

Anthology of Fay Slimm

Fay Slimm

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

*To all my wonderful readers and friends in the poetry world with a huge Thank You for all your
encouragement and support of my work.*

About the author

There has never been in my grown-up life a time when I have not been writing - poems, short stories and even interpretations of Biblical books - yes from girlhood until this present moment I have been in love with words and their power. My thanks to all who have followed my postings of poetry and have befriended my efforts. Blessings to all who through verse try righting the wrongs of life's storms, see in nature something of great value and beautify the wonderful trait of Love - wishes for the survival of personal expression by pen and ink - - from my heart to yours. Fay Slimm.

summary

COMES AUTUMN.

For Thine

Recharging.

Time Versus Love

Shyless Rose

A DELICATE THING.

A Given Day

A Given Day.

A Given Day.

A Poet

A Secret.

A Something.

A Thought.

Abandon

ABANDON.

ABANDONMENT.

Abating

Absorbing.

Abundance

Abundance.

Abundance.

Acceptance

Action.

Addiction.

Addiction.

Adherence

Adorning

Adorning

Advancing.

Affinity.

After

AFTER SCHOOL.

After A Sip.

After Today

After Today.

Afterglow

Afterglow

Ageless

AHEAD.

AIR.

Alltogetherness.

Alltogetherness.

Allure

ALLURE.

ALLURE.

ALTERATION.

Alteration.

Altering.

An Omen.

Anchored

And Now

Anguish.

Answered.

ANTICIPATION.

Appetite

Appetite

Applause

Applause.

Apprehension

Apprehension.

APPREHENSION.

Apprehension.

Approach

Approach.

April Affair

April Calling

April's Insistence

APTITUDE.

ARDOUR.

ARE WE ?

Armed Rules

Arousal

Arousal.

Artful

Artful.

AS FORETOLD.

Asking

Asking.

Asking.

Attack

Attack

Attack.

Attack.

ATTITUDE.

Attitude.

Aurora.

Authentic.

AUTUMN COMES RUNNING.

Autumn Comes Running.

Autumn-Imbued.

AWAKENING.

Awareness

Awayness

Awayness

Awayness.

Awayness.

AWE.

Awesome

AWESOME.

AWESOME.

Back Then

Back Then

Back Then

Back Then.

BACK THEN.

Back There

Back There

Baiting.

Bargaining

Battle

Battle

Battle Lines.

Battle.

Battle.

Battles

Battles.

Battling.

Be To Me

Be To Me

Be To Me.

Be To Me.

Be To Me.

Be To Me.

Beach-Combing

Beached

Beautiful

BEAUTIFUL.

Beauty

Becoming Other

Becoming Other.

Becoming Other.

Beginning

Beginnings

BEGINNINGS.

BEGINNINGS.

BEGINNINGS.

Beginnings.

Behind and Between.

Behind and Between.

BEHIND AND BETWEEN.

Being Alive

Being Fickle.

Being Ready

Being Ready.

BEING.

Bells

Best

Best

Besting the Best

Besting.

Better Beware

BETWEEN WORLDS.

Between Worlds.

Betweeness

Betweeness.

Betweeness.

Bewildering.

Beyond Ahead.

Beyond Ahead.

Bird Talk.

BIRD-TALK..

BIRD-TUNED.

BIRTH RITES.

Birthright

BIRTHRIGHT.

Birthright.

BITTER.

Blackrock

Blackrock

Blackrock.

Blackrock.

Blanketed.

Blighted

Bliss

BLOCKS.

Blown Force.

BOARD-BALLET.

Boisterous

Boisterous.

Boldness.

BOLDNESS.

Bonds

BONDS.

Bonus.

Bought

BOUGHT..

Bounty

Branded

BREAK OUT.

Breaking Through.

Breaking Through.

BREAKOUT.

Bridged

BRIDGED.

Bridges

Brief

Brief

Brief,

Brightness

Brightness..

Brooding

Brooding.

Brook-Song

Bubble Magic.

Burgeoning.

By Scribes

By Verse

CAGED.

CAGELESS.

Cajoled

Camber Powered

Captive

Captive.

Captive.

Captured

Captured.

CAPTURED.

CAPTURED.

Captured.

Carpé-ing Diem.

Carpéing Diem.

Carrying On

Carrying On.

Carrying On.

Carrying On.

CARRYING ON.

CARRYING ON.

Catch

Catch-Trap.

Catching the Drift

Catching the Drift.

Catchtrap.

CATZZZ.

Catzzzzzzzz.

Caught

Caught

Caught

Caught

Caught.

Caught.

CAUGHT.

Caught.

Caught.

Celled

Chafing.

CHAINS.

CHAINS.

Chains.

Challenge

Challenge

Challenge.

Challenge..

Challenges

Chance

Chance Changes.

Chance.

Chance.

Chance.

CHANGE.

Change.

Changed.

CHANGELING

Changeling

Changeling.

Changeling.

Changeling.

Changes

Changes

Changes.

CHANGES.

Changes.

Changing

Changing.

Changing.

Chasms..

CHESIL.

Chill.

Chimerical

Chimes

CHOICES.

Christmas Resilience

Clandestine Biscuits

CLEAN AIR.

CLIMBING.

Clocking Time.

Cloistered

CLOSE COMFORT.

Closeness.

Co-Existence

Co-Existence

CO-EXISTENCE.

Coasting

Collusion

COLOUR-POWER.

Colour-Power.

Colours of Change.

COLOURS OF CHANGE.

COMBUSTION.

Come Back

COME LET US

Comingness

Commissioned

Commitment

Compatibility.

Compatible.

COMPLIANCE.

Compromise

Conceding

Conceding.

Conceding.

CONCEDING.

CONCORDANCE.

Connection

CONNECTION.

Connection.

CONSTANT.

Constant.

Constraint

Contact

CONTACT.

Contact.

CONTRIVANCE.

Contrivance.

Conversion

Conversion

COPING ALONE.

Core-Healing.

Counting Sheep

Counting Sheep.

COURAGE.

Covert

Covert

Covert.

Coveted.

Coveted.

Crafty Spring

Cream-Plied.

Crescented Magic.

Crescented Magic.

Crossed

Crossed Wires.

Crossed Wires.

CROWNED.

Crying Wolf.

Crystalline Charm.

CULLED.

Curbed

Cutting Free.

Cutting Free.

DANCING.

DANGER.

Dark

Dark Delight.

Dawn's Finish.

Day's Eye.

Deadly Intent.

DEADLY INTENT.

Deadly Intent.

Deadly.

December Sky

December Sky

December Sun.

December Sunset

DECEPTION.

Decisive

Decisive.

DECISIVE.

DEFENCES.

DEFIANCE.

DEPARTURE.

DEPTHS.

Designed.

Destined.

Difference

Difference.

Difference.

Difference.

Dilemma.

DILLIGENCE.

Discovery

Disguised.

Distancing

Distracted.

Diversity

Diversity.

Dividends

Dividends

Do Try -

Do You ?

Doing his Best

DOING.

Doom's Omen

Dream Keepers

Dream-Encrusted.

Dreamscape.

Dreamscape.

DREAMT DREAMS..

Drowsy Treasure

Duet

DUET.

DUET.

Duet.

Dumbness

Duo Ballet.

Duo Ballet.

DUO-LIQUEUR

E-MAIL TO GOD.

Early Bird.

EARLYNESS.

EBONY CHILL.

Effaced.

Elsewhere

Elsewhere.

Emerging December.

Emphasis

Enchanted.

Enchantment

Enchantment..

ENCORE.

Encounter

Encroachment

ENDANGERED.

ENDED.

Endings

Endings.

Enforcement

Enmeshed

Enmeshed.

Enticing

Enticing.

Enticing.

Entrance

Entrancement

EPITAPH.

Errant

Errant.

ESSENTIALS.

Esteem.

ESTEEM.

Ethereal

Ethereal Music.

Ethereal Music.

EVENTS.

Evocative

EVOKING.

Evolving

Exchange

Exciting.

Exciting.

Exciting.

Explosions

Extravagance.

Eyeing.

Faking

Familiar.

Fancy

Far More.

Far More.

Far More.

Fartherness.

Fate Waits.

Favours

FEARLESS.

Feelings

Felt but Unheard

Felt Care

Ferment

FERTILITY.

Fervour.

Fierce Hunger.

FINALITY.

Finding

First

FIRST BALLAD.

First Flush

First Light.

First Love.

First Love.

First Love.

First Love.

FLASHES.

Flight.

Flimsy Stunners

FLIMSY WONDERS.

Folly

FOLLY.

FOR SALE.

For Thine Eyes Only.

For You

Forced

Foremost.

Foremost.

Foremost.

FORLORN.

Forsaken.

FORSAKEN.

FORTUNE.

Found Absent.

Found Absent.

FREEING .

Frenzy

Frenzy

Frenzy.

Frenzy.

Friend or Fiend ?

Friendship's Love.

Frustration.

Fulfilled

Fulfilled.

Fulfilled.

Full Spate.

Full Spate.

Fused

Fused.

Gaining Relief

GEMS.

Gifted

Gifts

Girls

Given.

Glorious Din.

Glorious Din.

Gold Vision.

Gone

Gone

GONE.

GORMLESS.

Greeting.

Greetings

GROWTH.

Growth.

GROWTH..

Happenings

Happenings

Happenings

Happenings

Happenings.

HAPPENINGS.

Hats Off.

HAUTEUR..

HAVENS.

Heady Times

HEARABLE.

Heart-Breakers..

HEART'S CORE.

Hearts Wept.

HEAT.

Heaven Held.

Heaven-Held.

Her

Her Love

Here

Heydays

Heydays.

Hidden

His Call

His Last.

His Laughter.

HIS SCENT.

His Star.

HITHER.

Hold Hard.

Hold Me

HOPING.

How Many.

How Many.

Hunger

Hunger.

Hunger.

HUSBANDRY.

Hypnotic

Hypnotic

Hypnotic.

I Day.

I AM . (Part One of a Series)

I AM BREEZE - (A Series)

I Am Cloud

I Am Cloud.

I Am Cloud.

I AM CLOUD.

I Am Desire.

I Saw Him.

I Spied.

I Wonder.

I Would

IF

If Only.

IF ONLY.

If Only.

If Only.

If.

IF.

If.

ILL-SENT

ILL-SENT.

Impatient

Imprinted

IMPRINTED.

In Error.

In Motion

In Sequence.

In The Making

In The Making.

In Transit.

In Transit.

In Transit.

In Transit.

In Transit.

IN TUNE.

Inbringing

Incoming

Incoming.

Incoming.

Incomparable

INDELIBLE.

Indelible.

Indifferent Nature

Informed.

Ink-Bitten.

Inside Breath.

Inside Dreams

INSIDE ME.

INSIDE ME.

Insistence

Instinctive

Intake

Intake - (plus one for Fun Friday)

Intake.

Intake.

Intent

INTENTIONS.

INTER-SPUN.

Interchange

Interdependence

Interdependence.

Interference

Interference.

INTERLACED.

Internment

Into Forever

Into Forever.

Invasion

INVASION.

Invasion.

Invasive

Invention

INVENTION.

Invincible

Invitation

Invited

INVITING.

It May Be

It Maybe.

IT PASSED.

Jail-bird

JOINED.

Journey Concluded.

June Vibrations

Keep Hold

KEEPING WATCH.

Kindred.

Kinship

Kinship

Knowing.

Knowing.

Knowingly

Knowingness

KNOWINGNESS..

LAMENT.

Language.

Lasting

Late Taste

Learning to Lean

LEARNING.

LEARNING.

Learnt Curves.

Left Behind.

Less Trodden

Less Trodden.

Less Trodden.

Lessons

Lessons

Let Me Sing

LET US

LET US GO.

LET'S GO.

Letting Fade

LETTING GO.

LEVELS.

Life Song.

LIFESAVING.

LILY.

Line-Dancing

Linked

Listeners

Listening

LISTENING IN.

Listening.

LIT.

Littleness.

Littleness.

Live Silver.

LIVE SILVER.

Locked In

Locked In.

Look At Me

LOOKING.

Losing You

Losing You.

Losing You.

Lost

Lost.

Lost.

Love Bites

LOVE BITES.

LOVE IS....

Love Sings.

Love so Lovely

Love-Light.

Love-Smitten.

Love-Tongue.

Love's Birthright.

Love's Call.

Love's Due.

Love's Due.

Love's Dues

Love's Effect.

Love's Glow

Love's Glow.

LOVE'S GLOW.

LOVE'S GLOW.

Love's Mind

Love's Odour

LOVE'S STILLNESS.

Love's Tune

LOVE'S TUNE.

LOVE'S TUNE.

Love's Wand.

Lovescape

Lovescape

Lovescape.

Lovescape.

LOVESCAPE.

Lovescape.

Lovesight

Lunacy

LUNACY.

LUNACY.

Lush

LUSH.

LUSTY TIMES.

Made-Over.

Magic

Magical Hush.

Magical.

MAGICAL.

MAKE-OVER.

Making Believe.

Making Plain

Making Richer.

Making Richer.

Making Sense.

Making.

Mantra's Mistique.

Matched

Matured

May's Rising

Maybe.

Maybe.

MEANT.

MEDITATING.

Meditation

MELT-DOWN

Memories

Memory's Pearl.

MEMORY'S PEARL.

Mile-High Amour.

Mind-Food

Minions

MIRAGE.

Mischief.

Mislaid

Mislaid

Mislaid.

Missed

Missed

Missing

MIXTURES.

Moonbaiting.

More

More Than.

MORE THAN.

More Than.

Morphing.

Mother-Fed.

Mothering

Mothering

Mothering.

Motley.

Movement

Movement.

Movement.

MOVES.

Much Read.

Musing

Musing

Mutation

MY AIM.

MY ENCOUNTER.

My Friend

My Friend

My Rocker.

Myself

Myself

MYSTERIOUS.

Mysterious.

Mystery.

MYSTERY.

Mystery.

MYSTIC.

Naked Heart.

Naked Heart.

Nameless

Nearest.

Nebulous

Nectar

Nectar

Nectar.

Nectar.

Need.

Never Again.

Never Before

Never Enough

Never Forget

Never Forget.

New Appetite.

New Appetite.

New Depths

New Depths.

New Depths.

New Kind.

New Leaves.

New Leaves.

NEW NOTIONS.

NEW.

Newly-Felt.

NEWNESS.

NEWNESS..

NEWSWORTHY.

Night-Stained

Night-Stained.

NIGHTNESS.

Nightness.

No Chance

No Limits

No Limits.

NO LIMITS.

No More.

No More.

No More..

No Regret

No Time.

No Time.

No Words.

Non-Sound.

Nostalgia

Nostalgia.

Not A Doubt.

Not Again.

Not Again.

Not Meant

Not to be Missed

Not Yet..

Notes.

NOW SLEEPING.

NOW-NESS.

Now.

Nowness.

Numberless

NURTURE.

Ocean's Guns.

October' s Intent.

OH LILY.

Oh Word.

Oiled with Love.

Old Into New

OLD INTO NEW

OLD INTO NEW.

OLD INTO NEW.

Omens

Omens

Omens.

OMENS.

ON THE RUN.

ON THE RUSH

ONCE

Once

Once

Once

ONCE DISTILLED.

Once Fired

ONCE-SIPPED.

One More

One More

One More.

One Patch

Only Love.

Only Love.

Otherness

Otherness.

Our Poem

OUR SONG.

Our Tune.

Our Tune.

OURS.

Ours.

Ours.

Out of Nowhere.

OUTGROWN

Outing.

Outs.

Outside of Time.

Over ?

Owl-Sound.

Owl-Sound.

PACE.

Paint's Heat.

Paint's Heat.

PAINTED LADIES.

Paired

Paired.

Passing

PASSION.

Past Passion.

Patrol.

Patterns

Peerless.

Pen-Driven

Perception

Perfection.

Performance.

Perhaps.

Pity Him.

PLANNED.

PLANNED.

Playing At Love.

Pleasures

Plethora

Poets Know

Ponderings

Ponderings

Possessed

PRECIOUS.

PRECOCIOUS..

Preparation

Proof

Protector.

Quenchers.

Queries

Questions

Questions.

Questions.

QUIET.

Raining a Yesterday

Raptoring.

Rapture

Re-Forming

Re-Shaping

RE-WRITING RHYMES.

Read Rightly.

Readied

Readied.

Ready

Ready

Ready.

Real Jewels

Reasons

RECALL.

Recalling

Recharging

RECOLLECTIONS.

Redefining

Redefining.

Redefining.

Reflectionin.

REFLECTION.

Reflections on Love.

Reflections.

Regeneration

Regeneration

Regeneration.

Regeneration.

Regeneration.

Regret

Reinvention

Release.

RELEASED.

Relevant

RELIANCE.

Remainers

Remains.

Remembered

Remembering Them

REMEMBERING.

Reminders

Reminders.

Reminders.

Renewal

Renewal

Repose

RESILIENCE.

Resolutions.

Respite

Restorations

Restored

Results.

Revealed

Revealed.

REVERIE.

Reverie.

Revitalize.

Revival

Revived.

Richer.

RISING.

River-Speak.

Rivering.

Road-Shock.

Rousing

Sad Reminders

Saline Songs

Satisfaction

Scaled

Scaled

Scaled.

Scented Solutions.

Sea Swell

Sea-Swell.

Sea-Swell.

Seasoned.

SECRET

Secret.

SECRETS.

Seduction.

SEDUCTION.

See Success.

Seeing

Seeing Through

SEEING THROUGH.

Seen

Seen

Seize

Seize

Seize and See

Seize and See.

SEIZE AND SEE.

Seize and See.

Seize Now

Seize Now.

SELF-HOOD.

Self-Imposed.

SELFHOOD.

SELFNESS.

Sensing.

Sensuality

SENSUALITY.

Sensuality.

Sequence.

Severed.

Shall and Because

SHALL WE ?

Sharing.

She Rises.

She-Fever.

Shifting

Shore Song

Shore-Song.

Shore-Song.

Shore-Songs.

Show Me.

Show Me.

Show Us

Shyless.

Siblings

Sightless.

Signatures

SIGNS.

SIGNS.

Silence.

Silent Music

Silent Music.

Silent Music.

Singing On.

Singing. - - (A Tribute)

SINGLE HANDED

Single Handed

Sisters

Sistership.

Sleep's Acres

Sleep's Acres.

Sleep's Acres.

Small Beginnings.

SMALLNESS.

Smitten.

Smitten.

So Met.

So Met.

So Much

So Much

So Much.

So Ready

Solitary

SOLO-CHILL.

SOLO.

Solo.

Solutions

Solutions

SOLUTIONS.

Something Greater

Something Greater.

Somewhere

Somewhere

Somewhere.

Soothingly Good.

Soul-beauty.

Souls Know.

Souls Know.

Sound

Sound-Encounter.

Soundless Rest

Sounds

SOUNDS.

SPACES.

Sparkle.

Specialness

Specialness.

Spellbound

Spellbound

Spent

SPIN-BACK

SPIRITED.

Spring Knows.

Spring Knows.

Spring Splendour.

Springtime's First.

Stalled

Stalled.

Still Climbing.

Still Climbing.

STILL CLIMBING.

Stillness

Stillness.

STIMULATION.

STIRRING.

Stirrings

Stirrings.

Stirrings.

Stirrings.

Stirrings.

Stolen

STONES KNOW

Stones Know

STONES KNOW.

Stones Know.

Stopped Clocks

Storm-Demons

STRANGENESS.

Suave.

Submitting

Such and When.

Such Covert.

Such Covert.

Such is Nostalgia

Such Lavish

Such Plenty

SUCHNESS

Suchness

SUCHNESS.

Suchness.

Summer's Climb.

Summers Ago.

SUNDAY DEMANDS.

Sunday Faced

Sunday Shores

Sunday Ways

SUNDAY WAYS.

Sunday-Ways.

Sundayness

Sundayness

Surrender

Surrender

Surrender.

Survival.

Swansong.

Sweet Dividends.

Sweet Potion.

Sweet Sensuality

Sweet Stupor

SWEETNESS.

SWEETNESS.

Sweetness.

Swift Magic.

SWIFT MAGIC.

Tactics

Take Me.

Take One

Take One

Take One.

TAKE WING.

Tall Tales

Tasted.

TASTEFUL.

Tasting The Wine.

Tasting.

Tell Me.

Telling

Telling.

TENDED.

Tended.

That Affair

That Half-Smile

THAT MORN.

That Summer.

That Tap

That Tree.

The Almost Heard

The Best

The Hunter

The Journey Continued.

The Journey.

THE KNOWING.

The Knowing.

The Minute

The Proof

The Simple

The Stones Know.

THE SUNFLOWER.

The Undisturbed

The Undisturbed

The Undisturbed.

THE VISION.

The Word.

These Days.

These Falls

Things Nearest

Things Nearest.

Thinnest Divide

Thinnest Divide.

THIRST.

Thirst.

This Chair.

This Day.

This Heart

This Heart.

This Time

This Time

This Time.

This Time.

This Too.

Those Days

THOSE.

Thoughts.

Three Faces.

Three Faces.

Ticking Away.

TICKING AWAY.

TICKING AWAY.

TICKING AWAY.

Tide-Turn.

Time's Needle.

Time's Needle.

Timed

Timed

TIMED.

Timed.

TO THE SANDMAN

To You

Today.

Today.

Today's Poem.

Today's Poem.

Together

Together

Together.

Together.

Togetherring

TOGETHERNESS.

Tonic.

Tonight

TONIGHT.

Too Long

Too Long.

Too Long.

TOO SOON ?

TORN.

Tracks.

Transformation.

TRANSFORMATION.

TRANSFORMATION.

Treasure.

Treasured

Treasured

Treasured.

Treasured.

Treasured.

Tree-Towns.

Trees and Me

Trenched.

Tribal Organisation.

Tribute To Vincent.

TROD TRACKS.

TROUBLE.

TROUBLE.

TROUBLE.

Trouble.

Trust.

Truth's Trust.....

Tudor Love Note.

Tudor Love-Note.

Turbulence

Turbulence.

Turbulence.

Turbulence.

Turbulence.

Twice Stirred.

Twice Stirred.

Twin-Flamed

Two-Faced.

Un-Vocal

UNANSWERABLE.

UNANSWERED.

UNANSWERED.

Unbeatable

Unbeaten.

Unbroken

Uncivilized.

Unconfined

UNCOVERED.

Underprized.

UNDERPRIZED.

Underprized..

UNDERSTANDING.

Understanding.

Undertow

Undertow.

UNDETERRED.

UNDETERRED.

Undiluted

Undiluted.

Undisturbed.

Undressed.

Undressed.

Unexplained.

Unfathomed

Unfettered.

UNFETTERED.

Unflowered

Unfolding

Unforgettable.

Unforgettable.

UNLATCHED.

Unlock

Unmatched.

Unmatched.

Unmistakable

Unreal

Unreal.

Unreal.

Unreal.

Unrivalled

Unsaid.

UNSATED.

Unspooled

Unsung

Unsung

Unsung Whispers.

Untamed

UNTELLABLE.

Untenable.

UNTIED.

Untied..

Until Day

Until Day

Until Day.

Until Day.

Untying Yes.

UNWRAPPED.

UNWRAPPED.

Unwrapped.

UP CLOSE.

Urges

Us

Valentine Moon.

Valentine's Call

VALENTINE'S MESSAGE.

VEILS.

VIBES.

VIBES.

VIBRATIONS.

Victorious.

VICTORIOUS.

Voiceless

Voiceless

Voiceless.

Voiceless.

Waiting Existence

WAITING.....

Wake-Up Call.

Wakening

Waking.

WALK EASY.

WALLS.

WAR CRY.

War-Usage

WAR..

Was It He ?

Waste Not.

Watching.

Water-Attuned.

Watery Secrets.

WAVERING.

We Deserve It.

We Deserve It.

We There.

WE.

Weaponry

Weight

Wells of Summer.

Were I.

Whale Play

Whale-Play.

What Happened ?

WHAT IS

What We Had.

What We Had.

What We Were

WHAT WORTH.

Where Went Love ?

Whisperings.

WHISPERINGS.

Whisperings.

WHISPERS.

White Icing

White Nectar.

White Stuff

WHITE STUFF.

Who

Who Dares

Who Dares.

Who Dares.

Who I Am.

WHO I AM.

Who I Am.

Who Knows ?

Who Said !

WHY ?

WHY NOT ?.

Wild Beauty

Wild Beauty..

Wild Land

Wild Land.

WILD LAND.

WILD.

William

Wind-Demons.

Windfalls

Winding Down

WINDING DOWN.

WINDING DOWN.

Winged Hearts.

WINGED.

Winnow the Wind

Winnow The Wind.

Winter Sounds.

Winter-Clad.

WINTER-CLAD.

Winter-Dazed

Winter's Low Sun.

Wintery Sky

WISELY BOUGHT.

Wished For

Wished-For

Wishful

WITH YOU.

Woman-Fed.

WOMAN-FED.

Wonder.

Wonderment.

Wonderment.

Word Wisdom.

Wordless.

WORDLESS.

WORDS.

Would I

Would I

Would We ?

Would We ?

WRAITHS

Year's Yield.

Year's Yield.

Yellowness

Yellowness.

Yellowness.

Yellows

YESTERDAY.

Yield

YIELDING.

Yonder

You

You Are

You Are

YOU ARE.

YOU ARE.

YOU.

YOU.

Young Emotion

YOUR SONG.

Youth's Blood

Youth's blood.

Zest.

COMES AUTUMN.

COMES AUTUMN.

Too soon comes Autumn, nipping the heels
of unwary Summer while it stealthily seals
subtle changes in verdant leaf-laden trees.

Ripened fruits begin dropping unhinged by
rattle of branches in which Autumn hides.

Before battle commences its volatile breeze
scatters copper-thin shivers through obese
Summer with its cunningly capricious ease.

Autumn comes running nor stands aside
while plants adjust to its dynamic stride.

It tosses relentless as with bounty it plays
and douses growth's hold by raining days
of voracious havoc onto Summer's ill-fate.

Scurrying birds sense the warning of chill
as Autumn's sigh pecks at my window-sill.

All life battens down to change of season
for as Summer recedes, fight must yield.

Flower buds crumble and last roses fade
knowing Autumn comes running, to stay.

For Thine

For Thine.

Dearest, my Knight,
lovelorn and ageing thy Lady's heart
in dire isolation awaits the one
who holds it in thrall.
Undeclared, pledge of thy
care remains stonily silent in coldness
of granite which surrounds me
each tiresome morn.
Send thou by return a message
explaining thine irksome lateness
or swooning I mayest regret
thy part in facing delay.
Write thee a notion of love forthwith.
Keep not I prithee
more heartache at bay else
all my past favours wilt wither
and die so do thou make thee
a ready reply.

Signed with mine own
cold weeping of loneliness
and writ for thine eyes only.

Recharging.

Recharging.

Comes now the in-breath of winter,
the back-end of warmth, the yin
of declining year.

The nap of nature, the slumbering,
the slowing of wheels, the song
of impulsive sleep.

Comes now the time for root retune,
the quiet withdrawal, the preview
of cold's intention.

The cycle of balance, the reforming,
the begin of dwindle, the course
of need to reflect.

Comes now the calm of taking pause.
Comes now the recharging of paucity.

Time Versus Love

Time Versus Love.

*Time the rabid old monster
wants no permission
to gobble up passion,
knocks back agile wanting
and swallows up bliss
with indifferent non-action.*

- - - - - YET - - - - -

*Love the ageless young mistress
smiles at rushed hunger,
comforts each searcher
who needs some assistance
to find ease in another
with frequent undisguised thirst.*

Shyless Rose

Shyless Rose.

Rose, thou art a sea of fervent serenity.
Thy gown over-sewn with velvet redolence
adorns preparation of petal-sweet nectar
in folds of coveted message.
Desire pervades like unction's therapy.
May the morrow's wed-oil regale thy bedding
as thou maid in finery wait shyless and scented
with aroma headily drenched.
Thus be thee then readied for oneness
and smelling of love
So arrive timely Sir gallant Knight with
ardour uncovered.

A DELICATE THING.

A Delicate Thing.

For all its great mass of layered spread
a tree is a delicate thing
as beneath the bark hides a thin sleeve
of active cells engineering
the lift of water from rootlings to high
thirst of every twig.

Deep heartwood protected a tree may
live for decades certain
of growth and saplings fight for space
to begin starch conversion
to life-giving sugars of verdant supply.
Wide the reach skyward
as trees spread and disperse needed
oxygen from hidden stores.

After rainstorms cleanse the covering
leaves force dried in sun
enables change by photosynthesis as
open feast hosts hungry
wildlife to capitalise on sweet nectar
from pollen's seasonal sip
for diverse tree-balance in food chain
sustains much fur and feather.

Alchemy's sap make happen the poem
we call " a tree " yet seen
as given glory should we cease felling
more than we need ?

A Given Day

A Given Day.

A loved Cornish lady would often say
when looking at dawn's mackerel sky
and its wintery sunrise - "A given day
this be an' oh what a gift for we to try
workin' out why this morn serves not
the grey shades today an' be we glad
me fine maid that God's glory forgot
naught to lift our minds from sadness "

Gentle old Rosie would mutter for fun
while blinking her eyes at skewed sky
saying winter "gave us gifts of wonder
hidden but were there for the finding"

Bending to touch a shivering bloom
and breathing it in she saw that God
"be warmin' the coat o' this girt jewel
and note its smile before it be gone."
Wise sayings dear' Rosie left me stay
as reminders to appreciate every day.

A Given Day.

A Given Day.

A well-loved Cornish lady would often say
when looking at winter's mackerel sky
and pointing to sunrise - "A given day
this be an' oh what a gift for we to try
workin' out why this morn appears not
a usual winter-clad day an' be we glad
me dear young lassie that Heaven forgot
to settle our minds today on anything sad ?"
Gentle old Rosie would mutter while for fun
winked an eye bred to see how smiling
helped belief that God sent gifts of love
in ways hidden but there for the finding.
She would bend to touch simple blooms
and stroking slowly state that God's sun
"be lightin' the faces o' these lovely jewels
this given today so look before they be gone."
Wisdom's words dear Rosie left me will stay
as reminders to appreciate every given day.

A Given Day.

A Given Day.

A well-loved Cornish lady would often say
when looking at winter's mackerel sky
and pointing to sunrise - "A given day
this be an' oh what a gift for we to try
workin' out why this morn appears not
a usual winter-clad day an' be we glad
me dear young lassie that Heaven forgot
to settle our minds today on anything sad ?"
Gentle old Rosie spoke quietly, muttering
long-held truths with eyes bred to smile
 with belief that Heaven sent gifts of love
 in mild winter weather hidden for finding.

She would bend to touch first shy blooms
and stroking slowly state that God's sun
"be blessin' the faces o' these early jewels
this given today so look before they be gone."
Wisdom's words dear Rosie left me still stay
as reminders to appreciate each " given day"

A Poet

A Poet.

A poet desires to walk
through untrod fields,
looking for treasures others leave
and picks diamond yields
from where no one looked before.

Some gems a poet will store
for usable times
folding away in unique style
awe's gold to a scribe
who feels need for authentic more.

A Secret.

A Secret.

Surprising the changes from day to week
but desire finds a way.

Chance hangs by time's notorious thread
if risks are not taken.

No matter the dare of meaning given be
whispered from far or near.

Two now share a secret conveying want
of no more than one heartbeat.

A Something.

A Something.

My heart is astir with a something
this morning
I caught aloft under a bluebell sky.
A bird who trills high yet smaller
than small was
with its tiny frame making reply
to my awe
which soared as I spied crest of
gold above
darkest of breast and largest eye.
The park which graces this valley
will never best
the feathered perfection I almost
saw marking his
own terrain with sublime bird-talk.
A goldcrest at Tuckingmill crowned
my daily walk with
one tail-flick then sped off soundless.

A Thought.

A Thought.

Love only grows near introspection
and fades when a thought
becomes deformed.

When lies are intended for deflection
death of beautiful trust
breeds disorder.

Nothing will muddy love's complexion
like the thick ugly mask
of distortion.

Love demands but honest reflection
for its ground to blossom
and vows adorn.

Abandon

Abandon.

The glorious power of sexual acts
if allowed unlocks fastened doors,
unfolds secret flowers of affection
and pours emotion on extra bouts
of breathlessly coupled invention.

A partner's treatment of a lover's
feelings might bring to light hosts
of denial to answer fierce passion's
surrender while abandon becomes
more freely exposed to advances.

Ecstasy if undergone before may
ready itself without delay to open
more ways to desire interchange
if care guides tenderest foreplay
and warms inexperienced shyness.

Pleasure of mating if willingly felt
will be partaken without any coy
for sexual behaviour between two
lovers can taste divine time after
every delectably beautiful time.

ABANDON.

Abandon.

Eastern the rhythm as dancer begins.

Barefoot fluidity,
gliding vibration of smooth undulation.

Transparent veils floating like wings.

Bold sensuality,
in spinning abandon to body pulsation.

Entrancing the swirls of organza-spins.

Increasing shaking
as silken-gold fringes twirl in gyration.

Twisting hands shiver in bangled rings.

Pace quickening
leaves onlookers stirred by sensation.

Oriental performance an audience wins.

ABANDONMENT.

Abandonment.

Such a thing of beauty is a shell,
floating it croons, abode empty,
sculpted plate of vital protection
intriguingly patterned, expressly
designed, change has undressed
your mollusc-berthed residence.

Oh opaline coat, bejewelly vest
your sea-bed wholeness ended
now roof tumbles at measured
pace in ocean breakers' restless
dance with fate's abandonment.

Abating

Abating.

Now summer is blighted
a quieter air takes control
as green becomes autumn-imbued.

I follow the lead of change,
basking in glassy-topped sheen
of meandering tide that windless
creeps up the now crowd-less beach.

I while an hour away,
walking the adder-striped
wave-ridged sand furrows and
wading through shallows of low tide
warm pools feeling like those long-ago
where we splashed fun over our meetings.

Heartache tho' abating
partners all my exploring
and recalls every kiss taken
before solo beach walking.

Absorbing.

Absorbing.

Like a painting the still lake
with its quiet surface reigns
over disillusion, it redefines
reality by an unruffled smile
at my troubles with a depth
of compassion as it reflects
many clues to restore mood
for quiescence a pool renews.

A tranquil pool stirs no scum
from storm's fiercer currents
so maintains subterranean calm
by placidly sinking that harm
 which crudely aims to negate
 liquid beauty of stable nature.

I find guidance by absorbing
silence from a body of water.

Abundance

Abundance.

Autumn,
Season of burgeoning juice, lusty-tongued weeks
fermenting with beauty how ready your fat ripe fountain
when sun-seared tawny crops drop tall harvest
on heads of ears crusted with fruit.

Autumn,
spreader of russet through emerald lushness yet
positioned to walk you sew knots in dash and dawdle
as dawn, webbed in gilt gossamer stops swell
of hedge-berries by viscous dew.

Autumn,
augustal minnion you paint mellow 'tween blaze
of finished July to shed quiet on growth's gaudy face
and lace with dampening change Sol's great
need for chasing not-bloodied music.

Autumn,
of late begins to bulge, bellies as eighth-month
weight nudges toward deflation of plenty, sheds longer
nights over sated abundance and brings
an end to frenetic maturing.

Autumn,
as bounty's rich voice allows vocal September
time to rehearse you now wait in reaped wings as seed,
of dried wealth pays notable dividends
before winter's cold solo re-tunes.

Abundance.

Abundance.

August,
Season of burgeoning juice, lusty-tongued weeks
fermenting with beauty how ready your fat ripe fountain
when sun-seared tawny crops drop tall harvest
heads of ears crusted with fruit.

August,
spreader of russet through emerald lushness yet
positioned to walk not run sews knots in dash, dawdles
as dawn, webbed in gilt gossamer, stops swell
of hedge-berries by viscous dew.

August,
autumnal minnion paints mellow between blaze
of finished July, sheds quiet on growth's gaudy face and
laced with change dampens summer's great
need for chasing high-flying rules.

August,
of late begins to bulge, bellies as eighth-month
weight nudges toward deflation of plenty, sheds longer
nights over sated abundance and brings
an end to frenetic maturing.

August,
as bounty's rich voice allows September's music
time to rehearse it waits in reaped wings, stored seed,
of dried wealth pays somnolent dividends
before winter's cold solo re-tunes.

Abundance.

Abundance.

September,
season of burgeoning juice, lusty-tongued weeks
fermenting with beauty and ready your fat ripe fountain
of sun-seared tawny crops drop tall harvest
heads of ears encrusted with fruit.

September,
spreader of russet through emerald lushness yet
positioned to walk not run sews knots in dash, dawdles
as dawn, webbed in gilt gossamer, stops swell
of hedge-berries by viscous dew.

September,
autumnal minnion paints mellow between blaze
of finished heat, sheds quiet on growth's gaudy face and
laced with change dampens summer's great
need for chasing high-racing rules.

September,
begins to bulge, bellies as eighth-month becomes
nine, nudges toward deflation of plenty, sheds longer
nights over sated abundance and brings
an end to frenetic maturing.

September,
as bounty's rich voice allows autumn's contralto
time to rehearse it waits in reaped wings, stored seed
and dried wealth to pay somnolent dividends
before winter's cold-solo re-tunes.

Acceptance

Acceptance..

Fragments of inside

~~~~~ will always bleed

until what is seen

~~~~~ by minds as vital

is departure from

~~~~~ feeling any need.

Being oneself is

~~~~~ wholly enough.

