MANY.....

From 'A COLLECTION' (3)

From 'A COLLECTION' (4)

LIMPET LUCY

IN TRANSCENDENCE

THE MISSING 'E'

SHORE LINE

A COLLECTION (8)

From 'A COLLECTION' (9)

From 'A COLLECTION'  (10)

From 'A COLLECTION' (10)

From 'A COLLECTION' (11)

From 'A COLLECTION' (12)

From 'A COLLECTION' (13)

MY STAFF

EARTH

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY (2)

MY VILLAGE

TIME ALONE

THE MINIMALIST MANTRA

From 'A COLLECTION' (14)

WORKS OF ART

From 'A COLLECTION' (15 and 16)

WHEN I WERE YOUNG

FROM COMMENTS (4)

HEART STRINGS

A SHED-FULL OF 575s (1)

THE GREATER GOOD

DYING EMBERS

BELLS RING OUT

THE VILLAGE HALL PACKAGE DEAL

THINK

FIRST SIGHTING

A SHEDFUL OF 575s (2)

A SHEDFUL OF 575s (3)

A SHEDFUL OF 575s (4)

A SHEDFUL OF 575s (5)

A SHEDFUL OF 575s (6)

SATURDAY

A PLEB'S WHAT I AM

ART

THE ARTIST (2)

FIT AS A FIDDLE

ANOTHER SHORTIE

UNSAID

HUMAN DESIGN

DROLL COUPLETS (1)

DROLL COUPLETS (2)

DROLL COUPLETS (3)

THE DREAM - THE REALITY

FULL CIRCLE

DROLL COUPLETS (4)

DROLL COUPLETS (5)

DROLL COUPLETS (6)

A NEW KNEE

TKR

DROLL COUPLETS (7)

DROLL COUPLETS (8)

UNDEMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY

PARLIAMENT'S WORD

DROLL COUPLETS (10)

DROLL COUPLETS (11)

DROLL COUPLETS (12)

DROLL COUPLETS (13)

DROLL COUPLETS (14)

AS NIGHT DISPLACES

IT'S WHAT AN ARTIST DOES

RECEIVED FROM MARKS AND SPENCER

THE BOUQUET

AS AUTUMN TURNS

WORDLESS

REINCARNATION

CYPRUS

PEGGITY PEG

LATEST BATCH OF SHORTIES No2

OUR LEADERS IN CLERIHEWS

THE END YEARS

DEFINITIONS

WHY?

UNDER THE WEATHER?

A KNOBBLY BONE

HE EARNS HIS FEE

BEYOND THE RIVER

WHICH SHOWER GEL?

THE AMERICAN 'R'

THE LAST THING (575)

Two 575s

ALL GOOD THINGS

WINTER FOLLOWS

KEEP WALKING

RANDOM THUNKS (3)

RANDOM THUNKS (4)

RANDOM THUNKS (5)

RANDOM THUNKS (6)

RANDOM THUNKS (7)

SHE AGREES

THE FINAL MEAL

COUPLETS (1)

COUPLETS (2)

PC  OTT

COUPLETS (3)

COUPLETS (4)

COUPLETS (5)

UNDIES (1)

UNDIES (2)

UNDIES (3)

THE LONELY ROAD

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM

I TOOK HER OUT

CHRISTMAS DECS

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (1)

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (2)

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (3)

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (4)

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (5)

A RESOLUTION

HELD BY ALL

POETRY

575s - ANOTHER BATCH (1)

THREE 575s

TOLD ONCE

THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (1)

THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (3&4)

THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (5)

THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (6)

THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (7)

HE

WHERE NO ROSES GROW

EMPTY BOTTLE

STAGES OF LIFE

TRAIN JOURNEY:  1st February 2020

NO LAUGHTER LINGERS IN THE WIND

THE OXFORD COMMA

POETRY

HAIKU SPRING (1)

HAIKU SPRING (2)

HAIKU SPRING (3)

HAS ANYONE EVER SAID ?BOO? TO A GOOSE?

SEEING THE LIGHT

WINTER NIGHTS (1)

FROM MY LATEST SET OF COUPLETS (1)

FROM MY LATEST SET OF COUPLETS (2)

I SAW A WORM

ELEPHANTS ON THE RUN

JUST A SNORE

LONG LEGGED CELERY

WINTER NIGHTS (2)

PLENTY FOR ALL

LIMERICK No 64

LIMERICK No 65

LIMERICK No 66

EATING CURRY

A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

NEEDLES

3 MORE COUPLETS

THE ARTISTS  DILEMMA

HIDDEN BENEFITS

DABBLINGS IN DAFTNESS (1)

DABBLINGS IN DAFTNESS (2)

DABBLINGS IN DAFTNESS (3)

THE GLASS

I FOUND A QUIZ

I'VE NEVER SEEN

THIS SENTENCE - A SELECTION OF MONOSUCHS

STIFF ZIP

IN LOCKDOWN

NIGHT

NEVER HAVE I

EMBERS TURN TO ASH

COFFEE

THE LOCAL

THE BABY SHOW

CONSIGN TO OBLIVION

TOO TIGHT

THE WORM

R McG

DOUBT THREW

COMICAL COUPLETS (1)

COMICAL COUPLETS (2)

Comical Couplets (3)

Comical Couplets (4)

Comical Couplets (6)

Comical Couplets (7)

THE STRANGER

LISTEN TO WORDS 1

LISTEN TO WORDS 2

IN DAYS TO COME

MORE MONOSUCHS 1

MORE MONOSUCHS 2

MORE MONOSUCHS 3

MORE MONOSUCHS 4

MORE MONOSUCHS 5

SO FAR SO GOOD

THE FOLK WHO EAT NUTS

EQUALITY

DESERTED NOW

Another 575

IT'S

ON SUMMER NIGHTS LIKE THESE

YET SLEEP ALONE

ANTI SOCIAL HAIR BEHAVIOUR

WHERE NO MEN TREAD

AGEING COUPLETS (1)

AGEING COUPLETS (2)

AGEING COUPLETS (3)

AGEING COUPLETS (4 & 5)

CONFUCIUS SAYS:

A MAN OF STUBBORN STEEL

AGEING COUPLETS (6)

ON READING A LETTER

NUTS

NEVER CHOOSE

WHEN BREEZES BLOW

HE'S NOT DUMB

LOVE IS MANIFEST

HALF EMPTY

DRAFT FILE CLEAR OUT (1)

DRAFT FILE CLEAR OUT (3)

NO LONGER HEARD

LIMERICK 67

DRAFT FILE CLEAR OUT (4)

DRAFT FILE CLEAR OUT (2)

NO LITTER

NO CAT FOR ME

IDIOMS REMODELED (1 - 4)

IDIOMS REMODELED (5-8)

IDIOMS REMODELED (9-12)

IDIOMS FOR IDIOTS (1-4)

IDIOMS FOR IDIOTS (5-8)

IDIOMS FOR IDIOTS (9-12)

LIMERICK 68

HORSES AND CARTS

EFFORTLESS WHIMSY (1)

EFFORTLESS WHIMSY (2)

EFFORTLESS WHIMSY (3)

WOVEN IDIOMS

TWO FOR ONE THOUSAND

IN DREAMS

ONION

OWN GOAL

LEADERS IN CLERIHEWS

GWYNEDD

SO IT'S SUNDAY

A WINTER NIGHT

SAVE A SYLLABLE

WHAT A MUPPET

STRUCK

THE TIDE

ALPACA SOCKS

...AND...

LIMERICK No 69

A NEW DOOR

NIGELLA

UNSAME 1 - 3

I KID YOU NOT AT ALL

ARBOUR RHYMES WITH BARBER

UNSAME (2)

UNRELATED (1, 2, 3)

ASSURANCE NURTURES JOY

SHORTLIES (1)

SHORTLIES (2)

POEM FOR A WINTER'S NIGHT

A PATRIOT I (or A DOUBLE WHAMMY)

SHORTLIES (4)

PRECOGNITION

UNSAMES (2)  1-3

UNSAMES (2)  4&5

MISS SYLLA BERLES

HARD CHEESE

GENDER NEUTRAL

I DREW

RECALLING

DAFTS I CALLS IT - COLLECTION 1 (1)

DAFTS I CALLS IT - COLLECTION 1 (2)

PASSION OVERHEATED

DAFTS I CALLS IT - COLLECTION 1 (3)

DAFTS I CALLS IT - COLLECTION 1 (4)

THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 1 - 3

THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 4 - 6

THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 7

THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 8

THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 9

A PAIR OF ANTIQUES

A SERRY VERRY WISTMAS

PAINTING SNOW

TWO SHORTIES

LIMERICKS 70 and 71

I GOT UP

IN THE FORMAT (1)

IN THE FORMAT (2)

IN THE FORMAT (3)

REMEMBERED

LIMERICK 73 ( Plus 3 Variants )

PUT THE FIRE OUT

RAIN

DAYS END

I WOKED

AIM HIGH

A TRUMPERICK

LAST SUPPER

TIME TO HIT

AN ARTISAN

LE MANOIR AUX QUAT?SAISONS

SPRING

HIDDEN DEEP

PAST DREAMS

FOOTBALL PUNDITS

TAKING THE RISE

RAISE THE PINKY

INEQUALITY BY TWO

IN SCOTLAND - IN LONDON

HOW ANNOYING IS THAT?

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON COMPLEX ISSUES

DIBBLES AND DABBLES

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (2)

THE LIFE ARTIST

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (3)

SINS OF THE PAST

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (4)

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (5)

A UNION NOW REGRETTED

Harold's Lament

CONSTRUCT

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (6)

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (7)

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (7)

AND PUPPETS DANCE

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (8)

DIBBLES AND DABBLES (8)

AMERICAN GUN CULTURE

A COUPLET COLLECTION (1 - 3)

A COUPLET COLLECTION (4 - 6)

A COUPLET COLLECTION (7 - 9)

THE GUY WHO ISN?T THERE - A COLLABORATION

A COUPLET COLLECTION (10-12)

A COUPLET COLLECTION (13-15)

CEREBRATE

A COUPLET COLLECTION (16-18)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

I?VE GOT A DOG

A COUPLET COLLECTION (19-21)

A COUPLET COLLECTION (22 & 23)

A COUPLET COLLECTION (24 & 25)

CLAUS THE BUILDERS - COMPLAINT

LIMERICK 77

LIMERICK 76

DINNER OR LUNCH?

LIMERICK 78

LIMERICK 75

SHORT MEASURES (1)

SHORT MEASURES (2 & 3)

SHORT MEASURES (4)

SHORT MEASURES (5)

LAST SEEN

SHE STANDS ALONE

A PAIR OF PEARS (A HAIRY PAIR)

LIMERICK 79

LIMERICK 80

LIMERICK 81

LIMERICK 83

LIMERICK 84

LIMERICK 85

LIMERICK 86

LIMERICK 87

LIMERICK 88

FIVE SEVEN FIVES (ONE)

LIMERICK 90

SHE WALKS ALONE

LIMERICK 89

LET NOT OUR SKIN DIVIDE

LIMERICKS 94 95 & 96

SNIPPETS (1 & 2)

SNIPPETS (3& 4)

LIMERICK 91

LIMERICKS 97, 98 and 99

I MISS YOU

Five Seven Fives (Two)

A VISIT CANCELLED

A FINE TO-DO

SPECSAVERS CHALLENGE

ONCE

VIEWS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF FENCE

LIMERICKS 100 101 & 102

HEAR THE SOUND

ROSES ARE RED

575s (2)

LIMERICKS 103 104 & 105

GARTREE PRISON

LIMERICKS 106, 107 and 108

575s (3, 4, and 5)

IT?S HARD DOING NOTHING AT ALL

LIMERICKS 109, 110 and 111

LIMERICKS  111, 112 and 113

WE?RE GOING SHOPPING

FIRES UNLIT

ODDITIES (1)

ODDITIES (2)

NOR MOURNING TO MAKE

ODDITIES (3 4 & 5)

ODDITIES (6)

FEELINGS BEFORE FACTS

ODDITIES (7&8)

A DARKSOME PLACE

LIMERICKS 115, 116 and 117

LIMERICK 118

LIMERICK 119

LIMERICK 120

IF YOU CAN?T TELL

HER LAST RESTING PLACE

WHAT IS IT?

FIVE SEVEN FIVES (2) - 1

FIVE SEVEN FIVES (2) - 2

SO AM I WRONG?

LIMERICK 121

AN UPDATE

ECO WARRIOR

SHORELINE

NOWHERE TO GO

ODDS AND SAUSAGES (1 & 2)

THE ROOF OF THE MOUTH

FOOTBALL PUNDITS

WITHIN

ODDS AND SAUSAGES (3 )

LIMERICKS 121, 122 & 123

WHERE THE BALLS OF HELL HANG LOW

HAIKUS ARE EASY

SOUND ADVICE

SPILT FOOD

ARCHERY CLASSES

FIVE 575s

MORE SHORTIES (1-3)

MORE SHORTIES (4-7)

FOUR 575s

THYME FOR SOME SHORTIES

ROUND, SQUARE, TRIANGLES

MORE OF THE DISSIMILAR

Nuggets - Brainwashed

NUGGETS: THE NAME'S JAMES BOND

WINTER SOLSTICE

FROM BOW TIE TO AGLETS

A COUPLE MORE

The Edimpost (by two)

THE UNIT OF YONK

NURSERY MIS-RHYMES

THE FINAL WISH

LIMERICKS 124 123 & 126

A GNATS CHUFF

CLOSE OF DAY

DARK LIGHT OF NIGHT

OOPS

ABROGATIONS OF INTELLECT

SHE AGREES

LIMERICKS 127, 128 and 129

SHE WAS ALONE

IN YORKSHIRE

THE CARELESS CARPENTER

NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE

UNKNOWN FACTS

LATEST COUPLETS

LIMERICK 130

LIMERICK 131

UNLESS CONFIDENTIAL

LIMERICK 133

LIMERICK 132

IT?S A?CUMMIN

AND THE PAST TENSE IS: AWAKE

IT SEEMS TO ME

THIS CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS WISHES

DOGS AND DIETS

LIMERICKS 134 & 135

UNKNOWN TO MAN

LOST WALLET

No2 FROM 'ANOTHER COLLECTION'

LIMERICK 136

Clean Bed from 'ANOTHER COLLECTION'

IF I RETURN WHEN I AM DEAD

EN PLEIN AIR

LIMERICKS 137, & 138

No1 from JANUARY WRITES

THE FRYER

No.3 from JANUARY WRITES

No.2 from JANUARY WRITES

1,2, & 3 from 575s and 57577s

LIMERICKS 139, & 140

LIMERICK 141

No1 from MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

No2 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

No3 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

No5 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

TEETOTAL

ACUPUNCTURE

EAT CAKE

575s and 57577s (1)

575s and 57577s (2)

LIMERICK 142

THE DOUGHNUT BEE

THE FACTORY SETTING

MISSING PHOTOS

LIMERICKS 142, 143 & 144

LIMERICKS 148, 149 &150

LIMERICKS 151, 152 & 153

KINTSUGI

BUTTERED SIDE DOWN

AUTUMN RETURN

ODD AND ODDER  (1)

ODD AND ODDER (2)

ODD AND ODDER (3)

THE SAD TALE OF THE KANGAROO

THE NOT SO SAD STORY OF THE RABBITS

PROBLEM SOLVED

ODD AND ODDER (4)

ODD AND ODDER (5)

LIMERICK 146

LIMERICK 147

A DOG FOR CHRISTMAS

PLAY YOUR PART

HE WEARS A PLASTER

A HEALTH HAZARD

HIS SUPPORTERS

LIMERICK 154

EMPTY

SIMPLY EXPLAINED

THREE THREE LINERS

A FLY IN THE MASH

GUESS WHO (1)

GUESS WHO (2)

NOT DEAD YET

IF I AM

I FELT SORRY

CAN?T SAY ?B?

# WAS IT LOVE - THE CONCLUSION

WAS IT LOVE?

She looked forward with new hope.
What did her eyes see?
Was it love?

His face displayed contentment.
Were his dreams answered?
Was it her?

He moved slowly towards her.
Would she reach for him?
Was she there?

The creaking stairs had many treads.
Would they reach the stars?
Were they lit?

The room held the key they sought.
Was the key within?
Did it fit?

They lay between soft white sheets.
Would dawn come too soon?
Would it wait?

# A GRAIN OF SAND

A GRAIN OF SAND

Wind born sand in barren landscapes.
Rusty red but little shelter
in the hut where he was born.

The toddler played with guns of wood
where thirst and hunger both prevailed.
His early childhood soon foregone.

And as he grew he never tired
of tales told of battles fought,
imposing on his fertile mind.

And when the khaki jeep slowed down
his brown eyes opened shiny wide,
and on he jumped with keen embrace.

Remote and bleak the training ground
where fostered skills gave birth to anger
aimed at non existent foes.

And then to join the fighting cause
yet still a boy he died in vain,
before his chin had seen a blade.

Michael Edwards© May 2015

# BETRAYAL

**BETRAYAL**

A gust of wind slams shut the door
as, cold and damp, the night invades
his greying locks of unkempt hair
and dead leaves blow in ragged turmoil.

Shattered now the ornate glass
in scattered shards beyond repair
as each new footfall careless placed
endures the cuts of indiscretion.

And as his breath like fog balloons,
no artificial dusk of neon
penetrates the black of night
and dark grey clouds defy the moon.

Freed now from fraudulent imagery,
ahead he walks the mossy path
where grief, regret and loneliness
bear no relief from torments grasp.

Michael Edwards © October 2015

# LIMMERICKS,  2 and 3

LIMERICKS  2and3

There was an old man from Brigg
who wore, on his head, a fried egg.
When asked for the reason
he replied 'They're in season
and raw ones run all down my leg'.

.....

There was an old man from Bahrain
who went for a walk in the rain.
He said 'I'm quite wet
and I'll get wetter yet'.
and to prove it he jumped down the drain.

# A TROUBLED MAN

**A TROUBLED MAN**

**A troubled man not often met,**
**with brow in concertina folds**
**expressing notes of private angst**
**which play within his darkest church.**

**And solace found in company**
**with parties to the claret jug,**
**as spirits rise by their prescription**
**fain to garner wise divines**

**Back in chill of honeyed stone,**
**where shafts of piercing sun break through**
**the stained glass images on high**
**and swathe the man in chancel light.**

Michael Edwards © November 2015

# MY WIFE DOES ALL THE COOKING

**MY WIFE DOES ALL THE COOKING**

**My wife does all the cooking**
**and I do all the prep.**

**With expert flair and ability**
**she never follows a recipe,**
**from humble soup to the canapé,**
**it's all prepared so skilfully.**

**My wife does all the cooking**
**and I do all the prep.**

**I peel potatoes perfectly,**
**herbs and veg chopped expertly,**
**the table dressed professionally,**
**the pots all washed immediately**

**My wife does all the cooking**
**and I do all the prep.**

**We love our food most passionately,**
**working together harmoniously,**
**from sweet to sour to savoury,**
**what we produce is legendary.**

**My wife does all the cooking**
**and I do all the prep.**

Michael Edwards© August 2015

# AND NO ONE SITS AT TABLES

**AND NO ONE SITS AT TABLES**

As night submits to day
along the shore by slow degree,
and buttery glowing quayside lights
begin to melt and lapping waves
create their complex harmonies
which offer no translation.

And from the lonely hills
where bustle knows no currency,
the pleading bleat of Wiltshire Horn
compete with sacred tolling bells
ignored by those of unbelief
as night submits to day.

From serried ranks of scented pine
the sinuous fingered shadows point
to where the tired roisters sleep
in quiet restful sanctuary
behind their shuttered window panes
and no one sits at tables.

Michael Edwards© August 2016

# DOWN INNIT STREET

DOWN INNIT STREET

**And I was like:**
**'Hush yo mouth,**
**talk to the hand,**
**cuz I'm peed'.**

**And he went:**
**'Wassup bruv?**
**Well I mean ,**
**you all right?'**

**And I was like:**
**'My bad ,**
**I'm well good,**
**know what I'm sayin'.**

**And he went:**
**'Whatever you guys,**
**no problem**
**innit'.**

# ERUPTION

**ERUPTION**

**A vast empty landscape,**
**a basalt black vista,**
**a gnarled wizened tree**
**precariously clinging,**
**contorted and gaunt,**
**it's very existence**
**soon to be broken**
**as plates start converging,**
**diverging,**
**then rupture**
**releasing**
**the hot bubbling lava**
**encrusting**
**the bleak lonely landscape**
**with fiery glow.**

# IN PRAISE OF AIR

IN PRAISE OF 'AIR

**Isn't air wonderful!**
**You can fill your lungs with it.**
**You can make rude noises with it.**
**You fill the tyres on your car with it.**
**You can even pump up your camping bed with it.**
**And if put an 'H' in front of it**
**you can put it on your head.**

# THE SHEPHERD

**THE SHEPHERD**

**A waning lantern lights the room,**
**his leathern face, his frosty hair.**
**With age supplanting active years**
**his sharp complexity of thought,**
**abraded now as inanition**
**takes its hold with empty dreams**
**in this his last domain.**

**Michael Edwards © October 2015**

# LIMERICKS 4 5 & 6

LIMERICKS 4 5 & 6

An aspiring young jockey called Morse
was longing to ride round the course
'How can it be done?'
he asked his bright son.
'On a long-tailed, long legged, well bred, black Arabian horse, of course!'

There was an old man called Rose
who wore a large peg on his nose.
Whenever asked 'Why?'
He would always reply:
'It's convenient for hanging out clothes'.

There was a young man from Eccles
who was covered all over in freckles.
Said the King to the Queen
'Tis a thing seldom seen,
except in the streets around Eccles'.

# IN UMBRIA

**IN UMBRIA**

**Sienna burnt and umbrian brown,**
**the hills where cypress fingers point.**
**And settled proud upon their palms,**
**imposing pantiled structures stand.**

**With hues and compass proud reflect**
**embodiment of symmetry**
**in sweeping lands of sun-kissed soil,**
**the arbiters of their terrain.**

**A downward sweep in serial ranks**
**with clinging roots in calcerous clay**
**espaliered ranks of trebbiano**
**yield their purple progeny .**

**Below, the lakes of upturned faces,**
**flowers sun-track, gold reflecting**
**stand erect and proudly proffer**
**seed in cases ripening black.**

**And punctuating this domain**
**the gnarled and ancient olives grow,**
**with withered arms of grey supporting**
**fruits reflecting their fair land.**

# PROCLITIC

PROCLITIC

By letters omitted and in their place
the apostrophe occupies the space.

| | |
|---|---|
| It is. | It's |
| that is, | that's' |
| it was but | 'twas but |
| you are wrong, | you're wrong |
| for he is not, | he isn't, |
| do not you know, | don't y' know. |
| He did not know, | he didn't know. |
| *you think he is dim,* | *ya'll think he's dim* |
| *but he is* | *and he's* |
| the wit. | t'wit. |

Michael Edwards © December 2016

# THE OLD OAK

**THE OLD OAK**

**In silk brocades, and wigs and breeches,**
**people gathered for the planting,**
**bygone glories celebrated,**
**long forgotten in history's mist.**

**And in maturity it stood**
**anchored in the rolling acreage,**
**spreading shadow's dappled sheet**
**beneath its wide and noble form.**

**Weary now, its boughs descending,**
**wooden props provide support.**
**Its tree rings shall define its age**
**which only death discloses.**

Michael Edwards © April 2015

# THE TURNER PRIZE :  A BRIEF SUMMATION

**THE TURNER PRIZE;**
**A BRIEF SUMMATION**

**Opaque, transparent, in the dawn**
**the complex torrents all reborn.**
**Whilst dulcet seeds are germinating**
**latent dreams are terminating.**
**Resolutions by the dozen**
**thaw the sausages, they're still frozen**

**Derivatives long since established,**
**clues abandoned, never ravished.**
**All distilled in focused meanings**
**trumpeting its lifelong leanings.**
**Natures instincts won't succumb**
**to a sausage as blunt as a badgers bum.**

**Emerging practice replicated,**
**clouds skylining, soon corrupted.**
**Life's performing synergies,**
**finessed in joyful eulogies.**
**The Turner clan: contentious, steadfast;**
**a sausage short of an English breakfast.**

# DAYBREAK

**DAYBREAK**

It stands ajar, the old wood door,
where red brown rivulets that flow
from rusty nails and lock and hinges
leave their stains on sun bleached wood.

And there stands she in silhouette
and haloed by the candlelight,
the weavings of her twisted locks,
and scarf, and flowing silken gown.

The fallow tracts emerging now
as night time lifts its darkest veil.
Her eyes look out with vacant stare
abstracted in her world of dreams.

Tempered by the merging day
the view commanded now reveals
each blade and twig furred white with frost
as warm-hued shadows stretch and weave.

And cast there by the rising sun
the early rays which light the sky
bring slow divide from troubled dreams
which fade and melt with warmth of day.

# A RESTAURANT CRITIQUE

A RESTAURANT CRITIQUE
A recommended restaurant with outstanding cuisine,
assurances given by all those who've been.
Original menu which changes each day,
value for money so the top reviews say.
So I took the advice and decided to go;
a report of my findings is given below:

**Mixed Vegetable Soup served with a Partisan Roll.**
Vegetables cropped in a questionable region
afloat in a broth of indeterminate origin.
A kiln fired roll with a rock hard crust,
exuding aromas of yeasty green must.

**Lemon Sorbet**
To cleanse the palette ? well that's the idea -
unappetising colour ? far too slushy I fear.

**Slow Baked Chicken with Thyme Jous, Seasonal Vegetables and New Potatoes.**
The slow baked chicken was served up late,
the thyme jous wasn't worth the wait.
Which season's vegetables? - open to conjecture
not this season's crop I would hasten to venture.
New potatoes ? well I would certainly hope so -
but the colour suggests they were cropped long ago.

**Profiteroles with Whipped Cream**
Three balls of lard with cream injected
and the chocolate sauce ? it looked infected.

Cheeseboard
The cheese looked dry and I heard myself mutter:
'Not enough biscuits, and where is the butter?'

**Coffee with Mints**

An elixier coloured a dishwater grey
the aroma of chickory fermented in hay
And as for the mint it was really quite stale
complete with white bloom and as hard as a nail.

**So marks out of ten -I'd give it just three**
**and that's being generous ? don't you agree ?**

# FOREGONE

**FOREGONE**

Recumbent on a lonely bed
this inartistic man of trade,
recalling now with grieving mind:
the crying winds which ruffled sward
still wet with tears of early dew,
the footmarks on a winding path
where mourners walked in sombre dress.
And swathed in robes of flowing silk
the lily white of covered limbs,
her sleeping body now interred,
denies a passage to a dream,
his love's illusion now foregone.

# SHE WILL OVERCOME

SO SHE WILL SURVIVE

Within her domain
where the dust lies on ledges
she nurtures regret.

Wandering slowly
she passes to the window
where light filters through.

She moves as a ghost
with her features in shadow
her outline in gold.

Her anger finds vent
Her delusions regretted
waiting for answers.

She had been faithless
disregarding wise counsel
yet wild seed matures.

And wild grasses grow
and she's blessed by good graces
so she will survive.

# NOT YET DEAD

**NOT DEAD YET**

Is this the day of my demise?
Is this the day I needn't rise?
The tendency to roost in bed
belies the fact I aint yet dead.

Induced to rise by bladders call
tells me it's not the end at all.
The summons of the judgement day
will not be served on me today.

The reaper with his scythe and hood
has shuffled off and so he should.
Still closed above is heaven's gate
the big long box can sit and wait.

# INCOMING TIDE

INCOMING TIDE

Waves buffet rocks and boulders
worn smooth, reflecting light
dressed with oceans glistening coat
dividing funnelled foaming fingers
reaching out at oceans edge.

# HER SON

**HER SON**

The darkling firmament above,
no star, no moon declares its face
and in a dank and dusky room
a widow sits in deep despair.

Beneath her coat, begrimed and tattered,
wrapped in folds of off-white linen,
an infant loudly vents its voice
until assuaged in nursery fashion.

The mothers mind recalls the drums
and as he marched, his parting words:
'Take care and always think of me,
it won't be long till my return'.

With passing years, and still alone
with just her son to care for her
a lettered man of measured means
devoted to his mother's needs.

And proud is she of who he is
and all the comfort he provides
in this the autumn of her life
with just her faded memories.

# TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

**A QUIET CUT**

I went for a haircut today,
a pleasure I really must say.
It was cut by a bloke
and he never spoke
except for 'Hello' and 'G'day'.

.....

**DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO**

Did a big shop at the grocery store
and with basket full I walked 'cross the floor.
Over to the checkout so I could pay -
transaction done and I heard her say:
'Thank you sir, have a nice day'.
With a steely look I failed to hide,
I snapped in reply: 'That's for me to decide!'

# IDYLL

IDYLL

As winters curfew takes its leave
from mournful biting winds that blow
the night time sky removes its casque.

And bringing forth quiescent warmth
the lowest beams of winter's sun
cast natures spectral shadows wide.

Well hidden there from cursory view
the roofs below perceived through mists,
a place where honest people live.

A people who in life well versed
with work and song which time divides
and never shamed by false report.

# ALONE

**ALONE**

The lantern swings behind my back,
with casting light
before me, shadows fall.
And in my wake the temporary stain
of fallen tears on shifting sand
while footprints left
which drift away
as idle winds that blow
pursue the shortest path.

My silent voice calls out,
the stars make no reply.
My life unknown
will not display in history.

# WHERE EAGLES FLY

WHERE EAGLES FLY

Once the seat of kings
it hangs amidst the growth of vines
where crystal streams cascade
and pantiled roofs absorb the sun.

The only road a stoney track
with hairpin bends where legend says
the trap was laid at break of dawn
and worthy men were laid to rest
for noble cause where eagles fly.

# CAGE AND CREED

**CAGE: 4 minutes 33 seconds**
The silent wind and string
to which I listened
in mute admiration
and eagerly awaited
the next performance
heard in silence.

**CREED: Work No 227**
In changing light
with eyes wide open
I slowly enter
the empty room,
alone,
a work of art
I view unseen.

# MILE OVEN DYE

MILE OVEN DYE

Eye book din 2 a chee po tell, an ice sir prize 4 hur
Weem aid loval knight and weed id lye
Till moor ning ann dwerl 8 2 stur
mile oven dye.

.....

MY LOVE AND I
I booked into a cheap hotel, a nice surprise for her
We made love all night and we did lie
till morning and were late to stir
my love and I.

# CONVERGING PATHS

CONVERGING PATHS

**Left all alone,**
**with no one to care for.**
**Both sought a new direction**
**that led them down converging paths**
**and took them there**
**to Kirby Grange**

**Still alone**
**but gently settling,**
**slowly, surely, friendship formed.**
**With empathy and understanding,**
**both grew close**
**at Kirby Grange**

**Directions found,**
**their paths converged,**
**their hopes and dreams**
**now realised,**
**together both**
**at Kirby Gran**ge.

# ESTUARY

ESTUARY

Flowing wide with indolent ease
the rivers swollen open mouth
relieves the land of tempests flood.

And as the sun begins to spread
and cast its golden presence wide
from waters edge to rising waves,

the salted sprays of raging foam,
stirred by natures frenzied winds
bring oceans taste across the land.

# INSIDE AN OYSTER

INSIDE AN OYSTER

'The world's mine oyster', scribed Shakespeare the writer
but I'm not all that sure I agree with the blighter
for it seems to me sitting here in the cloister
it's quite claustrophobic if you're inside an oyster.

# WISTOW CHURCH

WISTOW CHURCH

In far oblivion stars consumed
by early morning breaking light
as shafts of sun reach down to kiss
eidetic images unfolding,
mired in green the scene embedded.

And slowly as nights veil uplifted,
cold crisp air delivers dew
on swards of grass, and stones
in algae, moss, and lichen covered,
names declared, but lives forgotten.

Livestock, birdsong, rustling grasses,
scores discordant harmonising,
natures voices orchestrated,
heralding the proud church standing
clothed serene in honeyed hues.

Michael Edwards© July 2015

# THE LAMENT OF A NON-BELIEVER

THE LAMENT OF A NON-BELIEVER

In afterlife I can't conceive,
I've no belief in God or fable,
and when they say I should believe
I reply: 'I'm just not able'

And when my last breath's gone away
and to the graveyard off I go,
I'll be denied the chance to say:
'You see, I told you so!'

# AND STILL THE CANDLE BURNED

AND STILL THE CANDLE BURNED

When first she rose
by the light of a single candle,
she smiled a disparaging smile.

She loved him still,
though on her shoulders sorrow weighed,
worn like a flowing silken shawl.

Her hair now grey,
she wore so well her natures gifts
which providence had provided.

He'd uttered words
against the tenets of his creed
with deep regret upon review.

And she forgave,
as condemnation left her heart
and through it all the candle burned.

# LIMERICK No 9

» LIMERICK No9

»

An intrepid inventor from Flore
invented a hingeless door.
It was made out of pine
and when closed it was fine
but when opened it fell to the floor.

Michael  Edwards (c) 1988

# THE VICTIM

THE VICTIM

The pathway disinherited
which none but he walk down,
no resting place for memories
upon his trodden ground.

Condemned to grief and solitude
release denied from his ordeal
by unbelief in turn of fate
with wounds that never heal.

Indicted by false testimony
with urban calls unbowed
the taunting echoes still remain
his soul cries out aloud.

# SQUATER'S RIGHTS

**SQUATERS RIGHTS**

'You've failed to lower the seat again.
It seems I'm always telling you,
I guess you men are all the same.
Why can I not get through to you?

To close it down is common sense
for when we ladies come to use it
down is where we need it hence
the rule is clear so don't abuse it.'

.....

'But just a moment darling wife,
the time has come to reappraise it.
On this you've nagged me all my life
but when I use it I must raise it.

So kindly listen to what I say
for surely thus the rule is clear.
No matter what the time of day
the correct position is raised my dear.'

# SHE DREAMS

**SHE DREAMS**

She lies arrayed in languid form
and deep within her flurried mind
the nightly patterns interweave
igniting flames of fantasy.

In homage to her servitude
a victim of unfettered dreams
of sands that trickle in the glass
and well honed scythes that swing.

And on she sleeps till embers die
to wake anew with fevered brow
and lie as if in cast of bronze
in early mornings solitude.

# LIMERICKS 10, 11, and 12

LIMERICKS 10, 11 and 12.

There was a rude dude from Bude
who chewed juicy prunes crudely stewed
but he sneezed out loud
and showered a crowd
which started a chewed stewed prune feud.

Michael Edwards © February 1988

There was a young worker from Purley
whose boss declared, quite surley,
'You can't do too much
for a boss in a rush'
so he didn't and went off home early.

Michael Edwards © February 1988

A girl on a diet in Pinner
grew thinner and thinner and thinner
and feeling quite sparse
she lay down on the grass
and a blackbird devoured her for dinner

Michael Edwards © February 1988

# HE LOOKED NO MORE FOR BRIDGES

HE LOOKED NO MORE FOR BRIDGES

Blind prejudice had influenced tongues
and stupefied his deepest soul
no bridge bestowed his liberty.

With thoughts entrapped by indolence
he feared to die an unwept death
In winters darkened waters.

And with the spring the melt began
and sunshine bathed displeasures source
as rivulets began to form.

And soon the troubled waters churned
the dark obstructions now unmade
his angers bruises swept away.

When summer fountains reached the sky
the crystal waters met his gaze,
he looked no more for bridges.

# THE SAD TALE OF THE UNFORTUNATE EGG

THE SAD TALE OF THE UNFORTUNATE EGG

He purchased me in a local market
and took me away in a wicker basket
and when we got home he put me in
the largest fridge I'd ever seen
the fridge was freezing cold inside
and cold is something I can't abide
so I was not a happy egg
and before I had the chance to beg
I was taken out and put in a pot
containing water boiling hot
and I was left to sit and sweat
and it wasn't until my albumin set
that he removed me with a spoon
and I can tell you - not too soon
then into an egg cup I was plopped
and I thought my troubles at last had stopped
so nice and cosy just like bed
till he picked up a spoon and smashed my head
and then as if things couldn't get worse
he rubbed in salt - boy did I curse!!

# THE ORCHARD BY NIGHT

THE ORCHARD BY NIGHT

Overhead the orchard's boughs
dyed black with deepest shades of night,
and laden they with seasons fruit
in filigree against the sky.

# RELEASE

RELEASE

Restrained by depths
of deepest glade
her tortured mind
though tempered not with steadied ease
and not endowed
with confidence,
no social code, no etiquette
enslaves the girl,
an index to her character.

Departure from this darkling hold
emboldening her reticence,
her arms aloft in high embrace,
avoiding thorns
in open land where fallen lie,
in unintrusive rest and point
to where she seeks,
with kindling smile,
release from troubles hold.

# THE GREAT UNREAD

THE GREAT UNREAD

I've written a poem in invisible ink.
A short little poem to make you think
but the final stanza was never penned;
I ran out of ink before the end.
Well the problem came as a bit of a blow:
only two stanzas - unsee them below:

1)

2)

# NIGHT

NIGHT
By other than the practised mind
no words expressed, no epithet,
can best describe the hidden night
where Sirius casts his rays
and moonlight silvers flexing grass.

Where filtering light suggests the scene
contracting to the moulded hills
and wooded slopes where mighty oaks,
in slumberous strength and ivy coated,
stand against a lustrous moon.

Where just beyond untutored verges
saplings, brush and bramble jostle,
bound as one, denying passage
to all but timorous woodland creatures
nestling deep in safe repose.

Where murmurings of wavering reeds,
in conference with the night time breeze,
form dark unscripted boundaries
astride the lapping water's edge
where flecks of white define its lie.

By other than the practised mind
no words expressed, no epithet,
can best describe the vista veiled,
the compass scored in monochrome
within the nights obscured embrace.

Michael Edwards © October 2015

# INSIDE OUTSIDE

INSIDE OUTSIDE

He wore his jumper inside out
and he thought it made him look thin.
But when they assured him it made him look stout
he wore outside in.

# HER EPITAPH YET WRITTEN

HER EPITAPH YET WRITTEN

With latent forces rooted deep
and hurt repressed yet feigned as joy,
the penitential tears that flowed
were stemmed by resolution formed
and still in flesh
she lives upon this noble earth.

# TWO TRAMPS

TWO TRAMPS

'That's funny' said Fred, 'the lights gone out'
The only light left was the glow from his snout.
'More money in the meter' said miserable Peter,
but no one was willing to put in a shilling.
So they stayed in the dark
on their bench in the park.

# RETAIL CYCLE

***RETAIL CYCLE***

*Green field site in prime location,*
*planning application made,*
*public meeting , opposition,*
*hardline views, foregone conclusion,*
*council votes, approval granted*

*Press announcement made applauding,*
*brand new store, a big attraction,*
*grab a basket, grab a trolley,*
*don't miss out on opening offers.*

*Gourmet foods, exciting products*
*new collections, spring designs*
*fancy wrappings well presented*
*stylish goods from leading brands.*
*'May I help you? Only looking!*

*Staff shelf-stacking hindering access,*
*empty boxes blocking isles,*
*goods displayed beyond their sell-by,*
*self-scan checkouts, baskets only,*
*this till closed, frustration mounting.*

*Foot-falls down and profits plunging,*
*weekly targets downward spinning,*
*clearance goods at knock-down prices,*
*prices slashed, go grab a bargain,*
*all must go in closing sale.*

*Dirty windows, tattered posters,*

*concrete cracking, buddleias blooming,*
*rusty chain across the entrance,*
*demolition work in progress.*
*Brown field site in prime location.*

# LIMERICKS 13, 14 & 15.

LIMERICKS 13, 14, & 15

An athletic young man called Grundy
played rugby every Sunday.
He'd pick up the ball,
run past one and all,
and never stop going till Monday.

Michael Edwards © July 1987

There was a vain man from Kildare
who bragged he'd a full head of hair,
till one windy
his toupee blew away
and revealed his head to be bare.

Michael Edwards © April 1987

A frusty old crone from Kirk Ella
returned late one night to her villa.
A burglar therein
set her hopes in a spin
but one look and he ran out in terror.

Michael Edwards © October 1987

# OUTBURST

**OUTBURST**

Arrayed in guise of temperament
a savage burst of anger wells,
its tapers kindling discontent
propelling into fires that burn
to claim dominion of the mind.

But as the deflagration dies,
amid the ashes of abstraction,
unremitting thoughts are forged
in self-fulfilling prophecies.

# WITHIN THE SANCTION OF THE WALLS

WITHIN THE SANCTION OF THE WALLS

Within the sanction of the walls
that posture proud in majesty,
no lights in lonely windows show
beneath the timber overhang.

The silver line of lunar rays
peer shy across the girdling grounds
where flower beds in clear distinction
display their flora to the night.

With shadows not dispersed by lamps
their footsteps grind on gravelled paths,
in words no humbler audience hears
their voices spoken to the wind.

Her spectral smile belies
the unbefitting language used
and withered flowers define her mood
endowed in rayless shadows form.

And deep behind her gibbous eyes
the shadows of her self esteem
lie trapped in unrequited love
within the sanction of the walls.

Michael Edwards © February 2017

# PLUNDER

**PLUNDER**

Where common fellows rarely meet
the ancient hedge and clump of trees,
but little modified by time,
mark out the spot
where footpaths cross like passing streams.

And here they gently weave and flow,
so often lost to human eye,
as brambles and the swaying sward
like anglers rods reach out
and touch with glaze of morning rime.

A vestige this of heritage
untinctured by the acts of man,
in danger now from urban sprawl
by progress needs perceived in haste
as man invades his legacy.

# MEMORIES

MEMORIES

Alone he stands in reverie,
no sloughing wind disturbs his thoughts.
His fertile mind a dormant bed
wherein its deepest cellars lie
the recollections of his past.

And yonder by a thorn hedge gap
the aged elm its roots now spread,
like giant hands on mats of moss
where once he played his childhood games
recalled as memories pages turn.

Descried in easeful harmony
from this sequestered sylvan spot,
the winking lights beyond the trees
where luminous mists of smoke emerge,
describing where the village lies.

Within its welcoming embrace
on lichen coated ashlar walls
up high the mullioned windows where
on nights like this once flowed
his mother's gentle soothing vowels.

A step away a key stoned door
and set beneath a sconce therein
where first he saw her aspect there
in cloak and bonnet, scarf and gloves,
before a mirror framed in gold.

Still he can see her shadow there,

a silhouette of her fair form
reminding him of feelings past.
A childhood dream now lost in time
by cast of die of destiny.

Michael Edwards (c) October 2015

# THE CORN STANDS ERECT

THE CORN STANDS ERECT

The corn stands erect in tiers,
like friends and Romans and countrymen;
perhaps it'll lend me its ears.

# CHANGES

» **CHANGES**

As natures libraries patterns change
by slow degree with mornings call
the mustering oak and elm and ash,
where moonlight dripped and silvered boughs,
point down to where the yawning path
knows no defined establishment.

And here ensphered by harmonies,
with great eclat the morning fugue
of rustling wind and wild life's call
declares release from night times veil
revealing him who stops a while
to rest and summon resolution.

Resolute he stands, intent,
yet with the passage of the years,
and yielding by slow degree,
his back now stooped, his burnished face
with wrinkled mien his mind dwells deep
on natures contract made with man.

Michael Edwards © November 2016

# TIME TO GO

TIME TO GO

It's time to be going
so we move to the hall
and I put on my coat and my gloves.

Goodbyes are said
as the door's opened wide
and we stand in the cold and the snow.

Yet still they talk on
and the biting winds blow
and I've heard all this gossip before.

'What about Alf
and poor Elsie's not well
and dear Ben's got a bladder infection'.

As boredom sets in
I remove my thick coat
and creep back to the cosy warm lounge.

I'm nearly asleep
as she looks round the door
and she glares at me there in the chair:

'It's all right for you
It's late don't you know
and how come you're not ready to go?'

Michael Edwards © February 2017

# TRANSIENCE

» **TRANSCIENCE**

Ploughed by age
her furrowed face,
her wisdom is
the harvest reaped
across the years.

Planted deep
her whitened eyes,
once verdant green,
look up
and watch.

A big bird soaring,
shadow cast
on fertile fields
where roebucks lie,
unseen.

And she recalls
the lace she wore
when once she lay
upon this spot
in loves solicitude.

Michael Edwards © March 2016

# PREDICTION

PREDICTION

Today I must plan,
yesterday exists no more,
tomorrow is mine.

# THE RETURN

THE RETURN
The tall winter trees, reduced now to corpses,
cast their shadows towards the old door
where flaking green paint exposes the grain.

I place my cold hand on the patinated handle.
No lock is engaged and I push it down gently;
the door slowly opens - I enter her world.

Her mobile charger glows red on stand-by.
The low coffee table is ring- marked and cluttered
with magazines, and pencils and out-of-date papers,
and an old tea-stained mug that's seen better days.

The rug in the kitchen is faded and threadbare,
the tap keeps on dripping and the kettle's still warm.
Cutlery, plates, pots, pans and dishes
are piled on the worktop ? abandoned till morning.

In the bathroom the tiles are dripping with steam
and haloes of bubbles encircle the soap.
A damp fluffy towel lies inert on the floor
where she stepped from the shower and allowed it to fall.

Her perfume greets me on entering her bedroom,
her body recumbent beneath crisp cotton sheets,
and the moonlight which peeps through long lacey curtains
highlights her silken diaphanous form.

I walk to the bed and lie down beside her,
she stirs in her sleep and she whispers my name.

Michael Edwards© October 2015

# THREE LITTLE WORDS

THREE LITTLE WORDS

And when your loved one sheds a tear
you whisper gently in her ear
the words a woman longs to hear:

.....'Yes my dear'

# THE VIEW FROM BEYOND

THE VIEW FROM BEYOND

Behind the white porticos,
with a mandate for speed,
the chaos and recklessness
of populist policies
drafted in secret,
enacted in haste.

With marred execution,
and no checks and balances,
the law disregarded
and free speech curtailed,
yet craving adulation
whilst humbling peers.

Contemptuous treatment
of allies and partners,
the knife self inflicted
leaves wounds now infected
with world wide derision
devoid of respect.

Michael Edwards © March 2017

# LIMERICKS 16, 17 & 18.

LIMERICKS 16, 17, & 18.

There was an old man called Bowes
who sported a most monstrous nose.
Twas as well for him
that it covered each limb
for he couldn't afford any clothes.

Michael Edwards © March 1987

There was a young Knight from Nottingham
whose pyjama chords had a knot in them.
His fair lady said:
'Before you come to bed
you must unknot the knot that you've got in them'.

Michael Edwards © March 1987

A ferryman from Traillee
charged his clients a profitable fee.
But a wave swept away
his wallet one day
and his cash flow is now all at sea.

Michael Edwards © March 1987

# THE MAIDEN

THE MAIDEN

The shy young maiden
with mirth and vivacity
tried hard to engage.

Michael Edwards © March 2017

# A UNION NOW REGRETTED

A UNION NOW REGRETTED

He wore his coat with collar high
his shoes sank deep
in whipped cream snow
beneath a leaden sky.

And lost as sward in snow bound meadows
night time feelings
in his wake
are lost in nights oppressive shadows.

With the day her dreams foregone
embraced no more
she sits alone
with just her memories lingering on.

Cold reason in her mind prevails
she wonders now
what lies beyond
within the futures silent veils.

Michael Edwards © March 2017

# A COCKNEYS LOT (Chapter One)

A COCKNEYS LOT (Chapter One)

Woke from bo peep
and rubbed me mince pies
and looked at the dickory dock.

Tiddlers bait, couldn't wait,
need a tom tit and jimmy
took a bowl to the wooden log.

Couldn't Adam and Eve it
oh boy was it taters
my khyber felt just like white mice.

To the bob squash room
with a cape of good hope
to wash my boat race and bushel.

A butchers in the snake
oh a real two and eight
better dad and dave and comb of the barnet.

Translation:
bo peep = sleep
mince pies = eyes
tiddlers bait = late
tom tit = s**t
Jimmy = jimmy riddle = tiddle = wee
wooden log = bog = toilet
adam and eve = believe

taters = taters (potatoes) in the mould = cold

khyber = khyber pass = arse

white mice = ice

bob squash - wash

cape of good hope= soap

bushel = bushel and peck = neck

butchers = butchers hook = look

snake = snake in the grass = (looking) glass

two and eight = state

dad = dad and dave = shave

barnet = Barnet Fair = hair

# TIME

**TIME**

As nature's libraries patterns change
by slow degree with mornings call,
the mustering oak and elm and ash,
where moonlight dripped and silvered boughs,
point down to where the yawning path
knows no defined establishment.

