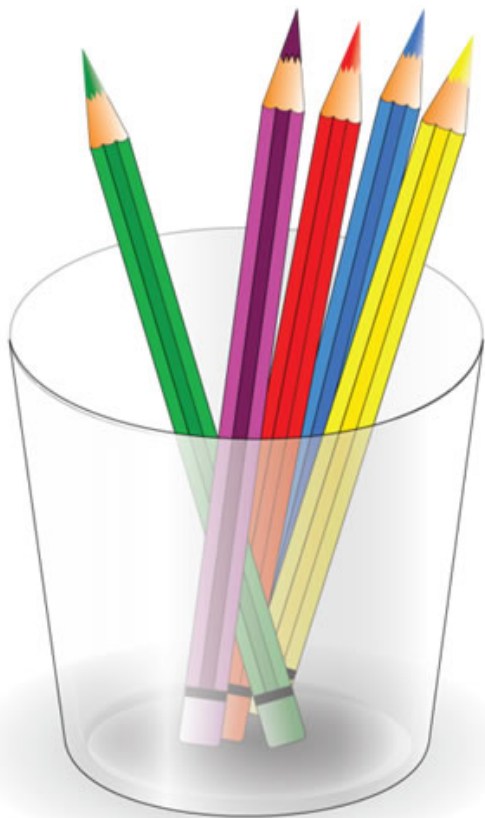


# PAINTING WITH WORDS

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 REGRETTEED

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

SUPPRESSIONS 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 URINARY 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

## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.**

## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.
<i>you think he is dim,</i>	<i>ya'll think he's dim</i>
<i>but he is</i>	<i>and he's</i>
the wit.	t'wit.

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## 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.

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## **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 Grange.

## 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.

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## 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.

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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

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## 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.

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## 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 unbecoming 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?'



## TRANSCIENCE

### » 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 Trailliee  
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 free.  
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.

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## 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).

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## 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 Trailliee  
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.

Michael Edwards © July 2017

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 budgetary 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 mewling 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 mewling 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 ebbled 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:  
'I've 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 nature's 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 nature's 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.

Today 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 &amp; 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**nequaled 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 &amp; 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 assertion  
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 &amp; 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 fourth 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 sat 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.



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## 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 armchair  
and my wife

(who sat beside me)  
started talking about  
(guess what),  
yes  
Mrs Brown  
( the gossip).

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## 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 driplugged 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  
pople 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 NONSENSE (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 NONSENSE (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 NONSENSE (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 NONSENSE (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 NONSENSE (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**xtrremely  
**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 NONSENSE (7)**

Artificial intelligence in fact and reality  
Is never a match for natural stupidity

## NOBLETS OF NONSENSE (8)

For loss of memory the Doctors stance  
was to ask for payment in advance

-----

## **NOBLETS OF NONSENSE (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.

## 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  
stealed 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 you's born, you's born  
and when you's gorn, you's 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 soon is 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    cdab
- » Line 3    bacd
- » Line 4    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  
tempranillo 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 dew 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 revered 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 bonges 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 misconstrued  
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 urmmmm doesn't work so well:  
say it out loud, it's easy to tell.

So it seems like ermmmm 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 URINARY EXTRACTION

### DISCOURSE IN URINARY EXTRACTION

I have long been fascinated  
by incessant oscillation  
which starts  
in a vision  
of the human condition.

Futile 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 earned  
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 suppressed  
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 whilst 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.

III

## 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.

#### GLUTTONY

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 but then 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** nequaled 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 creating  
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** behold. (5 iambic feet)

» TROCHAIC : Tell me **not** in **mournful** **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 knobby 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  
till 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 trceries 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.

## **DABLINGS 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.l.s.

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](http://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.