Acceptance will know

~~~~~ how to succeed.

## Action.

Action.

As another fresh morning nods its new head  
a choir of voices from Nature begins.  
Kingdoms of earthworms start stretching  
and sensing light get to work airily sifting  
and waking their underground neighbours  
who galvanize others to do the same.  
Finally feather and fur whom, batons raised  
drench every moment with choral action.  
Songs of gratitude bequest celebration  
but nations of humans still straining at gnats  
abuse earth's resources to more devastation.  
Can madness, hiding in no-guilt policies  
axe pandemic replies to in-built folly ?

## Addiction.

Addiction.

There is but a while during twilight when meet two lovers  
and discreetly behind sunset's cover they first  
dance around each other's skirt  
in russet-sky and then with affection they couple.

Sparks fly as Dark embraces the Light for at his touch stars  
rush to the scene, blue blushes red at confessed  
love, hues melt at such expressed  
passion before Dark has to stay and Day departs.

Black is the shade which dominates then as waits a silence  
with bated breath until descends change to wrench  
them apart when rays start searching  
and morning breaks loose long bondage of night.

Yet when Dark and Light are reunited dawn knows well  
it will not be long before Day and Night's goodbye  
yet addiction knows time will fly  
to next flicker of chance for joy to tie them again.



## Addiction.

Addiction.

There is but a while during twilight when meet two lovers  
and discreetly behind sunset's cover they first  
tangle fingers of hazy swirls  
in coming grey before hiding in cloud to couple.

Sparks fly as dark embraces the light for at a touch stars  
rush to the scene, blue blushes red at confessed  
desire, hues melt at expressed  
passion before dark has to stay and day departs.

Black is the shade which dominates then as waits silence  
with bated breath until descends change to wrench  
them apart as time intends  
breaking loose another long bondage of night.

When reunited dark and light begin tasting love's nectar  
enjoying each sip before another goodbye  
yet needy addiction relies  
on sky's change for the two to be tied again.

## Adherence

**Adherence.**

**No task must be greater  
than testy familiar  
when respect lives with  
banter as kith grows  
accustomed to kin.**

**Gems of security shine  
ever clearer as  
careful child-guidance  
refines firey youth  
by events shared.**

**Enriched indeed a parent  
with adult children  
who reflect adherence  
to early learnt value of  
sibling affection.**

## Adorning

Adorning.

Shallower sages would never permit streams of  
night's glittering stardust to detract them from  
edging their message with ego's silk sound.  
Meanwhile a poetic dreamer reveals  
his penchant for embroidering  
that which cannot be sewn,  
writes to im-passion  
every sun's rise,  
adds a vision  
to twilight  
since  
scribes  
quill with  
unmatched  
craft verbose  
lyrical phrasings,  
a dreamy romantic  
will drop guilt moondust  
around every line enhancing  
the ordinary to beautify normal.  
Coping with life poets slip outside reality,  
spin cotton-wool stories then, minds flying  
with notions, they use ink to adorn with fancy.

## Adorning

Adorning.

Shallower sages would never permit streams of  
night's glittering stardust to detract them from  
edging each message with personal ego.

Meanwhile authentic dreamers reveal  
their penchant for embroidering  
that which cannot be sewn  
and write to impassion  
the marvel of sunrise.

True scribes add  
zest to twilight,  
with gifted  
shadings,  
coat nature  
with word-flow  
and paint phrasings  
richer by lyrical notes.

To the dreamy romantic  
who captures fanciful verse  
thanks for bejewelling poems  
with tokens adorning the ordinary.

Embellishing life poets slip outside reality  
to spin believability then metaphors flying  
steal time between worlds gems to compose.

## Advancing.

Advancing.

Invasion of summer sets nature advancing to colour the heather  
above autumn's laden-hay fields

Full bodied ripe fruit to orchard's floor falls toppled by elements  
and juiced for waiting repletion.

Spark of September re-lights cool impasse as starlings gather in  
chattering pre-flight myriads.

Unrested before embarkation numberless masses arrive to listen  
for guidance by feathered instinct.

Searching for fruit I, coatless shiver and hug closer the last few  
red apples to my under-clad breast.

Walking quickly I think of coming wild winter with winds' cruel  
force and hope all those birds pass the test.

## Affinity.

Affinity.

One fine morn I found myself wrapped  
in the leafy-green ocean  
of growing beans' honey-combed body.  
Pale roots pushing down  
and stalks shouldering up touched raw  
need for knowing as life  
buckled its rush onto my rising rapture.

Small sparrows alighted on pods pausing  
to gather loose dewdrops then  
weightless they rose for wing affirmation.  
Silvery snail-tracks signed  
little pathways of night efforts to stave  
hunger before reaching safe  
places of hide before sun's drying force.

What a thrill is the sweet affinity between  
eyes and ears bent in awe  
of the rarely seen miniscule world and a  
poet who shares skill found  
in time spent with the smallest of beings

## After

After.

And after that session  
when breath became slower,  
my head on his shoulder  
lent calm to the question  
of what would be best time  
to say it's all over, then  
my heart intervened by  
its murmur of never.

## AFTER SCHOOL.

After School.

Patched pants falling and tear-splashed  
cheeks ready to burst the fat boy races downhill.  
Girls stand aside and bully-lads follow  
as hooting he howls for his Mum's milky kitchen.  
Young tormentors tussle him only  
to corner shop where they get extra- novel tricks.  
Toffee wins sticky favour over  
chewing-gum tease or thicker black-jack liquorice.  
Then girly pig-tails need attention  
making sure female wailing changes to screaming.  
But after school hooligans forget  
those littler have recourse to big muscled siblings.  
May tough-guy cowards discover  
revenge raises fiercest protection in grown-up kin.



## After A Sip.

Hot.

When, at last his boat harbours  
sweet will spring anticipation.

Cargo of long unopen fruits for  
dreamt pleasure I know await.

Bales that never grow stale will  
soon be unloaded and tasted.

Payloads of waited-for nectar sit  
corked though ready for rating.

I can imagine lips dripping wet  
with fervour of feast unabated.

Hatches now closed contain his  
willing gift to tease my favour.

Love does not prosper if faced  
with spates of long privations.

I cannot wait to un-bottle sips  
of his freight, hot for taking.

After a Sip.

Half-awake and stranded between the old  
day and new,  
coming tomorrows may look leviathan,  
loom like clouds  
of sharp-sharded, unreliable giants where  
trust becomes sun-leathered  
with nowhere to hide,  
muscle-bound and most of the time  
muddy-eyed.

But after a sip of memory's comfort I can  
shake weighty foreboding and  
see where faith  
has been leading events,  
toss off stifling clothes and walk more  
upright into the future,  
shoulders high.

Facing fate with anticipation I find myself  
able to smile at being alive  
and for having been gifted with love,  
life's battles then lose a bit of their scary  
sting as I dip grateful toes  
into the moment.

True lovers have everything good going  
for them I muse,  
while I notice  
the sky above is becoming blue.

## After Today

After Today

I shall find bluebirds adorning my sky  
after today,  
knowing tomorrow waits  
holding a hand out,  
healing the whys  
of today with promise of change  
and proffering faith  
to my waiting heart which refuses  
negation of love.

I resist relegating us to yesterday's  
pyre and will renew,  
after today, more positive outlook  
as reminder that better  
tomorrows not beaten by unwisely  
housing acceptance  
can re-spark lost connection  
of firey touch, repair  
our verve and dry wet eyes.

After today yesterday's raw aching  
may then become numb.

## After Today.

### After Today

I shall find bluebirds adorning my sky  
after today,  
knowing tomorrow waits  
holding a hand out,  
healing the whys  
of today with promise of change,  
offering faith  
to my waiting heart which refuses  
negation of love.

I resist relegating us to yesterday's  
pyre and will renew,  
after today, more positive smiles,  
then await  
tomorrow, not beaten by unwisely  
housing doubt,  
then maybe we can reconnect lost  
loving touch,  
repair our verve and dry wet eyes.

After today yesterday's fierce ache  
may become numb.

## Afterglow

Afterglow.

The sky idly changes  
as day is erased,  
awesomely flaring  
with in-coming night,  
slowly emerging  
like skeins of grey fur  
as dusky silence  
    births luminous shade  
and I wordless  
mouth praise for such  
order maintained  
as afterglow merges  
to mystical beauty  
of twilight's creating.

## Afterglow

Afterglow.

The sky idly changes  
as day is erased,  
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    births luminous shade  
and I wordless  
mouth praise for such  
order maintained  
as afterglow merges  
to mystical beauty  
of twilight's creating.

## Ageless

Ageless.

Ardour's first fire, when kept lively burning  
attracts heart's desires if from spark  
never turning.  
Ageless is passion with regular minding  
for with love's flaming feelings bliss  
stay's exciting.

## AHEAD.

Ahead.

We, looking to "now"  
.....may see icy goodbyes.

Cold can scribe lonely,  
.....but for only a while.

Depression adds no  
..... extra kindness to time.

Winter sounds saddest  
.....when seen from behind.

Though drifts of bleak past  
..... still freeze hurts to pains.

Hope melts the quicker  
.....on frost written names.

Fresh dawns ahead will  
..... deliver more warmth

Love's heat once begun  
..... can help wings Spring-soar.



**AIR.**

Air.

Invisible dancer, Air moves with ease  
buoyantly changing print  
on earth's waiting surface of seasons,  
yet Air broadcasts ferment  
of mutating chicanery as windswept  
in state of weathered  
uncertainty a vengeful demon is she.

Air can create dazzle-white sculptures  
by modified temperature  
then shift from producing icy currents,  
drift toward gentler slips  
into Spring or swirl gold on autumnal  
mellow then send tornadoes  
bent on mischievous mission of upset

Yet when sunk in summer depression  
Air forgets to ruffle waves,  
limp sails need bellows for ventures  
but she favours no bluster  
when breeze, tiptoeing ballet-laced  
trips thru days of slower pulse  
as changeling with devious intention.

From waltz to flamenco on coastal hills  
Air loves feeling freedom where  
clifftops let divas hone ever more skills.

## Alltogetherness.

Alltogetherness.

Who inhabits Faith's wisely sought kingdom  
rides wild ideas fraught with rabid surprises,  
straddles fierce fencing by calm's continuum,  
and disarms with caution obstreperous minds  
believing Love's throne alltogetherness brings.

## Alltogetherness.

Alltogetherness.

Who inhabits Faith's wisely sought kingdom  
rides wild ideas fraught with rabid surprises,  
straddles fierce fencing by calm's continuum,  
and disarms with caution obstreperous minds  
believing Love's throne "alltogetherness" brings.

## Allure

Allure.

If you are looking for wild  
take the high road to Lands End  
out of charming St. Ives.

If you are seeking more places  
to slow life's fast pace  
walk moorland's granite-laced  
miles atop raw windy  
clifftops that silence the mind.

If you wish to breathe air  
sieved to pure ether by saline  
turn to those rarely used  
paths and thrill at long patches  
of house-less wilderness  
anciently remaining unmatched.

Spurn not these by-ways of green  
that feed the world-weary  
here on the toe of old Cornwall's  
historic allure where  
earth married to ocean breeds  
such savage beauty.

**ALLURE.**

Allure.

Half-hidden by shroudy damp gauze  
the bounty of dawn over  
my homeland defies misty mornings.

Each granite-clothed cove along the  
shoreline waits for Sol's  
rising like Phoenix when night lifted  
she, duly exposed and  
seductively drying poses for visitors  
with unbroken thrust.  
Coastal virginity still in tact despite  
mining abuse she remains  
rare in beauty as bracing her walls  
she laughs at gales, throws  
back stone shoulders and flaunts her  
bare boulders at ocean's  
approach, breasting huge waves this  
ageless vamp means to  
retain full allure for coastal walkers.

Storms have engraved a raw majesty  
on Cornwall's honed face  
that once gazed at draws lovers back.

**ALLURE.**

Allure.

The sea's breast swells tonight  
as her efforts to rise, heightened  
by heaving, break surface on skin  
and inflated wounds, topped thinly  
with spume, burst as ocean labours.  
She roars in suppression to gain  
the shore finds her effort checked  
and overwrought waits expectantly.  
Then sweeps out again, tumbling  
somersaults over herself grumbling  
in sub-marine thunder-loud sounds  
as her pebblebed reels with pounding.  
Bloated is she yet moving no slower,  
bellows ignored, foam tears now flow  
down watery rills before rollers make  
short work of her face, saltily staining  
its normal allure with weedy-green hair.  
Yet need hastens impatience for rarely  
found oneness, so with naked abandon  
she writhes until moment for joint action.

Sea-Swell intends to bare all tonight  
in majestic embrace with Spring-tide.

**ALTERATION.**

ALTERATION.

Now sinks light into hibernation and sky  
becomes faded like  
an old love affair  
as unhappened mystical changes muster  
for roll-call by spreading  
moon's face into corners of dusk.

Now pervades alteration as dome dons look  
of dirty crushed velvet,  
ebony blots heaven's flame  
pearl ink-drops bleed end to remains  
of sunset and haze begins  
drifting filigree murk over spent day.

Now waits time while mutation ignites  
sun's crushed dying,  
light retires leaving bruised  
lines of goodbye on wounded azure  
prior to night rule as crowned  
and throned moon intends reigning.

## Alteration.

Alteration.

Now sinks light into hibernation and sky  
becomes faded like old prints  
of some fire-finished love affair  
as unhappened mystical changes muster  
for roll-call by spreading  
moon-shape over invocations to dusk.

Now pervades alteration as dome dons  
face of foamy mauve velvet  
for ebony blots ray-race when  
pearl ink-drops bleed end to remains  
of sunset and haze begins  
drifting filigree murk over spent day.

Now waits time while mutation ignites  
sun's dying and as weary day  
retires to battle-bruised lines  
of captured goodbye wounded azure  
defers to throned rule while  
pale Luna smiles and starts her reign.



## Altering.

Altering.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I start as a brook  
in the distant hills  
which beginning  
in droplets clinging  
together passes through  
rills between tiny ridges, spills  
down small land-slides, tumbles in  
miniature waterfalls to join streamlets  
in ripples and sliding hurries  
over shiny pebbles, breaching  
ridged beds where frothing in bubbles  
I rush to mingle with deeper waters  
but stop to chatter under low willows  
banked in sidings before altering  
my tune to a baritoned river.  
Then no more warbling in creeks  
for me so bowling slower I walk to greet  
other waters converging like tenors in  
choric excitement, drowning me  
out with ocean-voiced roars belonging  
to power as wide-mouth basso eases  
my weak trills into full sea-song.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Yet I will ever  
know myself  
as a brook

springing  
from hill-height  
dashing between  
granite nooks  
and crannies  
delighting  
to brim  
over stoniest beds  
where my hum  
is welcomed  
by mossy pebbles  
and where birds come  
to drink and wet  
feet and feathers  
in my warm shallows  
before I roll on  
having to settle  
for large water duets  
and lost then  
my previous whispers,  
forgot the soft solo  
of mountain's clear creek  
in a deafening  
fortissimo as ocean  
knows only choral singing  
for the final  
~ ~ ~ ~  
voice-destiny  
~ ~ ~  
of tiny me.  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## An Omen.

### An Omen

On nights like these when coal fires burn,  
tainting with soot city's grey air,  
I hear the owl from my easy chair  
and imagine talons sheathed in thick fur.  
No distance his haunts as nearby screams  
mean hunger-hunts in crumbling walls  
where once stood candelabra-lit halls  
full of silk-shod dancers under oak beams.  
Like hooded omen he downward swoops,  
alights with predator's wide-eye stare  
then plucks another rat that unwarily  
stops to wipe whiskers in roofless rooms.

Old castles doomed to collapse will house  
after time's passage only the hooting owls.

## Anchored

**Anchored.**

**Because each seagull-pecked minute  
strangles an anchored soul  
shall the sands of desire close every  
harbour and Love sail no more ?**

**Because roped-in boats can express  
no movement and pearl's glint  
goes unnoticed will lucid respect  
lose truth by avoiding talk ?**

**Because wishes grow cold and ocean  
rusts iron do love's sunken flints  
once molten still smoulder when tide  
ebbs to show a better shore ?**

## And Now

*And Now.*

*And now the high heath  
crimples its leaves  
with furze and ling  
to mix drying patches  
with summer's brash glitter.*

*And now autumn seeds  
drop in chill breezes  
as purpling hills  
furnish brown batches  
of ferns for first kindlings.*

*And now hearth-fire needs  
adorn cottage beams  
hung to greet winter  
in old drying fashion  
for heat, all hands willing.*

*And now round hawed fields  
life sees winter feed  
once more fresh-ripened  
for next spring to yield  
new offspring thru' foresight.*

## Anguish.

Anguish.

Brushes which fuse earth and sun  
in bold oily strokes.  
Lines that move across landscape  
like flames of smoke.  
Palette fervent with passion snaps  
colour's moment.  
Framed an artistic heart's anguish  
stays ever molten.  
Signed by Van Gough paint's heat  
never goes cold.

**Answered.**

Answered.

In its dying moments the sun crept  
into haziness making the sky's  
veils into buttery bands  
as end-of-day yellowness swept  
flat the tree-lined horizon.

Cows in green fields dun-dappled  
by shadows, chewing late cud  
trundled along milk-laden  
as pail-in-hand maidens tackled  
the beasts' steamy arrival.

Captured and answered the music  
of duty that follows slow plod  
of men's satisfied footsteps  
as night casts job ending for some  
while others start the final.

## ANTICIPATION.

Anticipation.

Like pale starshine glued to lightening day,  
barely covered  
and moved by night's shift  
is anticipation of up-coming love play.

Desire's flow unearths whisper-low places  
tingle laden  
and spiced with shiver  
birthing engagingly the need for tasting.

As buds open so we when at passion's gate  
suddenly bold  
and way past waiting  
for sated contentment feel bliss awaking.



## Appetite

Appetite.

A book titled Forever opened but eagerness lessened.  
Hunger's moon of rising mundane a weaker light shed.  
Space became lacking until, cage ajar, one love-bird fled.  
Trust shattered, desire's restyled appetite resisted pretense.  
Lit again thirsty eyes saw need to quench the former neglect.  
Drunk then sweet nectar fed by another with no sign of regret.

## Appetite

Appetite.

A lust full of met Karma meant  
eagerness lessened.

Dimmed passion bred doubt  
as yield was withheld .

Calm turned to distress until  
bars split and bird fled.

Desire led stale appetite to  
try fresh-mate pleasure..

But ardour has females fire  
heart-rending questions.

Will new lover's plied nectar  
ferment no regrets ? LIKE 0

## Applause

Applause.

Praise for the glory of all freckled things.

Mosaic shades in prismatic springs,

tree-bark when tessallated,

chess-board meadows

and shadow-chequered country lanes.

Applause for hued variegation on newts.

Red flushes in round-appled fruits,

white water-lily iridescence,

patterns on ducks

and tall striated bull-rushy grasses.

Hurray for a tabby cats' motely patches.

Bumble-bees on harlequin flowers

buzzard wings, piebald ponies,

tortoise-shell snails and brindled cows,

Claps for pooled rings of liquid-oil stains.

Kaleidoscope streaks on goldfish faces,

dog's couple-coats, fungus rings,

speckles on quail eggs, colts' spotty hides

and rainy bubbles colouring glass.

Praise be for beauty in all dappled things.

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Praise be for beauty in all dappled things.

## Apprehension

Apprehension.

She looked at the clock.  
It was still deeply dark but glimmers  
of morning's wet fog  
seeped thru' panes, mourningly dim.  
She must not be late.  
Between dressing she hastily packed  
a bag while telling  
herself never to add anything black.  
Her Dad had cheerful resilience and  
would survive any  
bad health sign as he did in the past.  
But time can sneak in.  
The shrilling reproach to age of that  
early phone-call  
had forewarned her to heart attack.  
The station loomed grey.  
A voice rallied passengers as quickly  
she filled with train  
apprehension while leaving the city.  
Town buildings faded.  
The shroud of fog lifted and thinned  
as clarified suburbs  
paraded in amorphous-fawn quilting.  
Cattle in flat green fields became but  
a fuzz under willows as  
trailing indigo veiled them in muslin.  
Then woolly air flushed.  
Blur turned to luminous essence and  
thrust hints of suffusion

indirectly into the fast galloping land.  
Sun was declaring no truce.  
Fog's blight of damp would be ended  
soon and she welcomed  
a positive herald of bright day ahead.  
As she sat back to imagine her much  
loved Dad suddenly  
struck, memory's good days flooded.  
Then she started to pray.

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**APPREHENSION.**

APPREHENSION.

She looked at the clock.

It was still deeply dark but glimmers  
of morning's wet fog  
seeped thru' drapes mourningly dim.

She must not be late.

Between dressing she hastily packed  
a bag while telling  
herself never to add anything black.  
Her Dad had cheerful resilience and  
would survive any  
health-set-back as in the years past.

But time sneaks away.

The shrilling sudden reproach of such  
early phone call  
had fore-warned and smelt of trouble.

The station loomed grey.

A voice rallied passengers as quickly  
she filled with train  
apprehension while leaving the city.  
The shroud of fog lifted and thinned  
as clarified suburbs

paraded in fawn amorphous quilting.

Town buildings faded.

Cattle in flat green fields became but  
a fuzz under willows as  
trailing indigo veiled them in muslin  
Blur turned to luminous essence and  
thrust hints of suffusion  
indirectly into the fast galloping land.

Woolly air became striated.

Fog's blight of damp would be ended  
soon and she welcomed  
a positive herald of bright day ahead.  
As she sat back to imagine her much  
loved Dad suddenly  
struck, memory's good days flooded.

Then she started to pray.

## Apprehension.

Apprehension.

She looked at the clock.

It was still deeply dark but glimmers  
of morning's wet fog  
seeped thru' drapes, mourningly dim.  
She must not be late.

Between dressing she hastily packed  
bags meanwhile telling  
herself not to include anything black.  
Her Dad had cheerful resilience and  
would survive recent  
bad illness just as he had in the past.  
But time can sneak in.

The shrilling reproach to age of that  
early phone-call made  
its cold forewarning of heart attack.

The station loomed grey.

As a voice rallied passengers quickly  
to seats she felt strange  
apprehension while leaving the city.  
Town buildings faded.

The shroud of fog lifted and thinned  
when leaving suburbs  
and lost was amorphous cloud quilts.  
Cattle in wakening fields became but  
a fuzz when train-speed  
trailing indigo veiled them in muslin.  
Then woolly air flushed.

Blur turned to luminous essence and

thrust shine-suffusion  
on railway-lined gallop over the land.  
Sun was declaring no truce.  
Fog's blight of damp would be ended  
soon and she welcomed  
a positive herald of brightness ahead.  
She stemmed back fear for her much  
loved Dad suddenly  
struck as girlhood memories flooded.  
Then she started to pray.

## Approach

Approach.

How far is near ?  
Careening toward fate  
yet out of reach  
spins merciless space.  
Approach spot  
of heart-calls attracts  
first dissipation.  
Yet love-light outpaces  
competing needs.  
Apart will be near when  
far-off disappears.

## Approach.

Approach.

No need to ask how far is near.

Wheeling toward fate  
yet out of reach invokes  
merciless heartache.

Speediest roads if  
ignoring true soul-calls  
bequeath separation.

Yet star-lit destiny  
can sometimes out-pace  
distant need.

Apart will be near  
when wanted approach  
is completed.

So no doubt now how far is near.

## April Affair

*April Affair.*

*This misty green morning  
of tender Spring rain  
muffles cacklings and  
noisy squarkings  
as jackdaw-songs ruffle  
quiet air with loud  
raucous chatterings.*

*Hellos from every male  
ego croaks overtone  
tunes to nearby lady-bird  
shyness as makings  
of nestings appear  
with twiggy-thin gifts  
collected with care  
and dropped at feet  
with unique bird-speak  
for an April affair.*

*Orchestrated cacophony  
played out with force  
of pre-mating offers  
each time the same  
when call of Spring  
urges arise again  
by first of April.*

## April Calling

*April Calling.*

*Such a rising it makes  
when Spring dries Winter's  
whiskers on sap's shawl to wrap  
round its first daffodil,*

*when snowdrop faces  
grow whitest in tree-shade  
and big clumps of wild thrift flank  
cliffs with pink cladding.*

*Such winging in skies  
when feathers compete to feed  
tiny beaks with needed live slivers  
and widest mouths filled,*

*when change creeps into  
bare hedges to lay first claim  
in rearing velvet-sword foxglove  
no small bloom suffers.*

*Such clamour it is when  
day's light climbs full length  
of dawn sky and warm sun bends  
to tune bluebell trumpets,*

*when nature's rank scent  
turns rapacious April calling  
adds wake-up to opening races  
where dash is favoured.*



*Such a rising everything makes.*

## April's Insistence

April's Insistence.

Winter's sharp knife now lying buried  
in burgeoning earth  
means scythe ceases and once birdless  
branches can trill as buds swell.  
Seasonal tunes may unsettle composure  
of changeable nature  
yet as earth's music grows warmer brown  
shows desire for a greener dress.  
Praise for April's insistence on action  
so Spring may begin her flowery task.

## APTITUDE.

Aptitude.

Behind the act, if not designed

~ ~ ~ ~ with love ~ ~ ~ ~

will always run disaster.

Survival means that aptitude

~ ~ ~ ~ for love ~ ~ ~ ~

will heal a breach much faster.

No-one can steal the memory

~ ~ ~ ~ of love ~ ~ ~ ~

and what it leaves thereafter.

## **ARDOUR.**

Ardour.

To a shy beau.

Try love's seduction and become replete.

I treat with lushness.

My skill overflows.

Mere tokens of passion are all but deceit.

I relax shyness.

My real ardour shows.

Romantic potions raise mere paltry desire.

I apply moreness.

My wine maketh man.

Taste lips of abundance, discover my fire.

Uncap and tap me.

Then escape if you can !

## ARE WE ?

Are We ?

Are we the real thing  
whose love lasts for life ?

Souls destiny picked ?  
A significant item ?  
Mates angel-kissed ?  
A gift heaven provided ?  
Two joined at the hip ?  
Stars who collided ?  
Amour fate-assisted  
A pair set for paradise ?

Or are we just ships  
who pass in the night ?

## Armed Rules

Armed Rules.

War, when begun throws its gun-ridden challenge  
of thorns to all fighters  
caught up in foe-hunting to hurt, wound and  
kill combatant rivals  
until all start forgetting who spilt first blood, who  
launched shooting of hate  
into youth's frame when taught armed rules  
not of their making.

Harm no longer accepted sees it insane for rage  
to stain red fragile earth  
when peace-parched forces yearn to stave  
off battle-lines learned  
for when life is read rightly hearts pity and cool  
iron once smoking hot,  
terror will capture no more as hands lose  
need for firing best shot.

Celled in same grief enemies readily call  
for fellow-despoilers to cease from war.

## Arousal

Arousal.

I Day

always try waking Night by gently kissing  
his languid lips  
with my first rays and by twining pale light  
round his lazy reclining.

I sinuously creep into Night's prostrated  
stillness, glide through his  
dreams and seducing with finger-sleek  
ringlet movements

I await his arousal.

Night without me would be inclined to  
snooze morning away

but I Day

douse his passion for supine behaviour.  
as my early fore-play urges less  
inclination to yawn  
before sunrise when dark has to fall.

I draw in brighter breath  
and whisper more tease by sliding  
pink limbs between tight resistance  
as fresh sky-blue dynamics surge desire  
through my veins  
and writhing with readiness

I try raw insistence but then on failing

I Day

impatiently push frigid Night straight  
out of my bed.

## Arousal.

Arousal.

I Day  
always try waking Night by slowly kissing  
his languid lips  
with my first rays and twining pale light  
round his lazy reclining.  
I creep sinuously into Night's prostrated  
stillness, glide through  
his dreams and, seducing with soft  
finger-movements,  
I await his arousal.  
Night without me would be inclined to  
snooze time away  
but I Day  
douse his passion for inactivity.  
An hour or two of early fore-play urges  
on my inclination  
before sunrise when work will call.  
I feel my breast  
heaving as dawn's dynamics surge  
round my veins  
so writhing with readiness I try again  
but on failing  
I Day  
then push Night straight out of bed.



## Artful

Artful.

Dawn's light today uncurtained Autumn  
as more than mere berry-laden.  
Hedgerows, tho' treasure-festooned saw  
near-overnight transformation.  
Thinnest of jewel plates silver-lace doilies  
dithered in lofty profusion.  
From twig to overhung leaves like tin-foil  
they glittered fast-held by dew.  
Pearl-strung, breath-taking mats of fine  
gilt-webbed wired engineering.  
Criss-crossed gossamers craftily timed  
by arachnid's masterful feat.  
Dangling traps sun-caught and floating  
in cunning anticipation.  
Firm-as-steel structures, stickily coated  
each woven unique creation.  
Spidery expert precision took diamanté  
last night and hooked attraction  
Death-designed nets of intricate lattice  
visitors' wings quickly enwrapped.  
Savage the end of enmeshed movement  
by unwise entry to artful-webbed beauty. LIKE 0

## Artful.

Artful.

Dawn's light today uncurtained Autumn  
as more than just berry-laden.  
Hedgerows, tho' treasure-festooned saw  
an overnight transformation.  
Thinnest of jewel-plates, silver-lace doilies  
dithered in lofty profusion.  
From twig to overhung leaves like tin-foil  
they glittered, fast held by dew.  
Pearl-strung, breath-taking mats of finely  
strong wire-webbed engineering.  
Criss-crossed gossamers so craftily timed  
by arachnid's masterful feat.  
Dangling traps, sun-caught and floating  
in cunning anticipation.  
Firm-as-steel structures, sticky coated  
each unique woven creation.  
Spidery expert-precision took diamanté  
last night and oozed distraction.  
Death-designed nets of intricate lattice  
a visitor's wings quickly wraps.  
Shimmering dazzle captures those who  
attract eye's wait with futile gyrations.  
Few escape guiles of predator- allure  
as hunger's action flies cannot estimate.  
Savage the end of enmeshed movement  
by unwise entry to artful webbed beauty.

## AS FORETOLD.

As Foretold.

Not yet flesh-and-blood-clad  
informed Essence traced familiar  
space of joy's timeless dimensions  
then gladness for living in airy realms  
met human need at ether's earth-edge,  
called by request an Only-Begotten  
became eager to manifest.

Apple of Heaven's kingly eye  
relinquished position, mission-sent  
in princely service, male-shaped and  
love-veined Pity walked as The Man,  
gathering awed listeners and openly  
talking of narrow's divinely-set way  
toward state of redemption.

Truth-driven, without fear  
freedom-revealer scorched proud eye  
and ear, tore aside feeble excuses for  
uncaring tax-tables of lucre-exchange,  
much despised yet understanding He  
bent in submission and faced anger's  
ire to bear undeserved sentence.

Cuffed as thorned reprobate  
silent remained and while high-court  
rose to vilify spit and condemn, Love  
stood alone, mocked for absolving all  
unknowing error, prepared to suffer  
in facing slow nail-staked death.

Outlawed and buried, grave  
could not hold spirit and life-force

arose, showed death attack had freed  
inner Being yet mould-bound in human  
denial un-humbled pride never viewed  
Love's undying success when Life rose,  
as foretold, earthlings to save.  
No better cause for celebration  
as memorial brings timely reminder  
to Christians the meaning of Sacrifice.

## Asking

*Asking.*

*Make me a mask  
of autumn-sown action.  
Unclothe my resistance to late compliance.*

*Let my sheltered  
outlook yield to your asking.  
Curve acquiescence by frequent prescribing.*

*Keep no distance  
when shy turns half-hearted and  
your persistent Yes kisses my stifled sighs.*

## Asking.

Asking.

Then as the knots of love  
we tightened,  
earth underneath us and  
above us the sky,  
we lay down to prove, in  
matured twilight,  
coupling's ripened delight  
you and I.

Then we had to lose life's  
much loved tie  
with you beneath earth and  
me asking why.

## Asking.

Asking.

Then as the knots of love  
were tightened,  
earth underneath us and  
above us the sky,  
we lay down to prove, in  
matured twilight,  
coupling's ripened delight  
you and I.

Then life bade us lose our  
much loved tie  
with you beneath earth and  
me asking why.

## Attack

*Attack.*

*Near a clifftop crevasse at sea-drop edge  
I found an old garden  
between windward and lee.  
Facing the ocean and small rock enclosed  
its blossomless graveyard  
exposed hope walled in weeds.*

*Persistent attack infested their corner  
for no storm-shaken plant  
survives saline as feed.  
Deserted by labour only sad ghosts  
haunt this thorny lost track  
to abandonment's dream.*



## Attack

Attack.

As sinks the cherry-plum sun  
a hawk  
unleashes his fire  
and over naked-elm hill dives,  
plume-tight,

!

!

!

straight downwards,  
hangs in still air momentarily  
wide-eyed and loose clawed  
raptor then crashes

\*!\*  
!

into a lone sparrow's chatter,  
writing death warrant

\*\*!\* \*\*

\* \*  
.

\*

in whitening dusk.

~~~~~

~~~~~

Weight of sudden attack  
met success with  
feathered explosion from  
battle-high rush  
of pitched buckle surprise.

\* " " \*

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^

Grieving the slain I then spy  
on moth-night's  
distant and darkling horizon  
a mate  
~ - 0> almost stationary  
in the ether  
- - - perhaps waiting  
for brood's late feed  
she, snatching bait in what  
seems frenzy  
quickly shoots tree-ward  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
before dark blackens sky  
to ebony crystal.

As sinks the cherry-plum sun  
I admit  
that for chicks to exist  
hunger has to be sated and  
hawk's display,  
!  
!  
by accurate awesome speed  
of nature's raw  
beauty invites recognition  
for such fearless skill.  
~ ~ ~

## Attack.

Attack.

As sinks the cherry-plum sun  
a hawk  
unleashes his fire  
and over naked-elm hill dives,  
plume-tight,

!

!

!

straight downwards,  
hangs in still air momentarily  
wide-eyed and loose clawed  
raptor then crashes

\*!\*  
!

into a lone sparrow's chatter,  
writing death warrant

\*\*! \*\*

\* \*

.

\*

in whitening dusk.