And now ensphered by harmonies,
with great eclat the morning fugue
of rustling wind and wildlife's call,
declares release from night times veil
to rest and summon resolution.

And there he stands in reverie
with passage of the lonely years
and yielding by slow degree,
with back now stooped, his burnished face
with wrinkled mien, his mind dwells deep
on nature's contract made with man.

Michael Edwards © November 2016

# LIMERICKS 19, 20 & 21

LIMERICKS 19, 20 & 21.

Said a worker from Bonn:
'This job's a big con,
don't you know
it's all go,
and I wish I was gone'

There was an old man from Korea
whose daughter complained of diarrhea.
He said 'I know why
and I'll tell you no lie,
it runs in the family my dear'

An old metal worker from Pudsey
smelt remarkably smelly and musty,
so he had a good scrub
in a large bathing tub
and now he is going quite rusty.

Michael Edwards © 1989

# DALI

DALI
Figueres where, upon the walls,
the turds look down on melting time
and spindled legs throw unseen shadows.

A place where breasts are touched
by sinewed hands
and tigers claws reach down on naked form.

The man himself hallucinating,
handlebared and Gala led
with showmanship his repertoire.

A master of the avant garde,
for me the master of them all.

Michael Edwards © March 2017

# A COUPLE OF LITTLE 'UNS

TOUGH GOING
When the going gets tough the tough get going.
.....Cowards!

WHERE TIME GOES

Where time goes
no man knows.
Day then night
dark then light.
.....Or is it vice versa?

# THE RAIN THAT WASHED THE SKY

THE RAIN THAT WASHED THE SKY

Unscrutinised by prying eyes,
in cooling shades of solitude
within the shadows dark embrace,
no occupation could repress
her crowding thoughts
and so with sorrowful regret
her cloistered troubles she expressed.

In close embrace he listened to
the words she sighed into the wind.
In illustration of his love
he whispered tender overtures
within the sanctum of the trees
as gentle tears gave new release
like rain that washed the sky.

# LIMERICKS 37, 38 & 39

LIMERICKS 37 38 & 39

**An eccentric old sailor from Hyde**
**had a tub with sea water inside.**
**When he was asked why**
**it was not filled up high**
**he explained 'I've left room for the tide!'**

**There was an old man from Gibralter**
**who had a curvaceous young daughter.**
**Her body went in**
**where it should be thin**
**and out wherever it oughter.**

**There was a an old man called Savage**
**who suffered from piles in his passage.**
**So in surgery one day**
**they were soon cut away**
**which assisted the passage of gassage.**

# THE DRESS

THE DRESS

She touched the dress she wore in dreams,
and stroked the silken needle lace.
She held the dress she wore that night
and felt the bleached white calico.

# THE MAN NEXT DOOR

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

Though light of foot on the dance floor, his legs were short and squat.
He appeared to be taller when seated, and shorter when he was not.

He was always pleasant and easy, and his brain was in good working order,
his head was rendered quite bald, with stray whiskers all round the border.

He had a rosy red visage, and a chubby clean shaven face,
and beneath his chin which was oval, were dewlaps that flapped like wet plaice

His eyebrows were wiry and bushy, his suffering eyes knew glaucoma,
his inscrutable lips when parted, diffused an unpleasant aroma.

He was always merry and cheerful, and his friends described him as cool
But his family knew him better, and considered him quite a fool.

# YACKY ZEBRAS

YACKY ZEBRAS

Arrogant bears contemptuously digest edible frogs
gambolling hippos identified jumping knobbly logs
muttering natterjacks overcome poor quality replays
sickly turtles undergo very worrying xrays
yacky zebras.

# WINE UNTAINTED

WINE UNTAINTED

Do not spoil the wine
Never drill an oak barrel
An awl makes no dust.

# MY FIRST VILLANELLE

MY FIRST VILLANELLE

There's nothing quite like a glass of wine
and if, as you sip it, you've nothing to do
feel free to read this poem of mine.

For reasons I find quite hard to define
This poem was something I had to pursue.
There's nothing quite like a glass of wine.

So find a chair in a comfortable shrine,
and take off your shoes if that suites you.
Feel free to read this poem of mine.

Open a bottle of the fruit of the vine,
purse your lips and begin to imbue.
There's nothing quite like a glass of wine.

First I must warn you the words do entwine
so take it slowly and try not to miscue.
Feel free to read this poem of mine.

The writing of this took such a long time,
for me, you see, it was something quite new.
There's nothing quite like a glass of wine,
feel free to read this poem of mine.

Michael Edwards © March 2017

# BENEATH A PEWTERED SKY

BENEATH A PEWTERED SKY

Where curling flames and wandering smoke
left formless layers of blackened ash he stood upon a charcoaled cloak,
quiescent in a forlorn land
with captive tears that failed to fall the hurt he held in ungloved hand
and slowly raising punctured arms
the ashes settled on his feet and on his blistered palms.

Michael Edwards © March 2017

# THREE COUPLETS

THREE COUPLETS

Every pair of eyes that see
see rainbows colours differently.

Every person who perceives
their thoughts float down on different leaves.

Every person's private dreams
sail in sleep on different streams.

# DO YOU WANT TO GO?

DO YOU WANT TO GO?

'Do you want to go for a wee' asked she,
'My bladders quite full so I don't!' said he,
'I'm sorry' she said 'explain that to me',
'I want to get RID of my wee' said he.

Michael Edwards © February 2017

# DAWN WAITS

DAWN WAITS

It is love,
it is her,
they are there,
it is lit,
the key fits,
and dawn waits.

# THE BARMY BARD

THE BARMY BARD
(A slice of nonsense served as you like it)

**'All the world's a stage'**
So where are the dressing rooms?

**'And all the men and women merely players'**
Is there no one front of house?

**'They have their exits and their entrances'**
But where do they go to and come from if all the worlds a stage?

Dafts I calls it!!

# THE PATH

THE PATH
The shimmering leaves of darkest green,
amassed against the moonlit sky.
A thousand silhouettes look down
before the moon departs the scene.

The grove of beech, arms proudly borne,
in all their decorous majesty
above the path which winds below
as breaking light announces morn.

Puncturing through a beech trees spread
a lonely shaft of early sunlight
falls on twigs which lie in wait
to snap beneath the falling tread.

And passing on where where trees are shun
and bracken makes its marshy bed
the fading dyes of early growth
laid siege by glare of summer sun.

Downward past the hedging frieze
in furrowed fields, the golden heads
bow and curtsy, bend and sway
in deference to the summer breeze.

The nettle-funnelled winding pass,
twisting, snaking to the sea
disappears among the dunes
and stabilising maram grass.

Emerging where the beach line lies
with rocks and stones and turning tides
where shells and driftwood and detritus
mark the lonely path's demise.

# A SUNDAY SMILE

HAIKUS: 5 & 6.

A stream that runs straight
it shines on its short journey
and froths in the pan.

Scatter his ashes
always welcome blowing wind
in death as in life.

# MY FAVOURITE TIPPLE

**MY FAVOURITE TIPPLE**

Wine
every time
sweet or dry
white red or rose
any time night or day
white red or rose
sweet or dry
every time
wine.

# DOOR

DOOR

Continuously
the door
squeaks and groans
as it slowly swings
relentlessly.

# IMMERSED IN TIME

IMMERSED IN TIME

The peeling layers of memory
within the misted glass expose
a private universe recalled
with analytic faculty.

As routes forgotten manifest
the ghosts return in naked form
and poison lies in memories wounds
that fester still and rarely heal.

The mirror's slowly lifting gauze
reflecting clear as vision sights
the memories complex corridors
to planets long immersed in time.

Michael Edwards © April 2017

# AUTUMN SUN

AUTUMN SUN

The ripened rays of autumn sun
across the quivering water's edge
announce the day that's just begun
the ripened rays of autumn sun
which shine on cobwebs newly spun
from tree to shrub to roadside hedge
the ripened rays of autumn sun
across the quivering water's edge.

Michael Edwards © April 2017

# IS TODAY TODAY ?

IS TODAY TODAY?

If today was tomorrow yesterday,
and if today is yesterday tomorrow,
and if yesterday was tomorrow two days before today
and if tomorrow will be yesterday two days after today
Is today still today today?

# BINDING VOWS

BINDING VOWS

Hooded.
Wooded.
Seeing.
Fleeing.
He once had planted the binding vows
and now sought passage through sweeping boughs.

Michael Edwards © April 2017

# SECLUSION

**SECLUSION**

The rising sun abjures the night
and through the latticed canopy
its enfilading beams reach down
upon the node where paths reach out,
their filial ties in evidence.

This lonely spot
where natures trowel plants moss and fern
and couples meet in harmony
no adumbrations foul their love:
unseen, unheard in isolation.

Michael Edwards © November 2016

# MY PLACE

MY PLACE

A sheltered place.
A personal place.
A private place.
A restful place.

Relief in freedom.
Release in solitude.
Retreat in peace.
Relax in secret.

My Place.

# THREE SMILES

THREE SMILES

Mother said: 'You must wash your hands my dear'.
Son said: 'Of course, is it that time of year?'
---
A friends funeral
I went to it yesterday
He'll not go to mine.
---
In the trash mail that littered our mail box today
A political leaflet- and what did it say?
"Help stamp out litter ? we'll show you the way! "

Michael Edwards © April 2017

# THE UNKNOWN MAN

THE UNKNOWN MAN

Below a smoking chimney pile,
a drifting mark of occupation,
a house of lichen coated stone
and tenanted within its walls
a private man who never spoke
and sat alone in solitude.

No more he stood on easeful ground,
his dreams had all deserted now.
The ethos of his broken mind
pervaded him in solitude
by march of broken intellect,
a man without a name.

With no direction he became
the subject of incertitude
as nescient rumour slowly spread
through spoken words unqualified
within a private dialogue
by men who leant on fences.

Michael Edwards © March 2017

# LEICESTER STATION

LEICESTER STATION

Above the yellow stone and brick,
the hand-wound clock declares the hour.
Below, the tall imposing arches
stand erect in classic splendour.

Nostalgic horse drawn carriages gone
but cars and taxis, coaches, buses
all converge upon the concourse
where road and rail coalesce.

A Station here since 1840
serving now a modern world
but all its functions and its purpose
still unchanged across the years.

# COMICAL COUPLETS

COMICAL COUPLETS

If sheep count sheep to go to sleep
do hake eat steak to stay awake?

Have you ever wondered how you'd alight
if you ever flew on a non-stop flight?

Attendance is thin on the ground today,
It seems like the fat ones have stayed away.

You're an artist so tell me and be quite frank:
How can anyone 'draw a blank' ?

Last autumn I went out with my daughter
to look for a source of spring water

Michael Edwards © April 2017

# ARRIVAL

ARRIVAL

**Algae stained, a plastic drinks cup**
**trapped beneath the briars branches,**
**where hollowed stems of  hogweed  standing,**
**signify a summer gone.**

**Feathery clouds of flowering blackthorn,**
**hover over roadside hedges,**
**winter brown but peppered now**
**with shoots emerging yellow green.**

**Hidden soon by upward pushing**
**early growth in verges freckled**
**with the hues of spring flowers blooming**
**seasoning the seasons palette.**

# THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

Hidden by embowering trees
the breaking waves ferocity
disclosed by sounds alone,
the music of the sea.

Soon in view by keenest vision
atop a steep acclivity
where cool reviving breezes blew
we stood in reverie.

And here relapsed in silence
entrapped by natures plea
on pathways unbeknown to us
we listened to the sea.

# TO THE RIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN

TO THE RIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN

A compelling case for his conduct
its consequence being a deed
undertaken with no ill intent.

Retold as his duty dictated
and haunted by misunderstanding
she responded in glacial tones.

And throughout the day in discussion
the unfounded bells that had rung
diminished by tender degree.

The lingering frost that had settled
now melted as long shadows grew
to the right of the setting sun.

Michael Edwards © April 2017

# STOP

STOP

Stop,
be quiet,
do not speak
put the blinkers on,
now you can't see them,
hide and they won't see you.

# ECHOES

ECHOES

With wandering eyes that travelled wide
she walked along with timorous gait
past early springtime's stretching growth
that glistened damp from early dew,
past gurgling rills and tailored thorn,
down paths of gravel, grit and stone.

And bounded by a wire that looped
from picket post to picket post,
a snug and sheltered spot enclosed,
in solitude with no distraction
and haunting sense of isolation,
she sat upon the swaying sward.

And to the gentle breeze that blew,
she sang soft words in harmony,
forgotten soon and not recalled,
as voices often heard in sleep
and echoes deep in cavities
that lie along a distant shore.

Michael Edwards © April 2017

# ALONE

ALONE

She
was
alone
in the house
lit just by fire glow
as she sat erect on the chair
with whitened hands gripping the linen skirt which she wore
as she sat erect on the chair
lit just by fire glow
in the house
alone
was
she.

# THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

You should see the legs on the girl next door
they're long enough to reach the floor.
If they were not that length at all
the girl next door would surely fall.

# NOSTALGIA

NOSTALGIA

Still lingering the memories
of sylvan days when I was young.

The crumbling coast, the gnawing waves
whose height and boldness intercept
the distant vistas in the mist.

The notes of unknown songs
sung loud from shrubs and trees
that lean across a purling stream.

The gentle rain on nether growth
where sparkling droplets shine
and fall on fertile soil.

A ripening sun incarnadined
that streaks across a morning sky
and brings the warmth of day.

For these are memories I still hold
and hope to see again
before I die.

Michael Edwards © February

# DESPAIR

DESPAIR

As blood infused into her cheeks
her eyes confirmed her spoken word.

Savaged by her revelations,
a victim of blind circumstance,
he wore a fire of thorns.
and wept with notes of grief
that echoed through the hills.

Michael Edwards © March 2012

# A BIT MORE MIRTH

A BIT MORE MIRTH

Look after your cash.
Shampoo has to be purchased
Real poo bears no cost.

He needs a hot bath
Can dry ice be liquefied?
Will it make him wet?

Tap water is fee.
People buy water from shops.
Some people are dim.

# A SIMPLE MAN

A SIMPLE MAN

But little modified by time,
beyond a sea of rare constraint
and far removed from shore and heather,
lay the slopes and wooded hills
where labourers toiled in distant fields
through sleet and snow and sun and rain.

Set deep within this vista's folds
a simple house of slate and stone,
declared by upright pointing stack
where curling smoke reached out
and punctuated hedge and vale
to touch a sheeted sky.

His home beneath the mossy slate,
blind circumstances led him there,
In congregations high esteem
a man of opaque piety
who never trod the stony path
which leads to fortunes door.

# FADED

FADED

I'm still a man and how I miss
the joy once shared in tight embrace
the warmth of loves first tender kiss.

Recalling how love used to be
oh how I yearn just one more time
to spend a night in ecstasy.

Once more our love I try to share
as once we did when we were young
the spark she knew no longer there.

# LIMERICKS 23, 23, and 24>

LIMERICKS 22, 23 & 24.

There was a young man well renowned,
whose eyebrows swept down to the ground.
You could tell where he'd been
for they swept the floor clean
but they tripped him up each time he frowned.

The wife of a husband called Ned,
said 'Ned, since the day that we wed,
I disdainfully view
the biscuits you chew
and the crumbs that you leave in the bed'.

There was a strange man from Redditch
who had a peculiar fetish.
He'd roam the estate,
then lie down prostrate
and pretend to be kind of deadish!

# THE GATHERING

THE GATHERING

Engendered spirits unrepressed
no stitches sewn of discontent,
no worldly sorrows troubled her.
A lass of gentle mind.

As flickering candles lit the room
her female form came into view,
her lineaments a pallid tone.
Her beauty early seen.

And joining in the gathering
with gurgling riles of idle chat
that died like water in the sand.
The evening lingered on.

Her presence made in harmony,
but as the cotton leaves the reel,
the gathering left at darkest hour.
The candle flames died out.

# THE CHAPEL

THE CHAPEL

A box obscured by boundary wall,
no ancient skills adorn its frame
no cunning artifice deceives
the wandering eye, the probing mind.
And here it sits in this lone spot,
where open swathes of quaking grass
pay homage to the morning breeze
and dense partition separates
the valley of the heath and furze
from sleeping sedge and bowing rush.

# PLANS FOR TONIGHT

PLANS FOR TONIGHT

Tuppence three farthings for a quart of good cider
and a ha'penny radish to nibble
a comfy bed where I can lie
and a pillow on which I can dribble.

# DINING ETIQUETTE

DINING ETIQUETTE

The rules of etiquette are fraught
For those who never have been taught
But I was taught each complex rule
When I was still a lad at school
So when out dining I'm dismayed
By failing manners seen displayed
It's not  just diners who haven't a clue
The lack of trained waiters troubles me too
But at least it gives me the excuse to skip
Out of the restaurant avoiding a tip.

# AT THE CONCERT

AT THE CONCERT

The audience waited
wide eyed expectant
their dreams expectations
like shadows on bookshelves
woven and plaited
in gentle transition
the music began.

The audience beguiled
at the turning of pages
of each scripted movement
the strings gentle playing
entwined with emotion
and shadows of passion
the music played on.

Michael Edwards © April 2017

# CASTAWAY

CASTAWAY

The rising wind blew fresh to shore
as flooding tides began to rise
and stronger winds before high water
began to blow a tropic storm.

And in this isolated place
engirdled by the rolling hills
I searched through natures miry tracts
unguided over hills and vales
in recesses as yet untrodden
seeking advantageous ground

a place where fresh cold water flowed
a higher plot for settlement
with shelter from the heat of sun
and views across the lonely sea
for if a ship should pass on by
deliverance might be mine.

# BUFFET FODDER

BUFFET FODDER

Let's go for a pizza
I often hear said
but I'd much rather eat a
real meal instead.

It's okay as a snack
but I really can't hack
it served as a meal
it has no appeal.

Dried up tomatoes
on cardboard beds
should be fed to the crows
or buried in lead.

Healthy nutritional and complete
primo, il secondo, il contorno, plus sweet
Italian food sends the taste buds soring
but a pizza on its own is really quite boring.

# NATURAL THREAT

NATURAL THREAT

Black clouds
Danger threatens
Frenzied winds blow inland
Turbulent seas thrash the shoreline
Rain falls

Gale strikes
Sea levels rise
Waves breach the embankment
Emergency measures actioned
Tempest

Storm wanes
Flooding subsides
Violent winds moderate
Sludge and detritus line the roads
Clouds drift

# LIMERICK 25

**LIMERICK 25**

There wath an old man from Leith
whoth garden wath covered in tweeth.
In thummer he thaid:
'They protecteth my head
but in autumn they lootheth their leath'.

# PERCEPTIONS MISPLACED

PERCEPTIONS MISPLACED

Her glancing eyes, a North Sea grey,
towards his bold beguiling form
raised wrong perceptions on my brow
like furrows ploughed by passing wheels
yet soon suspicions washed away
as footprints in the passing rain.

# LIMERICK 26

There was a rude man from Kuwait
who at will would oft eructate.
He'd first draw in air
and then without care
would belch from first light till quite late.

# Great Forces

GREAT FORCES

Technological
Economic
Political.

Sometimes distant
consequential
or random
great forces
can change
our world
as waves
flow relentlessly
influenced
by tides
cresting
with morality
and heritage
often looted
or drowned
in generating
embracing
inspiring
and emerging
on beaches
of enjoyment
innovation
and progress
reshaping

our world.

Michael Edwards © May 2017

# LIMERICK 27

A barber who barbed in Botswana
was bombarded with bad bouts of hunger.
they said: 'Barber Bwana,
eat this big banana
and beat the bad bouts that bombard yer'.

# HIS NAME NOT HANDED DOWN

HIS NAME NOT HANDED DOWN

The moon in high suspension hung
above the wandering clouds through which
its peering evanescent rays
looked in through windows long begrimed
upon the bed in which she slept
without a fear of shadows.

As early morn began to break
her heart now roused by rising sun
she ventured to an empty room
where muted sounds were feebly heard
and ticking clocks divide the day
she hummed a mournful tune.

Though sleep charmed sorrows from her mind
the day brought judgement darkly known
and reason mocked her transient thoughts
as tracts of logic soon outran
delusions brought by vain conceit
in isolation from the night.

And with her hearts unconscious calling
she sighed a sigh of desperation
as she recalled in measured glides
the man of whom she dreamt all night
a man with whom she never danced
his name not handed down.

Michael Edwards © May 2017

# THROUGH THE NIGHT

THROUGH THE NIGHT

Through the night
within the room in which they stayed
through the night.
The candle shed its wavering light
upon the bed in which they laid
as curtains by the window swayed
through the night.

# SCOTLANDS INDEPENDENCE

SCOTLANDS INDEPENDENCE

So Nicola wants another vote
independence, that's the call
I think we'd better get a quote
for the reconstruction of Hadrians wall.

(To explain the above I think I oughter
give an explanation for our friends cross the water:
Nicola Sturgeon, Scotland's First Minister
a canny politician and feisty inquisitor
Hadrians Wall built by the Romans
It ran between England and Scotland unbroken).

Michael Edwards © May 2017

# LIMERICK 28

**LIMERICK 28**

There was a young fellow from Bude
who was often extremely odd.
A pal in his mob
said: 'Please shut your mouth'
To which he replied: 'Silly fruit cake!'

# TEMPEST

TEMPEST

In squalling winds the storm increased
the vessel deep in swirling troughs
beneath the jaws of surging waves
where no escape was evident
from natures frenzied trackless deep.

On seasoned sailors beaten faces,
sick by violent calenture,
the reckoning of death recorded
'til all tempests rage abated
reinstating thoughts relief.

And in relief the vows they made
helped ease the agonies of mind
but soon to face returning threats
their destiny as yet unknown
by spirit of the cyclic seas.

# LIMERICK 29

There was a young toff from the Wash
who spoke incredibly posh.
He said words like spiffing
and super and smashing
and golly and goodness and gosh.

# THE CLOAK I WEAR

THE CLOAK I WEAR

My cloak a door that locks within
my own inept incertitude
my fingers cold from love that's lost
with frozen tips that cannot turn
the buttons sewn in belted swathe
nor move the hinge that holds me fast
within its flowing folds.

# LIMMERICK 29

There was an old man from Kuwait
who was once heard loudly to state:
'The winter hurley burley
when it gets late early
is no patch on the summer when it stays early late!'

# THE WHITE FROCKED MAID

THE WHITE FROCKED MAID

The peeling sign beside the door
declared her place of residence
a simple girl and proud to bear
a birth which knew no social laws
untouched as yet by consequence

Beneath her crafted counterpane
she lay there stilled in reverie
in places where confusion lies
until with rhythmic grace she rose
in soft half tones of morning light.

With spectral ease she crossed the room
to lean against the mullion stone
and gaze beyond towards the mill
where logs were piled in readiness
and as the wood on lathe is turned,
appreciation took on form
advancing her maturity.

# BLONKIT NIBBLUS

BLONKIT NIBBLUS

Durkit Sproggles rancid moggles
Walkie wentle muzby mental
cozit clankit on a blanket
eating sarnie with pastrami.

# THE DARK OF MIDNIGHT HOUR

THE DARK OF MIDNIGHT HOUR

Looking down on tranquil streets
no bustling crowds no traffic sounds
as street lights cast their ghostly glow

No prying eyes no one to care,
the remnants of her troubled dreams
lie deep within a tortured mind.

Inside her private darkened world
between the living and the dead
she waits in dread the passing trade.

# WHY DO THEY DO IT?

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

Why cannot restaurants serve food on the plate ?
You know what I mean
it's something you've seen
it's a silly practice I always berate.

Chips served on end in a pail-like container
make me want to shout
oh please turn them out
but I've never been much of a complainer.

Peas presented in a porcelain jug
so you need a spoon
or else they'd be strewn
over table, other diners, your lap and the rug.

A steaming hot pie in a burning hot pot
oh how I wish
they would simply dish
it straight on the plate so why do they not?

A sheet of newspaper underneath your fried fish
is something I fear's
quite a daft idea
which certainly doesn't enhance the dish.

Trying to be clever? Is that why they do it:
trying to be arty ?
perhaps a bit farty ?
so someone please tell me: Why do they pursue it?

# I LIKE SAID IT

I LIKE SAID IT

Like
Like?
Do I like?
Like what?
Like.

Like I said!
Like I said?
Not as I said?
Only like I said?
So what did I say?
Like I said.

Like I say
Like I say?
Do I say it?
All the time?
So what do I say?
Like I say.

# LIMERICK 31

**Young Reginald had a large nose**
**On which birds of all types would repose.**
**This at first he enjoyed**
**but he soon got annoyed**
**when they crapped down the front of his clothes.**

# WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED

WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED

Upon the shores of paradise
and magnet drawn as Joshua led
the land of light where sentences
of rising hills that punctuate
the open skies and milk white light.

Where jet black shadows casting form
on landscapes golden honeyed tones
sweep down to dappled shimmering seas
and pointillist colours bounce and play
recorded by artistic  palette.

This the painters promised land
each day and as blue mists descend
across this terra incognita.

# MEN IN SHORTS

MEN IN SHORTS

Once a man approaches fifty
his veins turn blue, his legs go bandy,
and his knees get knobbly very quickly.
And when the sun by slow degree,
warms the land and warms the sea
many a man obliviously
without a sense of dignity
dons cotton shorts indifferently
not the best of sights to see.

# LIMERICK 32

**Concerned was the man from Tyreen**
**at the amount of TV that he'd seen**
**which he cured ? so he thought ?**
**when he went out and bought**
**a TV with a much smaller screen.**

# SYNTACTIC AMBIGUITY 1

The sign by the lifts:
'Do not use in case of fire'
The lifts are not used.

# AS YET UNWRITTEN

AS YET UNWRITTEN

The men of many wounds sat round
the crackling fires of flashing light
the harp was played on strings of gold
sweet herbs were strewn beneath their feet.

And when they sat as one at feast
and raised their flowing drinking horns
their ears were thirsty for the tales
of fearless deeds of mighty men .

Of men who swung their sails to wind
and slew with swords that sung as sweet
as any maiden left behind.
In awe they heard the sagas told
not written down for few could write.

# LIMERICK 33

**A blanket clad man from Peru**
**whose yearning for home grew and grew,**
**kept searching in vain**
**for a suitable train**
**on the No 4 platform at Crewe.**

# FIVE THIRTY PM

FIVE THIRTY PM

Low clouds,
rumbling, releasing
black teardrops
on dripping umbrellas,
that hover like lilies
above the wet walkways
reflecting red neon
and yellow street lighting
as head-down commuters
jostling and bustling
seek out their shelter
in crowded mass transport
that empties the city.

# MATURITY

MATURITY

Now emerged.
Now exposed.
No more on life's protected throne
as childhood takes its leave.

# TWO IN HAIKU STYLE

Why do folk drink water?
Water is a tasteless drink.
I do like coffee.

What do you paint on?
Many people use canvas.
I paint on the table.

# SUSPICION

SUSPICION

With pendulum sweeps her eyes looked round
and with a sigh of desperation
she knew the hands of time were near
and slowly moved by providence
unsure if he would call again
in this her chosen place of refuge
recognising time decrees
suspicion lies in secret places.

# SYNTACTIC AMBIGUITY  5 and 6

Distinctly displayed:
'Fire Door Keep Closed At All Times'
How do we get out?

The sign said: 'Wet Floor'
He drank two pints of iced beer
He obeyed the sign.

# LOST IN THE NIGHT

LOST IN THE NIGHT

By gabled window in abstraction
'neath clouds less large than sky observed
her gentle breasts in folds of silk
at rest upon the ivied ledge.

The wistful dreams of men that haunt
his words had left their trace
as she recalled into the night
received in silence by the wind.

From vantage of the darkened shadows
by decrees encouraged there
he gazed up at her lissom figure
cowled against the flickering light.

His aspirations once prevailed
now lost in time and seen no more
without a key to fit the lock
he journeyed back in morning light.

# ODDS AND SAUSAGES

THEY ASKED

They asked if he'd done
things that could be done
and yes they'd been done
so they asked could he do
things that cannot be done
and he said he would do
and he failed hopelessly.

FRUIT COMPOTE

Man goes in dangerous places
Currents flow downstream
Elder berries are quite wrinkly
Fruit flies through the air.

WILL YOU?

Will you travel very far?
What are the job prospects
in a mobile stationery store ?

# FESTIVAL OF ST ANTHONY - LISBON

FESTIVAL OF ST ANTHONY ? LISBON

The custard tart yellow
of suns final offering
glimmers on revellers
emerging and laughing
and hovering balloons
shimmering, shining
look down on performers
in sumptuous satin
gyrating to sounds
of the pimba pulsating
and smells begin swirling
of grilling and searing
and into the night
the crowds remain heaving
eating sardines and spiritedly dancing.

# DESERTED GRAVEYARD

DESERTED GRAVEYARD

Gaunt trees in skeleton reach down
their shadowed fingers crawl and grasp
forgotten stones and empty urns.

Where centuries of pain lie trapped
and empty hands reach out
for earthly title dispossessed

Primeval fear and piercing wail
the earthless fate of those beneath
denied the arches of the sky.

# ICE CREAM ROUNDABOUT

ICE CREAM ROUNDABOUT

Chased by a hornet
as I clasp my cornet
by its crunchy sides
where the ice cream glides
as it melts in the sun
as I try to run
away from the hornet
as I clasp my cornet
by its crunchy sides
where the ice cream glides
as it melts in the sun .....

.....aw to hell with it
I've got ice cream all down my shirt.

# IN GRANDEUR

IN GRANDEUR

The oak its form in filigree
stands proud against a paynes grey sky
and where its tattooed shadows fall
upon the crunching autumn leaves
now drained of summers chlorophyl
that tumble on the forests floor
on struggling growth of summer grass
and dressed by frost in picotee
as icy winds like sabres cut
the frozen silence of the night
in sentry here the soaring oak
awaits the purple swathes of thyme
that lie beyond the forests edge
when green again bedecks the land.

# THE ARTIST RESPONDS

THE ARTIST RESPONDS

Waves that are ushered challenge the images: race, identity, conflict and exile in a tolerant society the artist responds.

Political dimensions and populist perceptions: politics, power and patronage national pavilions display their reactions.

# LIBERTY

LIBERTY

The moon rode clear of cloud
and cast its shadows as she lay
on cool clean sheets she heard
the slumberous tick tock from the hall.

Her rise announced by creaking boards
and veiled by her flowing hair
she made her way in stockinged feet
to where the gentle breezes blew.

Across the ruffled flowing grass
Its spirits dancing in the wind
not tanned as yet by summer sun
in long attendance shadowed still.

A sign post passed that heralded
the route towards an easeful shore
where out of harbour floating far
she drank from stoops of liberty.

# LIMERICK No 35

**A long snouted fellow from Ripley**
**decided to run quite quickly**
**but the end of his nose**
**got caught in his toes**
**and he laughed 'cos it made them feel tickly.**

# YOU AND ME

YOU AND ME

You and me
From when we first met
We were always to be
You and me.

# DESIDERATUM

DESIDERATUM

Where darkness rendered absolute
till rising sun exhibited
its early rays of subdued light
and shades of shadows shyly hid
the distant path that disappeared
down which his steps he now retraced.

With haze of gray upon his hair
and now described of sober caste
yet little touched by passing years
with whispers of the past preserved
as memories were disinterred
by lonely progress made of impulse.

Straying quietly from the road
his curious eye the vista swept
until he spied her sylphlike form
and so as judgement did decree
with sudden heat of feelings burst
he vouched to live his life anew.

# LIMERICK 1

A disreputable tramp from Traillee
had illusions of grandeur so he
in his best handwriting
wrote a letter inviting
the King and Queen over to tea.

# MY LITTLE DOGFISH

MY LITTLE DOGFISH

I have a little dogfish and I take it to the park
It often wags its tail - it's a shame it cannot bark
it doesn't like the collar and it doesn't like the lead
and when it comes to discipline it simply takes no heed
so if you ask I'll tell the truth, I'll certainly not be lying
it's not a pet I'd recommend, it's simply not worth buying.

# THE WIND BLOWS

THE WIND BLOWS

The wind blows outside.
It rarely blows in our house.
We do not like it.
We do not often eat beans.
Beans prove wind can be broken.

# THROUGH THE NIGHT

THROUGH THE NIGHT

Through the night
within the room in which they stayed
through the night.
The candle shed its wavering light
upon the bed in which they laid
as curtains by the window swayed
through the night.

# THROUGH THE NIGHT (2)

THROUGH THE NIGHT

Through the night
within the room in which they stayed
through the night.
The candles shed their shifting light
upon the bed in which they laid
as curtains by the window swayed
through the night.

Through the night
upon his chest her long black hair.
Through the night
as candles shed their shifting light
consumed by love they sought to share
in ecstasy in passions snare
through the night.

# THE COW IN THE WIND

THE COW IN THE WIND

The cow in the wind
should be disciplined
if it turns out somehow
to be wind in the cow.

# WAKENING

WAKENING

Stiff from sleep
with aching limbs
my stirring body
belongs to the day.

# MEMORIES AND DREAMS

MEMORIES & DREAMS

Tides that flowed in rising squall
set deep in vaults of chapters time
where waves engraved the memory
and fed the flames of past recall.

Captured in a sonnets rhyme
expressed in trespass on his soul
like fish through ruptured nets escape
he straddled crumbling walls of time.

Grasping dreams beyond restraint
where only angels feet once trod
beneath a sickle moon unseen
he listened to the rain.

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# Couplet (1)

Ephemeral dustings of fugitive dew
settled on lychgate and gravestones and yew.

# A FEW SINGLE LINERS

A FEW MONOSTICHS

Like precious metals in a mine the soul has hidden virtues.

When the sun rises it rises not on him.

Today is mine, tonight I'm yours.

She hung out the washing and the man in the doorway watched.

Its smoothness shone like post-tide sand.

# THE DECEPTION OF POLITICS

THE DECEPTION OF POLITICS

Politics demonstrate the art of deception
art demonstrates the deception of politics.

# THROUGH THE NIGHT (3)

THROUGH THE NIGHT

Through the night
within the room in which they stayed
through the night.
The candles shed their shifting light
upon the bed in which they laid
as curtains by the window swayed
through the night.

Through the night
upon his chest her long black hair.
Through the night
as candles shed their shifting light
consumed by love they sought to share
in ecstasy in passions snare
through the night.

Through the night
the pledges made as yet unsigned.
Through the night
As candles shed their shifting light
their writhing bodies intertwined
and honoured pledges made that bind
through the night.

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Rondelet ( AbAabbA )

# A FEW COUPLETS

A FEW COUPLETS

He swam in freedoms liberty
and drowned in abject misery.

The milk cart rattled down the way
as opening shutters welcomed day.

The braziers coals glowed red with heat
to the rise and fall of the bellows beat.

As worms are severed by the spade
he cast aside the friendships made.

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# WORK IN PROGRESS (1)

Held tight in grasp of circumstance
Laced with the sweetness of hay
Suspicion wore an old patched coat
For him the cradle never rocked
As flowers plucked too soon
He heard the drip of tears
Time wove its painful tapestries
And as the wings of summer drooped
His presence was unfelt
Touched by chords which played a tune
As swallows in December
He spoke with the tongue of silence
His pulses hammered in his ear
His troubles ploughed and trapped in furrows
And evil leaps with none to wrestle
The hour came when all fulfilled
Blindly fighting presaged impulse
As chalk that moves on slate defines
No answers written on her face
And in the silent flowing water
She floated to eternity

# WORK IN PROGRESS (2)

As swallows in the autumn fly
Held tight in grasp of circumstance
Suspicion wore an old patched coat
And as the wings of summer drooped
His anger leapt with none to wrestle
Her presence wasn't felt

Blindly fighting presaged impulse
Troubles ploughed yet furrow trapped
As chalk that moves on slate defines
His heart in black beat out a pulse
The chords no longer played a tune.
Time wove its painful tapestries
For them the cradle never rocked

The hour came when nonel fulfilled
As flowers plucked too soon
No answers written on her face
And in the silent flowing water
Floating to eternity
She heard the drip of tears

# OPHELIA

OPHELIA

Voiced with deafening tongues of silence
troubles ploughed yet furrow trapped
as chalk that moves on slate defines
his heart in black beat out a pulse
with chords that played no tune.

Held tight in grasp of circumstance
suspicion wore an old patched coat
and with the wings of summer gone
for them the cradle never rocked
and time wove fading tapestries.

Unlike the flowers at petal fall
when swallows in the autumn fly
her face displayed in early bloom
as in the pool she laid supine
held siege within a Millais frame
and hearing not the drip of tears.

# A FEW COUPLETS (2)

A FEW COUPLETS (2)

It is safe to flirt with frivolity
It is dangerous when frivolity flirts with you.

The road ahead travels forward to the future
The road behind travels backward to the past.

He dug his nails into the dough.
He always cooks from scratch.

They never sang nor spoke nor met
yet in a dream she cradled him.

The hour came when all fulfilled
his anger waned without design.

# IN THEIR ANCESTORS LAND

IN THEIR ANCESTORS LAND

The cooking smoke
from sizzling skins
sent signals
to the old men
sitting, talking,
and feeling the hunger

Brushed by darkness
their outlines
dimmed
as dusk deepened
they rose
summoned by appetite.

They returned in file
past the river
where they fished
and there floating
the cast-off detritus
of civilisation.

# HE NEVER DINED

He never dined on food of love
the road he chose
not bound for feasts fulfilment.

# AGE IS IN THE MIND

AGE IS IN THE MIND

The face is defined
by the age of the body
and not by the age in the mind.

# THE LIFE AHEAD

THE LIFE AHEAD

When man is young with pulse still strong
his destiny which knows no better
waits as hands prepare the stage
for curtain rise on life's theatre.

# HAROLDS LAMENT

HAROLDS LAMENT

In 1066 with all good grace
I bent down low to tie my lace
But that was where it went awry
A target made of my third eye
And sure enough it came to pass
An arrow went straight up my arse.

# ANOTHER DAY

ANOTHER DAY

Kitchen chair and cosy slippers
toasting bread and fresh hot coffee
open windows, curtains flapping.

Outside winter grey decanting
Spluttering, pattering, rain drops falling
polka-dotting silvered paving.

Creaking gate on rusty hinges
weed-containing gutter swaying
beating time on stuccoed wall.

Mushy, slushy, decomposing
rotting leaves and dancing puddles
splashing rain on stretched umbrellas.

Empty chair, abandoned slippers
blackened toast and stale cold coffee
open windows, curtains flapping.

# A FEW BITS AND PIECES

So why do they say: 'Do you want the loo?'
Upstairs in my house I've already got two
and there's one more downstairs and it's painted blue.

He arrived at dusk in the cobbled square
tired and dusty from days on the road
he slowly dismounted and stabled his mare.

He loved fine food
but died too soon
and missed his funeral feast.

# AND WAVES WILL ALWAYS ROLL

AND WAVES WILL ALWAYS ROLL

The changing light that washes out
to bathe the fortress of the sea:
curling, crushing, carving caves
embracing skirts of golden shore,
from deepest seaweed green the waves
roll in and swallow sand borne tracks
as man's mortality is lost
beneath the dancing rhythmic spray
and waves will always roll.

# SUMMER BEDDING IS NOT AN OPTION

SUMMER BEDDING IS NOT AN OPTION

An adjunct to needs should be administered
enabling current ability divisionally directed
towards the constraints of budgetry beans
as advocated by mushroom scanning and embracing
valuable assistance in the frying of current hot issues.
This will assist in formulating fully the strategic stigmatics
for deployment of determinants of terminal tomatoes
with poached-egg partners acting in entrepreneurial
responses empowering and encompassing
multiple analysis of receding recessions
for non-compliant bids of leading proponents
and charm school scenarios whose sole capabilities
engage in a catalogue of long bacon slices
where system engagement without full embracement
of conceptualisations will falter in a mire
of failed sector sausages for you never can fit
a full English breakfast
in a multi-grain bap.

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# LATE JULY

LATE JULY

The shimmering heat hazed purple hills
frame mellow fields of ripening corn
and in the breeze the clapping leaves
applaud the honeysuckle lanes
of tessellated stone and soil
where sign posts rise from waving grass
and fleecy wandering shadows fall.

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# WORDS WRITTEN

Words written on stray sheets are easily lost.

# THREE SENRYUS

The stairs are quite steep
A naked bulb lights the way.
The door is unlocked.

Entering the room
Her hesitant voice calls out
He left her a note.

A cry of despair
Her heart was made of crystal
It lies in fragments.

# 3 ONE LINERS

The stream is slowest when the bladder is full.

Dawn wanted to go out with Eve but they never met up.

We are nothing more than reflections of our vainest dreams.

# THE SMILING DIED

THE SMILING DIED

We broke apart
and in my mind
I hear her voice
and I recall
a time of joy
a time of fun
until the day
she went away
the day
the smiling died.

# DROWNED IN SORROW

DROWNED IN SORROW

Like tortured trees espaliered
and set in comb-toothed corridors
with misty dreams, his winged desires
frustrated deep in wisdoms store
restrained by banks of trickling streams
conceding to the sea.

A chilled sarcophagus sky looks down
in depths within his silent realm
where ancient gods cast forth their spells
and mediaeval devils haunt
the void that lives within his heart
now filled with sands of grief.

Immersed in dark infinity
and though he knows no gladsome day
beyond the realm where thinking stopped
a glimmering light invades the waves
to paint the jaws of purgatory
and offer joys of paradise.

# SHE SLEPT IN RESTFUL PEACE

SHE SLEPT IN RESTFUL PEACE

As seaweed on a sunken ship
so she was held in loves firm grip
and through to early morning light
she slept in restful peace that night.

For every golden moment held
a love so strong unparalleled
her soul a shade of virgin white
she slept in restful peace that night.

Beneath the sloping roof she lay
no seeds of doubt, no shades of grey
in innocence without foresight
she slept in restful peace that night.

And as she slept on bed of straw
she never heard the closing door
quite unaware he'd taken flight
she slept in restful peace that night.

# LIMERICK No40

A smack head from Tashkent
promised that he would relent
but he was disowned
when he got really stoned
after sniffing a bag of cement.

# A FEW COUPLETS (3)

A FEW MORE COUPLETS (3)

In life he never knew her name
in death her name in marble cast.

His hopes and dreams foregone, deposed,
for him the gates of youth were closed.

A wounded slave to troubled life
a lesion never cuts the knife.

# Dreamers

DREAMERS

A time for lovers
Night skies seeded with bright pearls
Stars fade in daylight.

# HER VOICE FELL SOFT

HER VOICE FELL SOFT

The punctual servant of the skies
stained fiery red the night time sky
as ancient yews in tarnished green
stood stark as sullen sentinels
beside the twisting stony path
which conjured from the furthest reach
and travelled to the honeyed door.

And as the bells peeled out their chime
her voice fell soft like April rain
with words that breathed of heavenly love
and drank in scenes of long ago,
an antique song so sweetly sung.

# EMERGING

EMERGING ? A TANKA

A deserted path
Emerging from the wild wood
Bright red glowing cheeks
Long hair flowing free and loose
He followed in her footsteps.

# A LANTURNE

White
the wraiths
of mist fade
after the night
dawn.

# LANTURNE 2

Scent
of hay
in the air
from the farmyard
stack.

# CLOSE OF DAY

CLOSE OF DAY

Day slowly
slipped over
the hills.

Acrid smoke
from
smouldering fires
controlled the air.

# SUMMER IDYL

She lazed there long by balustrades
above the whispering river run
where oars dipped down in winding water
gently rippling, gurgling, lapping
wild green banks of rush and willow.

Stretched beyond the straddling lanes
the luscious woods and gold-rich fields
where ragged shadows rose and fell
and birds sang out their heavenly song
in tune with nature's harmony.

Her cherished view that radiant day
would charm a less receptive mind.

# ESSENCE POEMS - A SEQUENCE

Essence Poems ? A Sequence

She walked across the hill
He stalked the lady still.
I
He caught her in the  wood
Though fraught she understood.

She saw she could not hide
The door was open wide.

'Yes do put out the light
It's you and me tonight'.

# THE DESTITUTE

THE DESTITUTE

By fortune rendered dispossessed
the lines of misery on display
with sallow features drawn in dust
like dying embers ashen grey.

With destitution's excess reached
the victim of afflictions will
on him life's notice now bestowed
in huddled form he sits there still.

# LIMERICK No 41

A very odd man from Koblenz
who followed the latest trends
wore specs framed in red
on the top of his head
so he wouldn't wear out the lens'

# A MERRY LUNCH

A MERRY LUNCH

The company straggled in twos and threes
from under the canopy of the trees.
They went to the Inn with the horse painted green:
a creature in life that's not often seen.

Soon they were seated and started to eat
gulping and belching, all most indiscrete
until it transpired their hunger was beaten
by drinkables drunk and the eatables eaten.

Replete with good drink and the best of good food
the hum of their voices in mirth then ensued
which annoyed the hovering bald headed waiters
who wished to divest of their collars and gaiters.

But soon by dint of patient perseverance
the waiters were able to begin table clearance
the company then, with their heads in a spin
and unquestionably drunk, departed the Inn.

# BENEATH A WANING MOON

BENEATH A WANING MOON

Bouncing in the cart ruts
Bumping over the stones
Brushing past the hedgerows
Beneath a waning moon.

A black cloud drifts slowly
As rain begins to weep
And inside coiled snugly
A traveller fast asleep.

Bouncing in the cart ruts
Bumping over the stones
Brushing past the hedgerows
Beneath a waning moon.

# ALONE

ALONE

Supplicating for her soul
no more immune to grief
his harvest felled with swinging sickle
blunted on the stones of woe
and slow he sank in deep despair
with flames of hope now doused
he swam reclusions river.

# JOURNEY'S END

JOURNEY'S END

Across green hills and granite mountains
weary yet with pulse still strong
he rode his mare with steaming flanks
he looked, he heard:

the sounds he knew he heard again
the haunting bells and high above
the ravens wheeled with wistful cry
as on he rode:

at dusk he reached the cobbled square
where grasses sighed outside a door
the swinging sign declared his home
his journey's end:

within the walls with well pail full
she sluiced the flags and combed her hair
a pot of victuals simmered low
in readiness:

his faithful mare unsaddled now
at rest upon the mud and straw
and chumbling on the fresh cut hay
he crossed the yard:

inside the clock of inlaid oak
with rich and shiny patinations
chimed to welcome his return
as he walked in.

# STRIKE OUT COUPLETS

STRIKE OUT COUPLETS

Between you, me and the bed **post**.
life's a bitch **and then you die** .

Beauty is only skin **deep**.
Many a slip twixt cup and **lip** clasp

Still waters run **deep** nowhere
don't jump **off** into the deep end.

Two and two make **four** twenty two
catch 22?

one swallow doesn't make a **summer** full belly
Make a clean **breast** plate.

# FRESHLY COOKED

FRESHLY COOKED

Tasty and so exotic
An Asian classic
    coriander, turmeric,
ginger and garlic,
lamb shashlik
fantastic
joy!

The Epulaeryu poem is all about delicious food. It consists of seven lines with thirty-three (33) syllables.  The form is 7/5/7/5/5/3/1. This poetic form has corresponding lines built around the main course and ending with an exclamation point. The concluding line expresses the writer's excitement and feelings. The poem may be rhymed or unrhymed. The Epulaeryu poem was developed by Joseph Spence, Sr.

# THE LETTER

THE LETTER

On plastered walls where shoulders lean
she leant
she cried.
By kindled fire that slowly warmed
her hand
still cold.
On oaken chair by ink stained desk
she sat
she thought.
And on the woven writing pad
she wrote
to him.

# PAST DREAMS

PAST DREAMS

His streams of venture
ceded to the stormy seas
Sunk in voids of time.

# SOME MORE ONE LINERS

SOME MORE ONE LINERS

Their burning fires fused;  the gates of hope swung wide.

—

He stood on the far side of silence and never heard her plea.

——

Mediocrity is the bedrock upon which excellence is built.

——

Her visible grief on show to all, he gently stroked her arm.

——

Looks do not a beauty make for beauty knows no boundaries.

——

The drifting notes of saxophones: they played the colour blue.

——

His pipe dreams went up in smoke.

# SUMMER

SUMMER
Dressed in hues of deepest green
the fields and hedges, trees and moors
with still no mottled leaf as yet
to fade from colours die.

# Winter

WINTER
As stones that lie in frozen pools
when days grow short and ice accrues
and all that lies within is bathed
beneath a blankets cold caress.

# AUTUMN

AUTUMN

Wilting growth in brawling tides
of mewing winds that tread the hills
with rustling ebbs of autumn hues
beneath a shredding canopy.

# THE SEASONS

THE SEASONS

SPRING
Scales fall as leaf blades break
and whirling sepals effloresce
with misting sprays in harmony
reflecting seasons early cast.

SUMMER
Dressed in hues of deepest green
the fields and hedges, trees and moors
with still no mottled leaf as yet
to fade from colours die.

AUTUMN
Wilting growth in brawling tides
of mewing winds that tread the hills
with rustling ebbs of autumn hues
beneath a shredding canopy.

WINTER
As stones that lie in frozen pools
when days grow short and ice accrues
and all that lies within is bathed
beneath a blankets cold caress.

# THREE BITS OF MERRY

Kindle the fire and put out the light
the two of us are alone tonight
oh how I've  craved for your  company
so let's settle down - and watch  TV.

—
Never one to sit on a shelf
always very full of himself
he suffers from an anti-social perversion
Docs call it rectal introversion.

—
In the shade of a pyramid
Humphrey the gay camel
felt quite dispirited.

# PYRAMID SELLING

PYRAMID SELLING

Once
Common,
now a scorned
phenomena
by which capital
without diminution
continues to grow when sold
but not at all sustainable.
Now considered an illegal scam.
It's given title: pyramid selling.

# EBB AND FLOW

EBB AND FLOW

Love sailed on oceans tears
that flowed to amatory lands
where deep in passions precipice
the throbbing tide discharged
its salty spray in time worn vaults.

In slow retreat from ebbed embrace
caressing melancholic shores
the waves sung out in harmony
as saline eyes shed golden tears
of waning love in oceans breeze.

# DAFFODILS

DAFFODILS

I
am
the
gent
whose
garden
merrily
displays
daffodils
throughout

# ETERNAL LINKS

ETERNAL LINKS

She said she was his.
Tall mountains and wide oceans
will endure eternally

He held her tightly.
Sweeping plains and spacious skies
are linked together always.

# LIMERICK No 42

An elderly trickster called Neville
played a trick which was really uncivil
he farted in a lift
and jumped out real quick
and it rose to a much higher level.

# FIVE SEVEN FIVES

FIVE SEVEN FIVES

Dominion of mind.
Dark shadow in attendance.
Lost to evil thoughts.
-

It is not just our genes;
it is how we nurture ourselves
that will define us.
-

In the midst of life
in desolating routine
robbed of volition.

# SHE CONFIRMS

SHE CONFIRMS

Still night
Invading dark
Soft murmur of slow lapping waves
Meeting of sea and sky undefined.
House lights
Along shore
Reflections shine
All quiet.

All quiet
Slow walk
Descending road to the bleak shoreline
Creaking wooden pier waits and beckons
Supporting rails
Standing still
Beneath them
Black sea.

Black sea
Gently heaving
Senses fuelled by darkness and mystery
Together in harmony hand in hand
She predicts
He ponders
He speaks
She confirms.

# DREAMS - A FEW ONE LINERS

He opened the door and entered her dreams.

In dreams we sleep; in sleep we dream.

She saw the way in dreams; in life she took the road.

Forgotten dreams return in sleep, remembered dreams are scorned.

# A THOUSAND WRECKS

A THOUSAND WRECKS

Spectrally
in our widening wake
the outline of fast fading coastlines.

Ceaselessly
onward in mists of foam
as salt breezes blow from prow to stern.

Furtively
following sea's allure
and the beckoning waste of the deep.

Recklessly
ploughing the rolling waves
where it's said that a thousand wrecks lie.

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# LIMERICK No 44

I suffered a fever and they thought it might spread
so I cancelled my holiday and stayed home in bed.
Well I did save some money
but it sure wasn't funny
cos I can't use it now cos I'm bloomin' well dead.

# SHE SOUGHT HER LIBERTY

SHE SOUGHT HER LIBERTY

A balmy night a moon lit sky
she gazed at stars and stared
deep into spaces limitless
as many had before.

The angst-filled brief her pride had cast
her mind resumed its night mare task
convinced of sin which none but her
could see or recognise.

She stood quiescent yet remained
still fettered by her own design
and though conceding to despair
she probed herself anew.

Vain circles shadows cast aside
sincere the absolution sought
with strength anew in her resolve
she yearned her self release.

# THREE FROM FUSIONS

A beetle landed on my arm
it wouldn't go away
it wasn't doing any harm
so I thought I'd let it stay.
But it bit my arm quite badly
and the mark was so distinct
and I have to tell you sadly
that the beetle's now extinct.
-

Gin and tonic
Supersonic !
If you get hooked
your goose is cooked:
off to clinic
ton and ginic
Hic!

–

Please don't play with your gun today
Guns are not toys with which you can play
A careless shot and you might end up dead;
something you need like a hole in the head.

# A COUPLE OF EDONES

ALLEGATIONS
He
Was
Very
Upset
Mostly
Because
Everyone
Tolerated
Horrendous
Allegations

DO YOU EVER

Do
you
ever
think
dreams
effects
avowedly
intensify
individual
experiences
?

# THE ABSTRACT ARTIST

THE ABSTRACT ARTIST

Inchoate thinking
echoing light in spaces
emerging ideas.

On canvases primed
no place for opacity
colours are merging.

Interpretation
unenlightened conceptions
the artist reviled.

Receptive children
abstraction appreciative
perceptions unstained.

# WELL FED AM I

WELL FED AM I

I
am
fed
well
today
hooray
whereas
globally
abounding
starvation

inexcusable

starvation
abounding
globally
whereas
hooray
today
well
fed
am
I

# HIS PICTURE GONE

HIS PICTURE GONE

His picture gone
a faded mark upon the wall
within a sparsely furnished room.

Standing still and looking out
the sole possessor of the night
alone in nights vast solitude.

Though black nights reigned
with morning call
still yet devoid of happiness.

In filmy shades of morning light
as flickering neon fades with day
her thoughts effaced by falling rain.

Scarce a sound pervades the room
the window wide with northern view
the sun a stranger scarce a sound.

Loosed yet to pleasures of the day
she felt the flood
of waves that carried no content.

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# LIMERICK 43

A Welshman who hailed from Gower
got looks from his boss quite sour
'If you're late once more
you'll be out of the door!'
so he put back his watch by an hour.

# SHE MONSTICHS

SHE MONOSTICHS

She watched as landless men passed by with strident gait on paths of stone.

She left the window open wide and heard the door bell ringing.

She never took any shit; she had enough already.

She wished to engage but her tongue knew no freedom.

# THE BURGESS SHALE

THE BURGESS SHALE

Indestructible
where the misty mountains rise
over Burgess Shale.

Complex life captured
structures recorded in stone
within the strata.

Natural process
Captured for posterity
Deep in Burgess Shale.

# MORE MONOSTICHS

MORE MONOSTICHS

A scion of a worthy stock yet buried in a precinct grave.

Where smokeless chimneys reached the sky they sat in silence wrapped in shawls.

As a bird is defined by the plumage so a tart is defined by the crust.

With broken lock and rusty hinges the door was forced by calloused hands.

Though you don't know me I once dreamed that I met you in another life.

# HE'LL BE A POLITICIAN YET

**HE'LL BE A POLITICIAN YET**

With flowing scarf and green rosette
he stood upon the parapet
above the stir with strident lure
he saw where wealth did not endure
amongst the mass of human welter
there his eye across the spectra
scanned the view unfurled below
and from each roof and portico
the fluttering flags of white and green
framed the heaving unkempt scene
where shabby idlers stood and heard
his every slogan, every word.
With flowing scarf and green rosette
he'll be a politician yet.

# RING RING

RING RING

'Hello It's me I'm here at the Hall'
**'Is there a problem? You don't usually call'**
'Yes I'm sorry to say the lights are all out'
**'It's the main fuse switch, it's tripped no doubt'**
'But it's too dark to find it and I'm stuck in the porch'
**'That's easily resolved, you can use the torch'**
'Ah that will help, so where do I find it?'
**'On top of the fuse switch inside the gents toilet'**

# FIRST LOVE

FIRST LOVE

Submitting to his wisdoms calling
love with candour newly found
expressed without a manuscript
she heard his every word.

And though his life a wilderness
his heart in turmoil raced and gained
with all antipathy deserted
precious feelings slowly stirred.

His trembling hand he pressed in hers
their bodies met in nervous touch
despite as yet no skill employed
all past life sank and new began.

With instinct guiding first embrace
the meeting of their virgin lips
surpassing every lustful dream
that night he was a man.

# DORCAS

DORCAS

At a Village Hall meeting the other night
we discussed the old chest for toys,
bicycles, scooters and things like that,
for the local girls and boys.

It was kept outside on the car park verge
it was made out of plastic and wood
its hinges were rusty and coming apart
and the lock didn't work as it should.

The meeting opened and the Chairman said:
'Ive been told that the chest is not there
and nor are the toys that were kept inside
and it's all very strange I declare!'

It puzzled the meeting on hearing these words
and after conferring they said
they had no idea as to where they had gone
and the Chairman, nonplussed, scratched his head.

At this point the Treasurer stood and declared
that only that morning he saw
an old wooden shed on the car park verge
and the inside was empty apart from some straw.

The meeting adjourned and they all went to look
at the shed that had newly appeared.
On opening the door you can guess what was there:
the toys, they had all reappeared.

There was silence as they pondered these strange events
till someone asked: 'Could it be
that this is the shed that Dorcas had;
does everyone else here agree?

On hearing the question heads started to nod
and they agreed it could well be his
and while I was wondering who Dorcas was
it was asked; 'Could it be that he's dead?'

But the treasurer declared that that wasn't so:
'I'm informed he's alive, and well
and what's more I've been led to understand
that he's got a new place to dwell'.

By now I had trouble containing my mirth
and I thought it was all quite mad
but the thought of poor Dorcas who lived in a shed
although funny was also quite sad.

But I still didn't know who he was
so I voiced the question out loud.
'He's a resident here in the village
and he's popular too' they avowed.

Well I still wasn't any the wiser
and my amusement started to show
and try as I might I couldn't hold back
and laughter tears started to flow.

They looked at me really quite puzzled
as though I was out of my mind.
'To laugh at a donkey called Dorcas'
they said, 'is really most awfully unkind'.

# IN DREAMS

IN DREAMS

In dreams
where winter rain
that fell from darkened skies
stirred up the mud upon the path
now baked by sun's heat till porcelain dry
as summer breezes softly blow
through whispering willows
wavering leaves
in dreams.

# FROM FUSIONS 1

Tumbling growth in tides of passing
mewing winds that tread the hills
where rustling ebbs of autumn colour
fall from shredding canopies.

# FUSIONS 2

To follow a meal with a glass of red
I used to like trifle but now instead
my palette's become far more astute:
a glass of white and a bowl of fruit.

___

# FUSIONS 3

I much prefer to ponder
I never want to thunk
for thunking makes you squander
your ponders chunk by chunk.

# REFLECTED EDONE

REFLECTED EDONE

| | |
|---|---|
| Live | evil |
| civic | civic |
| spools | sloops |
| deliver | reviled |

# MULTITASKING

MULTITASKING

It's said that women can multitask,
and it's something that men cannot do.
And I must admit I agree with this
and I'll explain my thinking to you.

Women can think and they sure can talk
which they do at the very same time
whereas men, of course, think BEFORE they talk:
the points made so I'll end my wee rhyme !

Postscript:
The following came to mind after I'd written the poem
above but then I can only do one thing at a time !!

After writing this poem a thought comes to mind
and it's something of which we mustn't lose sight:
by doing only one thing at a time
at least us men get it right.

# THE TEMPTRESS

THE TEMPTRESS

Driven by proclivity
she plays with hearts
a tauntress she
driven by proclivity
for every heart she has a key
wherein she feigns seductive arts
driven by proclivity
she plays with hearts.

# FUSIONS 4

Acorns for the pigs,
plankton for the whales
the cows chew the cud
and the frogs eat snails.

___

# ON BEING A POET

ON BEING A POET

CONTENT
Good poets write from personal experiences;
great poets also write from their imagination.

BAD LANGUAGE
Bad language used in context enhances; bad language used gratuitously insults.

SPELLING
It's there: it's not their.
It's you're: it's not your.
Get it rite, get it write.

METRE
Read it out loud, if the words do not flow the metre is wrong.

PRINT
The reader doesn't want an unreadable font
so please be a dear and use one that's clear.

STRAINING RHYME
The rhyme may be right
but never lose sight
if good language and meter
fail to feature
a line will be crossed
and the poem will be lost.
If you're struggling to rhyme
then rewrite the line.

BABBLE TALK

It doesn't impress.

It will only depress

- so why write it?

# THE AUTOCRAT

THE AUTOCRAT

Dominant spirit
Departed with dignity
Forever at peace

Announcements broadcast
Extensive arrangements made
News quickly spreading

Expressing anguish
The relatives assemble
Last farewells expressed

Binding chains unlocked
Controlling influence gone
Freedom unshackled

# DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM (Version 1)

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM (1)

Where phantoms of the buried dead
lie mute within the church yard rails
beliefs long held by just the few
affirmed and solemnised by oath
and witnessed now by every ear
yet soon the choirs labours heard
their harmonies distracting tongues
of those who stand and gaze upon
the fresh dug mound of moving clay.

# DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM (2)

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM (2)

Where buried dead lie undisturbed
their phantoms mute and long interred
the untruths spread by men by word.

Yet solemnised in oaths observed
the rumours cast by mouth preserved,
the ancient tales now unopposed.

As labours of the choir heard
distracting thoughts their tongues deterred,
the moving fresh grey clay observed.

# KIPPERED

KIPPERED

The night was hot
but the water was not
so the kipper thought 'I'll fly'
and it flapped its fins
as though they were wings
and it soared high up in the sky

But way up there
in the warm night air
when it heard the waves a-lapping
it said to itself 'I've had enough
of this flying stuff'
and it stopped its fins a-flapping.

Now it couldn't see
the beckoning sea
as it dived down showing no fear
but in the dark
it missed its mark
and it fell with a thud on the pier.

It soon caught the eye
of a man passing by
as it lay there feeling embarrassed
and pleased with his luck
the man picked it up
and he took it home for breakfast.

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# A GENTLE LAND

A GENTLE LAND

It knows no trouble this gentle land
where breezes sigh and tall trees stand
and flowing rivers splash and bubble
a gentle land that knows no trouble.

Where chimneys reach up to the sky
and friendly neighbours live nearby
with trees of oak and elm and beech
up to the sky the chimneys reach.

With summer days of gold and blue
when fields of stubble frame the view
and natures music gently plays
with gold and blue of summer days.

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# THE HOUSE

THE HOUSE

Behind her the gloom
of the woods and shrubberies
with dark paths and long shadows.

Before her the house
with unlit porch and bare rooms
and damp mould infested walls.

# THE MARTYRS CROWN

THE MARTYRS CROWN

With gestures born of habit
he wore the martyrs crown
and so with heavy heart he knew
no choice of route, no upper hand
remained in his dominion.

Embittered sadness showed its face
now led away by fortune's chain
no more the gesture of command
when exercising intellect
his fate: his abdication signed.

# A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

.

As scion to the stock is grafted
once as strangers, now united.

I never pass a toilet by
and only pass in toilets.

# CAST IN FALLOW FIELDS

CAST IN FALLOW FIELDS

To feel the neck beneath the yoke
by weight of troubles bearing down
on course beyond an orbit known
with slow detail in probing mind
laid bare and plucked of all but bone.

Time lost by those who yearn the past
with futures curtain still undrawn
nor washed afresh by dews of night
as yet unfound the twisted threads
that scout unravelled destiny.

Planted thoughts soon summon growth
when sown by hands of consequence
and set in folds of virgin soil
the future cast in fallow fields
as if by natures grand design.

# LIKE CORN IN WIND

LIKE CORN IN WIND

Her wavering mind
like corn in wind.

In fireglow
in gold surround
now self aware
she wondered if
her words on paper
written down
would be received
but sitting there
her doubts returned
the ink well cap
she turned down tight
with stamp of rage
her secret kept.

Like corn in wind
her wavering mind.

# THREE 5,7,5's FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Winter approaches
A fleecy cinerous sky
The promise of snow.

A sweet probing tongue
Caressing strokes delivered
Sharp edges cut deep.

Declining sunlight.
Mysterious expanses
Mile on sombre mile

# FIVE MORE FIVE SEVEN FIVES

FIVE MORE FIVE SEVEN FIVES

Like falling raindrops
She fell into his being
And flooded his heart.

Shafts of probing light
Entangled in swaying grass
Slipping through like fish.

When no one can hear
The broken express themselves
With simplicity.

Obscure in the mist
Growing in stature and noise
Nearing the platform.

Sidling up and down
On the roof of the old barn
The fantail pigeons.

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# THE ANCIENT LAND

THE ANCIENT LAND

Far wide across this journeyed land
unseen marine in margin lies
beyond the blue-grey mountain band
where screeching gulls declare domain

And with the bending of the eye
from points of vantage over folds
where sweeps of mist and vagueness lie
beneath the mountains rise and fall

Throughout this vista racing gales
breathe hitherward across the steep
with changing light upon the vales
displaying stress of natures call

Bestowed at night by unseen moon
a melancholic radiance
and through it all the path long hewn
a link in landscapes ageless form.

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# AT LAST IN LOVE

AT LAST IN LOVE

Once undisposed to gather lilies
which grow in unattended lands
but now with eagerness to pluck
and place them in her tender hands.

# THE DECISION

THE DECISION

In practice for the wedding day
with mournful echoes in her mind
the melody of morrow played.

In turmoil now at last alone
she stood in anguish there before
the mirror by her single bed.

And to the question posed of her
with vexed design now resolute
she knew the answer would be no.

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# THE BOOK

THE BOOK

The eyes that traced across each page
both line by line and word by word
transmitted not to wandering mind.

The book upon the bed now lies
In darkness there in nights repose
with mornings birth as yet to come.

# THE CLOWN

The clown is up the scaffold
and his clothing's got entangled
and he slips and tumbles down
and now the scaffold's up the clown.

# HER TAINTED HEART

HER TAINTED HEART

Carried by the whispering winds
in soft low notes she heard his voice
which echoed over wood and moor.

She felt the stab of nettle stings
beside the tumbling walls of time
in mortar where his vision lay.

Ill luck ordained her presence there
In refuge with her deep remorse
she cried into the night.

And just as metal deep in mines
the fire burnt within her heart
in ashes now the dream foregone.

Bathed deep within obscuring mists
she drank the raindrops as they fell
and washed her tainted heart.

# ANOTHER CRUDY

Too early to be late
I come through the gate
and close it quite firmly
too late to be early.

# A SHELTERED NOOK

A SHELTERED NOOK

It stood there still the lonely cottage
resolute in seasons ravage
levied there at natures will
the lonely cottage stood there still.

The wind was strong the rain beat down
and trekking from the local town
a raucous merry making throng
the rain beat down the wind was strong

A sheltered nook within the storm
inside its walls both dry and warm
they sang until the rafters shook
within the storm a sheltered nook.

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# THE MERMAIDS SIGH

THE MERMAIDS SIGH

A dawdling canting see-saw song
no cries of passion weak or strong
a song bereft
of any breadth
and yet in tune the notes sung well
accompanied by the oceans swell.

# YET ANOTHER CRUDY

The cow in the wind
should be disciplined
if it turns out somehow
to be wind in the cow.

# WITHOUT EXCUSE

WITHOUT EXCUSE

She unfolded the paper
Brittle dry and yellowed
She read the words.

The candle glowed in the sconce
She heard a sound behind her
The latch key clicked.

The scene before him unfurled
His stubble-darkened face paled
He had no words.

Her feelings of guilt hung low
The hurt of fragmented pride
Without excuse.

# THE RING

THE RING

He slowly gave her the ring
Would her hand tremble?
Would it fit?

# ARRIVAL OF SPRING

e

ARRIVAL OF SPRING

Like gentle waves that leave the shore
Exposing silvered virgin sand
the seasons change across the land
and spring at last arrives once more

On early morning springtime days
as light through stained church window glass
night leaves its dewy stamp on grass
which glints and glitters in the rays

Life reawakes with natures clock
from fields to woods, from heath to gorse
and fresh clear rivers run their course
and chatter with the stones and rock.

# ARTIST

ARTIST

**A** skill that is harnessed
**R** equires salvation
**T** hus every young artist
**I** nterprets creation
**S** o others soon will
**T** estify to his skill.

# IN PRAISE OF MILK

IN PRAISE OF MILK

Such wonderful products held in esteem
like yoghurt and cheese and thick rich cream
and not forgetting English butter
and all of them made from extract of udder.

# MEASURED REASON

MEASURED REASON

In depth of nights obscurity
the supernatural force asserts
a presence there unseen unheard
as might of incredulity
gives way to notions self-deceived
a victim of illusions call.

But in the searching light of day
and with the mind at last composed
the doubt that measured reason brings
receives the seed of logic sown
with wisdom now submission borne.

# SHE PLAYED THE FLUTE

SHE PLAYED THE FLUTE

Held in passive hands
Lightly stroking polished wood
Old memories stirred

Placed against the lips
Forgotten skills recaptured
Faint notes of the flute

Bitter sweet the sound
Softly recalling past dreams
Some shattered some found.

# THREE ONE-LINERS

THREE ONE-LINERS

Black nights reigned as street lights flickered.

As an espaliered tree was she, yet never trained nor pruned.

He mastered the spirit till the spirit mastered him.

# ONLY GHOSTS AND ANGELS

ONLY GHOSTS AND ANGELS

Between the stretching dark clad arms
of towering rock and wooded hill
and under blackened stormy skies
yet not reflecting heavens stars
the metal sheeted river runs .

Along its course the wind blows cold
and freezes mud in rutted tracks
worn deep by laden carts that groan
in passage to a desolate place
where crosses of the dead lie ranked.

Encompassed by the murmuring trees
their long dark shadows scornful cast
in radiating pools of light
across the weeping grassy tufts
where only ghosts and angels tread.

# SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES

SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES.
(Recently discovered and published here for the first time)

Once more unto the breach dear friends
and bring the bricks and mortar.

To be or not to be: that is the question
To be or not to be what: that is the caveat

Neither a borrower nor a lender be
if you want to be a tight fisted recluse.

To thine self always be true
Only tell lies to others.

But for my own part it was all Greek to me
until I read the English menu

# SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES (2).

SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES (2).
(Recently discovered and published here for the first time)

Friends Romans countrymen lend me your ears
and a cotton bud.

Is this a dagger I see before me, the handle before my hand?
No. it's a frying pan - get on with the cooking.

If music be the food of love, play on
an organ ? no not that one!

Shall I compare thee to a summer day?
Dry, hot and sweaty!

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
Oh heck !

# SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES (3)

SHAKESPEARE: THE MISSING LINES (3).
(Recently discovered and published here for the first time)

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown
It's much better standing up.

Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo
Down here right in front of you, you blind bat!

What light through yonder window breaks?
Is Juliet into fart ignition?

We know what we are but not what we may be.
So you believe in reincarnation.

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
Why give your kingdom to a horse ?

# MAN'S CONSTRUCT

MAN'S  CONSTRUCT

The verdant rolling lands abut
the boundaries of man's construct.
Mills and manufactories
furnaces and potteries
as steel stone and brick degrade
sediment and soot invade.
The verdant rolling lands abut
the boundaries of man's construct.

# DEPARTURE

DEPARTURE

With faltering tones as morning wakes
the words unheard in outer courts
in secret chambers uttered now
as watery sun disperses night.

The importunate bitter tears
roll slowly down from reddened eyes
and so to summon self-control
as night time wounds are slow to heal.

Where steaming dew disguises land
and diamond studied cobwebs hang
a westward fleeing shadow falls
across the sprawling common land.

# LIMERICKS 8 30 & 34

There was a young man called Glyn
who had a deep cleft in his chin.
A beard sprouted out,
and the reason no doubt,
the razor blade wouldn't go in!

There was an old man from Kuwait
who was once heard loudly to state:
'The winter hurley burley
when it gets late early
is no patch on the summer when it stays early late!'

There was an old man from Hyde
Who got on a fly for a ride.
But he started to choke
when they flew through some smoke
and he fell to the ground and he died.

# CHICKS

CHICKS
**C**hicks small and fluffy
**H**atched from eggs
**I**n a chicken coop
**C**overed by mum
**K**eeping them warm
**S**cratching and chirping.

# BE MINE

BE MINE
As grape is to wine, be mine.
As glaze is to shine, be mine always.
As grape is to wine, be mine.

As cloud is to sky, till I die.

# SUMMER SOLSTICE

SUMMER SOLSTICE

The roadside hedges wreathed in white
with sweeping foam of sanicle
and meadowsweet in flower full
as wild garlic breathes its scent
and brambles wave their wands of thorns.

# A FEW LUNES

A FEW LUNES

Filial saplings
Stretch and reach
Beneath canopies

Sun surveys the land
Spring arrives.
Summer is waiting.

Beside the green pool
Deep and dank
The whispering trees.

No wandering path
Hedge and fence
Denying access

Wisps of gentle clouds
Floating clefs
Playing silent tunes.

# THEY WOULD NOT BLEED

THEY WOULD NOT BLEED

Determined she would not concede
Despite his efforts to mislead
Of wounds cut deep she took no heed
They would not bleed, they would not bleed.

# THE CONFORMIST

THE CONFORMIST

His ordered life was uniform
he felt incumbent to conform,
so being always orthodox
he only thought within the box.

# A COUPLE OF COUPLETS TIMES TWO

The text read out inaudita
The message borne con brio.

Though she lived in a landscape of marble
the dust lay thick in gutters.

She stretched her wings when darkness fell
and flew around the lamp of love.

The evening wears on and the decibels rise
in the house where the nectar flows.

# GUILT

GUILT

The cruelty of dreams
is outweighed
by the burden of guilt.

# Adversary Rhymes (1, 2 and 3)

ADVERSARY RHYMES

Twinkle twinkle little star
the sight I see is quite bizarre
nestling there against your thigh
like a sausage in a pie.

Hey diddle diddle
the cat's on the fiddle
the cows gone down to the pub
the little boy smirked
when he found how it worked
and the plate's put the cup in the club.

It's raining, it's pouring
the old man's performing
he patted her head and he took her to bed
and he never gave any forewarning.

# ADVERSARY RHYMES (2 3 & 4)

ADVERSARY RHYMES (2 3 & 4)

Bert the Hairy quite contrary
Why does your red nose glow
With silvery drips that run to your lips
At the sight of wee maids in a row?

Round and round the bedroom
Catch me if you dare
One step
Two steps
The bed is over there

A sailor went to sea, sea, sea
To see how far he could pee, pee, pee
But he totally failed to forsee, see, see
The winds that blow across the sea sea sea.

# NEW RESOLVE

NEW RESOLVE

In fortitude of resolution
uninclined to remonstrate
he spoke with warm alacrity
and pandered to her simple pride.

The cession of her heart to him
obtained in new ascendancy
dictated preference to past scorn
no more of any consequence

Like falling stones in vacant voids
where ghosts of miners wander still
her doubts fell into naked space
abandoned now by new resolve.

Contingencies of moment called
rejecting all past semblences
as hand in hand and undisturbed
they scorned misfortunes path.

# SIMPLISTIC COMPLEXITY

**SIMPLISTIC COMPLEXITY**

Complex simplicity:
the enigma of poetry.

Words written as one
in a poem spun
with a fertile pen
to be read yet again.

The enigma of poetry:
simplistic complexity.

# ANOTHER BUNCH OF ONE LINERS

The lines in his face were distorted by the cracks in the mirror.

Tooday is the place where yesterday and tomorrow meet.

The enterprise of dreams foregone now lost in memories blended vision.

Today I breathe so I may dream tomorrow.

History is like a good meal: it repeats itself.

# LIMERICKS 35 & 36

A long snouted fellow from Ripley
decided to run quite quickly
but the end of his nose
got caught in his toes
and he laughed 'cos it made them feel tickly.

There was an old maiden from Brigg
who complained that her ears were too big
for they dragged in the dirt
and they dirtied her skirt
and they stopped her from wearing a wig.

# POETRY IS ....

POETRY IS....

Not contained by common mould
Nor do conventions rails restrict
My work created knowingly
And not obscured by open mind
Its rendered form intelligible
in rhyme and honest fluency.

Vision drives creative thought
Autonomous and self-defining
Set within a currency
Extending far beyond mere words
Where shape and content interact
Together in their tenancy.

And so I choose to write
And what I write is merely text
Quite uninspired by recipe.
The pen I use: the instrument
Recording deepest inner thoughts
Mandated for posterity.

Yet still I wonder:
what is poetry?

# THE BEHOLDERS EYE

THE BEHOLDERS EYE

Though elegant it's not her grace,
though beautiful it's not her face.
The food that fuels my eagerness:
her love, her warmth, her tenderness.

# ADVERSARY RHYMES 7 8 & 9

ADVERSARY RHYMES 7 8 & 9

Leo Locket lost his pocket
Kitty Fisher found it
And there was something deep inside
It had a ribbon round it.

Wee Sally Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Matured on a Tuesday,
Chased on a Wednesday,
Caught on a Thursday,
Deflowered on a Friday,
Delivered on a Saturday,
Married on a Sunday,
And that was the story
Of Wee Sally Grundy.

Little boy Blue
likes blowing his horn
his bed's by the window
the room is quite warm
and the man who's there with him
is he asleep?
He's under the blanket earning his keep.
Will you disturb him?
No not I
for if I do
he'll poke my eye.

# POETRY IS.....RECEIVED BY LISTENING EARS

POETRY IS.....RECEIVED BY LISTENING EARS

Displaying solitude of soul
and wanderings of a drifting mind
the poet drinks the ink of thirst
for words that drift and ebb and flow.

The mirrored bridge of muse reflects
as lyrics droplets fall and swell
the rhythmic folds of rippled tide
which blend and stir the written words.

Inscribed upon the blustering breeze
the flapping sails at water's edge
applaud the poets prosody
received with praise by listening ears.

# LIMERICK 41

A very odd man from Koblenz
who followed the latest trends
wore specs framed in red
on the top of his head
so he wouldn't wear out the lens.

# A FEW COUPLETS

She never signed at his request;
her hands were innocent of ink.

His actions were applauded
yet not a word was heard.

On sparkling sun-washed sandy shores
she read a crimson covered book.

She wished him well in faltering tones
her nervous charm so well exerted.

Always plan for tomorrow
and yesterday becomes but a memory.

# LOOKING DOWN

LOOKING DOWN

We stood there as sentinels
as we had so many times before,
sharing shadows and looking down.

Warm breezes blew
playing tunes through the leaves.

My eyes swept the stumbling hills,
and combed the hedge-hemmed fields.
I saw the banks of the silvered river
with its quivering reflections
of the tumbling walls
where my memories began,
where I took my first breath.

We stood there as sentinels
reunited after all those years
my friend - the noble oak - and I.

# THE CHINESE BRUSH (1)

Simples strokes of the brush
image captured
A skill passed down through the dynasties
A frame work formed by a set of principles
skills acquired
An artists road to self-expression
Each stroke mirrors the artists mind
Reflecting Ch'i and energy
Composition and colour, strokes and shapes
Through pressure in directed strokes
With form and space which complement each other
Each image viewed condensed in time
Avoiding lines in symmetry
A creative work not an imitation of someone else's work
Assimilating principles
Rhythmic skills of mastery
The brush made of hair of wolf and goat
The ink stick made of soot and gum
Hsuan paper from the Sandlewood tree
brush held upright in the hand
The brush applied ? don't hesitate.

# THE CHINESE BRUSH (Stage 2)

Passed on down the Dynasties
The Chinese brush displays
The rhythmic skills of mastery
Through frameworks formed by principles

a product of the Sandlewood tree
On porous paper strokes directed
by hair of wolf and goat applied
the ink of soot and gum.

Held upright in the hand
Condensed in time the brush applied
Through pressures in directed strokes
mirroring the artists mind
Reflecting Ch'i and energy

With form and space in complement
Avoiding lines in symmetry
crystalized through skills acquired
An artists road to self-expression

# THE CHINESE BRUSH (Completed Work)

THE CHINESE BRUSH

Passed down from distant Dynasties
through frameworks formed by principles
the Chinese brush the instrument of
the rhythmic skills of mastery.

Prepared from bark of sandalwood
the porous paper gathers strokes
by hair of wolf and goat applied
the ink of soot and gum.

Positioned down the laden brush
through pressures in directed lines
with breath of life and energy
reflects creative faculty.

Both form and space in complement
and crystallised through skills consigned
avoiding codes of symmetry
the rhythmic skills of mastery.

# CHRISTMAS ODE (1)

We hoped that snow would fall about
but all that fell was rain
and when King Wenceslas looked out
he soon went in again.

# CHRISTMAS ODE (2)

Once I'd dinged my dong on high
I decked the hall with holly whereby
I pricked my thumb
and fell on my bum
and I saw three ships go sailing by.

# MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE

The Turkey Society met just before Christmas,
they gabbled and gobbled and grew gratingly raucous,
Item 4 on the agenda - something quite sinister,
the outcome unanimous: they voted for Easter.

# THE PAIN OF REJECTION

THE PAIN OF REJECTION

Her door now locked,
her blind still closed,
he walked away down broad stone steps,
a scarf of thorns around his neck.

# RUMOURS

RUMOURS

Unfounded rumours once expressed
by eager jaws of discontent
in idle gossip soon deemed true.

# SENSES AND RECOLLECTIONS

SENSES AND RECOLLECTIONS

That autumn day she sat and thought,
engaged not in society,
unseen behind the privet arch
where only soiled footwear treads.
Her company the damp leaf smell
and that of sawdust freshly cut.

Revealed not by line of sight
no sound of footsteps reached her ears,
she combed her hair a hundred times
and smoothed her flowing cotton dress,
as she recalled a man she saw.
a man without a name.

# RACHEL

RACHEL

With preference for the monolith
her work sits proud
beyond the element of form
beyond the canvas edge.

So private and so palpable
the space beneath her chair
and yet a single idea cast
beside the wharf
her House of 1983
existing now as memory.

A library etched in absent books
the Holocaust In bunker form
that haunts and contrasts with
the cabin in its restful cast
observing empty space.

The weightless luminosity
encapsulated high above
the nothingness of empty form
solidified within the square
above all human presence

She peeled the light
she cast the dark
her work adjudged
both best and worst.

# FROM COMMENTS AND FUSIONS

Now that I am 74
I shall not study any more
and should you ever wonder why
I'll surely forget it when I die.

Inspiration.
A poet hears it.
A poet sees it.
A poet smells it.
No landscape is hidden.
No subject is beyond words.
Nothing can evade the poet's pen.

Their arms raised high in clear blue sky
In exile from the gallows call
their flaws long since exposed.

Undo the stitches of the bears velvet skin
and talk to the snake who resides therein
and if the snake tries to bit you
sow him back in and seal it with glue.

# THE CHAPEL

THE CHAPEL

A box obscured by boundary wall,
no ancient skills adorn its frame
no cunning artifice deceives
the wandering eye, the probing mind.
And here it sits in this lone spot,
where open swathes of quaking grass
pay homage to the morning breeze
and dense partition separates
the valley of the heath and furze
from sleeping sedge and bowing rush.

# ADVERSARY RHYMES  10 11 & 12

ADVERSARY RHYMES 10, 11, & 12

Round and round the waistband
Oh what a naughty pair
One step
Two step
And it's tickly under there.

Betty bathed in bitter butter
But it made the butler mutter:
'Bitter butter makes me splutter
Best put butter down the gutter
Baby oil beats bitter butter
and it makes my eyelids flutter'

Cock-a doodle-doo
The maiden hasn't a clue
The master plays with his fiddling stick
And he shows her what to do.

# BLUNDERS

BLUNDERS

Do
all
folk
aptly
assess
formula
blunders
resultant
increments
befittingly
?

# TOO MUCH MUFFIN

TOO MUCH MUFFIN

Have you seen the muffin man
The muffin the muffin man,
I know he visits whenever he can
He lives down Drury Lane.

Yes I've seen the muffin man,
the muffin man, the muffin man
he pays up front I can't complain
He lives down Drury Lane.

Have you seen the muffin man
The muffin man, the muffin man,
D'you think he'll visit you again
He lives down Drury Lane.

Yes I've seen the muffin man
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Hot and sweaty he comes when he can
He lives down Drury Lane

Have you seen the muffin man
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Too much muffin can cut lifespan
He lives down Drury Lane.

Yes I've seen the muffin man
The muffin man, the muffin man
He died last night beneath the fan
He's now in Church Yard Lane.

# SATURDAY

SATURDAY

**S** aturday's like any day
'**A** nd why is that' I hear you say
**T** he reason if I may explain,
'**U** nequalled as my favourite day,
**R** etirement changed the state of play
**D** ays then all became the same
**A** nd now I shout hip, hip, hooray
**Y** es, every day is Saturday'.

# LOVE'S FIRST TASTE

LOVES FIRST TASTE

The worst of fears that night time brings,
which self-suppressed her long lived joys
and cloaked her unencumbered dreams,
had blunted sensibilities.

And though she walked unsteadily
unbalanced by invidious thoughts,
the leaden hand that grasped her soul
released its hold by slow degree.

As sunbeams weave tomorrow's dreams
and melted notions soon dispel,
so prospects came with reasons change
absorbed in love's first taste.

# GROWING OLD - A FEW ONE LINERS

GROWING OLD ? A FEW ONE LINERS

Age is the process of ripening - who likes a sour apple?

It doesn't take long to grow old - it takes a lifetime to grow young.

Age and sin are inversely proportionate - sadly.

The worries we have about growing old settle down ? usually on the hips.

# IN ECSTASY

IN ECSTASY

On pillows and on sheets they lay
fixated by the thrill diffused
and seized by primal melody
in ecstasy their bodies fused.

# SHUT UP

SHUT UP

With elevation of his thoughts
he sketched the course of argument
parenthesising points of view
which any man with chivalry
would not engage or bring to mind
and as he warmed to his debate
she placed injunctions on his tongue.

# THIS LAND HE CALLS HIS HOME

THIS LAND HE CALLS HIS HOME

Disguising rocks of treachery,
the surging sea which pounds the shore
and cleaves the stony rock face fall
defies the harbours sanctuary
and sheltered calm within the bay

Above, the watery sun that stains
the steel-grey sky, the surging foam,
where morning mists refuse to clear
and gulls call out in soaring flight,
this land he calls his home.

# NESSUN DORMA

NESSUN DORMA

A tenor singing
con smania: with passion,
a rich honeyed voice.

His name must be found.
A challenge has been issued
proclaimed by Heralds

The unknown prince sings
Nessun Dorma: none shall sleep.
The Prince rejoices.

# COLD CRABS

COLD CRABS

There's trouble down there
there's a nip in the hair.

# PUPPETRY

PUPPETRY

In sleep she found the festal art
of animated puppetry
the strings she wrenched in rapid haste
her actions cloaked in fantasy.

With providence in sleep ordained
she learned to bear infirmity
the cicatrice in evidence
of wounds from darkest imagery.

# HEY WAITER THERE'S A .....

HEY WAITER THERE'S A ....

The fly was caught in love's sweet loop
with its heart in the clouds
and its feet in the soup.

# ANOTHER COUPLET COLLECTION

ANOTHER COUPLET COLLECTION

When taste and quality coincide
the inner man is satisfied.

Beauty lies where it's assigned:
within the eyes, within the mind.

A clenched fist thrust from threatening sleeve
can give but never can receive.

Political correctness dictates to all
the only view admissible.

# LOVE'S CYCLE

LOVE'S CYCLE

The sequence of expressed desire
from seeds of love's lucidity
in growth uncut and vigorous
and toiling with full confidence
a tower built in passions form.

As petals fall in time relaxed
the stringency of lost desire
displaces mortar, brick and stone
as stubble marks the harvest reaped
in memory of love foregone.

# CAUSATION

CAUSATION

Enemy and enema.
Cause and effect.
Anxiety and fear.
Gas and discharge.

# LUMBER

LUMBER

The wreaking axe
annihilating, hacking, tearing,
shattering hulks once dignified
with traceries against the sky
no more on natures stage.

# THREE LITTLE COUPLETS

At least I can boast that my home does not
smell like the smell of a charity shop.

Providence ordained that she
Should learn to bear infirmity

The heat of summer soon departs
like joy from lonely widowed hearts.

# LIMERICKS 46, 47, and 48

LIMERICKS 46 47 & 48

We stayed at a Hotel in Bled
where the notice board quite clearly said:
'Live singing tonight'
and they sure got it right,
for none of the singers were dead.

She appeared to be chaste and discerning
but the truth is now slowly emerging
for the folk in the town
who know the lowdown
have dubbed her the 'second hand virgin'

A heavyweight swimmer from Perth
had such an expansive girth
when she dived from the quay
all the ships in the sea
had to find an alternative berth.

# THE FILM I VIEWED LAST NIGHT

THE FILM I VIEWED LAST NIGHT

With sunrise they woke in their bed
and holding each other tight
they sighed as their lips slowly met
in the film which I viewed last night.

Sweet music played - a romantic scene
but then I thought: 'Yuck no it's not,
they've just woken up and their mouths must be stale
and their breath surely pongs quite a lot'.

# MELT

MELT

Her
teardrops
fell as rain
slowly quenching
the flame of love's desire that burnt within
her heart, as dreams dissolved and left no trace
like drifting snow
in springtime
slowly
melts.

# DIVERGENCE OF PARALLELS

DIVERGENCE OF PARALLELS

A slightness of fortune
a solemn assertation
a sober liberation
in degrees of abstraction.

# OLD MAN

OLD MAN

A wordly man
and well restrained
who offered comfort where he could.

A strong old man
with a will of iron
and a voice of burnished brass.

A moral man
by local testimony
who never cast unfair complaint.

He laid there still.
He suffered long.
He left the world in peace.

# A COMPILATION OF COUPLETS

A COMPILATION OF COUPLETS

Hopes and dreams will often fall
like snowflakes from an ashen sky.

As apples still on trees go bad
so love unplucked expires.

Joy overcomes sorrow
Tears need no tallow.

He uttered no complaint;
she offered no defence.

The stars at night in envy of
the sparkle in her glowing eyes.

When clouds link arms across the sky
the sun and stream forget to smile.

Conditioned early to believe
he wore religion on his sleeve.

# ADVERSARY RHYMES 13, 14, & 15

ADVERSARY RHYMES 13 14 & 15

Georgie, Porgie, biscuit and crumb
Had an itch and scratched his bum
And when he wagged his index finger
All the girls refused to linger.

Daisy, Daisy,
have you a turnip or two?
I'm half crazy all for the love of stew.
It won't be a stylish dinner
but I know it'll be a winner
and oh what a treat
to take a seat
at a table that's set for two.

Diddle diddle dumpling my son Fred
Climbed the stairs to his girlfriends bed
But when he got there he found she had fled
Diddle diddle dumpling my son Fred

# ON NIGHTS LIKE THESE

ON NIGHTS LIKE THESE

A gathering night of ashen grey,
no pigeon stirred nor warbler sang.

The tapering skies reached down
and shook the hands of misty hills
as roaming winds announced a storm.

And soon the heavens began to peal
with pounding force of falling rain
and coruscating flashes lit
the distant teeth of granite hills.

And ghostly choruses were heard
where only men of sorrow walk.

# IF ALL THE WORLD...(1)

If all the world was bread and cheese
there'd be a lot less anguish
for picnics in the diocese
would never be short of a sandwich.

# SPILLED INK SHADOWS

SPILLED-INK SHADOWS

His closed eyes shuttered to the world
within the flickering screen of night
encumbered by his own decree
he paid no heed to passing time.

The cuckoo struck the hour too soon
and as the sunrise chorus shrilled
the many tunes of unknown songs
the darting trout sent ripples wide.

He rose to greet the new born day
where love was spun in cobwebs silk
that hung between the stooping trees
in spilled-ink shadows dark embrace.

The key transported in his mind
gave passage to a rising smile
in tenancy within his eyes
he drank the golden rays of sun.

# A QUORUM OF QUINZANES

A QUORUM OF QUINZANES

She opens her aching heart
Does it still bear scars?
Will they heal?

The light is still on inside
Is it occupied?
Is he there?

He speaks with a quiet voice
Will she hear his words?
Will she smile?

The match flared with a blue flame
Was the tinder dry?
Will it burn?

The fire in her heart was strong.
Is it still burning?
Is it quenched?

.

# RESERVED WITHIN

RESERVED WITHIN

As morning flutes played fantasies
inside her young persuasive mind
she stood demure, her head down bent
in armour of solemnity.

She never saw the lamps that shone
nor did she feel the wind and rain
for these were cast aside within
her restless grieving heart.

# IF ALL THE WORLD...(2)

If all the world was cabbage and sprouts
and all the sea was gravy
I'd never want to venture out
and I'd never join the Navy.

# SHORTIES FROM FUSIONS

SHORTIES FROM FUSIONS

By others every man unknown
with secrets hidden deep within.
Each man upon his private throne;
his inner self is sovereign.

Providence ordained that she
Should learn to bear infirmity
And yet the face she wore that night
Disguised her flee from fortune's blight.

Of blowing winds which cool the face
And ruffle waters where I sleep
Soul to soul in torrents deep
Transported to a wild place.

# WHO I AM

WHO I AM

I enjoy freedom
The blue smoking hills stand tall
I am free at last.

This is who I am
I reach up and touch the sky
I have found myself.

# NOW FARP THE SHOTS

NOW FARP THE SHOTS

Fow tarp the shots
in slittering gunshine
rone the hays of revy gain.
In carf and scoat she stalked the wreet
a paragon of grood and wain

Though blision never murred by vist
no falms of quear for fattles bought
by toy of hance she fated chight
which she recalled in scretter rawled
to nurn the segativy tight.

# NOW SHARP THE FROSTS

NOW SHARP THE FROSTS

Now sharp the frosts
in glittering sunshine
gone the days of heavy rain.
In scarf and coat she walked the street
a paragon of woman hood

Through vision never blurred by mist
no qualms of fear for battles fought,
by fate of chance she hated flight
and she recalled a letter scrawled
to spurn all negativity.

# LOVE IS >>>

**LOVE IS**
**when two people:**

share the same spoon
to taste the fare

tread the stairs
holding hands

share the same water
bathing together

share the same key
to unlock the door

wake in the morning
in each others arms

take it in turn
to wash the linen.

# ME AND MY FAMILY

ME AND MY FAMILY

My children admire the way that I dance
and the reason is easy to explain:
I dance steps never previously danced
which will never be danced again.

My family boasts an ancestry
with roots way back in history,
though hard it may be to believe
I can trace it back to Adam and Eve.

# WHERE ONCE IN TIME I HELD DOMAIN

WHERE ONCE IN TIME I HELD DOMAIN

Grabbing winds which grasp the face
and churning waters where I float
through landscapes to a world once known
aloof, austere, with swirling mists
which sweep the everlastingness.

Drifting under darkened skies
where barren ridges point towards
the black-clawed trees that punctuate
the winter hedges bared and bent
beneath the weight of frozen snow.

The ebb of watery evening sun
creeps deep between the curtained hills
and falls upon the stone and thatch
as bats from purlieus sail and glide
on winds that sing a silent song.

Here displaced by nature's march
with lingering thoughts I drift along
unseen, unheard by those who sleep
my failing mind surveying all
where once in time I held domain.

# IN DENIAL

IN DENIAL

People fire; bullets kill
More guns; more deaths
Fewer guns; lives spared
Deny guns; support life.
Guns stop; people talk
People talk: answers found.

# KISS ME HARDY

KISS ME HARDY

'Kiss me Hardy'

'Piss off Nelson, don't be foolhardy'

'Oh come on Hardy ? right here on the deck'

'I'm sorry - no Nelson!
but ..... oh what the heck!
But mind 'cos I've got full nautical dress on
which really I don't want to get any blood on'

'Okay then Hardy ? your concern I respect
What do you say to Just a quick peck? '

# MORE THAN ONE ONE LINER

MORE THAN ONE ONE-LINER

She closed the door in the house of sorrowful dreams.