~~~~~

~~~~~

Weight of sudden attack  
met success with  
feathered explosion from  
battle-high rush  
of pitched buckle surprise.

\* "" \*

^^ ^^ ^^ ^^

Grieving the slain I then spy  
on moth-night's  
distant and darkling horizon  
a mate  
~ - 0> almost stationary  
in the ether  
- - - perhaps waiting  
for brood's late feed  
she, snatching bait in what  
seems frenzy  
quickly shoots tree-ward  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
before dark blackens sky  
to ebony crystal.

As sinks the cherry-plum sun  
I admit  
that for chicks to exist  
hunger has to be sated and  
hawk's display,  
!  
!  
by accurate awesome speed  
of nature's raw  
beauty invites recognition  
for such fearless skill.  
~ ~ ~

## Attack.

Attack.

As sinks the cherry-plum sun  
a hawk  
unleashes his fire  
and over naked-elm hill dives,  
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for such fearless skill.  
~ ~ ~

## ATTITUDE.

ATTITUDE..

If large baskets of attitude swing  
in between  
branches of success and failure  
by feeding  
relationships with choices made  
single-handed  
then life-long kin-skeins might  
become tangled.

Moods of hilarity must confront  
dull intellect's  
doleful otherness because black  
appears normal  
to mortals who lean too near  
a mere No or Yes  
and rely too much for wisdom  
on a rushed guess.

Once snapping with over-wait  
irate factors  
of indifference are scattered  
as hesitance wraps  
addiction to me-ism in extra  
heavy weights  
and makes over-tried patience  
too often stretched.

Thought prior to answering, less

unkind reaction  
and for leading to more success  
care sans anger  
shows understanding that wins  
needed proof  
for choosing matters which begin  
securing love.



## Attitude.

ATTITUDE..

If large baskets of attitude swing  
in between  
branches of success and failure  
by feeding  
relationships with choices made  
single-handed  
then life-long close skeins might  
become tangled.

Lighter edges need to confront  
dull intellect's  
doleful attention because black  
appears normal  
to mortals who lean too near  
a mere No or Yes  
and rely for considered opinion  
on a rushed guess.

Once snapping with over-wait  
irate factors  
of indifference are scattered  
as hesitance wraps  
me-ism in obsessively extra  
addictive attention  
and makes too-tried patience  
unwisely stretched.

Thought prior to reaction dims

unkind retorts  
and for leading to amiable talk  
care sans anger  
shows understanding that wins  
needed trust  
in choosing postures that foster  
tighter fused love.

## Aurora.

Aurora.

Film of fine bubble-wrap mists early dawning  
as curls of light creep through root and blade  
where dew drips vapours while time scatters  
Spring with avian urges expecting surrender.

Throb of excitement drives feathered chorus  
to echo woodlands as trills fill high branches  
and serenade-burst descends round twitters  
of welcome to fountains of virile plenty.

If ever awe could be measured for freshness,  
scaled for lucidity or gratitude--weighed  
it has to be now at the sound of birdsong  
just as Aurora is making her entrance.

## Authentic.

Authentic.

Find the place where two seas meet,  
stand on the edge of seen and unseen  
and listen to Heaven speaking.

View the space of un-walked worlds,  
gaze on the calm of an inner universe  
and meet Love's immortal fervour.

Authentic beauty needs Self empty  
to hear the music of ecstasy.

## AUTUMN COMES RUNNING.

AUTUMN COMES RUNNING.

Too soon comes Autumn, nipping the heels  
Of unwary Summer it stealthily seals  
Small changes in heavily leaf-laden trees.

Summer fruits begin dropping unhinged by  
Rattle of branches in which Autumn hides.

Before battle commences its volatile breeze  
Scatters copper-thin shivers through obese  
Fattened Summer with capricious ease.

Autumn comes running nor stands aside  
While Summer adjusts to its dynamic stride.

It tosses relentless as with bounty it plays  
And douses growth's hold by raining days  
Of voracious havoc on Summer's ill-fate.

Scurrying birds sense the warning of chill.  
and consistently peck at my window-sill.

Life battens down to face colder seasons,  
Light yields to dark as sun-height recedes.

Petals bud and crumble as last roses fade  
Knowing Autumn comes running - to stay.

## Autumn Comes Running.

Autumn Comes Running.

Too soon comes Autumn nipping the heels  
of unwary Summer while it stealthily seals  
little changes in all heavily leaf-laden trees.

Summer fruits begin rusting un-hinged by  
the rattle of bluster in which Autumn hides.

Before battle commences its volatile breeze  
scatters sudden-thin shivers through obese  
sun-fattened orchards with capricious ease.

Autumn comes hastily nor will stand aside  
while Summer adjusts to its dynamic stride.

It tosses relentless as with bounty it plays  
and douses growth's hold by raining days  
of voracious havoc on summerends's fate.

Scurrying birds sense the warning of chill  
and hungrily peck something able to fill.

Life for cold season now battens to face  
all rose-buds crumble then affable fades  
knowing Autumn comes running to stay.

## Autumn-Imbued.

Autumn-Imbued.

Summer is blighted now and as a quieter air  
takes control strolls become autumn-imbued.

I follow the lead of late afternoon, basking  
in glassy-topped sheen of meandering tide  
that windless creeps up the now crowdless  
shore while I while an hour away, walking  
the adder-striped chocolate ridged ground,  
wading through shallows of sea's ebb-line  
sand lakes feeling like basins of gold water  
tickling my toes in ripples ocean-smoothed.  
August tho' bating leaves days for exploring  
mellower pleasure of solo beach afternoons.

## AWAKENING.

### AWAKENING .

From the deepest corners of darkest black midnight  
the King moves as he hears a call.

Rousing from sleep he stretches extendindg fingers  
before yawning then slowly falls  
out of his eastern sky- bed and paints gaudy streaks  
of stain on dawn's cheeks steadily  
mixing more red into her flawless complexion then  
smiles at unwary clouds heading  
upward climbing higher to avoid summer's hot kiss  
by trying to avoid confrontation.

Pretentiousness seen and met with scorn air meant  
to be scorched soon melts away.

Old Sol's first intention to dominate moon's vacated  
space is followed with zeal,  
and vault will be heat-filled today, come light all life  
will shrink and as humans feel  
bulky hugs from radiation breath's resistance distills  
into etherized fetters as noon appears.

Sun-dancing glitter on diamond-sharp sea-face will  
defy alteration by insisting on searing.

Glare controls beach with vengeance, yet unwisely  
emboldens those who decry blisters  
by exposing each unprotected winter-white limb to  
prostration's need to be tan-kissed  
by a hot Monarch's savagery who fiercely protects  
his time and knows fully that all  
in his grip today will get expert heat-treatment with  
silent scorch until skin can take no more.

Note the power of an awakening Phoebus who daily



makes solar-roast his burning aim. .

## Awareness

Awareness.

Quiet's comfort, revealed by care  
begets ease of flow  
from fear that silence will appear  
between wordy souls  
and tighten portals of interchange  
yet speechless may calm  
while when gentle generates ease  
hurtful moments start  
to melt for regret weeds out stress  
then stillness returns  
to dissipate pain and scatter seeds  
of relationship's curse  
as forgiving aids love's awareness.

## Awayness

Awayness.

Time-racked talk sickens yet clings to torn veils

Train whistles awayness with distancing rails.

Faith blurs in acceptance of passion's demise.

Migratory instinct knows no compromise.

Hurt trust clutches comfort from memory's pyre.

Heart wavers as choice engulfs hope's dying fire.

Come autumn I question why fences now down

Summer's spent echoes of love still resound.

## Awayness

Awayness.

Train whistles awayness on distancing rails.  
Love blurs by acceptance of tear-filling eyes.  
Hope sickens yet clings to time healing failure.  
Will silence bring changes to hurtful goodbyes ?

Seared straws of comfort clutch need's dying spark.  
Come later she questions why effort breaks down.  
Faith wavers as parting stains love's dug garden.  
Is spent the faint echo of romance in flower ?

## Awayness.

Awayness.

Time-racked hope sickens yet clings to torn veils.

Train whistles awayness by distancing rails.

Faith blurs in acceptance of tear-stung eyes.

Will instinct wing free from hurtful goodbyes ?

Seared straws of comfort clutch loves sinking pyre.

Heart wavers as pain engulfs memory's fire.

Come autumn I question why, fences now down,

Romance's spent echo still bounces around.

## Awayness.

Awayness.

Time-racked love sickens yet clings to need's favour.  
Truck rumbled awayness by distancing rails.  
Hope blurs in acceptance thru smoke-blinded eyes.  
Will healing wing free from his hurtful goodbyes ?

Long-held faith reflects back to hurt's parting words.  
Heart wavered at train wheels speeding him further.  
Come nightfall I ask why, with no-one around  
Waiting's old echo still whistles lone track sounds.

**AWE.**

Awe.

Wonderment hides in season's events, lurks  
behind every bird-melody,  
shares small beauties of changeable secrets  
in forest's quiet or babbles by streams,  
dances in raindrops, shows wisdom of ears  
bent to bee-song or leaf-chorus  
as Wonder beats stress in those who listen.

Awe freckles fish, dapples ponies, shapes  
clouds, patterns shells, clothes  
sunsets with colour, fringes cobwebs with  
dew's diamanté, sculpts snow,  
ridges sand as tide ebbs, blankets spring  
hedges with wild flowers and  
paints pure sapphire in kittens' blue eyes.

Wonderment magnifies gems to watchers  
of nature's art and as minds bend  
to suffuse marvel for this trainer of self,  
like rose-scent drenches it  
strikes startle from extra dimensions and  
allows surprise to enter senses  
for Wonder bows souls toward perception.

## Awesome

Awesome.

Portentous is storm.

Thick and heavy this afternoon air  
projects an impending doom everywhere.

Frightening is lightning.

Leaving a film on withering green  
it alters the sheen of pooled dew in each leaf.

Numbing is thunder

Wide but blueless the sky-scape here  
warily waits as pregnant with wet, gale threatens.

Awful is louring mauve.

Suddenly rumbling sounds, decibel-loud  
and clashing drowns voices of scurrying crowd.

I see a large tree shaking prior to  
the strike,

speedy

zig-zag

as its line

decapitates,

slashing at

old spalted

oaken core,

strips it bare,

groaning the

trunk heaves,

smoking oak

sighs as skin

splits and

bark rips while

trembling leaves



slide into heated  
inferno of gorging fire  
hits the floor and roots weep  
as tree shudders once and it dies.

Awesome is white- forked lightning.

**AWESOME.**

Awesome.

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strips it bare,

groaning the

trunk heaves,

smoking side,

sighs as skin

splits and

bark rips while

trembling leaves

slide into heated  
inferno to stay alive  
no more then roots weep  
as tree shudders, tumbling to die.  
Awesome is forked white-lightning.

**AWESOME.**

Awesome.

Oh silvery snake, the day  
I stroked your  
quivering throat, felt the  
strong pulse  
of your muscular dryness,  
hung your long  
weight around my own  
trusting shoulders,  
stood while your carers  
draped my neck  
in your slithering mass  
and my ears filled  
with low whispering hiss  
I had the most  
unforgettable experience.

I will remember  
ever the glint of aurora  
gilding your skin,  
that coldness of eye and  
warmth of coat,  
the closeness we shared  
in those few  
awesome moments until  
as you slowly  
wiggled away I smiled.

Moved, haunted  
and forever beguiled by

your sinuous beauty.

## Back Then

Back Then.

Intoxicated with evocative love,  
and heady rapture,  
ecstasy truly captured our every  
exhilaration back then.  
Fermented in thrills we became  
effervescently fueled,  
felt mercurial bliss and entered  
new dimensional levels.  
Galvanized by euphoria prized  
times when desire flew  
heaven-high gratified rapture  
with infused satisfaction.  
Enchanted halcyon hours bred  
volcanic abandon, now  
memory's only treasured wish  
is to resurrect that bliss.

## Back Then

Back Then.

Intoxicated with evocative love,  
heady with rapture,  
exhilaration captured their every  
need of sensation  
back then.

Fermented in thrills they became  
effervescently fueled,  
felt mercurial bliss galvanized to  
an exciting level  
back then.

Fired by euphoria their pleasure  
ordered desire as time  
stood still and gratified every  
wish for satisfaction  
back then.

Enchanted by halcyon hours  
volcanic abandon roused  
they found romance in ecstatic  
ashes of fantasy  
back then.

## Back Then

Back Then.

Intoxicated with evocative love,  
and heady elation  
ecstasy truly captured our new  
exhilaration back then.  
Fermented in thrills we became  
euphoria fuelled,  
felt mercurial bliss and entered  
desire's raptural level.  
Enchanted halcyon time gained  
volcanic abandon, now  
mem'ry's unremitting wish is  
to resurrect the fire again.



## Back Then.

Back Then.

Intoxicated with evocative love,  
and heady rapture,  
ecstasy truly captured our every  
exhilaration back then.

Fermented in thrills we became  
effervescently fuelled,  
felt mercurial bliss and entered  
new dimensional level.

Galvanized by euphoria prized  
times when desire flew  
heaven-high gratified rapture  
with true satisfaction.

Enchanted halcyon hours gave  
volcanic abandon, now  
memory's only begotten wish  
is to resurrect gone bliss.

**BACK THEN.**

Back Then.

How green was my valley  
back then.

Tall willow trees drooped  
and tumbled  
to small meadow's clean  
stream amid  
screams from lasses who  
annoyed with  
teasing lads' laughter ran  
thru' mole-brown  
ploughed fields happy to  
feel underfoot  
sowed soil soft as velvet  
which when  
reaped would give grain  
to the hungry  
who sang in the harvest  
back then.

Wild were the flowers we  
picked for our  
tables when sheaved hay  
littered fields.

We carried scythed wheat  
with children's  
sweet voices lending tune  
to find value  
of best stood neat stooks.  
Came the day  
when things mechanized

brought changes  
that ended simplicity as  
good men left  
idle found that factories  
paid fair wages  
but took air's call away  
from lads born  
for countryfied activities.

Now like gems  
on my memory necklace  
I still string old  
moments together when  
villagers praised  
each worker's best effort  
with dance and  
fiddle as home-made ale  
washed down  
harvest pies, milk jellies,  
thick cream  
and from grass-fed cattle  
sizzling steaks  
with fresh salads tasting  
of keenest  
tending when green back  
then was my valley.

## Back There

Back There.

Oh for those hills of my homeland  
greening their fall  
to the sea, oh for rainbow's sheen  
topping flat waters of  
sandy coves, dreams from abroad  
hear calling of gulls  
hungry for catching bounty's haul  
and they, like me  
scream for another small helping  
of lost hospitality.

Oh how I yearn for each morning's  
wake to cooler breezes,  
where coastline old granite boasts  
as sentinel and valleys  
hide familiar hold on open doors  
for returners who  
remember the features of kin-folk

Oh to chase high-tide  
breaking as white-beach rollers  
be nightly tucked in  
by motherland air and then rest  
in that kindly fold  
of its ample breasted welcome.

Oh to be back there once more.

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Oh to chase high-tide  
breaking as white-beach rollers,  
to be nightly tucked in  
by motherland air and then rest  
in that special fold  
of its ample breasted welcome.

Oh to be back there once more.

## Baiting.

Baiting.

Let us go baiting the moon tonight, rave  
to tunes of extra mystique.  
If we lose shy in silky glitter-white haze  
we shall regain fresh replete.

Come mesh skins in rippling amusement  
while moon bejewels the lake.  
Dive to find quivers of midnight allure  
as diamanté distils moon-lace.

Come welcome waves of zephyr-arousal  
and gyrate to naked pleasures.  
Try some lunar obeisance and unashamed  
start moving to togetherness.

So let not this you-and-I moment go by  
as we attempt moonlight baiting tonight.

## Bargaining

Bargaining.

Sunny boats clutter the bay.  
Storm-beaten seagulls shriek shored lament.

Windless now calm covers the distance  
between shore and ship in misty-grey haze  
as she, dressed in Sunday-best  
waves to the horizon with young insistence.  
Innocence kicking the sand.  
Troubled girl praying as men haul in vessels.

Tide now laps quiet on harbour walls  
after bargaining pleas for Pa's safe landing  
means she in a foam-soaked dress  
can damply grin welcome to him she adores.

Do storms of indifference change  
when children's trust calls to heaven in faith ?

## Battle

Battle.

Settling mysterious glow on late  
sky's afternoon show  
Phoebus hazily parts blown veils  
on early twilight's face  
by pushing her fading round bulk  
between striated clouds.

Rays beat moon's rising attempts  
to end day and outpace  
dying light's race by interference  
when sun shines again  
from behind each vestige of grey.

Desiring to taste more this defiant  
spread of victorious  
display as empty beach beckons  
I drink shades of linked  
battle between daylight and dark  
as moon winks at stars  
to bid blue goodbye in apt finalé  
then old Sol sinks.



## Battle

Battle.    Settling mysterious glow on late sky's afternoon show    Phoebus hazily parts blown veils  
on early twilight's face by pushing her fading round bulk    between striated clouds.    Rays beat  
moon's rising attempts to end day and outpace    dying light's race by interference    for sun shines  
again    from behind vestige of dull grey.    And wanting to taste this defiant    spread of victorious  
display as empty beach beckons I drink shades of mauve    battle between daylight and dark    then  
dome's star bids blue her lone goodbye as finalé    and old Sol sinks.

## Battle Lines.

Battle.

Settling mysterious glow on late  
sky's afternoon show  
Phoebus hazily parts blown veils  
on early twilight's face  
by pushing her fading round bulk  
between striated clouds.

Rays beat moon's rising attempts  
to end day and outpace  
dying light's race by interference  
when sun shines again  
from behind each vestige of grey.

Desiring to taste more this defiant  
spread of victorious  
display as empty beach beckons  
I drink shades of linked  
battle between daylight and dark  
as moon winks at stars  
to bid blue goodbye in apt finalé  
then old Sol sinks.

## Battle.

Battle.

Settling mysterious glow on late  
sky's afternoon show  
Phoebus hazily parts blown veils  
on early twilight's face  
by pushing her fading round bulk  
between striated clouds.

Rays beat moon's rising attempts  
to end day and outpace  
dying light's race by interference  
when sun shines again  
from behind each vestige of grey.

Desiring to taste more this defiant  
line-bleed of victorious  
display as beach quickly empties  
I drink shades of linked  
battle between daylight and dark  
as stars wink adieu  
to bid blue apt goodbye in finalé  
then old Sol sinks.

**Battle.**

Battle.

Settling mysterious glow on late  
sky's afternoon show  
Phoebus hazily parts blown veils  
on early twilight's face  
by pushing her fading round bulk  
between striated dusk.  
Rays beat moon's rising attempts  
to end day and outpace  
dying light's race by interference  
when sun shines again  
from behind each vestige of grey  
and shoulders out haze.

Desiring to taste more this defiant  
spread of victorious  
display as empty beach beckons  
I drink shades of linked  
battle between daylight and dark  
to bid blue apt goodbye  
and in finalé I fancy moon winks  
at stars as old Sol sinks.

## Battles

Battles.

With its mysterious  
amber-toned nodular face  
the fronded sight of a washed-up  
verdigris rope of kelp  
tugged by the merciless heaves  
of a treacherous ocean  
attracts my setting pen to paper.  
Shaped like a spiral  
of tactile curvature with open  
lipped lizard-look  
flesh of prehistoric-ridged  
salty green knots its mouth juts  
forward in jaw-torn  
cuts toward last living moments.

Tell me what violent  
power ejected your submarine  
life from forests of frills, what storm  
dislodged your clasp,  
wrenched you to billow skyward  
and tossing your skin  
threw you dying onto the sand ?  
Your prehensile torso  
will never its secret now tell  
but I think I see battles in dimly lit  
bed where liquid bellowing  
of wild undulation likely severed  
your quaking foothold  
ending resistance by breaker force.

You, wet kelp anchored fast  
in watery weedland grew mightily  
healthy once before  
so I now throw you back to saline  
wave-reaction and  
leave you where you belong.

## Battles.

Battles.

With its mysterious  
amber-toned nodular face,  
the fronded sight of a washed-up  
dying ribbon of weedy  
sea- kelp tugged from the deep  
of this great Atlantic  
affects and sets my pen to paper.  
Shaped like a spiral  
of tactile curves with open  
prehistory-lipped lizard-look  
spread groundward  
its salty green dragon mouth juts  
forward in torn-jawed  
grief toward dying moments.  
Tell me what violent  
past ejected your submarine  
life from forests of frills, what storm  
dislodged your roots,  
wrenched you floating skyward  
and tossing your pride  
threw you drying onto this beach ?  
Your prehensile shape  
will never release the secret  
to me but I think I see battles in dimly  
lit worlds where bellowing  
fights of wild undulation like quakes  
severed your bed-grasp  
ending resistance by breaker action.  
You kelp, anchored fast  
in watery weedland grew mightily

tough and strong.

I will carry you back

now to saline tide-smells

and leave you where you belong.



## Battling.

Battling.

Sea crosses curved world,  
aborting its waters  
as ebb and fall tides  
hold ocean from flooding  
earth's bolstered sides  
so life can go forward  
against crashes and cries  
of breaker destruction  
while brave fisher-folk work  
to keep boats on shores  
when waves become mighty.  
No task more praise-worthy  
than battling sea storms.

## Be To Me

Be To Me.

Be to me eternity's song  
and not as lust's transient notes.  
Be as the forever of strong  
affection and not just for moments.

Be like faith without limit  
and not as doubt's breakable bond.  
Be to me true as infinity  
for heaven applauds meant resolve.

Be alight to ageless passion  
and not just in first blush of youth.  
Be to me fire ever lasting  
for such keeps alive love's lit beauty.

## Be To Me

Be To Me.

Be to me eternity's song  
and not as lust's transient notes.  
Be as the forever of strong  
affection and not just for moments.

Be like faith without limit  
and not as doubt's breakable bond.  
Be to me true as infinity  
for heaven applauds trustful resolve.

Be alive to ageless passion  
and not just in first blush of youth.  
Be to me need ever lasting  
for such keeps alive love's lit beauty.

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Be like faith without limit  
and not as doubt's breakable bond.  
Be to me true as infinity  
for heaven applauds trustful resolve.

Be alive to ageless passion  
and not just in first blush of youth.  
Be to me need ever lasting  
for such keeps alight love's real beauty.

## Be To Me.

Be To Me.

Be to me eternity's song  
and not as lust's transient notes.  
Be as the forever of strong  
affection and not just for moments.

Be like faith without limit  
and not as doubt's breakable bond.  
Be to me true as infinity  
for heaven applauds trustful resolve.

Be alive to ageless passion  
and not just in first blush of youth.  
Be to me need ever lasting  
for such keeps alight love's real beauty.

## Be To Me.

Be To Me.

Be to me eternity's song  
and not as lust's transient notes.  
Be as the forever of strong  
affection and not for mere moments.

Be like faith without limit  
and not as doubt's breakable bond.  
Be to me true as infinity  
for heaven applauds sincere resolve.

Be alive to ageless passion  
and not just in first blush of youth.  
Be to my need ever steadfast  
as such keeps alight love's real beauty.

## Be To Me.

Be To Me.

Be to me eternity's song  
and not as lust's transient notes.  
Be as the forever of strong  
affection and not just for moments.

Be like zest without limit  
and not as cold's breakable bond.  
Be to me true as infinity  
for heaven applauds bold's resolve.

Be alive to ageless passion  
and not just in first blush of youth.  
Be to me need ever lasting  
for such keeps alight desire's beauty.

## Beach-Combing

### Beach-Combing

No shells today after the gale  
but huge mole-hilly  
bunches of mermaid's long hair  
were trailing  
the beach in tide-circled piles.  
Everywhere I found discarded  
remnants of old  
Neptune's party where  
maidens flung aside  
ribbons in seaweedy waves as  
they all danced wildly.  
Poets love beach-combing finds.



## Beached

Beached.

Empty sand  
except for old boulders pounded  
by incessant sea.

In my hand  
wetly warm one polished pebble  
with soothing appeal.

Tidal lands  
expose jewel-smooth comfort rocks  
that if used can heal.

Granite band  
girdling a middle forecasts wealth  
to those who believe.

Grateful thanks  
due for alchemic fondling stones  
waiting on beaches.

## Beautiful

Beautiful.

Shadowy movements of ethereal  
music play nebulous games  
with light's lacy fingers, weaving  
watery lines on sleepy lake.  
Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy  
grey smoke whispers its  
    liquid journey along growing dim  
with fervent limpidity.  
Time holds breath as stars stack  
glints of tiffany dew  
on blackening trout's shiny back  
in twilight's translucence.  
Mist covers sky but above hangs  
the gauzy sickle-shaped  
glow of shade-blinkered lantern  
trying to flicker again.  
Clouds part and moon entrances  
as the beautiful ghost  
of a fading rainbow dances its last  
and night closes the show.

**BEAUTIFUL.**

Beautiful.

Scarf-weather today for the first time  
since lazy summer  
started its hasty decline.  
With throat woolly-muffled and cosy  
I feel no hurry  
to reach sooner my home.  
Beneath sun-shiny blueness I saunter  
along content with  
autumn's fresh morning.  
Take time to dawdle and daydream,  
hear bare treetops sigh  
as squall strips off last leaves.  
Walk ousts sleep as drousy brains  
doused with dawn air  
stay wakefully keen all day.  
I adore exploring the crunchy crisp  
cool of beautiful  
autumnal mornings like this

## Beauty

Beauty. Lost in dense night of idle imaginings when drowning in mind's stressful abyss find Beauty whose reality restores intent to climb up from the false. Beauty hides in season's events, she lurks behind avian melody, shares with listeners her tune in streams, whispers through rustling leaves, lows as cattle feed, patters in drizzle and sings duets with wind in eaves. She freckles the paths of dappled woods, patterns shells, clothes chicks, colours dropped evening when sun sets, paints mist on green hills, ridges sand when tide ebbs, blankets wild flowers round Spring hedges and creates swept blue of forget-me-not skies. Beauty magnifies gems to those watching for nature's show, she bends to suffuse peace this trainer of souls, like rose-scent drenches air she enters awed moments and there begets pleasure in fresh observation by displaying jewels to human perception.

## Becoming Other

Becoming Other.

I have woken in many a dawn  
and with first light have flown from my window  
of "self" to become another,  
a robin or fawn or fox trotting home,  
then in following buzz of a bee pollen-nosing  
I become for a moment sodden in gold.

My joy in finding oneness with else  
needs but for asking when as one world seems  
close to similar all nature unveils  
alchemic changes to those who reveal  
felt desire for transmutation to things denser  
as losing the "I" fuses dimension fields.

Pride decreases as awe decrees  
when reaching for otherness thought  
of how earth's many life-forms succeed .

## Becoming Other.

Becoming Other.

I have woken in many a dawn  
and with first light I have flown from my window  
of "Self" to become another,  
a robin or fawn or fox trotting home.  
Oh and sometimes my skin has felt like the rose  
prizing petal from bud-cell  
then in adopting fuzz of a bee nosing for  
pollen have for a moment been sodden in gold.

My delight in oneness with else  
means passion for asking, in which world laps  
over world at the drop of a hat,  
for I believe when questioned that nature  
is willing its hidden gems to reveal.  
Once or twice I have even achieved levels of part  
transformation the kind that  
makes hair stand on end as handling dimension  
of miniscule life takes me  
into the mind-fields of different hearts.

Experience of such when I have drawn nearer  
gives an awareness of the trials  
and and challenge those souls undergo  
and I see with awe the patient  
forbearance of silent survival by powered  
intent then bow my head, for  
in reaching for "other" and losing my "I" case  
for pride decreases as life teaches  
humility's light to a close observer of nature.

## Becoming Other.

Becoming Other.

I have woken in many a dawn  
and with first light I have flown from my window  
of "Self" to become another,  
robin or fawn or fox trotting home.  
Oh and sometimes my skin has felt like the rose  
stirring to uncurl bud to petal  
then in adopting fuzz of a bee nosing for  
pollen have for a moment been sodden in gold.

My delight in oneness with else  
means passion for asking, in which world laps  
over world at the drop of a hat,  
for I believe, when questioned, Mother Nature  
is willing her hiddenness to reveal.  
On occasion I have even achieved levels of part  
transformation the kind that  
makes hair stand on end as handling dimension  
of miniscule life takes me  
into very mind-fields of non human experience.

Empathy's journey draws searchers nearer by  
giving awareness of the trials  
and hard challenges most tiny things undergo  
and when I see with awe the  
patient fore-bearance of silent survival intent  
I bow my humble head, for  
in reaching toward "other" and losing my "I"  
the planet decreases in size  
to teach learners secrets of the "Enlightened"

## Beginning

Beginning.

Lonely black spaces engulf his mind,  
Caverns of dark breed shivering fear.  
Phantoms from terrors of past arise  
Whispering taunts of despair in his ear.  
Wary of mem'ries he holds back sleep.  
Shop-door dreaming he tries to evade  
Minutes to midnight he spills hot tears  
Knowing the next day will be the same.  
Homeless and chilled he covers his head  
Tomorrow will see him beginning to beg.



## Beginnings

*Beginnings.*

*Crowded room crossed,  
surrounded by name exchange  
their eyes met.*

*Pregnant attraction accosted  
suppressed breath  
and as fingers first touched  
time melted  
in stirring fusion of minds.*

*Inner knowing wired, two felt  
love's beginnings again.*

**BEGINNINGS.**

## BEGINNINGS.

Morning's mist unrolls to boost  
a sapphire-blue roof  
shining above warmer footings  
of luminous movement,  
dawn brooms out grey reducing  
night's cloudy hood  
and time allowed I arise to use  
given chances, commune  
with nature as changes produce  
from nakedness beauty.

So I am away to spot birthings  
of green, to unearth  
modest beginnings of early  
thrusting thru' thirsty  
wait need to Spring-clean bare  
scrub-land, to stare  
in awe as re-growth prepares  
from cold winter's lair  
festival beds, places where  
Flora's colourful hair  
spreads ribbons thru' chilly air.

I intend to be there  
when snowdrop gems' rare  
show maybe shared  
with one other who prefers  
not to pick or disturb.

I shall view the first fanfare  
of Spring's new wear.

Nothing compares with this  
wealth of beginnings.

**BEGINNINGS.****BEGINNINGS.**

Morning's mist unrolls to boost  
a sapphire-blue roof.  
Shining above warmer footings  
of luminous movement  
dawn brooms out grey reducing  
night's cloudy hood  
and time allowed I arise to use  
given chances, commune  
with nature as changes produce  
from nakedness Beauty.

So I am away to spot birthings  
of green, to unearth  
modest beginnings of early  
thrusting thru' thirsty  
need of Spring-coating bare  
moorland, to stare  
in awe as re-growth prepares  
from cold winter's lair  
festival beds, places where  
Flora's combed hair  
spreads its ribbons of rarity.

I intend to be there  
when snowdrop gems' rare  
show is shared  
with no other disturbance  
to fanfare's first  
shy pale-faced uncurlings.

There's nothing like mingling  
with Springtime's beginnings.

**BEGINNINGS.****BEGINNINGS.**

Morning's mist unrolls to boost  
a sapphire-blue roof.  
Shining above warmer footings  
of luminous movement,  
dawn's broomed grey reduces  
night's cloudy hood  
and time allowed I wish to use  
chance to commune  
with change as cycle produces  
from dryness beauty.

Rising's rush to spot birthings  
of Spring, unearth  
modest beginnings of early  
thrust through thirsty  
need to clothe winter's bare  
woods means staring  
awed as re-growth prepares  
from grounded lair  
roused heads, patches where  
Flora's combed hair  
spreads glory over bald earth.

As Springs before being there  
when snowdrop-wear  
appears through frozen murk  
I bend taking care  
no clumsy foot must disturb  
thronging joint fanfare

of snowy-white drops daring  
their smile to uncurl.

Nothing compares mingling  
with Springtime beginnings.

## Beginnings.

Beginnings.

In this most enlightened age  
where hours flash by  
the nearer I come to my final  
breath the brighter sun  
seems when it rises each day  
and the fiercer tumble  
beached waves of neap-tides  
bleached more silver  
than my sight recalls seeing.

Waking to view glory- fresh  
morning in full spate,  
purged and dripping allure  
makes my innards ache  
to join joy breath expresses.  
I note then a bluer  
sky, feel deeper air's healing  
and smile wider as face  
is embraced by first breezes.

Being alive is enough if trust  
guides aging, for while  
closer draws endings greater  
the need to perceive  
nature in changing its music



accepts given time,  
earth's worn song-sheets await  
other beginnings  
with excitingly different tunes.

## Behind and Between.

Behind and Between.

Through the thinnest of veils there exists  
worlds behind and between.

Mind-tides of seeming reality, semblance  
of things intentionally pale.

What is seen as experience or its effects  
gells well with lateral senses.

Not dreams but live essences divined as  
surreal appear half-earthly.

Creature-less air holding  
shape shifter faces  
bides in every known mold  
as spectres shadily  
take up half-ghostly forms  
disturbing the bold.

Un-voiced speech conveys  
primal harmony set  
on dim dimensional planes  
while awareness of self  
as felt-power reverberates  
together with presence  
of such non-visible beauty  
in many guises before  
well-morphed love assumes  
changing configuration.  
to enframe the almost-seen  
for edificational help  
in coping with near disbelief.

Those who use viewing beyond things  
as given truth will reason that if  
to receive unafraid spirit-aid toward  
infinity the reward must be seen  
through thinnest of veils between earth  
and existence of other worlds.

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as felt-power reverberates  
together with presence  
of much non-visible beauty  
in many guises before  
well-morphed love assumes  
moves in configuration.

to enframe the almost-seen  
for edificational help  
in coping with near disbelief.

To those who use viewing beyond things  
as given truth will reason that if

to receive, unafraid, spirit aid toward  
infinity, must see the reward  
through thinnest of veils between earth  
and existence of other worlds.

## BEHIND AND BETWEEN.

Behind and Between.

Through the thinnest of veils there exists  
worlds behind and between.

Mind-tides of seeming reality, semblance  
of things intentionally pale.

What is seen as experience or its effects  
gells well with lateral senses.

Not dreams but live essences divined as  
surreal appear half-earthly.

Creature-full air holding  
shape shifter faces  
bides in every known mold  
as spectres shadily  
take up half-ghostly forms  
disturbing even the bold.  
Un-voiced speech conveys  
primal harmony set  
on dim dimensional planes  
while awareness of self  
as felt-power reverberates  
together with presence  
of much non-visible beauty  
in many guises before  
well-morphed Love assumes  
moves for configuration  
to en-frame the almost-seen  
for edificational help  
in coping with near disbelief.

To those who use viewing beyond things  
as given truth will reason that if  
to receive, unafraid, spirit aid toward  
infinity, must see the reward  
through thinnest of veils between earth  
and existence of other worlds.

## Being Alive

Being Alive.

In this mechanized age  
the nearer I come  
to my final breath  
the brighter the sun  
when it rises each day  
and fiercer the tumble  
of waves breaking  
on sand, tide-cleansed  
with more vigour than  
I can remember.  
Sweeter each avian song,  
extra the brightness  
of striations on butterflies,  
greener the meadows  
under a bluer sky,  
extra intense the sunset  
as awe from stars  
shimmers much whiter  
from dimensions afar.  
Just being alive is enough  
if love lights every day,  
for when closer draw ends  
greater the thrill  
as earth's music vibrates  
with vivid wonders  
if tuning into hid treasures  
before it's too late.



## Being Fickle.

Being Fickle.

Cornish spring drips and  
all growth becomes riddled with  
desire for warmth,  
ridden with need for having more.  
Freshly risen, green  
gets liquid-addiction, an invisible  
draw makes sward  
swoon for regular fixes of water.  
Crafty Spring knows  
plants crave doses so being fickle  
he drops trickles used  
to tease shoots upwards for fuel.  
Whoresome he opens  
cores formerly hidden, then the  
illicit physician lopes  
in and flippantly fosters hopes.  
Boldly he impregnates  
the deep sleep of inactive nature,  
forcing in secret wet  
potions to unclothe sleepy petals.  
Then he may withhold  
his advances and allow winter's  
return to frozen nights  
for a while to show Flora's plight.  
Old Spring hangs around  
to tickle ground's fancy yet Sol's  
hard passion he fears  
for at start of heat he disappears.

## Being Ready

Being Ready.

See the Spring sun wedging its roundness  
through gaps in grey clouds,  
shouldering freeze away from flowering.  
See fresh buds writhing as half-opened  
colour expects warmth's  
bold impregnation to be lustily potent.  
See the bare-branches upwardly meshing  
as seething with stretch  
greenness reshapes its abundant tresses.  
See the hedgerows dance sans moving,  
as wild blossom-heads loosen  
and nod to awaking's evocative music.  
See the earth flush with myriad pleasures  
and enter dimensions where  
success is measured by just being ready.

## Being Ready.

Being Ready.

See the March sun wedging its roundness  
through gaps in grey clouds,  
shouldering drench away from flowering.  
See the fresh buds writhing as half-opened  
colour expects warmth's  
bold impregnation felt to be potent.  
See the bare-branches upwardly meshing  
as seething with stretch  
greenness reshapes its abundant tresses.  
See the hedgerows dance without moving,  
as wild blossom-heads loosen  
and nod to Spring's evocative music.  
See the ground flush with myriad pleasures  
and enter dimensions where  
success is measured by being ready.

**BEING.**

Being.

When I, on looking closer at  
sun-beaming roses see  
how sweetly they all meet  
some Holy Decree of quietly  
being themselves and  
letting me just be me, I find  
something vital drops  
into my beating heart, like  
a phial of truth newly bottled.

Proverbial coating begins to  
slide with knife-like  
precision and slits the plush  
of pleached thought, mind  
open I catch sight  
of flora's pure motive much  
clearer and now know  
why a rose desires to be  
naught but a beautiful rose.

So how I wish to be  
no more than me.

## Bells

Bells.

Million bells waving bright bonnets of blue  
Flaunting tall ranks of incredible hue.  
Groundbreaking columns of stalks fill the shade  
Assailing our senses from every dull glade.

Mid dapple-dim woods we tread without sound  
Breathtaking armies of blue all around.  
Sun shedding Spring over cold woodland dew,  
Highlighting patches of mystical blue.  
Sheer seas of colour all billowing there  
Dance to perfection their Show of the Year.

## Best

Best.

The gaze  
of dead dreams sees resurrection  
yet memory  
smothers love's way ahead.  
The past  
heaves sighs of satisfaction while  
stifled future  
sinks in silent regret.

The waves  
of destiny whisper goodbyes to  
briefest of times  
when desire spelt pleasure.  
The stars  
will remember 'tho as will I that  
our passion was life  
at its brilliant best.

## Best

*Best.*

*I have heard  
male sighs of desire,  
smelt the heat  
of arising fervour,  
tasted passion  
nectared with fire  
and sensed need  
stirring blood's urge.*

*But best for sure this  
newly felt end  
of lifelong thirst his  
love has quenched.*

## Besting the Best

Besting the Best.

Those crackles from wood on after-work  
fires are warmly relaxing  
as is the swish of home-winged birds or  
rain on panes making a splash  
or Summer's light murmur of night-wind  
passing thru slumbering trees.  
and what of those  
somnolent tocks after slow ticks of my  
grandfather clock  
or the continuous sizzle as near boiling  
my kettle sings on the hob?  
None of these soothing rhythms ever  
come near to besting the best for me  
as sounds most precious and gentlest  
are low whispers of your satisfied sleep  
and slow breathing, next to my breast.



## Besting.

Besting.

Repetitive cooing of an un-mated wood pigeon  
seems so tenderly moving.  
An amalgam of voices making dinner-time chat  
sounds surprisingly soothing.  
Mesmerizingly restful an incoming tide swishing  
on stones in covert beaches.  
And agreeably pleasant the motorised greeting  
of blooms by afternoon bees.  
Rhythmical rocking of rails on fast trains might  
quickly my mind hypnotize.  
Resonance trembles from waterfalls dropping  
to vibrational silence.

And what of those somnolent tocks after the  
ticks from my grandfather clock  
Or the continuous sizzle as near-boiling my  
kettle sings on kitchen hob.  
Those crackles from logs on after-work fires  
are so warmly relaxing.  
As is the swish of home-winged birds when  
rain makes tuneful splish and splash.  
Or Summer's light murmur of night-wind's  
quiet passing through leafy trees.

Yet none of these soothing rhythms come  
near besting the best for me.

The most precious of sounds and gentlest

are the whispers of sleeping contentment  
in your peaceful breath next to my breast

## Better Beware

Better Beware.

Watch out for this wild surf-breaker who starts  
uncurling her saline-wet tongue  
on long-cruised hearts.

She drags a mountainous force of aborted days  
which built weighty baggage with  
abused frustration.

Her amorous appetite eschews shy in bold gusts  
of far-from sedate desire and rides  
with firey combustion.

Caught by painful undertow this lady breasts high  
waves by submerging aloneness  
in awakened reminders.

Now no gainsay can master long-infused fervour  
for diving in ecstatic action  
to find clandestine worth.

Look out for this star-set roller who bursts with  
overdrive to whet needy appetite  
for wanton energy.

Expect a satisfied dip in pleasure's sweet ocean  
but better beware her boat leaks  
it's new-found explosives.

## BETWEEN WORLDS.

Between Worlds.

Shallower sages would never permit streams of  
night's glittering stardust to detract them from  
edging every message with personal ego.

Meanwhile authentic dreamers reveal  
their penchant for embroidering  
that which cannot be sewn  
and write to impassion  
the marvel of sunrise.

True scribes add  
zest to twilight,  
with gifted  