The candle lit; they drank the wine.

Her tears were fresh and borne of hope like rain that falls in April.

His appetite would only stretch to food he could digest.

On moon-white nights she raised her glass and savoured faery wine.

Strangers on darkened streets are never friends.

# THE PATH

THE PATH

Each corner of her life bore scars
but with subdued, unbending pride
within the gardens tumbling walls
she held the reins of government.

Yet with the habit of command
emotions borne in solitude
were cast in foreign dissonance;
she sought the lonely routes beyond
the kingdom of her wounded mind.

Though clad in armour of reserve,
with tears afresh and borne of hope
like showers of rain that fall in spring
with rectitude she found the path
.

# LOVE IS...etcetera

LOVE IS.....ETCETERA

**LOVE IS:**
Pinot Grigio with bubbles.

**RELIEF IS:**
Elton John without vocals.

**THANK GOODNESS IS:**
A fresh-smelling charity shop.

**NAUGHTY PLEASURE IS:**
Wind attributed to someone else.

# NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER

As non-conductors of the day
the heavy curtains drawn across
the leaden windows shuttered still
and yet to greet the languid dawn
where rustling diamond frosted leaves
play kiss and chase on forest floors
and rippling brooks still rush to greet
the churning creaking water mill
before the crusts of winters ice
embrace the seasons change.

# TRUE HISTORY

TRUE HISTORY

True history is not for me
of emperors and monarchies.
True history is of ordinary lives
for surely that's where history lies.

# BENEATH THE WANDERING STARS

BENEATH THE WANDERING STARS

On superstitious nights like these
I fear the ghostly silver sky
yet in my heart I'll not prescribe
to myths and legends plaintiff calls,
for my resolve will lead me on
beneath the wandering stars.

# RISING PAIN

RISING PAIN

In murmerous ripples tales were told
perceived by those who lived along
remote responsive shores;
though not disposed to obvious truths
they stirred her rising pain.

# FOG

FOG

Ambiguous veils of waning light
transcending luminosity,
descend, pervade and modulate.

Chromatic silvers coruscate
as ghostly apparitions dance
and gothic spires reach up unseen.

# A WOMAN OF DIGNITY

A WOMAN OF DIGNITY

In robe of faille and cashmere shawl
with tilted nose and burning blush
she bore no signs of beggary.

A woman of commanding charm
displaying no ingenuousness
conserving all her dignity.

She never feasted on the bread
of melancholy truths upheld
nor lost-illusions make believe.

Equipped with strength of character
the forces of her temperament
placed bridled hold on love's desires.

# CULTURE

CULTURE

Roots must stay alive
contained within boundaries
culture is precious.

# WOULD SHE SURVIVE ?

WOULD SHE SURVIVE?

Faults
weakness
impotence.
Would she survive
a force that held her bound with no escape
when she well knew that freedom would evade
her tortured sole.
Suffering
anguish
pain
anguish
suffering.
her tortured sole
When she well knew that freedom would evade
a force that held her bound with no escape
would she survive?
Impotence
weakness
faults.

# MARCH

MARCH

The ravages of seasons rage
no more in minds of toiling men
with welcome signs of change in clime
their heavy raiment hanging on
the rusting hooks behind the door
now March has come again.

# WITH TIME

WITH TIME

A door
might sag and warp
and gutters fall from walls
but moss will soften honeyed stone
with time.

# LIMERICKS 49 and 50

LIMERICKS 49 & 50

A four star chef from Guadeloupe
( in truth a bit of a nincompoop)
could make great stew
from kangaroo
but never could pea soup.

There was an old man in Lower Slaughter
who had a most attractive daughter
a pert little nose
and a mouth like a rose
and deep blue eyes like toilet water.

# BENEDICTION

BENEDICTION

In exhaustion she scarcely breathed.
Her hands, though clenched soon relaxed.
In silence she succumbed to oblivion.
Her flickering eyelids closed over tortured eyes.
In the stillness of the night:
benediction.

# THREE SHORTIES

**RETURN**

She slowly unlatched the creaking gate
and walked the pebbled path once more.
She placed the key inside the lock
and opened wide the peeling door.

**SEVERANCE**

In dearth of good fortune
I shall now sever
degrees of connection
the choice is all mine.

**LOVE GONE**

As glistening teardrops fall in rain
With dampened hold on love's desire
She slowly quenched my raging fire
My pleas were heard in vain.

# SO MANY WARS

SO MANY WARS

Some are summoned
some volunteer
for the love of their country
or a glorious career.

So many wars
are futile in concept.

Do they understand
do they ever ask why
it is asked of them
to fight and die?

So many wars
are futile in action.

Those that return
do they ever dwell
on the purpose behind
why so many fell.

So many wars
are futile in outcome.

So many wars.

# EMOTIONS IMPRINTS

EMOTIONS IMPRINTS

No moonlight stained the inky sky
as lashing rain clouds smote
the crumbling lichen coated walls
with tarnished cross-keys set in stone.

Inside in kinship and at ease
the boisterous friends and family
stood round the glowing logs of red
as steam from sodden outerwear
ran down the diamond window panes

Fine carolling in harmony
like incense rose and filled the air
and in the days that followed on
emotions imprints lingered long.

# BURNING

BURNING

Bracken,
crisp, golden,
rustling, dying, snapping,
dusty, dry, ignitable, smoking,
glowing, flaring, flaming,
fierce, frenzied,
fire.

In the form of a Diamante Poem.  A Diamante is a seven-lined contrast poem set up in a diamond shape. The first line begins with a noun/subject, and second line contains two adjectives that describe the beginning noun. The third line contains three words ending in -ing relating to the noun/subject.

The forth line contains two words that describe the noun/subject and two that describe the closing noun/subject. This is where the shift occurs. In the fifth line are three more -ing words describing the ending noun/subject and the sixth are two more adjectives describing the ending noun/subject. The last line ends with the closing noun/subject.

Did you get all that?

# LIMERICK 51

LIMERICK 51

His wife was every anglers wish
match-stick thin with a mouth like a dish
quite hopeless at cooking
and sure not good looking
but boy was she perfect for netting the fish.

# AN EARLY STROLL

AN EARLY STROLL

I walk
slowly.

The grass stretches
and kisses
my feet
with dew.

I feel the sun,
weak
(it's early)
on my coated back.

The spring
will soon
be here.

Somewhere
a bird sings
from a
yellow beak
pointing
at a cobalt sky.

Today
will be good
but first
I must return.

I am hungry
and breakfast
awaits.

# EVOLUTION

EVOLUTION

Evolutionists get it all wrong
when they say we've evolved from primates
well I've been disputing this all along
and the argument escalates.

At first it may be that you disagree
but give it much thought if you can
for it seems so obvious to me:
it was apes that evolved from man.

# WITHIN

WITHIN

But little modified by time
and planted there by ancient hand
palimpsest trunks of oak and yew
still etched with vows when love was new
in leprous isolation stand
behind the walls where church bells chime.

.

# THE SEEDS OF LOVE

THE SEEDS OF LOVE

Spread by wings of temperate wind
the seeds of love were cast
and guided by their love's desire
they fell on fertile ground.

# IT'S WHERE I AM

IT'S WHERE I AM

We are born,
and we die
I am in the middle.

# THREE TERCETS

THREE TERCETS

Her cloud of vague apologies
fell silently as salt on snow
and thawed his frozen heart.

_____

Heard through lath and plaster walls
unfounded rumours loosed the tongues
and held monopolistic sway.

_____

Her worries dispersed
like loathsome spirits
in unsummoned dreams.

# LOVE RENEWED

LOVE RENEWED

In plenary states of disarray
with little favouring fortitude
they journeyed on with lonely thoughts
as distant cow bells rang.

They quietly spoke in tones of ease
and with unshakable esteem
by firm and natural impulses
their discomposure soon subdued.

With celibate discretion gone
they strayed from narrow trodden paths
the renascence of love once lost
renewed unseen in ecstasy.

# SHE WAS ALONE

SHE WAS ALONE

The house was silent
time passed slowly.
she was alone.

There was no escape
winds raged outside
the house was silent.

The scars she bore
were deep and wide
time passed slowly.

His hurtful words
had caused the wounds
she was alone.

Cascade, a form created by **Udit Bhatia**. The form does not have any rhyme scheme; therefore, the layout is simple. Say the first verse has three lines. Line one of verse one becomes the last line of verse two. To follow in suit, the second line of verse one becomes the last line of verse three. The third line of verse one now becomes the last line of verse four, the last stanza of the poem.

# OUTSIDE THE BOX

OUTSIDE THE BOX

He can never think outside the box
and this is quite a paradox.
I'll explain ? it won't take a minute:
he can't even think whenever he's in it.

# SUPRESSIONS HOLD

SUPRESSIONS HOLD

Released from night times dark abyss
in restful languor as she lay
with rising mists and light of dawn
her wandering mind escaped from dreams.

Recumbent still her eyes yet closed
she felt a wandering cooling breeze
that smoothed her hair
and stroked her face with gentle touch.

Her stirring mind by glimpse perceived
a barren place with haunting trees
where she'd been brought unknown to her
across his back in potions grasp.

Aware now of restraining hands
and by their grip bestirred she knew
the truth of her inflicted fate
in anguished grief she lay there still
a hostage to supressions hold.

# THEY BLENDED OUT OF SIGHT

THEY BLENDED OUT OF SIGHT

The hour was still yet early
and no irresolution steeled
his firm and regally held resolve.

Like floating dust in sunlit beams
he walked unscathed in dignity
within the pathway's margins set
he blended out of sight.
====
Her best desires had all escaped
and issuing forth in prim attire
she stood untouched by vanity

With steady hands she slowly raised
her flowing gown and walked along
the puddled path that led away
she blended out of sight.
=====
And on that pathway pointing east
but little modified by time
they met as lovers often do
discreet, invisible, unknown
as shadows lost within the air
they blended out of sight.

# A COLLECTION OF COUPLETS (2)

A COLLECTION OF COUPLETS (2)

The lashing rain played harmony
with the tunes of the gusting wind.

With thoughts of convenient construction
she condoned his lamentable wrongs.

They walked in the valley of streams
and they slept in the valley of dreams

The gathering tears from heavens eyes
reflect the grey of winter skies

No varnish in his spoken word
he never sugars pills.

# BETWEEN THE ROSES

BETWEEN THE ROSES

A rose among the thorns is she
and her young man is so lucky
for what their friends and neighbours know is:
he's a prick between the roses.

# MARCH WHEN.....

MARCH WHEN...

**M** arch when birds sing
**A** nd small early flowers
**R** each out between showers
**C** ascading, celebrating and
**H** eralding spring.

# FLAKES FALL

FLAKES FALL

As snow flakes fall
Reflecting moon-lit silvery glow
As snow flakes fall
In cold response to winters call
From night times skies descending slow
A covering of winter snow
As snow flakes fall.

The Rondelet is a French form consisting of a single septet with two rhymes and one refrain: **AbAabbA**. The capital letters are the refrains, or repeats. The refrain is written in 4 syllables (tetra-syllabic) or 4 syllables with two feet (dimeter) and the other lines are twice as long ? 8 syllables.

# GENEALOGY

GENEALOGY

Adam and Eve stat down one day
to study their family tree
and as they did the leaves fell down
and the lineage was there to see.

And having studied it closely
and grinning from ear to ear
Eve very quickly concluded:
'It's a very small tree we have here'.

# Alone

ALONE

Weeping at the dance
in leprous isolation
unaccompanied.

A senryu.  Plus, for a change,  I thought I'd post a few photos
of plants in the garden which I took yesterday
- the first one today is a hellebore - one of my favourites.

# IN TONES OF GRATITUDE

IN TONES OF GRATITUDE

Once broken by adversity
with tragedies of fate she'd known
she slept a long and restful sleep
and woke to hear the sound of bells
that tolled for her.

Within the embers of her world
her sorrows passed like evil dreams
and from the ashes sprang a flame
with warmth that roused her waking heart
and lit her sunless world.

Declusion left in distant dreams
she rowed toward romantic shores
no more she stayed irresolute
by natural impulse she enthralled
in tones of gratitude.

# THE OWNERS ARE REALLY TO BLAME

THE OWNERS ARE REALLY TO BLAME

They only ever come to man
for food which he puts down ;
remove the food and it isn't long
before the cat is not around.

Stalking out in hunting mood,
without due reason - just for fun,
attacking wild and innocent birds
killing each and every one.

Waking sleepers in the night
with wailing voices on the prowl
attacking bins and rubbish bags
and spreading refuse rank and foul.

Defiling gardens and public lawns
where people walk and children play.
Anti-socially roaming free
throughout the night, throughout the day.

Owners of dogs are responsible
for the dog poo left behind
so why do cat owners get off scot free
whilst owners of dogs are fined?

Dog owners take their pets on leads
and cats should be treated the same
so perhaps we shouldn't denounce the cats
'cos their owners are really to blame.

Michael Edwards © March 2018

# WHITE HAIR AND WALKING STICKS

WHITE HAIR AND WALKING STICKS

The ancient rock band joins the stage
Its followers of certain age
With walking sticks and hair of white
Preparing for a raucous night
And when the band begins to play
Their heads like cauliflowers sway.

# MOUNTAIN RANGES

MOUNTAIN RANGES

In distance standing
proud before the sinking sun
the mountain ranges
silhouetted glowing warm
In shimmering opal light.

# Mrs BROWN

MRS BROWN

My poor ears
were assaulted
so I put on
my coat
( an old grey one)
and slipped
quietly
out of the house.

I walked
slowly,
(no one saw me)
and I whistled
(no one heard me),
and I kept walking;

When I reached
the viaduct,
there was Mrs Brown
(the gossip).
she was wearing
pink night wear.

She was
putting out
the bins
(and looking very cold).

Mrs Brown

looked up
and saw me
and beckoned me
with her bony finger.

I gave her my
'How nice to see you'
smile;
and she started
talking
and talking.

I mumbled
and nodded
at the right times,
(I've no idea what
she was talking about).
and then
she asked:
'How are you?'

I told her
my prostate
was playing up
(quick thinking on my part)
and I said
'I need a wee'
(I didn't really).

Well
it worked
I managed
to get away
and I went back home
(where I slumped in my armchair0
and my wife

(who sat beside me)
started talking about
(guess what),
yes
Mrs Brown
( the gossip).

Michael Edwards © March 2018

# A BEVY OF BREVETTES

A BEVY OF BREVETTES

Eyes
reflecting
fire.

Hope
breeds
aspirations.

Exodus
seeking
redemption.

Events
stirred
pain.

Dishonesty
destroys
probity.

Bibliophiles
buy
books.

The Brevette, created by **Emily Romano** consists of a subject (noun), verb, and object (noun), in this exact order. The verb should show an ongoing action. This is done by spacing out the letters in

the verb. There are only three words in the poem, giving it the title Brevette.

Got to be the easiest form to write ? but can't be doing with the spacing in the second word ? seems pointless to me.

# A JOKE IS NOT A JOKE

A JOKE IS NOT A JOKE

A joke will never be a joke
when no one ever hears it spoke.

# FROM PASSION TO ENCHANTMENT

FROM PASSION TO ENCHANTMENT
(A Journey in Senryu Format)

Uncontrolled passion
Unwelcome by intrusion
Shadows of evil.

Engage self constraint
A master of eagerness
Patience brings rewards.

Visions are summoned
From seas of oblivion
Seeking catharsis

Exalting pursuits
Thoughtful attentive gestures
Virtuous custom.

Floating in slumber
Undisturbed relaxation
Spells of enchantment.

# EPIGRAM No1

EPIGRAM  No1

The tenor sang out and his voice hit the heights
like the wail of a cat on storm-ridden nights.

Epigrams are short satirical poems ending with
either a humorous retort or a stinging punchline.
Used mainly as expressions of social criticism
or political satire, the most common forms are
written as a pair of rhymed lines in the same meter.

# EPIGRAM No 2

EPIGRAM No 2

You've raised him to be such a wonderful lad,
you've avoided the errors of your own Mum and Dad.

# EPIGRAM No 3

(Photo specially for Laura)

EPIGRAM No3

Innovations in menswear ? designed to liberate.
Cross-your-heart underpants ?lift and separate.

# WITH RESOLUTION

WITH RESOLUTION

Although the path we walk is firm
the sea of sorrow ebbs and flows
with tidal waves of deep despair
and clad in armour of reserve
our careless footsteps seek the shore
where censored souls seek sanctuary.

We board within a sheltered place
protected from the driving blasts
and ride the gales which rage the seas
to take possession of our thoughts
and aspirations that we seek
set deep within the vessels hold.

Now resolute with turning tides
and griefs dark shadow left behind.

# WATER DROPLETS

WATER DROPLETS

Water droplets
Fall gently with a soothing sound
Water droplets
Join together in rivulets
Soaking and staining sun-baked ground
Starting their journey ocean bound
Water droplets.

The Rondelet is a French form consisting of a single septet with two rhymes and one refrain: **AbAabbA**. The capital letters are the refrains, or repeats. The refrain is written in 4 syllables and the other lines are each 8 syllables long.

# AN ESSENCE

On the plain gentle rain
Summer grain wet again.

The Essence, created by Emily Romano is a short, structured form of two-lines, six syllables each with an end rhyme and internal rhyme. This one has the same end rhyme for both.

# LIMERICK No 52

LIMERICK No 52

She sat on the wall in Upper Brayling
with open sandals both displaying
two small feet
so soft and neat
which served to stop her ankles fraying.

# ANOTHER ESSENCE

Elation: train rolling.
The station bell tolling.

The Essence, created by Emily Romano is a short, structured form of two-lines, six syllables each with an end rhyme and internal rhyme.

# ALL MY OWN

A FEW EDELECTS

Hand shaken
Money taken
Deal done

Heart sighing
Eyes crying
Love lost

I've just devised this new form (I call it an Edelect):
3 lines with two words per line
First word in each line is a noun followed by a verb
Line 3 describes an outcome or conclusion of lines 1 & 2
Both words in line 3 start with the same letter
Rhyme pattern aab

# UNWINESQUE

UNWINESQUE

Blowdly glusts blewed open plain
all bringled with precipitations
globulets and drizzlications
runny downloads windy panes.

Umbrolly held in clenchy brace
with blowlot rustling whistly past
and pandies tight in windles grasp
as outwards inwards twisty space.

Tressburns driplogged dangling
dripples on the runny noseloads
wipe it from the dangly ear nodes
down the rearward rivrops drivling.

Back indoors with driplots sopping
quake umbrolly dripply flying
coat unbuttled quickless drying
popple down all limbly flopping.

# AN ARTISTS EYE

AN ARTISTS EYE

With influences that latent sat
behind her flickering eyes of fire
she nerved she'd never lose desire
responding to her hearts diktat.

In firm repose she gave a sigh
her curbed demeanour now serene
with beauty that is rarely seen
save through an artist's eye.

# TWO MORE EDELECTS

Truth demands
Reality commands
Subjectivity sucks.

Grass growing
Cattle grazing
Cheese churning.

Two more of my own form - the Edelect:
3 lines with two words per line
First word in each line is a noun followed by a verb
Line 3 describes an outcome or conclusion of lines 1 & 2
Both words in line 3 start with the same letter
Rhyme pattern aab - okay so the second above is aaa - better still !!

# A COUPLE OF QUINZAINES

A COUPLE OF QUINZAINES

The cliff face was menacing.
Was she all alone?
Was she pushed?

In brick and mortar townscapes
Is wild life sustained?
Do birds sing?

A quinzaine is an unrhymed verse of fifteen syllables. These syllables are distributed among three lines so that there are seven syllables in the first line, five in the second line and three in the third line (7/5/3). The first line makes a statement. The next two lines ask a question relating to that statement.

# AS ONE

AS ONE

Fresh pink complexion
long curving neck
dressed to perfection.

At last realised
through probing eyes
love once disguised.

Her future planned
the bells proclaim
throughout the land.

A tricube ? one of the simplest of forms to write and
to describe: 3 syllables to each line, 3 lines to
each stanza, and 3 stanzas long. No other rules,
it doesn't have to rhyme or observe any form
of metre.

However I decided to write this in rhyme
(aba, cdc, efe) ? not so easy.

# SUNDAY

SUNDAY

Shadows stretching, twisting, reaching,
out across the roads and lanes

People walking, driving, riding,
On their bikes, in cars, in trains

Children dancing, talking, laughing,
free from schools restraining chains

Fathers digging, mowing, pruning,
weary limbs and lingering pains

Mothers washing, cleaning, cooking,
it must be Sunday once again.

# EARLY MORNING

EARLY RISE

Misted mirror hangs
Reflected image unseen
Rivulets on glass.

Spring morning breaking
Sunshine on low distant hills
Long shadows emerge.

A journey well planned
Packaging now completed
Suitcase firmly closed.

Tickets in pocket
Nervous anticipation
Proceed to the desk.

# THE EMPTY BEACH

THE EMPTY BEACH

Across the sand hills to the beach
where sorrows shadows linger long
and rage of surf and leaping waves
erase loves footsteps in the sand.

A place of lonely lingering hours
where empty silence strikes at souls
save for the oceans symphony
and empty hearts are buried deep
in company with bleached white shells.

# TODAY IS A DAY FOR.....!

**TODAY IS A DAY FOR BUMS**

Today is a day for bums.

I am only a man
and whenever I can
I admire the women
in their cotton and linen.

Yes I do like a sneak
each day of the week
at a different part
of the female art.

One day it is hair
and another a pair
of boobs or knees
and all of them please.

But today is a day for bums.

# IN A COMMON THEME

IN A COMMON THEME

Preserve the culture
Wisdom welcomes tradition
Embrace heritage.

The conquest of time
Pyramids and palaces
The cultures live on

Set in manuscripts
With immediate access
Descendants rejoice.

# SHE SHOPPED AT LIDL

A snobbish girl called Tessa Tindall
regarded herself as upper-middle
and always caused the tongues to wag
because she used a Waitrose bag
whenever she shopped at Lidl.

# YESTEROW IS TOMODAY

YESTEROW IS TOMODAY

Yesterday is yesterday
tomorrow's yet to come
two day is only one today
if judged by rule of thumb
for yes today was yesterday
tomorrow my fine chum.

POETS STATEMENT

For the inspiration behind this poem I have to thank AP who posted a great poem by way of a comment against the poem which I published yesterday. I must add that this poem is not intended in any way as a reflection of AP's super piece. Owing to the complex nature of this short piece I felt the following simple explanation would not be amiss and would aid the reader to fully appreciate the lack of thinking unprocess behind the write.

Having been thus inspired I determined to write a poem encompassing a triumph of disorder debased in principle upon a tragedy of passing time. The inner message contains a sense of failing on the dawn of a new order. As temporal oojamaflips become distilled through practice it is my hope that anyone reading work will be left with a testament, not to the passage of gassage, but to the passage of time.

# TRANSIENT DREAMS

TRANSIENT DREAMS

Unexpressed in words
Entering conceptions door
In transient dreams.

# LIMERICK No54

A lazy young girl from Berlin
wore knickers that weren't very thin
and within a few weeks
they stuck to her cheeks
so she put them on outside in.

# ONCE HONED

ONCE HONED

Left behind
the tender bloom
of younger years
and inhibitions
which constrain.

The obstacles
when once unlocked
no longer feed
youth's vanities
and when
the blunted blades
that forge
life's fate
are honed
they shine
with
new convictions
entertained.

# WORDS

WORDS

Words whether written;
words whether spoken;
words whether sung,
are still words.

: :

In conversation
Colloquial expressions
Familiar language

Parlous sophistries
Scribed by vengeful pens
Divergence of truths

Serene seduction
Luring words in siren songs
Subdued in falseness

# RESTITUTION

RESTITUTION

Released from fortunes grasp
No more in loves firm clasp

Tidal waves of deep despair
Carry her to shores elsewhere

A land where clouds embrace terrain
Denying sun where tear drops rein.

Through self-control and perseverance
Anticipating reappearance.

The Con-Verse, created by Connie Marcum Wong, consists of three or more 2-line rhyming stanzas (couplets). The meter of this form is in syllabic verse.. This process may be repeated for a longer verse. If repeated, you must begin your first couplet with the syllabic count of seven again and continue from there.

Rhyme scheme: aa, bb, cc. dd, and ee.

Metre: 7 7, 8 8, 9 9, 10 10, and 11 11..

(In this 3 verse poem I have added a fourth opening couplet in 6 6) '

# LANTURNES BY THREE

LANTURNES by THREE

A
shower
of incense,
like gentle rain,
soothes.

Words
written
when exposed
to the hot sun
fade.

Was
Adam
embarrassed
by the autumn
fall ?

The Lanturne is a five-line verse shaped like a
Japanese lantern with a syllabic pattern of one,
two, three, four, one.

# SHE DANCED

SHE DANCED

Holding commune with her soul
her slender figure half in light
responded to her conscience call
in conduct and in principle.

And in the soft mysterious glow
which fell upon them silent all
with unaffected gracefulness
she bowed with icy deference.

Now thrown upon society
with new-found inborn confidence
and with her elegance beguiled
she danced just like a child.

# TRANSIENT DREAMS

TRANSIENT DREAMS

Unexpressed in words
Entering perceptions door
In transient dreams.

Senryu (also called human haiku) is an unrhymed Japanese verse consisting of three unrhymed lines

of five, seven, and five syllables **(5, 7, 5)** 17 syllables in all. Senryu is usually written in the present tense

with references to some aspect of human nature or emotions. They possess no references to the natural

world and thus stand out from nature/seasonal haiku.

# SILHOUETTED

SILHOUETTED

Footpath pointing
to the east:
glowing sky
rising sun.

Silhouetted:
lazy moors
distant hills.

The Septolet is a poem consisting of seven lines containing fourteen words with a break in between the two parts. Both parts deal with the same thought and create a picture

# A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

The stern voice of conscience
promotes the worst fears.

Memories which fade in life
are soonest lost in death.

# A LIFELESS LAND

A LIFELESS LAND

Beneath a low imperious sky
the stagnant waters languid lie
a lifeless land where no wind blows
where willows weep and dank grass grows
no water fowl, no rustling leaves
no bird notes echo from the trees
no other sounds are heard invading
only footsteps slowly fading
from the path now scarcely found
which weaves its way to higher ground.

# SIX LANTURNES  (In Collaboration with Laura )

SIX LANTURNES
(A collaboration between Laura and Michael)

A
shower
of incense,
like gentle rain,
soothes.

***A***
***bouquet***
***of flowers***
***to wake up your***
***nose.***

Words
written
when exposed
to the hot sun
fade.

***Black***
***liquid***
***in a well***
***dip the feather***
***pen.***

Was
Adam
embarrassed
by the autumn
fall?

***Eve***
***always***
***there to keep***
***him warm with a***
***smile.***

Six Lanturnes in collaboration. My three contributions have previously been posted and Laura responded to them with three super lanturnes of her own. We put them together and voila!

# AS AN ARTIST SEES

AS AN ARTIST SEES

Braving the foaming seas
adrift in a boat with no oars
the colour of wind as it soars,
seen as an artist sees.

# A NAANI

A NAANI

In idle contemplation
the reach of instinct
abandons reserve
and retrospection.

Naani is one of Indian's most popular Telugu poems. It consists of 4 lines, the total lines consists of 20 to 25 syllables. The poem is not bounded to a particular subject. Generally it depends upon human relations and current statements. This poetry was introduced by one of the renowned Telugu poets Dr. N.Gopi.

# A COUPLE MORE COUPLETS

The use we make of the present
determines the outcome of the future

Covered by threatening shadows
we walk in the custom of ghosts.

# SHE SWAM IN A LUMINOUS SKY

SHE SWAM IN A LUMINOUS SKY

At the magical day-end hour
she ascended earthly strife
no more did she live in seclusion
as she ceded the rivers of life.

With thoughts of a comfortable nature
assumed with a welcoming sigh
she drank in the streams of heaven
as she swam in a luminous sky.

# PREJUDICES

PREJUDICES

As clothes that wave in drying winds
are anchored to a tight drawn line
so thoughts ideas and hopes and dreams
that float within a searching mind
are bound to prejudices held.

# MERLOT

MERLOT

It has to be:
.....red
.....in a bottle
.....good vintage
.....Merlot
.....mine.

# BUTTERFLY

BUTTERFLY

Flittering fluttering
Flutter by butterfly
Borne on the breezes
By wavering wings
Sweeping and soaring
On sultry-sun days.

# THIS LAND

THIS LAND

Native
to this earth
this land
this sky
no map
no guide book
helps me find
the road
I take.

I do not stride
or jog
or run
instead
I slowly walk
along
and see
the trees
the plants
the darting birds
beneath
the open sky.

This land
which so
delights
my eyes
unknown
by others

who may pass
intent
with thoughts
and dreams
and yet
who never see.

# A COUPLE OF 575s

Breezes on the shore
Cloud shadows across corn fields
Lazy summer days

Distant noises heard
Pulsing hum of street traffic
The heart of the town

# THE LADY DRESSED IN BLACK

THE LADY DRESSED IN BLACK

As light was dying in the trees
and trembling evening breezes blew
disarmed by candour he there stood
once more beside her tomb again.

In solitude with pen he wrote
on shining marble statuary
the words unsaid as he recalled
the lady dressed in black.

# A PAIR OF SOCK COUPLETS

A PAIR OF SOCK COUPLETS

Among the worst of sartorial scandals
Is the wearing of socks with open-toed sandals.

I'm a lover of fashion so forgive me my rants
when I see grown up men wearing socks with short pants.

# OBSERVATIONS MADE DURING THE CUTTING OF TOE NAILS

OBSERVATIONS MADE DURING
THE CUTTING OF TOE NAILS

The strangest thing it seems to me,
and I wonder why it happens to be,
that as I get older I shrink in height
and yet when I bend and flex my knee
my feet seem further away from me.

# THE SILENCE BROKEN

THE SILENCE BROKEN

Only
a spire
breaches
the canopy of green

The silence
broken
by pealing bells.

The Septolet is a poem consisting of seven lines containing fourteen words with a break in between the two parts. Both parts deal with the same thought and create a picture.

# IN MOSS AND SWAMP

IN MOSS AND SWAMP

Beyond the gates of reason lies
a land of mediaeval dreams
where few men travel any route
beyond the route that's common seen.

A land of purple shadowed paths
where vague assenting breezes blow
and spells are wrapped in indigo
within the lee of murmuring trees.

And deep within the leaf green light
the faeries dance among the glades
as maids in wattle woven bowers
comb out their flowing flaxen hair.

As dreams depart the fictive path
where nettles nip at legs and thighs
they fade in violet dark within
a pitcher plant in mossy swamp.

# Where Have All The Poets Gone?

Where have all the poets gone?
Long time writing
Where have all the poets gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the poets gone?
Other websites every one?
Let's hope they all return
Let's hope they all return.

# TWO TWO LINERS>

You're so relaxed this lazy morn I'd like to know how you survive
So tell me please, since you were born, if you have always been alive.

' There is no end to your skills' said he grinning,
'which is not surprising for there is no beginning'.

# IVY

IVY

No noxious weed: this cherished plant
its coat maintained through winters hour
with tapestry of virtuous form
its garlands stretch from brick to bough
from sylvan glade to village wall.

It softens form of churchyard stone
and monuments in slow decay
with swaying verdant drapery
and since the scripts of earliest time
its stature still endures.

# UGLY USE OF THE LANGUAGE

UGLY USE OF THE LANGUAGE

| | |
|---|---|
| So | Why do people start a reply with this word ? |
| You guys | But some among us are women! |
| To be honest | Aren't you usually honest then? |
| No problem | I know it isn't so why say it? |
| Like I say | Do you? |
| There you go | Do I? Where? |
| I'm good | Maybe but I asked you how you are |
| Very much so | Do you mean 'YES' ? |
| Know what I'm saying | Err yes - I do speak English ! |
| I'm going to go | Ugly tautology ? just say' I'm going' |
| Have a nice day. | Don't tell me what to do! |
| Enjoy your meal | Don't tell me what to do! |
| Lets give it up for... | Give what up? Do you mean 'let's applaud'..? |
| An accident waiting to happen | How can it be waiting - it doesn't exist |

Probably not a poem but what the heck!
Just a few of the phrases/idioms/cliches
which I find so ugly and annoying
and which populate modern speech .
They really make my teeth grate: I avoid
them like the plague. I love this language
too much.
Does anyone want to add to the list?

# WHAT AM I ?

WHAT AM I?

I can stand on a stage
and speak to an audience.

I've lectured I've taught
and appeared on TV.

Yet when at a party
I sit without mingling
and scarcely engaging
with folk I don't know.

I really hate small talk
when chatting with strangers
struggling to think
of something to say.

Maybe I'm an introvert
or just a bit shy
I ask the question:
'What am I?'

# AUTUMN

AUTUMN

In rows of narrow window panes
The slowly sinking lingering sun
Reflects its fiery orange hand
As autumns fingers lightly lay
A burnished palette on the land

# WINTER

WINTER

Winters skeletal bones stand proud
In dormancy in frost and snow
Within the dark and dank and drear
Their buds asleep till springtime brings
The new beginnings of the year.

# A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

Alone yet with purpose he lived as a pilgrim
an autocrat he in his own private kingdom.

Like the dead lying still in their shrouds
he lives with his head in the clouds

# COCKNEY RHYMING SLANG IS SPOKE

COCKNEY RHYMING SLANG IS SPOKE

Cockney rhyming slang is spoke
By any proper cockney bloke
It really is a load of cobblers
If you think it's spoke by scholars.

Cobblers awls;
load of balls,
testicles.

# PERCEPTION

PERCEPTION

Make America Great Again
Is seen by some as a false refrain
for it raises the question that must be asked:
'Was America great in the past?

# A DREAM

A DREAM

Juxtaposed non sequitur
without restraint of thought control
outwith the exercise of sway.

Where light of day will never hear
unconscious words discharged
by night's dictation disengaged.

Poetically the thoughts unseen
by day time's open eyes.

# THE BOATYARD

THE BOATYARD

In the night
the chandler working
humming singing
frame emerging
vertebra the keel
substrative
plank supporting
curving grasping
ribs emerging
wool and resin
filling sealing
flexing clicking
in the cooling
night time air.

# TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT

Wiser now
I watch
as laughter's glow
begins to wane
and shadows
fall
supressing rays
of
fading love.

# LIMERICK 57

LIMERICK 57

She hailed from the town of Leigh
and filled all the men's hearts with glee
her long flowing hair
hid her you know where
such a rompworthy lass was she.

# THE DEBTOR

THE DEBTOR

Impounded into poverty
with bitterness of debts distress
inflamed within by deep remorse
imputing blame when all is lost
in aggravating self-torment.

# BENEATH

BENEATH

Penetrating broken dreams
the haunting squawking bawls of gulls
which sail and soar in squalling winds
that scatter stones on shifting sands'

Trapped below its mighty weight
reflecting greys of wrought iron skies
the sheet steel sea plays make believe
as mournful mermaids gasp for air.

# LOVE HEALS

LOVE HEALS

Hasty words can hurt
Carelessly spoken they pierce
Wounds will often bleed
Internal lesions cause pain
Expressions of love heal hearts

Tanka is a classic form of Japanese poetry related to the haiku with five unrhymed lines of five, seven, five, seven, and seven syllables. (5, 7, 5, 7, 7) Probably best when comprising of five short independent, yet interrelated, statements).

# SOME SHORTIES (575)

SOME SHORTIES

Heard in siren songs
Seduced in calm seclusion
Lulled into falseness.

As the sun rises
Handfuls of gold are scattered
Waking fields sparkle.

Statues of marble
Silhouetted in the sky
Angels and crosses.

# SOME ONE LINERS

SOME ONE LINERS

Muddy waters do not stain moonlight

A noose around the neck may tighten its hold.

Greed is the religion of envy.

He who rides a high horse may find it hard to dismount

# THREE PICTURES PAINTED

THREE PICTURES PAINTED

The burning embers
emit their glow
and dry the shoes and fustian folds
of elderly men
who sup their ale
surrounded by the wood smoke curls.

---

A rainbow peers
through leaded glass
and light beams rain
in slanted straws
with hand outstretched
I catch them in
my open trembling palm.

---

The sweeping waves
Pound granite shores
Their limestone crescents
Reaching out
To smoky skylines
Underneath
The threatening ructious skies.

As in music a tone poem is a descriptive piece in one movement/verse.

# A LITTER OF LANTURNES

A LITTER OF LANTURNES

Words
unsaid
by loved ones
often cause most
pain.

Thoughts
expressed
in great haste
may not reflect
truth.

The
cherished
memories
are the ones that
last.

# A BROODING PLACE

A BROODING PLACE

A brooding place where mists hang low
a desperate place for wilting dreams
insensate hopes and black despair
where tortured tongues that cut the air
contend their kin to tethered souls.

The chains and fetters once released
in metal tones submerged no more
as views of hills on sloe-black nights
seen through the traceries of leaves
concede to chivalry aroused.

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (1)

Accidents happen near to home ? or so the people say
I think we'd best leave home ? let's do it straight away.

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (2)

On TV I saw an amazing trick
with fire and spinning plates.
They warned us not to try it at home
so I didn't ? I went to my mates.

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (3)

'It's so dark in here ? is that you next to me'
'I really don't know - I'm afraid I can't see'.

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (4)

With political jokes I'm disaffected
for far too often they end up elected.

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (5)

On the box it clearly said: '3 to 5 years.'
so you can imagine the joyful tears
when it only took me 1.

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (6)

'Now you're strapped in the electric chair
is there a wish you want to declare?'

'Yes I have a last request:
please hold my hand I'm feeling stressed'

# MEMORIES OF WHAT WILL BE

MEMORIES OF WHAT WILL BE

The dew-beads wait like clinging tears
until the hour of memories
when pipe-drips form and gently fall
reflecting sparkling rainbow hues
displacing rippling symmetry
upon the glittering water's guise.

Stream-hovering dragonflies on wing
where shadowed ferns sleeve sleeping banks
and purling currents ruffle stones
time-smoothed by water's flow.
A place where shadows fall ahead
with memories of what will be.

# THE STARLINGS

THE STARLINGS

A thousand punctuations high
a magic carpet drifts and floats
a murmuration fills the sky

Above the woods and stubble blond
the symphony with rhythm swings
performing near and far beyond.

# BE TOUGH

BE TOUGH

In tones of finality
they told him to drown
in his own personality.

He had to be tough
and he tried and he found
it was not deep enough.

# CHANGES

CHANGES

Stitched in seams to sanguine skies
The rising new build reaches up
As hammers pound the City's pulse
And modest blush of new red brick
Expunges sins of long lost worlds
Where old men sat
On chairs of sanded cedar.

# OR SO WE BOTH VOWED

OR SO WE BOTH VOWED

My wife and I attended a concert
a classical concert
(we often do)
and what a pleasure it was.
Each work was described
(with dignity, professionally)
by a real compere.

From the very first note
the audience
(they were civilised)
(they were respectful)
made no interruptions
no clapping or shouting
(we heard every note).

And when a work finished
they waited
until the last note
(drifted away)
before applauding
(appreciatively)
(spontaneously).

They were never invited:
to 'give it up for'
or to ' put it together'
and never again
(or so we both vowed)

would we go to a concert
(or so we both vowed)
of popular music
(or so we both vowed).

# SELF DOUBT

SELF DOUBT

With loss of flow of rhetoric
his gentile oratory foregone
ignoring instincts natural charge
and lack of exercise of tact
he took to liquors call.

# SWEATY FEET

SWEATY FEET

**S** uch is the fact
**W** hich some seek to ignore
**E** nclosed and entrapped
**A** nd it's not long therefore
**T** hat feet start to swell
**Y** ielding up a strange smell with:

**F** umes
**E** xtremely
**E** vil and
**T** hreatening.

# CONTAGION

CONTAGION

Like scattered seeds
that germinate
contagion's fingers reach and spread
ignoring boundaries of man
to seek and find its victims form
In every land and town and room.

# HIGH SUMMER

**HIGH SUMMER**

With mighty arms which swing the scythes
the swish as reapers cut the corn
in fields where poppies shed their seeds
and rooks await the ploughs return.

The sap of spring departing fast,
the fading scent of new mown hay
whitening, drying day by day,
in summer pastures browned by sun.

# NIGHTSHADE WINE

NIGHTSHADE WINE

Deep within a tenebrous gloom
In deepest glades where wood gods reign
The muffling leaves of thickening years
A carpet spread in dark arcades

A place where music tends to tears
And only by the spirit heard
Her mind still sternly exercised
As unsolved puzzles intertwined

His image etched within her heart
Enshrined there as divinity
She wove her dreams on looms of love
And swam in life's deep passion.

Within the recesses of time
And wrapped in swathes of doubts reserve
Held down by weight of shadows
She drank the nightshade wine.

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (7)

Artificial intelligence in fact and reality
Is never a match for natural stupidity

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (8)

For loss of memory the Doctors stance
was to ask for payment in advance
---

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (9)

In the sea the depth you can plunge is
determined by the number of sponges

# NOBLETS OF NONESENSE (10)

His limited thoughts end with a comma;
the rest of his page is blank.

# NOAH'S LAMENT

NOAH'S LAMENT

My memory is good and I clearly recall
they entered the Ark and I counted them all.
Up the gangplank they marched in file
and I was there counting them all the while.
They only boarded in pairs I swear
but now we have rabbits everywhere.

# A COUPLET (1)

As dry dust on a delicate petal
The integrity of a pure heart never stains.

# A COUPLET (2)

As withered leaves that fall from trees
So man, when life's breath fails, will die.

# A COUPLET (3)

Long summer days when stags are in velvet
Days I behold and am proud to inherit.

# A COUPLET (4)

The rustling wind plays my song
I sing the song of the wind.

# SARTORIAL INELEGANCIES (1)

Only chavs and sartorial losers
wear their shirts outside long troosers.

# SARTORINaL INELEGANCIES (2)

Polo shirts should always be lose
never tucked in - there ain't no excuse.

# A POET

A writer of poetry is not always a poet
but a poet is always a writer

# AUGUST

AUGUST

The coruscating light shines through
the canopy of waving leaves
and falls upon the forest floor
where crenelated shadows dance.

# I WRITE

I WRITE

Placed on a shelf
Piled high
I reach to grab them
And they fall
Randomly
I pick them up
And my mind shuffles
The words
Which I capture
With a pen.

# PURE COMMERCE

PURE COMMERCE

Between looming storefronts
imprisoning half light
plastered with shop signs
and peppered with awnings
tattered and flapping
as  stale winds are blowing
the flaking paint falling
and  cans roll and clatter
in debris-filled gutters
reflected in windows
cobwebbed and dirty
disguising the  gloom
of the rooms  hot and sweaty
where anonymous  strangers
make deals with damp handshakes.

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# SARTORIAL INELEGANCIES (3)

The tip of the tie
should tickle the belt
any longer than that
and you look a real prat.

# SPIRITS NOW ENTWINED

SPIRITS NOW ENTWINED

In blue of day as hovering bees
sought nectar in the wild flowers foam
the stranger watched with shy reserve
and eager curiosity.

As though they'd met in other lands
where antique seas meet distant shores
she turned and smiled when first she heard
a snapping stick beneath his sole

Through sudden impulses provoked
by heady fusions essences
their eyes wore lens of empathy
unseating shadows of reserve.

They savoured tastes of honeyed words
while flutes of love played melodies
and flowered meadows danced in tune
with  spirits now entwined.

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# THE FLY

THE FLY

You're up in the sky
It's quite a disappointment
You must be a fly
You sure ain't the ointment.

# THOUGHTS OF DEATH (1)

My friends grow old and another departs,
And with his passing I reflect:
I'll have to share heaven with a load of old farts.

# THOUGHTS OF DEATH (2)

Do dentists reside on cloud 7 ?
False teeth and mobility scooters
Are there charging points up there in heaven?
The answers aren't found on computers.

# THEIR SANCTUARY

THEIR SANCTUARY

Interfusing shadows fall
from leprous trunks of ancient oak
and twisting boughs form canopies
beneath the rain washed skies.

Only motes are seen to stir
in narrow beams of light that strike
the forest floor in tonal light
where dryads seek their sanctuary.

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# TO SLEEP

TO SLEEP

.

Fading light and falling book
descending  delta depths.

Reflections fall in gentle flow
on alpha's lulling swell.

Active in society
on high upon a beta crest.

# HE THOUGHT

HE THOUGHT

He thought he would
They said he could
He knew he should
He bit the bullet
He couldn't do it.

They said he couldn't
He knew he shouldn't
They thought he wouldn't
To his discredit
He went and did it.

# POETICAL OUTTAKES

POETICAL OUTTAKES

With discomposed demeanour
Relieved her inexpressibly.
Words unsaid by strangers
Reflections of chance resemblance
He considered himself elite
And deep within her reticule
A cold ascetic face
Fortified by principle
Spires of stately fanes stand proud
from the depths of discomposition
with thoughts like peeling acer bark
With hastening tread
Every day a raging storm
But soon the calm must come
In airless rooms with windows shut
like melting crowns that fall on fire
in cold green swell the water ran
with water weary chilled blue eyes
in self consuming vanity
Where idols shared a temple tall
The lonely path weaves down
A puff white mane
The world is still the world
Unfortified by principle
A man denied of books

# EXPOSED

EXPOSED

Behind her weary blue-chilled eyes
Unfortified by principle
Her thoughts like peeling bark expose
Reflections of resemblance seen
Relieving inexpressibly
In self-consuming vanity
Her cold ascetic face.

# EVERY NOW AND THEN

EVERY NOW AND THEN

I've been involved since I don't know when
In the ancient ritual of pushing the pen
And as I write every now and then
I come up with a poem that rhymes.

# BREXIT - THE VIEW LESS EXPRESSED

The Remainers primary contention is
the preservation of benefits
they fail to see the long term view
and benefits that will accrue.

It will be several lifetimes yet
before the benefits are met
There always will be short term pain
before the benefits of gain.

# HIGH FIVES

HIGH FIVES

The 'High Five' gesture seems to be spreading
( it's certainly something you'll not catch me doing ).

I'm sorry I really don't mean to whinge
but it's something that always makes me cringe.

In order to obtain its abolition
Would anyone care to sign my petition?

# THE EARLY BIRD (1 & 2)

The early bird gets the worm
So what ? I'm a vegan.

The early bird gets the worm
There are plenty more in the garden.

# EARLY BIRD 3 & 4

The early bird gets the worm
Another reason to stay in bed.

The early bird gets the worm
He'd get a Danish pastry if he gets up later.

# CORRECTNESS

CORRECTNESS
(Presented in Senryu Format)

Wild of opinion
Perverse, infuriating
Intolerant views.

Then up pop the prudes:
'Ooh did you hear what he said?
Ooh you can't say that!'

Each word now spoken
Wrapped up tight in bland blankets
Constraining free speech.

# CLEAR CONSCIENCE

Clear conscience
Empty head.

# EARLY BIRD 5 & 6

The early bird gets the worm
And the Doctor prescribes tablets.

The early bird gets the worm
Who the heck wants a worm anyway?

# I'M A LONER

I'M A LONER

Does it show how much I'm suffering?
All this talk
I want to puke!
Oh how I hate these social gatherings.

How much longer, where's the clock?
I'm in a lather
I would rather
go back home and darn a sock.

# WRITINGS

WRITINGS

Between the pages
forgotten now
as hortus siccus
waiting till
the words preserved
again exposed
are read by cultured eyes.

# PLASTIC WASTE

PLASTIC WASTE

What  a disgrace is
disposal of waste is
yet  each day more graces
the roadside the  shore
and  Hollywood faces.

# TORMENT

TORMENT

Unfettered love can bind the heart
when strings of torment tie their knots
in veins that bear the beating blood.

# THIS WORLD, THIS LIBERAL PANTHEON

THIS WORLD, THIS LIBERAL PANTHEON

Emerging menus long since born
that marinate in vanity
predominated by belief
on platters of bland piety.

Served with condescending scorn
and shading to naivety
with structural flaws the orders served
committed to no sanctity

Soon bound by bond of equal born
in populist  societies
insidious threats disperse the power
displaced by rising sanity.

# LIMERICK No 53

A timorous traveller born in Belize
throughout his travels was never at ease
and when questioned why
he explained with a sigh:
'There are too many foreigners overseas'

# ME, A SNOB?

ME, A SNOB?

You called me a snob.
What impudence!
That cannot be!
I ate in McDonalds once.

# DIGITAL ART

DIGITAL ART

Digital art is not for me
at the top of the artists medium tree
but it has to be noted
It's widely promoted
deserving  respect
and when purists object
I say: 'Set doubts  apart
for let it be said
there are no rules in art'.

# THE BIRD POEM

THE BIRD POEM

All Curlew up
'neath Eider down
until a Shrike
from clock alarm
arouses him all Grouse and frown.

When fully Kittiwake he rise
and Buzzards off all hot and Puffin
'cause he hopes that he can steal
the early worm before another
bird can Robin of his meal

# FINE WINE

FINE WINE

The sommelier declared it divine.
blueberry, blackberry, plum and sloe
crisp and dry with a complex glow
rounded body,  mature not young
so I savoured the flavours round the tongue
and all I could taste was .....wine.

# THE MONTHS

**THE MONTHS**

JANUARY
As  stones that lie in frozen pools
when days still short and ice accrues
and all that lies within is bathed
 beneath a blankets cold caress.

FEBRUARY
Winters skeletal bones stand proud
In dormancy in frost and snow
Within the dark and dank and drear
Their buds asleep till springtime brings
The new beginnings of the year.

MARCH
**M** arch when birds sing
**A** nd small early flowers
**R** each out between showers
**C** ascading, celebrating and
**H** eralding spring.

APRIL
The ravages of seasons rage
no more in minds of toiling men
with welcome signs of change in clime
their heavy raiment  hanging upon
the rusting hooks behind the door
now April's here again.

MAY
Dressed in hues of freshest green
the  fields and hedges,  trees and moors
 with misting sprays in harmony
reflecting seasons early cast.

JUNE
The sap of spring departing fast,
the rising scent of new mown hay
whitening, drying  day by day,
in early pastures kissed by sun.

JULY
With summer days of gold and blue
when fields of stubble frame the view
and natures music gently plays
with gold and blue of summer days.

AUGUST
With mighty arms which swing the scythes
the swish as reapers cut the corn
in fields where poppies shed their seeds
and rooks await the ploughs return.

SEPTEMBER
Behind the churning tractors wheels
on soil ploughed as  birds sweep low
the ridges point where sky mists rise
and coral beaded berries hang
as peace runs through the vales.

OCTOBER
The coruscating light shines through
 the canopy of falling leaves
 and rests upon the forest floor
 where crenelated shadows dance.

NOVEMBER
In rows of narrow window panes
The slowly sinking lingering sun
Reflects its fiery orange hand
As autumns fingers lightly lay
A burnished palette on the land.

DECEMBER
On lonely paths that weave their way
Where steps are heard with rustling tread
and muffled hands remain unseen
In depths of winters frozen grasp.

# PRAGMATIC REALISM

PRAGMATIC REALISM

The searching minds of chroniclers
reflect on liberalism's march
eroding truth and freedoms call
and founded in seductive faith
with intellectual dominance
the ideology achieved.

# THEY DANCE

THEY DANCE

Beneath the opalescent skies
In filtered rays in misty glades
The apparitions soon emerge
And dance in nebulosity.

# THE VIEWS OF NOBLER MEN

THE VIEWS OF NOBLER MEN

No foot across the threshold
no hand upon the door
in dark forsaken precincts
on neutral ground they sit.

At one by bond of intercourse
avoiding tools of sophistry
with little capital of gain
they damn the views of nobler men.

# SOME (MORE) 575s

SOME (MORE) 575's

Wisdom disobliged
Conjugal felicity
Denounced, abandoned.

With good behaviour
Gratifying sensations
Regaled in credit.

Sombre dignity
Penitence and seclusion
Mournful harmony

# SHE SAW THE LIGHT

SHE SAW THE LIGHT

She came over quite excitely
each and every nightly
just to see the sightly
of his Bunsen burning brightly.

# A FULL HEAD OF HAIR

A FULL HEAD OF HAIR

He claims  a full head of hair
and he's certainly got plenty to share
but the point of contention
which he fails to mention
is a truth which everyone knows
for the hair on his head
all curly and red
is all in his ears and his nose.

# IRONY

IRONY

Bought a new car the other day
very sleek in gun metal grey
only a hundred on the clock
when suddenly to my dismay
I got a  shock
a bright light flashed
elation dashed
a speeding ticket's on its way.

# REINCARNATION

REINCARNATION

Reincarnation is not for me
the whole idea seems silly
I can't accept the concept now
and I won't in the future I avow
and in the past  I never did
not even when I was a squid.

# SHE EATS LIKE A BIRD

SHE EATS LIKE A BIRD

Ma-in-law's come for lunch today
and from the kitchen I hear her say:
**'I don't want much dinner**
**I need to get thinner**
**It might sound absurd**
**But I eat like a bird'.**

Having already cooked mountains of food
I grit my teeth and mouth something rude
and perceive her request as a bit of slur
if she eats like a bird then it's fat balls for her.

# POETIC CONSTRUCTION

POETIC CONSTRUCTION

The letters are the building blocks,
the words construct the skirting wall.
Punctuation interlocks
and  sentences assemble all.

# OCEANS TEARS

OCEANS TEARS

In avenues where trees stand ranked
she breathes a lonely ponderous sigh
as church bells strike the midnight hour
beneath an unknown sky.

Carpeted on poisoned growth
she lays below the branching limbs
her body clad in mist and rain
insensate to  the fingering winds.

With thoughts of unknown pedigree
in memories eidetic clutch
tormented by passivity
she sheds an oceans tears.

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# HE'LL NOT VISIT EITHER AGAIN

HE'LL NOT VISIT EITHER AGAIN

He  should have tied up his laces
When he went on a tour of Spain
He fractured his leg in two places
And he'll not visit either again.

# OUCH

OUCH

I had a green thumb yesterday
I hit it with a spanner
Now it's turning purple grey
In a most uncanny manner.

I had a green thumb yesterday
I hit it with a spade
I hit it once again today
And it's turned a khaki shade

I had a green thumb yesterday
I hit it more 'n I oughter
It happened by the waterway
And now it's in the water.

I had a green thumb yesterday
And with an axe I struck it
I left it in an alleyway
Inside a rusty bucket.

# A CINQUAIN COLLECTION

A CINQUAIN COLLECTION

Airless
Windows firm shut
Abandoned, neglected
Floating dust accumulating
Settling.

Lost hope
Stately fanes stood
Melting crowns fell on fire
Forgotten idols abandoned
World ends.

Hurt felt
sleep gives escape
in glowing tinted dreams
the discomposed demeanour lost
pain fades

A Cinquain is a short, usually unrhymed poem consisting of twenty-two syllables distributed as 2, 4, 6, 8, 2, in five lines. It was developed by the Imagist poet, Adelaide Crapsey.

# LIMERICK No 56

A shop worker from Darjeeling
peed on the floor every evening
but  his friends in the shop
pleaded with him to stop
so he promptly peed on the ceiling.

# THE SAME MISTAKE

THE SAME MISTAKE

Despite receiving best advice
the same mistake I still make twice
for this provides a safety curtain
for assurance, to be certain.

# HE SPURNS APPROACH

HE SPURNS APPROACH

Folded in the arms of night
untrammelled by prevailing lust
tormented by passivity
his intermittent character
bears due regard for rectitude.
No servitor to instincts call
his eyes aglow his fire suppressed
despite her gentle moth-like touch
he spurns approach to union.

# TO JEANNE

TO JEANNE

I didn't know then
and I don't know now
what the meaning of love is
and yet somehow
I loved you then
and I love you now
and I know I always will.

# EDELECTS BY THREE

EDELECTS BY THREE

Books unread
Words unsaid
Decisions disengaged.

Tears shed
Words said
Hearts heal.

Nose streaming
Breath steaming
White winter.

I developed this form a while back (see previous postings) more as a filler when I only have a few moments to fill ? having said that they are not always as simple as they look.

3 lines with two words per line
First two lines consist of noun followed by verb
In the third line both words start with same letter
Rhyme pattern: aab

# LAMPOONING

LAMPOONING
(without apologies)

Having  invented chopsticks
 it makes me wonder why
they never invented custard
oh do please tell me why.

Whatever their mood
there's truth in the tales
of their scorn for fast food
and their preference for snails.

Leave them alone
leave them in peace
it's in their genetics
to be obese.

In the hedgerows and
 in  lederhosen
watch them forage
for the wurst kind of sausage

# SHORELINE

SHORELINE

Flirting with the gentle wind
a waving sea of whispering grass
along the shorelines pebble fringed
and coated with the undried tears
of ocean spray and foaming clouds
as cliffs of hedge and coppice rise
like ghosts without a grave.

# SUNDAY MORNING AT LOUGHTON POOL

SUNDAY MORNING AT LOUGHTON POOL

From  silvered, bolted, spanning  girders
twisted ropes of stretching wire
support the streams of waving bunting
pointing at the sweatshirts worn
by lifeguards perched on rostrums.

In serried ranks the blue tiered  seats
look up with closed inverted eyes
soon opened wide and occupied
by those who sit uncomfortably
in hot and humid atmosphere.

The cobalt lines which mark the lanes
in pulsing rhythmic Hockney patterns
twisting turning complementing
  yellow goggles, green floats floating
orange arm bands.

From shafts of sun through tinted glass
reflected streams of dancing  light
on barefaced brick where dials display
the time in hours, minutes  taken,
session over time to leave.

# ABSTRACT ART

ABSTRACT ART

Reality free
Space for the mind to travel
Imagination.

# FOUR SHORTIES

**FOUR SHORTIES**

**DAWN CHORUS**

The song of love that once I knew
I hear again
I listen to
The chorus of the dawn.

**THE EPICURE**

She thinks she is an epicure
She really is a dork
It's true she loves her curry
But she eats it with a fork.

**RANK MAKES NO HALO**

High above the man who has
sits the man who does.

**THE WAY TO HIS HEART**

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach
- so where's the point of entry?
I'm glad I'm not a woman
- if it's where I think it might be!

# WORDS UNSAID

WORDS UNSAID

As  sounds of street pervade the air
in all degrees of dissonance
with nothing to excite the mind
he lay upon a bed of straw
where dirt and dust of city life
steeled in through open windows.

Submitting to his slumbers call
he lay alone consigned to dream
of words unsaid by strangers.

# SOME QUATRAINS

SOME QUATRAINS

Let me explain right from the start
when it comes to regard for modern art
there is nothing more that exposes the heart
than the disapproving face of the puritan fart.

If you've not found the elusive code
to put you on good fortune's road
don't ever think your life's bereft:
when nought  goes right -  go left.

When yous  born, yous born
and when yous gorn, yous gorn
so make good use of life my friend
 there sure aint nuffink eiver end.

As church bells struck the quarter
her mind relaxed
her life intact
she bathed in lavender water.

# ROMANTIC SHORTIES

ROMANTIC SHORTIES

To seek release from sorrow's spell
she drank the ice cold water
drawn from  salvations well.

Her heart the garden bed
where love's red roses grow.

Locked in doorless rooms
where  flickering light through latticed windows
touches bodies locked as one.

# LET'S

LET'S

Both of us are in our prime
so let us not abstain
it's half past kissing time
it's time to kiss again.

# NATURAL WORLD

NATURAL WORLD

Under coppered skies
in bowls of lacquered lustre
the fruits of harvest.

Stamens upstanding
proud anthers on filaments
pollen dust offered.

Beneath grey skies
winter rain falls cold and clear
spring will soon arrive.

# MY EWER

MY EWER

This is my ewer
which I shall fill
with soft still water
from the pond of the nymphs

# INTO AUTUMN

INTO AUTUMN

Behind the churning tractors wheels
on soil ploughed as  birds sweep low
the ridges point where sky mists rise
and coral beaded berries hang
a quiet peace runs through the vales
in waiting for the seasons change.

# NO MORE

NO MORE

Much fortified by principle
the deep decrees of banishment
at last assuaged and left as dust
in depths of chasms ponderous hold
no more to pine as tempered  themes
no more denied and now she wears
a heart that no more frowns.

# A RAMBLE IN THE BRAMBLE

A RAMBLE IN THE BRAMBLE

A ramble through the bramble
can be quite a gamble
take it slowly at an amble
never ever quickly scramble
'cause if you should ever tumble
it's a hell to disentangle.

# CRAZY COUPLETS (1)

It certainly may be funny
But happiness can't buy money.

The toilet seat was far too wide
He was caught between two stools.

# A RECOLLECTION

A RECOLLECTION

Against the thin autumnal skies
a bell rings from a profiled tower
as boys emerge in haste.

Multi-coloured clothing shed
by naked trees  in  filigree
is kicked and crunched by black-laced shoes
along the hidden path to home
where  brambles threaten red chaffed legs

Opaque streams of drifting smoke
point to bonfires newly lit
where men in caps dig sodden soil
to sounds of stainless steel in clay
beyond the hedge and out of view

With muddied shoes and tousled hair
unseen they soon emerge
on tarmacadamed roads to home.

# CRAZY COUPLETS (2)

He knew he'd got the instructions wrong
When he hit his head on the nail.

Sleeping dogs can't even speak
So how can they ever lie?

It cannot go down like a lead balloon
For a lead balloon cannot go up.

# FOR SHE WOULD BE NO ODALISQUE

FOR SHE WOULD BE NO ODALISQUE

Haunted by the falling stars
her hopes and fears
like meteors
in transient passage soon dispersed
absolved from importunate hold
no more his lies which pleased her ill
of finely seasoned flattery
like poisoned draughts of nectar served
beneath the cold autumnal skies
now lost eternally in mists
for she would be no odalisque.

# BIG FEET

BIG FEET

On either side
They're very wide
They're none too neat
My two big feet
But I'm not sad
It's not that bad
I'm not a clown
I don't fall down.

# INACTIVE, EXERCISE.

INACTIVE, EXERCISE.

Inactive
calm, impassive
reposing, relaxing, dreaming
quietude, tranquillity, fatigue, exhaustion
pounding, aching, sweating
weary, drained
exercise.

Okay I know it's not to everyone's taste ? may be just a string of words ? but they are not that easy to put together and require a lot of discipline. These various classical forms are great training for understanding composition and metre which will put any poet in good stead for writing more free flowing work ? a bit like learning to draw before learning to paint.

# FLY TIPPING

'No Fly Tipping' said the notice up high
which made me scratch my head.
For in every restaurants wherever I've fed
I've never been served by a fly.

# TIME

Time is a great invention
for without it I thought I'd best mention
everything happens at once.

# NOW THEN

NOW THEN

When all the nows are whens
and  now today is yesterday
tomorrow now is then.

When soon is now and now it's gone
how many nows in yesterday?
Where will they all come from?

I wonder if it's true somehow
when soons are found
will they be now.

They disappeared in early morn
where are they stored?
I'm quite confused I want to yawn.
'

Tomorrow when the nows are gone
and soon is later yesterday
will everybody say:  'Now then!

# THE FUNERAL

I heard that Peter passed away
I heard it only yesterday
the funeral - when will it be?
I guess we'll have to wait and see
but if invited I'll decline
I know he'll not be there at mine.
---

# ECLIPSE

They said: 'My oh my,
all the insects will die'
when they saw the lunar eclipse.

Under no delusion
I came to the conclusion
they've got to be lunar tics.

# CROSS YOUR HEART

I see the benefits from afar
You must be wearing your cross-your-heart bra
It lifts and separates perfectly
so from now on if you'll agree
It's cross-your-heart underpants for me.

# THE HEAD UPON THE NAIL

'I hit the nail on the head '
That's what's you said.
The head of what?
I've lost the plot
I don't get it
you surely hit
the head upon the nail.

# OPPORTUNITIES

Life presents opportunities
a foolish man dismisses them.

# NO MORE

NO MORE

Much fortified by principle
the deep decrees of banishment
at last assuaged and left as dust
in depths of chasms ponderous hold
no more to pine as tempered  themes
no more denied and now she wears
a heart that no more frowns.

# ANOTHER BATCH OF 575s

Talking in the dark
Familial suppositions
A habit of theirs
---
Rules, regulations
The fatuity of kings
Self-aggrandisement
---
Dimness of lamplight
Silver stars in night time skies
Trees in silhouette

# ANOTHER BATCH OF  575s (2)

Freshness after rain
Day-cool pathways in shadow
Long sunlit fingers
---
B******s carry seed
They should be venerated
Do not hang them out.
---
Points of contention
Framed in written narrative
Discussion ensues.
---
Unknown in annals
Declared without modesty
Silent verdicts reached

# BUT I CAN WRITE

BUT I CAN WRITE

Consigned to my bed
Operation successful
Hernia repaired.

Mind fully alert
Inspirations  still coming
Placed in abeyance.

Studio is closed
Artwork held in suspension
Transient status.

Armchair is waiting
Limited mobility
The pen is active.

# SEVERED THREADS

SEVERED THREADS

Waters iced and frost hoared fields
beneath a silvered twilight sky
that stealed in through the window panes
where warming firelight gently played
upon the clock declaring time.

As quiet of the night closed in
cloud shadows passed like moving ghosts
her hair turned grey by frosts of time
as undisturbed her spirit left
the  severed threads of life no more.

# A FEW BITS AND PIECES

Like melting snow within his grasp
his fire held no fuel.

Dreams drawn on stone in chalk
are washed away when troubles rain.

On valley floors and sunlit plains.
where shadows of the clouds roam free
the yellow shine of buttercups
in swaying waves of uncut grass.

A bud úpon the tree of life
gives proof of hope in morning light.
.

# AN EDILLETTE

AN EDILLETTE

Perpetually open minded opinions
Opinions perpetually open minded
Minded opinions perpetually open
Open minded opinions perpetually
Perpetually open minded opinions.

The idea for this came to me yesterday whilst convalescing reading Charlotte Bronte's novel Villette in which I came across two words used in reverse for effect? a bit of a challenge and not up everyone's street, but fun. For want of something better I've called it an Edillette.

In case it's not obvious the rules are:

» No conjunctions
» Each line (phrase) must stand up in its own right (ask could you insert in a sentence)
» Each line contains the same 4 words arranged as follows:
» .
» Line 1 abcd
» Line 2 dabc
» Line 4 cdab
» Line 5 abcd

# RIOJA

**RIOJA**

Rioja located in Northern Spain
an area much characterised by rich
tradition and by vibrant innovations
with its region spanning wide terrain
rich and smooth with textured charm
oak barrelled aged across the years
graciano mazuelo and maturana
temparanillo and graciano
Spain's flagship wine
of great repute
served
with
love
in
crystal
shining - sparkling
underneath nights twinkling stars.

# AND SO TO BED

AND SO TO BED

Sweaty Dot is always hot and somewhat dumb
Frosty Beat has frozen feet and ice cold bum.
Dear Limpet Lil lies very still and hangs on tight
and Hairy Clare's in bed all bare tonight.

# FORGOTTEN

FORGOTTEN

With teeth set tight
and nails that pierced his white clenched palms
alone in vaults in binding chains
where meditating shadows stretch.

Ignoring themes of deep regret
with padlocks kept on silent thoughts
and memories in sealed urns
unseen by prying sentinels.

An acting thinking sentient man
a man who kept assiduous court
his destiny patrician cast
a man denied of books.

No empathetic thoughts are stretched
in sympathy with his domain.

# Seasonals

SEASONALS

Spring rolls
Summer diet.

Spring tide
Summer flood

Summer grass
Autumn hay

Summer flowering
Autumn berries

Autumn leaves
Winter waves

Autumn colours
Winter blues

Winter time
Spring broken

Winter wheat
Spring rolls

# KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK KNOCK

(1)
Knock knock smack smack
bang bang whack whack
pound pound tap tap
rap  rap-a-tat-tat
cuff thud and  thrash
swat slug and  bash
I can't ignore it any more
I'd best go see who's at the door.

(2)
Knock knock the creaking door
Swings wide
And footsteps on the flagstone floor
Are heard inside
Her eyes look up her face alight
Arms open wide
Knock knock she welcomes me tonight.

# THE DEWS OF DAWN

THE DEWS OF DAWN

On miry tracks with ponderous thoughts
released from adamantine chains
she  walked alone in dishabille
suppressing pained ingratitude.

Undeterred by remonstrance
and held in liberties embrace
with attitude of meek repose
she stood in subtle symmetry.

She smiled with  natural impulses
and at her feet the river tinged
in blue beneath a trellised bridge
her profile framed by arches.

And there upon the morning grass
beneath a cloud of waning tears
she drank the dews of dawn.

# TICKLING STICK

TICKLING STICK

With a tickling stick
you have to be quick
If there's no surprise
apologise
'cause you have to be quick
with a tickling stick.

# DESERVING OF FINE EPITHETS

DESERVING OF FINE EPITHETS

In intervals of contemplation
unstirred by sudden impulses
she had the rectitude of mind
to follow instincts lead

Disclaimers of false sentiment
as honeyed bearings spread on flint
once burnt from unbecoming lips
extinguished now by flame.

And shaded by the draperies
by intuition's sway she smiled
indulging moods of pliant love
deserving of fine epithets.

# THE RISING SUN

THE RISING SUN

The rising sun
aged old
each day renewed
inspiring warming lighting
probing rays
fingering familiar hues
that spread reflect and dance
on old emotions resurrected
with its rising
born again its arms embracing.

# DOUBLE TROUBLE

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Constipated, unable to sleep
a couple of tablets taken at will
a laxative and a sleeping pill
and now I'm in trouble deep.

# THE STATISTICIAN

THE STATISTICIAN

When things looked bleak in his bank account
he enrolled for a job on a pollen count.

# ONE DAY EACH WEEK

ONE DAY EACH WEEK

Six pairs of knickers to her name
Yippee ? it's Saturday again!

# OUT OF BOUNCE

OUT OF BOUNCE

He wanted to be a juggler
but he didn't have the balls.

# IT ONLY TAKES ONE

IT ONLY TAKES ONE

Life isn't easy, life can be cursed
Thousands of sperm and yours got there first.

# A MELLOW PLACE

A MELLOW PLACE

Beneath a star sown cloudless sky
where houses hung from peak to vale
white against the cliffs of stone
sea skirted carved by centuries
with sounds of laughter in the wind
a mellow place to settle down.

Against a wall she pensive read
poetic words of love foregone
recorded in her diaries
reflecting on her chilled  resolve
by blinding facts of circumstance
the union ended now.

Her airs of grace mere garment worn
when thoughts returned  with angry voice
in evidence of frequency
soon turned from flame to floating ash
and carried by the laughing winds
her drifting dreams afloat on waves.

An inartistic man of trade
she'd yielded to his many charms
but now with instincts archly weighed
she'd settled in her new domain
with sentient ears to hear her woes
received at common tables.

# KAZIMIR MALEVICH  WHITE ON WHITE

KAZIMIR MALEVICH
WHITE ON WHITE

White on white
a square in a square.
Is it art?

Is it innovative?
Is it different?
Is it original?
Do you like it?
Or is it nonsense?

You ponder
You scratch your head
You tell me:
'It's  taking the piss.
It's rubbish!
A child could paint it'.

Is that what you really think?

But surely
you could you have fun
with colours
with shapes
with tones
Perhaps you couldn't paint it
or something like it ?

You're indignant.
I can see that.
Of course you are!
'There's nothing to it'
you say
'It's easy
Anyone can do it'.

So you could paint
something like:-
white on white
a square in a square.

Then why don't you?

# EMOTION

What is an emotion?
If you haven't got a notion
if you haven't got a clue
I'll explain it all to you
and though the answers rather queasy
the explanation is quite easy
it's an electronic poo.

# AMASSED TO PLAN

AMASSED TO PLAN

He made a leg, he made an arm
and then a head ?well what's the harm?
a body next - all joined to plan.
He was a self-made man.

# NATURE'S LEGACY

NATURES LEGACY

Wakening from raptured dreams
unheld in reverenced memory
by glance of searching scrutiny
she stirs insensible to time.

Within her households firm embrace
a constant stream of tenancy
without she walked at peace alone
much vivified by influences

Clear waters wash a shingled bed
with gentle sounds which reach her ear
and odours from the harvest fields
invade the morning air.

Her smile as warm as summer sun
content in equanimity
beneath the arching foliage tones
in lightfast shades of green

No wealth of glowing epithets
could best describe
affected not by ignorance
her love of nature's legacy.

# BOBBLES ON SWEATERS

BOBBLES ON SWEATERS

On the outside my sweater's gone bobbly
but not on the inside quite oddly.
'So explain to me please' (I hear myself shout)
'why on earth don't they make them inside out?'

# ESCAPE by HUGO

ESCAPE (by Hugo)

I wake up to the rainforest sounds
Humming birds damp wet grounds
I breathe in the forest air
Wind in my eyes, dirt in my hair.

I get up ready to explore
I don't miss one bit being indoors
I'm out here now one with nature
Last thing I said to my friends was 'See you later'

I put on my muddy khaki shirt
Wearing it again for another day won't hurt
I put on my hiking boots and start to run
Today's adventure is going to be fun.

I pass the ruins and the temple too
They were a tourist attraction before the vines grew
My Grandpa said they're deadly and constrict you
Leaving you unconscious and praying to be rescued.

# WHO'S SPEAKING?

WHO'S SPEAKING?

The darn phone wouldn't stop ringing
so I picked it up and  I asked 'Who's speaking?'

In reply the voice on the other end
 sternly responded   'Well you are my friend!'

# CUTLETS errr COUPLETS

CUTLETS errr COUPLETS

He slumped in the chair with a sigh and a yawn
His 'get up and go' had 'got up and gone'

They've all ignored me from the start
They only look up whenever I fart.

# POST OP COMPLICATIONS

POST OP COMPLICATIONS

My bones are old ? I'm no spring chicken
My post op setback's unforgivin'
I'm suffering still - don't mind admittin'
but hey -  I'm still alive and kickin'.

# THE PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE

THE PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE

He calls himself a barista
but he really hasn't a clue.
There's only one way to make coffee
if you want the perfect brew.

No quirky machines are required
forcing water through the grounds
losing out on the subtle flavours
to unwarranted gurgling sounds.

The only way worth considering
is in a cafetiere
where the flavours are slowly imparted
and aromas invade the air.

60gms of freshly ground coffee
to a litre of water boiled
allow to stand for 4 minutes
for the perfect flavour unspoiled.

When it comes to serving your coffee
forget silly pictures in froth,
they're an insult to the discerning
they kindle the purists wrath.

If you query the type of coffee
Robusta or Arabica?
you'll be lucky to get an answer

so much for the know-all  barista

Colombia, Brazil
Or the land of blue gum
Ethiopia Honduras
Where does it come from?

Origin unknown.
an amorphous blend
'Do you want any flavours?'
Yuk! Heaven forfend!

# CUTLETS errr COUPLETS (2)

CUTLETS errr COUPLETS (2)

Money talks,
it says: 'Goodbye'

He's such an idiot and there's no solution
A waste of a million years evolution

Why on earth didn't Noah exercise veto
And refuse asylum to the darn mosquito.

When you're having sex time seems to fly
A minute quickly passes by.

Hard work never killed anyone, but perchance,
is it really ever worth taking the chance?

I've got all the cash I could ever wish for
As long as I die by half past four.

It takes a lifetime to learn the rules
And by then you're too old to use the tools.

# OILS DIFFUSED

OILS DIFFUSED

Wild suppositions
Bewilderment of fancy
The dead do not stir

Thoughts find utterance
Hints are worse than open speech
Accents of despair

Unsettled by truth
Passionate lamentations
Calmed by soothing tones

Held in rigid grief
Convulsive respiration
Smell of oils diffused

Image carved in stone
Withered flowers fall to dust
Silence of the tomb

(Written in senryu format this was inspired by some
passages in Rookwood by William Harrison Ainsworth
first published back in 1834)

# ORCHESTRATEY

ORCHESTRATEY

Much mirth to see all plunky bow scrape
stringy strikers finger twitchy
screechers noties dangly grape

Brassic trumples blasty march roads
huffles pluffing lungles burstingl
burpload windy sprout forth nodes

Stretchy leathkins tight and twangy
hittle with a drumbly stickle
vibes and bongs with fistic bangy

Notey flotus to the ear lobes
all relaxy common restfuls
herdus all round worldly globes

# SHORTIE ONE

Whatever you do, wherever you go
choose your route carefully
choose your own destiny
it's only the dead fish that go with the flow.

# SHORTIE TWO

The seal of the confessional
checks garrulity
stifles curiosity.

# BREXIT - A WILFUL BETRAYAL?

ON MAY'S BREXIT PROPOSALS

Despite how May's deal is promoted
Despite how May's deal is presented
It's still political farce
An arse is still an arse.

A BREXITEERS LAMENT

Despite the way the voting scored
the will of the people is being ignored
we voted to leave; no half measures here
yet most politicians are remainers I fear
who seem to think we voted half- in
and all the talk so far has been
about seeing just how far we can go
in maintaining and preserving the status quo
despite the fact we voted to leave
Parliaments energies seek to appease
the views of those who want to remain
subservient to the EU  reign
we voted to leave; no half measures here
yet most politicians are remainers I fear
despite the way the voting scored
the will of the people is being ignored.

CRASHING OUT?

We voted to leave by the front door
it's not a case of crashing out
that's what we voted for.

WAS IT ALL IN VAIN?

Two world wars were fought to preserve independence.
Many millions lost their lives to preserve sovereignty
Was it all in vain?

Armistice day was remembered by the country's population
World wide suffering to defeat a dominant power
Was it all in vain?

Decision making and law now the preserve of the EU courts
Germany the largest and most dominant power in the EU
Was it all in vain?

Was it all in vain?

# SHORTIE FOUR

The truth is something no one knows
so don't be so quick to condemn.
It's nothing to do with the Emperor's clothes
for no one has ever seen them.

# A DISARRAY OF COUPLETS

Shod in shoes of silence
she walked in the steps of the dead.

When weighed on the scales of perception
she was deigned of humble means.

Time brings softening influences
when all around is black.

Within the orchards firm embrace
her tears swelled clustering fruit.

Her tokens of love
confirmed by her trust.

Memories fade and bruises pale
but scars remain to tell the tale.

# A STRANGER

A STRANGER

A blackened cloud-wrapped vaulted sky
save in the east where furnaces
threw shades of thermogenic blush
as constellations float behind
a blackened cloud-wrapped vaulted sky

The stranger stood in wet surtout
no candle burned within his gaze
his back towards the furnaced sky
in mired  ruts where carts had passed
the stranger stood in wet surtout.

A mill of aspect undefined
no chink of light was seen within
where cogs and stone were disengaged
the stranger stood in dark before
a mill of aspect undefined.

In need of toil the stranger left
His planned return at break of dawn.

( My own form which I call an Ednet. It consists
of 17 lines in 4 stanzas of 5, 5, 5, and 2 lines. The only other 'rule'
being that in the first 3 stanzas line 1 is repeated in line5.)

# MY SPIRIT

MY SPIRIT

For every lock there is a key
as daub combines with wattle.

My spirit's always here with me
unless I've finished the bottle.

# VICE VERSA

Sex is great which ever way round
so says the impartial observer
and though it's not something for which I'm renowned
I'm quite fond of a bit of vice versa.

# DOGS AND CATS

Dogs have masters.
Cats have staff.
Dogs have love.
Cats have a laugh.

# STONES

As stones cast on water
the ripples grow gentler
the  wider they reach.

As stones laid on leather
the wrinkles grow deeper
the older they get.

# IN FRAMES OF ANTIQUE GOLD

IN FRAMES OF ANTIQUE GOLD

Embowered within a leafy glade
where virtues vapours float in air
inhaled in spectres fervency
released by Prospero's wand.

Flexile dreams unleavened yet
will rise to inspiration's zest
presentiments of what will be
maintain a station deep within.

As ships which rail upon the sea
and thoughts which float on dimpled plains
when furnished by a pen these dreams
will sit in frames of antique gold.

# ONIONS AND BEANS

Onions and beans are my staple diet
and so I  fart tear-gas on autopilot
a useful tool  for quelling a riot.

# HAIKU OR SENRYU _ WHO CARES?

A COLLECTION

Picturesque landscapes
Coated in fabrics of oak
Commanding prospect.

Honeycombed ceiling
Arms declaring ownership
Moulded in plaster.

Equanimity
Content with functions of life
A broken heart healed.

Treated as coeval
Age conveyed no relevance
Together as one.

Options considered
in ideation gathered
decisions defined.

# INCERTITUDE

INCERTITUDE

Discord breeds when confidence
relapses in concealment
all thoughts enclosed as in a tomb
and powerless to influence.

No dalliance with wild surmise
and no defined intention
disturbed emotions  misconstruct
with false conclusions reached.

# MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

All men observe this short lament:
For peace and calm avoid dissent
Say 'yes my dear' do not torment
There is no way to circumvent
the power of petticoat government.

# SOOT FREE SANTA

It struck me last night after he'd  gone,
(and I hope my comments are respectfully  put),
but I wondered if  Santa's a bit of a con
for his costume was free of smudgy black soot.

# HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL AT MPS

EM OR UM

Should it be 'em' or should it be 'um'
I could try more 'm's' (just for fun)
for 'emmm' or 'ummm' has more of a ring
and works in lyrics if you should sing.

Perhaps an 'r:  would that work too?
Well 'Ermmmm' sounds good if you think it through
but somehow  urmmm  doesn't work so well:
say it out loud, it's easy to tell.

So it seems like ermmm is the word of the day
but hang on a moment ? allow me to say
I'm not so sure - my mind's gone a blur;
 on second thoughts.....
..... I much prefer 'Errrr'.

# IN DREAMS

IN DREAMS

Chanting in sepulchral tones
In vague outline she stood alone
where unseen flowers faced the sun
and temperate waters flowed.

With  peace now in transcendency
Which consciousness would not recall
a preternatural sense of joy
inhabited her mind.

# PARADOX

PARADOX

Hidden from the world they knew
the dead are buried deep below
the fallen oak where cold winds blow
in death its roots exposed to view.

# WHERE AM I ?

WHERE AM I?

It really is a strange affair
for though it's true that I am here
it's also said I'm not all there.

# LOVE'S FIRST BITE

LOVE'S FIRST BITE

Once bound in steel inviolable
repression bands are soon  unlocked
when influenced by passions rule
which previously firm pride forbade.

Already drawn to fully span
the sadness sloughed and soon replaced
to manifest the plighted faith
by novelty of love's first bite.

# AUTUMN BREEZE

AUTUMN BREEZE

Forsaken by their fallen leaves
the barren branches interweave
and gently wave in autumn breeze
which bows the beds of rush and reed.

# TODAY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

**TODAY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS**

Welcome to Adle your friendly supermarket.

Will a member of staff please proceed to **aisle 5**
where a pile of empty boxes has fallen over and is blocking access.

We are now opening **checkout 3** for your convenience
please proceed to **checkout 3** and start unloading your shopping.

**Aisle 6** is closing as the floor is iced over due to a fault on the chill unit
we apologise for any inconvenience.

Today we have a 50% reduction on the price of Bodgers Whisky
Located behind  a pile of boxes on **aisle 5.**

Will a member of the till staff please proceed to **checkout 3** where customers are waiting.

We are now offering two packets of frozen pawns for the price of one
you will find them  located under the ice in **aisle 6.**

We are now opening checkout 2 for your convenience
please proceed to **checkout 2** and start unloading your shopping.

We are now closing **checkout 3**
will you please gather your shopping and proceed to **checkout 2.**.

We have a lost mummy at the customer desk
if she is your mummy please come to the desk and reclaim her.

Will a member of staff please proceed to **checkout 2** where customers are waiting.

Will a member of staff proceed to **aisle 6**
where customers are using Waitrose bags to slide on the ice.

Will the member of staff drinking a bottle of Bodgers at **checkout 2**
please report to the manager immediately.

We  are now closing **checkout 2** please proceed to **checkout 3**
where a member of staff will be with you shortly.

The store is closing in 10 minutes time
We hope you have enjoyed shopping with us today.

# WINTER CLOSES (1)

WINTER CLOSES (1)

As silvered moonlight starts to fade
the slowly rising off-white sun
peers down on field and vale
where leafless, flowerless stalks and stems
stand sentinel in lingering snow
and early snowdrops raise their heads
In harmony with natures call.

# WINTER CLOSES (2)

WINTER CLOSES (2)

An off-white sun disc slowly rises
peering down on field and vale
as weakling dawn gains energy
and leafless, flowerless stalks and stems
stand sentinel in lingering snow.

The snowdrops raise their nodding heads
beside the manufactory
where early workers whistle low
while toiling at their weaving looms
in harmony with natures songs
which hang in cloud laced skies.

# NO MORE A DREAMER

A dreamer he
will no more be
he dived in the pond to capture the moon
let's hope they retrieve his body soon.

# SIMPLE CHORDS

SIMPLE CHORDS

Above the multi-mullioned windows
chimneys thrust their brick and stone
beside the stately sycamores
which wave and sing to simple chords
conducted by the wandering breeze

Reaching down from branch and limb
and silvered by the moons first touch
where softened contrasts merge as one
their night time shadows shift and sway
on wood side tracks and gravelled paths

Into this scene a girl appears
a gentle lass of summers few
unpractised in the arts of life
and waiting for the warming sun
to melt the ice of youths reserve

Light of foot she strokes the ground
with shoes which dance to simple chords.

# SCRATCH IT ?

There's a hole in my quilt I must patch it.
There's a hole in my sock I must darn it.
There's a hole in my bum I must .....!

# FARMYARD DARTS

FARMYARD DARTS

"Let's play darts" the animals cluck
but when they get the arrows out
ducks chicken out and chickens  duck.

# LIMERICK 61

There was young lass called Meg
who went to work on an egg
but the weight of her bum
caused the shell to succumb
and the yolk dribbled all down her leg.

# TWO SHORTIES

When she left I asked why she said I'd no class.
Her spirit's in the sky and mine is in the glass.

Don't squeeze the peaks
of your wobbly cheeks,
let there be peace in your valley.

# LUSTS EMBRACE

LUSTS EMBRACE

Unlocked by stirred ascendancy
with chilled resolve to liberate
the world contemned by narrow minds
they stoked the coals of fiery  love
and  burned in lusts embrace.

# A WHISKY MAC

WHISKY MAC

I'd never say no to a fine cognac
but I'd much prefer a whisky mac
for there is no better drink I know
to warm me up from head to toe.

# TWO 575s

Cruelty abounds
Parallels drawn in silence
Victims cowering.

Greater wealth achieved
Linked to consumerism
Cultures affected.

# 747

747

Commercial jet airliner
High in the sky
Boeing seven four seven.

# WINTER APPROACHES

Clear glass window pane
Large vistas of beyondness
Winter approaches.

# A COUPLE MORE

Dearth of affection
Denied an education
Driven to despair.

Deep in precious thought
Dynamic ruminations
Decisions are made.

# ARTISTIC LICENCE

Deviate from truth
Colour with passion and soul
Artistic licence

Draw only to guide
Blow aside the rubber dust
The lines disappear.

# FESTAL LIGHT

FESTAL LIGHT

As silence calmed and evening reigned
she ceased to note the hour of day.

She fell as guest to natures arms
with crowns of apprehension flown
she entered her Elysium.

In sleep her garlands of reserve
with transient petulance forgone.

In innocence of pride and wealth
and faculty of thought regained
she woke in festal light.

# A

A

A grating key,
a yielding lock
a ticking clock.

A grating key,
a pensive look
a yielding lock
a proffered hand
a ticking clock
a smile of glee.

A pensive look
a proffered hand
a smile of glee.

# ARTY COUPLETS

ARTY COUPLETS

The art of complexity
eclipsed by simplicity.

Artistic skills are augmented
when perspective becomes instinctive.

# BOOKS IN RETIREMENT

BOOKS IN RETIREMENT

Tonight I shall travel
back to my country
while weather is stormy
In season of fogs.

Tonight I shall travel
through winds which are shifting
with solemn tranquillity
bearing me homeward
to books in retirement
late nights and strong coffee.

# DISCOURSE IN URINATORY EXTRACTION

DISCOURSE IN URINATORY EXTRACTION

I have long been fascinated
by incessant oscillation
which starts
in a vision
of the human condition.

Futilile decadence
seeks new synthesis.

Postmodern discourse
recycling the culture
will transform soon
in a modern structure
with spatial forms testament
soon to be frozen
where all futures epitaphs
float by the dozen.

# FROM WHERE DO THE BREEZES BLOW?

FROM WHERE DO THE BREEZES BLOW?

Tell me please, I wish to know
from where do all the breezes blow?
Is there a place high in the sky
where gentle breezes with a sigh,
when given birth
emerge from high,
and start their journey down to earth?
So tell me please, I wish to know
from where do all the breezes blow?
---
Or could they be the winds set free
by people just like you and me?
From where do they (brussel) sprout?

# Be

BE

Night
start breaking
be  gone

Night
so dark
start breaking
fade away
be gone
be morning

So dark
fade away
be morning

# I CREATE

I CREATE

I engage my thoughts.
I reflect my beliefs.
My mind
My soul.

I paint with my brush.
I write with my pen.
My hand,
My wrist.

I conceive
I devise
I create.

# NO GOLD TO GLISTEN

NO GOLD TO GLISTEN

Illumined by the embers glow
that glimmer still in darkest tracts
as hope falls damp on smouldering coal
where victims of the bowstring lie.

By natures impulses that wane.
and truth grains fail in barren lands
the pledges made are all transgressed
by solemn doctrines entertained.

All hope contained in crescent form
is tossed upon unquieted seas
which wash the shores of solitude
where blood falls cold on wave-wet stone.

These places not for novice eyes
No hope to consummate repose
No gold to glisten on the hand.

# DREAMS LOST

A DREAM LOST

A new life promised
Feverish preparations
Dreams may soon be true.

Grim resolution
An impediment declared
Marriage disavowed.

# 575 SMILES (1)

A plate of pink prawns
They are ready to consume
Are they born naked?

In drunken stupor
Slowly sinking to the ground
Cuddling a lamppost.

T

# 575 Smiles (2)

Compress the buttocks
Discrete pressure effected
Liberate the wind.

Fully qualified
Renowned archaeologist
Career in ruins

# 575 SMILES (3)

Regional accents
At sea as they are on land
Listen to herrings.

# POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

Each word he spoke was carefully checked
in a quest to ensure it was socially correct.
But hell and damnation
he lost concentration
when a lapse in judgement (which is something he'd dreaded)
led to him calling his boss pig-headed,
and it came to pass that he fell from grace
for a racist slur on a farmyard race.

# 575s - SERIOUS (1)

Tracing freedoms path
In glorious liberty
Discoveries made.

Soapbox arbiter
preaching in empty spaces
a raised voice unheard.

# 575s SERIOUS (2)

Purblind opinion
Impertinent conclusions
Impudent scoundrel.

In empty spaces
Searching for the great unfound
Nothing to declare.

Leaving takes one step
Arrival is different
It takes many steps

# THE ORCHARD

THE ORCHARD

A place of calm tranquillity
where springtime flowers kiss the wind
and foliage sings in music tones
a wall, some paling, or a post
a safe support to bear the fruit
in gentle breeze and softening rain
in sylvan spring and summer sun
a place of calm tranquillity

# MARY HAD (1)

Mary had a little yak
its hair was dense and thick
no matter how hard Mary searched
she never found its wick.

# MARY HAD (2)

Mary had a little mouse
with great long curly whiskers
which tickled Mary's you know where
when she put it down her knickers

# ANDY HAD...

Andy had a nasty cold
his nose was very runny
and every time that Andy sneezed
he filled his lap with 'honey'.

# MARY HAD...(3)

Mary had a little cod
its fins were long and flappy
and when it sat upon her lap
it  made dear Mary happy.

# PAINS OF YESTERDAY

PAINS OF YESTERDAY

From tears to sleep
to float on waves of deep remorse
in silent seas of long lost souls
till rosy streaks in eastern skies
bring wakefulness
as night rains go
in nectarous flow
the prospect cleansed
of all the pains
of yesterday.

# YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW.

YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW

Yesterday, today was tomorrow
and as tomorrow becomes today,
so today becomes history tomorrow.

Since each today brings a new tomorrow
which becomes history when it's yesterday.
it follows that today will be yesterday
when tomorrow's today.

# SUGGESTIVELY STRUCK

SUGGESTIVELY STRUCK

Discretion surrendered
with chilling hauteur
resigned to accept
without  worship or favour
a right of youths custom
imparting
bequeathing
a waxen impression
suggestively struck
by alluring red lips.

# SECRET SANCTUARY

SECRET SANCTUARY

A secret shelter by design
whose function is primarily
providing unseen sanctuary
discretely hiding all that's there
elasticated underwear.

# MONOSTICHS BY THE SEVERAL

MONOSTICHS BY THE SEVERAL

Without a root there is no flower.

The elusive quarry is only found by searching minds.

Consciousness cannot recapture forgotten dreams.

Forgotten dreams are an opportunity lost.

The key to happiness only works if it fits the lock.

# I AM, I WILL BE

I AM, I WILL BE.

I am
I will be
Who I am.

I will not
change
I am content
I've lived my life.

if I offend
I am resigned
If I bring joy
I'm pleased.

I've lived my life
I am content
I've earnt
the right.

I am.
I will be
who I am.

Please do not seek
to change me now.

# HIS INFLUENCES

HIS INFLUENCES

As notes of tearless silence played
he cast a net of flattery
and hearing fawning  words of love
that echoed from his courtly mouth,
unheeded by past lessons learnt,
she sanctified advances made.

Wrapped within his influences
opposing all iniquity,
his admonitions once expressed
by subjugation now rebuked
and rumours bruited cast aside
with conscious falsehoods entertained.

By impulse of a beating heart
her rising blush betrayed
the pulsing blood of innocence
that flowed to his desires.

# MORE 575 SMILES

A horrible fall.
Alone with both legs broken
I must run for help

A word to the wise
Advice is what I offer
But you are stupid

# MORE 575 SMILES (2)

A surreal event
Out of body occurrence
Too much vindaloo

Save on laundry bills
Underpants can get dirty
Turn them inside out

# MORE 575 SMILES (3)

Significant loan
Costly plastic surgery
What does she look like?

Flat pack furniture
Gobbledegook instructions
Grown men often cry

# SOME 575 SMILES (4)

Check to find a pulse
No heartbeat is detected
Wrist watch is broken

Major drug problem
Disrupting society
Far too expensive

# LAST NIGHT

LAST NIGHT

Last night
the windows rattled.

Outside
the wind blew
rustling the leaves
and sending
a tin can
clattering
down the lane.
to settle
by the brook
where reeds
swayed
to and fro
unseen.

Last night
as windows rattled
I slept
soundly.

# THE LADY AND HER DOG

THE LADY AND HER DOG

Both with hair that regal flowed
incurious with common code
they stood with noses in the air
beside the fountain in the square
and with their parallel appearance
could it be the Lady too
squats on pavements
for a poo.

# MY OWN EMISSARY

MY OWN EMISSARY

In darkened rooms on wakeful nights
when nature's harmonies are hushed
and prisoned spirits seek release
I hear the words of sapient men.

Their counsel squares a straying mind
with purpose found in leaden air
in isolation absolute
I am my own emissary.

# A MIRTH OF INSIGHTFUL MONOSTICHS

A MIRTH OF INSIGHTFUL MONOSTICHS

A tomato has many pips.

A prune unstoned can break a tooth.

A wet kiss is better than a dry kipper.

If you kiss in the rain expect to get wet.

Pilchards don't swim in tins.

A dog's bark doesn't grow on trees.

# DELPHIAN DAYS

DELPHIAN DAYS

When daytime's doors are fixed ajar
and sighing breezes wrap the land
and echo in the heat of day
from summer sun that's seated high
with hues which tinge the changing clouds
and gentle breaths of air are felt
on Delphian days like these.

And easy is the path that leads
along its dusty cobbled reach
in solitude to reach a copse
in misty prospect dank the trees
that sway like pendulums transposed
abutting  mildewed lichen walls
where gloom and solitude prevails.

Avoiding sunlight's straining reach
and hidden deep, the only door
with peeling paint in evidence
exposing lines of liquid rust
that run from hinges newly oiled
a place that haunts the furtive mind
on Delphian days like these.