shadings,  
coat nature  
with word-flow  
and paint phrasings  
richer by lyrical notes.

To the dreamy romantic  
who captures fanciful verse  
thanks for bejeweling poems  
with tokens that adorn the ordinary.

To describe life poets slip outside reality  
to spin cotton-wool dreams and mind-flying  
between worlds steal time to share fine words

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night's glittering stardust to detract them from  
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richer by lyrical notes.

To the dreamy romantic  
who captures fanciful verse  
thanks for bejeweling poems  
with tokens adorning the ordinary.

Genuine writers slip outside reality then  
spin embellishment with metaphor by time  
spent between worlds before weaving melody.

## Betweeness

Betweeness.

Between yesterday  
and tomorrow there lies the display  
of today's fresh bounty  
readily able to take a chance  
knowing fate brooks no need for delay.

Between solemn  
grey nowness and yonder's infinity  
distant shores tantalize  
where frustration's resistance  
obtains no chances to furnish relief.

Between waking  
and sleeping there exists somewhere  
of rarely dreamed freedom,  
an oasis where lonely people  
find space to hope one day for care.

Between heaven  
and paradise lies the state of wonder  
for solo dreamers who yearn  
to experience before long pure  
bliss with the feel of really belonging.

## Betweeness.

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Between yesterday  
and tomorrow there lies the display  
of today's fresh bounty  
readily able to take a chance  
knowing fate brooks no need for delay.

Between solemn  
grey nowness and yonder's infinity  
distant shores tantalize  
with frustration's resistance yet  
provide right timing to furnish relief.

Between waking  
and sleeping there exists somewhere  
of rarely dreamed freedom,  
an oasis where lonely people  
find peace in which love can be shared.

Between heaven  
and paradise lies the state of new-song  
for true hearts who yearn  
to experience in warm oneness  
reasons for bliss in the feel of belonging.

## Betweeness.

Betweeness.

Between yesterday  
and tomorrow there lies the display  
of today's fresh bounty  
readily able to take a chance  
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and paradise lies the state of new-song  
for true hearts who yearn  
to experience in warm oneness  
reasons for bliss in the feel of belonging.



## Bewildering.

Bewildering.

Dear God,  
How do I choose when my Mom and my Dad  
ask me a question that splits me in two?  
I don't think either of them is so bad,  
but they expect me to be able to  
know where I stand in their unpleasant life.  
God I am supposed to choose now where I live.  
How can I apportion my love amidst strife  
such as they show, neither Mom nor Dad give  
in to the fact that I love them both.  
Equally well too, how can I tell who will  
miss me the most and throughout my growth  
I will grieve at leaving one here and still  
more bewildering how can I then show them  
parental care fairly when they get old ?  
Oh God, please let me know

## Beyond Ahead.

Beyond Ahead.  
Over our future horizons  
life  
lies  
in wait.  
Mystery, as yet unstyled,  
inflates readiness  
for human anticipation.  
Impressive beyondness  
beckons,  
infiltrates the present and  
beguiles Now  
to stimulate awareness.  
Looking ahead  
must always relate to  
exhilaration.  
Wary spirits have need to  
debate this  
disguised transmission  
for Past,  
having been sated, Future  
will come.  
But  
beware  
its  
hatred  
of being unwelcome.

## Beyond Ahead.

Beyond Ahead.

Over our future horizons

life

lies

in wait.

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But

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of unrecognition.

## Bird Talk.

Bird-Talk.

My mind is astir with what, this  
Spring morning  
I caught aloft under bluebell skies.  
A bird who trills high, yet smaller  
than any with call  
that thrills making tuneful reply  
and my heart went soaring  
when I spied  
a crest of gold as he sped by.  
The nature park  
that graces this valley bequests  
feathered perfection in  
winged songsters marking  
tiny terrains with sublime bird-talk.  
But the Goldcrest  
and his choral welcome crowned  
my early walk

## BIRD-TALK..

### Bird Talk

A wee bird on rock-peak above quick rolling  
bubble-veined stream began speaking to me.  
Not by known language he piped sweet notes  
voicing among leafy hides rang potent clarity.

With need to transcribe I leaned forward into  
his mind and caught the right frame of tone.  
No words could describe the cadence through  
trilling his secret transference became known.

With symphonic report on gratitude for water  
refreshment he sang even when slaking thirst.  
A bird bridged understanding by choral report  
as in abundance of contact he fearlessly burst.

I learned the awe needed as bird-talk that day  
from a dipper on coexistence my spirit amazed.

**BIRD-TUNED.****BIRD-TUNED.**

Around the murmurs of dawn-ridden bay  
light moves with sun-rising's baited wings,  
smears change of chorus in nest-sites' affray  
and late-hatched wild fledglings to order brings.

Beneath the hint of its storm-hidden face  
tide lifts false breast-heaving liquid ribs,  
grips feathered chicks in air's chilling embrace  
while wave-height's fair warning linger forbids.

Above the high dune's wind-bitten byways  
sky fills with flight-beating groups of geese,  
thrills early watchers for bird-tuned displays  
as white migration makes haste to new fields.

## BIRTH RITES.

Birth Rites.

She pulled the cloak tightly around swollen frame  
And bending low entered through hole to the cave.  
Lush grasses and ferns hid foot-path to rock floor,  
The spirits would know she had been there before.  
Spirit-sighs flooded cavern with wet ghostly chill.  
Requesting rich offerings exchanged for goodwill.  
Hide bag she ripped open to present roasted meat.  
Kissing altar's stone icon she then made a retreat.  
Crouched in tiny recess but quite silent she made  
Low obeisance to shadows yet fearless remained.

She knelt eyes half closed while waiting for signs.  
Prayed for courage to face child-bearing survival.

Ascending she left fresh thanksgivings of grain.  
And that Celtic Princess gave birth without pain.

## Birthright

Birthright.

Let tight knots stifling the spirit  
slacken and shake loose soft streams of quiet.

Untie and fledge troubled feelings.  
then allow freedom of will to feather and fly.

Take wing to painless self-nurture  
where pride's failure to smile never applies.

Success will become unbounded  
if breath gains depth before climbing high.

Find fervent zeal within chosen  
fields and taste love-seeds waiting in life.

If fed with action and tended  
with attitude mood's fruitage alters minds.

Contentment oils good digestion  
and satisfied hearts soon learn to lighten.

Every breath engages a purpose  
of daily betterment by those valuing time.

Humans are born to share love's  
reasons for laughter with acts of kindness.

Joy is created a birthright so let



out hurts if happiness starts fading inside.

**BIRTHRIGHT.**

Birthright.

Let tight knots stifling the spirit  
slacken and shake loose soft streams of quiet.

Untie and fledge troubled feelings.  
then allow freedom of will to feather and fly.

Take wing to painless self-nurture  
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and satisfied hearts soon learn to lighten.

Every breath engages a purpose  
of daily betterment by those valuing time.

Humans are born to share love's  
reasons for laughter with acts of kindness.

Joy is created a birthright so let  
out hurts if happiness starts fading inside.

## Birthright.

Birthright.

Let us untie our house-bound  
minds and shake down  
streams of freedom's yearnings  
into words of poetic worth.

Allow wishes to fly.

Take wing into life's waiting  
joy of unlimited space  
where no separation exists  
nor can fear's face dispirit.

Permit inner delight.

Let us not die before living  
our dreams, find zeal  
for life's field where sown  
is un-missable love-gold.

Accede to a birthright

Let us not isolate sense  
from mandatory distance.

## BITTER.

Bitter.

Wilted  
has love.  
Starved,  
it  
sickened.  
A weighty  
result  
now lies  
with  
tomorrow.  
How often  
my  
heart  
saw this  
and  
sighed.  
Does  
release  
feel  
the better  
for  
bitter  
goodbyes ?

## Blackrock

Blackrock.

Fiercesomely gaunt like some surprised  
mammoth it rises out of ocean's breast  
with intent to vanquish.

Time-blackened by relentless breakers  
its great salined form rears in warning  
that nothing beats granite.

Vessels with sense steer clear cautious  
of wrecking on open writhing of jaws  
as they approach Blackrock.

Many before have fought attack but  
none more tragic than fisherlad Jack  
when his boat met with fog.

Never more wailing there sounded  
that day as within sight of land Jack  
died on the riled levithian.

Best be warned that Blackrock at low  
tide daily displays a formidable maw  
just as another reminder.

## Blackrock

Blackrock.

Fiercesomely gaunt like some surprised  
mammoth it rises  
out of the ocean's lash.  
Time-blackened by relentless breakers  
its great salined form rears  
the caveat that hidden granite permits  
no answering back.  
Vessels with caution steer clear in fear  
of wrecking against  
Blackrock's open maw when storms hit  
and ships float too near.  
Many before have suffered attack but  
none more tragic  
than fisherman Jack's tug as it pulled  
a capsizing pleasure-boat  
away from death then split by rock lost  
all hands on tug-deck and  
the one filled with holiday passengers.  
Never before sounded such wailing  
for with no survivors  
and within sight of land that soaring  
leviathan had gorged  
then spat out before daylight every  
wave-lashed corpse.  
Just as a reminder Blackrock at each  
tide shows its formidable  
jaws for a while as invincible signals  
of sea's dire warning.

## Blackrock.

Blackrock.

Fiercesomely gaunt like some surprised  
mammoth it rises  
out of sea's lash.

Time-blackened by relentless breakers  
its great salined form  
rears the warning that granite takes no  
answering back.

Vessals steer clear if with sense for fear  
of wrecking against  
its open maw when hidden by roarers  
they float too near.

Many before have suffered attack but  
none more tragic  
than Fisherman Jack's tug for in pulling  
a capsizing pleasure-boat  
away from death

hit rock and lost all hands from his own  
deck and those of the Passenger.

Never before had there sounded such  
wailing for with no survivors  
and within land-sight that old levithian  
had gorged then spat out, before  
daylight, all corpses.

Just as a reminder Blackrock at every  
tide shows its formidable  
jaws so be warned.

## Blackrock.

Blackrock.

Fiercesomely gaunt like some surprised  
mammoth it rises  
out of sea's lash.  
Time-blackened by relentless breakers  
its great salined form  
rears the warning that granite takes no  
answering back.

Many before have suffered attack but  
none more tragic  
than Fisherman Jack's tug for in pulling  
a capsizing pleasure-boat  
away from death  
hit rock and lost all hands from his own  
deck and those of the Passenger.

Never before had there sounded such  
wailing for with no survivors  
and within landsight that old levithian  
had gorged, then spat out before  
daylight eighteen corpses.  
Just as a reminder Blackrock at every  
tide shows its formidable jaws  
for all to be warned.



## Blanketed.

Blanketed.

Uncurtained the sight to my wakening eyes  
shows outside much lighter today.

Blanketed in shimmering cloak of whitest  
grace the countryside  
silently gloats over sequinned attack  
during the night.

Massed layers of glittering curves  
trace nets of laced snowflakes  
across leafless limbs, shrubs bend  
under cold of white wizardry.

So rarely does this part of Cornwall  
get icy wintered like this  
chilly-bleached scene that cameras  
snap folk fingering glisten before  
salt-laden warm air lifts  
any chill as Ol' Sol melts local awe.

.  
Wonderland white covers gardens  
and fields for a mere  
part of morning causing more  
than children or dogs  
to feel need for rushing outdoors  
to touch, roll in or just stop  
and make some snowy-stuff balls.

## Blighted

### Blighted

Whispers from wine-coloured moonlight have now  
blighted spring-fresh grass.

No-one will pass by this flood's blistering chorus of  
frustrated past outcry.

The waters stay silted with years-long, war-seared  
bitterness as each ill-timed  
peace talk crumbles to finish killed by conclusions  
of coated top-brass.

Dreams of the tortoise-shelled butterfly days faded  
long before turbulent rapids  
drew young men and women toward battles over  
naught but misapplied fears.

Lifetimes float hormonally by in riverside history of  
pride's facaded need for action.

Forces, press-mustered are taught blind allegiance  
to naught but mindless leads.

Listening I hear victims' bubbling exits still weeping  
regrets for conceding to hate.

Wisps of blood-to-come days surface from tainted  
mud war-soiled and mouldering.

What happens when, hit by blows of violence peace  
can no longer struggle for gain ?

In reddened undertow pitiful woes rise from those  
called battle-stressed soldiers.

## Bliss

### Bliss

Intoxicated with evocative love,  
and heady rapture,  
ecstasy truly captured our every  
exhilaration back then.  
Fermented in thrills we became  
effervescently fueled,  
and felt love mercurially entering  
high dimensional levels.  
Galvanized by euphoria prized  
times when desire flew  
heavenward our gratified rapture  
bred true satisfaction.  
Enchanted halcyon hours gave  
volcanic abandon, now  
memory's only begotten wish  
is to resurrect gone bliss.

**BLOCKS.**

Blocks.

The clock-face of midnight, assaulted  
with piercing blocks  
waits looking askance at my inky pen  
as the witching hour stops

My mind can finally yield to sleep as  
words dunked in rhyme  
strung on short lines flicker at cautious  
reviewing one more time.

Labour's oil now burnt out leaves me  
still making verse  
while shaping new notions so Calliope  
I bid you have mercy.

Soon now and dawn will be brushing  
my window to see  
me catching some rest as todayness  
stirs and tries to shake me.

## Blown Force.

Blown Force.

Hard blue winds of winter  
shake snail-backed sheep close-coating hedges  
and flake old granite walls  
with splintering bites.

Mild green winds of spring gust  
life to shy grass-growth, soft-blow first roses  
and patch passing cloud-shawls  
with holes of clear skies.

Hot red winds of summer  
droop barley stalks in close-breathless sizzle  
and sear to black brass all  
fruit on blistered vines.

Cool cream winds of autumn  
paint gilt-laden distance in sundowing gleam  
and spread shiver-mornings  
as chill proves its signs.

Hued winds of full year stretch  
to sudden abuse-belts of wildest movement  
yet my vote wants blown force  
coloured more kindly.

## BOARD-BALLET.

Board-Ballet.

Here confident hopes echo each year  
as with mid-summer heat  
top class surfers meet with bravado  
to crest mighty waves.

Minds leave initial gigantic roller fear  
behind and sweeten each  
judge's eye with clever liquid control  
astride wild breakers.

When performing board-ballet an Ace  
poses atop crashing foam.  
which though beguiling takes courage  
like rope-walkers face.

Surfing addicts learn to afford respect  
at every turn, finely tuned  
bodies bow to force yet sit unmoved  
to rise on next crest.

At Fistral beach great breaker heights  
are conquered by those  
with timely experience and no doubts  
about who is best.

Mediocre wet-suits like me stay away  
from champion contests  
where token commitment shows and  
watch top Aces at play.

## **Boisterous**

**Boisterous.**

**Foaming with wildness huge banks  
of turbulence  
start piling up road-ward when  
an ocean unloads.**

**Seized with sheer madness a sea  
spits out pebbles  
and shaking weed into high ether  
water-fall threatens.**

**Boisterous the motion bouncing  
with uprooted fervour,  
disgorging explosions rip out  
sand-stone disturbance.**

**Soaked in excitement small lads  
watch for breaker-height  
and as froth flies overhead catch  
if they can the whitest.**

**High tides in our region vamp  
human petulance  
which permits no repeal and  
you risk getting wet.**

## Boisterous.

Boisterous.

Foaming with wildness  
white banks of turbulence.  
Racing up beachward,  
an ocean unloads.

Boisterous motion,  
bouncing with fervour.  
Explosions discharging  
as froth overflows.

Seized with a madness,  
sea spitting pebbles.  
Sand and weed shaken  
like rats in the air.  
Tumbling excitement  
breakers rise restless.  
Desperately try flinging  
drops from their hair.

Wind-force increasing,  
boats now are harboured.  
Diving, brave seagulls  
dip nearer the waves.  
Bowl of sky empties,  
clouds drifting starboard.  
Wet-coloured mist  
mixes water with greys.  
As tides on this coast  
are known for implosion



dicing no more  
with risk homeward I go.

## **Boldness.**

Boldness.

A furry quiver of whiskered boldness first  
sniffed then pawed the big world of grass  
for summer attracted instinctive stirring  
as scuffling life ran beneath my seat, fast  
yet sightless sweet minute mice on a spree  
posed for pictures and nibbled my tea-cake.  
It beggars belief how unerring those three  
little mouths fed until feasted enough, they  
with snuffling squeaks then fell into a sleep.  
Appearing soon their stress-ridden mother  
and ushering home whisked each one between  
warmed stones, all safely holed, I had begun  
to doubt my eyes at such rarely seen sight when  
out for a moment popped one weeny snout again.

**BOLDNESS.**

Boldness.

A furry quiver of whiskery boldness first  
sniffed then pawed the big world of grass  
for tea tables attracted instinctive stirring  
as scuffling beneath my feet ran tails, fast  
yet sightless three tiny mice out on a spree  
posed for pictures and nibbled my tea-cake.  
It beggars belief how unerring those sweet  
little mouths fed until feasted enough made  
snuffling squeaks then silently fell into sleep.  
Appearing from brush a stress-ridden mother  
bravely ushering whisked each culprit between  
pathway stones to safety's hole and I had begun  
to doubt my eyes viewed this odd behaviour when  
out for a moment popped one curious mousie again.

## Bonds

Bonds.

Arises unbreakable bonds after birthing.  
New life creates times for mothering care.

Overtakes other calls this parental duty.  
Baby-cry helplessness demonstrates proof.

Releases intention to free after rearing.  
Linked by blood-ties yet partings foreseen.

Needs special attention an infant delivery.  
From smallest beginnings is mission fulfilled.

Adherents on love's best procedure agree.  
Mother and offspring connection is peerless.

**BONDS.**

Bonds.

She smiles with delight this six year old,  
shyly she holds him, tired puppy dozes  
as now played out she sweetly enfolds  
Jack in love's bonds..

Little girl wanders slowly through adults  
to show gentle rocking makes fonder  
their glad Goodnights  
for a sleepytime dog, whiter now pond  
has wetted his coat lies dried, petted  
and half smiles  
in his furry near-slumber-land world  
while the child  
quietly sings him a lullaby then curls  
soft fingers soothingly to stroke her  
new canine friend.

Eyes like bright orbs glisten as chubby  
face bends  
to touch twitching nose pink rosebud  
lips send  
feather-soft kisses into puppyhood's  
ball-playing dreams.

Hair falls in wisplets round sleepy face  
as she stifles a yawn  
and little maid's big day happily fades  
when bed calls for  
shawled safely her birthday treasure  
contentedly rests.

**Bonus.**

Bonus.

Now dawn is slowly brindling the heavens  
with gold russet striations of honey-tone  
change appearing as September mellows  
swaying meadows of tall harvest bonus.

\*

\*

\*

Now day bows to bewhiskering greenness  
as autumn begins its downward chorus,  
fields growing tawny with corn's ready ears  
show time shoulders sything ever forward.

\*

\*

\*

Now roots wriggle in before double-deep  
chill urges races for freeze-proof cover  
and as underneath fingers curl for sleep  
garden work waits until winter is done.

\*

\*

\*

Now we lay aside season's spent labour  
after nurturing yield to welcome rest  
and remember summer helps us savour  
abundance if we now plan for the next.

## Bought

### Bought

Slipping between the cool,  
beneath arms unfolded she  
stretched luxuriously.  
Poor little rich lady dreams  
of mink coats and paid rent  
and expensive jewels.  
Milk-smooth sleep freed skin  
captures again satin-soft sighs  
of clandestine bliss.  
Swaying tight hips in sheeted  
confinement her bruised lips  
part in sated smiles  
Cushioned with wealth allure  
lends bought time for fervour  
needed in lust-use.  
Assured passion in each score  
soaked in lucre's pleasure-bed  
earns courtesans more.

**BOUGHT..**

Bought.

She looked bold as brass, hair bleached  
almost to ashen and  
piled very high above black-liner eyes.  
Pale face was slashed  
ruby-red at lips held in pouting fashion.

A figure still shapely and slender at hips  
blously slouched with  
an almost worn-out look as she shifted  
again out of the rain.  
Her watch having stopped she fought  
off tears and swore at life's  
meanness, chilled with wait she thought  
it time to throw him aside.  
The stage-door had long become closed  
and cast dispersed  
and streets felt so lonely in winter cold  
so she searched for her purse.  
The show was playing to poorer houses  
and less than half-filled  
that night's audience applause drowned  
before it died willingly.  
Performance geared itself to known facts  
and truth faced she cursed  
fate for lying sailors and their Captains  
were sometimes the worst.  
She thought taxis, at that time of night  
would cost her a fortune



so she shrugged then seductively tried  
the job known to be bought.  
Top buttons unfastened she lit a smoke  
and hitched up her skirt  
to thumb a quick lift with the first bloke  
whose car reversed.

## Bounty

Bounty.

Watch with me this crystal-clear vale  
complete with cobbled liquid beauty.

Wonder as stone, once randomly freed  
tumbled and fell into orderly chaos  
where water now pours between  
every crack and rock shoulders  
downward to meet flat-faced  
pooling where fish flash fins.

Celebrate nature's near- foreverness  
of continual industry as bird lands  
and stares at chances of insect  
feed beneath myriad pebbles  
amid droplet-dance rattle  
on boulder-made lake.

Sing with me this sacred-still place  
making its bounty into music.

## Branded

Branded.

Once she had tasted new awareness  
away from girlhood's bunny dreams  
then it was she pinned up long hair,  
laced in her waist and saw meaning  
in catching attention by breast-bud  
uprightness and eyes full of secrets.  
But the boy covered his face, things  
like birds nesting cocooned his sight  
as climbing trees came first with him  
yet as she strolled branding his mind  
with soulful allure her siren schemes  
made his lone bathing redundant as  
naked urges uncovered strange grief.  
Remembering her scarlet-red mouth  
he, hooked like any fish with writhing  
need bit as First Love took its bounty.

## **BREAK OUT.**

Break Out

.

Keystone of conformity stays with the banal and  
trite persuasion  
thinks only in formal tight lines.

Break with the staid and  
peel back blocked sight to let in unrestraint  
and stretch credulity.

Breach convention and back-to-front insight will  
violate custom,  
peer squint-eyed with curiosity  
as muse welcomes and revitalises  
used paths of the orthodox while broadening  
methodical views

Sail out of usual in oddity's sea then Sphyx-like,  
greet life that's less ordinary.  
Leave safe-shore solidity, take a sound  
lateral look around  
with mind-set's original backsidedness and feel  
feet leaving the ground.

## Breaking Through.

Breaking Through.

Today comes empathy-tinged.

What a dawning as pale sun,  
breaking through grey,  
about-faces  
and allays apprehension.

What a wished-for bit of news  
this lovely morning  
joins with me  
in hoping is given to you.

Friendship its own healing brings.

## Breaking Through.

Breaking Through.

Today comes empathy-tinged.

What a dawning as pale sun,  
breaking through grey,  
about-faces  
and allays apprehension.

What a wished-for bit of news  
and this bright day  
surely displays  
how eased minds aid health's beauty.

Friendship its own healing brings.

**BREAKOUT.**

Breakout.

Reared underneath Night Princess Dawn now  
emerges milk-faced,  
yawning and fighting for freedom, over-slept  
babyiness shows hasty  
appearance iof sometimes streaky blush-red.

Her birthing struggle may end in reminders  
of tearful raindrops yet often  
breaking takes place quite waterless, Dawn  
then is glorified with what  
white-skirted brightness blue sky can afford.

Dressed in clear light, uninterruptedly smiling  
her Ray-Maidens be-decked  
in flimsy shades to scintillate better in dance  
give earliest welcome  
to young Dawn's fast growing adult advance.

Peering to see the performance leaves people  
amazed as Dawn's breakout  
from Night's protection appears with non-stop  
zeal and if cloudlets fake bouts  
of bad temper Dawn's run is worth the watch.

## Bridged

Bridged.

A small bird on rock-peaks above quick rolling  
bubble-veined streamlet began talking to me.  
Not by known language he piped voice- notes  
of warbling delight for life's essence so clearly.

With no way to transcribe I leaned nearer into  
his mind and caught the right pitch of his tone.  
No poetry could describe the cadence through  
which flew vibes of elucidation made known.

With melodic outpouring of humble respect for  
refreshment he sang even when slaking thirst.  
A bird bridged understanding by sweet choral  
abundance and fearless give of avian outburst.

I sensed needed awe  
as bird-speak that morning  
by a dipper, - on coexistence,  
my hearing adorned.



**BRIDGED.**

Bridged.

A small bird on rock-peaks above quick rolling  
bubble-veined stream began speaking to me.  
Not by known language he piped lovely notes  
warbling amid leafy hides voicing with clarity.

With no way to transcribe I leaned nearer into  
his mind and caught the right pitch of his tone.  
No poetry could describe the cadence through  
which interpretation his bird-trill made known.

With melodic outpouring of humble respect for  
refreshment he sang even when slaking thirst.  
A bird bridged understanding by sweet choral  
abundance and fearless give of avian outburst.

I learned the awe needed  
as bird-talk that morning  
by a dipper on coexistence  
my listening ear adorned.

## Bridges

**Bridges.**

**And when two minds strive  
for need of forced win  
love's hourglass tilts timing  
for storm to begin.**

**Ahead lies crevasses where  
hope falls, fades and dies  
as only ghosts survive air  
around two hot fires.**

**We once built trust on meant  
rise by proceeding.  
Let sense climb those bridges  
and find it again.**

## Brief

Brief.

The gaze  
of late sun falls on unsettled  
memory  
and lights heartache ahead.

The past  
of shared sunshine refreshes  
her missing  
as tears slide down in regret.

The dusk  
waves goodbye to destiny's  
brief moment  
as future's inevitable crests.

The stars  
tho', like her, will remember  
love's lightning  
was brilliant when at its best.

## Brief

Brief.

The gaze  
of latent sun falls on unsettled  
events and  
smothers hope of love's blaze ahead.

The breeze  
of regret sighs quietly seeing  
a teardrop  
of temperate parting agreement.

The waves  
ebb in wistful goodbye to our  
brief moment  
as time's crestfallen destiny sours.

The stars  
tho' same as I, will remember  
that our light  
shone brilliantly when at its best.

**Brief,**

Brief.

The gaze  
of late sun falls on dry petaled  
memory  
and smothers love's way ahead.

Passing  
breeze sighs lament on seeing  
quiet tears  
slide down my cheeks in regret.

Destiny  
waves its wistful goodbye to our  
brief moment  
as crestfallen this red sun sets.

The stars  
will remember 'tho as will I that  
love's lightning  
was brilliant when at its best.

## Brightness

Brightness.

Dawn and night-clouds part on the horizon,  
Dark muddy blues turn suddenly light  
Spilling change on sun's hues as she rises,  
And oh that fullness of sight.  
Glow of greeting bequests winter daytime,  
Brazen dome brooks no trace of the night.  
She aims to captivate dark guilelessly  
With oh such flourish of style.  
Her blush in pale sky flashes a brightness  
Over first tremble of prelude to fire.  
Her welcome rays now blazing sublimely  
In oh what a show of surprise.

## Brightness..

Brightness.

Dawn and night-clouds part the horizon,  
Dark muddy blues turn suddenly light  
Spilling change on her hues as she rises,  
And oh that fullness of sight.  
Glow of greeting bequests later heat-time,  
Brazen sun brooks no trace of the night.  
She aims to captivate dark guilelessly  
With oh such flourish of style.  
Her blush in pale sky flashes a brightness  
Over first tremble of her prelude to fire.  
She welcomes day by blazing sublimely  
In oh what a show of surprise

## Brooding

*Brooding.*

*Days now are long and humid.  
Nature gorges on swollen fruit.*

*Bees stun themselves with too  
much pollen and  
bluebottles die whilst fusing  
with oven-hot plants.*

*Village roads bulge with streaks  
of damp green while  
trees grow silver-moss beards  
on sticky outsides.*

*Thunder-clad rainstorm slams  
into dried puddles  
but pours under ground as claps  
soon run to sultry.*

*Thatch splits when mud-stuck to roofs.  
Walls become dank when water rules.*

*Atmosphere stifles small life underfoot  
as August sweats on in murky brooding.*





## Brooding.

Brooding.

Late sun  
refills paling blue vault  
as dusk  
dulls the saltings.

Low tide  
resets quieter mood  
as dark  
quells my brooding.

Lone chill  
reminds as it recalls  
and will  
'til the morning.

Love thrives  
on restlessly yearning  
while pen  
tries to word your return.

## Brook-Song

Brook-Song.

I start as a brook  
in the distant hills  
which beginning  
in droplets clinging  
together passes through  
rills between tiny ridges, spills  
down small land-slides, tumbles in  
miniature waterfalls to join streamlets  
in ripples and sliding hurries  
over stony pebbles, breaching  
ridged beds where frothing in bubbles  
I rush to mingle with deeper waters  
but stop to chatter under low willows  
banked in sidings before altering  
my tune to a baritoned river.  
Then no more warbling in creeks  
for me so bowling slower I walk to greet  
other waters converging like tenors in  
choric excitement, drowning me  
with loud ocean-voiced-roars belonging  
to deep and its wide basso eases  
my weak trills into a deeper-sea song.

Yet I will ever  
know myself  
as a brook  
that springs  
from hill-height  
dashing between

granite's nooks  
and crannies  
to delight  
in brimming  
over rocky beds  
where my hum  
is welcomed  
by mossy pebbles  
and where birds come  
to drink and wet  
feet and feathers  
in my warm shallows  
before I roll on  
having to settle  
for large water duets  
and lost then  
my previous whispers,  
forgot the soft solo  
of mountain's clear creek  
in that deafening  
fortissimo as ocean  
knows only choral singing.

## Bubble Magic.

Bubble-Magic.

Swirling in oily rainbowing movement  
the bubble traps time,  
wraps beauty around eternity and vibrates  
in worlds of pure fluidity.

Excelling in soapy space jailed restraint  
orb creates and encases  
its outer in fragile globular skin layered  
in tiny gossamer jewelry.

Look at its see-through glassy sphere  
and matchless potential  
caught in a universe of wondrous hues  
of shining whirl entombed inside.

Then in bursting lets fall what was first  
indescribable but now  
disappeared bubble-magic still appeals  
to the mind of an inner-child.

## Burgeoning.

Burgeoning.

Winter's sharp knife now lying buried  
in burgeoning earth  
means ice ceases and once birdless  
branches can become leafed and ready.  
Music of March unsettles the breast  
of restless nature  
while each sunrise expresses daily  
the need for change to a greener dress.  
Muddy ground tires of sodden trying  
to create movement  
while soaked garden fills as pools  
above make roots beneath swell and die.  
Yet season's battle loses its anguish  
when breezy attempts  
win the fight of drying difference  
so Spring may begin her flowery task.

## By Scribes

By Scribes.

Oh Muse, bearer of wisdom, may your words  
which traverse the globe  
by verse affect attitudes, move objections,  
enlighten egos, rock divisions,  
reunite misunderstandings and by power of  
digestion redirect what  
the populace thinks unassailable and forgets.

May poetic energy slice through innumerable  
rules, instil lost sympathy,  
drown separation, re-find buried faith within  
faded friendships, appeal  
for awareness to remember hatred no more,  
help those regret who,  
    prejudice-laden perceive self has no kinship.

May powerful words smash inbuilt devious  
desire for retaliation,  
create instead meant relationships, lasting  
handshakes which re-shape  
distance placed between hearts by age-old  
spite as groundless pride  
grows no happiness alongside bitter action.

Oh Calliopé, never forgo using your scribes  
to evoke soul-felt change,  
guide poems pleading for some re-erection  
of love's fallen portals,  
re-invite causes for unearthing paradise in

this war-riddled earth.

Peace demands minions' pens at the ready.



## By Verse

By Verse.

Oh Muse, bearer of wisdom, may your words  
which traverse the globe  
by verse affect attitudes, remove objections,  
enlighten egos, rock divisions,  
reunite misunderstandings and by power of  
digestion redirect what  
the populace thinks unassailable and forgets.

May poetic energy slice through innumerable  
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grows no happiness alongside bitter action.

Oh Calliopé, never forgo using your scribes  
to evoke soul-felt change,  
guide poems pleading for writ- resurrection  
of love's fallen portals,

re-invite causes for unearthing paradise in  
this war-riddled earth  
as you demand minions' pens at the ready.

## CAGED.

Caged.

Caged bird is restless  
Plucks at feathers  
Bleeding red breast.

Pain opens old scars,  
Cruel those bars,  
Blocking the stars.

Captives remember  
Sky without end  
And air's clear scent.

Unfeeling humans  
Keep you unhappy  
In metal bands.

I know why you sing,  
Caged and clinging,  
To unseen things.

You yearn to be free.  
Look caged bird, see  
I have the key.

Wing then to liberty.

## CAGELESS.

Cageless.

Unleashed from restraint the falcon lances  
through cloud to clear sky.  
Hood-free and humanless wide wings tackle  
ground-to-air flight.

Pinned to state of blindness hungry eyes strain  
to reconstruct sight.  
Leathered claws, in predator fashion, disdain  
gloved hold over wild.

Thrown now into freedom's space huge eagle  
races again to life.  
Cast binding shackles mean pinnions wheel  
fearless toward light.

Tethered captives should glide through ether  
with untied delight.  
Oh to give every bird speed of cageless-free  
dynamic birthright.

## Cajoled

Cajoled.

I looked for the good life but see  
in late summer  
a yearning for time to spin back  
to the spring  
where plans stood pine-tall and  
future cajoled  
us with hope so flattery's grasp  
we held closer.

We laughed at inordinate hurry  
of moments and  
made fun of those cross-roads  
looming ahead,  
now tho' with loneliness pared  
down to the bone  
I know that time's shadow was  
destined to flow.

Days weep for the nights when  
moonglow lit hearts  
yearning for paradise but 'tho  
winter approached we  
wisely coped, so why was one  
star made to fly in  
unexplained orbit yet its mate  
may not follow ?

## Camber Powered

Camber Powered.

Hello shiny loop of post-shower rainbow,  
you of camber-powered striated halo,  
and, so sages tell a sign of faith  
to us sightless humans.

You secret keeper of much potted gold  
in crescented show of arc-perfection  
with brilliant mixes of richest hues  
that break raindrops to states  
of optic illusion.

Oh consummate curl of bow-creation,  
who can know when and what day  
you will unfurl with mood-alter  
colour to soothingly bolster  
monotone minds by your  
own alchemic bosom.

## Captive

Captive.

Captive's clipped feathers  
lie in wild distress  
around bird's internment.  
Indifferent steel bands  
cage flying action  
for one Nightingale catch.  
Compulsion to sing  
shows nature's inbuilt  
urging to mate on the wing.

Incessant thrashing  
in wire walled attack  
does not ease his passion.

Trilling for freedom  
avian pleadings  
make me steal the key.

Fly now my beautiful  
your chance quickly use,  
snatch the right to a future.

~ ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~

~ ~

~

## Captive.

Captive.

Captive's clipped feathers  
lie in wild distress  
aside bird internment.  
Indifferent steel-bands  
win flight-abandon  
for one Nightingale catch.  
Intense sight seeks far  
beyond prison bars  
and flies high to first star.  
Compulsion to sing  
evokes some inbuilt  
recall of matings on wing.

Incessant thrashing  
at wire walls asks  
this fear-time to pass.  
Trilling for freedom  
cage-bird pleadings  
make me steal the key.

~ ~ ~ ~

Fly ~ ~ my beautiful  
oh quickly use  
open door to a future  
that now is all yours.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



## Captive.

Captive.

Captive's clipped feathers  
lie in wild distress  
around bird internment.

Indifferent steel-bands  
provide abandon  
for a Nightingale catch.

Intense sight seeks far  
beyond prison bars  
and flies to furthest star.

Compulsion to sing  
evokes an inbuilt  
rejoicing found on wing.

Incessant his thrash  
but wire walls fast  
tire each deadly crash.

Trilling for freedom  
cagebird's pleading  
asks me to find a key.

Fly ~ ~ my beautiful  
oh quickly use  
open door to a future  
that now is secured.

~ ~ ~  
~..... ~

## Captured

Captured.

In its dying moments the sun crept  
into haziness making the sky's  
veils into buttery bands  
as end-of-day yellowness swept  
flat the tree-lined horizon.

Cows in green fields dun-dappled  
by shadows, chewing late cud  
trundled along milk-laden  
as pail-in-hand maidens tackled  
the beasts' steamy arrival.

Captured and answered the music  
of duty that follows slow plod  
of satisfied footsteps yet  
as dusk forecasts finish for some  
others must task to midnight.

Such the demand of milk-farm survival.

## Captured.

Captured.

The wind sees naught.

A bird approaches migration

with caution for flight is not blind

realizing storms get not distraught.

The wind hurls darts.

Gale's lash never aimless

evokes angry waves as breakers

rise to strike fear into sailors' hearts.

The wind works alone.

With fury's rush entraps

cottage-folk as he lifts latches

rips roofs and breaks walls of stone.

Yet wind knows capture.

In the mill's almighty sails

his pride writhes against slavery

when caught in forceful water paddles.

**CAPTURED.**

Captured.

The wind sees naught.  
Sun moon and stars outshine  
with caution for they are not blind  
knowing gale's blow cannot be altered.

The wind hurls darts.  
His lash is not aimless  
for evoking high waves breakers  
are heightened then flattened when calm.

The wind works alone.  
With rush Simoon entraps  
air as he lifts cottage latches  
and howls loudly to make himself known.

Yet wind is captured.  
In the mill's mighty sails  
decides not to be enslaved  
but writhes caught inside man-made paddles.

**CAPTURED.**

Captured.

The wind sees naught.  
Sun and moon view height  
with caution for they are not blind  
but he gets excitement by onslaught .

The wind hurls harm.  
His intent far from aimless  
provokes rage in sea's breakers  
before he deflates them with calm.

The wind works alone.  
With heartless rush entraps  
folk inside by rattling door latches  
while for fun killing fires with smoke.

Yet wind gets captured.  
In mill jaw's water-wet sails  
fiercely he writhes but chained  
tightly is forced to turn its paddles.

## Captured.

Captured.

The wind sees naught.  
All birds approach migration  
with caution for blown off-site  
means extra flight being fraught.  
The wind hurls darts.  
Gale's lash stirs great waves,  
evokes massed breakers to aim  
fearsome danger at sailors' hearts.  
The wind splits homes.  
With fury's rush it entraps  
village folk as it lifts the latches  
rips roofs and holes walls of stone.  
Yet wind is captured.  
In the mill's unyielding sails  
its force writhes against slavery  
when caught inside water paddles.

## Carpé-ing Diem.

Carpé-ing Diem.

Today, dreams left behind I fall awake,  
still dozed I oust myself  
out of dark-doldrums, pummeling eyes  
and promise the sun to  
visit new campion just birthing its buds  
up on the heath.

Today I will reach heights above windy  
ridges of mist and fill  
both my hands with pocketed crumbs to  
feed ragged robins  
who before breeding sing as they flaunt  
red with bold confidence.

Today, courting sweet Cornish morning  
I shall go breakfastless  
and match Tessa my dog in chasing her  
make-believe meals  
of dried seaweed, have some fun plying  
beached gulls with cuttlefish  
bone while taking leaps to the unknown  
on thrift-covered clifftops.

Today I will sand-hop the cloud-shadows  
of shifting grey and  
voiceless give praise for this boisterous  
paradise in which life  
thrives, then carpe-ing diem I yawn, get  
started and am away.



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paradise in which life  
thrives, then carpe-ing diem I yawn, get  
started and am away.

## Carrying On

Carrying On.

Ocean crosses curve outlines  
rouses its waters  
as earth's ebb and flow tides  
meet rising flood forces  
on stone-bolstered cliff sides  
but life carries on  
despite crashes as wind-cries  
bring briny destruction  
while coastal people survive  
against lethal sea storms  
because all fisher-folk fight  
to keep boats on shores  
when each wave grows wilder.

## Carrying On.

Carrying On.

Sea crosses curved world,  
pulls in its waters  
as ebb and fall tides  
hold back mighty floods  
from earth's bolstered sides,  
so life carries on  
against crash and cry  
of breaker destruction  
and fights with great fervour  
to keep boats on shore  
when waves become mighty.

## Carrying On.

Carrying On.

Sea covers curved globe,  
knowing power of water  
unleashes ruin, controls  
with ebb and fall tides all  
fearful disruption by force  
of earth's bolstered sides

so fisher-folk life carries on  
against each crash and cry  
of high breaker destruction

and fights with bold fervour  
to keep tied boats on shore  
when waves become mighty.

## Carrying On.

Carrying On.

Ocean crosses curved world by  
pulling its waters  
through both ebb and fall tides,  
keeping back flood  
from land's well-bolstered sides  
so safer feel folk  
though close to sea they reside  
granite's strength know  
Fishers must face day and night  
life carrying on  
against great crashes and cries  
of breakers' huge maw  
while men of true courage fight  
to keep boats on shore  
for when waves become mighty  
real test has begun.

## CARRYING ON.

Carrying On.

To live with a loss so great after times  
of month-long waiting  
invites such a natural rage in that a child,  
a babe of no age  
who was wanted and loved so much  
could die,  
and leave me in loneliest pain seems  
unbearably hard.  
And if heaven was not making it plain  
that my dear baby  
now faces a state of tenderest peace,  
and that clutching him  
tightly in my place is an Eternal Love,  
touchingly  
singing his lullaby needs, I could not  
be carrying on.  
God knows I must take this view of loss,  
see such ways as right,  
because if I did not I would go insane,  
but now I feel  
I can cope with waiting to see him again,  
by trying to stay sure  