(Delphian: a reference relating to the ancient Greek oracle at
Delphi implying the meaning:  deliberately obscure or ambiguous)

# SOME EDITITS

SOME EDITITS

Well
Very well
Very deep well
Splash.

Stamp
Don't stamp
Don't lick stamp
Self-adhesive.

Rose
He rose
He plucked rose
Ouch.

Point
You point
You sharpen point
Oops.

Bark
Dogs bark
Dogs wet bark
Peeing.

Leaves

Autumn leaves

Autumn soon leaves

winter

# OBSCURE SENRYUS

.

OBSCURE SENRYUS

Obscure senryus
frequently making no sense
paediatrician.

# A COUPLE MORE

Unkindness supressed
consigned to oblivion
tears of happiness.
-
Submit to nothing
obstinate resignation
hands clasped together.

# MOPPING UP

Mary bought some ex-lax
but it really was a farce
instead of taking it with milk
she stuffed it up her arse.
-
Although you shake with all your might
there always seems to me to be
another drip within the pipe.

# YOU DO NOT SEE

YOU DO NOT SEE

On mountain outlines to the east
as bats begin to fly
the staining sun supports its chin
before departing from the sky
and searching where you saw him flee
the ebbing light revealing not
you look yet do not see.

# RICIN'S NICE

RICIN'S NICE

He said he'd heard that ricin's nice.
They said 'You are a dunce,
it may taste nice if served with rice
but you'll only eat it once'

(Ricin is a chemical poison present in castor
beans often used as a terrorism agent)

# TOFFEE AND COFFEE

TOFFEE AND COFFEE

I truly like my toffee
And I sure do like my coffee
And I like my toffee squashy
And I like my coffee frothy
But my toffee chewed with coffee
Makes the toffee go all soggy
And I end up feeling  groggy
So the toffee coffee pleasure be
When toffee's swallowed separately.

# HER VEINS

HER VEINS

At time of day when apples fall
She moved with no immediacy
No longer under judgements call
In temporary inexpediency.

With aching head as in a dream
Residing not upon cloud nine
Diminished in her self esteem
Her veins were filled with wine.

# MARCH 1st 2019

MARCH 1st 2019

I looked with joy this Friday morn
at seasons changes subtly drawn
as imprints left on hoar rimed grass
began to fade and ice like glass
began to melt as sun broke through
on frosted webs and merging dew
with welcome sounds of seasons tread
the signs of spring began to spread.

# LIMERICK 58

There was an old man called Gabriel
whose appearance was really quite anal:
he constantly wore
his hair to the floor
and his trouser tops north of his navel.

# LIMERICK 59

There was a young maid from Leicester
who tried to scam an investor
into putting his cash
in an off-shore cache
when along came the plod to arrest her.

# LIMERICK No.60

There was a young lass called Meg
who mistakenly sat on an egg
but the weight of her bum
caused the shell to succumb
and the yolk ran all down her leg.

# DEFINITIONS (1)

DEFINITIONS (1)

THE MONK
Throughout the hours his prayers address
the sinful vice of idleness.

24 HOURS
A day in the life of Parliament
is 24 hours of time misspent.

DIGESTIVE CIRCLE
As worm is to chicken
As chicken is to man
As man is to worm

THE GEOGRAPHER
Familiar with the outside world,
without a clue what's in it.

EULOGY
Virtues read with tearful pride
which only existed when he died.

# ATHENA'S FLUTE

ATHENA'S FLUTE

Words expressed in sympathy
will not abate her suffering
nor ever thaw the frost sharp fear
which freezes empty souls.

No principles, no sacred laws,
no vestal fires to clear her woes
will ever ease her broken heart
in these her slipper years.

Impartial hands of death when served
will bear their own supremacy
and for eternity she'll play
upon Athena's  flute

# LUSCIOUS LUCY

Lithe and lissom Luscious Lucy
laughs at lively lusty lyrics
lodged in lauded  lecherous language
lewdly explicated loudly.

# DEFINITIONS (2)

DEFINITIONS (2)

THE HANGMAN
Must always perform with  gravity
or there'd be no need for a cavity.

The Heathen
A person who has the sense to be
a believer in only the things he can see.

History
Some revel in history even though
it's all about fools who lived long ago

Humanity
Consisting of all the human race members
but excluding poets and funeral directors

A JESTER
in olden times a fool in weird garments
in modern times a member of parliament.

Murder
To create a vacancy in the human race
without a successor for the vacant place.

# PRE-PORK  (a 575)

.

Old school gastronome
Simple and natural tastes
Cannibal cuisine.

# DEFINITIONS (3)

.

DEFINITIONS (3)

HOSPITALITY
Provided for those for whom it is said
have need for neither  food nor bed.

LOVE
A disorder secured
by marriage soon cured.

INTERVIEW
Go in as a pig
come out as a sausage

HANDS
The laying on of hands
performed by believers
the laying on of hands
by thieves and deceivers.

THE STOCKS
A punishing device for inflicting the vapours
a prototype for modern newspapers

# CAGE AND CREED

**CAGE: 4 minutes 33 seconds**

The silent wind and string
to which I listened
in mute admiration
and eagerly awaited
the next performance
heard in silence.

**CREED: Work No 227**

In changing light
with eyes wide open
I slowly enter
the empty room,
alone,
a work of art
I view unseen.

If you are not familiar with the work of these two artists you may wish to look them up. Cage 'wrote' a piece of music in which the instruments remained silent whist Creed exhibited an art work which consisted of an empty room. This is a re-post of something I first posted just over 2 years ago and is repeated following a discussion about Cage's work against Orchidee's posting yesterday.

# MARY MARY .....

MARY, MARY .....

Mary, Mary quite contrary
how does your business grow?
Does your bank balance  swell,
in the house where you dwell,
do the punters queue up in a row?

Mary, Mary quite contrary
how does your blond hair grow?
Does it sweep to the floor
like never before
does it cover your down below?

# LAST STREET STANDING

LAST STREET STANDING

In terraced ranks
of brick and slate
they stand in rows
and wait their fate.

The street lies in
abandoned zones
deserted now
the cobbled stones.

And all that's seen
on darkest nights
the distant red
of rear tail lights.

By day exposed
as light breaks through
a barren land
a desolate view.

An empty scape
where bleak wind blows
where buddleia
and nettle grows.

Where rotting wood
and old tin sheets
and bricks and rubble
lie in heaps.

In terraced ranks
of brick and slate
they stand in rows
and wait their fate.

lll

# DEFINITIONS (4)

DEFINITIONS (4)

SELFISH
Lacking consideration
For a selfish nation.

ULTIMATUM
The last demand in political sessions
before resorting to concessions.

ROPE
When placed around the miscreants head
to remain all his life until he is dead.

MYTHOLOGY
The heroes and gods of the ancient departed
unlike the truths much later invented.

MOUTH
In man the entrance to his soul
In woman the exit for vitriol.

NOVEL
Each novel is without a doubt
A shorter novel padded out.

# BODY DESIGN

The design of the body by thoughtful degree
puts the willy in front so it's easy to pee.
The opposite concept applies to the bum
to protect the nose from the worst of the hum.

# BY CLOUDS REVEALED

BY CLOUDS REVEALED

Scenes unfurl  beneath the moon
by choice of moving clouds revealed
in lingering rays that kiss the eye
 in lands that drink the rain.

On zephyrs breath the bird notes sing
as insects dance in shades of dusk
and satyrs seek the prancing nymphs
in lands where spirits rule.

# SWIM WITH ME

SWIM WITH ME

In seas of dreams
you are my dolphin
swim with me.

Soar high
as a swallow
in clouds of foam.

Season our lives
with the salt
of the spray.

I am indebted to Neville whose superb
poem Victims Of Truth inspired this work.

# GRINLOADS OF 575s (1)

A very clean house
With everything in its place
Broken computer.

Keep the dream alive
Ignore all reality
Hit the snooze button.

I enjoy team work
Always together as one
Avoiding the blame

# GRINLOADS OF 575s (2)

Time may be money
But that is not always so
In retirement.

A regular guy
Though his friends don't call him fat
He's easy to see

Wooden Russian dolls
Celebrated souvenirs
So full of themselves.

# BENEATH

BENEATH

Beneath an ivory calcareous ridge
extending like a map below,
vague interspaces lay in mist
a sheltered fertile tract of land
where crocheted threads of hedgerows spread
their sinewed fingers far and wide.

Interspersed with hollowed oak
which linger there disguised in form
the remnants of forgotten lands
where ancient forests held domain
and now their mantling shadows thrown
across the quilted patchwork fields.

The only sound the pulsing breeze
throughout the lush green tranquil vale
beneath a cobalt sky.

# LAVENDER'S BLUE

Lavender's blue dilly dilly
lavender's blue
if you are clogged
dilly dilly
try vindaloo!

Lavender's blue dilly dilly
lavender's blue
wish it was numb
dilly dilly
must scratch my bum.

# LAVENDER'S BLUE (No 3)

Lavenders blue dilly dilly
lavenders pink
when the loo's busy
dilly dilly
do it in the sink.

# LIMERICK 57

There was an old man from Guadeloupe
who added Viagra to his soup
now the flavour was poor
but he suffered no more
from the awful affliction of Guadeloupe droop.

# DEFINITIONS (5)

**DEFINITIONS (5)**

EARLY PARDON
Early release from serving time
returning home to a life of crime.

PICTURE
A 2 dimensional representation
of something that's boring in 3.

GLUTONY
Escape the evils of moderation
Embrace the joys of over consumption.

GALLOWS
A stage for a play where with precision
the principle actor goes to heaven.

PUBLIC CONSULTATION
To seek disapproval
on matters decided.

# LITTLE BOY BLUE (1)

Little boy blue
come blow your horn
it's really quite easy
but be forewarned
you need to be subtle and heaven knows
it's so much easier when someone else blows.

# LITTLE BOY BLUE (2)

Little boy blue come blow your horn
the sheep's in the meadow the maid's in the corn
but where is the boy who plays with the maid:
'He's lying there with her getting laid'.
Will you disturb them?  'Consider it done
three in the corn ? just think of the fun '

# NIGHTS OF SOLITUDE

NIGHTS OF SOLITUDE

Past memories once intertwined
when cast in tones of honest doubt
sow disbelief in troubled minds
as dreams of union linger on.

Within the bounds of consequence
the self abandoned beating heart
with counsels wisdom exercised
will never change decrees of kings.

Deterrent forces cast aside
without resolve of modesty
abandoning  past vanities
in nights of solitude.

# ONCE

ONCE

So many onces in the past
and none of the onces ever last
and if they did you can be sure
they wouldn't be onces any more.

# SADNESS

SADNESS

Sadness showed
in her face:
so silky smooth
and wet with tears.

As mushrooms
in spring time.

# SHE CRIED IN VAIN

SHE CRIED IN VAIN

Succumbing to her impulses
and scorned by passing pious heads
her make-up by her tears despoiled
she bowed her head and stood there still
she'd travelled far, her quest now foiled
in hunger's hold, outside the store
she cried in vain
for Argos doesn't sell chow mein.

# NO MORE HER OWN PHILOSOPHER

NO MORE HER OWN PHILOSOPHER

Untinctured by experience
in times of inexpediency
she heard the compliments which praise
and bowed  to counsels wisdom

With all her previous thoughts dislodged
no more her own philosopher.

# MARY HAD .....A RAM

MARY HAD - A RAM

Mary had a great big ram
its fleece was long and rank
and when it couldn't find a ewe
it went and had.....a pinot blanc!

Mary had an aged ram
its horns were sort of dimply
two were upright on its head
the other one hung limply.

# THE EGOTIST

THE EGOTIST

(1)
He is far more interested in himself
than ever he is in me.

(2)
He frowned and then he scratched his head
'I'm my own man' he muttered
and then he went off to check his bread
to see which side it was buttered.

# WOMAN IN BLACK

Ungainly in black
Woebegone in widowhood
A forlorn woman.

# LIVING IN A DREAM

Observed  with closed eyes
Basking in covert sunlight
Living  in a dream.

# BOOK OF DESTINY

Book of destiny
Forward in development
Chapters unwritten.

# THE LUMBERING KINE

Enclosed in pastures
The most innocent creatures
The lumbering kine.

# STILL LAMENTING

Quasimodo's still  lamenting
And the grief is still fermenting
For even though he has no proof
He thinks he left it in the roof
And all this pain he cannot handle
Will he ever find his candle?

# BELLS

Bells swing on their rests
Vibrant notes from the belfry
Joyful sounds circling.

# PARDON ?

PARDON ?

Could you
you know
just
err
like
sort of
tell me
what it was
I um
was
like
going to ask
you
cos like
I've err
sort of
gone and
umm err
forgotten
what
it was.

# ONCE I HAD A LOVER

ONCE I HAD A LOVER

Once I had a lover,
I haven't any more
She tried to kiss me on the lips
and fell upon the floor.

I am over 6 feet tall
and she is 4 feet nine,
her lips were never long enough
to reach right up to mine.

She stood upon a pair of steps
but still there was a gap
our lips were destined not to meet
her height a handicap.

And as she stretched with pouting lips
she toppled to the floor,
once I had a lover
but I haven't any more.

# DAY MONTH YEAR

DAY MONTH YEAR.

Day, month year
a logical sequence but I fear
not one to which all folk adhere
the sequence button they reset
and change the order so we get:
month, day, year.

# FROM COMMENTS (1)

Though it has to be said
that I do prefer red,
I'll never say no
to Prosecco.

# FROM COMMENTS (2)

The line is drawn in sand
but laden winds obscure the view
The way to go I'll never know
I'll be my own philosopher

# THE WELL OF TIME

THE WELL OF TIME

Looking down with fixity
the quivering tears descend the void
through fronds of  stretching harts tongue fern

For years the well was drawn upon
neglected now the void looks up
its slowly rising breath unfurls
soon lost in foggy mists of time.

# FROM COMMENTS (3)

Unwrite the notes
of tunes once heard
no more promote
the songs now blurred
as notes erode
in decompose

# SMUTTY YES BUT VULGAR NO

**SMUTTY YES BUT VULGAR NO**

Smutty yes, but vulgar no
that's the way my poems go
controversial ? sometimes yes
and other times I must confess
with tongue in cheek quite firmly placed
from issues crude to issues chaste
I love the bawdy but however
I draw the line at matters vulgar!

But please don't ask me where
the line is drawn because I swear
each one of us will sure embrace
the line within a different place.

# IN TRANSCENDENCE

**IN TRANSCENDENCE**

Beyond the lazy babbling weirs
by horizontal sunbeams thrown
the pointing fingered shadows reach
towards a land of gentle mist.

Obscuring vapours twilight cast
eclipsing past presentiment
from episodes of bygone days.

Ascending high in altitudes
above the ripple-spanning  waves
to echoes of their soothing sounds
all indecision drifts away.

Thoughts that kindle unsought flames
their burning embers now extinct
in ash the symbols of despair.

# OBSCURE SENRYUS (1)

OBSCURE SENRYUS ? THE COLLECTION. (1)

Obscure senryus
frequently making no sense
paediatrician.

# OBSCURE SENRYUS (2)

Wallpaper fading
Sun rays through open windows
Chicken in oven.

# OBSCURE SENRYUS (3)

Extract of udder
Milk is part of our diet
Crumpets in toasters

# OBSCURE SENRYUS (4)

Light dances on walls
open curtains at windows
more black sheep droppings.

# OBSCURE SENRYUS (5)

Bananas in bowl
yellow skins slowly turn brown
no sun tan lotion.

# OBSCURE SENRYUS (5)

A wardrobe crisis
All the clothing is missing
The mattress is bare.

# OBSCURE SENRYUS (6)

Wearing a sun hat
peas picked ready for podding
shoulder the faggots.

# TEA?

Tea is a great drink,
tell me how you would like it:
'Inside a cup please'

# BY CRAFTSMEN LONG SINCE DEAD

BY CRAFTSMEN LONG SINCE DEAD

With moving sun the light had changed
suffused in welcome self-content
in lands where once fine poets dwelt
and though retracing ancient tracks
a different man from yesterday.

Through sites of crumbling stone he passed
and read the slab carved elegies
like pages thumbed by many hands
the  lichened cast of poetry
engraved by craftsmen long since dead.

# IN LIFE SPARE US

In life please spare us
the illusion of mirrors
begetter of errors.

# SHE WAITS

SHE WAITS

Beyond the hills and sweeping dales
that form the same terrestrial curve
in green and dank  and darkened shade
the lands where superstitions bide
a place where  glistening, gossamer webs
reach out and grasp the passing form
which seeks a resting place within
a churchyard where her forbears lie
the vault still  firmly closed she stays
the wrong side of the door.

# WORDS

WORDS

Words,
waiting,
to be gathered,
to be assembled,
waiting
for the  pen
to mark the page,
waiting
for stanzas flow.

# A GLASS HALF EMPTY OR A GLASS HALF FULL.

A GLASS HALF EMPTY OR A GLASS HALF FULL.

Whether it's flat or full of fizz
it matters not whatever it is.
Do you know what? - If it's alcohol
just give me the glass and I'll drink it all.

# GNOME ENID

GNOME ENID

I support a small local charity
and each year I help at its annual bazaar.
The proceeds go to an African village
where it places roofs over children's heads
and provides them with free schooling
and a foundation for their future.

At the end of this year's bazaar
all the rubbish was collected together
and sitting there among the debris
was a small concrete object
covered in mud and moss and lichen.
No one wanted it or knew what it was.

Being curious I took it home
and some weeks later when cleaning the patio
I aimed the jet washer at it.
Soon a smooth oval top emerged:
the top of a mushroom - and underneath
there was a small door with a sign above it.

The sign declared the name of the occupant:
Gnome Enid,
and as I carried on washing the dirt away
a window appeared
and there peering out,
was Gnome Enid smiling back at me.

It's only a small concrete object
and perhaps it's a bit tacky
but I'm pleased I saved it from the skip.
I always say hello to Enid when I pass by
and it pleases me to think that her home
is now secure in the garden.

Every day I see Gnome Enid's face
looking out contentedly
and I'm reminded of the charity
which provides shelter and hope
for those young children
far away in Africa.

# TOO MANY.....

TOO MANY.....

Too many cooks can spoil the broth
Stay home on your own turn the key in the lock
Too many brothels can spoil the c**k.

# From 'A COLLECTION' (3)

If you come to a fork in the road
beware
There might be a knife in the gutter.

# From 'A COLLECTION' (4)

He who knows not what to ask
will know not what he's told.

# LIMPET LUCY

LIMPET LUCY

Throughout the night
she clings on tight
does Limpet Lucy
just like glue
the whole night through
that's  Limpet  Lucy.

A narrow ledge
at mattress edge
her tight embrace
leaves little space
for she is truly
Limpet Lucy.

# IN TRANSCENDENCE

IN TRANSCENDENCE

Beyond the lazy babbling weirs
by horizontal sunbeams thrown
the pointing fingered shadows reach
towards a land of gentle mist.

A land where vapours twilight cast
eclipsing past presentiment
from episodes of bygone days.

Ascending high in altitudes
above the ripple-spanning  waves
to echoes of their soothing sounds
all indecision drifts away.

As thoughts that kindle unsought flames
their burning embers now extinct
in ash the symbols of despair.

# THE MISSING 'E'

If you should find a missing 'E'
return it please at once to me.
Whether in town or in the woods
Return it please to Michael  dwards.

# SHORE LINE

SHORE LINE

Stones glistening wet
intricate seashore patterns
arranged by the tide.

Winds  blowing inland
energising the ocean
waves pounding the shore.

Receding ocean
demarcations established
ribbons of sea weed.

Skirted by wet sand
abandoned by the ocean
detritus of man.

The roar of the waves
the power of the ocean
venting frustration.

# A COLLECTION (8)

To echoes of each trivial sound
heard only by the waves of faith
beyond the land's firm bearing
her smothered judgement now outrun
she swims the oceans searching for
the shibboleth red herring.

# From 'A COLLECTION' (9)

I said: 'You set my heart aglow,
marry me please for you love me I know'.
Well the look on her face demonstrated her ire -
like a pregnant camel with its arse on fire.

She said: 'No'

# From 'A COLLECTION'  (10)

'Hit the nail upon the head'
an idiom to curtail
for wouldn't it be better said:
'To hit the head upon the nail'.

# From 'A COLLECTION' (10)

Before we go to bed
she said we must be wed
but we didn't have the time
for it had just gone half past nine.

# From 'A COLLECTION'  (11)

Oh those sensual interludes
when I buried my face
within the space
twixt Arabella's amplitudes

# From 'A COLLECTION'  (12)

A new diet chart to reduce the waistline.
As effective as a fart in a gale force 9.

# From 'A COLLECTION'  (13)

So far up his bum one day his face
will emerge from his mouth in pythonic disgrace.
For the welfare of others he has an aversion
the manifestation of rectal inversion

# MY STAFF

MY STAFF

A simple staff to lean on
is all I need.
A simple staff to lean on
and help me on my way.

The strength of self-belief
is mine.
The strength of self-belief
the staff on which I lean.

# EARTH

EARTH

I crumble
the dark earth between my fingers.
provider of life.

# THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY

Poetry is the highest form of the language.
Poets are the guardians of the form.

The language of poets
the poetry of language.

# THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY (2)

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY (2)

Why do so many poets display
so little knowledge of the language.-
On reading some poems  only today
the errors I see are causing me anguish.

Their there, where were
the errors are there for all to see
refute reject, defer deter
I'm afraid it spoils the reading for me.

Consious conscious, stil still
spell checks are there for all to use
 embarass embarrass, untill until
there really can be no excuse.

# MY VILLAGE

MY VILLAGE

It's a typical village on the whole
but it has no village idiot
so we take it  in turns to take on the role
and not one of us needs a work permit.

# TIME ALONE

TIME ALONE

The deepest deep of past abyss
where mournful winds play pedal notes
like churchless organs fill the air
in days of heat and dust.

The route of self-redeeming tracks
to walk the purgatorial course
with  exercise of ruling thoughts
which time alone allows.

# THE MINIMALIST MANTRA

THE MINIMALIST MANTRA

Won't use it.
Won't wear it.
Won't enjoy it.
Won't need it.
Don't buy it.

Don't use it.
Don't wear it.
Don't enjoy it.
Don't need it.
Won't keep it.

# From 'A COLLECTION'  (14)

The art world is ruled by pomposity
and sadly it's got the better of me
but all is not lost for soon I shall be
reading arty bollocks for my PhD.

The art world is dominated by pompous 'experts' who speak in riddles - arty bollocks. If you want to see more visit Arty Bollocks Generator web site.

# WORKS OF ART

WORKS OF ART

Enduring visual art created
by activity  expressed
in metal, clay , in wood and glass
in paint, in stone, in objects placed.

Created and uniquely viewed
the definition clear precise
and any work that's so produced
will bear the label 'Work of Art'.

There is much controversy about what constitutes a work of art. Some argue that a pile of bricks, an unmade bed, and a pissoir are not works of art and this sparks a debate which can cloud discussion about the actual merits of the work. It seems to me that if we can accept a definition by which we can immediately identify whether something is a work of art then we can then move on and debate the work without being consumed by matters of technicality. I have researched many definitions but they either fall short of what is wanted or are too unwieldy to provide something simple which is without ambiguity and easy for all to understand. I have, therefore, come up with my own definition which may not be perfect but at least it works for me and enables me to think more clearly when appraising pieces of work. My definition is as follows:

Visual art is the conscious outcome of creative activity expressed through a visual medium such as painting or sculpture or through the assembly of objects to create a unique viewing experience. Any work so produced will be a work of art regardless of how it is received.

# From 'A COLLECTION'  (15 and 16)

Shoplifting's not my game
so levy me no flak.
I'm not the one to blame
I suffer with my back.

Abandon it please let it be forgotten,
the ugliest word
I ever heard,
please stick to got and never ever say 'gotten'.

# WHEN I WERE YOUNG

WHEN I WERE YOUNG

'When I were young we kept the key
dangling on a piece of string
I'd reach in through the letter flap
and grab the dangling key therein'
Said Jim

'When I were young I kept a key
around my neck upon a string
and every night when I got home
I'd use the key to enter in'
Said Fin.

'When I were young we had no lock
we had no key nor phone
and if a burglar came indoors
we'd ask him for a loan'
Said Sean.

'When I were young we were so poor
we  didn't even have a door'
Said I

# FROM COMMENTS (4)

If every fart was deemed a note
it's many virtues I'd promote.
I'd fart a stirring symphony
by Mahler Brahms or Tchaikovsky.

# HEART STRINGS

HEART STRINGS

Upon the heart
contracted love
imprints a kiss
and gentle winds
play tender tunes
of love that's sealed
by legal stamp.

# A SHED-FULL OF 575s (1)

Alone in stillness
the sacred rites are offered
the butter lamps burn.

# THE GREATER GOOD

THE GREATER GOOD

We are all free to follow
our own beliefs
but not to impose them
on those who do not
subscribe to our views
no matter how wrong
we may think they are.

With humanist values
or theism teachings
it falls on us all
to lead ethical lives
with respect for each other
and always to aspire
to the greater good.

# DYING EMBERS

DYING EMBERS

Chasing squawking circling gulls
the swirling sparks in drifts of wind
sweep wide across the white drained sand
where isolated pools now lie
like blackened clothing idly cast
beneath the salted wood stained air.

With daylight draining from the west
the days veneer of footprints left
are  washed away by inward tide
in complex hours of twilight sky
as ashes slowly drift.

# BELLS RING OUT

BELLS RING OUT

I play it
I listen to it
Anytime.
I hear her voice
My neck hairs rise
And bells ring out for Christmas day
I love his voice
His gravelly voice
And when he sings
I sing along
And bells ring out for Christmas day.

# THE VILLAGE HALL PACKAGE DEAL

THE VILLAGE HALL PACKAGE DEAL

From January right through to Christmas
the hall is looking for business
and I'm pleased to report good news received
its very first booking has been achieved.

Let's celebrate ? it's a bit of a coup
the booking's been made for a bride's hen do
so we've offered her  a package deal
a 10% discount which should appeal
if booked  for the wedding venue as well.

What's more we've extended it to 15%
if it's also booked for the divorce event
and a further reduction we can make:
20% if it's booked for her wake.

But it's a package deal as the name implies
and there are conditions to emphasize:
the bookings must be made
and deposits paid
by tomorrow night latest I'm afraid.

# THINK

A useful slogan which I quite like:

**Motorists - Think Bike!**

but the one I prefer which gets the gold star

**Cyclists -  Think Car!**

# FIRST SIGHTING

FIRST SIGHTING

It's  spring at last
and I've just passed
a cyclist in a cycle lane.
(When next will I see that again? )

His feet like egg whisks going round
across the unused  tarmacked ground.
He must be keen to ride his bike,
has public transport gone on strike?

To spot the sight was quite a coup
I've yet to hear the first cuckoo.

# A SHEDFUL OF 575s (2)

The door is open
a straw mattress on baked earth
my world a small room.

# A SHEDFUL OF 575s (3)

Divisions of class
issues of maturity
unknown in childhood.

# A SHEDFUL OF 575s (4)

Futile assignment
Impossible attempted
Sisyphean task.

# A SHEDFUL OF 575s (5)

Sad sombre faces
Red poppies on black frock coats
Remembrance parade.

# A SHEDFUL OF 575s (6)

A slamming car door
Crunching tyres on dry pebbles
Alone hereafter.

# SATURDAY

**SATURDAY**

**S** aturday's like any day
**'A** nd why is that' I hear you say
**T** he reason is - may I explain?
**U** nequalled as my favourite day,
**R** etirement changed the state of play
**D** ays then all became the same
**A** nd now I shout hip, hip, hooray
**Y** es, every day is Saturday'.

# A PLEB'S WHAT I AM

A PLEB'S WHAT I AM

A pleb's what I am not a Sir nor a Ma'am.

Unelected monarchy I despise
built on a history of plunder  and lies
heavily subsidised by the State
a life of false privilege ? something I'd hate
in my mouth there was never  a silver spoon
mmm
but if I'm lucky I might be one soon !!

# ART

Art is only created by artists
but not all artists create.

# THE ARTIST (2)

Observe, consider, interpret.
Such is the mind of the artist
And such is the skill of his art.

# FIT AS A FIDDLE

They sit inert upon their shelves
I've never known them play themselves
nor walk nor jump they only sit
yet fiddles are perceived as fit !!

# ANOTHER SHORTIE

Whether in work or whether in play
plan for tomorrow,  live for today.

# UNSAID

With silent scripts
no moving lips
as passing ships
their thoughts eclipse

# HUMAN DESIGN

HUMAN DESIGN

With simple additions to the human plan
you could soon enhance the performance of man
and to prove this I give some suggestions below.
Radical?  Yes. But here we go:

To see behind as well as ahead
an eye would be good in the back of the head
and in the event of a shortage disaster
egg whisks for arms would help you work faster.

Rotate an ear so it faces behind
for all round hearing and peace of mind
and turn the nose up or move it down south,
it's not very nice just above the mouth.

Other ideas that come to mind
and would certainly benefit all mankind:
feet that can turn 360 degrees
coupled, of course with rotating knees

And as you get older why not add a
remote control for the leaking bladder,
and  here's an idea to save on the washing:
self-cleaning buttocks would be a real blessing.

# DROLL COUPLETS (1)

I  really am a humble man
I'm greater than I think I am.

# DROLL COUPLETS (2)

If you find that sex is a pain in the bum
Then you must be doing it wrong my chum.

# DROLL COUPLETS (3)

Knickers were something she never wore
Her feet were firmly on the floor.

# THE DREAM - THE REALITY

THE DREAM ? THE REALITY

We stirred beneath the silken sheet
as morning light began to show.
We lay and kissed in firm embrace
in love our hearts  aglow.

We stirred beneath the silken sheet
our pillows wet with dribble,
with sour breath and musty mouths
and desperate for a tiddle.

# FULL CIRCLE

FULL CIRCLE

Grey smoke from chimneys
staining the brick work
of back to back houses
where washing hangs limply
on string over alleys.

Grubby faced children
skipping on cobbles
sitting on doorsteps
waiting for fathers
in pits down below.

Fathers emerging
black faced and weary
straight to the bath tub
as coals in the boilers
send grey smoke from chimneys.

# DROLL COUPLETS (4)

Funeral cost increases aren't surprising
the cost of living is continually rising.

# DROLL COUPLETS (5)

I do not own a toilet brush
I find they always hurt too much.

# DROLL COUPLETS (6)

The voices in my head may not exist
So why do they speak whenever I'm pissed?

# A NEW KNEE

A NEW KNEE

It's a new knee for me
so housebound I'll be
unable to drive
but I'll survive
though it might be a while
before I compile
a poem to post
but I'll do my utmost
to ensure that my pen
is soon active again.

# TKR

Forgive me one and all
for this is not really a poem
but rather a thank you
for all your kind wishes
for my surgery last week:
total knee replacement.

Well I'm now back at home
and to my surprise
I get around the house
and up and down stairs
without the crutches
and little pain
but how I hate
the orthopaedic stockings
I have to wear.

I'm doing the exercises
and that is when
the pain does kick
but I can live with that
and I am determined
and soon I'll be
back to normal
and waiting for:

Yup!!
the other bloody knee to be done.

# DROLL COUPLETS (7)

The invention of the shinbone never ceases to delight
It helps locate furniture late in the night.

# DROLL COUPLETS (8)

Fighting for peace ? a pointless activity
A bit like shagging  to preserve virginity.

# UNDEMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY

UNDEMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY

Westminster bubble

Insular community

The people ignored.

For those outside the UK the Westminster Bubble is a euphemism for the collective group of Members of Parliament and civil servants who are often seen as being out of touch with the people they serve.

I wrote this short 575 in frustration with recent events regarding a short shut down of Parliament by the Prime Minister and the furore it has created within the bubble.

Back in 2016 the British Public voted to leave the European Union but those representing them in Parliament were and remain substantially opposed to the outcome. The vote was a simple one: to leave or stay, there were no preconditions such as a suitable deal over future trade with the Union, a good deal which does not compromise the outcome would be icing on the cake but a deal was never a precondition.

Because of its overwhelming opposition to the outcome of the peoples vote Parliament then sought (and continues to seek) a deal with the EU as a precondition of leaving even though the deal currently on the table compromises the integrity of the vote which was underscored by the wish of the public to regain direct and total control of its laws and decision making.

Since the vote, our Members of Parliament have done all they can to thwart the outcome of the vote and have failed miserably to prepare the UK for life after the EU. In order to forge a way forward the Prime Minister has determined to close Parliament for a few days.

This has prompted our arrogant and incompetent MPs to claim the action as undemocratic ? the same MPs who have thus far abrogated their democratic responsibilities by defying the will of the people in delivering what is known as Brexit.

# PARLIAMENT'S WORD

PARLIAMENT'S WORD

A petticoat Government
of candyfloss pirates
waxing exultant
and careless in diction
with heavy brogue accent
its speaking displeases
assaulting the ear.

# DROLL  COUPLETS (10)

It's not your fault ? a fact I knew
I merely said I'm blaming you!

# DROLL  COUPLETS (11)

Always laugh at your own stupidity
your friends sure do with great avidity.

# DROLL  COUPLETS (12)

I'm getting old and life is hard
Someone's nicked my memory card.

# DROLL  COUPLETS (13)

4 out of 5 suffer from squits
but No.5 enjoys a good blitz.

# DROLL  COUPLETS (14)

My wife is learning to drive today
I vowed I'd not stand in her way.

# AS NIGHT DISPLACES

AS NIGHT DISPLACES

An untamed sea which sets its rules
sends tumbling surging rhythmic waves
in frenzied flow across the bay
where sea and sky
sit ill defined
as night displaces day.

# IT'S WHAT AN ARTIST DOES

IT'S WHAT AN ARTIST DOES

When I told him I was painting,
he replied:  'You're decorating?'
and I found that quite  annoying
so  I've found some time this morning
to invent a  word describing
what I do!

I could say that I am arting
but it sounds a bit like farting!
or I could say  I'm creating,
but it strikes me that crearting
is the best way of describing
what I do.

# RECEIVED FROM MARKS AND SPENCER

RECEIVED FROM MARKS & SPENCER

My street creds sadly gone astray
thanks to an email received today.
It's contents are really quite bizarre,
it asks if I'm wearing the right size bra.

# THE BOUQUET

THE BOUQUET

A forlorn place
where nettles bend
and in their court
still wet with rain
from crying clouds
its wrapping torn
the colours bleached
its petals bowed, translucent now
in shades of pastel grey.

# AS AUTUMN TURNS

AS AUTUMN TURNS

How grey the slippery pathways lie
on days like this when affluent rain
falls heavy on the thirsty land.

See how the  watery rays of  light
turned silver plated in the mist
reflect upon the heath topped hills
which dip their feet in shining seas
where  silk white stallions dance.

Listen to the  keening winds
as lanyards tap and squawking gulls
sweep low across the paynes grey waves.

Michael Edwards © September 2019

# WORDLESS

WORDLESS

It's often been said
she's short of words
they pass over her head
she's not well read.

And for her penance
she's been arrested
and now she's serving a wordless sentence.

# REINCARNATION

REINCARNATION

**Reincarnation:**
a belief I'll hold until I die
and when my life's at last complete
my final wish will be that I
return as a ladies bicycle seat.

# CYPRUS

CYPRUS

Beneath  grey skies
there's a key in the drawer
 soon I'll return
to a distant door.

Nothing pretentious
it precariously lies
on Europe's far edge
under cobalt blur skies.

A luxury apartment
a treasure that's priceless
a welcome retreat
I'll return soon to Cyprus.

# PEGGITY PEG

PEGGITY PEG

The chicken is clucking
she's  mislaid her egg
the chicken is clucking
peggity  peg.

Sleep in the fireplace
sleep like a log
sleep in the fireplace
peggity pog.

Lie in the meadow
 pat on the head
lie in the meadow
peggity ped.

# LATEST BATCH OF SHORTIES No2

-

Walk past a toilet? I never do!
When the prostate is pressing relief is a blessing.
and even a bush will do as a loo!

# OUR LEADERS IN CLERIHEWS

OUR LEADERS IN CLERIHEWS

Boris the clown
got a dressing down
he'd acted illegally
when acting strategically.

Jeremy Corbyn
was always wrapped up in
his role as dissenter
far left of centre.

# THE END YEARS

THE END YEARS

A life that spanned good duties path
with love long held and not transferred
and now within our own domain
where hearths with vestal fires burn
protected there by lock and key
and all that flows in our retreat
the gentle tears of love long held.

# DEFINITIONS

DEFINITIONS

Not a poem but some random points I wrote a long time ago - just found them and thought they might be of interest to others.

Monostich = 1 line stanza
Couplet = 2 line stanza
Tercet = 3 line stanza
Quatrain = 4 line stanza
Quintet = 5 line stanza
Sestet = 6 line stanza
Septet = 7 line stanza
Octave = 8 line stanza

---

Foot = a unit in a line of metrical verse (a syllable)

Iambic foot = 2 syllable foot with stress on 2nd syllable
Trochaic Foot = 2 syllable foot with stress on 1st syllable

EXAMPLES
» IAMBIC : That **time** of **year** thou **mayst** in **me** be**hold** **(5 iambic feet)**
» TROCHAIC : **Tell** me **not** in **mourn**ful **num**bers (4 iambic feet)

Monometer = 1 foot per line
Dimeter = 2 feet per line
Trimester = 3 feet per line
Tetrameter = 4 feet per line
Pentameter = 5 feet per line
Hexameter = 6 feet per line
Heptameter = 7 feet per line
Octameter = 8 feet per line

# WHY?

I sleep naked all the while,
nothing perverse, it's just my style
so why was I treated with such disdain
when I went to sleep aboard the plane?

# UNDER THE WEATHER?

Insomnia and bunged up passages
can leave you under the weather.
Try sleeping pills and laxatives
but don't take them both together

# A KNOBBLY BONE

A knobbly bone would be good on my shoulder
to act as a holder
by forming a trough
to stop the strap of my bag falling off.

# HE EARNS HIS FEE

**HE EARNS HIS FEE**

Distrust my soul, all faith is lost
my skull is crushed, a broken spine
and locked inside to burn and rot
my ribs are breaking muscles tearing
knotted hate once germinated
leaving now as death is creeping
in my eyes a milk white space
the reaper earns his fee.

# BEYOND THE RIVER

BEYOND THE RIVER

Funnels derricks masts and jibs
abut foreboding foggy skies
where heavens bodies hide unseen
the tidal flow denied their light

and all that's seen by squinting eye
the ghosts of steamers, barges, wherries
tugging  straining ropes and buoys
along the heaving river banks

unseen unheard beyond those banks
the restaurants the pubs the clubs
with busy street sounds, neon spilling
neath the same foreboding skies

# WHICH SHOWER GEL?

I asked what shower gel she was using:
was it a gift or of her own choosing?
With a look of alarm and in tones austere
she asked, "How the hell did you get in here?".

# THE AMERICAN 'R'

THE AMERICAN 'R'

Last night on TV I watched a show
In American English don't you know.

With trepidation and concern
I decided it's a language I must learn.

Now learning a language is quite a skill
and considering my age I'm doing quite well.
It's not only words but the accent too.
To explain what I mean here a few
explanations just for you:

carp = cop,
parp = pop
jarb = job,
drarp = drop
gotten = got,
lart = lot
warnt = want

(Can you spot the odd one out?)

Are you getting the hang of the lingo yet?
It sure is no problem; it sure is no sweat
and soon you'll find it rolls off the tongue
just make the effort ? it's easily done !
And here's a clue though it might sound absurd:
Try sticking an 'r' into every word.

(Except for the odd one out of course)

# THE LAST THING (575)

A big wooden box
the very last thing  I want
I'd rather have socks

# Two 575s

Their will was expressed
A Damascene conversion
The people betrayed.

Berate the voters
Flexible democracy
Ignore the result.

# ALL GOOD THINGS

They say all good things come to an end
and the thought of it's driving me round the bend
for once they've gone without a trace
will there ever be new ones to take their place?

# WINTER FOLLOWS

November Thursday
Frost descends on rotting leaves
Winter follows fall.

# KEEP WALKING

KEEP WALKING

On retirement I decided I must keep fit
so I thought it was time that I should commit
to walking a mile every day
a routine I started without delay
but such extreme exercise comes at a cost
for after six months I'm completely lost.

# RANDOM THUNKS (3)

Why bother with exams ? avoid the disgrace
It's easy to fail them without losing face
You simply don't take them in the first place.

# RANDOM THUNKS (4)

The sign on a van was quite unique:
'SAME DAY DELIVERY 7 DAYS A WEEK'
but surely if made every day of the week
then same day delivery is gibberish speak.

# RANDOM THUNKS (5)

I feel let down by life
and I ask if it's worth pursuing,
I continually miss my wife
but at least my aim's improving.

# RANDOM THUNKS (6)

Why do nails grow on the end of each toe?
What is the reason ? does anyone know?
It would be a lot easier if they grew on the knees
where the clippers could reach them with consummate ease.

# RANDOM THUNKS (7)

My folk think I'm aging and might wander off
they say that my memories flipped.
They're taking me out tomorrow
to the vets where they're getting me chipped.

# SHE AGREES

SHE AGREES.

Still the night
dark the clouds
as sky and land merge without definition
with only the murmur of lapping waves
as house lights
far far away
twinkle and sparkle
on rolling waves.

Dark and mysterious the lonely  shoreline
where tides wash sand and stone.

A  stroll taken in silence
holding hands
standing still
their feet bathed in cool water
alone at last
he asks
she agrees.

# THE FINAL MEAL

THE FINAL MEAL

On a board
carved
carved into slices

My story
sliced
sliced into sound bites
my eulogy.

# COUPLETS (1)

Photography shows the truth
Art shows the soul.

# COUPLETS (2)

I keep dropping things
It's getting out of hand.

# PC OTT

In this PC world we can't say 'fat'
nor even 'obese' if it comes to that.
So given the tetchy current scene
simply say: 'Persons more easily seen'.

# COUPLETS (3)

A keep-dry umbrella
I'm under the weather.

# COUPLETS (4)

Practice, practice, practice profusely:
a single fart doesn't make a jacuzzi.

# COUPLETS (5)

Gathering thoughts most holy
Going nowhere slowly.

# UNDIES (1)

Her knickers were drying on the line
when along came a thief; a perverted swine
but he was seen as he made his escape
and being unfit and out of shape
he stumbled and fell thanks to tired legs
and now he's in jail for stealing pegs.

# UNDIES (2)

He tripped on her knickers and fell to the floor
and feeling embarrassed he said to the whore:
'It's daft to wear knickers you must agree'
'Oh no my dearie you must see
they keep ankles warm' said  she.

# UNDIES (3)

In matters of 'bum'
why is it that some
think knickers are best
when  carefully pressed.

Just leave them crinkly;
or to put it quite simply:
in places not sunny
the  bum is not fussy.

# THE LONELY ROAD

THE LONELY ROAD

No longer lit by festal breath
the pollard willows sway and stretch
brushed gently by the sighing breeze
they melodize as church bells toll
I walk the lonely road.

# STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM

The young lad did feel glum
He'd stuffed a strawberry up his bum
And yet it came as quite a shock
When Mum sent him to see the Doc
'Mmm' said the Doc 'you've been a prat
I'd best prescribe some cream for that'.

# I TOOK HER OUT

She had a seductive pout
Which excited me - I admit it
I thought I might take her out
And just one bullet did it.

# CHRISTMAS DECS

CHRISTMAS DECS

I really feel pissed
I'm a minimalist
And I'm feelin' the stress
for the house looks a mess.

At my wife's behest
the Christmas decs
are now in place
and I have to face
that there they'll stay
tlll new years day
when down they'll come ? hip hip hooray!

But I still feel pissed
I'm a minimalist
And I'm feelin' the stress
for the house looks a mess.

# CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (1)

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (1)

I may have been rather ambitious
when I asked for a dog for Christmas
but boy did I get shirty
when all I got was turkey.

# CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (2)

'Dear Santa I have a Christmas request:
a brand new sister is what I'd like best'.

'Well young man you must wait and see
but first you must send your mother to me'.

# CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (3)

It seems there's nothing left to say
our sexual relations have gone away
for truth to tell I rather fear
they've sent no Christmas card this year.

# CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (4)

We owe a duty and we ought
to stop and give a little thought
to those who will this Christmas be
devoid of friends and company.

So if there's someone all alone
please get in touch by telephone.
I'm asking friends for drinks and eats
and I desperately need some extra seats

# CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (5)

Father Christmas fell down on the job
fast  asleep as sound as a log
until the morning when he woke in disgrace
covered in soot in the fireplace.

# A RESOLUTION

A New Year's resolution for me
compliance with which I could not guarantee
I decided to write more serious stuff
and boy am I finding the going tough
for my brain power's sadly not increased
my poetic scribbles are still off piste.

# HELD BY ALL

HELD BY ALL

The light he shines around him thrown
place him within his shadows zone.

He never sees the light he shines,
the good he brings to all mankind.

He's held by all in high esteem,
a light by others freely seen.

# POETRY

POETRY

A thought that transports the mind,
captured before it's forgotten.
That for me is poetry
in language sublimely defined.

# 575s - ANOTHER BATCH (1)

Stained by night time glow
Moon light falls on church yard graves
Ghostly wakefulness.

# THREE 575s

Antipathy stirred
Indignation awakened
Emotions released

Turbulent impulse
Words of vengeance delivered
Revenge flows sweetly.

A shadowy room
Embers fade to a dull glow
Eyelids slowly close.

# TOLD ONCE

TOLD ONCE

told
once
their tales
in wild dreams
by the breezes borne
across the wild mystic byways
covered there in faery dust their ghost in spectres floats
across the wild mystic byways
by the breezes borne
in wild dreams
their tales
once
told

A FIBs - I didn't find this one easy ? getting it to read both ways was the challenge whilst still observing the syllable count and maintaining meter ? it was weeks in the 'in-box' and was only completed after many adjustments ? and I still think there's room for improvement.

# THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (1)

(1)
Art that depicts informs
Art that hints excites.

# THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (3&4)

(3)
An artist produces
A skilled artist reduces.

(4)
Photography reflects reality
Art reflects the soul.

# THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (5)

Reality free
Space for the mind to travel
Imagination.

# THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (6)

Creativity is the domain of artists
but not all artists create.

# THOUGHTS OF A LOOSE ARTIST (7)

Don't draw what you know
Draw what you don't see.

# HE

HE

He
Starts to run
to escape the pain
and quickens his pace
until with heaving chest
his legs which pound the earth
can go no more
he falls.

# WHERE NO ROSES GROW

WHERE NO ROSES GROW

A place of bleak darkness
where doors and steps project
out into lampless streets;
a place where no roses grow

No hope is worn by naked souls
but cast on granite stones
unseen, exposed and soon
ground down to dust by churning heels.

Writhing  bodies in night-sweat  beds
within the interspace of  hours
succumb to fettered pride
as apparitions dance in shades of  grey.

# EMPTY BOTTLE

EMPTY BOTTLE

Empty bottle
dirty dishes
washed up

Washed up
On the shore
Empty bottle.

# STAGES OF LIFE

STAGES OF LIFE

What is it?
I want it.
I've got it.
I don't need it.
What is it?

# TRAIN JOURNEY:  1st February 2020

TRAIN JOURNEY:  1st February 2020

For those travelling to London we will arrive
before it gets dark at 4.30.
For those travelling to March I'm sorry to say
you'll get there a  month too early.

# NO LAUGHTER LINGERS IN THE WIND

NO LAUGHTER LINGERS IN THE WIND

No summer scents are carried by
the caravans of frosted wind
no man nor beast disturbs the land
as night reclaims the day.
.

No running sap in trunk or bough
in winters sombre recesses
no bird recites recurring staves
on tracks in ancient lands.
.

No dreams of green materialise
to break the trance of winters hold
on shores that knew the ruffled wave
before the first ship sailed.

# THE OXFORD COMMA

THE OXFORD COMMA

For the sake of acuity
to avoid ambiguity
it must be conceded
('though not always needed)
when writing out lists
a firm case exists
for which I am gonna
support 'Oxford Comma'.

# POETRY

POETRY

A thought that transports the mind,
captured before it's forgotten.
That for me is poetry
in language simply defined.

# HAIKU SPRING (1)

Spring morning in March
Frost departs with rising sun
Winter takes its leave.

# HAIKU SPRING (2)

Shafts of weak sunlight
spring cautiously affirming
the seasons design.

# HAIKU SPRING (3)

Lemon basted days
Leaves unfurl on natures herbs
The flavours of spring.

# HAS ANYONE EVER SAID ?BOO? TO A GOOSE?

HAS ANYONE EVER SAID 'BOO' TO A GOOSE?

It's not right that there's never a left of way
I'd like to know how you can ever paint spray
and what are you going to call a day?

You can't go for walks with stepping stones
and marrows will never  grow in bones
and are there spiders in no fly zones?

Can you really use cheese to make a tray
and why do criminals want to  steel grey?
To hell with it all I'll go and pipe clay!

Has anyone ever said 'Boo' to a goose?

# SEEING THE LIGHT

SEEING THE LIGHT

'By Jove it's dark when it's not light' he said when he went out last night;
this simple fact he  ought to know and having given  it some thought:
it must have been the afternoon he missed a lecture at the Uni.

# WINTER NIGHTS (1)

The traceries of silver birch
sway in tune with whistling winds
beneath the leaden skies.

# FROM MY LATEST SET OF COUPLETS (1)

His toe poked through a hole in his sock
and his matching briefs had a hole for his ... waist.

# FROM MY LATEST SET OF COUPLETS (2)

A worm and an elephant got together and so it came to pass
I ended up with very large holes across my new laid grass.

# I SAW A WORM

Stormy winds and skies of grey
and on the road a wriggly worm
I saw distress I saw it squirm
I picked it up and gently threw
It far into the early dew
I saved a worm today.

# ELEPHANTS ON THE RUN

Elephants, when they are on the run
are wily - and not to be outdone
with red painted balls they climb with ease
and hide up high in cherry trees.

# JUST A SNORE

It wasn't a fart you said you heard
my bum's not like that anymore
It never farted it went to sleep
the noise you heard was just a snore

# LONG LEGGED CELERY

LONG LEGGED CELERY

In Lidle today in the vegetable isle
I saw a sign that made me smile,
they'd got the spelling wrong of course:
sixty nine pence for celery storks

# WINTER NIGHTS (2)

Ivies wrap the stuccoed walls
where balconies weep winters rust
inside I sleep in my retreat.

# PLENTY FOR ALL

Coronavirus, let it be said,
is worrying all with the speed of its spread
and a shortage of goods is a constant dread
but I'm quite convinced when thinking ahead
there'll be plenty for all with so many dead.

# LIMERICK No 64

There was an old man from Belize
who was born with back to front knees.
It proved quite a curse
but at least in reverse
he could walk with consummate ease.

# LIMERICK No 65

A randy old man from Siam
thought he'd try out his luck with a lamb
but his goose was soon cooked
when he ended up hooked
on the horns of a rampaging  ram.

# LIMERICK No 66

A lithesome young  lass called Kathleen
has the longest legs that I've seen
but truth to tell
it is just as well
or they'd not reach her in between.

# EATING CURRY

A friend of mine is such a dork
he eats his curry with a knife and fork.

# A COUPLE OF COUPLETS

She's such a pain it's hard to ignore her
problematic chronological programming disorder.

When an elephant charges it can be hard
to pay its bill with a credit card.

# NEEDLES

The acupuncturist was in despair
a shortage of needles and not one to spare
the cause of the problem: delivery backlogs
problem solved:  thank goodness for hedgehogs.

# 3 MORE COUPLETS

A poet with one leg called Ned,
fittingly called the other leg Fred.

Feelings come from the gut,
decisions come from the brain.

I love my clothes I can't resist a
chance to be a fashionista.

# THE ARTISTS  DILEMMA

THE ARTISTS  DILEMMA

I'm here to paint a stormy sea
a task that is quite new to me
I brave the weather wet and chill
but damn the sea - it won't keep still.

# HIDDEN BENEFITS

The warrior went to rape and pillage
across the land to a distant village
and there he sought an innocent prey
with whom he had his evil way
and though his act was vile and cruel
it served to improve the village gene pool.

# DABBLINGS IN DAFTNESS (1)

Russian Roulette's a serious game
if at first you don't succeed
try, try, try again.

# DABBLINGS IN DAFTNESS (2)

I've always been right my whole life long
but there was a time I thought I was wrong
and I was.

# DABBLINGS IN DAFTNESS (3)

Where the  rotloads wangle
and the linkloads whisple
dwells a lank leggy dipple
who  the folklots fickle
when the doo labs dipple
 in the deep deep dingle
where the dolly wackles dangle.

# THE GLASS

THE GLASS

If it's half empty I recommend
It be the bottom half my friend

# I FOUND A QUIZ

I found a quiz upon the web.
Complete this quiz ? we'll know your name,
at least that's what it said.

So down I settled all alone
and finished the quiz to disclose my name
and now it seems I'm known as Joan.

# I'VE NEVER SEEN

I'VE NEVER SEEN

I wonder what mustard is keen about
and why's there no rabbit in Sainsburys
I've never seen a shadow of doubt
and I don't know how fair fair is

# THIS SENTENCE - A SELECTION OF MONOSUCHS

THIS SENTENCE - A SELECTION OF MONOSUCHS

This is the beginning of this sentence ? and this is the end.

If you are waiting to get to end of this sentence wait no more: you have arrived.

This sentence has sadly run out of v.w.ls.

When you reach the end of this sentence please return to the beginning.

# STIFF ZIP

STIFF ZIP

His zip is stiff and needs a tug
'Take my advice' says I quite smug,
'try some unction  liberally applied
right down the front and on the inside'.

Well it seems to work and the bonus is
his willy slides out with the greatest of ease.

# IN LOCKDOWN

Stuck at home, all doom and gloom
but there's plenty of wine in every room
so here we go, to hell with it all
tonight we're off on a private pub crawl

# NIGHT

NIGHT

On summer nights when darkness falls
and hedgeless highways join the sky
as closure's made on postcard days
the sinking sun a bloodshot eye

To haunting notes of Danse Macabre
the adamantine breezes blow
and night time shadows pave the lawn
while unseen waters flow.

# NEVER HAVE I

NEVER HAVE I

Never have I ridden a bike wearing a silly helmet
and if ever I did, I'm sorry to say, I'd find it quite repellent
to see my street cred go in a stroke;
I'm certainly not that kind of bloke.

I've never gone cycling with a parrot on my shoulder
and I sure don't want to as I get older
for riding a bike whilst shouldering a bird
is not a practice widely observed.

I've never been cycling with a boiled egg on my head
such an activity is something I'd dread
but a fried egg's okay for should I cough
the chances are it wouldn't roll off.

I've never gone riding wearing lycra
for if I did I know I'd look like a
bit of a prat
and there's no fun in that.

# EMBERS TURN TO ASH

Embers turn to ash
Used tea bags in empty cups
The night lingers on.

# COFFEE

A large steaming mug
Fresh aroma of coffee
Dancing in the mouth.

# THE LOCAL

The Cow and Crumpet
Low ceilings and dim lighting
The smell of stale beer

# THE BABY SHOW

Much loved, my parents entered me
in a baby competition
I was dressed in blue with frills and bows
with some help from a cosmetician

On the day of the show I was wrapped in a shawl
and placed on my mother's knee
when the judge with crossed brow said  'he's ruled out
he's too old at 43'

# CONSIGN TO OBLIVION

CONSIGN TO OBLIVION

Dismiss self belief
sway with the breeze
you're only a bud
in a forest of trees.

# TOO TIGHT

TOO TIGHT

The kitchen stool she sat upon
at 3pm or thereabout
and when she put the kettle on
her head got stuck inside the spout.

# THE WORM

THE WORM

It's time I feel I must confirm
I love the wriggly squiggly worm.
The good they do's beyond compare
And thankfully they're everywhere.

Without them soil would soon be dead
and so would we - let it be said.
The time has come I must confirm
I love the wriggly squiggly worm.

# R McG

R McG

I know that some will surely scoff
but there's a poet to whom I doff
my flat tweed cap
 a sterling chap
the English poet Roger McGough.

# DOUBT THREW

DOUBT THREW

Doubt threw its shadow far and wide
and fell upon the tears she'd cried
in desolation where she stood
her bleeding heart misunderstood
with just the muffled sounds that float
from bustling cities far remote
a stranger there in loves lost time
where no one fits the paradigm.

# COMICAL COUPLETS (1)

When you're feeling down in the dumps
a bleach and tonic comes up Trumps.

# COMICAL COUPLETS (2)

Little Willy's very brave
he's off to surf the microwave

# Comical Couplets (3)

I pay my own way and take my own hits
I'm not like the Royals on benefits.

# Comical Couplets (4)

His snoring was loud and sounded bizarre
which panicked the passengers  in his car.

# Comical Couplets (6)

Last night I dreamt I  wet the bed
dreams do come true let it be said.

# Comical Couplets (7)

'Be yourself' I said which shows I am no diplomat
for you really can't get more cruel than that.

# THE STRANGER

THE STRANGER

Lanes and passages
Byways courtyards and alleys
Hidden labyrinths

Verbal directions
Impossible attainment
Resigned abashment

# LISTEN TO WORDS 1

LISTEN TO WORDS

I offered to buy her a diamond ring
bright and shining and full of zing.
'Nothing would please me more'  she said
so I gave her nothing else instead.

# LISTEN TO WORDS 2

Well matters came to a head today
so we had a chat.
She said, You don't listen to what I say'
or something like that.

# IN DAYS TO COME

IN DAYS TO COME

In bars where jobless elbows lean
eyes red with fears of yesterday
and cheeks still wet with tears once shed
upon this wounded earth of ours
beneath the dark bruised skies
in days to come.

# MORE MONOSUCHS 1

Where there is nowhere to fall there is nowhere to climb.

# MORE MONOSUCHS 2

He who never places a foot forward has no place to go.

# MORE MONOSUCHS 3

Cry with reason, laugh without it.

# MORE MONOSUCHS 4

Deliver no defence when no complaint is lodged.

# MORE MONOSUCHS 5

The past is set in stone ? the future's set in clay.

# SO FAR SO GOOD

I intend to live forever
I do everything I should
and thanks to much endeavour
state of play: 'So far so good'

# THE FOLK WHO EAT NUTS

People are what they eat:
what they put in their guts.
so beware when you meet
the folk who eat nuts.

# EQUALITY

Black lives matter
Brown lives matter
White lives matter
Equality

# DESERTED NOW

DESERTED NOW

The burning  light of summer sun
its  fire-light fingers  reach between
the shed door slats and delve the dark
where  knots of matted web are spun
unseen by sun blind eyes.

Deserted now no more the sounds
of men in sheds
who cared the grounds
and left behind the roses.

# Another 575

Electric current
A jolt of adrenalin
Feel the excitement

# IT'S

A fact that's often misconceived
as many an angler will confirm
it's not the depth at which you fish
it's how you wiggle your worm.

# ON SUMMER NIGHTS LIKE THESE

ON SUMMER NIGHTS LIKE THESE

Seen through dirty window panes
from sandstone floors once swept of dust
beneath thin veils of peeling cloud
the breezes filter through the trees
and whisper indistinctively.

With contiguity of growth
the spectral arms of distant boughs
point far beyond the rutted tracks
long chiselled deep by labouring wheels
on summer nights like these.

And in those far remoter scenes
lie lands where rainbow dreams reside
and lost souls live in calm content
as worries fade in drifting tides
of slumbers reassurance.

# YET SLEEP ALONE

YET SLEEP ALONE

Yet sleep alone abstracts design
of supernatural agencies
the transit of their ghost like forms
their flowing frills and furbelows.

Yet sleep alone abstracts design
when daylight falters ending day
and reason exercises sense
in ruminating silences.

# ANTI SOCIAL HAIR BEHAVIOUR

ANTI SOCIAL HAIR BEHAVIOUR

The hair on his head is slowly receding
Oh the trials of spatial positioning
Perhaps it's a case of facial distancing.

# WHERE NO MEN TREAD

Beneath umbrageous canopies
the contiguity of growth
forms adamantine barriers
where brambles arc in underwood.

There lost  in damp obscurity
and muffled by the quaggy moss,
a stolid land with sounds unheard
in supernatural silences.

And in the grey of leaden dawn
the chilling tones of slate blue skies
reflect  in drops of cold wet dew;
in lands where no men tread.

# AGEING COUPLETS (1)

An apple a day keeps the doctor away
and  an onion a day makes it stay that way

# AGEING COUPLETS (2)

Aging gracefully - a polite way of saying
looking worse slowly - en route to dying.

# AGEING COUPLETS (3)

Out of the mouths of babes there comes
the contents of their upset tums.

# AGEING COUPLETS (4 & 5)

As I get old I walk around fretting
wondering what it is I'm forgetting.

Women and wine are all the rage
but only wine improves with age.

# CONFUCIUS SAYS:

Observation most discrete:
a swinging chain denotes warm seat

# A MAN OF STUBBORN STEEL

In cloak of dark a sombre man
who with returning scrutiny
could scarce discern a cold glance thrown
nor countenance a spoken charge.

Bound not by any man-made law
and ignorant of moral sin
with jaundiced views of life's decree
a pompous  self-indulgent man
in self-inflicted ridicule
who disaffects society.

# AGEING COUPLETS (6)

Girls grow boobs while still in their youth
boys have to wait till they're long in the tooth.

# ON READING A LETTER

ON READING A LETTER

Where shadows cast before him lay
he read the proof of evidence
upon the letter placed before
his searching straining eyes.

From the text his pride disarmed
and cured of all delusions held
his just position compromised
soon lost in evanescent dreams
by blight of truth disclosed.

# NUTS

I've not told you before
but here is the score
it's to do with my guts
I'm allergic to nuts
a fact I hid well
before leaving my shell.

# NEVER CHOOSE

No right minded man would ever choose
mental illness to cure the blues.

# WHEN BREEZES BLOW

When up your trousers breezes blow
eat your beans - reverse the flow.

# HE'S NOT DUMB

Though opinions might  be divided
he really isn't dumb.
In fact he's open minded,
he's got a hole in his bum

# LOVE IS MANIFEST

Soft the hazy morning shadows
greet the dawn that follows doubt
when tender words are timid cast
and lips meet lips as clouds that glide
in freshest early morning light.

# HALF EMPTY

Please don't tempt me
with a glass half empty
but if you should do so
as everyone here knows
it's easier to sup
(although not to top up)
if the half at the bottom is at the top.

# DRAFT FILE CLEAR OUT (1)

The obvious
isn't always
obvious.

# DRAFT FILE CLEAR OUT (3)

If you dive off the pastry
you sink in the custard.

# NO LONGER HEARD

NO LONGER HEARD

Lodged upon life's dangerous  ledge
by temperamental ears discerned
the rise and fall of wild lament
as thoughts unfounded dominate
yet soon by revelation shunned
ignoring importunity
and in effectual consequence
the threnody no longer plays.

# LIMERICK 67

There was an old man from Mauritius
who refused to wash up the dishes
so he ate from the pan
he was that kind of man
was the dirty old man from Mauritius

# DRAFT FILE CLEAR OUT (4)

I think I oughta
try to save water
and so  I'll begin
by drinking more gin.

# DRAFT FILE CLEAR OUT (2)

Touching melodies
Improvising harmonies
Magic of music.

# NO LITTER

The wrong end of the stick?
but there's one at each end!
So which do I pick;
please tell me dear friend.

Was it poked in some poo
that you'd got on your shoe?
Was it poked in a tin
with mould growing therein?

The wrong end of the stick?
but there's one at each end!
so which do I pick;
please tell me dear friend.

# NO CAT FOR ME

No cat for me
A faithful dog it has to be
A lovey-dovey friendly dachshund
Think I'll call it Osamund.

No cat for me
A faithful dog it has to be
A lovely cuddly sausage dog
In preference to a slimy frog.

No cat for me
A faithful dog it has to be
A sausage dog long haired and blond
Conjured up by magic wand.

No cat for me
A faithful dog it has to be
A sausage dog, long hair that falls
and covers up his low slung balls.

# IDIOMS REMODELED (1 - 4)

The pen is mightier than the sword a charcoal stick.

There's no such thing as a free lunch parking spot.

A watched pot never boils knows the time.

Beggars can't be choosers sacked.

# IDIOMS REMODELED (5-8)

Actions  speak louder than words  don't speak.

If you can't beat them join them  run

There's no time like the present past.

Two heads are better than one none

# IDIOMS REMODELED (9-12)

You can lead a horse to water but you can't make it drink pigs fly

A **chicken** run for your money.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket a concrete mixer

Too many cooks spoil the broth brothels spoil the cock.

# IDIOMS FOR IDIOTS (1-4)

Daylight robbery ? not an easy thing to steal.

Don't cry over spilt milk ? it makes it salty.

Don't upset the applecart ? if you can find one.

Draw the short straw - with a long pencil.

# IDIOMS FOR IDIOTS (5-8)

Fly in the ointment ? more difficult than air.

Lend me your ears ? you can have them back tomorrow.

Hear a pin drop ? hear a pin drop what?

Heart in your mouth ? swallow quick.

# IDIOMS FOR IDIOTS (9-12)

Hit the nail on the head ? hit the head on the nail.

Hold your tongue ? now say Peter Piper picked a peck .....

When the going gets tough the tough get going ? cowards!

When in Rome do as Rome does - pick pockets.

# LIMERICK 68

An eccentric repairer called Mel
with a very diverse clientele
started to swear
when he couldn't repair
the horn of a cow so he gave it a bell.

# HORSES AND CARTS

An idiom which I can't endorse:
'Don't put the cart before the horse'
for what this overlooks of course
is that I do not own a horse
and on my cart there are no wheels
as close inspection soon reveals
and even if this wasn't so
the road down which I seek to go
is closed all access now denied
so tell me why I'm not surprised.

# EFFORTLESS WHIMSY (1)

IT has to be started before it's done
and it can't be ended before it's begun
but once it has ended it can't be undone
and when it has ended it's gone

# EFFORTLESS WHIMSY (2)

Sleek and simple
I like it that way
a minimalist me
or so the girls say.

# EFFORTLESS WHIMSY (3)

They say it's impossible but don't they know it's
only the case until somebody does it.

# WOVEN IDIOMS

Find your feet ? where'd  you leave 'em?
phone the Dentist ? bite the bullet.

Got cold feet ?  where'd you get 'em?
phone the Doctor - break a leg

# TWO FOR ONE THOUSAND

Two shorties to celebrate my one thousandth posting here on MPS - never ever dreamed I'd ever reach such a number - where's the bubbly?

I'm an artist and poet and moreover
this is my thousandth poem here
so  it's time at last for you to move over
and give up your crown  Mr William Shakespeare.

Chuffed as punch I must confess
at last I'm here ? I don't know how
one thousand poems on MPS
it's time for me to take a bow.

# IN DREAMS

Drunken fences flaking, leaning
lead the restless reckless footsteps
deeper onward over thresholds
where the daylight doesn't enter
deep within the crumbling walls
where only fearsome curses dwell
In dreams of grim complexion.

# ONION

ONION

In the tradition of John Hegley (A Three Legged Friend) and Ian McMillan (My Dog ? April is the Cruellest Month) but a tad more dark!

Preparing another luncheon
my eyes are misted in fog
I'm crying chopping up onion
'tis a silly name for a dog.

# OWN GOAL

With marketing skills
that won't  pay  the bills
our funeral parlour
should try harder.

By their door upon the wall
available for one and all
they've thoughtfully placed a
state-of-the-art defibrillator.

# LEADERS IN CLERIHEWS

President Donald Trump
he really is a chump
ineloquent with low IQ
yet still in power,  boo hoo, boo hoo!

Alexander Boris de Pfeffel Johnson PM
a man to praise or a man to condemn?
A bumbling buffoon in every sense of the word
I sure couldn't praise him ? the idea's absurd.

Angela Dorothea Merkel's
stomping around in furious circles
rueing the severance of the UK's hook up
with the Autocratic  States of Germany's Europe.

# GWYNEDD

GWYNEDD

Shadowy ridges
clean air and westerly winds
forgotten landscapes.

Grey weathered  mountains
with boundaries protecting
heather clad moorlands.

Magnificent peaks
their dominating presence
in myths and legends.

# SO IT'S SUNDAY

SO IT'S SUNDAY

In the station
whistle blowing
catch the train
and read the paper
gathering speed
as bells are tolling
people gather
in the churches
rain or shine.

In the carriage
dry and cosy
with a coffee
wait a minute
but it's Sunday
business closed
and so I wonder
when the next train
leaves for home.

# A WINTER NIGHT

A WINTER NIGHT

Floundering notes of crowning boughs
pursuing want of harmony
as freezing air frosts fallen leaves
obscuring all established paths.

In keenest blasts which smite the scape
'neath stars that blink with common pulse
unseen by man in dream drenched sleep
In winters constitution.

# SAVE A SYLLABLE

SAVE A SYLLABLE

Keep it simple and maintain meter
Save a syllable when you complete a
piece of poetry that flows
So when you next start to compose
Seek all the help that you can get
At saveasyllable.net

# WHAT A MUPPET

WHAT A MUPPET

I said: 'You're weak you silly muppet'
he looked quite hurt and he replied
'To prove you wrong I'll kick this bucket'
and so he did and so he died.

# STRUCK

So Trump has been struck by Covid-19
and although I know I shouldn't be seen
expressing opinions of unsuppressed bias
I must declare sympathy for the virus

# THE TIDE

Thinking it over in bed last night
I've decided Philosophers aren't always right
the tide doesn't turn - quite the converse
they've got it all wrong - it goes in reverse.

# ALPACA SOCKS

Whenever I go to the local shops
I keep buying pairs of alpaca socks,
it really is one of my silliest whims
for I have no alpacas to wear the darn things.

# ...AND...

...manifest as time allows
true love obtained at auction
sits high upon the chattering boughs
and toast is not an option...

# LIMERICK No 69

A feisty lass called Bulbous Boobus
thought her life had no real purpose
for she failed to see
that her name held the key
to the assets she had in surplus.

# A NEW DOOR

Broken and warped and so therefore
I decided to buy a new front door.
Ordered on line but the paradox:
it wouldn't go through the letterbox.

# NIGELLA

To watch Nigella you must be devout
for when mixing or chopping
she keeps on stopping
for bouts of bum, tits and pout.

# UNSAME 1 - 3

He bought a slice of humble pie and served it up with custard.
Such a silly man was he - it should be served with mustard.

When climbing high to reach the crown
Make way for people falling down

Age holds only pain and strife
within the many webs it weaves
and in my fortune's cup of life
the truth exposed within the leaves.

# I KID YOU NOT AT ALL

In homage to the PC army
they've now renamed Blackpool
and though it sounds quite barmy
they've called it Neutralpool.

# ARBOUR RHYMES WITH BARBER

ARBOUR RHYMES WITH BARBER

Gorgonzola, viola
the word is Pergola
it rhymes with Angola!
So why did I hear her
distinctly say pergerler
murderer nurturer
pergola, pergerler.

# UNSAME (2)

I went to the crossroads and managed somehow
to calm them down gently, they're all right now.

It's raining down with colicky power
I hate getting caught in a baby shower.

# UNRELATED (1, 2, 3)

Suspicions ignored
despairing vacillation
decisions unmade.

Adenoidal twang
An accent not much admired
In blends of catarrh.

Locked in offices
Grey men on small salaries
Submit to boredom

# ASSURANCE NURTURES JOY

ASSURANCE NURTURES JOY

The instincts born
in margins mutable now lost
corrected by experience
as in the convalescing heart
circadian rhythms  manifest
and in unspoken  consequence
by factoids winnowed
from the chaff
assurance nurtures joy.

# SHORTLIES (1)

When bladder, like the sea, is full
and gravity exerts its pull,
what pleasure when relief's applied,
thank goodness for the ebbing  tide.

# SHORTLIES (2)

Cast aside troubles and cast aside strife
treat each day as the last of your life
it may not be so but don't get uptight
one day you'll be sure to get it right.

# POEM FOR A WINTER'S NIGHT

In notes composed
the water flows
and carries dreams

in rhythmic streams
that flow through nature's imagery
I hear the symphony.

# A PATRIOT I (or A DOUBLE WHAMMY)

**Patriotism**
**Loyalty to the nation**
**Not an almighty.**

**Proud to be British**
**Rejecting idolatry**
**Free from ritual.**

**A proud atheist**
**who doesn't sing the anthem**
**is no hypocrite.**

**----------**

**Undemocratic**
**Hierarchical monarchy**
**Morally unjust.**

**What gives the right**
**to elite unelected**
**to wield such power?**

**The republican**
**who never sings the anthem**
**Is not a traitor.**

# SHORTLIES (4)

I'm going to photograph some cheese today
and so I'll need the cheese to smile
but what do you ask a cheese to say?

# PRECOGNITION

PRECOGNITION

Through bare branches, swinging, swaying,
howling winter winds declare
the end of autumns cloak of gold
in days of dark and drear.

Hoping soon once solstice passed
with benefit of spring bestowed
midst avian songs and shoots of green
I'll chart the labyrinthine road.

# UNSAMES (2) 1-3

Although I cannot be precise
I've had amnesia once or twice

Two can live as cheaply as one
but sadly for only half as long

If your nose is running and your feet smell strong
You're the wrong way up to the way you belong.

# UNSAMES (2) 4&5

On fire engines the notice exhibited
states that smoking is strictly prohibited.

The sentence that follows is perfectly true
The sentence above is wrong through and through.

# MISS SYLLA BERLES

MISS SYLLA BERLES

Miss Berles, Miss Berles
with her tresses and curls
well who can she be
I hear you ask me.

Well she's the supplier of all those spare syllables
for poets and writers and other  individuals
and anyone who
is in desperate need of a syllable or two.

If you find you are short
you can seek her support
if she's got some in store
she'll supply you for sure.

But when you use syllables do beware
for if you should use in excess of your share
Miss Berles will get angry very quick
wielding her excess syllables stick
for not only is she the syllable provider
she's just been appointed the Chief Regulator.

# HARD CHEESE

HARD CHEESE

When photographing a piece of cheese
to make it smile or even smirk
you must be nice and you must say please
for just saying  'cheese'  will never work.

To get it to smile you must have a plan
it needs patience and persevering
and always speak out as loud as you can
for cheese is most hard of hearing.

# GENDER NEUTRAL

GENDER NEUTRAL

Following the logic of the ridiculous current PC debate about calling seamen seapersons it follows that:

Demanding = depersonding
Kleptomaniac = kleptopersoniac
Seamanship = seapersonship
Showmanship = showpersonship
Inhumanity = inhupersonity
Humanistic = hupersonistic
Hypermanic = hyperpersonic
Romantic = ropersontic
Unmannerly = unpersonerly
Mandatory = persondatory
Manhood = personhood
Manservant = personservant
Roman = Roperson

# I DREW

I DREW

I drew a coloured sketch today
Oh dear I'm sorry ? that is bad
I meant to say a sketch of colour
Am I going truly mad?

(Let me confirm that this was penned
with no intention to offend.
Written purely for fun
so please don't rush to get your gun).

# RECALLING

RECALLING

We leant upon the cold damp stone
where mosses grew
and ferns emerged from crevices
and saw the lighted window panes
through filigree of waving boughs
that whispered in the breeze.

Beneath the pallid peach stained sky
in ecstasy our parted lips
sought solace in a firm embrace
as we recalled with nervous breath
the distant day when first we met
behind the distant panes.

# DAFTS I CALLS IT - COLLECTION 1 (1)

DAFTS I CALLS IT: COLLECTION 1 (1)

Quite absurd:
woman, women,
change the spelling at the end of each word
and change how you say the beginning.

# DAFTS I CALLS IT - COLLECTION 1 (2)

Can you spo* *he absen*ees?
Someone's s*olen all the 'ts'.

# PASSION OVERHEATED

PASSION OVERHEATED

Passion can be
virtuous
but once
overheated
begets hate
translating
deep in
unacceptable
covid tunnels.

In chains
the only exit
seen
in distant light
a key
for those who choose
a vaccine shot
of humour
soon to cool the heat
and oil the wheels
of life.

# DAFTS I CALLS IT - COLLECTION 1 (3)

Dear poet may I suggest you should
write in a way that's understood
so  try and get it into your noddle
there's nothing worse than pretentious twaddle.

# DAFTS I CALLS IT - COLLECTION 1 (4)

Covid testing's all awry
so here's a method you can try:
take Dr Arthur's farting pills
and if you can detect the smell
you can be sure that you are well.

# THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 1 - 3

THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION

It's a small world ain't it
but I don't want to paint it.

They say it's neither here nor there
Where can it be ?
Are you aware?

My parents failed to understand me
my parents were Japanese you see.

# THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 4 - 6

'Twas in the tunnel of love that we met
we were digging it out and covered in sweat.

I'm really turned on by black underwear
so I've not washed my y-fronts for nearly a year

We've stained glass windows in our house
and at last we've made a decision
We're going out with loaded shotgun
to shoot that bloody  pigeon.

# THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 7

I was hailed by the police for a quick spot check
They found a few zits and a boil on my neck.

# THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 8

As I slowly walked along
a stranger asked in accent strong
'Be that the moon that I see there
high above us in the air?'
and I replied: ' I cannot tell
for I'm a stranger here as well'.

# THE CHIC MURRAY COLLECTION 9

I saw a redhead in a  gown
down which flowed her hair of brown.

# A PAIR OF ANTIQUES

A PAIR OF ANTIQUES

Today I bought an ancient pair
of knickers at the antique fair.

I must confess I've never seen another pair with such patina.

# A SERRY VERRY WISTMAS

Its Mime of Tear to  Frish all sy wends at Sy Moetic Pide A Sery Verry Wistmas

# PAINTING SNOW

I'm a poet and artist and I ought
to paint something different and so I thought
I'd have a go at  painting snow
so off I went with  paints in tow
and wrapped in fleece and feeling keen
I went outside to view the scene
but on applying paint to snow
it melted and began to flow
and  so my drive began to taper
think I'd better stick to paper.

# TWO SHORTIES

SWAN SONG

Tell me please if you have heard
this elegant and stately bird
on land, on water or the wing
sing jazz or pop or soul or swing?

MEMORIES

I thought I'd write a poem tonight
A poem of memories but try as I might
I've completely forgotten what I wanted to write.

# LIMERICKS 70 and 71

There was an old man from Bahrain
Who grew radishes down the drain
Hot they were not
And they started to rot
So his efforts had all been in vain.

In lock-down once more
and my bum's getting sore
here on the sofa
an idle bored loafer
with nowhere to go anymore.

# I GOT UP

I GOT UP

I woke up this morning
and went down the stars
stretching and yawning.

And please don't decry it
if there weren't any stairs
I never would try it.

It's not easy I know
but the other way down
is through the window.

# IN THE FORMAT (1)

Sparkling in the sun
Breezes across still waters
Flowing wisps of hair.

# IN THE FORMAT (2)

Keeping your distance
A brief touch of the elbows
A covid welcome.

# IN THE FORMAT (3)

Tears slowly welling
I attempt to suppress them
A fight never won.

# REMEMBERED

REMEMBERED

Her porcelain skin glowed with not a blemish in
sight; not even a tattoo. Her long flowing hair
dusted her shoulders and gently bounced as
she laughed. Her darkest eyes danced in the light
and her joyful spirit shone through. She walked
with a grace bringing joy wherever she went
and she sprinkled our lives with stardust.

In despondancy
Declaration of death sought
A need to move on.

Haibun is a poetry form that combines a haiku with a prose poem. Haibun prose is usually descriptive. It uses sparse, poetic imagery to evoke a sensory impression in the reader. The section of prose is then followed by a haiku that serves to deepen the meaning of the prose, either by intensifying its themes or serving as a juxtaposition to the prose's content.

# LIMERICK 73 ( Plus 3 Variants )

LIMERICK 73 ( Plus 3 Variants )

You might see a tramp when you're out and about
who stands in the bushes and gets out his spout.
Now it's not a nice sight
but remember his plight:
when the bladder is weak the wee has to come out.

**And the three runners-up are:**

.....
it's not a nice trait
but his bladder won't wait
and desperate is he to let his wee out.

.....
which although disconcerting
when bladder is bursting
there's no other option to let the wee out.

.....
you might find this bad
but  please don't get mad
for he's no other means to let his wee out.

# PUT THE FIRE OUT

PUT THE FIRE OUT

There was soot and smoke and flames throughout
I had to do something without a doubt
I coughed and I spluttered which wasn't good
So I opened the door as wide as I could
But the bloody fire refused go out.

# RAIN

RAIN

Along the branches, where the dormant buds offer promises
of spring to come, the cascading  raindrops hang  like jewels on a chain
reflecting the cobalt patches of a sanguine sky. A  blackbird
shakes its wings and droplets  fly like sparklets, arcing and gently
falling into the moving waters below. In the village the pattering of raindrops
play pianissimo on  the window panes of the empty houses.

River banks broken
Winter floods across the land;
Homeless villagers.

# DAYS END

DAY'S END

The men will return
Ravenous of appetite
Crops are all gathered

Working the bellows
Flames leap into the night sky
Long shadows are cast

The coals are red hot
The kneaded dough has risen
The smell of fresh bread

# I WOKED

WOKED

Yesterday:
I woke up early feeling surly
for I'd been fast asleep

Today:
I woke up late feeling great
for I'd been slow asleep.

# AIM HIGH

AIM HIGH

I've always aimed for the top of the tree
For that's the only place for me
Since, when all is done and said,
I don't want the tree on top of my head.

# A TRUMPERICK

A TRUMPERICK

The 'reality show' mentality
Is becoming, these days, normality
Which helps to explain
Again and again
Why voters support such insanity.

# LAST SUPPER

LAST SUPPER

Before you're consigned to coffin and wreath
for all you old codgers a special treat
a banquet that's free  with plenty to eat
just be sure to bring with you your own set of teeth

# TIME TO HIT

Covid's struck all of a sudden
The butcher hasn't any mutton
Life's in flux
The whole world sucks
It's time to hit the fuck-it button

# AN ARTISAN

AN ARTISAN

Indoors she bakes and smells arise:
hot and tasty tarts and pies.

Outside she stands beside the gate
selling wares until quite late.

Back and forth all day she totters
on her Cornish pasty trotters.

# LE MANOIR AUX QUAT?SAISONS

Married fifty years and so
for lunch this was the place to go
to make our happy day complete
the tastiest food that one could eat,
but fart-arsed portions, I'm afraid,
were served despite the price we paid.
Back home and hungry licking lips,
off we went for fish and chips.

# SPRING

SPRING
(With a nod to the Haibun format: a short prose with a juxtaposing Haiku)

Buds slowly wake in the muted sun of early dawn; they
splash the barren branches with shades of parsley green.
The nodding heads of snowdrops line the slopes to the
sylvan pool where croaking frogs peer out, wide eyed, from
the still water. The trickle of a distant brook, once the
only sound in winter's embrace, is now accompanied
by the chorus of a thousand birds declaring territories
and serenading partners. The magic of nature is
all around us: a legacy to be nurtured and preserved.

A changing climate
Compromising habitat
Species endangered

# HIDDEN DEEP

HIDDEN DEEP

Where only shadows stretch their fingers
hidden deep where no man treads
among the trees an elven form
where maleficent forces hide
in other worldly truckled light.

# PAST DREAMS

## PAST DREAMS

In channels long since worn and lost
and damp with dew in lingering light
the truant memories soon return
imbibed the scene and hour in dreams.

A place to dance with mystic joy
to notes that rise in furtive winds
ascending the empyrean
where reconstructed worlds reside.

Within  the realms of heavens arms
excursive instincts soon foregone
the images with broken wings
fall back to land with early light.

# FOOTBALL PUNDITS

FOOTBALL PUNDITS

Football pundits only use
The present tense and I suppose
They have no sense of history
To me this is a mystery

So have they never been to school
They use the past tense not at all
Describing games played yesterday
As though the match was still in play

It's sad to think they're not that bright
They're truly not that erudite
Though many it is true to say
Have lost their accents on the way.

# TAKING THE RISE

TAKING THE RISE

He told me he went up in a hot air balloon.
'No you didn't' I replied, 'you are a buffoon'.

I can see you are puzzled and before you ask it's
a fact that balloonists go up in baskets.

# RAISE THE PINKY

RAISE THE PINKY

When making sandwiches you must
from every slice remove the crust
prepare and serve with love and care
(they're fit for Kings I do declare)
and so with dainty fingers eat
this nutritive postprandial treat
and in accompaniment serve up
an assam tea in a china cup

But if by chance you're a common worker
stick to a diet of gobfuls of burger.

# INEQUALITY BY TWO

INEQUALITY BY TWO
(The second in 575 senryu format)

In promoting equality's fight
a programme of  music and song
included a hot gospel choir
with not a white face in sight.

Small 'a' ? atheists
But upper case 'C' - Christians
Inequality

# IN SCOTLAND - IN LONDON

IN SCOTLAND ? IN LONDON

In Scotland the leader:  Nicola Sturgeon
(a primitive fish with bony plates)
is seeking Scotlands division
giving rise to divisive debates

In London Cameron is lobbying
the ministers one and all
seeking a contract embodying
the rebuild of Hadrians wall.

# HOW ANNOYING IS THAT?

HOW  ANNOYING IS THAT?

Awesome ?  really?  ? how can you tell?
I'm  good ?  maybe  -  but I asked if you're  well!

This moment in time ?  surely 'now' will suffice.
Same old, same old ?same old what and why twice?

Talk me through it ? through where?
I was sat ?  so tell who sat you there?

He's 6 foot tall ? no not at all - he's 6 feet tall from his toes to his hair..
Oh My God ? so which one ? there's 3000 out there.

Listen up ? up where? Is it out of view?
Know what I mean? ? yes I do ? do you?

Any time soon ? so you really mean 'soon' I'm proposing
I'm going to go ? coming to come, coming to go or are you  just going.

Take in a film ? take it in where?
It is what it is ? well it ain't something else I declare.

# RANDOM THOUGHTS ON COMPLEX ISSUES

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON COMPLEX ISSUES

They entered the wars without our consent,
wars that never contributed to peace and freedom.
Do we owe them our support?
They joined the forces of their own free will
knowing the potential outcomes
for themselves
for others.
Could we live with our conscience if we ignored them?
Do we owe them our support?

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES

DIBBLES AND DABBLES

A round in the sun
but what a shock:
a hole in one
in my golfers sock.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (2)

In matters of finance there is no doubt
when money comes in the sport goes out.

# THE LIFE ARTIST

The artist's critics highly rated
The feminine forms in the nude he created
His models disclosed
They were quite unopposed
To the sight of him painting stark naked.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (3)

Open minds create new visions
narrow minds create divisions.

# SINS OF THE PAST

No matter what adversaries claim
for all the sins my forebears spilt
I do not mourn, I feel no shame
for only guilty need  feel guilt.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (4)

Authors of their own bad press
shout 'Foul' when media brings distress.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (5)

When building illusions
the higher you build
the greater the ruins.

# A UNION NOW REGRETTED

A UNION NOW REGRETTED

He wears his coat with collar high
his shoes sink deep
in whipped cream snow
beneath a leaden sky.

And lost as sward in snow bound meadow
night time feelings
in his wake
are lost in nights oppressive shadow.

-

With the day her dreams foregone
embraced no more
she sits alone
with just her memories lingering on.

Cold reason in her mind prevails
she wonders now
what lies beyond
within the future's silent veils.

# Harold's Lament

HAROLD'S LAMENT
( Subtitled: 'The History Books Got It Wrong')

In 1066 with all good grace
I bent down low to tie my lace
But that was where it went awry
A target made of my third eye
And sure enough it came to pass
An arrow bulls-eyed up my arse.

# CONSTRUCT

CONSTRUCT

The verdant rolling lands abut
the boundaries of man's construct.

Mills and manufactories
furnaces and potteries
as steel stone and brick degrade
and sediment and soot invade.

The verdant rolling lands abut
the boundaries of man's construct.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (6)

The study of flora soon discloses
flowers don't smell cos they don't have noses.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (7)

They come in their droves they arrive every day
by dinghy, by barge and  canoe
'So how can we stop them?' I hear you say
well believe me it's easy to do.

The answer's quite simple - I'll give you no flannel:
pull out the plug and drain dry the Channel.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (7)

I've been called rubbish, and I've been called shit  - yes  I've been called both
one I embrace, the other I snub; rubbish to landfill - shit promotes growth.

# AND PUPPETS DANCE

AND PUPPETS DANCE

Amorphous dreams that masquerade
and influenced by lassitude
until her notes again invade
like whispers in the wind.

In intervals of quietude
her muted voice with ease conveyed
upon a stage where few birds sing
her true melodic charm displayed.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (8)

Creationism
Divine paranormal acts
False dreams to cling to.

# DIBBLES AND DABBLES (8)

And there on the seat a notice in green
declared that the chair was 'Not in Use'.
Well I knew it was true for if not so
the notice in green would not be seen.

# AMERICAN GUN CULTURE

AMERICAN GUN CULTURE Modern reality Medieval mentality.

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (1 - 3)

An open mind you can do without
for it ain't no fun if your brains fall out.

You cannot repair the unbroken
nor respond to words unspoken

Before you blame your destination
question first the route you've taken.

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (4 - 6)

For those who engage in building illusions
the higher they build the greater the ruins.

Drunk on chianti
Pissoir frizzante

It's a climate change warning
when your globals are warming.

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (7 - 9)

If the building work's finished when all is installed
Why are completed buildings so called?

Naked on parade
Privates on display.
.
For eternities sake I hope I'm entitled
to have plastic surgery and so be recycled.

# THE GUY WHO ISN?T THERE - A COLLABORATION

This poem is a collaboration between  Coyote and Michael Edwards
and is a re-write  Coyote's excellent original version
which he published recently here on MPS

I sat upon an old park bench
and I was unaware
of those who passed by as I spoke
to a guy who wasn't there.

And as they passed they all gave me
a long and anxious stare
as I continued chatting to
the guy who wasn't there.

Soon a policeman came along
and said: 'Son come with me
you're scaring all these people
with this guy you cannot see'.

'I'll take you to a special place
where you will get some care
to help with your obsession with
the guy who isn't there'.

I said 'that's okay officer
I'll gladly come with you
but what about the folk each day
who sit upon a pew?'

'You'll find them in the local church
packed tightly like sardines
whilst talking to another guy
who's also never seen'.

'So wouldn't it be prudent
and surely only fair
that you arrange some transport
for me and all those there'.

'Then you can take us all away
and we can all compare
the things that we all chat about
with those who are not there'.

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (10-12)

If the eye didn't see it and the ear didn't hear it
how do you know if ever you knew it?

Here's a question to embarrass  your friends:
ask if their pubic hair has split ends?

Please will you kindly relieve my torment
and tell me which letter is silent in 'scent'

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (13-15)

Boris - as a scarecrow - in his field - outstanding
Boris ? the politician - should be buried - within it.

You have to leave the tunnel
to appreciate the landscape.

Back in the days of crumhorns and curtals
we marched to the beat of a different drum.

# CEREBRATE

CEREBRATE
(Two short works to transport the mind)

(1)
Beneath the sombre leaden skies
shedding tears in heathland streams
the heady scents of fern and herb
in lands where ancient silence rings.

(2)
Amorphous dreams that float on clouds
deliver me to polished sands
where I can taste the wind borne brine
and watch the moon lit diamonds dance.

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (16-18)

Buy one for the price of two
and the second one's free to you.

The can isn't empty (though the coke has dispersed)
It's full of the content of bubbles long burst.

Can you brush your teeth without wobbling your bum?
When clutching your buttocks does your bum still succumb?

# A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Cheating today - just a cartoon to wish you all here at MPS a very Merry Christmas.

# I?VE GOT A DOG

I'VE GOT A DOG

I've got a dog, I call him Bud
he loves to wallow in the mud
and as does he grunts and snorts
his body's round, his legs are short
he shuns the lead, he's very shy
he sleeps each night inside a sty
he never answers when I call
Perhaps he's not a dog at all.

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (19-21)

When searching the library in which direction
do you search for the bible ? in fact or in fiction?

Flute lessons were advertised - this I dispute
for I know not how you can teach a flute.

When asked for the truth beware your reply
for one man's truth is another man's lie.

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (22 & 23)

The burden of proof rests with those who invent it
and not with those who choose to reject it.

He really is a bozo
He wears a tee shirt with a Cotton Traders logo.

# A COUPLET COLLECTION (24 & 25)

Value is greater when unattainable
but soon is lost once gained.

I often wonder if fish get thirsty
and how do they wash whenever they're  dirty?

# CLAUS THE BUILDERS - COMPLAINT

»

I'm making a complaint about Santa Claus
and I'm driven to make it all because
of the damage that was caused last year
during deliveries by his deer.

It went and put its leaden hoof
through the tiles upon the roof
and in the post a quote today
from  Claus  the Builders, I'm sorry to say.

It quotes me for the tile repairs
and truly caught me unawares
but to his scam I'll not succumb
I'll tell him to stick it up his bum.

# LIMERICK 77

There was an inventor called Ben
who swallowed some ink and then
on finding that he
was peeing black wee
went and patented his prick as a pen.

# LIMERICK 76

A security guard from Symons Yat
was easy to spot 'cause his nose was flat
and the reason why
is because the poor guy
collided one night with a baseball bat.

# DINNER OR LUNCH?

I don't like turkey for Christmas dinner
For Christmas dinner it's not a winner
but for a meal when it comes to the crunch
always roast turkey for Christmas lunch.

# LIMERICK 78

He's often seen out on cycling trips
as in and out of the traffic he nips
and he's always dressed like a
lamebrain in lycra
with go-faster stripes on his bicycle clips.

# LIMERICK 75

There's a man who lives in St Ives
Who it's said has married eight wives
With one for each day
Of the week so they say
Plus a spare in case one of them dies.

# SHORT MEASURES (1)

Immediate attraction
is no indication
of enduring opinion.

# SHORT MEASURES (2 & 3)

(2)
If the eye didn't see it
and the ear didn't hear it
and you never knew it
you never can rue it.

(3)
To address the increasing nursing shortage
and ensure the current trend reverses
they've now created a strategy
to seek the recruitment of much taller nurses

# SHORT MEASURES (4)

Avoid facial surgery,
grow old with dignity.
No surgery, no botox ? no edema,
grow old gracefully with patina.

# SHORT MEASURES (5)

I woke up this morning
in bed there I lay;
so much pleasure derived
from first fart of the day.

# LAST SEEN

Resupine, lifeless

in pewter waters
drifting

slowly drifting
onward

to a torrid sea

never to return
never to breathe

onward
into oblivion.

# SHE STANDS ALONE

SHE STANDS ALONE

With benefit of sombre skies
that cast their tears
the trees reach down in cold embrace
and dancing to the breezes tune
they shed their dew as spangles fall
from traceries of tumbling green.

Where thorny briars extend upon
the hedgeless paths of pewter hue
the threads of dawn slip fitfully
in thoroughfares of shredded light
where coursing rain in times of flood
carved out the contours of their form.

And there no sounds of city life
within the spread  of rising dawn
a compass mark, she stands alone
with April-cheeks and  flowing hair
beside a swirling pewter path
beneath the vaults of tracery.

# A PAIR OF PEARS  (A HAIRY PAIR)

A PAIR OF PEARS
(A HAIRY PAIR)

So proud of his pair was he
that he thought they were worthy to be
entered into a local show
and he knew he'd get pleasure in doing so.
so he filled in the form and off to submit it
and after the judging beside his exhibit
he saw on the table a judge's notice
neatly written and what the judge wrote is:
'I'm sorry to tell you that your pair be
ruled out of the judging on the grounds of 'too hairy''.

# LIMERICK 79

A working class guy called Paul
did not like his background at all
but I'm telling you
there are benefits too
and Paul, bless his heart, claimed them all.

# LIMERICK 80

A man from Cape Cod called Will Pluckett
attempted to wee in a bucket
but he aimed too high
and it rose in the sky
and it started to rain in Nantucket.

# LIMERICK 81

A farmer called Christopher Cuddy
whose face which was well worn and ruddy
had a long  snout
and when out and about
the tip of it often got muddy

# LIMERICK 83

A phonograph nerd called Fred Tweedle
was causing quite an upheaval
he complained he was itching
his earlobes were twitching
I think he'd got fluff on his needle.

# LIMERICK 84

There was an odd lad called Billy
who had a new wife called Lilly
but her face turned red
when he jumped into bed
in a frock all flouncy and frilly.