he has not ceased to be, so please God,  
carry on helping me

## CARRYING ON.

Carrying On.

Water crosses curved world by  
pulling its oceans  
through the ebb and fall tides,  
holding back floods  
from rocky cliff-bolstered sides  
so safer feel locals  
who choose land's end residing.  
Crews bearing up  
against storm's crashing cries  
from breakers' wide maw  
means communal-arm fighting  
to tie boats to shore  
when all waves become mighty.  
Carrying on is the mantra  
of fisher-folk tackling  
the force of wild sea-wind rise.

## Catch

Catch.

Awe is a trait of personal worth.

Be amazed at beauty in fervour  
and praise nature's creative work.

Soul-food matters despite neglect.

Feed its roots with gratitude's depth  
and catch self-gifts of wakening wealth.

Find a space where two worlds meet.

Glimpse vision's changing uniqueness  
and learn to listen when wonder speaks.



## Catch-Trap.

Catch-Trap.

Crouched in viewing the shivering cobweb  
craftily spanning a waterfall's edge  
I saw fine precision-knifed filaments  
cunningly strung with infinite wisdom.  
A weightless weapon of swinging steel,  
death-celled bed spun on gossamer wheel.  
That devilish duvet of glistening gauze  
betokened real craft as the spider paused  
then in obscurity tensed for success,  
alert with magnetic insect suppression.  
Hairily silent as tensile wires, cleverly glued  
met miniscule life of wriggling food  
that by moving caught death in but seconds  
while spider gave fly lethal injections.  
As water's curtain cascaded to ground  
and whirling catch-trap spun victim around  
fed spider wiped mouth, cleaned sticky legs,  
repaired any holes and prepared for the next.

## Catching the Drift

Catching The Drift.

Who has heard the very first whisper  
Of sonorous change catching the drift  
In a tremulous breeze chimera quivers  
And metallic poles shudder with myriads  
Of different tones from hung wind-chimes.

Who has measured the softest rustle  
Of strings partaking in air's fresh bustle  
Playing keyed symphonies by gentle rote  
With melodic weight-change in tuned notes  
Made by a slow swing of my resonant chimes.

Who has explained this exotic draw  
Of transfixing music, ringing in chorus  
Of pipes suspended in air reflecting wind  
In continual singing duets as ether's mystic  
Spell strikes again my rhythmic wind-chimes.

## Catching the Drift.

Catching The Drift.

Who has heard the very first whisper  
Of sonorous change catching the drift  
In a tremulous breeze, chimera quivers  
And metallic poles shudder with myriads  
Of differing tones all from my wind-chimes.

Who has measured the softest rustle  
Of leaves partaking in air's fresh bustle  
Playing green symphonies by gentle rote  
With melodic key-changes in tuneful notes  
Made by such swing of my resonant chimes.

Who has explained this exotic draw  
Of transfixing music, ringing in chorus  
Of pipes suspended in air reflecting wind  
In continual singing duets as ether's mystic  
Spell strikes again my rhythmic wind-chimes.

## Catchtrap.

Catchtrap.

Crouched in viewing the shivering cobweb  
craftily spanning a waterfall's edge  
I saw fine precision-knifed filaments  
cunningly strung with infinite wisdom.  
A weightless weapon of swinging steel,  
death-celled bed spun on gossamer wheel.  
That devilish duvet of glistening gauze  
betokened real craft as the spider paused  
then in obscurity tensed for success,  
alert with magnetic insect suppression.  
Hairily silent as tensile wires, cleverly glued  
met miniscule life of wriggling food  
that by moving caught death in but seconds  
while spider gave fly lethal injections.  
As water's curtain cascaded to ground  
and whirling catch-trap spun victim around  
fed spider wiped mouth, cleaned sticky legs,  
repaired any holes and prepared for the next.

**CATZZZ.**

Catzzz.

Cats eat up affection straight from the cradle.  
Whisker-faced wizards, they hate discipline  
And set forth every day, being cleverly able  
To become our jailors they by nature begin.  
Yet like them we do.  
With mournful miouws, implore eye to eye  
When meeting no smile my kitty then noses  
with intent at legs and will brook no denial  
As by pupil-wide slyness she licks my toes.  
Yet love them we do.  
Designed to break hearts but still hold sway.  
Furry dictators come in all shapes and sizes  
Yet have what it takes to get their own way  
And a quiet cat attitude is their best disguise.  
Yet adore them we do.  
Fraught with "me", favoured purrs rationed  
Her whim reveals my kitty's thought pattern.  
Yet prize them we do.

**Catzzzzzzzz.**

Catzzzzzzzz.

Cats eat up affection straight from the cradle.  
Whisker-faced wizards, they hate discipline  
And set forth every day, being cleverly able  
To become our jailors they by nature begin.  
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Designed to break hearts but still hold sway.  
Furry dictators come in all shapes and sizes  
Yet have what it takes to get their own way  
With a quiet-cat attitude their best disguise.  
Yet prize them we do.  
Fraught with me-ism favoured purrs rationed  
Her whim reveals my kitty's thought patterns.  
Yet need them we do.

## Caught

Caught.

Today the sky is unkind  
as into wiry whirls of wind  
flail burly black-backs while  
flint-flakes of blinding rain hurl  
white-firey winter into their eyes.  
Pity avian creatures caught between  
tortuous curls of en-raged open ocean  
for those cresting waves must also dive.

## Caught

Caught.

Air-blue was the skirt of quick  
freshening breeze.  
It danced as it travelled across  
rustle-dry meads.  
Poured itself through thin thorn  
fronting water.  
Seared leaves against rock split  
with sun's torture.  
Stirred dust until wisps of light  
smoke caught fine twigs.  
Lit, that first glow birthed fire's  
dread beginning.  
Like a side-winding snake flew  
flame down hillside.  
Eyes who had seen this before  
became frightened.  
Forest blaze brooks no respect  
for life in the wild  
Inferno's insatiably dire greed  
intends no survivors.



## Caught

**Caught.**

**She was once caught in a lecher's look.  
A selfish man stole her for his mistress.  
Hidden became her damaged girl-hood  
by satisfying his libido itch.**

**She was once cupid's obliging bud.  
A rapist male turned her into his slave  
Feeling shame she began heavy drugs  
and yesterday died alone in jail.**

**Help never stepped in as lust nibbled  
deeper into her untouched innocence.**

## Caught

Caught.

Air-blue was the skirt of quick  
freshening breeze.  
It danced as it travelled across  
rustle-dry trees.  
Seared itself through thin thorn  
fronting water.  
Shook leaves against rock split  
with heat's torture.  
Stirred dust until wisps of light  
flame caught thin twigs.  
Alive the first glow breeds fire's  
dread beginning.  
Like a side-winding snake flew  
death down hillside.  
Eyes who had seen this knew  
fright before flight.  
Forest blaze brooks no feeling  
for life in the wild.  
Lit an inferno's insatiable greed  
restrains survivors.

## Caught.

Caught.

Air-blue was the skirt of quick  
freshening breeze.

It danced as it travelled across  
rustle-dry meads.

Oozed itself through thin thorn  
fronting water.

Shook leaves against rock split  
with sun's torture.

Stirred dust until wisps of light  
smoke caught thin twigs.

Lit, the first glow birthed fire's  
dread beginning.

Like a side-winding snake flew  
flame down hillside.

Eyes who had seen this before  
became frightened.

Forest blaze brooks no respect  
for life in the wild

Dire inferno's insatiable greed  
needs no survivors.

## Caught.

Caught.

Swirling in oily rainbowing movement  
the bubble traps time,  
wraps beauty around eternity and vibrates  
its world of fluidity.  
Excelling in jailed soapy space-restraint  
orb creates and encases  
in outer fragile-thin globular skin layers  
of gossamer jewellery.

Look closely at see-thru' glassy sphere  
and its tiny potential  
caught in a universe of wondrous hues  
swirling entombed yet alive.  
Then in bursting lets fall what was first  
indescribable but now  
disappeared bubble's enchanting magic  
awes any inner-child's mind.

**CAUGHT.**

CAUGHT.

Sweeping in on increasing wind the  
sea-eagle glides with imposing ease,  
flawless flight and dynamic harmony  
assures victory as ready raptor and  
restless sea-water meet.

The reason for noontime appearance  
becomes transparent when in frontal  
abandon the resolute bird wing-wide  
descends and with measured action  
dives to satisfy hunger.

Naught will finish the piercing search  
of this perfect fisher but caught glory  
as feathered death descends in quick  
refractive dip to surface with fish-life  
clasped in granite-tight claws.

Likely he has a nestful to feed before  
morning is done -- so I wish him well.

## Caught.

Caught.

Air-blue flew the skirt of quick  
freshening breeze.  
It danced as it travelled thru'  
rustle-dry meads.  
Oozed danger over thick thorn  
lacking water.  
Shook leaves against rock split  
with heat's torture.  
Stirred dust until wisps of light  
smoke caught thin twigs.  
Lit, the first glow birthed fire's  
dread beginning.  
Like a side-winding snake shot  
flame down a hillside.  
Eyes who had seen this before  
became frightened.  
Dense woodland stood waiting  
caught in the affray.  
Timber when seared to glazed  
arid will conflagrate.

Forest blaze boasts no respect  
for life in the wild  
Inferno's most insatiable greed  
leaves no survivors.

## Caught.

Caught.

Swirling in oily rainbowing movement  
the bubble traps time,  
wraps beauty around eternity and vibrates  
its world of fluidity.  
Excelling in jailed soapy space-restraint  
orb creates and encases  
in outer fragile-thin globular skin layers  
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Look closely at see-thru' glassy sphere  
and its tiny potential  
caught in a universe of wondrous hues  
swirling entombed yet alive.  
Then in bursting lets fall what was first  
indescribable but now  
disappeared bubble's enchanting magic  
awes any inner-child's mind.

## Celled

Celled.

War when declared throws out planned challenge  
of thorns to fighters  
caught up in the sharing of foes and ever  
encourages victory cries.

But

Folk start to forget who spilt first blood, or who  
shot bullets of hate  
into guiltless bodies when filled with passion  
not of their making.

For

Sense, no longer felt, sees it insane for death  
to stain soil endlessly  
so brotherhood rises in love-parched hearts  
desiring to mend.

Yes

When life is read rightly eyes pity and finish  
with smoking iron-hot  
rage so minds no longer will shatter waiting  
for battle to stop.

Celled in self-same grief earth readily calls  
for opposing despoilers to cease from war.



## Chafing.

Chafing.

The ready aroma of un-begun love  
pervaded the fetters in which she simmered.  
The chafing of hungry restraint  
cloistered her longing and calloused the  
rigid decorum of concord.

The lady burned for the covert, craved  
the taboo and dreamt  
of surrender to reckless behaviour,  
yet still concurred.  
Locked in ruthless austerity of hollow  
convention warm  
juices gelled when met with rejection.  
As the haze of make-believe parted  
revealing reality  
so starkly set she started to weep.

Lucre pursued produces poor little  
rich girls who, rule  
immersed in frigid formality, learn  
as they yearn for love.

## CHAINS.

Chains.

The chains  
holding me sane distort  
and break  
at this time of day.  
Memory seeps  
out of sunset and turns  
my heart  
red to lonely's yearning.  
As sad sheds  
its skin regret finds ways  
to tint  
my sense steadily grey.  
After you,  
ready-packed, told me  
goodbye  
it began to rain fear.  
Love given  
half-heartedly will lack  
for smashed  
trust is not taken back.  
But more  
can be said about miss  
than tears  
at parting's insistence.  
Shoulders  
must shrug or hope falls  
after  
loud name-calling palls.  
The chains

holding me sane break  
their hold  
at each folding of day.

## CHAINS.

Chains.

The chains  
holding me sane distort  
and break  
at this time of day.  
Memory seeps  
out of sunset and turns  
my heart  
red to rusted yearning.  
As sad sheds  
its skin regret finds ways  
to tint my  
mind steadily grey.  
Love given  
half-felt will ever tax  
for trust  
broken credit lacks.  
Shoulders  
must bear the resultant  
ache as  
truth of betrayal palls.  
After you,  
ready-packed, told me  
goodbye it  
began to rain credence.  
No more  
can be said about miss  
than tears  
at bedtime's insistence.  
The chains

holding me sane break  
so badly  
at this time of day.

## Chains.

Chains.

The chains  
holding me sane distort  
and break  
at this time of day.  
Memory seeps  
out of sunset and turns  
my heart  
red to rusted yearning.  
As sad sheds  
its skin regret finds ways  
to draw my  
mind steadily backward.  
After you,  
ready-packed, told me  
goodbye it  
began to rain empty.  
Shoulders  
must bear the resultant  
ache after  
the name-calling palls.  
No more  
can be said about miss  
than tears  
at sunset's insistence.

## Challenge

Challenge.

The mind has its mountains,  
cliffs of fall,  
frighfully sheer,  
not easily climbed, save  
by those whose endurance  
becomes unchained.

Life has its forbidding hills,  
lion-limbed,  
heights of challenge,  
fearfully mined except  
by those who bide in a belief  
of unyielding aid.

Time has grinding anvils,  
ego-made,  
clothed with traps,  
me-ism patterned to attack  
the soul but those who win wince  
yet face blows singing.

## Challenge

Challenge.

Life has its mountains,  
cliffs of fall,  
frightfully sheer,  
not easily climbed, save  
by those whose endurance  
becomes unchained

Life has grinding anvils,  
hammer-hard  
                moments of challenge,  
lion-bite tests find winners  
who fallen may wince yet rise  
to face blows singing.



## Challenge.

Challenge.

The mind has its mountains,  
cliffs of fall,  
cautiously self-made traits  
not easily climbed save by hearts  
who fight fear and allow endurance  
to augur change.

Life has its forbidding plains,  
lion-limbed  
heights of challenge that gained  
by experience defines a belief  
in those who bide with assurance  
of heaven's aid.

Time has grinding anvils,  
ego's test  
loaded with iron will,  
me-istically patterned to battle  
all souls but who wins faces blows  
with no wincing.

## Challenge..

Challenge.

The mind has its mountains,  
cliffs of fall,  
frighfully sheer,  
not easily climbed, save  
by those whose endurance  
becomes unchained.

Life has its forbidding hills,  
lion-limbed,  
heights of challenge,  
sorrowfully mined except  
by those who bide in a belief  
of heaven's aid.

Time has grinding anvils,  
ego's test,  
loaded with iron will,  
me-istically patterned to battle  
all souls but those who win wince  
yet face blows singing.

## Challenges

Challenges.

Why do wind-bent trees out face each attack ?

Bark, though whip-blasted and knarled stays alive  
with ironized knuckles and scars pummeled black.

Could it be wise to note how they survive ?

How can fragile shoots beneath soil grow claws ?

Battle of will-power perceives gale's fierce fight  
aims to split limbs but storm meets greater force.

Rooted in "Self" is how saplings revive.

Like the set leaning stance of moorland trees  
so might life's challenges be met by humanity.

## Chance

*Chance.*

*That late afternoon  
when the slope of well-muscled  
shoulders approached  
her slim frame and male breath  
bent closer to trembling lips  
refusal loomed large  
for a guilt-ridden moment  
then action exploded.*

*Chance of resistance can melt  
as passion turns No into Yes.*

## Chance Changes.

Chance Changes.

Time moves on remorseless yet fresh starts  
appear plausible  
if from parched discord  
we form opportunities from which to carve.  
Clearer choices for cutting free expand lone  
coaster-rides for  
tried surprise days may  
harness adroit colour into muddy unknown.  
Distress creates apathy while unrestrained  
euphoria decrees  
time to chance changes  
for better kept, happier new mind-states.  
Relocated those truncated dreams retreat  
to re-form, tired  
maybe but soon adorned  
in fresh resolutions avoiding future defeat.  
Pushing ahead, cutting fresh cloth again  
we trash failure's  
design to let choice sew  
empowerment then Solo is worn unafraid.

## Chance.

Chance.

Pasts were forgotten,  
no more were they strangers  
to each other, yet  
unknown then to themselves  
change held awe  
    in the shape of desires begun  
for outside of norm  
    age must relate to renewal.  
Senses felt numb  
until both realized kindly fate  
meant to open love's  
    gate so two might make one.  
Beyond time's fixed  
awareness begins destiny's  
chance for romance  
and there duo-maturity sat  
agasp at reality.

## Chance.

Chance.

Pasts were forgotten,  
no more were they strangers  
to each other, yet  
unknown then to themselves  
change produced awe  
    in the shape of desires begot  
by need beyond norm  
    and years to renewal related.  
Senses felt numb  
until wisely realized was fate  
meant to open love's  
    gate so two might make one.  
Beyond time's fixed  
awareness begins destiny's  
chance for romance  
to assist duo-maturity grasp  
fresh passion again.

## Chance.

Chance.

Pasts were forgotten,  
no more were they strangers  
to each other, yet  
unknown then to themselves  
change held awe  
    in the shape of desires begun  
for outside of norm  
    age must relate to renewal.  
Senses felt numb  
until both realized kindly fate  
meant to open love's  
    gate so two might make one.  
Beyond time's fixed  
awareness begins destiny's  
chance for romance  
and there duo-maturity sat  
agasp at reality.



**CHANGE.**

Change.

Growls Dark  
when pale glow approaches young dawn  
who yawning  
bows to Heaven's law and edging forward  
woken light  
climbs down the morning's cold slide.

Light parts  
misty fingers that dart first beam-spread  
and widen  
to shards which shatter ebony's battle  
then displays  
victor's scars to virginal day.

Day starts  
when night bends to release last force  
and weakly  
as sated jaws close to more challenge black  
cloud bellows  
and sinks as it bursts, effort spent.

Night barks  
his goodbyes then complaining no more  
skulks away  
so ruthless Old Sol can lead royal reign  
and arrive  
in state as change paints new on sky.

## Change.

Change.

I choose to greet life without resentment,  
sleep beside pain with jubilation  
and wake to the thrill of Exhilaration.

I want to float in dreams of contentment,  
walk unknown paths with satisfaction  
and yield to the feeling of Exultation.

My spirit needs more pleasure-excitement  
I seek bliss of exhilaration  
so cast me adrift with Change- to-Elation.

## Changed.

Changed

You came along,  
life started singing and I was the song.

Music of change  
made me intend to learn giving again.

No changed to Yes  
as passion desensitised moody stress.

One day I knew  
needed new tango was dancing me too.

Time then arrived  
when I fell in love with just being alive.

## CHANGELING

Changeling.

Invisible dancer, Air moves with ease  
bouyantly changing its imprint  
on earth's waiting surface of seasons,  
yet windswept Air broadcasts ferment  
of mutating chicanery  
by state of weathered uncertainty.

Air can create dazzle-white sculptures  
with sudden modified action  
producing from cool icier currents,  
and light as feathers it will swirl drifts  
of autumn- leaf gentleness then  
blow up a tornado bent on mischief.

Yet when sunk in summer depression  
Air forgets to ruffle small waves,  
limp sails need bellows for ventures  
but changeling ether favours no bluster  
of demon breath when ballet-laced  
breeze tip-toes thru' sea with slow pulse.

From waltz to flamingo on coastal hills  
Air loves feeling freedom where  
clifftops let divas hone ever more skills.

## Changeling

Changeling.

Invisible dancer, Air moves with ease  
buoyantly changing its imprint  
on earth's waiting surface of seasons,  
windswept Air broadcasts ferment  
of mutating chicanery  
by use of weathered uncertainty.  
Air creates dazzle-white sculptures  
with sudden modified ease  
producing from ice-laden snow  
blinding swirls of high drifts,  
warms to windless slush then blows  
up a tornado bent on mischief.  
Spring to Winter gives wicked chances  
for manic Air-driven sprees  
when many a hat or knicker on line  
is lifted to tango before disappearing.  
And when sunk in summer depression  
Air forgets to ruffle small waves,  
limp sails need bellows for ventures  
but changeling ether favours no bluster  
of demon breath when ballet-laced  
breeze tip-toes on sea making no fuss.  
From waltz to flamingo on coastal hills  
Air loves feeling freedom where  
clifftops let Divas hone ever more skills.

## Changeling.

Changeling.

Here comes the dancer forever unseen  
buoyantly leaving her imprint  
but never becoming weary,  
unhindered Air can broadcast ferment  
by drafting her faultless pattern  
in cloud-wisps of quiet presence.  
She can create dazzle-white sculptures  
snow-carved in one fast moment  
through production of freezing puffs,  
or light as a feather will kick up drifts  
of weathered leaves high as kites  
and chuckle with autumn mischief.  
yet she can sink into heat's depression  
and forget her whistle when limp  
sails have need of windy bellows.  
An ether changeling anticipates bluster  
as demon then sweet ballerina  
who impresses with whirling gusts  
but dance she does on Springtime hills  
for Air loves the freedom where  
clifftops let divas hone more skills.

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and light as feathers it will swirl drifts  
of autumn- leaf gentleness then  
blow up a tornado bent on mischief.

Yet when sunk in summer depression  
Air forgets to ruffle small waves,  
limp sails need bellows for ventures  
but changeling ether favours no bluster  
of demon breath when ballet-laced  
breeze tip-toes on sea making no fuss.

From waltz to flamingo on coastal hills  
Air loves feeling freedom where  
clifftops let divas hone ever more skills.

## Changeling.

Changeling.

Invisible dancer Air moves with ease  
buoyantly changing its imprint  
on earth's waiting surface of seasons,  
yet windswept Air broadcasts ferment  
of mutating chicanery  
by state of weathered uncertainty.

Air can create snowy-white sculptures  
with sudden modified action  
producing from cool icier currents,  
and light as feathers it will swirl drifts  
of autumn- leaf gentleness then  
blow up a tornado bent on mischief.

Yet when sunk in summer depression  
Air forgets to ruffle small waves,  
limp sails need bellows for ventures  
but changeling ether favours no bluster  
of demon breath when ballet-laced  
breeze tip-toes on sea making no fuss.

From waltz to flamingo on coastal hills  
Air loves feeling freedom where  
clifftops let divas hone ever more skills.



## Changes

Changes.

As light sinks to hibernation the rays of sunset  
become fatefully pallid like  
faded velvet adorning a battle-vest,  
spectacular and mystical changes then muster  
unseen for roll-call by spreading  
Queen Moon's opal veil over corners of dusk.

Her pale crescent glow sprays clouds of misty  
non-hue, crushing out scarlet  
in cool pearl beams of sheer insistence  
over Sol's complexion, bleeds grey on remains  
of afternoon warmth with regal  
drift and dusts her lunar-flakes over the day.

Flamboyant streaks fighting in crimson flight  
darken and Sun, now conquered  
and weeping red tears is made to retire  
as bleeding with wounded pride at losing face  
he bows when Moon takes power,  
for on tasting ascension she intends reigning.

## Changes

Changes.

As light sinks to hibernation rays of sunset  
become fatefully pallid like  
faded worn velvet adorning a battle-vest.  
Spectacularly mystical changes then muster  
for unseen roll-call by spreading  
queen Moon's opal veil over dim dusk.

Her pale crescent glow sprays cloudy mist  
of non-hue, crushing out scarlet  
in cool pearly beams by sheer insistence.

She bleeds grey into Sol's late complexion  
by brooming out heat with regal  
drift as she dusts lunar-flakes into the west.

Flamboyant retreating streaks darken finally  
to sparks as Sun now conquered  
and weeping red tears is made to retire.

Bleeding with wounded pride at losing face  
king bows as queen Moon ascends  
for on tasting power she intends reigning.

## Changes.

Changes.

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become fatefully pallid like  
faded velvet adorning a battle-vest,  
spectacular and mystical changes then muster  
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and weeping red tears is made to retire  
as bleeding with wounded pride at losing face  
he bows when Moon takes power,  
for on tasting ascension she intends reigning.

## CHANGES.

Changes.

When more light than dark  
pervades the horizon  
night creeps from hiding  
and cattle seek harbours  
as lengthens the gloaming  
they cluster round stations  
neath trees in the paddock,  
more still than paintings.

Huge stone-like statues  
choose solo to gather,  
chew cud while in waiting,  
more grey than shadows  
for daylight's last rays.

Thru' ebony's blackness  
beasts silently suffer,  
rain-stained and sightless  
each stands stiff-backed  
in more dark than light  
facing much nightness  
with rock-solid patience.

I think when dusk reigns  
how courageous a cow-hide  
in accepting all changes  
and hope I can do likewise.

## Changes.

*Changes.*

*Sing me an ocean of sensual moments  
where breakers of interchange  
spray cold regions of aching emotion  
with real expressions of give.*

*Croon me a river of romantic tunes  
flowing with sentient sighs  
as rising heartbeats end each move  
to show gone pleasure exists.*

*Hum me a lake of whispered excitement  
where passion runs naked  
and kisses deliver the depths desired  
to reach satisfaction missed.*

*Serenade me a carefully ardent sea  
where desire changes inert to eager.*

## Changing

**Changing.**

***And the day dawned  
when he doffed his thick overcoat  
and set off to meet her alluring invite.***

***Changing however  
her mind-set she fell to preparing  
surprises to scare ultra-elusive guys.***

***She nailed up smiles  
and blocked entrance usage to what  
was duly considered as time wasters.***

***If often opened, doors  
left ajar can suddenly swing inward  
and if feeling unhinged close up again.***

***He knocked and naked  
with confusion at finding love locked  
by guilty regret, quickly he crept away.***

## Changing.

Changing.

Macaroon sky,  
white-ruffled and fluffed  
like meringue pie  
trapped in cold oven.  
Roan-streaked twilight  
night-stained and greying  
like grains of rye  
simmered in gravy.  
Wind-sheeted shore  
cheesy and mould-slaked  
like bread long-stored  
means storm on the way.

## Changing.

Changing.

Macaroon sky,  
white-ruffled and fluffed  
like meringue pie  
rising in oven.

Roan-streaked twilight  
night-stained and greying  
like grains of rye  
simmered in gravy.

Cloud-domed above  
changing and crusted  
like boiled parsley duff  
not stirred well enough

Wind-beaten shore  
cheesy and mould-slaked  
like bread long stored  
means storm on the way.



## Chasms..

Chasms.

Humanity's endless chasms of class  
routes all avenues of society  
and do not in reality get less narrow.

Money the monarch still sits in state  
with a smile on his busy  
two-faceness which no virus shakes.

God save the small openings between  
unscaleable walls through  
which pilgrims can carefully squeeze.

The army against rift of divides face  
ancient odds of mis-rule  
yet it climbs on to establish change.

Tryers believe if they battle to widen  
small gaps they may see  
a land of begin-again on the horizon.

Class separation ever spreads chaos.

## CHESIL.

Chesil.

This ancient pebbled beach  
has seen the boots of ages run to make deep inroads  
on its ship-shape paving.  
Long in length and fossil-strewn  
its use in naval training has equipped in many sailors  
room for feats of bravery.  
Careers at sea are paved  
with danger and seen as heeded here has been the use of  
drills in discipline.  
Young men are taught the need  
of Chesil-hardship and mostly just prior to boarding  
boats for ocean-missions.  
A look for prehistoric  
finds too in weedy holes and under rocks which upturned  
may prove successful.  
Leaving the strip of famous land  
that Hardy called "a narrow thread" all will have seen  
its shingled credentials.  
Piles of pea-sized gravel  
cover old treasures and seeking scored rocks was the  
obsession until recently.  
Chesil's guardians wisely moved  
might and main along this ancient fossiled way to keep  
and prize its rich diversity.  
I remember the headlands  
of Portland Bill and Fleet Lagoon tossed by winter winds  
yet battling wrecking waves.  
Grateful too the care shown for all  
who trained at Chesil and now sail braver over open

ocean's many vagaries.

## Chill.

Chill.

Holding a crown of snow today  
old golden fern-heads  
poke their glass gowns into wind-blow  
and stiff-stalked they wait  
in moor-land chill for slow melting.  
Warmth starts down below  
when roots begin moves to unveil  
flow of curled ringlets  
which fingers of Spring yearn to open.

## Chimerical

Chimerical.

Who, having heard the very first whisper  
of sonorous change as it catches the drift  
and tremulous breeze starts piped quiver  
in musical metal will reject those myriads  
of toning jingle made by my wind-chimes.

Who, having harkened to hovering rustle  
in trees as they warily take up the notes  
will not need to catch playful air currents  
portray leafy chatter, as pressure rotates  
to tuned tinkle made by my wind-chimes.

Who can ever explain that mystical draw  
of transfixing pleasure when the rhythm  
resonates in time with buffets and before  
pealing ceases yet another timed singing  
erupts inside my chimerical wind-chimes.

## Chimes

Chimes..

Who has heard the very first whisper  
of sonorous change catching the drift  
in tremulous breeze as chimera quivers  
and metallic poles shudder when myriads  
of differing tones shake my wind-chimes ?

Who has measured the softest rustle  
of leaves partaking in air's new bustle  
playing new symphonies by gentle rote  
    with melodic key-changes in tuneful notes  
made by the swing of my resonant chimes ?

Who has explained this exotic draw  
of transfixing music, ringing in chorus  
when pipes suspended high-ward swing  
by continual singing the electrified mystic  
of spell-striking life in my rhythmic chimes ?

## CHOICES.

Choices.

When sleep leaves  
and tendrils of light seep gently  
into a dawn,  
my opened eyes see  
clearly  
an adventure ahead.  
I shall repent of any one minute  
wasted in this glorious  
nearly-new day  
which early sings out to be taken  
and seized, then  
molded to what pleases me.

It is twenty four more hours  
of life,  
and make of it what I will,  
I know it to be a  
given time.  
An exciting space.  
Mine.  
To choose what to be, victim  
or hero,  
to look below or above.

Will I peruse the stars or the mud ?

Shall I shine, or prevent love  
lighting my heart,  
or could I appear

to be happy yet feel sad  
deep inside.?  
There will be others who  
inhabit this day  
who might need me to show  
them a way to smile.

Choices are free to be made  
and I shall hope  
to choose love's voice today.



## Christmas Resilience

Christmas Resilience.

Tell me a winter-clad tale of ponds  
icy coated and  
Christmas held between tending  
farm animals,  
of misty dawning's snow-blind glide  
through goat-dotted hills  
to cottage cowl,  
of wind's sudden howling in rafters  
when teeth rattle.

Tell me of frosty-backed cattle tho'  
stalled lowing for cud,  
of fields thigh-high in drifts, flakes  
piled around hedgerows  
shielding stiff sheep,  
of frozen greenery,  
of tough farming breeds labouring  
to dig out and save  
lambing ewes,  
of new-born bleating hunger,  
of calves losing  
others in mass stumble for cover,  
of log-ovens kept hot to save late  
festive dinners and puds  
when jobs are done.

Tell me the story of never say No  
when going gets tough,  
of folk whose hold on tomorrow  
shines with hope,  
when after bad weather losses

shrugs of wide shoulders  
fasten worn jackets and hatted,  
trust steps forward  
raw fingered yet willingly ready  
despite freeze and  
struggles to battle all conditions.  
Clad in strongest resilience  
such men and their women.

## Clandestine Biscuits

Clandestine Biscuits.

Such a day  
with the sun smearing  
gilt over smudge-grey cloudburst  
he first held my hand.

Such a feel  
of glad surrender  
weak with belief in fateful  
attraction to each.

Such a time  
when togetherness  
heedlessly discounted sense  
for satisfied need.

Such a thrill  
to recall the laughs  
and forget happy can dry  
as guilt ferments tears.

Such a while  
since lonely got fed  
with clandestine biscuits yet  
still has no regret.

## CLEAN AIR.

CLEAN AIR.

Crystalline  
and mountain-still,  
early  
winter-day-air  
circulates  
and as daylight falls  
from  
azure-domed  
vault  
vapour gells, thickens,  
alters  
to earthy-lungs aerate  
then  
glassy clear, forces  
entrance,  
through mouth or nose,  
impregnates  
and with every breath  
taken  
it invigorates the next.

Clean air heightens  
senses to appreciate life.

## CLIMBING.

Climbing.

Stormforce confronts the tail-end  
of innocence and carefree  
calm hurled away, fire's mind-set  
lights departure's legacy.

Life in the wake of changes acts  
out a merciless course,  
composure alters as hurtful facts  
faced loathe being absorbed.

Scarring of hope exposes wounds  
and festers turn raw  
as lover's lost trust starts to ooze  
bile inside heart's disorder.

Lies like turbulence cause offence  
to trust's wiser claim  
and truth strikes hard when sense  
perceives their waywardness.

Gathering a last frenzied strength  
rage floods thru resistance,  
forces entry, flails then quenches  
a taste for forgiveness.

Now dry-eyed the lady fights on  
safer ground, well-shaken  
but wiser and still climbing from  
his bitter betrayal.

## Clocking Time.

Clocking Time.

For a while your time  
will be mine.  
Our clocks will read  
just the same.  
Insufferable swathes  
of unwanted  
space having become  
swallowed by  
waning long distance  
arrive for us  
recovered and laced.  
Synchronised,  
my time and yours  
for brief days  
shall be all the more  
dearly binding.

## Cloistered

### Cloistered

Take this ocean whose mirrored image  
turns on a whim of tide-led passion.  
Watch how her writhing motion hinders  
calm surface as stirred liquid reacts.

Take this vast sea whose saline terrors  
ring the knells of many a sailor.  
Mark how her breakers heave swelling  
attempts to sink homing boats per se.

Take this huge lake whose rimless vortex  
washes my wait in watery distance.  
Know how much desire cloistered shores  
hold for parted lovers saltily missed.

## CLOSE COMFORT.

Close Comfort.

With zeal I reach for your core  
in my dreams.

Love lifts you each night-time  
into my keeping.

Conscience floats weightless  
and I being certain feel

your desire.

Yielding to you is not a burden.

Holding you soul-close I yearn  
for our union  
when true amour shall survive  
with nightly revival.

To thrive love fears no partings  
and refutes goodbyes.

So for now my faraway-dearest  
put words to use  
and breathe your close comfort  
into my heart.

i



## Closeness.

How fragile the thread which binds  
souls to this earth.  
Does the end as ties break preserve  
nothing save name?  
Will need be extinguished as demise  
re-claims words ?  
When amour says Goodbye remains  
closeness the same ?

YET

Love will send music from eternity's  
anthem

AND

Learning its language makes contact  
triumphant.

## Co-Existence

Co-Existence.

I am me,  
.....the product of timeless eternity.  
You are you for  
.....whom wisdom created earth's beauty.  
We are the  
..... citizens of universality.  
Let us make  
..... this planet a place where love rules.

There are those  
who on whom would destroy single nations.  
Bring to quick  
end healthy remedies for sick generations.  
You friend are one  
who could alter course of weak leadership.  
I am me  
whose support advocates ways of healing.

We as the foot  
.....workers for freedom's survival  
would then see  
..... co-existence brooks no compromise.

## Co-Existence

CO-EXISTENCE.

If through busyness there is no moment  
to sit or stand  
and look quietly at daffodils Spring will  
have kissed its last.  
Hot Summer's virility will have smothered  
the countryside and still  
not been marvelled at by a too keen time  
keeper before Winter  
de- leaves Autumn and its freeze begins.

Months, if not noted unobtrusively meld  
each seasonal change  
to deflect attention and years slip away  
imperceptibly while joy  
soon disappears off its missed agenda.

Clearly this calls for deliberate action by  
abandoning chores,  
closing guilt's doors then skipping into  
airy morning's offered  
shawl of freshly filtered delectable dew.

Stopping to hear silence sparks wonder  
that has keys to mindfulness  
where time unlocks delight by reviving  
simplicity of child-like awe  
as it fills listening hearts with its song  
for by staring at nature  
to learn co-existence souls discern laws  
of shared sameness adorning life.

## CO-EXISTENCE.

### CO-EXISTENCE.

If through busyness there is no moment  
to sit or stand  
and look quietly at daffodils Spring will  
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Months, if not noted unobtrusively meld  
each seasonal change  
to deflect attention and years slip away  
imperceptibly while joy  
soon disappears off its missed agenda.

Clearly this calls for deliberate action by  
abandoning chores,  
closing guilt's doors then skipping into  
airy morning's offered  
shawl of freshly filtered repairing dew.

Stopping to hark at silence and wonder  
gives proper mindfulness  
when time defines moments by reviving  
a simple child-like awe  
as it fills listening hearts with lark-song  
for by staring at nature  
to learn co-existence souls receive light.



## Coasting

*Coasting.*

*With voice like hot whiskey  
moistly potent  
she touches the sensual  
in would-be punters  
with throaty whispers  
of lusty pleasure.*

*Brandy-brown eyes and  
wavy black hair  
provides randy Annie  
with many afternoon  
coasting clients  
so nights are mostly  
given to other  
attractions like - - !!  
(end word is left to imagination )*

## Collusion

**Collusion.**

**The tune of earth's fire and water affair  
re-fashions this planet with abandon.**

**Its active collusion shows musical flair  
yet never a note becomes entangled.**

**Welcome these universal facts now taught  
that every vast chorus clashes with naught.**



## COLOUR-POWER.

### Colour-Power

Unseen but to few, we glow as bearers  
of colour.

Borne by light's rays which daily  
beam through  
to the soul are vibrations we are aware  
of only barely  
yet long known as aura.

The eyes, once seeing these cogents  
of brilliance,  
never forget the startling  
effect colour has as part of the psyche.

Red stimulates, orange gives drive,  
blue calms,  
paler shades radiate peace,  
while others impart aid toward relaxation.

Feel how green gently pervades  
and unwinds,  
but purple arouses  
and resonates with its sensuous action.

Life scintillates  
valuable hues and shades of verisimilitude,  
and what an impact bright  
colour-power offers  
as it alters, creates and encourages better  
views of what is authentic.

Nature invites and bestows gifts of unusual  
alchemy from colour's tonal textures  
to complete our uniqueness if we so choose.

## Colour-Power.

### Colour-Power

Unseen but to few we all glow as  
bearers of colour,  
borne by light's rays which daily  
beam through to  
the soul with what we are aware  
of only barely  
and known as our beautiful aura.

The inner eye once sighting rays  
of hued brilliance  
never forgets the startling effect  
colour has on that  
mood -change part of the psyche.

Red stimulates, orange gives drive,  
blue calms,  
and yellow shades radiate healing  
while silver relaxes.  
Green gently rejuvenates the mind  
yet purple arouses  
by unwinding inner-sensory vibes.

Life scintillates to attract wholeness  
and what an impact  
colour-power has on over- stressed  
insides as it's force  
ever advocates restyling composure.

Nature cares to help  
if we but choose  
to give colour a fair chance  
by usage.

## Colours of Change.

Colours of Change.

No night could be darker than this.  
Starless and chilled,  
its breath thickens with cold the minutes  
of December's decease  
and snaps at the old year's sap until  
clock's final chimes ring out defeat.

Then starts the colours of change.

No sky could be lit more than this.  
No show so bright  
while firework frenzy ends shivers  
of London crowd's wait  
and lifts the mind of ice-raked spirit  
to awe-raised warmth of New Year.

Firework sparkle earns hurrahs.

## COLOURS OF CHANGE.

Colours of Change.

No night could be darker than this.  
Starless and chilled,  
its breath thickens with cold the minutes  
of 2018 remaining  
and snaps at the old year's sap until  
clock's final chimes ring out defeat.

Then starts the colours of change.

No sky could be lit more than this.  
No show so bright  
while firework frenzy ends shivers  
of London crowd's wait  
and lifts the mind of ice-raked spirit  
to awe-raised warmth of New Year.

Firework sparkle earns loud hurrahs.

## COMBUSTION.

Combustion.

Fired by voluptuous  
tease of crusts  
is lust's physicality  
minus love.

Ablaze with eruptions  
of Circe's cup  
is desire's volatility  
minus love

Encased in combustion  
of fleeting fun  
is resigned sensuality  
    minus love.

## Come Back

Come Back.

Perhaps the tumultuous love  
we shared before  
before will be soon resumed  
breaking months  
of lonely into lucid excitement  
as fate becomes  
drenched in emotional rises  
and ebbs die  
with fervent persistence.

Spliced together at last old  
vows made in turbulent waters  
could leave tidal shallows  
and find rest from clamorous  
union for binding new  
to sense of time we should then  
live better without  
vibration of constant termagant.  
So come back in sight over  
the horizon my fisherman's boat  
I no longer haggle and  
for you I am hungry

**COME LET US .....**

LET US.....

Come. let us leave sleep and put on the morning.  
Waken to first trembling birth of the day.

Listen as mist gives way to symphonic new scales  
stirring dawns's fragile music.  
Watch as dome's blue widens its azure-blue maw.

Note how warmth cracks open buds' sticky coatings  
of dew-soaked velvet  
then applaud as night's jacket of cold disappears.

Let us imagine the tune nature hums when golden  
rays voice another day's beams.  
Nod in agreement as chill is de-frocked and hours  
of restless dreaming forgotten.

.  
Run with the nectar of virgin haste when sunglow  
races new joys to prepare.  
Dress in excitement's changes and learn morning's  
story written on earlyness.  
Let us produce smiles of welcome to cleansed air.  
Drink all the freshly-pressed juices  
of day as blaze melts shadows of night's outflow.

Using light's glory let awe dance,  
come throw off blind nocturnal attire and adorn  
life by putting on morning.



## Comingness

Comingness.

I wake to a mist heavy with drizzle,  
listen for robin putting on morning  
and follow his steps.

Wet it may be but winter is waning,  
dawn's daily herald of comingness  
lessens depression.

I intend to ease torso that stiffened  
and aching gives plenty of warning  
which calls for stretching.

Clean and dressed I fall into new day  
ready and smiling for like all creation  
I want morning's best.

## Commissioned

Commissioned.

I wish thee to colour her  
in rightful shades.  
Portraits without intrigue  
frighten a Lady.  
Paint her ambitious  
and thou see her wrong.  
Pencil her ugly,  
thy neck may get strung.  
Crayon her wistful  
and that may'st not fit.  
Pastel her jealous  
and thou wilt regret it.  
Sketch her romantic  
and thou draweth near.  