# LIMERICK 85

'You're out of your mind' I hear them roar
but it's something I shall choose to ignore
for let me tell you
it's simply not true
'cause my brain's trapped inside and there is no door

# LIMERICK 86

The door was quite shabby all flaky and feint
so he thought he would give it a lick of paint
but he swallowed more
than he put on the door
and now he's laid up with a wet paint complaint.

# LIMERICK 87

22022022
Happy Looday Twosday 2day everyone

Using the loo overcome with unease
for the toilet roll's empty if you please
so with pants round shoes
a waddle ensues
as I make my way to the local Sainsburys.

# LIMERICK 88

When he wrote his name down as Brewitt Fred
they said: 'You've reversed it - we're being misled,
the right way to write it
is surely Fred Brewitt'
'But I always walk backwards' Brewitt Fred  said.

# FIVE SEVEN FIVES (ONE)

Rocks wet and shining
Unseen by those who won't see
Closed minds have no sight.

# LIMERICK 90

A worker in his factory in Ealing
peed on the floor whilst kneeling
his boss quite austere
said 'you can't do that here'
so he promptly pee'd on the ceiling.

# SHE WALKS ALONE

SHE WALKS ALONE

From eyes that pierce the mortared stone
the tears of sorrow she once shed
now dried like rivers in the sand.

As steadfast winds that easeful blow
where in its midst as ships at sea
she walks alone alert, aware.

In shadowed archways lanterns shine
she stands, she stares
in sacrifice of sentiment.

# LIMERICK 89

The time had come to issue a correction
for assumptions drawn were all misconception
so she told those present
'I'm truly not pregnant'
A statement conceived without contraception'.

# LET NOT OUR SKIN DIVIDE

LET NOT OUR SKIN DIVIDE

When revolutions fires are weak
the dreams that float in troubled tides
may yet be caught as fish in nets
across the waves of liberty
upon Medusa's raft.

With stoics cloak drawn ever close
its threads of faction still uncut
whilst hope preserved in saline spray
will surely sever bigotry
let not our skin divide.

# LIMERICKS 94 95 & 96

A big thank you to Teddy.15 for giving me the inspiration for this trio of variations on a theme.

There once was a lady called Lou
Who went on a trip to the zoo
The lion got out
She gave it a clout
And the scaredy-cat lion withdrew.

There once was a lady called Lou
Who went on a trip to the zoo
The lion got out
She gave out a shout
And her Hubby departed from view.

There once was a lady called Lou
Who went on a trip to the zoo
But the lion broke free
She yelled out: 'Save me'
which her Hubby chose not to pursue.

# SNIPPETS (1 & 2)

When I go to the ballet I often wonder
'What do you call a male ballerina?'

You said I'd blown your mind away
but let me please explain
It's not my charm I have to say
It's down to your feather brain.

# SNIPPETS (3& 4)

I enjoy wasting time
but since I enjoy it
it can't be a crime

In winter's storms no need to curse
for should the raging winds get worse
prepare yourself and eat  beans first
and then you may the winds traverse
ensuring first you're in reverse.

# LIMERICK 91

To make a wish don't travel far
and never wish upon a star
for they have points
which poke the joints
and enter places quite bizarre.

# LIMERICKS 97, 98 and 99

There once was a lady from Fife
who led an embittered life
till dear hubby Rob
put cream on his knob
with results that soon ended her strife

And out came the dettol the rags and the wash mops
when into the loo went bladder-full Cyclops
for such was his fate
he couldn't see straight
as he plastered the floor with his plentiful peedrops

She dated a chap called Fred Bunn
and looked forward to having some fun
they went to the park
when out of the dark
along came his wife with a gun.

# I MISS YOU

I MISS YOU

I miss you.

My Swiss yew
Aye miss cue
Eye this ewe

I miss you.

# Five Seven Fives (Two)

Improved libido
Harmonised state of being
Chakras realised.

# A VISIT CANCELLED

We've always wanted to visit Kyev
A beautiful city I'm led to believe
So it's with regret that we're currently looking
To pick up the phone and cancel our booking
For there's a rumour widely quoted:
The risk is high that you'll catch covid.

# A FINE TO-DO

A FINE TO-DO

I thought I'd best vacuum the carpet
that hung on the wall in the hall
but where is the vacuum I wondered
as I sat in the milking stall.

The cow was soon feeling quite drained
'cause the bucket was full to the rim
and the hunter went off on the hunt
and the pig thought he needed a trim.

Whilst mixing the oats in the bucket
the huntsman's gun made a loud roar
a cat lost its life and amid all the strife
the porridge sprayed over the floor.

As the pig tucked into the splatter
the cats grave was dug in the moss
the vacuum was found asleep on the ground
and the carpenter whittled a cross.

The vacuum sucked up all the shavings
that the carpenter left on the floor
and the pig went off to the barbers
as he had many times before.

# SPECSAVERS CHALLENGE

Roses are red
Your eyes are green
And with their cross-thread
They survey every scene

# ONCE

Every morning catch the tube
a corner seat,
a book to read
all the way to Cannon Street
in City clobber
furled umbrella
pin striped trousers
and a bowler
til the eighties changed the scene
the City gent no longer seen.

# VIEWS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF FENCE

VIEWS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF FENCE

Nearly every day the site carries poetry in praise of religion but I can't recall seeing anything written from a humanist perspective so I thought I'd reverse the trend if only for one day with these shorties which come to me in fits and starts. There is no offence intended any more than offence is intended by the religious poets who contribute here.

1)
Humanist views are rarely defended
so that believers can't claim they're offended.

(2)
The bible is true
Oh! But not the parables
Subtle cherry picking

(3)
For all the good things, praise be to god
but not the bad things, now isn't that odd.

(4)
Why do they quote from
a book of assertions
when asked for the facts?

(5)
Christian, non-Christian
believer, non-believer

religious, non-religious
So derogatory
So negative.

Humanist, non-Humanist
agnostic, non-agnostic
atheist, non-atheist
that's better

(And note the capital 'H' )

# LIMERICKS 100 101 & 102

A chef was busy cooking today
inside his Italian themed cafe
when all of a sudden
he fell in the oven
and sad to say he's now pasta way.

An incontinent ghost called Barny Boo
was regularly seen upon the loo

but one day while sitting
and non-stop shitting

he turned inside out disappearing from view.

A randy young lass called Teddy
got out her doll called Freddy
she jumped on his front
with a groan and a grunt
and his winky went soft like spaghetti.

# HEAR THE SOUND

HEAR THE SOUND

Short poem with rhyme pattern in front of each line
(in ABBA format). Harder to write than I anticipated.

Hear the sound as
Pain recedes and
Rain falls softly
Clear and sparkling

# ROSES ARE RED

ROSES ARE RED
(Developed from earlier comments)

Roses are red
Your eyes are green
And with their cross-thread
They survey every scene

Roses are red
they love horses poo
and I've heard it said
that so do you too.

Roses are red
Your eyes are grey
And when we're in bed
They go any which way

Roses are red
Your eyes are green
They reside on your head
With a nose in between

Roses are red
Violets are violet
You're welcome in my bed
Should you desire it.

# 575s (2)

Improved libido
Harmonised state of being
Chakras realised.

# LIMERICKS 103 104 & 105

A zoo keeper known as  Vince,
an easy young man to convince,
heard a lion plea:
'Please help me break free'
so he did and he's not been seen since.

There was a young lady called Mary
who thought that she was a fairy
so she went on the swings
and flapped her wings
and she fell like a dead canary.

There was an old man called Ernie Shed
who stayed one day in his beddy, bed, bed
It was not by design
that he lay there supine
for poor Ernie Shed was deady, dead, dead.

# GARTREE PRISON

(This poem is about a meeting recently held to consider a considerable expansion to the prison. It was written to accompany an article about the meeting which is to appear in the next edition of the local magazine. The helicopter reference alludes to a famous escape by two prisoners by helicopter a few years back)

Councillors, Public and Prison Reps flock to
consider the reason
to increase the prison
but as voting continues the Councillors adopt to
veto the plans
with unanimous hands
and so losing the vote the Prison Reps opt to
make good their escape in a helicopter.

# LIMERICKS 106, 107 and 108

When he passed away dear Bill Rownd
departed for hell deep underground
and although it's hot
it troubled him not
for he wanted to be where the fun's to be found.

A health food fanatic called Ivy Malone
Had long pubic hair which you cannot condone
for it grew and grew
and poked out on view
but it worried her not for 'twas fresh and home grown.

A renowned wind player called Matt
when playing for fun found that
to some folks dismay
he could add to his play
by including the sound of his farts in b flat.

# 575s (3, 4, and 5)

Self indulgences
Grossly hypocritical
Ignoring the rules.

Humours unbalanced
Acute melancholia
Spirits may yet rise.

Water lily clouds
Winter ferns in slow decay
Lands of winter hue.

# IT?S HARD DOING NOTHING AT ALL

It's hard doing nothing at all
even though passion is undiminished.
How do you know if you've got it right
and how do you know when you are finished?

# LIMERICKS 109, 110 and 111

A baker called Moody Meg Flynn
Committed an unpardonable sin
When she started to welter
her kind hearted helper
With an un-floured rolling pin

While seeking a life soothing chakra
he damaged a low hanging knacker
and when wailing in pain
He did it again
and he's now got no use for Viagra.

Belief in the bible is due for review
So here's a thought which I pass to you:
It's really quite tribal
To rely on the bible
To use as proof that the bible is true.

# LIMERICKS  111, 112 and 113

When a parking problem emerges
to all motorists what I would urge is
 before disembarking
check out your parking
and ensure you've not parked on the verges.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
It was made out of bricks and was very tall
And when he fell
He cracked his shell
And he scrambled his brain I seem to recall.

There was a young lady from Clapham
who behaved like an Essex Madame.
Her big boob implants
reached out in advance
how I wish I'd the courage to whack 'em.

# WE?RE GOING SHOPPING

We're going shopping, I insist
that we make out a shopping list
and on it please put lemon curd
yes lemon curd, you've not misheard.

What goes on within your head
you took it literally what I said
and spread it on and that's absurd
for now I cannot read a word.

# FIRES UNLIT

Rekindle memories where you've not been
on your way to nowhere else
with nothing each side and nothing between
travelling forward in reverse
there's so much to see and there's so little seen.

# ODDITIES (1)

On feet and bum they shuffle for miles
which prompts me to ask: 'do penguins have piles?'

# ODDITIES (2)

I cycled into the country today
'Recyle Recycle' I hear them say
so I recycled back the very same way

# NOR MOURNING TO MAKE

NOR MOURNING TO MAKE

The clock ticking ticking
the firewood crackling
no time for sorrow
nor mourning to make.

There's stock to be fed
and muck to be spread
cloth to be dyed
and the waggon needs decking

Psalms to be written
the bells need ringing
bread to be baked
wine to be served and a funeral cake

The clock ticking ticking
the firewood crackling
no time for sorrow
nor mourning to make.

# ODDITIES (3 4 & 5)

People in glasses should learn to swim
Long before water is poured therein.

I'll not quote you verbatim
infra dignitatem

Gather round I'll tell no lie,
money talks, it says: 'Goodbye'.

# ODDITIES (6)

I've just been told for what it's worth
(though the Church of England would never admit it)
Cockneys were first to inhabit the earth
Now would you ever Adam and Eve it?

# FEELINGS BEFORE FACTS

A sense of entitlement
obscuring enlightenment.

Feelings before facts
on others impacts.

Fantasy before reality
an affront to morality.

Social cohesion
in decline and division.

Taking offence
at others expense.

# ODDITIES (7&8)

ODDITIES (7&8)

Never regret the things you've done,
regret getting caught 'cause it ain't much fun.

When I travel by plane
the crew goes insane.
They show no respect
and fail to accept
tht when I am jaded
I sleep better naked.

# A DARKSOME PLACE

A DARKSOME PLACE

A darksome, dank, unbreathing place
where angels feet no longer tread
and rushes stand to cut the stars
reflected in a silent pool
soon lost among the lily leaves.

As ghost bells chime the future falls
way back beyond the start of time.

In this domain she lies upon
a bed of rushes, reeds, and grass
her aging limbs exhausted now
and to this world in sultry tones
she mouths her last goodbye.

# LIMERICKS 115, 116 and 117

When the body starts buckling
and hip joints start crumbling
consider meditation
It'll be your salvation
You'll find that it's better than doing nothing.

Up for some fun a randy young wag
fancied a lass and asked for a shag
but when his hands strayed
he was most dismayed
to find that the lass was a man dressed in drag.

Fly tippers are banned which I find quite funny
and I hope you don't think this doesn't become me
but if you should do
please think it all through
and tell me where flies go to spend all their money.

# LIMERICK 118

There was a magician called Old Wally Wix
who really was as thick as bricks
so to unclog the fog
he got a new dog
and it taught Old Wally a host of new tricks.

# LIMERICK 119

The toilet chain was such a treat
It's something I miss now its obsolete
its such a shame
the demise of the chain
when swinging it always denoted 'warm seat'

# LIMERICK 120

No one to kiss and wish 'Good night'
all alone in the fading light
time for bed
and rest my head
with only Alexa to say 'Sleep tight'

# IF YOU CAN?T TELL

IF YOU CAN'T TELL

If you can't tell what you don't know
then when it's time to say farewell
he'll call on you and ring your bell
and as he leaves he'll say hello.

But if you think he's in disguise
it well could be that this poor guy's
gone and shrunk and now's so small
he might as well not be at all.

# HER LAST RESTING PLACE

HER LAST RESTING PLACE

The croak of a rook
from beyond the brook
as the sun breaks through
turning hoar frost to dew.

In weak morning rays
an old mattock lays
by the newly dug space
her last resting place.

# WHAT IS IT?

TWHAT IS IT?

You may have watched this stripy birdy
speculating what it might be.
Help's at hand let me explain:
it emanates from sunny Spain.

And I've just seen it somewhere written
it's settled here in drizzly Britain
dining out on cheddar cheese
and fish and chips and garden peas.

The cock assumes frankfurter shape,
the hen is rounded  like a grape,
it whistles with sardonic wit:
the Greater Rainbowed Sausage Tit

# FIVE SEVEN FIVES (2) - 1

A susurration
Ribbons of lingering day
lonely sighing nights.

# FIVE SEVEN FIVES (2) - 2

Large gin and tonic
Pencil paper and deckchair
Poet's paradise

# SO AM I WRONG?

SO AM I WRONG?

My wife says she is always right
and I am always wrong
and so I said to her today
in gentle tones and most contrite
'tis true my dear you're always right'.

# LIMERICK 121

A loose jointed fella called Freddie McLane
swivelled his head after snorting cocaine
but this was quite dumb
'cause the smell from his bum
made him swivel it all the way back round again

# AN UPDATE

Hi all

Sorry this is not a poem and probably breaks all the rules but I wanted to provide an update to all those on MPS who have sent their kind wishes and condolences over the past few weeks. Sadly after a long battle with Kidney cancer over 10 years, Jeanne, my dear wife of 58 years passed away on the 27th October. I nursed her through her illness and was by her side right up to the end.

I am now beginning to get my life back on track and hope to start posting more poetry in the next week or so and look forward to being in contact again..

# ECO WARRIOR

(1)
When I fart in bed, therein
I lie quite still and breathe it in
I don't complain nor mind the smell
and that I think is just as well
for surely it is really  smart:
save the planet, recycle a fart.

(2)
I've always considered myself to be an environmental curator
Whenever I boil too much water for tea I freeze the remainder for later.

# SHORELINE

SHORELINE

Flirting with the gentle winds
along the shorelines pebbled edge
amidst the clouds of ocean spray
a waving sea of whispering grass
wears a coat of  undried tears
as cliffs of hedge and coppice rise
like ghosts without a grave.

# NOWHERE TO GO

Behind her the gloom
of the woods and the shrubberies
the dark paths and the long shadows.

Before her the house
with unlit porch and bare rooms
and damp stained mouldy walls.

# ODDS AND SAUSAGES (1 & 2)

(1)
The better option, it seems to me,
is to go upstairs to do a wee.
Now some might find this quite bizarre
but a wee downstairs doesn't go as far.

(2)
Dying of thirst and wanting some grub
Out I went and walked into a pub
Why I did it heaven knows
I broke my glasses and bruised my nose.

# THE ROOF OF THE MOUTH

THE ROOF OF THE MOUTH

The roof of the mouth is something I
rate highly and I'll tell you why:
it stops the brain from falling south
and ending up inside the mouth.

# FOOTBALL PUNDITS

FOOTBALL PUNDITS

Football pundits only use
The present tense and I suppose
they never ever went to school
- they use the past tense not at all.

You cannot say they're erudite
in fact they're really not that bright
describing games played yesterday
as if the games were still in play.

# WITHIN

A form of my own: the Edreflect and the rules are as follows:  it comprises of a single six line stanza with eight syllables in each line (octosyllabic)  and with a rhyme pattern of ABCCBA. In other words the first and last lines rhyme (A), the second and fifth lines rhyme (B) and the middle two lines rhyme(C), The following is one of my poems written in that form:

WITHIN

But little modified by time
and planted there by ancient hand
the wrinkled trunks of oak and yew
still etched with vows when love was new
in leprous isolation stand
behind the walls where church bells chime.

# ODDS AND SAUSAGES (3 )

They talk about babies born out of wedlock
and for some this will come as a shock,
well they're right to be shocked for it has to be said
that babies are far too young to wed.

# LIMERICKS 121, 122 & 123

LIMERICKS 121, 122 & 123

A loose jointed fella called Freddie McLane
swivelled his head after snorting cocaine
but this proved quite dumb
for the smell from his bum
made him swivel it all the way back round again.

Regardless of whether you're young or aging
accept every challenge without disengaging
so in every event
give 100 percent
unless, of course,  it's  your blood you're donating.

A leap frog champion, Freddie McVay
was looking for somewhere to leap frog last May
but sadly his quest
gave rise to unrest
when he tried to leap frog in a mosque down our way.

# WHERE THE BALLS OF HELL HANG LOW

WHERE THE BALLS OF HELL HANG LOW

You pull the strings the puppet moves
and takes you to the darkest path
where blood's avenged by blood that's spilt
and flows to where the dead lie still.

As ravens caw to moaning winds
with no melodic charm displayed
their throated song ? a mournful hymn
and fear alone becomes the wraith,

In intervals of quietude
within the light of day  revealed
the scabs of memory are plucked
when twilight interregnum rules.

# HAIKUS ARE EASY

HAIKUS ARE EASY

Haikus are easy
Anyone can write haikus
My ones are outstand.....

....

# SOUND ADVICE

SOUND ADVICE

Mary had a little lamb
she also had some sprouts
she shared her meal with brother Sam
when he came home from scouts.

The meat got stuck in Mary's teeth
she used a small tooth pick
and put the pickings underneath
her skirt and got a  kick.

It came from brother Samuel
who thought it wasn't nice
and so on him it thus befell
to give her sound advice:

'If food gets stuck its best to leave
the table straight away
where bits of food you can retrieve
 avoiding fuss and tooth decay'.

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# SPILT FOOD

SPILT FOOD

Those without dogs pick it up under  protest

so do those with one but after its processed

# ARCHERY CLASSES

ARCHERY CLASSES

'Archery classes' said the sign on the door
Sounds good I thought ? I'd not tried it before.
So plucking up courage I enquired therein
And asked how much and when could I begin.
'If you've got the time and feel prepared
You can start right now' said the concierge.
'You're bound to enjoy it that's for sure
just follow the arrows on the floor'.
So off I went and found the room
Where every day from 10 till noon
Mr Fletcher's class begins
And Mr Fletcher pulls the strings
But If I were the truth to tell
I'd have to admit I didn't do well
Sadly somehow I failed to deliver
Which left me exhausted and all aquiver.
So feeling strung up I left the class
And decided I'd give the classes a pass.

# FIVE 575s

Quiet susurration
ribbons of lingering day
lonely sighing nights.

Lonely sighing nights.
ribbons of lingering day
the stars start to shine

Large gin and tonic
pencil paper and deckchair
poet's paradise.

Mutters in corners
Fomenter of discontent
Someone to avoid.

Rubber stretchiness
protuberant  countenance
gurnifications.

# MORE SHORTIES (1-3)

## He only lives a stone's throw away

and suffers concussion every day.

My curiosity has quite a thirst
so I ordered an egg and a chicken on line
to see which one would arrive here first.

As I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death
I start to tremble and hold my breath
and question my judgement for perhaps
I should never have relied on Google Maps

# MORE SHORTIES (4-7)

In a supermarket car park a friend of mine
couldn't recall where he'd parked his car.
He kept on lamenting: 'It can't be far',
forgetting he'd done all his shopping on line.

It seems to me
that that you cannot deny
there are far more planes down in the sea
than submarines in the sky

She was 55 thousand years of age
and with nothing in common we couldn't engage
It was all my fault so I can't complain
and I'll not go carbon dating again.

If you remember the Ying Tong song
you must be old and you haven't got long
before its time for you to go
so get prepared and  iddle your fo.

# FOUR 575s

Imagination
unconventionality
amelioration.

Fixed point of view
by censorious design
the blind do not see.

Posh lobby fodder
lip service politicians
tory Government.

When Thieves fall out
the devil enjoys a feast
schadenfreude indeed.

# THYME FOR SOME SHORTIES

THYME FOR SOME SHORTIES

Time for thyme I must conclude
It's super good for flavouring food.

I bringed, I brung, I brought
I drews, I  drawn  I draw
I knows I knowed you know
I sawed, I seen,  I saw.'

I skiddles, I skiddled, I skid
I bidded, I bade , I bid
I dressled, I drest, I dressed
I done it yes I did.

I bought a jack-in-the-box, I saw it advertised
The darn thing didn't work , why am I not surprised.

I decided I'd donate my body to science
so off I went for professional  guidance.
The practitioner said he admired my courage
then haughtily added 'you'll have to  pay postage'.

# ROUND, SQUARE, TRIANGLES

ROUND, SQUARE, TRIANGLES

Why are pizzas round?
Why do they come in square boxes
Were they invented by women ? the logic is surely not sound

Why are pizzas round?
Why are they eaten in triangles
Were they invented by women ? the logic only serves to confound.

# MORE OF THE DISSIMILAR

MORE OF THE DISSIMILAR

Overlapping speech
A cacophony of sound
Whispers go unheard

The oven is fired
dough is kneaded and rising
the smell of fresh bread

Fresh scents soon invade
As flowers open slowly
Pollen dust follows.

# Nuggets - Brainwashed

BRAINWASHED
Sad to say that America's  awash
With mothers and fathers, sons and daughters
Who all declare they're Trump supporters
The smaller the brain the easier to wash.

# NUGGETS: THE NAME'S JAMES BOND

THE NAME'S BOND, JAMES BOND
James Bond was not a very good spy
And as for the reason I'll tell you why
Its really quite simple and it's because
He insisted on saying  who he was.

# WINTER SOLSTICE

Now don't you know
Only six months to go
To no one's delight
Before the dark nights
Start back at the beginning
And start closing in

# FROM BOW TIE TO AGLETS

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  Humpty Dumpty had a great fall  All of his clothes from bow tie to aglets  Got caught in the brambles I seem to recall

# A COUPLE MORE

BORN YESTERDAY
Despite what many people say
I certainly wasn't born yesterday
My birth certificate makes it clear
I've been around for many a year!

MAYO NEIGHS
He calls his horse Mayo ? it isn't a crime
for your information
the explanation:
the old nag annoyingly neighs all the time

# The Edimpost (by two)

THE EDIMPOST

(1)

As I took the road to nowhere
I stopped to ponder
what lies yonder
and how long it would take me to get there.

(2)

Cutting toenails is hard so I've found
and it seems to me
how much easier 'twould be
if the knees were the other way round.

The Edimpost. A form of my own consisting of a single four line stanza with a rhyme sequence of ABBA in which the first line makes a statement and the following lines offer impossible or implausible commentary.

# THE UNIT OF YONK

THE UNIT OF YONK

Someone today said: ' it's yonks since we met',
and casting my mind back I have to regret
that I cannot recall the last time I heard
that undefined baffling quite absurd word!

Is there someone out there to volunteer
to describe the word in language quite clear?
But if no one comes forward to offer a clue
here's a few questions I pose for you.

Could it be that yonks are considered numeric
and measured in imperial or in metric?
Are they milliyonks or microyonks when they're divided
or yonkettes, or yonklings; I need to be guided.

How many yonks (if time related)
have passed since time was first created?
How many yonks in a lifetime's a thought
its something at school that is never taught.

How many yonks in a month could there be?
or months in a yonk thinking conversely
Could it be that they're measured in years although
that's only a rumour from yonks ago.

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# NURSERY MIS-RHYMES

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water
When they got there
To their despair
There wasn't a pail in sight.
And it's well renowned
That water flows down
Jack and Jill were not that bright.

Roses are red
Your eyes are green
They reside in your head
With a nose in between.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
All his clothes from bow tie to aglets
Got caught in the brambles I seem to recall

Roses are red
Your eyes are green
And with their cross thread
They survey every scene.

Bert the lairy quite contrary
Why does your red nose glow
With silvery drips right down to your lips
At the sight of three maids in a row.

# THE FINAL WISH

THE FINAL WISH

When I asked her what she wanted to do
She said 'Cremation ? I've thought it through'
So I rang up the Crem.
And booked with them
An appointment for half past two.

# LIMERICKS 124 123 & 126

LIMERICKS 124 123 & 126

There was an old man from Malta
Who had a curvaceous daughter
Her body was thin
Where it went in
And stuck out wherever it oughta.

There was a young man from Bray
Who met a young girl one day
She quite understood
When he asked if he could
And  said: 'Yes you certainly may'

There was an old man called Rob
Who called his bread roll a cob
Now I'm telling you
'tis a daft thing to do
For a cob is a swan - what a knob!

# A GNATS CHUFF

A GNATS CHUFF

A pinch is a drop in a snippet
And a tad's a wee dram of a dash
A smidgeon's no more than a dollop
All lost without trace of a scrap.

# CLOSE OF DAY

CLOSE OF DAY

Inside a darkened airless room
where faded drapes deny the sun
her fingers resting on a book
she sits with feeble memories
of fading rainbows afterglow.
.

Reaching for a china cup
with chips and stains, she sips her tea
her bottle  glasses on her lap
her solace found in dull routine
as symphonies of dusk play slow.

# DARK LIGHT OF NIGHT

DARK LIGHT OF NIGHT

The sun is bright but try as I might
I'm more inclined to the dark of night
For I love the moon which makes its mark
By giving us light whenever it's dark
But the sun, sad to say, is not so bright
it only comes out whenever its light.

# OOPS

OOPS

Pete was on his motorbike
And Ruth was on the back
Pete hit a bump at 90
And left Ruth on the track.

# ABROGATIONS OF INTELLECT

ABROGATIONS OF INTELLECT

Raised on cultural conditioning;
and indulging  not empirical learning.

Raised on false questions
of arbitrary faiths created with feathers.

Dreaming on pillows of chimerical heaven
I posit not their designer gods

# SHE AGREES

SHE AGREES.

Very dark
Still night
Gentle restless murmur of the waves
Sky meets sea with no definition
House lights
Twinkling sparkling
Disclose land
Along coast

Jetty waits
Walking slowly
Descending the hill to the shoreline
the old wooden breakwater awaits them
Standing there
Silently gazing
Looking down
Eyes unseeing

Black sea
Gently heaving
Darkness and mystery the senses stimulated
Hand in hand slowly returning home
Her instincts
Proposal imminent
Proposal made
She agrees.

# LIMERICKS 127, 128 and 129

LIMERICKS 127, 128 and 129

There was an old man called Michael
who had to use cream antiviral
but boy did he curse
when his problem got worse
after going out nude on his cycle.

There was an old dog called Scruffy
who was bursting to pee so much he
cocked his leg high
and aimed for the sky
'til it rained yellow rain in Kentucky.

There was an old lady called Sally
who went to work in the alley
she soon caught the eye
of a gent who passed by:
one more to add to her tally.

# SHE WAS ALONE

SHE WAS ALONE

The house remained silent
and time slowly passed:
she was now all alone.

With no means of escape
as the piercing winds raged
the house remained silent.

The scars that she bore
were deep and were wide
and time slowly passed.

His hurtful words whispered
pierced deep in her heart:
she was now all alone.

# IN YORKSHIRE

IN YORKSHIRE

The distant thrum of beating wings
as summer wakes
in guilty shades of flushing red
which seeps through glass and winters grime
and into rooms where people dine
In the land of the eating of cheese with the cake.

# THE CARELESS CARPENTER

THE CARELESS CARPENTER

She said 'Mend the door' ? I duly obeyed
and commenced the task quite undismayed
but when chiselling away like a frenzied demonic
I cut my thumb and the pain was chronic
I shouted out 'Christ' ? and that was ironic
for Christ it is said was good at his trade.

# NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE

'Nothing's impossible' I've heard said
but let me tell you
it just ain't true
I've not done a thing since I got out of bed,

# UNKNOWN FACTS

UNKNOWN FACTS

Sit down, calm down, chill out, relax
delight in the following unknown facts:

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

An interesting list and I suppose
that none of my readers ever knew those

# LATEST COUPLETS

LATEST COUPLETS

If you want to watch the deep sea divers
first switch on the submarine's wipers.

It's a truth little known, it has to be said.
the taller you are, the longer in bed.

As garage doesn't rhyme with stage
so language doesn't rhyme with gauge.

Often exuded most discrete
our farts are the ghosts of what we eat.

# LIMERICK 130

There was an old man called Rowe
who went for a walk in the snow
and despite what's oft said
his nose didn't turn red
but boy did it make his balls glow.

# LIMERICK 131

Stanley my Dachshund went for the chop
and out came the scalpel ready to lop
his magnificent lobes
now turned into globes
and ready for display on the Christmas tree top.

# UNLESS CONFIDENTIAL

Okay it's true I must admit it
I get everything wrong when first I type it
so as from now, unless confidential,
all that I type will be typed in pencil.

# LIMERICK 133

My poor friend Mildred was doubled in pain
And the reason was simple let me explain:
the rain it was pissing
the cover was missing
and poor dearest Mildred got swept down the drain.

# LIMERICK 132

Another of Teddy's unfortunate blunders:
when she purchased some seasonal jumpers
with Christmas motif
but much to her grief
they wouldn't stretch over her bountiful bumpers,

# IT?S A?CUMMIN

IT'S A'CUMMIN

Christmas is coming once again
I'll keep my mouth shut ? I'll not complain
at least I'm ready and the shopping's all done
and the sprouts are peeled ? every one

I've dinged my dong and I've jingled my bells
the house is pervaded with Christmas smells
and out of weakness I did concur
to purchase some frankincense and myrrh

I've hung some mistletoe over the door
but that's enough and I'll do no more
so please don't ask me to deck my hall
or I'll deck the lot of you one and all.

# AND THE PAST TENSE IS: AWAKE

AND THE PAST TENSE IS: AWAKE

I'm told the past tense of asleep is slept
but that's a contention I cannot accept
I hope you don't think I'm being a bore
but a past tense is something that's happened before
so may I suggest it must be a mistake
for before I was asleep I was wide awake.

# IT SEEMS TO ME

IT SEEMS TO ME

It can't be right it seems to me
Why do they spell sea 's' 'e' 'a' and yet pronounce it 'c' ?

Many swim and do a pee
so will you kindly explain to me why there is no 'p' in sea.

# THIS CHRISTMAS

This Christmas I'm going to Lapland to see
the lap dancers dancing just for me.

# CHRISTMAS WISHES

Christmas wishes I express
to everyone here at MPS
Have a good time and plenty of cheer
and keep wielding the pen in the coming year

# DOGS AND DIETS

DOGS AND DIETS

A dog is not just for Christmas
a dog is something to commit us

with a diet you must persevere
not just at the start of the year

unless of course that is you are
happy to stay as fat as you are.

# LIMERICKS 134 & 135

LIMERICKS 134 & 135

There was a young lady called Mildred
whose husband was Scottish and kilted
and under his kilt
to his chagrin and guilt
his vitals were withered and wilted.

There was a young lady called Rapunzel D Sykes
who climbed up the tower to the dizzying heights
but when trapped at the top
with a vertical drop
she climbed down the ladder she kept in her tights.

# UNKNOWN TO MAN

UNKNOWN TO MAN

The church where raucous rooks proclaim
the scene surveyed by mournful eyes,
with watery sun on frost glazed slates
as winter fans its gaping maw.

Midst lancing slits of piercing light
and sharpened blades of frosted sward
where ghosts and ghouls and spectres haunt
a mattock lies near fresh dug land.

Interred beneath the stones of death
a deep and darkened resting place,
as parchment sealed with sealing wax
her secrets still unknown to man.

First proclaimed by hue and cry
and now the lonely scaffold stained
with blood which streamed
in innocence a soul now lost.

Across the square of cobbled stone
her fate discussed in taverns deep
by men who wear a different hood
and spurn the kiss of grace.

# LOST WALLET

LOST WALLET
On losing his wallet my friend said to me
I've not found it yet but I know where 'twill be:
it'll be in the last place that I explore'
- a fatuous comment I chose to ignore -
for who would continue searching around
when the wallet that's lost is already found.

# No2 FROM 'ANOTHER COLLECTION'

She bought a prosthetic leg on line,
so far so good and every things fine;
but it didn't stop there - here comes the killer
she gave it to me as a stocking filler.

# LIMERICK 136

LIMERICK 136

'Powdered Water for Sale' it said in the ad'
so I purchased a packet but boy was I mad
the instruction on the label
failed to detail
whatever it is that you have to add.

# Clean Bed from 'ANOTHER COLLECTION'

Clean Bed from 'ANOTHER COLLECTION'

I saw a toilet in my dream
but things in dreams are not what they seem
and never wanting to abuse it
I'm pleased to say I didn't use it

# IF I RETURN WHEN I AM DEAD

IF I RETURN WHEN I AM DEAD

A canines life to me seems great
of this there can be no debate
so in the next life I'd commend
returning as man's four legged friend.

With lots of walkies and plenty to eat
and if you're good you get a treat,
a warm cosy basket to sleep in all day
and plenty of toys with which to play.

There's nothing else that can compete
with a dog
.....or a ladies bicycle seat.

# EN PLEIN AIR

EN PLEIN AIR

I jumped out of bed ? I was wide awake
and decided I would make a cake
and despite the weather ? what did I care?
I decided to make it en plein air.

I mixed the ingredients
enjoying the experience
but soon the rain decided to fall
and spoiled the mixture I recall.
I thought some rude words left better unsaid
rolled up my sleeves and made gravy instead.

# LIMERICKS 137, & 138

LIMERICKS 137, & 138

From tinniest tiddlers to biggest of whales
Can fishes sing? Do they know their scales?
is the audience hooked?
and whenever they're booked
do they stand on the stage erect on their tails?

Resplendently stood Samantha Sheen
in the prettiest dress I've ever seen
It tumbled and twirled
it surged and it swirled
in a sumptuous shade of stagnant green.

# No1 from JANUARY WRITES

No1 from JANUARY WRITES

I can make omelettes without breaking an egg
Now don't just sit there scratching your head
Let me assure that there is nothing to it
simply ask your partner to do it ,

# THE FRYER

THE FRYER

In the monastery kitchen
in a break with tradition
was a man cooking chips
with a fag in his lips

I was moved to enquire
if he was a friar
To which he replied
with consummate pride:

'That suggestion's untrue
it's one to debunk.
Please let me tell you
I'm a noble chip monk'

# No.3 from JANUARY WRITES

No.3 from JANUARY WRITES

'Twas the first of his poems that I had seen
and I found it a very intriguing rhyme.
The opening word sure set the scene
and the final word was quite sublime
but I didn't care much for the words in between.

# No.2 from JANUARY WRITES

No2 from JANUARY WRITES

When I asked 'Will you marry me?'
'No' said she
'for all the tea in China your wife I'll not be'.

'twas a strange reply it seemed to me'
for there is no 'T' in China
but there is a very big 'C'

# 1,2, &  3  from 575s and 57577s

1,2, &  3  from 575s and 57577s

A place to ponder
with vast views across mountains
in silence and peace.

Dry stone walls which dip
in valleys like arteries
lead the roving eye
to follow unending scenes
which time does not extinguish.

Earliest autumn
idyllic meditations
warm and benign days.

# LIMERICKS 139, & 140

LIMERICKS 139, & 140

There was a young dog called Stanley
who was full of life and quite randy
but he had the chop
'twas a painful lop
and now he's not feeling so manly.

If, having attended a lip filler session,
you hate the result of the dermal injection
there's a sure fire way
you can save the day:
simply cover your lips with a nose hair extension.

# LIMERICK 141

LIMERICK No 141

When she took to the veil I didn't chastise her
I tried to be friendly, I tried to advise her
but she persisted
and once enlisted
she was given the name of Nun The Wiser.

# No1 from MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

No1 from MORE OF THE DIFFERENT
(My latest collection of shorties)

Nothing for dinner yesterday
and nothing for dinner tonight
I thought I'd made enough for two days
but I'm starving so something's not right.

# No2 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

No2 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

There's no 'D' in fridge or so I've heard said
and there's sure ain't one in mine
but I've got a packet of garden 'P's'
and a bottle of wine instead.

# No3 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

No3 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

I thought I'd write a book but such was my luck
for the subject I chose was glue
and on chapter one I got hopelessly stuck
for I'd failed to think it all through

# No5 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

No5 From MORE OF THE DIFFERENT

With a face like a lozenge in a strange shade of orange
He looks very odd ? he's strangely complexioned
and just like an orange he ought to be sectioned.

# TEETOTAL

TEETOTAL

Alcoholism strikes many fears
a terrible condition I tried to combat
I was teetotal for 15 years
but my 16th birthday changed all that.

# ACUPUNCTURE

ACUPUNCTURE

Hers was such an awful plight.
she was so upset that she cried.

She underwent acupuncture last night
and sadly her voodoo doll died

# EAT CAKE

EAT CAKE

To make people happy ain't easy it seems
but it's a piece of cake to piss them all off.

Now that may be true in most of life's schemes
but I'll keep eating cake and continue to scoff.

# 575s and 57577s (1)

575s and 57577s (1)

A place to ponder
views across tall mountains
in silence and peace.

Dry stone walls which dip
in valleys like arteries
lead the roving eye
to follow unending scenes
which time does not extinguish.

Earliest autumn
idyllic meditations
warm and benign days.

# 575s and 57577s (2)

575s and 57577s (2)

The sun, sea and sand
Somnolent basking bodies
risking well being.

Proximity of events
whistles shouts and cries
a place of pleasure
a hive of activity
invading my solitude.

Once entertaining
novel and wondrous joys
now thought archaic.

# LIMERICK 142

The howling wind blows strong today
and on the lawn where children play
a caravan is lying flat
and that is very odd is that
we didn't have one yesterday.

# THE DOUGHNUT BEE

THE DOUGHNUT BEE

'Neath orange trees and a tangerine sky
a giant bee was passing by.

Now a giant bee I'd not before seen
whilst a fly sized cow is quite routine

'Did you see the bee?', they asked of me
'Of course' I said 'I saw the bee'.

My friend is a pilot on a fly sized cow
and she saw it too and she said 'Wow'.

# THE FACTORY SETTING

THE FACTORY SETTING

Botox and face lifts; why do they do it?
they look pretty naff but they won't admit it
and sadly for them there's no regretting
for you can't revert back to the factory setting.

# MISSING PHOTOS

MISSING PHOTOS

Displayed in albums widely owned
in sepia tinted monochrome
captured images displayed
affixed with mounts upon each page
all tucked away and rarely seen
with memories lost in gaps between.

Michael Edwards (c) September 2025

# LIMERICKS 142, 143 & 144

The howling wind blows strong today
and on the lawn where children play
a caravan is lying flat
and that is very odd is that
I hadn't got one yesterday.

An influencer working hard n line
failed miserably and had to resign
he had little impact
he was useless in fact
like a fart in a gale force nine

There is an old man in Chippenham
whose eyebrows have a great dip in them
they sweep down his nose
where little else grows
but it does makes it easy for trimming 'em.

# LIMERICKS 148, 149 &150

LIMERICKS 148, 149 & 150

There was an old man with one eye
Who decided to make apple pie
But sadly the crust
all crumbled to dust
which made his one eye start to cry

There was a young lass called Jemima
who fancied herself as a rhymer
so she got out her pen
stabbed her finger which then
crushed her hopes as a rhymer designer

There was a young lass called Mandy
Who was known to be incredibly randy
she thought up a plan
to entice a young man
to practice her modus operandi.

# LIMERICKS 151, 152 & 153

LIMERICKS 151, 152 & 153

There was an old man called lee
addicted was he to hot tea
but when dunking a bag
he met up with a snag
when it burst and the leaves were set free.

There was an old lady called Smelly Nelly
who went to bed wearing both her wellies
and such was the stench
it made your cheeks clench
and it turned the wax candles to jelly.

There was an old lass called shaby Gabby
Who's hair was long and straggly and shaggy
it fell past her shoulders
which stuck out like boulders
and swept past her boobs which were craggy and saggy.

# KINTSUGI

KINTSUGI

Repairing the old
broken pieces joined with gold
a joy to behold.

# BUTTERED SIDE DOWN

If your toast always falls with its butter side downward
here is a tip that you'll not have encountered:

get out the butter and when it's applied
try buttering the toast on the other side.

# AUTUMN RETURN

AUTUMN RETURN
Against the thin autumnal skies
a bell rings from a profiled tower
as boys emerge in haste.

Multi-coloured clothing shed
by naked trees in filigree
is kicked and crunched by black-laced shoes
where brambles threaten red chaffed legs
along the hidden path to home

Opaque streams of drifting smoke
point to bonfires newly lit
where men in caps dig sodden soil
to sounds of stainless steel in clay
beyond the hedge where boys pass by.

With muddied shoes and tousled hair
the unseen boys materialize
on tarmacadamed roads to home.

# ODD AND ODDER (1)

Even is in seven - that's odd I admit it,
overt is in covert ? but not all can see it.

# ODD AND ODDER (2)

ODD AND ODDER (2)

Oh such tribulations and trials
I've gone and swallowed some scrabble tiles
and much to everybody's amusement
I'm now experiencing a strange vowel movement
and the consequences that follow hereafter?
My trip to the loo could spell out disaster.

# ODD AND ODDER (3)

ODD AND ODDER (3)
I have a pet tree which is precious to me
I take it for walks in the park
it sways on the lead in the cool evening breeze
and it barks an inaudible bark. it.

# THE SAD TALE OF THE KANGAROO

THE SAD TALE OF THE KANGAROO

So the animals went in two by two
but what about the kangaroo
for there could be no guarantee
that they could hop across the sea
so did they fly or did they swim
the likelihood is somewhat slim
that ever they boarded Noah's ark
nor did they ever disembark
for it is of course a well known fact
there are no kangaroos in Ararat.

# THE NOT SO SAD STORY OF THE RABBITS

The animals went on two by two
you've never seen such a motley crew
they berthed at Ararat and then
the rabbits alighted ten by ten.

# PROBLEM SOLVED

PROBLEM SOLVED

A spaceship landed on the lawn
out stepped some aliens all forlorn.
When the Border Official said, uneasily,
'I can't let you stay, you're here illegally,
you'll have to re-route and fly to Rwanda!'
at which the aliens downcast Commander
said 'Please not that, don't penalise us,
we'll come quietly, we'll get on the bus
and make our way to an asylum hotel
where we can settle and peacefully dwell.
while you hunt the gangs and break their cartel.
But the Official replied 'Their location's unknown
and your presence here we cannot condone',
at which the Commander, in pleading tone,
said, 'Please I implore you don't send us home,
and if you'll allow us here to reside
I'll disclose to you where the traffickers hide:
they stay on a planet way up in the stars
in a big red house on the planet Mars.
And this gave the official a great idea
a panacea,
to solve the problems of immigration
which are causing such problems across the nation,
by knocking  the idea of Rwanda on the head
they could send all migrants to Mars instead.

# ODD AND ODDER (4)

ODD AND ODDER (4)

The road behind is yesterday and forms our history,
the road ahead is tomorrow and is full of hope for the future,
the road beneath us is full of potholes and horse poo.

# ODD AND ODDER (5)

ODD AND ODDER (5)

It has to be true by anyone's measures
A really good fart is one of life's pleasures.

# LIMERICK 146

LIMERICK 146

There was an old man called Nucky the Futz
whose Doctor said: 'If you've got the guts
you should take the chop
of the things that flop
and Nucky the Futz is now minus his nuts.

# LIMERICK 147

LIMERICK 147

When it rains cat's and dogs down our Lane
it gives reason for some to complain
its not the cats and dogs
but the size of their logs
which they splatter across the domain.

# A DOG FOR CHRISTMAS

A DOG FOR CHRISTMAS

My kids said they wanted a dog for Christmas
a plea which I thought was quite quirky
so I replied in tones most judicious
'The answer is no, you'll make do with turkey'

# PLAY YOUR PART

PLAY YOUR PART

Help save the planet
by playing your part
take a deep breath
recycle a fart.

# HE WEARS A PLASTER

HE WEARS A PLASTER

It's widely known that Trump is dumb
he wears a plaster on his bum
and just in case there's any doubt
it stops his brains from falling out!!
accidentally drank a bottle of invisible ink yesterday.
I'm currently in hospital, waiting

# A HEALTH HAZARD

A HEALTH HAZARD

Oh such tribulations and trials
I've gone and swallowed some scrabble tiles
and much to everyone's amusement
I'll probably suffer a vowel movement
and what I wonder will follow thereafter?
My trip to the loo could spell disaster.

# HIS SUPPORTERS

HIS SUPPORTERS

You may think my opinion is off the wall
when I say his supporters aren't brainwashed at all
but my reasoning's simple please let me explain;
you can't be brainwashed if you don't have a brain.

# LIMERICK 154

I knew an old farter called farting Heck
who failed completely to keep farts in check
he was top of the charts
with his gale force farts
and his house was dust free: not even a speck

# EMPTY

EMPTY

Empty

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empty

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gone
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# SIMPLY EXPLAINED

SIMPLY EXPLAINED

Tired of sitting on the shelf
God sent his son, who is also himself,
to save the people that he had created
as told in the Bible so clearly stated
within the scriptures included therein.
and being aware that people would sin
he enacted a plan of his own creation
of resurrection and man's salvation
so he offered his body ? that's quite a price
to pay to give blood in sacrifice.

Ah that makes it clear I must avow
I kinda think I get it now!

# THREE THREE LINERS

THREE THREE LINERS

At my barbers the floor is covered in hair
at my local garage there's oil everywhere
so why on earth is my Bank's floor bare.

I feel sorry for those whose height is restricted
and surely the reason needs no explaining
they're the last to find out whenever its raining.

My life is filled with sad contentment
Love and loss I've known them both
I'm mellowed now with no resentment.

# A FLY IN THE MASH

A FLY IN THE MASH

He'd nearly finished his mash and pie
when to his disgust he pulled out a fly
he pushed back his plate and rose from his chair
and beckoned the waitress standing near.

The waitress came over quite undeterred
as he held out the fly without saying a word
she gave him the bill and she firmly avowed
'Fly-tipping in this restaurant is never allowed.

# GUESS WHO (1)

GUESS WHO (1)

Carefully placed and stuck with gum
he wears a plaster on his bum
it's something he wouldn't be without
it stops his brains from falling out.

# GUESS WHO (2)

GUESS WHO  (2)

His head is empty as everyone knows
so take a big breath and blow up his nose
with your thumbs in his ears to control the sound
you can play the dumb blather for which he's renowned.

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# NOT DEAD YET

NOT DEAD YET

Everyone who ever died
its true to say was once alive
and it seems to me its an odds on bet
if they're still alive they ain't dead yet.

# IF I AM

IF I AM

If I'm not
and haven't been
I never ever will be

I could be now
I could be soon
and if I am you'll see me

I wasn't once
and now I am
but when I'm dead I won't be.

# I FELT SORRY

I FELT SORRY

I felt sorry for the tetrapod vertebrate
when I was informed of the poor creatures fate
for it seems he's lost his powers of seduction
having contracted reptile dysfunction.

# CAN?T SAY ?B?

CAN'T SAY 'B'

You cant say 'B'
so admit defeat
you cant say 'B'
'cause your lips don't meet.