Colour her lovely  
and thou needst not fear.  
Portraits commissioned  
by patron's contrivance  
meant artists were paid  
if they portrayed wisely.

## Commitment

Commitment.

Festooned round  
    skilfully sentenced evasion  
never deeper  
than experienced phrasing  
lies counterfeit  
cunning methods known as  
unmeant affection.  
Playing at love is a divisive  
two-faced game  
based on arrant deception.  
Vows that are fake  
never stand time's intense  
scrutiny for real  
care knows trust can break  
when being misled  
by contrival's appearance.

Better by far to exclude lies  
and contemplate first  
a lover's needs in providing  
regard for worthier  
and believable commitment  
knowing action speaks  
louder than any mere words.

## Compatibility.

Compatibility.

Smokescreens blinker reality,  
blindfolds spell rancour  
and shadows engender battle  
when attitude unresponse favours.

Closed shops achieve not a thing.

Creating bonded compatibility  
absorbs old identities,  
and repairs the stalemate  
blocking worn out relationships.

Patience un-knots tangled string.

Strengthen then non-braided  
states of distant confusion  
with love's non-combustibles  
and heal chilly hostile behaviour.

Genuine care breeds union-bliss.

## Compatible.

Compatible.

We pair of home-comers  
built from painful baggage a water-tight dream,  
we painted an idyll of walled delight.  
A bright corner where care could cover old scars.  
Oh that happy hand-in-glove fit of regenerative  
pleasure which we dared to admit  
into the picture of autumnal love.  
Such easy laughter sparked need to spend more  
new-found treasure in glad togetherness.  
Fresh as youth the stream we dug from aridity.  
Your tenderness stoked heat  
in forgotten feelings, blazed pathways to places  
I had never been  
and seared heaven into every greeting.  
So gentle our mountain  
of unleashed freedom that time gave us chance  
to climb new heights.  
I thrived in sweet air of acceptability.  
You re-sculpted sallow existence, blushed my  
pallid future, accessed the girl inside  
and unfastened this  
latched-up former conformist.  
You let loose love's abandon and I did not refuse.  
Beautiful man your breath  
warmed every fold of compatible essence, toned  
any slack in my short-sighted outlook  
and de-misted  
smeared myopic signals.  
Duo-passion oiled and honed rarely used action

so we could reach bliss.

Our union was something greater than physical  
and that better otherness I shall  
always remember.

No ocean of parting can break devotion's deep  
integrity and I know for certain  
we shall meet again.

Oh unforgettable man  
you stole into destiny, enraptured my soul and  
now you hold it forever.

## COMPLIANCE.

Compliance.

So let the grand masquerade start.  
Now locked safely away,  
restricted and mute is her duly subdued heart,  
neatly boxed,  
disciplined,  
strongly tied  
and nicely presented to show whole compliance.  
Her own pictured hopes deleted by duty she lays  
dreaming aside,  
and decides to accede.  
With reality not in the way the play can proceed.  
All seems accomplished, she bows to demand,  
or request, face set,  
made-up mask hardened into a smile she folds  
away dreams  
and stands almost reliably ready.  
The world will see only a token of what she feels  
in an acceptable show.  
Done now and dusted, tranformance complete,  
she will enter  
to give an unflagging muted performance of brave  
yet substitute love.  
Staging then set she emerges for her rehearsed  
but challenging part,  
and submissive, begins her well learnt behaviour.  
Yet never seen because bleeding and caged  
deep inside,  
is the beaten remains of a life daily sacrificed  
in striving to please.

So need a housewife's masquerade start ?



## Compromise

Compromise.

I shall find bluebirds adorning my sky  
after today,  
knowing tomorrow waits  
holding assurance to dry bleary eyes,  
healing the whys  
of today with promise of change,  
offering faith  
to a much bruised heart that refuses  
negation of love.

I resist relegating us to yesterday's  
pyre and will renew  
after today more affirmative smiles  
knowing belief will stir  
tomorrow, not beaten by housing  
defeated doubts,  
but ready to reconnect our  
togetherness as love's abundance  
opens to compromise.

After today yesterday's dull ache  
may then become numb.

## Conceding

Conceding.

An ink-toned ebony night captures  
sound and hones from stillness quiet rapture.  
Emerging the sparkle of gem-stars  
lends diamond brightness to penetrate dark.  
And surging toward us while we lie  
powerless a God-shine reimburses our eyes.  
Consciously losing tracked time day's  
uncertainty fades and we fall up into space.  
We sip nova's love signs and as black  
    velvet remains holed we desire satisfaction.  
When one with the cosmos doubt yields  
then conceding to destiny modest recedes.

## Conceding.

Conceding.

An ink-toned ebony night captures  
sound and takes from stillness quiet rapture.  
Emerging now sparkling gem-stars  
lend diamond brightness to penetrate dark.  
And surging toward me while I lie  
powerless that shine embraces my mind.  
Consciously losing track of time, way  
past heaven's far height I fall up into space.  
I taste one nova then thick black  
velvet becomes holed as I digest the galaxy.  
Grief could not console me but his  
star holds secrets which assure future bliss.  
One with the cosmos I can now stop  
as conceding to mystery fear has been lost.

## Conceding.

Conceding.

An ink-toned ebony night captures  
sound and hones from stillness quiet rapture.  
Emerging the sparkle of gem-stars  
lend diamond brightness to penetrate dark.  
And surging toward me while I lie  
powerless a God-shine reimburses my mind.  
Consciously losing track of time day's  
deepest laments fade as I fall up into space.  
I taste nova's signs and while black's  
velvet becomes holed shall digest the galaxy.  
Doubt could not console me but love's  
    hold routs the unknown to pronounce proof.  
One with the cosmos my stress ceases  
for in conceding to destiny mourning recedes.

## CONCEDING.

Conceding.

An ink-toned ebony night captures  
sound and takes from stillness quiet rapture.  
Emerging now sparkling gem-stars  
lend diamond brightness to penetrate dark.  
And surging toward me while I lie  
powerless God-'shine embraces my mind.  
Consciously losing track of time, way  
past heaven's far height I fall up into space.  
I taste nova's signs while thick black  
velvet becomes holed as I digest the galaxy.  
Grief could not console me but love's  
feel holds divine secrets of assured proof.  
One with the cosmos I shall now stop  
as conceding to mystery fear has been lost.

## CONCORDANCE.

Concordance.

To awake  
in a quiet corner of peace and stare  
at rich friendship meeting needs  
is so gratifying  
for reality can end in what dreams  
begot of notions to share  
as concordance shows.

To awake  
in a hateful place of disabling war  
where defiling fear strips life  
of beauty and stasis  
cringing behind abuse is making  
disdain worse than before  
as contention shows.

To awake  
in a world of learnt awareness asks  
that bones be allowed to grow  
naturally old and souls  
carefully nurtured is belief in  
love being first factor  
as cordiality shows.

## Connection

*Connection.*

*In some swift spark of Infinity  
I felt his shadow alter vibrations.*

*Dazzled, transfixed inside Forever  
I heard his presence shifting dimensions.*

*In one burst of rhythmic connection  
I tasted his spirit thirsting for mine.*

## CONNECTION.

Connection.

It is there at the inner edge,  
where Self-awareness  
meets the ocean of Being  
our souls can grow most.

Yield opens new thresholds  
and exposes the peace  
of stress-free dimensions  
by wonder's experience.

If doubt allows room faith  
engages with proof and  
lights space where begins  
    our connection with bliss.

Time ceases as solid feels  
weightless and silence  
seems loud when awed by  
leaping all boundaries.

It is there at the inner edge,  
where Self-awareness  
meets the wonder of Being  
    that our spirit can grow.



## Connection.

Connection.

A page  
stands waiting for poetic  
fingers to discover lettering.

Leafless  
yet flowering an untold  
message often stays folded.

Between  
connection are threads  
composed as unsaid wordlets.

Uplifting  
this contact, tho' who  
knows if receivers will view.

The Muse  
will show more than  
mute cyber-notes ever can.

Open  
then that waiting page  
and invite communication.

**CONSTANT.**

Constant.

I have seen harboured dusk blackening sails,  
ocean-face blazing with phosphorescence,  
cottage walls hiding those, saline-drenched,  
whose living depends on battling sea gales.

I have sighted mauve-dawn colouring vessels,  
gull-beaks shrieking with frustrated hunger,  
fisher men eyeing first signs of low thunder  
yet constant the need for all hands on decks.

Consorting with water's alchemic nature  
scribes courage on each weathered face.

## Constant.

Constant.

I have seen harboured dusk blackening sails,  
ocean-face blazing with phosphorescence,  
cottage walls hiding those, saline-drenched,  
whose living depends on battling sea gales.

I have sighted mauve-dawn tinting vessels,  
gull-beaks a-shriek with frustrated hunger,  
fisher men eyeing the first signs of thunder  
yet constant the need for all hands on decks.

Consorting with water's alchemic nature  
scribes courage on each weathered face.

## Constraint

Constraint.

*She possessed a wandering spirit.  
He demanded strict control.  
Yet in their autumn years she filtered  
constraint by nurturing hope  
    that karmic rewards are consistent  
for with neglect faint will grow  
scent of faded roses disdain-killed  
by an insistent stay-at-home.*

## Contact

Contact.

Locked into time's doom  
sensible scribes  
watch New Year's quick passing  
and revive friendly  
contact with the whispering Muse  
of spontaneous verse  
for fresh-guided graphics  
endlessly stick  
to a writer's use of good wording.

Like perceived flow of water  
metaphor clings as  
form fastens to listening mediums  
when poetry calls.

Profound the effect  
on slow unwinding of notions  
when capture begins  
and each line becomes potent  
with well-crafted expressions of  
other dimensions.

Laced with engaging  
metrical phrases written description  
by those apt to see  
notes all simple  
happenings worth linguistic completion  
to effectual odes.

May 2021 from  
first to last month embrace lettered  
efforts as success  
bursts through floodgates  
and poets shape lovely nectar from  
sculpted alphabet.

## CONTACT.

Contact.

Boisterous sheets  
of morning-fresh tumbling water  
thrown from the rock top  
in a torrent of rainbowing  
discharge splintered droplets of light  
into deep pool  
where implosion quelled high fever  
and turmoil ended in quiet peace.

Breaking surface  
with frothy rumpus on limpid-still  
calm of sun-filtered haven  
flat-plated water suddenly  
split as from reedy banks of murk  
swam The Vision  
rustling through stalks of wet iris  
head high and cautiously gliding.

Silent his smooth  
liquid path broke in random spree  
of free-diving display dips  
while slipping quick glances  
my way and breathless with awe  
I felt contact  
with wild nature as I settled to wait  
for more moments of Otter elation.

He soon distanced  
to a mere dot on the mirrored wet  
tho' my sight tried to follow

his insistence on fur-coated  
watery play right to a finalé of fun  
under cascade  
and his Otter venture into cataract plot  
showed pleasure's action I never forgot.



## Contact.

Contact.

An ink-toned ebony night captures  
doubt and shows my soul healing rapture.  
Emerging now a winking lone star  
lends arcane comfort to impregnate dark.  
Light surges inwards and as I lie  
prostrate mystic awe embraces my mind.  
Losing time's conscious track, way  
past mourning's grasp I fall up into space.  
Thru' heaven's hole I taste contact  
and as wonder grows I digest the galaxy.  
Now at one with equivocal cosmos  
my myopic tears soak up focus and stop.  
Grief can never console me but his  
star reveals edict of lovers un-dying bliss.

## CONTRIVANCE.

Contrivance.

I wish thee to sketch her  
in rightful shades.  
Portraits sans thought  
might alter a Lady.

Paint her ambitious  
and thou judge her wrong.  
Pencil her ugly  
and thy neck gets strung.

Crayon her wistful  
and that may'st not fit.  
Pastel her wanton  
and thou wilt regret it.

Draw her romantic  
and my wishes complete.  
Colour her love  
and thou need'st not fear.

Portraits thus taken  
met patron-contrivance.  
Artists found fame  
in painting wives wisely.

## Contrivance.

Contrivance.

I wish thee to see her  
in dignified shades.  
Portraits sans beauty  
frighten a Lady.  
Paint her ambitious  
and thou judge her wrong.  
Pencil her jealous,  
thy neck might get strung.  
Crayon her wistful  
and that will not not fit.  
Pastel her ugly  
and thou wilt regret it.  
Draw her romantic  
and thou getteth near.  
Colour her love  
and thou need not fear.  
Patrons commisioned  
by sly contrivance.  
Artists found favour  
if they painted wisely.

## Conversion

Conversion.

Descent to despair can reach  
darkest of worlds  
yet as shadow's mood leaves  
a new urge unfurls,  
awakes stirrings of Self, tied  
to anticipation,  
beckons to sense held inside  
painful failures  
and as mind clears re-action  
creates conversion,  
shows rabid despair to have  
lasting reversal.

## Conversion

Conversion.

Descent to despair can reach  
dusk of underworlds  
but as shadow's tide beaches  
swept conscience unfurls,  
clears stirrings of Self re-tied  
to anticipation,  
beckons to positive, re-winds  
thoughts on failure  
and as sense ends calamity  
begins a conversion,  
shows rabid despair to have  
lasting reversal.

## COPING ALONE.

Coping Alone.

A shadow, poised where the blow is to fall  
transports and transforms  
in its turning  
as shot hits, making wife widow who learns  
by authentic letter  
but starts hopeful pretense.

A dream believed whole is but a fragment  
transfixed and transient  
in its racing  
away from such real where tragedy faces  
grave's mocking indifference  
to wedlock's stark finish.

A battle-torn soul coping alone with grief  
transacts and transmits  
in its mourning  
devotional vows should report prove false  
yet she, believing he lives  
weeps while cursing war's evil.

## Core-Healing.

Core-Healing.

A little silence mothers the truth for those  
who dare seek and embrace  
the almost heard,  
for if not smothered stillness finds access  
to something of wisdom waiting  
underneath sound,  
so begets learning more than that known.

Only to those who seek calm in un-vocal  
can notes of non-sonance  
compose true peace  
and mind produce power of inner coping  
as quietness needs alchemy's  
halcyon to reach  
balm of core-healing for heart and soul.

## Counting Sheep

Counting Sheep.

Starting dawn-early in high country fields  
search for lambing means folk,  
asleep under snoring duvets must rouse  
and yield to first birth-needs  
before heading, quick coated from sleep  
for cautious field-hunt  
as motherly grunts hope warmth will clear  
morning mist after night's  
chilly effort to squeeze drop of new bleat.

Freshly-met woolly lamb scent greets day  
to show darkness moves  
pregnant ewes while as heaves disappear  
farmers welcome birthed few  
by counting sheep but must leave further  
numbers in good luck's keeping.



## Counting Sheep.

Counting Sheep.

Starting early in dawn's high-country fields  
scent of lambing arises when farmers,  
asleep under snoring duvets  
must rouse and yield to labouring needs  
at rooster-crow hour  
and sleepily leave the togetherness  
of female-warm bed  
before heading, quick-trousered into folds  
and cautiously peep  
at motherly grunts hoping sun will impale  
morning mist after night's  
chilly effort to beat dropped breath from  
wooly bleats in after-birth cold.  
Hitch-plough field's scent of new raw day  
shows darkness left  
few heaving ewes as night creeps away,  
followed by farmers who,  
still counting sheep and blessings, leave  
the rest in God's keeping

**COURAGE.**

Courage.

How soon the servant to sun and wind  
needs nerves of steel  
when handling an ocean so capricious.

Trapped between lull  
and heaving fury a sailor meets waves  
that might become  
changed to deafening thunder, giants  
rearing to blind  
with saline can un-man vessels quickly  
leaving behind  
floundering gasps that struggle to right  
a wayward mast.  
Skippers in days gone by toughened on  
life in the brine  
yet even the strong weakened enough  
when gripped by gale.

Human eyes scanning for shore skyline  
find courage cries  
louder than storm's wail as sailors leap  
into hell's blast,  
tighten and loosen all soaked bindings,  
claw against force  
and slowly up-right dangerous leaning  
toward safe course.

Then, gale out-blown and risk subsiding  
under sun's heat  
to mirror-flat doldrum of glistening sea

where languid lie  
sails and fish swim alongside uncaught  
do blisters subside  
and raw fingers heal before next storm.

Pity ship-mates  
coping with vagaries of mis-behaviour  
in their fickle  
mistress as worked to the weary bone,  
hauling for home  
near beaten small boats limp into port,  
holed and fish-less.

Old-time seafaring folk wading through  
tales own to fright  
before soldering nerves of steel tighter.

## Covert

Covert.

I see  
butterscotch evenings,  
lollipop skies of amber-cream,  
last light frothing waves  
as sea's olive coverlet changes  
to caramel-sepia.

\*

\*

I see  
          twilight blush streaking  
          dusk in stripe humbug-tints,  
          pink cheeks dimpling  
as honied in cherry-lip mem'ry  
          arises clandestine scenes.

\*

\*

I see  
Treacle-soft times sealing  
promise of secret trials,  
offers of pleasure  
as sundown uncovers eager  
share in mutual feelings.

\*

\*

I see  
Chocolate-smooth dreaming  
invades ever after to hold  
close romantic moments  
          spent in covert still tasting  
of first love sweetness.

## Covert

Covert.

Such an ebony hour as this  
readies dun moments for stolen bliss.  
Dusk's satin sheet rises  
to cloak secret places with hunger  
yet sunsetting over  
finds darkness hides bundles of risk.  
Fugitive love plays  
alluring games when two crave fire.  
Such covert conscripts  
night to form shadows for hiding.  
Re-created are thrills  
for covered in twilight's illegal kisses  
double coupled desire  
keeps need alive to seek clandestine.  
Yet pleasuring ends  
if ardour wants more than caresses.

## Covert.

Covert.

Such an ebony hour as this  
re-paints sweet hue of stolen bliss.  
Night's satin sheet rises  
to awaken passion's escaping sighs  
yet normal day over  
finds darkness demands high risks.  
Fugitive love plays  
alluring games when two crave fire.  
Re-created are thrills  
for hidden in twilight's illegal kisses  
is double-coupled desire  
that feeds need for the clandestine.  
Honesty ends when  
ardour replaces that which it misses.  
Such covert cover  
creates taste for ambrosial paradise.  
Hidden however those addictive sips.

Lovers world over  
accept tryst's demands must be secret  
yet tears will be shed  
if words whispered turn once to deceit.

## Coveted.

Coveted.

When half the world was blank on maps,  
when people still believed in magic,  
sounds became muffled  
as underground tappings sprung up  
in the hills and holes appeared.  
Feet vanished for what seemed like days  
then flat mining caps  
full of dust, topping faces of loot-happy  
smiles shuffled off hazily  
clutching large seeds of glimmery gold.  
White-knuckled black  
fists clutched closely to ribs dead weight  
of their findings, bags  
of pure alchemy, stones which changed  
when kindled in home-made  
dirt-hearths, to the hot comfort of flame  
keeping away winter's cold.  
Nuggets lost beneath time became finds  
worth more than diamonds  
when, in days of old, warmth could save  
peasants' work-worn lives.  
Yes, coveted then was possession of coal.

## Coveted.

Coveted.

When half the world was blank on maps  
and people believed in magic,  
sounds became muffled as tappings  
under the soil sprung up  
while in the hills big holes appeared.

Folk vanished for what seemed like days  
then flat mining caps  
full of loot-happy dust, topping faces  
of smiles shuffled off hazily  
clutching large lumps of silvery seeds.

White-knuckled black fists clutched close  
to ribs the dead weight  
of their findings, bags of pure alchemy,  
stones which changed when  
kindled in home-made places of fire.

Dirt-hearths rose to unknown hot comfort  
with flame keeping cold away,  
gems lost beneath time became nuggets  
worth more than diamonds  
and in days of old saved work-worn lives.

Yes coveted then was possession of coal.



## Crafty Spring

### Crafty Spring

Spring drips in and  
all growth becomes riddled with  
desire for warmth,  
ridden with need for having more.  
Freshly risen, green  
gets liquid-addiction, an invisible  
draw makes each sward  
swoon for regular fixes of water.  
Crafty Spring knows  
plants crave doses so being fickle  
he drops trickles used  
to tease shoots upwards for fuel.  
Potent, he opens  
cores formerly hidden, then the  
illicit physician lopes  
in to flippantly dominate flora.  
Bold, he impregnates  
the inactive deep sleep of nature,  
forcing in wet sensuous  
potions to unclothe closed petals.  
Young Spring hangs around  
to tickle ground's fancy yet Sol's  
hot passion he fears,  
so as heat rises he disappears.

## Cream-Plied.

### Cream-Plied

Poorly resourced, ill-used time kills warmth when  
rude under-dressed exchanges begin  
being passed as norm.  
Non-value remarks always fail to impress yet stick  
long in the mind as guns of unkindness  
kill habitual best.  
Sash down and closed against harshness unfeeling  
words thrown about hurtfully can rattle  
and needlessly burn.  
Sticking to tongue long after they fly angry words  
come back as unloving chains to shackle  
digestible language.  
Corners need cleaning when insults adhere beyond  
normal reason to rub former scar-battles  
in mud thoughtlessly flung.  
If tried, sharing affection inside a relationship sews  
repair to the worn distress of paucity's  
shawl of unmeant care.  
Spread with love the saying is true that newly white  
mornings feel right when plain breakfast  
is cream-plied by two.

## Crescented Magic.

Crescented Magic.

Hello shiny loop of post-shower Rainbow,  
you of mosaic-powered striated halo,  
and so sages tell, a sign of faith.  
Oh consummate sweep of bow-creation,  
who can know when and why  
you appear with myth of fascination.

You chaste secreter of much potted gold,  
crescented magic of arc-perfection  
your brilliant mixtures of shaded hues  
break raindrops to states  
of optic illusion which act as temptation.

Favour no seekers, oh Rainbow whom  
by digging for legend will  
selfishly follow roads right to your end.  
Make therefore no friends  
of illicit searchers for treasure, those  
who see you as meant lure  
for embellishing retrousséd wealth.  
Rainbow you cover your real blessings  
in pseudo-gilt with which  
ingratiates have become obsessed.  
Sedate then all lucre-lust with a curved  
root at each toe of your  
rain-augmented foot to waylay theft.

Divert and deflect looters with luminous  
know-how and curl into  
spacial deception before desecration.  
Bedazzle all lechers by preventing entry  
to any pretentious view

of your sensitive and tremulous end.

You as writhe of kaleidoscope can keep  
away crooked schemers  
by retaining a varisome iridescence.  
Alive with mysterious rays  
behave like a ghost loathing the sun, be  
as invisible, turn pale, fade,  
and disappear to invalidate trespass.

Stretch out your tracery uncontrolled,  
a beauteous vision who keeps  
her vaulted prism a glorious whole.

Rainbow hide what is always your own  
from blind passers by with  
greedy spade-eyes, stay unmolested.

## Crescented Magic.

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Hello shiny loop of post-shower Rainbow,  
you of mosaic-powered striated halo,  
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You chaste secreter of much potted gold,  
crescented magic of arc-perfection  
your brilliant mixtures of shaded hues  
break raindrops to states  
of optic illusion that act as temptation.  
Oh consummate sweep of bow-creation,  
who can know when and what  
day you appear so colourfully sweeping ?

Favour no seekers, oh Rainbow whom  
by digging for myth will  
selfishly follow ideas right to your end.

Make therefore no friends  
of illicit searchers for treasure, those  
who see you as meant lure  
for wealth's *retrousséd* embellishment.

Rainbow you cover no meant blessings  
in pseudo-gilt with which  
ingratiates have been long obsessed.  
Sedate then vile lucre-lust with direct  
sub-sequence on each  
pain-augmented foot to way-lay theft.  
Divert and deflect looters who with  
ruinous know-how create

special deception before desecrating.  
You as a wraith of kaleidoscope keep  
away crooked schemers  
by merely retaining pure iridescence.

Alive with mysterious rays  
behave like a ghost, turn wispy pale,  
disappear to invalidate trespass.

Rainbow hide what is always your own  
from blind passers by with  
greedy spade-eyes, stay unmolested.

Stretch out your tracery uncontrolled,  
sky's vaulted bow keeping faith afloat  
as a glorious sign, light-arrowed  
to show divine assurance.

## Crossed

Crossed.

Always gyrating, deplete from neediness  
sad relationships zigzag between circuits  
of in-complete spheres that rotating feed  
spirals of badly-crossed wires by inserting  
charged breaks in partner-resolving. Bent  
on pivotal lack a shock reels at any vortex  
and begin knock-back swerving by meant  
detours around uncaring known shortage  
in deficient installments - for commitment  
to defective love reaps force turned bitter.  
And that could lead to beginnings of wars.

## Crossed Wires.

Crossed Wires.

Always gyrating, deplete from neediness  
sad relationships zigzag between circuits  
of in-complete spheres that rotating feed  
spirals of high-crossed wires by inserting  
charged breaks in partner-resolves. Bent  
on pivotal lack a shock can reel at vortex  
and begin knock-back swerving by meant  
uncaring detours around known shortage  
in deficient instalment - for commitment  
to defective love reaps force turned bitter.



## Crossed Wires.

Crossed Wires.

Always gyrating, deplete from neediness  
sad relationships zigzag between circuits  
of in-complete spheres that rotating feed  
spirals of tight-crossed wires by inserting  
charged breaks in partner-contacts. Bent  
on pivotal lack a shock can reel at vortex  
and begin knock-back swerving by meant  
uncaring detours around known shortage  
in harmful instalments when commitment  
to defective love reaps force turned bitter.  
A blown fuse needs tools of improvement.

**CROWNED.**

Crowned.

Now sinks light into hibernation and day  
becomes faded like  
an old love affair  
as unformed mystical changes muster  
for roll-call by spreading  
moon's face into corners of dusk.

Now pervades glow as heavens don look  
of pale queen's velvet  
for gone beamshine knows  
moondrops bleed end to early remains  
of sunset's shade-drifting  
as cloud mist deepens pearly haze.

Now waits time while mutations ignite  
day's dying as conquered,  
light retires but streaks dusty  
goodbye-lines across wounded azure  
to defy night-rule for liking  
crowned power moon intends reigning.

## Crying Wolf.

### CRYING WOLF.

Eerie howling, wolf-hound calling,  
amber eyes alight.

Spirit of the steepest mountain  
stealthy pads the night.

Distant hunting, litters growing,  
feral parents proud.  
Livestock missing, farmers arming,  
thieving disallowed.

Tortured trappings, party shootings,  
stalkings after dark.  
Sightings now of wolf packs only  
in a Nature Park.

Pressured lifestyle, fragile living,  
species on the wane,  
Now mere myth and legend honour  
canine of wild fame.

## Crystalline Charm.

Crystalline Charm.

As soon as I caught its crystalline charm  
I knew I must buy it.  
Inside the shape  
of blown-ball orb a serpentine vermiform  
wrought light convolutions.  
Paperweight spirals  
snaked upward, black-gold art rendered  
glass as wreathing tendrils  
crafted in liquid  
that transformed asp into fish then bird.  
Meandering shapes  
from sinuous kinks to wavering images  
with silver-pearl eyes,  
lithe curls revealed movement  
coiled as reptilian likeness  
in congealed glass.  
Entrapped in transparent artistic talent  
sphere and myself exchange  
mystic love of scintillation  
Clearly bent on twisting  
my senses its shape-shifter silhouettes  
ellipsed opalescence with desire  
I could not resist.  
As soon as I caught its crystalline charm  
I knew I must buy it.

## CULLED.

CULLED.

Cut locks  
gently falling floorward.

Cropped hair  
will soften goodbyes.

Curls chopped  
scalp deftly shaven.

So ends  
lads' innocent lives.

Bent minds  
conceive child-soldiers.

War needs  
pre-teenage pared men.

Bald heads  
unfairly culled to kill.

Must youth's  
blood be spilt yet again ?

## Curbed

**Curbed.**

**Tether her feet no more.  
Loosen her well-fingered reigns then  
cut through her bindings.**

**This girl-bird is born to fly.**

**She of the fine-feathered hawk variety  
needs rights restored.**

**Her training is done.  
Even when freed she will return for  
her usual morsel.**

**Her spirit now mastered will bring  
her unthinkingly back.  
When brain-washed she behaves in  
acceptable fashion.**

**A tragic result, not only for raptors  
follows urge without action.**

**As with a bird so with all creatures  
curbed from natural freedom.**

## Cutting Free.

Cutting Free.

Time moves on remorseless yet fresh starts  
appear plausible  
if from parched discord  
we form opportunities from which to carve.  
Clearer choices for cutting free expand lone  
coaster-rides but tried  
ways of surprise  
adroitly harness colour into bland unknown.  
Distress creates apathy while unrestrained  
euphoria decrees  
time for growing new wings  
and chances to better breed later decades.  
Relocated those truncated dreams retreat  
to re-form, dried to a crisp  
but soon freshly adorned with  
made resolutions to avoid future defeat.  
Hope succeeds if, skilful in competence,  
we apply learned  
wisdom to hear the unheard  
for discarding the old needs no audience.  
Pushing ahead, cutting new paths again  
exalts over former  
raw angst attempts to alter  
past failure by wearing our skin unafraid.

## Cutting Free.

Cutting Free.

Time moves on remorseless yet fresh starts  
appear plausible  
if with parched discord  
we form opportunities from which to carve.

Clearer options for cutting free expand lone  
journey-rides for  
tried appraisal days  
harness bright colour into pallid unknown.

Distress creates apathy while unrestrained  
euphoria decrees  
time for chance-changes  
to better breed happier emotional states.

Relocated those truncated dreams retreat  
to reform, dried  
to crumbs but soon adorned  
in fresh resolutions to avoid future defeat.

Aims succeed if primed in skilled warning  
we apply learned  
wisdom, contented as solo  
for discarding the old needs no audience.

Pushing ahead, cutting fresh cloth again  
we bin stumbled  
failures and letting choice gain  
us empowerment wear our skin unafraid.



## DANCING.

Dancing.

Atop the lake today splayed a dancing net  
of flickering sparky diamonds  
as sun and breeze played flashing duet  
while surface teemed with gems.

Light having fun with liquid glass reflected  
in myriads glints of its measure.

By the jiving mass of frenetic performance  
sunbeams exposed stars  
cast to dart swifter than normal.

Clouds loosed quivers of brilliant glitter  
and sudden change-induced  
taste made wet explode in shimmer.

Around million radiant winking jewels  
silver flashed quickly to gilt  
and for a while ripples made blindingly  
wild offered gleams of play  
on mirrored lake-face in cosmic light.

Then breezes died and sun  
in hiding meant the dancing was done

**DANGER.**

Danger.

Vibrant with silence any closed mine  
re-generates voices of long-gone men.  
Sealed into old seams each tragic time  
when an accident meant multiple death.

Vision's eye fancies a doused candle  
in gas-stifled cavern's pitch-black end.  
Lads breathing acid's sulphuric strangle  
would reach for hands of choking friends.

Visitors view scary corners where boys  
waited for trucks stacked with ore-waste.  
Young backs would bend, then noiselessly  
push to distortion-pain until the shift-change.

Mining spells danger  
and who labours there  
still needs each pit-cage  
impregnated with prayer.

## Dark

*Dark.*

*Eventide seeps  
into rockpooling shoreline.  
Moonless the tide laps  
its quiet retreat.  
Gulls shadow night-fall  
like fragile omens  
as mist fills this twilight  
in salty defeat.*

*Dark hangs its cloak  
around sky's weak fighting.  
Soot dusts horizon  
and leaches bright flowers.  
Night shuts itself  
off while with Luna's hiding  
dusk gently weeps  
as we lost what was ours.*

## Dark Delight.

Dark Delight.

Summer strides a nostalgic walkway.  
Night hides seaside's dark delight.  
Loitering lovers walk to survey  
Secret places out of sight.

Sandy pleasures sought no daylight.  
Heady times those harbour nights.

## Dawn's Finish.

Dawn's Finish.

As division trembles on time's very edge we  
sit on bent grass and wind-dried heather  
tracing the breaking of dawn.  
Like eyes each disc of light assails in-coming  
shoreline to scatter blackness as tide  
sighting bracken gilds its form.

As morning pulsates and rays burst cover  
an ocean vibrates with darting diamanté  
coating rollers in glitter.  
Like tokens of love as intake of cliff-top's  
unbroken display stirs awe then wakes  
sun completing dawn's finish.

## Day's Eye.

Day's Eye.

Stars like sparks splutter to bed  
as birds catch fire.

Smut-red lips of sultry sun kiss  
mouldering night  
and in dawn's shimmering light  
greet awakening sky.

Throat of thrush flintily strikes  
other bird-minds,  
inciting song while edge of day's  
eye sets more alive  
morning's explosions to electrify  
small tongues in flight.  
I stand dumbly admiring strident  
trills of fervent dives  
as winged searchers, self un-fed,  
food must soon find  
if newest nestlings are to survive.

Day's edge reminds  
earliest risers of urgent business  
as rays become daytime.

## Deadly Intent.

Deadly Intent.

Over his cliff-top territory glides the bird,  
Silent he hunts in an easy-wing searching.

Lone rider of wind-swept  
lunchtime sky,  
the kestrel stays motionless  
hovering high  
for moments while scanning,  
with raptor eyes  
every nuance of movement  
for useful cause  
to swoop with deadly intent,  
extended claws  
now knifing and open wide  
he gracefully dives  
leaving me awed and sighing.

This time, as often, he rises with naught.  
Not always goes he into dusk full-bellied.

He must keep alerted for  
waterless rodents  
or surfacing underground  
snuffling moles,  
all fare for a keen predator  
bridging his bets  
for needed dinner by more  
windy-edged  
fighting for better wing-fold  
in down-winding  
spin of near life and death  
speed in frightening  
stoop his skill is tried again.

I caught the glory of his claws retracting,

A kestral never shows less than majesty.



## DEADLY INTENT.

Deadly Intent.

Over his cliff-top territory glides the bird,  
Silent he hunts in an easy-wing searching.  
Lone rider of wind-swept  
lunchtime sky,  
the kestrel stays motionless  
hovering high  
for moments while scanning,  
then sharply eyes  
every nuance of movement  
for sudden cause  
to swoop with deadly intent,  
extended claws  
knifing and tips thrown wide  
he gracefully dives  
in awesome descent of flight.  
This time, as often, he rises with naught.  
Not always goes he into dusk full-bellied.  
He must keep alerted for  
waterless rodents  
or surfacing underground  
snuffling moles,  
all fare for a keen predator  
bridging his bets  
for needed dinner by more  
windy-edged  
fighting for better wing-fold  
and down-winding  
spin of near life and death  
speed in frightening

stoop as air buries his head.

I viewed the glory of power retracting.

A kestrel's performance oozes majesty.

## Deadly Intent.

Deadly Intent.

Over his cliff-top territory glides the bird.  
Silent he hunts in an easy-wing searching.  
A lone rider of wind-swept  
lunchtime sky,  
the kestrel stays motionless,  
hovering high  
for seconds while scanning,  
with raptor eyes  
every nuance of movement  
for ready cause  
to swoop with deadly intent,  
extended claws  
now knifing and open wide  
he gracefully dives  
leaving me awed and sighing.  
This time, as often, his dinner uncaught.  
Not always goes he into dusk full-bellied.  
He must keep alerted for  
waterless rodents  
or underground snuffles  
of surfacing moles,  
all fare for a sky-predator  
bridging his bets  
for needed dinner by more  
keenly-edged  
fighting for better wingfold  
in down-winding  
spin and near life and death  
speed of frightening  
stoop as his skill tries again.

I caught the swift glory of avian action.  
A kestrel feels naught but his majesty.

## Deadly.

Deadly.

Over his own cliff-top territory  
glides the lone bird.  
Combing each spot effortlessly  
in silent search.

Sole- rider of wind-swept  
lunchtime sky,  
the motionless Kestral sits  
on thermal-vibe  
for moments while scanning,  
hungrily sights  
every nuance of movement  
before swooping  
to earth in deadly attention  
when extended claws  
knifing will open the primals  
then falcon dives  
and death hurls toward life.

Eyes must keep alerted for  
waterless rodents  
or surfacing underground  
moles, delicate  
fare for this fierce predator  
bridging the wind,  
for up-draught means more  
hollow boned fight  
for best active performance  
of breath-stopping

spin in near impossible flash  
of lightning speed  
as raptor stoops once again.

Not always goes majestic Kestrel  
to sleep extra full-bellied.  
Yet skyborne again at dawn well  
reveals his endless intent.

## December Sky

December Sky.

Stars like sparks splutter to bed  
as clouds catch fire.

Smut-red lips of sultry sun kiss  
mouldering night.

In morning's shimmering glow  
wakes December sky.

Year's motion sets limit to light  
re-filling its time.

## December Sky

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Stars like sparks splutter to bed  
as clouds catch fire.

Smut-red lips of sultry sun kiss  
mouldering night.

In morning's shimmering glow  
wakes December sky.

Year's motion sets limit to light  
re-filling its time.



## December Sun.

December Sun.

White caps on an ocean like thick crystal blossom  
coloured when pink broke through cloud cover  
and December's low sun flooded the gaps.

Dusk ran its gold breeze through cliff-top heather,  
ruffled small harebells and blushed to russet  
small tufts of tough storm-beaten grasses.

Naught hit my ears with more wonder than there  
hearing riled waves crack on granite as sunset  
ushered gull-flight to safer roost passage.

Wind still smacking stone I headed homeward as  
sudden gloaming spilled Night's red blood over  
last blue so Day could draw blinds to relax.

## December Sunset

December Sunset.

White caps on an ocean like thick crystal blossom  
coloured when pink broke through cloud cover  
and December's low sun flooded the gaps.

Dusk ran its gold breeze through cliff-top heather,  
ruffled small harebells and blushed to russet  
small tufts of tough storm-beaten grasses.

Naught hit my ears with more wonder than when  
hearing riled waves crack on granite as sunset  
led roosting gull-flight thru' water passage.

Wind still smacking stone I headed homeward  
as crimson gloaming spilt Night's blood over  
blue so Day could draw blinds and relax.

## DECEPTION.

Deception.

Sealed in her childhood's secret dreams  
then sprung into flight by vows of love  
she abandoned past maidenly leanings  
believed his desire and gave him proof.

He though felt the hook of her passion,  
looked at the prospects but hid his face,  
forged ahead in deception's best fashion  
while she left pregnant wept in disgrace.

## Decisive

Decisive.

Dark fast erupts with decisive lust,  
locks in horizon bound  
between banks of cloud.  
and blocks all fight of deceasing sun  
as light retires.

Dusk tightly enfolds twilight's hold,  
attacks needed sight  
of roosting bird flight  
by wrapping land's shadows in gold  
as light expires.

Night stridently creeps then strikes,  
cuts late shine from gentle  
evening's nocturnal edge  
and shuts in blackening ebony-ties  
as light then dies.

## Decisive.

Decisive.

Dark fast erupts with decisive lust,  
locks in horizon bound  
between banks of cloud.  
and blocks all fight of deceasing sun.

Dusk tightly enfolds twilight's hold,  
attacks needed sight  
of homeing bird flight  
by wrapping land's shadows in gold.

Night stridently creeps then strikes,  
cuts late shine from gentle  
evening's nocturnal edge  
and shuts in blackening ebony-ties.

**DECISIVE.**

Decisive.

Dark fast erupts with decisive lust,  
locks in skybound eyesight  
between banks of cloud.  
and blocks all sight of the sun.

Dusk folds close twilight's early hold,  
attacks any last view  
of homecoming bird flight  
and wraps shadows in black gold.

Night awakens and strikes daylight,  
cuts late evening rays from  
sunset's victorious edge  
and shuts in captives tightly.

Love lost in duo's push what wins  
then is descending blackness  
but when daylight comes back  
sun's battle again begins.

## DEFENCES.

Defences.

Why do they stubbornly stand to be blasted ?  
Too early knarled,  
painfully bent yet bravely alive.  
their ironised knuckles  
bear marks of much struggle to stay upright..  
How do they do it I ask ?

Fine webs of under-ground lace hold fast  
tightly on rock's granite face.  
Fragile white rootlings mock weak  
    yielding to looming tempest  
for their death-tight, strong-as-steel  
cling to outright success  
means seedlings plant stouter feet  
    in deep-dug unseen defences.  
Underneath fortress of meant defiance  
beats storm's power, a trunk  
that withstands external battering  
knows life is not easy on top, force rocks  
fibre but if rooted enough inside  
self, a torn limb revives.

As the ways of a highland sapling tree,  
So shall the traits of wise people be.

**DEFIANCE.**

Defiance.

Oceans cross curving world by  
throwing their tonnage  
of ebb and fall while cliff-high  
granite holds back floods  
to bolster earth's yielding sides  
so safer feel folk  
when near coastline residing.  
Courageously yoked  
against loud crashes and cries  
of tide's pounding maw  
determined folk keep fighting  
to tie boats on shore  
with naught more than defiance



## DEPARTURE.

Departure.

Wind riffling thru' rubber fabric galvanized  
my rueful intent and when clouds  
gathered en masse about pewter-tint light  
to hunker in thickly  
I knew then  
it was time to leave distant sulking horizon  
so I was resigned.

Breathing last intakes of gathering geese  
for distant roosts  
and hearing sharp hooting yaps in nearby  
formations  
I picked up flapping thrum of wing beats  
for the very last time  
and waved reluctant goodbye.

Weight of bird departure felt wetly blatant  
so I, with bent head,  
asked for God to bless feathered migration  
with dry-weathered success.

## DEPTHS.

Depths.

Find the place where two seas meet,  
stand on the edge of seen and unseen  
and listen to Heaven speaking.

Love is too vast to describe in words,  
look in the human mirror's universe  
and discover new depths of person.

Real soul-beauty is empty of Self  
but is filled with wonder's ecstasy.

## Designed.

Designed.

Living a secretive life  
of their own  
the wildness of things  
shows us  
a beauty so barely  
known, such  
spirited brightness  
belies the  
lie that wondrous life  
entered arenas  
only by chance, for  
all animals,  
insects and fish give  
humans a view  
of plans for infinity.

Could we never give  
more than  
a little attention to  
nature's gems,  
take only a moment  
to enter into  
their presence, we  
would be led  
to the Love which  
graces and  
gifts every creation.

Those invisible veils

which keep  
breeds in separation  
to multiply  
kind with kind serves  
as reminder  
that reality is far from  
Godless belief.

Designed to be wild  
and adorning  
that Love who gave  
life to earthlings  
by being itself, truth  
the myth quells.

## Destined.

Destined.

I prayed for love's future but see  
in late summer raw  
need for time to spin backwards  
and find spring  
where plans stood pine-tall and  
action cajoled  
to exercise patience as opening  
were seeds of hope.

We laughed at inordinate hurry  
of moments and made  
jokes about bearing hard roads  
still ahead,  
now tho' with loneliness pared  
to the bone I  
know positive forecasts were  
pre-destined to lie.

Days weep for the nights when  
moonglow lit distance,  
longing for paradise as winter  
struck health we  
wisely coped so why then had  
one star to go  
orbiting forward yet its chosen  
mate could not follow ?

## Difference

Difference.

Praise for all variation,  
that diversified play of colour and shape  
which takes away sameness  
and paints nature with sheer tessilation.

Hooray for the patchwork  
of harlequin stripes in a mackereled sky  
or those chequered blotches  
embroidered on coats of every dalmatian.

Applause for the hues  
shot through peacocks and each rainbow,  
pied streaks in ponies,  
marbling of stone, wide frets in the bands  
on speckled trout, braided  
tattoos over bellies of zebras and tigers  
flecked with a motely  
collection of artistically peppered mosaic.

Smiles for tri-colours  
in butterflies, the piebald in frogs made  
to reflect luminous wet  
and those myriad petals on two-toned  
roses or the ad infinitum  
shades of white in Michaelmas daisies.

Let's celebrate kaleidoscope difference  
seen in the abundance  
of all naturally crazed iridescent things.

## **Difference.**

Difference.

Praise for all variation,  
that diversified play of colour and shape  
which takes away sameness  
and paints nature with sheer tessilation.  
Hooray for the patchwork  
of harlequin stripes in that mackerel sky  
or those chequered blotches  
embroidered on coats of every dalmatian.  
Applause for the hues  
shot through peacocks and each rainbow,  
those pied streaks in ponies,  
marbling of stone, the frets in wide bands  
on speckled trout, braided  
tattoos over the backs of zebras and tigers  
flecked with a motely  
collection of artistically peppered mosaics.  
Smiles for tri-colours  
in butterflies and pibald frogs just made  
to reflect luminous wet.  
For kaleidoscope difference let praise be  
and for all crazed iridescence  
seen in the glorious abundance of nature.

## **Difference.**

Difference.

Praise for all variation,  
that diversified play of colour and shape  
which takes away sameness  
and paints nature with sheer tessilation.  
Hooray for the patchwork  
of harlequin stripes in mackerel-hue sky  
or bold chequered blotches  
embroidered on coats of every dalmatian.  
Applause for bright hues  
shot through peacocks and each rainbow,  
streaks in pied-ponies,  
marbling of stone, the frets in wide bands  
on speckled trout, braided  
tattoos over the backs of zebras and tigers  
flecked with a motely  
collection of artistically peppered mosaics.  
Smile at tri-colours  
in butterflies and pibald frogs created to  
reflect luminous wet.  
Be awed by kaleidoscope difference and  
for all iridescence  
seen in the glorious abundance of nature  
give inner praise.



## Difference.

Difference.

Praise for all variation,  
that diversified play of colour and shape  
which takes away sameness  
and paints nature with sheer tessilation.

Hooray for the patchwork  
of harlequin stripes in a mackerel sky,  
ladybird's checkered backs or  
blotches on coats of every dalmatian.

Applause for the hues  
shot through peacocks and peppered  
streaks embroidering sand,  
marbling of stone, rainbow's wide bands,  
spot-speckled trout, braided  
tattoo-frets over zebras and tiger-faces  
smeared with a motley  
collection of artistically studded mosaics.

Smiles for tri-shading  
in lazing cats and piebald toads made  
to reflect luminous water.  
For kaleidoscope difference let's savour  
all crazed iridescence  
caught in the great abundance of nature

## Dilemma.

Dilemma.

The fantasy-bubble of pseudo hope  
misinformly excited shines  
for a while before bursting with bloat.  
Sham swallows gall as pretend morphs  
into stress- beaded self defeat  
showing dilemma succeeds any false.  
Crushed by addictive distrust tension  
starts growth of delusion where  
blindness sees only its own largesse.  
Faint souls who yield to inertia's mesh  
may wallow in doubt yet inside  
weep for sight of life's truly authentic.

**DILLIGENCE.**

Diligence.

Drooped in drowse a pink-bloomed hawthorne  
straddles the scorched wall of noon.  
A male blackbird appears skating through floor  
scatters leaves, shakes and stoops,  
beak stabs, mouth gulps drunk on worm-flavour  
and flaps in heat-haze as pluming  
upward heavy with extras he air-streams away  
and swerving wildly finds roomy  
nest site where, still tied three tiny beaks raise  
hungry gapes greedily for soon  
each work-riddled parent must take wing again.

Feeding means frenzy until young feathers form  
and thick hawthorn shelter encases  
live pickings for chicks with an ever-open maw.  
Such is the diligence bred in nature  
that avian pairs make endless forages to satisfy  
offspring who, blindly helpless  
must on inbuilt parental responses humbly rely.  
Is there in this a hidden lesson ?

## Discovery

*Discovery.*

*Such a clifftop as this where two sat  
as sun cut its exit,  
lowered its lashes and spread heaven  
over new feelings.*

*Such a dusk as this when youngness  
fumbled in deepening  
blushes as sweet alchemy pleased  
heights of discovery.*

*Such a summer as this had buttons  
undone as heat crept  
into the senses and coupled friends  
first became lovers.*

## Disguised.

Disguised.

Stalked in tall greenery, cupped as itself,  
bud-tight but becoming  
slowly unfurled petalled perfection opens  
to show in this single rose  
tender attention, strongly fragile its scent  
from a distance out-faces  
with essence relevant questions on hold.  
Scent-soaked liaison 'tho unsaid vibrates  
as this clandestine rose  
speaks its message from faraway hands  
and treasured more  
by intention to gently perfume our fated  
attraction shall leave  
not a doubt on how love's destiny stands.

Sweet evocative sign  
this milky-white rose  
with secret so disguised  
only Providence knows.

## Distancing

Distancing.

Time-given hope sickens yet  
clings to torn veils.

Train whistles awayness  
with distancing rails.

Faith blurs in acceptance  
of tear-saddened eyes.

Would forgiveness relieve  
deceitful goodbyes ?

Cold comfort-thoughts clutch  
love's fast sinking pyre.

Heart wavers as anger climbs  
each day higher.

Come lately she asks why with  
betrayal found

Spent echoes of romance still  
sigh extra loud.

## Distracted.

Distracted.

Where tides of low spirit roll in waves of dejection  
my vessel of distracted conscience  
heaves and moors  
on shores which reach to unforeseen heights  
of realization  
as allurement appears  
and a squall  
is where my perplexity lies in passion's reflection.

Where the dull of my life meets storm of destiny,  
in a boat of disorientated misplacement  
is where I am  
and tossed it seems by dropped anchor forever.

Where mind's sense leads my questioning heart  
to the spot where attraction rises,

waking wild oceans of floundering resolve

is where seduction convention defies  
because new love

has begun a song that longs to leave its mark.

## Diversity

Diversity.

Ah glorious Word,  
whose love-tongue sang beauty  
to life's variety  
by arranging all homo in ranges  
of basics, thy drums  
beat out humanity's multiplicity  
and now thunder  
when ignorance disdains proof.  
Oh Word, praise to thee  
who voiced thine Self into gross  
sameness eons  
ago to teach needed difference  
by creative diversity  
that loves wonder in changes.



## Diversity.

Diversity.

Oh Word,  
whose love-voice names the lily  
or cloud, rain or rose,  
fish, frog, fruit or feather, whose  
tune trumpets in dawn  
or twilight and orchestrates stars,  
can speak thunder,  
sunshine, hailstorm and snow.  
Oh wondrous Word,  
who composes an alligator, lion  
whale or mouse,  
gifts wisdom to ant and elephant  
gorilla and goat,  
scribes atomic signatures into live  
matter can write  
mystical symmetry into structured  
perfection, combine  
language with production of kind,  
provide on-going  
vocabulary and grammatical flow  
to creation's fine symphony.  
Word, praise to thee who sang thine  
own Self into humanity  
eons ago for looking we find earth's  
linguistic tongue  
divinely reflects thy love for diversity.

## Dividends

Dividends.

The suchness of love's fragrant adornment  
lies much in the way it is made.

Being tenderly constant wears well with  
love for without it desire frays.

Through too much negligence love might  
forget care unmet can ruin.

Pretending sucks wealth out of intention  
for lies render naught but abuse.

If welcome the true price demanded finds  
love's dividends pay with respect.

Why not cost the investment's fair charges  
and reap love's delivered success.

## Dividends

Dividends.

The suchness of love's fragrant adornment  
lies much in the way it is made.

Being tenderly constant wears well with  
love for without it affection frays.

Through too much negligence love might  
forget to count love's costing facts.

Pretending sucks wealth out of intention  
as doubt renders love inactive.

Welcome the price paid for a higher than  
normal percentage love requests.

Covet love's suchness and, reaping sweet  
dividends, invest in success.

## Do Try -

Do Try.

Oh tiny flat diaphanous  
beauty lying as dead on top  
of my coffee.

I never saw you drop  
from your first flying journey  
right into my cup.

Let me resurrect you  
to life with one scoop of spoon  
under your silence.

Do try to revive by  
        flutter of wings when dry you  
little slip of a fly.

## Do You ?

Do You ?

Shrill melody maker piercing thru darkness  
your golden-toned notes outpour gentle healing.

Momentary breaker of silence this dawning  
such song gives voice to my need for relieving.

Do you sense when trilling to heaven's glory  
how by lightening distress you lessen grieving ?

Blackbird as you calm ears open to hearing  
do you knowingly scatter sweet balm over me ?

## Doing his Best

Doing His Best.  
Watching with wild pride.  
Working the cliff-side.  
Looking for meal-fare.  
Freezing in mid-air.  
Floating with sharp eyes.  
Swooping he nose dives.  
Spreading two huge wings.  
Sweeping the high winds.  
Falling for meal due  
Running one small shrew.  
Facing the hawk's beak.  
Forming a scream-squeak.  
Missing as aim flaws  
Swiftly the bird soars..  
Trailing the same line.  
Waiting for next time.  
Predatory Kestral.  
Doing his best.

**DOING.**

DOING.

Dreams are for doing and not just  
for sterile reverie.  
Left in suspension wants will fade  
before flying away.  
Belief is the key.  
Defeat the would-be-if-I-could-be  
sort of attitude  
Learning to spin straw into gold  
wins hoard of success.  
Dreams need to move.  
Start alchemy's deep inner shift  
to shake off complacency.  
Choice changes reality as laws of  
attraction begin action.  
Thought plays a part.  
Dividing pretence from authenticity  
deserves real spade-work.  
First insight soon excavates dreams  
marooned in mere intentions.  
Unearth then the doing

## Doom's Omen

Doom's Omen.

On nights like these when home-fires burn,  
tainting with soot city-fused air,  
I hear an owl from my lounge chair  
and imagine talons sheathed but prepared.  
Thru' hedgerow haunts he no longer screams  
but hunts now in crumbling walls  
where once stood candelabra-lit halls  
with satin-clad dancers below oaken beams.  
On evenings like this a hungry owl swoops  
after eyeing chance, wings collapse,  
to pluck from hearths mesmerized rats  
as dust again settles in castle's half-rooms.  
From neon-bright roads an owl cry sounds  
like doom's omen to over-coveted houses.



## Dream Keepers

Dream Keepers.

Stretching and shouldering night away a sun crouches  
to birth black's ousting  
by one more empty circle of dark's hollowed pouches  
then outs in sparkling showers.

Spangled with myriads of star-labour's soft serenades  
of lullaby pieces  
dream-keepers experience melodies as wake favours  
tunes of relaxed breathing.

Silvering surface shivers with night-eyes of glittery dust  
sighted with doze-swift  
flight each soul's winged journey while re-living mind  
thoughts to those sleeping still.

Glimmers on vision's sighting reveal light's reception  
while untrodden horizon  
newly writhing in close-capped eye of inertia's frame  
stirs to rouse before rising.

Piercing the brain time's needle regathers past threads  
and remembers that more  
sown seed means now-set dreams need re-collecting  
in kept memory storage.

Wider sighted with lethargy over, stretching follows  
and night-slumber now done  
mind must hurry to open partitions between yawns

of torpidity so aliveness is won.

## Dream-Encrusted.

Dream-Encrusted.

Sighs of sleepy contentment escape from her lips  
at night every time she awakes.

Quiet-like are the tones of shy thoughts made to  
her pillow before dawn breaks.

As she turns over her smiles show the pleasure of  
speaking his name to the dark.

She makes secret wishes before eyes closed again  
warmth glows inside her young heart.

Holding as sacred his closeness she says au-revoir  
in whispered words to stars above.

Hoping becomes dream-encrusted and trusting for  
more she succumbs to new love.

## Dreamscape.

Dreamscape.

Descent to sleep induces awakenings.

New experience with shadowy worlds  
reveals strange happenings turning  
to sane with unexpected pace.

Denial of will occasionally hampers yet  
defeat proves unreal when  
sudden-grown wings lift awe to spaces  
of unbelieved freedoms  
never before even conceived.

We can fly, walk on water, speak to lost  
loved ones, see shades cross  
boundaries and colour transform, inhabit  
silence or listen to angelic chorus  
voicing with harps in abundant delight  
all before Ascent beckons again.

No life is complete without dreams, former  
despair disappears when halted  
hope finds accomplished what time denied,  
no initiation so exciting  
as standing in naked vulnerability unafraid

and no realization so stirring as memory  
painting white grievous  
nightmares while letting new love-light  
melt fear of adventurous

descent to the dreamscape of sleep-time

which has fantastic awakenings.

## Dreamscape.

Dreamscape.

Denial of will occasionally hampers yet  
defeat proves unreal when  
sleep-given eyes lift dimensional mist  
from other-world freedoms  
never before even conceived.

Souls walk on water and fly, greet lost  
loved ones, take minds across  
boundaries, watch normal recede, enter  
abodes of angelic presence  
all before ascent again beckons.

Love never changes in dreams, former  
despair disappears when halted,  
hope finds unfettered what life denied  
with no elation so exciting  
as sleep-relaxation realized.

License is never so stirring as nightly  
slumber respecting shadows  
while letting new love-light melt fear  
of descent into live dreamscape  
then to feel induced awakening.

## DREAMT DREAMS..

Dreamt Dreams

Expressions

on what dreamt dreams  
will circumvent.

Distance

between two becomes  
non-existent.

Commitment's

strong hold is therefore  
relinquished.

Shed tears

of regret become saltily  
finished.

Reasons

for love's grip becomes  
un-needed.

Dreams,

once dreamt, ever take  
supersedence

## Drowsy Treasure

Drowsy Treasure.

Dawn hangs on the trees, light slivers floorward,  
slips into sleep's acres,  
turns shade to tailgates of force over which rays  
snipe at quiescence  
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers  
to wide-away doers.

Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning  
for blindness precedes  
flashes of conscious surrender to sight as inertia's  
sweet stupor  
casts veils around seeing but breath catches gasps  
when still becomes movement.

Ears mistake breezy whispers for proactive reality  
when shaken sense rouses  
to feel heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours,  
making the richer  
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as  
time hooks day to its use.



## Duet

Duet.

I shall remember  
this silver-sheened treble of streamside  
sweet songster trills  
coupled with pebbly ripples describing  
recondite meeting  
in darkling-deep shadow of melodious  
symphonics with  
brilliant white, pinned-to-sky myriads  
of starry-eyed  
listeners set on winking stellar applause  
for singing in concord  
as liquid joins bird in dulcet duet under  
night's dense cover.  
I try to write but  
pen has to cease as moon, head in mist  
of covert cloudlets  
peeps out on a nightingale's drenching  
of resounding air  
with water-lapped choral song that my  
verse wishes to share.

**DUET.**

Duet.

When words mean  
no more, as sentences stand to the side  
in haunting wait,  
allowing young moon, head in low mist  
of kissing cloudlets  
to re-bound the nightingale's drenching  
of air's placid streams  
with bird-sound, I stand sans language  
to gratefully hear.

I will remember  
this lakeside songster's silver sheened  
trills echoing  
before disappearing in gray speargrass  
of heavenly night,  
about which I now dare to write, adorn  
the distant greening  
of deep, darkling shadow in meaningful  
phrases, describe  
such creamy white, pinned-to-the-sky  
magic of brilliant  
diamond star-brooches bent on joining  
this listening scene  
as water begins its act of singing duets  
with freshening breeze.

**DUET.**

Duet.

When words mean  
no more, as sentences stand to the side  
in haunting silence,  
allowing young moon, head in low mist  
of kissing cloudlets,  
to re-bound one nightingale's drenching  
of air streams  
with bird sound I stand in awe hearing  
magic dreamily waiting for more..  
I shall remember  
this silver-sheened lake-side songster,  
trills echoing  
before disappearance in tallest spears  
leaving dumb  
wonder with which I now dare to write  
versing the sequence  
of key-dripping outburst in meaningful  
phrases, describing  
the piercing harmony of winged pride  
voicing heart beneath  
diamond star-brooches bent on joining  
the listening scene  
which appeals to my pen and as water  
aids bird in rippling  
duet broken is night's hold on silence  
and begins by torchlight  
this my humble attempt at poetic ode.

## Duet.

Duet.

I shall remember  
that silver-sheened treble of streamside  
songbird trilling  
and coupled with pebbly ripples might  
scribe the meeting  
in darkling-deep shadow such melodious  
music then describe  
the creamy white pinned-to-sky myriads  
of starry-eyed  
listeners set on winking stellar applause  
for tuneful concord  
as liquid joins bird in dulcet duet under  
night's welcome cover.  
When words mean  
no more and my sentences stand aside  
in haunting respect,  
pen has to cease as moon, head in mist  
of cloudlets peeps out  
on vision of one nightingale's drenching  
of resounding air  
with water-lap choral song while awed  
I must try to share.

## Dumbness

**Dumbness.**

**Snow covers lips when slivers  
of dumbness fixed  
on stunted responses admits  
no warmth so love  
topples while couples mumble  
in cold duo-disdain  
a plain truth being forgotten  
that bliss shrivels left  
in freezers iced-up with frost.  
Spite harms peace  
- but silence no heart can reach.**

## Duo Ballet.

Duo Ballet.

Two late butterflies hovered over sun-dappled  
tables at yesterday's woodland outdoor room.

"" ""

Coloured in rainbowed striated gilding their  
weightless bodies of delicate strength raced  
to get fed and resettle before dark overtook.

"" ""

Duo ballet of bantering filigree in lacy dance  
fluttered and hurried to finish a nectar filled  
feast as breezes increased and shadows ran  
rings around setting sun's dimming to dusk.

"" ""

I saw wisdom delivering itself to fate as I  
drained my cup in the fading mauve light  
and wondered where two beautiful Tinies  
would be spending a cold November night.

## Duo Ballet.

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and wondered where two beautiful Tinies  
would be spending a cold November night.

## DUO-LIQUEUR

Duo-Liqueur.

Mix up a love-cup, come sip it with me.  
Drink hidden kisses and imbibe delight.  
Let brewings of trysts ferment with heat.  
Drip nectar's wine on desire's secret fire.

Hide no portion of brew's duo-fragrance.  
Shake passion's cocktails with stirring yield.  
Wait not for the ferment before you taste.  
Time quenches fervour for clandestine need.

Ardour can die, so distill me bliss, then  
I promise you'll want its essence again.



## E-MAIL TO GOD.

E-mail to God.

Dear God, I am riting this to let you no  
My Mom's coff got worse and she's now ad to go.  
I dont no your E-mail but your everywhere  
So sum angel will give it you God, cos you care.

Mom's gone to an ospital they called a Respite  
I think that's the name - an I hope it's spelled rite.  
They won't let me go cause it's too far away.  
But they dont no she hates eggs, an she wont say.

'Er pane isn't bad when she first gets in bed  
But she likes extra pillas God, under er head.  
My Mom's got red air tho she's not got much now  
But she likes it combed gently or else there's a row.

She's got such good skin an a beootiful smile  
She likes frilly nightys an keepin' up style.  
I 'ope someone there reads to 'er each single nite  
Then says God bless ya an' ope bed bugs dont bite.

I thought I would tell you sum things they wont no  
And God, cos your busy, I will sign this off now.  
But I so want to say - - - just before I press send,  
She's got nobody there so please God, be 'er frend.

,

## Early Bird.

Early Bird.

Sweet melody maker piercing the darkness  
your golden-toned notes create welcome healing.

Momentary breaker of silence this dawning  
my singing-awareness helps give voice to feeling.

Oh do you sense with your early-bird piping  
that by easing sad mourning you lighten grieving ?

Dear bird as by song you calm minds hearing  
do you knowingly throw your kind balm over me ?

Two strokes past midnight and your smile appears  
to aid me remember those decades ago when we  
wrote secret messges with invisible ink and became  
after lights out torch-authors of stories then gained  
points if we scribbled a new chapter each bed time.  
We pledged by strict ritual to keep special reminders  
and when troubles beset us to stand and be counted  
in defence of true friendship, lie each for each about  
what, when and where , vowed with lemonade toasts  
and firm handshakes that staying together meant most.  
When time came for parting us sisters went two ways  
one into nursing the excitable other to acting on stage  
yet we talked over distance when homesickness struck  
and both shoulders were cried on as life came undone.  
Many confessions trust-exchanged but not forgotten  
those go-between notes on romances renewed or lost.  
Perfume choice citric, loving yellow you shared its glow  
with your golden -curled laughter now gilding my sorrow.  
Still stored in old folders our innocent poems and letters

and ever since you Sis every kindness has smelt of lemons

## EARLYNESS.

Earlyness.

Come let us leave dreams and put on the morning.  
Waken to first trembling birth of the day.  
Listen as mist gives way to symphonic scales which  
stir dawn's ethereal music.  
Watch as blue dome widens its azured maw.  
Note how warmth cracks open buds' sticky coatings  
of blooms' dew-soaked velvet  
and applaud when night's jacket of cold disappears.

Let us imagine the tune nature hums as rays give  
voice to burgeoning gleam.  
Nod in agreement as chill is de-frocked and hours  
of dim's cloying damp forgotten.  
Move with the nectar of virgin haste when light  
races new joys to prepare.  
Dress in change's excitement and learn morning's  
story written on earlyness.

Let us produce smiles of welcome to cleansed air.  
Drink the young freshly-pressed juices  
of day as blaze digests shadows of inert gloom.  
Using light's glory to start sprung fare  
divest worn nocturnal attire, shirk drowse, adorn  
yawns in zest and put on the morning.

## EBONY CHILL.

EBONY CHILL.

Tonight the air feels bitter with cold.  
Hunger bites badger and vole as wind's  
teeth of glass gnaw at their bones for  
grasses now own savage-stiff talons.

Tonight seed and root hug hidden growth.  
Thick snow keeps mole and mouse holed  
and while shudder grips earth blackbird's  
thin shiver shakes snow from branches.

Tonight no stars peep from domed sky.  
Creatures cower in agonized wait while  
ebony chill clasps young feather and fur  
in cold's freezing ache of staying unfed.

Tonight the ground cracks in frosty clasp.  
Fox-hunt fails in flattened stumble after  
live cub-food while hedgehog shambles  
famished and dazed from starvation-cell.

Tonight the ether glitters with danger.  
Autumn-leaf litter has warm salvation  
to beings who face sore trials of winter  
for in heaping dried piles we offer help.

.

## Effaced.

### Effaced

Features wind-worn and rain-wasted  
they still stand,  
shaped male and female, native  
hands clasped around girth of granite.  
Celtic-entwined and earthily-clad,  
power-patterned  
in past complex memory,  
wisdom's vined craft exposed to many  
withering centuries,  
great stone-anchored Cross  
huddles in moorland's stifling moss.  
Eroded, effaced and all but erased,  
this axe-engraved  
vision exudes need deep as labyrinths,  
clear as the day,  
indelibly signed across petrified clay.  
Island prayer-place used as supplication  
revered, implored,  
gift-indulged the old God-incarnate  
gave formal forgiveness  
of hunting with hate's intention to kill.  
Rock's portrayal of guilt's ancient aim  
shows modern  
humanity locked into the same.

## Elsewhere

Elsewhere.

Time was elsewhere  
as two empty glasses and chairs  
stretched around cups and plates  
to complete a venture

Time was away  
but they were there after long wait  
for one planned face to face chance  
of being together.

Time stood quite still  
for after-lunch atmosphere to spill  
gold on its glow as eyes told much  
in unspoken pleasure.

Then time became timeless  
as their fingers entwined.



## Elsewhere.

Elsewhere.

Sometime and somewhere by silent lakeside,  
Laughter and romance sat close together,  
Heat in the snow uncovered surprises,  
Led covert to passion in icy weather.  
Elsewhere in quiet of timeless forest,  
Ardour lay down with impatient desire,  
Waiting in hunger was one winter sunset,  
Nowhere but there was where lovers felt fire

## Emerging December.

Emerging December.

Stars like sparks splutter to bed  
as dawn catches fire.

Sun's smut-red lips lower bend  
to kiss passing night.

Wintery glow wakens ending  
to autumnal skies.

Emerging December intends  
to limit day's light.

But lit hearths and drawn blinds lessen  
the wait for springtime.

## Emphasis

Emphasis.

I am your very upright, short  
exclamation mark - !!!  
but please note  
you get out of control mostly  
with using me !!!!!

When I ought to  
be employed wisely you dote  
on my form !!!  
and seem caught  
up with my simply notable  
over thin waist-line !!  
Now brought  
almost close to boasting  
I disclaim naught  
about the cut of my coat.  
being so skinny !  
I stand as tall as can be.  
Do then call  
on me for extra force !!  
Use my emphasis !!!  
I am your endorser !!  
See me as mentor !!  
My punctuation  
will add to your thought  
at sentence end !  
So forget you were taught  
to stifle my horn !  
I load the key note  
so blow me !!!

## Enchanted.

Enchanted.

Happy the trees birds choose to nest in.  
Dancing the branches supporting first trills.

Glad every leaf that shields yearly matings.  
Pleased each twiglet to hold nestlings safely.

Delighted that writer who lingers to stare.  
Enchanted a mind which sees life everywhere.

## Enchantment

Enchantment.

Summers of larks  
bred sun-torn adventure  
all round the nest  
of my well-loved home  
and scented  
the dialect of childhood  
in poemed roses.

Autumn-red juiced  
my girlhood and etched  
vermilion into breathless  
times where young  
fervour picked best buds  
of experience  
and dried their treasure.

Summers ago  
perfumed homeliness  
smelt of hearth's  
welcome for child and  
elder to cherish.

## Enchantment..

Enchantment.

Summers of larks bred sun-torn  
adventure all round the nest of my loved home  
and scented dialect of childhood  
still breathes its recall of well-trodden roaming.  
Safest of havens steep-meadow  
sheaves dried while playing made fantasy real,  
hosts of wild visits fed nectar  
to learning which now ghosts nostalgic dreams.  
Autumn-red juiced my girlhood  
and etched joyful vermillion into each breathless  
hour where young fervour  
found enchantment in freedom's best treasures.  
Summers ago fragrant wealth  
perfumed homeliness with cherished memories.

**ENCORE.**

Encore.

A short time of ethereal charm slowly  
embalms the sight of night's incoming veils.  
The instant today leaves to prettify far  
away lands sky's encore of twilight prevails.

Day's final adornment of filigree dusk  
awakens gone customs of solstice dancing.  
I feel sudden need to applaud ritual  
as stars fall thru' dark to candle the sand.

Spaces of present-day shyness shrink  
as wishes breach a long-closed stage door.  
So until midnight turns tide on my secret  
I will dance alone here as never before.

## Encounter

Encounter.

Wind riffled thru' waterproof fabric, dusk moved in  
to galvanise intent and when dots  
gathered speed and countless heads moved  
across reeds in pewter-tint light  
for bull-rush country to hunker in thickly  
I knew then encounter  
was nearing as sound over honking horizon  
increased so despite mist I was resigned.

Beautiful din is each passing cloud of tinkling geese  
in their massed search for finding roost  
and hearing beak-yaps from first birds nearby  
added bliss to the wait while I caught  
flapping thrum of white wing-beating hundreds  
before the finalé that night  
then had to bid my reluctant goodbye.



## Encroachment

**Encroachment.**

**Before the lunge of rampaging  
breakers terror sits sweating  
on dwellers crouching in houses  
close to high cliffs.**

**Against the scream of outraging  
forces stand stalwart cattle  
as storm batters pastures where  
lambing ewes cringe.**

**Harsh the challenge to coastal line  
farming as by fiercely whipping  
efforts to halt ocean-encroachment  
wind always wins.**

**No labour can cage land-sliding  
reshapes by nature's elements  
when incessantly riled with greedy  
over-mined rape.**

**ENDANGERED.****ENDANGERED**

Very few wild things deserve to be feared,  
humans make monsters to cringe away from.  
Afraid those people not seizing truth's baton  
know death by starvation is always severe.

Ignoring right justice for animal claims  
makes wilderness life crave intervention.  
Destruction appears as plans become selfish  
yet nature, when given space, can be saved.

Hidden this inhumane interpretation  
bringing hardship to species behaviour.  
Abused wild creatures become endangered  
thru' procedures of thoughtless caretakers.

Is the sheer greed for wealth from oil  
the real reason behind habitat spoilers ?

**ENDED.**

Ended.

Like a shuttle in lace-makers' fingers  
the thread has flown, the bubble burst.  
Time ended when sand that had lingered  
trickled too fast as the hourglass upturned.

Like a ripple moving its last on the lake  
the song is sung, that swan is now gone.  
Ink dried when life was no more, forsaken  
the poetry blurred and his versing was done.

Like a battle begun with known candour  
the race was run while resilience lost hold  
Hearts wept as acceptance waved final hand  
and lines of his talented story were at last told.

## Endings

Endings.

Time's reach stood still that morning  
for me.

With the ocean's return to its normal,  
and tide climbing  
steep banking beach I saw it.  
Lifeless beauty washed ashore.

White body on dusting of pebbled  
debris above  
littered line where water receded.

After night's storm had tossed itself  
quiet, there  
between jeweled sea and my feet  
one moment of  
sad surprise unrolled mortality.

No formal mourning this graceful  
still swan-song  
silenced by mysterious endings.  
Just nature's calm requiem for the  
life and death journey  
destined for every born creature.

There lies an in-bred affinity with  
such submission  
to wisdom's purpose as beings  
bend to beginnings  
then finally breathe their finalé.

Time, that morning stood more  
than stiller for me.

## Endings.

Endings.

Time's reach stood still that morning  
for me.

With the ocean's return to its normal,  
and tide climbing steep banks  
I saw it.

White body on dusting of feathered  
debris above  
the line where water receded.

Lifeless beauty washed ashore.  
After night's storm had tossed itself  
quiet, there  
between sky, sea and sand  
one moment of  
sad surprise unrolled mortality.

I know swans have to die and gulls  
must eat.

One black-back had noted and was  
circling above.

Bunched clouds suddenly let free  
the sun  
and its gleaming pale eye seemed  
to cast then

an extraordinary light of gentle  
tenderness over  
the scene, invoking acceptance.

No formal mourning broached by  
creation for  
any beginnings and endings.

Just nature's calm requiem for the

life and death  
journey of a beautiful creature.  
There lies, in deepest affinity with  
such submission,  
wisdom's on-going tribute  
to a silent finalé.  
And time stood stiller that morning  
for me.

## Enforcement

Enforcement.

Hard blue winds of winter  
shake thin-coated ewes close under hedgerows  
and flake old granite walls  
with a splintering bite.

Mild green winds of spring gust  
life to dead grass-growth, birthing first roses  
and patch passing cloud-shawls  
in small holes of clear sky.

Hot red winds of summer  
droop every stalk with breathless air- sizzle  
and sear to wither all  
fruit on blister-dry vine.

Gold-crisp winds of autumn  
paint gilt-laden distance with bracing gleam  
and spread shiver-mornings  
as chill grips the cool-time.

Year's unruly winds change  
on whim to precocious abuse-bolts showing  
poor human enforcement  
to vagary's climate.



## Enmeshed

Enmeshed.

Dawn's light today uncurtained Autumn  
as more than just berry-laden.  
Hedgerows, tho treasure-festooned saw  
overnight much skein-transformation.

Thinnest of jewel-plates, silver-lace doilies  
now dither in lofty profusion.  
From twig to overhung leaves like tin-foil  
spun-gilt hovers held fast by wet dew.

Pearl-strung, breath-taking mats of finely  
worked high-wire-engineering.  
Criss-crossed gossamers stunningly timed  
by arachnid's masterful feats.

Dangling traps, sun-caught and floating  
with wrought-iron cunning craft.  
Firm-as-steel structures uniquely coated  
for watching stuck wing's final action.

Spidery expert-precision took diamanté  
last night and spun to distraction.  
Death-designed nets of intricate lattice  
a visitor's struggle quickly wraps.

Shimmering dazzle captures those who  
attract eyes with futile gyrations.  
So few escape guile of predator allure  
for a fly cannot estimate such bait.

Savage the end to enmeshed movement  
by unwise entry to artful webbed beauty.

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for glue-bait a fly cannot estimate.  
Savage the end to enmeshed movement  
by unwise entry to artful webbed beauty.

## Enticing

Enticing.

From the first finger of hazy light  
fresh rays from  
day's entrance shatter dark chains  
impeccably.

Breeze stirs black dregs to a finish  
as streaks of  
morning beget break of new dawn  
impressively.

Unsullied azure displays an astute  
need for space  
by removing glimpsed bits of grey  
imposingly.

Sleep flits away, giving me chance  
for early  
attempt to describe nature's gifts  
impellingly.

Caught in night's grasp is no place  
to stay when  
day's enticing draws poets to write  
impassiononly.

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morning beget break of new dawn  
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Unsullied azure displays an astute  
need for space  
by removing glimpsed bits of grey  
imposingly.

Sleep flits away, giving me chance  
for early  
attempt to pen nature's clear gifts  
impassively.

Caught in night's shawl is no place  
to be when  
sun's call entices my quill outdoors  
impellingly.

## Enticing.

Enticing.

From the first finger of hazy light  
fresh rays from  
day's entrance shatter dark chains  
impeccably.

Breeze stirs black dregs to a finish  
as streaks of  
morning beget break of new dawn  
impressively.

Unsullied azure displays an astute  
need for space  
by removing glimpsed bits of grey  
imposingly.

Sleep flits away, giving me chance  
for early  
attempt to pen nature's clear gifts  
impassively.

Caught in night's shawl is no place  
to be when  
sun's call entices me outdoors so  
impellingly.

## Entrance

### Entrance

From the first finger of hazy light  
fresh rays from  
day's entrance shatter dark chains  
impeccably.

Breeze stirs black dregs to a finish  
as streaks of  
morning beget break of new dawn  
impressively.

Unsullied azure displays an astute  
need for space  
by removing glimpsed bits of grey  
imposingly.

Sleep flits away, giving me chance  
for early  
attempt to pen nature's clear gifts  
impassively.

Caught in night's shawl is no place  
to be when  
sun's call entices my pen outdoors  
impellingly.

## Entrancement

Entrancement.

Shadowy movements of ethereal  
music play nebulous games  
with the moonlight's white fingers  
across uncanny skylscapes.

Tonight diaphanous curls of grey  
filmy smoke trail whispered  
journey along water's dark face  
with swirls of masked limpidity.

Mist from mauve bed drapes glassy  
gauze over sickle-shaped  
glow netting luna's lit lantern  
with more flimsy flicks of jet paint.

Caught in entrancement I gasp  
as the rare yellow ghost  
of night's fairy rainbow dances  
bestowing its spell for a moment.



**EPITAPH.**

Epitaph.

She lies a sorry sight,  
tail like brush-fire,  
body tyre-squashed,  
reddening the road.

Stark chequered legs,  
shoulders hunched  
as an epitaph  
to her final attempt  
at swift flight  
from a dragon bent  
on annihilation.

Eyes arrowed  
for reaching home  
and needy den  
in last motherly run  
she spurts on  
to meet breath's end.

Feeding quest  
stares from this dead  
female fox as  
new cubs wait scared  
and hungry  
while some uncaring  
motorist speeds

on his negligent way  
and C'est la Vie  
he indifferently says.

## Errant

### Errant

Wet footprints in lone beach twilight  
appear  
from secretive  
paths to steal moments  
as two recondite hearts deny  
errant breeds danger.  
Lullaby shush of deserted ebb tide  
seeps  
into intrigue  
as hands and lips meet  
and capture desire's clandestine  
on rendezvous sand.  
Tread cautiously lovers for maybe  
romance  
that moonlit caught  
can move to foolish as fate  
at will alters true to fantasy and  
covert to failure.

## Errant.

Errant.

Lullaby shush of evening ebb tide  
seeps  
into late air  
as hands  
meet to capture clandestine  
on deserted sand.

Bold footprints in shadowy twilight  
appear  
from secretive  
corners  
as recondite hearts deny  
errant concordance.

Tread cautiously lovers for maybe  
time  
which orders fate's  
changes  
will mutate covert deceit  
to contrite heartache.

## ESSENTIALS.

Essentials.

Crucial to good life is finding the taste of amazement  
at nature being itself.

Drink in the delight but first stop at the edges of thirst  
and view need of wonder.

Hunger for simple esteem of essentials Nature has for  
our pleasure bequeathed.

Feel the ineffable joy which presses juice into fruit, rain  
into cloud , bud into bloom and  
flight into feather.

Feed from the alchemy seen when light dances on sea,  
and rejoice with dawn's opening flicker  
as rays break to day.

Sway to life's rhythmic motion as Spring sweeps spent  
winter clean to begin again  
nature's root-bearing miracle stirrings.

Dance when force becomes breeze, glory in sunsets  
and thrill with water

!!!!

!!!

!

falling.

Celebrate summer's feast  
of unfolding abundance and colourful flora,  
enjoy the fall of autumn's gold,  
listen with ear to the feeling of underneath  
growth and when found  
be glad that its mysterious sound remains

to remember again  
when arises cause for awe's need.

Each season's abundance turns vital keys of  
mindful appreciation for earth's  
timelessly generous love  
of providing  
for us  
such  
indispensables.

## Esteem.

Esteem.

Dancing with self  
~ ~ ~ ~ is not understood  
until what is seen  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ in the heart  
is departure  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ from need.

Self is always  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ wholly enough  
and denying need  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ is to know  
even alone  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ we can succeed.

Life may rain hurt  
~ ~ ~ ~ yet we can learn  
to dance and stay dry  
- - - - ~ ~ ~ ~ if covered  
with courage  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ of self-esteem.

## ESTEEM.

Esteem.

Joy in being  
~ ~ ~ ~ is not understood  
until what is seen  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ in the heart  
is departure  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ from need.

Self is always  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ wholly enough  
and to succeed  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ is to know  
that we alone  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ can beat defeat.

Life may rain hurt  
~ ~ ~ ~ yet we can learn  
to dance and stay dry  
- - - - ~ ~ ~ ~ if covered  
with courage  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ of self-esteem.



## Ethereal

Ethereal.

Shadowy movements of ethereal  
music play nebulous games  
with light's lacy fingers, weaving  
watery lines on sleepy lake.  
Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy  
grey smoke whispers its  
    liquid journey along growing dim  
with fervent limpidity.  
Time holds breath as stars stack  
essence of tiffany dew  
on blackening trout's shiny back  
in twilight's translucence.  
Mist covers sky but above hangs  
the gauzy sickle-shaped  
glow of shade-blinkered lantern  
trying to flicker again.  
Clouds part and dome entrances  
as the beautiful ghost  
of a fading rainbow dances its last  
and night closes the show.

## Ethereal Music.

Ethereal Music.

Shadowy movements of ethereal  
music play nebulous games  
with the moonlight's white fingers  
across uncanny sky-scapes.

Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy  
grey smoke whispers its  
journey along water's dark mask  
with swirls of limpidity.

Time abandoned tiffany dances  
mosaic of dewdrop-beauty  
on a blackening trout's fishy back  
making rainbowed translucence.

Thru' glassy mist night-jet hangs  
gauze over sickle-shaped  
glow netting half-lit luna lantern  
with pale flickered moon-face.

Clouds part and I stand entranced  
as the rare yellow ghost  
of a flimsy late rainbow skims past  
leaving its spell for a moment.

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journey along water's dark mask  
with swirls of limpidity.

Time abandoned tiffany dances  
mosaic of dewdrop-beauty  
on a blackening trout's fishy back  
making striated translucence.

Thru' glassy mist night-jet hangs  
gauze over sickle-shaped  
glow netting half-lit luna lantern  
with pale flickered moon-face.

Clouds part and I stand entranced  
as the rare yellow ghost  
of a flimsy late rainbow skims past  
leaving its spell for a moment.

## EVENTS.

Events.

Half-awake and stranded between the old  
day and the new  
coming tomorrows may look leviathan,  
loom like clouds  
of sharp-sharded, unreliable giants where  
trust becomes sun-leathered

with nowhere to hide,  
muscle-bound and most of the time  
muddy-eyed.

But after a sip of memory's liquidity I can  
shake away weighty foreboding  
and see where faith  
has been leading events,  
toss off stifling clothes and walk nakedly  
sure into the indistinct future  
with shoulders high.

Facing fate with a smile of anticipation,  
happy with being alive and  
moving forward,  
life's battles will lose a bit of their scary  
sting as I dip grateful toes  
into the moment.

Composure is all I shall need.

## Evocative

Evocative.

Stalked in tall greenery, cupped as itself,  
bud-tight seduction,  
slowly unfurled petaled perfection opens  
to show in this single rose  
tender attention and fragile its presence  
strongly pervades me in  
essence of longed-for desire 'tho untold.

Secret scent-soaked bloom silent vibrates  
as this clandestine rose  
speaks its message from far-away hands  
and treasured more  
the intention to gently perfume my fated  
surrender I leave  
love's unspoken beguile as destiny stands.

Sweet evocative sign oh milky-white rose,  
with allure disguised only providence knows.

**EVOKING.**

Evoking.

Oh Muse, bearer of wisdom, may your words  
which traverse the globe  
by verse affect attitudes, move objections,  
enlighten egos, rock divisions,  
reunite misunderstandings and by power of  
digestion redirect what  
the populace thinks unassailable and forgets.

May poetic energy slice through innumerable  
rules, instil sympathy,  
drown separation, re-find buried faith within  
faded friendships, appeal  
for awareness to remember hatred no more,  
help those regret who,  
prejudice-laden perceive hostilities and kill.

May powerful words smash inbuilt deviant  
desire for retaliation,  
create instead meant relationships, lasting  
handshakes which re-shape  
distance placed between hearts by age-old  
spiteful groundless pride  
that grows no action for lasting happiness.

Oh Calliopé, never forgo scribal ability for  
evoking soul-felt change,  
guide poems pleading for needy erection  
of love's fallen portals,

re-invite causes for unearthing paradise  
in this war-riddled earth.  
Peace needs minions' pens, at the ready.

## Evolving

**Evolving.**

**Wholeness swirls around encircled senses  
to mend broken contact with souls  
cursed by separation.**

**Wordless but vibration-powered the core  
by evolving rouses awed knowledge  
of cosmic's wired wisdom.**

**Earthlings not yet seeing through mirrors  
clearly view dimly the healing change  
in unfolding awareness.**

**Humans may then discover a potential  
for other-dimension interconnection  
by simple telepathy.**



## Exchange

Exchange.

And a daze of breathless churning took  
hold as lips touched in exchange.

Desire fanned two frequencies as flame  
and fever drew skin close to skin.  
A flood of longing surged through veins  
while pulses hammered within.

Like chain lightning passion burnt holes  
in lines of pre-planned defense.  
Currents sparked and sizzled as control  
bent to intention of pleasure.

This was no ordinary kiss and his gaze  
saw her eyes reflect the same.  
Layers of silky sighs migrated as potent  
explosion ignited sensation.

And perfume of sacred exchange began  
rising like never before.

## Exciting.

Exciting.

With tide at its highest the estuary  
shimmers,  
each filling inlet a labyrinth of  
vigour.

The union of beauty and abstracted  
silence  
lures incoming bevvies of feathered  
wildness.

Scanty fresh cloud, blue morning  
now broken  
forks lightening east with patches  
of motion.

Sea-wind unfurls and with a first  
shiver  
wingbeats fast up-flee in palpable  
rhythm.

Exciting as shore-line glitters with  
welcome  
an early start visit has proved truly  
blessed.

Diamanté fragrance could lift each  
dull day  
if best sunrising mem'ries in minds  
would stay.



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With tide at its highest the estuary  
shimmers,  
each filling inlet a labyrinth of  
vigour.

The union of beauty and abstracted  
silence  
lures incoming bevvies of feathered  
wildness.

Scanty fresh cloud, blue morning  
now broke  
shifts gathering mist into patches  
of smoke.

Sea-wind unfurls and with a first  
shiver  
wingbeats fast up-rise in palpable  
rhythm.

Exciting as shore-line glitters with  
welcome  
an early start visit has proved truly  
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Diamanté fragrance could lift each  
dull day  
if sun-rising memories in my mind  
would stay.



## Exciting.

Exciting.

With tide at its highest the estuary  
shimmers,  
each filling inlet a labyrinth of  
vigour.

The union of beauty and abstracted  
silence  
lures incoming bevvies of feathered  
wildness.

Scanty fresh cloud, blue morning  
now broken  
forks lightening east with patches  
of motion.

Sea-wind unfurls and with a first  
shiver  
wingbeats fast up-flee in palpable  
rhythm.

Exciting as shore-line glitters with  
welcome  
an early start visit has proved truly  
blessed.

Diamanté memories could lift each  
dull day  
if in my awed eye sun-rising glory  
would stay.



## Explosions

Explosions.

Stars like sparks splutter to bed  
as birds catch fire.

Smut-red lips of sultry sun kiss  
mouldering night  
and in dawn's shimmering light  
greet awakening sky.

Throat of thrush flintily strikes  
other bird-minds,  
inciting song while edge of day's  
eye sets more alive  
morning's explosions to electrify  
small tongues in flight.

I stand dumbly admiring strident  
trills of fervent dives  
as winged searchers, self un-fed,  
food must soon find  
if newest nestlings are to survive.

Day's edge reminds earliest risers  
of attending to business amid  
splendour as rays become daytime.



## Extravagance.

Extravagance.

Such an autumn it is when hands  
grow sticky with berry-black nectar and love  
prepares jars of juicy jams,  
when hedgerows grow bounty and  
orchards lean heavy with ready fruit burdens  
over-stretching every branch.

Such an autumn it is when timing  
now ripe allows burgeoning show of harvest  
abundance in mature vines,  
when no cupboard empties of food  
and scrubbed table-tops creak under laden  
weight of grown gems to cook.

Such an autumn it is when in sheer  
extravagant glut seasonal wealth explodes  
giving workers welcome cheer.

## Eyeing.

Eyeing.

A fish,  
like translucent shadow  
slowly shows silver through dimly  
low-lit submarine green.

A gill  
like laced edge of poncho,  
rising to roll a lake's morning face  
steadily sways to breathe.

A skin,  
of thinnest divide knows  
it is separated from my airy flesh  
solely by liquid need.

A fin,  
touched by finger coated  
in bubbles for closer contact slips  
to more safety beneath.

A flip,  
and fish dives fast below  
in mist churned by interference  
'tho glassily eyeing me.

## Faking

Faking.

Festooned round  
    skillfully sentenced evasion  
never deeper  
than experienced phrasing  
sits counterfeit  
methods cunningly known  
as unmeant affection.  
Playing at love is a two-faced  
divisive game  
based on arrant deception  
of faked vows that  
never stand time's intense  
scrutiny for real  
care knows trust breaks  
when being misled.  
Better to give thought first  
before starts  
love-commitment by word.

## Familiar.

*Familiar.*

*Here are the fields as they have always been.*

*The copses, the crops.*

*the sheep in the meadow.*

*Nature, tho' heedless knows sameness heals*

*with relentless rhythms*

*as she reaches her home.*

*She sees the same woods where gypsies gathered*

*around flickering fires*

*with fiddler playing.*

*She feels the music that once made her heart dance*

*walking the ways*

*of familiar again.*

## Fancy

Fancy.

Damp-dark the ivy-cloaked walls  
shutter gone days  
in wraith-raising moonlight.

Voices haunt empty great halls  
as spectres graze  
on pregnant-rich silence.

Other world near-heard whispers  
sets fancy free  
to unfurl messaged echoes.

Ruins, as poets have witnessed,  
already know  
how relics manifest ghosts.

## Far More.

Far More.

Rain wringing out great drops on sodden yards  
wetting Sunday-faced farmers  
plus ripple of following offspring who mincing  
thru' grass yawn slowly uphill  
to mud-spattered salvation of weekly worship  
and damply pewed, wait for a sermon.

Built of stone-hard resign, staunch parson rule  
offers no finery, portal-plain duty  
calls, aged by saline sea-ravage muted walls  
wait for maids and their matrons  
to kneel and receive forgiveness by donating  
so by inbuilt faith can sin-ache alter.

Hatted heads bow as onslaught of next storm  
fling windowed reminders to all  
reverently bent but men know gale-flat grain  
awaits no redemption from  
sudden battering, cattle-full sheds bellow out  
for attention as gates lean on  
torn hinges squeaking in vain, time is wasted  
in best attire when fierce tempest  
empties coins' plated rattle as men scramble

for doors before moor-top service ends.

Smallholding tasking ever takes precedence  
but for one holy-hour, chapel then  
done and Hellfire quenched Sunday skirts lift  
as lady-boots quickly skid homeward

to kitchen heaven of baked bread smells and  
roasting aromas when welcome hands  
closed in thanks after renewing, sin-cleansed  
and full of rude health, country folk  
can shoulder usual hazards of living off land  
that asks for far more than Sunday-best.

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## Fartherness.

Fartherness.

Over the future horizon  
life lies  
in wait.  
Mystery, as yet unstyled,  
infiltrates  
minds given to  
anticipation.  
Impressive beyondness  
beckons  
when present waves  
welcome  
to what is  
ahead.

Accepting tomorrows  
brave minds  
kept high  
will readily  
celebrate  
challenge of change.

Heaven blesses hearts  
who unafraid  
enter life's fartherness.

## Fate Waits.

Reinvention.

Rose coloured spectacles have to be grown  
to capture passing of time.

Looking backward un-earths spectred races  
where ghosts evoke poetic insight.

Lines may be composed on manifold strings  
when special prisms are worn.

Fate waits for a scribe who, shades in place  
reinvents life of ages before.

Covered with bloom of imagined events  
the past can glow like a rose.

Poets might scent the never remembered  
to invoke events nobody knows.

## Favours

*Favours.*

*And the steed thy Lady now rideth  
leaps countless viewed dangers  
to bring thee her favours, thereby  
on arrival she most hasty requireth  
thou leave Sire no wooing untried.*

**FEARLESS.**

Fearless.

Wild are the fiercest of changes  
when lovelight takes up home in unsuspecting  
wide-apart dwellers of east-west  
togetherness.

Magnets let loose attract oceans  
of ironized fragmented need, feel easily warm  
and bind in clandestine joy  
closeness unsought. .

Freedom swings from forgotten  
roofed-in beams and much weathered lifetimes  
of hiding to join hands across  
unfettered miles.

Singing arises then from caverns deep  
inside duo's core, starts wild changes as coming  
alive becomes brightened with  
fearless love.

## Feelings

Feelings.

Unsettled my sleep,  
yet were I with thee  
each night would be  
bedded in sated need.

Uneasy my soul,  
yet were I to hold  
thee as mine alone  
would feelings unfold.

Unrested my mind,  
yet were I now thine  
on fire would be night  
while we Paradise find.



## Felt but Unheard

Felt but Unheard.

Here I am  
inside your stillness and before more grief breaks  
I will stop swell of teardrops.  
I see your distress and shall melt it away.

Here I walk  
before hours of darkness and as first star appears  
I will share every twilight  
I stand, a whisper away so listen and hear.

Here I lie  
betwixt your sobbing and defeated sense.  
I will in empathy act.  
I taste the heartache of your nightly unrest.

Here I sit  
viewing your need and knowing your dreams  
I am here with much caring.  
Felt but unheard I see each breath you breathe.

Here I wait until  
love finds a way  
and it will.

## Felt Care

Felt Care.

Where felt care exists  
hearth of hearts  
begin to be warmed.

Hurts melt without words  
for friendship's  
handshake breaks silence.

## Ferment

*Ferment.*

*Say no more lover of mine.  
Lower your anchor, forsake anger,  
give time its time.*

*What is broken may be healed.  
Taken as token forgiveness mends much  
so let sense appeal.*

*If bent head of regret reaches warm  
shores chill might subside.  
Low will rise and regretful ferment  
can then be cleansed  
by the tide of what we once were.*

*If meant sorry leads us both there  
we no more need contend  
so, lover of mine, let's start again.*

## FERTILITY.

Fertility.

Beneath the dark earth  
and out of sight  
the pod breathes and stirs  
at feel of life.

A blind cocoon yearns  
for tight inside  
to swell, birth and burst  
upward to light.

Secured in moist soil  
nature unfolds,  
impregnates root-coil  
for germ to grow.

A pregnant seed's oil  
aids it at slow  
pace so not to spoil  
blossoming show.

Flora's ultimate glow  
starts by mute joy  
of ripened seed sown  
with ready loins.  
Let us keep the flow  
of fertile soil.

## Fervour.

Fervour.

Whence cometh this sudden burst ?

Strong the feeling of need to unearth quill  
and clutter blank canvas.

Why falleth such daze of commitment ?

This utter compel to verse comprehension  
with ink and pen,  
is't call of the Muse that so draws ?

Or perhaps a deep awe taketh poetic minds  
to other than normal.

Wouldst mine own experience of versing  
beyondness inspire new ideas ?

Wonder's strict urge to word the unwordable  
is it so rare ?

To set down the force of emotional fire in neat  
order proves the vocation of serious scribing.

A flow of lined fervour cometh alive and eateth  
the will despite dirth of time.

Yet what behest dost survive felt pressure when  
lettered addiction graspeth its hold ?

'Tis more than mere ring in the nose set  
the ink-bitten soul to capture by mark Heaven's  
intelligence or the pits of darkest hell.

If written expression be older than old  
and every sure pen-stroke lead viewing hearts

to read on, all praise to the bard.

Long-licked bones maketh the shape of a poem.

## Fierce Hunger.

Fierce Hunger.

How many dawns shall a gull's wide wings  
carry night's shiver enough  
miles to appease birds' fierce hunger  
at sea, aiding eyes to catch something  
that eaten keeps a feathered heart warm.?

How many dusks will a young wife's lips  
hopefully open on same  
ocean as similar need fills with ache  
a heart missing harbour-safe kisses  
as his overdue boat battles fierce storm.?

How many tides could it take to renew  
resolute faith as starved eyes  
search time and again empty horizons,  
re-scanning each mile for love's food  
sailing in late with her sailor on board.?

How many hours can be spent praying  
for courage to shake away dread  
and feed on the times when fishermen,  
heavy with haul set homeward again  
knowing a woman waits bravely in port.?

**FINALITY.**

Finality.

Veiled is her cry so deep it lies  
that when surrounded by other  
emotions it captures and stifles  
every tear for a while.

Silent it stays, hidden away and  
eating the heart until the day it  
explodes and starts uncontrolled  
as shuddering whine.

Her grief emits moans with voice  
which increases from low to wild  
howls without abate.

It rocks her bowed frame under  
the weight that shall never again  
allow for restraint.

As awful abandonment takes over  
her mind becoming a plea for hope  
of appeasement she faces anguish  
of death's finality.

Utterly sad is her bafflement once  
let out with inconsolable questions  
felt by bereft mothers in mourning  
the death of an only child



## Finding

*Finding.*

*And as the wind finds holes  
to whistle thru' I see gaps in the mist  
of fancy's hold  
and string words to fill  
them, as poets do, then brimming  
with lyrical hope  
I find rhythm and begin to blow.*

## First

**First.**

**In the garden where love ever grows  
we tasted summer's golden ooze.**

**Waxen cells melted as spirit to spirit  
we sipped sweet honey's lit candle.**

**When raw emotion quenched thirst  
we scented desire's hotter liqueur.**

**Fresh as then is that untied illusion  
I could ever forget first passion.**

## FIRST BALLAD.

First Ballad.

Symphony in the making was silently  
waiting in his old workshop.  
I viewed with amazement that motley  
collection of well-used tools  
and knew how unusual was the music  
hung there adorning the walls.

Hammers and saws tuned in for action,  
tin shears and gimlets  
stood ready to combat wood-shrinkage,  
old oil-stones for honing  
the blades all told me they could sing to  
a Maestro's conducting.

An old wicker-chair in which I was sitting  
plaintively winced at my  
young movement as I examined the magic  
in that Merlin's cave for,  
about to be married I needed a man who  
was declared a true master  
of all things wood and who by talented  
hands could teach me the craft.

I for once was eager to learn all the hows  
of the trade, thankful the chance  
of fine carpentry was coming my way so  
I put on my new white apron,  
picked up the apprentice-stick-measure  
and like a baton gave it a tap

as my first ballad was about to take shape.

## First Flush

*First Flush.*

*From her first flush Spring trumpets  
with full-throated daffodil-gold  
her vibrant welcome to lovers  
of April's effective proposal  
of making new season push  
her bud-bursting notions  
while whispers blown  
thru' each petal look  
to birth pale colour  
which sets pace  
of growth-rush  
when Summer  
takes over.*

## First Light.

First Light.

If first light following night's release  
seizes every day's dawning  
to increase  
the force of nature's fresh air feast  
which overrides  
residues of human sleep drifting  
and provides more  
meaning to a deep-stretch revival

why not breathe it in ?

If delight upon which one stumbles  
at first light gives the urge  
contained in that  
humbling moment as dawn takes  
up reigns cleansed by  
dark silence to draw in morning air  
and purge dream-dried  
remains in lungs, heart and mind

why not breathe it in ?

If alchemy, in waking at first light  
outweighs and changes  
last cosy minutes under a duvet  
by urging fresh ways  
to adventure which illuminate life

why not breathe it in ?

## First Love.

First Love.

When she tasted the unbreathed air  
away from girlhood's shallow stream  
then it was she pinned up her hair  
laced in her waist and saw meaning  
in catching attention with breast  
held high and eyes full of secrets.  
But the boy covered his face, webs  
of birds' nests cocooned his dreaming,  
for climbing trees came first with him  
yet as she strolled, branding his mind,  
perfuming trails with siren-schemes  
lone lake-bathing became tasteless  
as surges drowned his stranded grief.  
Remembering her scarlet mouth  
hooked like a fish his writhing lips  
dried while first love took its bounty.

## First Love.

First Love.

I see  
butterscotch evenings,  
red sky honied in amber-cream,  
last light frothing waves  
as sea's olive coverlet changes  
to caramel-sepia.

I see  
Twilight blush streaking,  
drab dusk striped in humbug-tints,  
pink cheeks surround day  
as sinking in cherry-lip memories  
dark paints clandestine scene.

I see  
Treacle-soft times sealing  
new fate in sugared vows, trying  
each offered treasure  
of sun-down discovery, eagerly  
sharing mutual feelings

I see.  
Chocolate-smooth dreaming  
invading my mind, held sacred  
young romantic secrets  
exchanged 'neath moon, tasting  
again of first-love sweetness.



## First Love.

First Love.

When she tasted the unbreathed air  
away from girlhood's shallow stream  
then it was she pinned up dark hair,  
laced in her waist and saw meaning  
in catching attention by tiny breasts  
held upright and eyes full of secrets.  
But the boy covered his face, things  
like birds' nests cocooned his sight  
so climbing trees came first with him  
yet as she strolled branding his mind  
with scented trails her siren-schemes  
made his lone lake-bathing tasteless  
as urges drown him in stranded grief.  
Remembering her scarlet-red mouth  
he, hooked like a fish with writhing  
lips sunk as first love took its bounty.

## First Love.

First Love.

I see  
butterscotch evenings,  
sky honied in given kisses,  
last light unfrocking  
need as sea's coverlet hides beach  
in caramel-sweetness.

I see  
clandestine meetings,  
desire dusted with toffee-tints,  
pink cheeks shy-touched,  
coloured in cherry-lipped passion,  
of love begun in secrecy.

I see  
Treacle-soft yieldings,  
sighs sugared in vows, trying  
each offered treasure,  
upturning delectable when shared  
were new intimate feelings.

I see.  
Chocolate-smooth dreaming  
invading two hearts with romance  
sweetened by youth's  
sacred exchanges, innocence tasting  
first-love's discreetness.

**FLASHES.**

Flashes.

Lunchtime for swallows, winging in  
to meet and cheat flight of newly hatched  
tiny insect-delight  
shows unbeatable aerial display, highest  
of feathered skills turning at will, defying  
speedometer readings  
and rapid as any fastest express train,  
each avoiding the crowd of beaks,

they dive open-mouthed.

Pinions narrow for rapacious speed  
almost as fleet as nearly-seen flashes  
of flies disappearing,  
arrowed shapes of famished jaws move  
to start greedily swallowing living food  
and assemble for more  
like jet-propelled aerial sharks starved  
for nutrition they dart then soar

leaving mere humans agape.

## Flight.

Flight.

Next generation once weaned wings away  
from the breast's cloistered past.  
In standing erect most offspring cling not  
to parental mastery.

Growth's call will never be hindered by  
closed doors of detention.  
Soaking in sap furthest from home keen  
shoots yearn for more adventure.

Trying to eat what others digested sours  
young buds demanding taste.  
Belonging to no-one new courage begets  
sense when choices need making.

Every plant casts its seed to the wind so  
each finds space to survive.  
Only by leaving the nest can a fledgling  
learn self respect thereby thrive.

Letting go gently is welcome when sweet  
dependence seems outgrown.  
Whether fur, flesh or feather successful  
flight will ever remember home.

## Flimsy Stunners

Flimsy Stunners.

There it hangs weightless and waiting 'til breeze  
lifts it's gossamer frame  
and silently floats its wonder away.

~

~

What marvel of strong fragility that tho' covered  
with patches of under-down  
is intelligently patterned for rigidity.

~

~

Feather-perfection can when attached raise aloft  
any hollow bird-bones when  
hovering to heights on outstretched wings.

~

~

Feather-borne fliers skim the sky,  
drift on thermals,  
quiver in ether,  
remain afloat,  
dive when keened by fiercest winds,  
feel warm throughout chilliest nights  
and successfully brood eggs to chicks  
by sitting and fluffing downy pinions.

~

~

Extra-smooth tuftedness surrounding dense matter  
gives thistledown lightness  
of hooked strength to feathermass usefully cladding

birdlife from dove to predator.

~

~

Awed praise for this sight of ineffable beauty within  
such flimsy stunners as this.

~

## FLIMSY WONDERS.

Flimsy Wonders.

There it lay weightless and waiting until a breeze  
lifted it's gossamer frame  
and silently floated its presence away.

That marvel of strong fragility which tho' covered  
with patches of under-down  
was intelligently patterned for rigidity.

Feather-perfection can when attached raise aloft  
any hollow bird-bones, taking  
to hovering heights outstretched wings.

Feather-borne fliers skim the sky, drift on thermals,  
quiver in ether,  
stay afloat, dive when keened by fiercest of winds,  
feel warm throughout  
chilly nights and successfully brood nestfuls of kith  
and kin by fluffing up heat or cool.  
Fine tufted smoothness surrounding dense matter  
gives thistledown buoyance  
and hooked strength to feather-mass schooled in  
usefully dressing dove or predator.

Praise for the sight of discriminate beauty within  
such flimsy wonders as this.

## Folly

Folly.

War when long and drawn out throws its challenge  
of thorns to fighters  
caught up in sharing foes, folly's wounds cry  
for finish to rights.

Men start to forget who spilt first blood, who began  
the shooting of hate  
into guiltless bodies when filled with terror  
not of their making.

Rage, no longer understood sees it insane for death  
to stain earth endlessly  
so brotherhood rises in love-parched hearts  
desiring to mend.

When life is read rightly eyes melt in pity and cool  
iron once smoking-hot,  
teeth chatter no more in fear as hands raise  
flags for battle to stop.

Celled in the same grief death readily calls  
for opposing despoilers to cease from war.



**FOLLY.**

Folly.

The pastoral scene became flawed  
by that ruin.

A temple of sorts now stone folly  
half hidden and roofless  
its once deeply blue stucco got  
holed and chunks  
of old floor to nature exposed  
much mottled with mould  
Untended damp roots  
crept sadly up windowpanes  
locked in time's foreordained rust.

Aged bones of a place its naked top  
now unsuited  
for trysting lovers, yet as arranged  
she waited but hope sunk  
with the sun when dusk showed  
him gone and herself alone.  
She, faced with folly,  
felt the babe move and watched  
built dreams fade, trust  
weaken and love's future crumble.

**FOR SALE.**

For Sale.

The grapes on the vine  
Which even now climb  
Amid broken archways are indigo blue.

One long-ago springtime  
We tried new countryside  
Passion and cherished its golden view.

That smiling house then  
Was desire-laced as scent  
Rose at the door our love entered thru'

Endearments were meant  
Words never fermented  
A closeness that trust thought it knew.

Love feels just the same.  
Fond memories re-claim  
The fun times enjoyed here with you.

This cottage for sale  
Will forever contain  
Remains of the spirit shared by us two

## For Thine Eyes Only.

A Tudor love-note.

For Thine Eyes Only.

Dearest,

my Knight,

lovelorn and ageing thy Lady's heart

in dire isolation awaits the one

who holds it in thrall.

Undeclared,

pledge of thy

care remains stonily silent in coldness

of granite which surrounds me

each tiresome day.

Write thee thy thoughts kind Sire.

Sendest

a message post haste

stating the case for expecting affection,

or swooning I mayest regret

thy part in delay.

Keep not

I pray thee more heartbreak at bay

else all my favours wilt wither

and die so do thou make

a ready reply.

Signed with

mine own delicate feelings and writ

for thine eyes only.

## For You

For You.

Stretching and shouldering yawns away day crouches  
to birth sleep's ousting  
by one last hefty circle of dark's hollowed pouches  
then dawns these pre-Christmas hours.

Glimmers on Yuletide horizon reveal much celebration  
while love's festive view  
starts my waking and smiles move inertia's frame  
to wish greatest blessings for you.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO MY BEAUTIFUL POET-FRIENDS.

## Forced

**Forced.**

**"Bend or be broken" shrieks  
wintery wind.**

**as showers of leaves show  
amplified motion.**

**Crest of assenting screams  
increase the noise  
while roaring ocean whines  
fury's defiance.**

**Bulge of stressed undertow  
explodes in spume.**

**"Indulge or be forced" waves  
must rise to obey.**

**Home and hearth is by far  
the safer when  
din-crazy breakers sing  
duets with winter.**

## Foremost.

Foremost.

Love needs itself and nothing more.

Love acts but never seeks applause.

Love withstands words spoken to hurt.

Love pledges care that never reverts.

Love regrets not and knows no guilt.

Love's forgiveness intends to win.

Love vows its feeling shall not end.

Love becomes a bond forever.

Love heals raw hearts by Heaven's law.

Love is the foremost force of all.

## Foremost.

Foremost.

Love needs itself and nothing more.

Love acts but desires no applause.

Love withstands arrows thrown to hurt.

Love pledges and does not revert.

Love's word becomes a bond forever.

Love rewards its own endeavour.

Love's demonstration never wears thin.

Love does not regret or feel guilt.

Love believes what it starts has no end.

Love treats each stranger as a friend.

Love showers balm on hearts bled raw.

Love is the foremost power of all.

## Foremost.

Foremost.

Love needs itself and nothing more.

Love acts but never seeks applause.

Love withstands words spoken to hurt.

Love pledges care that never reverts.

Love regrets not and knows no guilt.

Love's forgiveness intends to win.

Love vows its feeling shall not end.

Love becomes a bond forever.

Love heals raw hearts by Heaven's law.

Love is the foremost force of all.



## FORLORN.

Forlorn.

Oh rose, thou are pale.  
An invisible sickness  
brought on by fierce wind  
in last night's gale  
hast found thee leafless.  
Left alone on bare bough  
forlorn thy face  
in arctic freeze.  
Oh frost-caught rose.  
Thy fragrance abandoned  
at fate's cold hand  
shivers take hold  
and I must pluck thee.  
Relieved by fresh water  
and warmed indoors  
then thou might heal.

## Forsaken.

Forsaken.

They pass unnoticed in café crowds,  
the black-penciled eyes of  
pre-teen beggar girls.

Treading cement dust they strut, mouths  
painted in innocence but out  
adult ways to learn.

Flaunting bodies not yet mature, how  
tragic the flesh-trade making  
young whores of the poor.

Such maidens exposed to de-flowering  
expect no fearless passage  
to painless futures.

When will this cruel insane world yield  
to the needs of these forsaken children ?

## **FORSAKEN.**

Forsaken.

They pass unnoticed in shopping crowds,  
the black-penciled eyes of  
young beggar girls.

Treading cement dust they strut, mouths  
painted in innocence but  
desperate to learn.

Presenting bodies not yet mature, how  
tragic the flesh-trade, making  
whores of the poor.

Those maidens exposed to de-flowering  
expect no fearless passage to  
unfettered futures.

When will this cruel insane world meet  
the needs of these forsaken children ?

**FORTUNE.**

Fortune.

A given gem of jewelled morning  
is calling to me.  
Outside is waiting a diamond-day.

Jadest of green reveals affluence  
unfolding between  
shimmers of crystal dewing each  
leafy twig as rise  
bluey bells of expensive sapphire.

Amazing that emerald opulence  
as snowdrop perfection  
adorns shy faces in aquamarine.

Tiny white eyes of cachéd daisies  
vie with gold celandine  
embroidering topaz over dun earth.

What better resources of treasure  
make purses richer  
than Spring fortune well searched.

Nature's kind urges not to despise  
even the smallest  
beginnings will find greatest wealth.



## Found Absent.

Found Absent.

Those Cornish pit-boys who made an escape  
by stowing away in boats and enduring more  
before dire hunger and fear drove them to seek  
help were often held in close chains until port.

-----

Looking back, collieries hid distance, as smoke  
poured dark fog into hostile conditions.  
Snatches of sunshine shone a begrudging dose  
to brave celandines birthing a puny Spring.  
Sapped youth toiling in coal dust knew the pit  
brought no refreshment to repressed people.  
Weariness told them they too would be chilled  
into believing that obedience meant zeal.  
Caught and affronted their childhood ended  
in grey automation by trudging mined floors.  
Obsolete days fought with untouched intention  
to wash blackened clogs and crawl no more.  
Lit by accession nearby docks showed children  
ways to freedom, though success was vague.  
Timetables to boys' hazy minds looked simple  
but knew somewhere would be a right train.  
By morning shift one more lad found absent  
fed hope to capped faces again shuffling by.  
Some knew fool's gold held over young heads  
misled yet others, half fully-fledged would fly.

## Found Absent.

Found Absent.

Those Cornish pit-boys who made an escape  
by stowing away in boats and enduring more  
before hunger and fear drove them to pursue  
help were often chained when found until port.  
Sapped youth breathing coal dust knew pits  
brought no relief to repressed working people.  
Cheeriness left faces of labouring children when  
led to belief that obedience preceded better zeal.  
Caught and affronted their childhood ended  
in grey automation by trudging mining floors.  
Obsolete days fought with untouched intention  
to doff clogs, wash off black and crawl no more.  
Gained by stealth nearby docks gave children  
sure ways to freedom but accession was vague.  
Timetables to boys' ready minds got deciphered  
for runaways knew somewhere sat the right train.  
By morning shift more lads were found absent  
as read from rota capped faces saw gaps in line.  
Some felt the hold toil's pittance paid to underage  
but others wearily ready saw the need for goodbye.  
But desperate pit-boys who made an escape  
by stowing away in boats and enduring more  
before hunger and dread drove them to decks  
were shamefully handled after docking at port.

## FREEING .

Freeing .

Had I  
ruby-cloistered crowns  
gloves of silk  
and embroidered gowns.  
Had I  
diamond-set gold rings,  
coats of fur  
and pearls on fine strings,  
Would I  
trade riches for life spent  
with thy lips  
freeing all I then possess.



## Frenzy

Frenzy.

Drooped in summer a pink-bloomed  
hawthorn drowsily straddles the scorched wall of noon.  
A blackbird appears, skating through  
lawn for live lunch and with beak sharp as blade stoops,  
gulps yet again and though drunk on  
worm flavour, flaps wildly in heat-haze before pluming  
upward over-heavy with extras.

Heads away for high climbing, levels out to the roomy  
nest site where, still tied to feed, three  
baby beaks raise hungry gapes to take fill, then soon  
sun-riddled parent will wing off again  
Feeding means frenzy until feathering forms,  
the hawthorn-leaf shelter breeds tastiest grains  
of nutrition for birds whose chicks ever gorge.  
Praise for such industry bred in nature.

## Frenzy

Frenzy.

Drooped in summer as my pink-bloomed  
jasmine drowsily straddles the scorched afternoon.  
a blackbird appears, skating thru'  
grass for live lunch with beak sharp as blade, stoops,  
gulps yet again and though drunk  
with labour, flaps wildly in heat-haze before pluming  
upward over-heavy with extras  
and heads away by high climbing, levels out to huge  
tree where, still tied to feed-time  
baby beaks raise gapes to take fill before zooming  
sun-riddled parent wings off again.

Feeding means frenzy until nestlings feather.  
All praise to wise Nature for such avian effort.

## Frenzy.

Frenzy.

Drooped in summer a pink-bloomed  
hawthorn drowsily straddles the scorched wall of noon.  
A blackbird appears, skating through  
lawn for live lunch and with beak sharp as blade stoops,  
gulps yet again and though drunk on  
worm flavour, flaps wildly in heat-haze before pluming  
upward over-heavy with extras,  
heads away for high climbing, levels out to the roomy  
nest site where, still tied to feed, three  
baby beaks raise hungry gapes to take fill, then soon  
sun-riddled parent will wing off again  
Feeding means frenzy until feathering forms,  
the hawthorn-leaf shelter breeds extra tasty grains  
    of nutrition for birds whose chicks ever gorge.  
Praise for such diligence bred in nature.

## Frenzy.

Frenzy.

Drooped in summer a pink-flowered  
hawthorn drowsily straddles noon's scorching hour.  
Soon blackbird appears battling through  
grass for live lunch, beak sharp as blade he stoops,  
gulps yet again and though drunk on  
worm flavour flaps wildly in heat-haze while pluming  
upward over-heavy with extras.  
Then heading high to spiked bush enters gloom  
and shelter where still tied to feed, two  
baby beaks raise screeching gapes as greed consumes  
before weary parent wings off again.  
Feeding means frenzy as feathered  
pairs fetch needed nutrition for well-reared nestlings.

## Friend or Fiend ?

Oh Sleep,  
you old weaver of unbeatable threads,  
- - feeder of narcotic nectar - - - - - baker  
of heavy-grain sedative - - boatman who never  
stops splashing oars - - - slumber-jack - - fakir  
with magical wand - - you wide-eye lover bent  
on seduction - - a fiend who woos then takes,  
the so-called sooth-crooner - - - hill-a-bye friend  
known as the sandman - - - an eye-salve agent,  
maker of drowse-powder - - dope-peddler,  
dream-chainer - you the drug-spirit - pale  
ghost of opiate-relaxation - - - - soft-breathed  
jailer of wakeful night-ire - - - - the knave  
who keeps dozers awake - - - Sleep the jester  
whose counted sheep drives brave people crazy.

Until Day.

Oh Sleep, blessed eraser  
of anything  
painful, hard or serrated,  
you smoother  
of all things feeling rough,  
cover me over  
in forgetful haze, enough  
to remind me  
that stress can melt into  
pleasanter dreams.  
Lightning struck me, truly  
caught me in claws  
of a cruel assassin, attack  
came by news and

glued wake onto my back,  
threw me to knees  
and yes unbelievably near  
doubt now wears  
tighter cuffs of ill-at-ease.  
Sleep, be my  
ally please stay until light,  
embrace me in  
drowse, aid belief re-align,  
douse the resolve  
now fired with resentment  
Right now I  
need to relax the intention  
for dire revenge.

Sleep, keep  
me with you until I see more  
what is the wisest  
to do, lullaby me within your  
somnolent arms.  
Oh Languor while I face yet  
muddier waters  
guide me to meet Morpheus  
who for a time  
smothers  
love's awful betrayal.  
Repose sink me into slumber  
before rousing me up.

## Friendship's Love.

Friendship's Love.

Close are the bonds of friendship's love,  
tighter than guy-ropes made of steel  
are the ties of affection, proving  
the powerful strength of deep feelings.  
Friendship defies offence, discovers  
after only a while that chains  
made in zeal's fire never burn lovers  
as ease with another births no real pain.  
Time will gather hurt's trailing threads  
and once more for friendships's sake  
will make tighter care's rope, led  
by acceptance that soulmates stay true.

## Frustration.

Frustration.

Wanting more  
her response to his overtures  
played host to frustration.  
Tricks of known  
whore-trade brought  
naught but raised eyebrows  
and frowns  
met seductive invites.

Soft lips became  
tighter, sighs mixed with  
fumblings of something  
like fidgets fought boredom  
and made ardour sink  
into flawed  
self-expression  
as indifference set in.

Silence swathed  
further advances in gloom  
as tried patterns put  
paid to passion and froze  
faltering action  
to dubious gropes  
so she rose  
shrugged her shoulders,

dressed and  
impotence accepted



she left.

## Fulfilled

Fulfilled.

Love is  
like a fine thread  
with an unknown presence,  
so sings Youth with resentful air  
while Age looks on with experienced care  
knowing Love never regrets what  
dreams turn into, or not,  
for self-fulfilled  
Love is.

## Fulfilled.

Fulfilled.

Love is  
like a fine thread  
with an unknown presence,  
so sings Youth with resentful air  
while Age looks on with experienced care  
knowing Love never regrets what  
dreams turn into, or not,  
for self-fulfilled  
Love is.

## Fulfilled.

Fulfilled.

Love is  
like a fine thread  
of disturbing presence,  
so sings Youth with resentful air  
while Age looks on with experienced care  
knowing Love never regrets what  
dreams turn into, or not,  
for self-fulfilled  
Love is.

## Full Spate.

### Full Spate

In this enlightened age  
the nearer I come to my final  
breath the brighter sun  
looks when it rises each day  
and the fiercer tumble  
green waves to break on a beach  
bleached to more silver  
than I can remember seeing.

Louder each feathered song,  
extra vivid flowers bloom under  
much bluer sky, ultra  
intense howls a storm as it  
thunders thru' landscape  
renting and lashing with wilder  
spates of cleansing rain.  
Waking to view combinations  
as morning in full spate,  
expresses a clearer fascination  
seems to make senses  
the keener to join glad exultation  
for nature's beauty,  
and glory in new ways of viewing  
with joyous sensation.

Just being alive is enough if love  
lights the day for when  
closer draws endings seems greater  
the need to peer again  
and hear how earth's ready music

vibrates so gracefully.

## Full Spate.

### Full Spate

As maturity ages and  
the nearer I come to my final  
breath the brighter  
looks ripening understanding  
and fiercer tumbles  
wonder full spate on water  
bleached to more silver  
than I can remember seeing.

Louder each feathered song,  
intenser the silence  
before gale lashes sea-scape,  
bluer the sky and longer  
the sun takes to capitulate  
before moon rises,  
more vivid each floral bloom,  
sooner seems seasonal  
change, hues extra beautiful,  
keener my fascination  
with variety Nature achieves.

Just being alive is enough if zest  
lights my day for when  
closer draws endings so greater  
the need to peer again  
and hear how earth's ready music  
excitingly vibrates

## Fused

**Fused.**

**Rivers flow into the sea as raindrops  
blend each into each  
so natural amalgam  
of planned attraction nothing stops.**

**And naught in the world being single  
let us, like two wires caught  
in virtual vibes  
burn as we mingle in this fused mix.**



## Fused.

Fused.

You and I, long ago unfastened the bodice of  
stiff convention,  
trod down high fences of weathered tradition  
and we galloped happily bare-back  
on imagined kisses.

We stole a march on time's attack and found  
nectar seeping thru' holes  
in establishment's mantras, we flung open all  
barriers and danced as we sipped  
clandestine's song of bliss.

We feasted our needs on what was forbidden,  
exposed as false gloomy  
predictions and severing any worn-out words  
on restriction's ticket we boarded  
the love-train to destiny.

Fused into one you and I un-caged a fated  
contentment that  
given free rein seized rarely-used chances  
and though now out of physical reach  
somewhere your spirit rests.

Only until we soul-mates next meet again  
and I know we will.

## Gaining Relief

Gaining Relief.

She whistles her charges with shrill treble  
then in distant meadow  
flicking ears hear, long legs flex,  
tongues slick thirsty lips while giant heads,  
raising from dozes  
among open marigolds heave and stretch  
flanks as vacant eyes gaze homeward.

Mooing with milk-weight ungainly ranks  
meander down lanes to feed  
on barn-hay and feel maid's cool hands  
calming hot udders  
by touch of experience for care disarms  
stress as contentment spurts  
better cream from such fingered cattle.

Slow chewing the cud large animals take  
patient turns for gaining relief  
as the girl's milking pail fills yard-churns  
with nectared pearl drink  
again and again while her supper waits.

Bovines train by responding to kindness  
and right handling when taught  
from the cradle knows  
brimming founts require placid usage  
of youth's willing labour.

## GEMS.

Gems.

Jewelled with  
rainbow translucence roll  
rain-bead balls  
slowly down outside windows.

Golden seed  
pearls, globes of watery  
glory slide  
in uniformed lines, floorward.

Diamonds in  
transit they shine and fire  
sparkles from  
each crystalline orb's inside.

Such gems if caught  
by the scribe's borrowed  
insight odes  
to rain-drops might follow.

## Gifted

*Gifted.*

*Silver streams of muted music  
flow from his bow  
as a fiddler with gifted knowing  
plays solo to no-one but me.*

*Notes of piercing tender appeal  
enter my core  
as that virtuoso in torn coat  
artfully strokes lament to sweet.*

*Homeless and ragged he  
chords known classics  
with professional boldness then  
expertly begins re-scoring keys.*

*How come this violin genius  
hand-strums tricky  
concertos in doorways and shuns  
stage applause from filled seats ?*

## Gifts

Gifts.

Far away on first-fringed beams of morning  
rides Ol' Sol's wild horses, rays' white light  
moving in sequence as saddling beauty for  
Venus gifts pour from her paramour Night.

Stars gathered for dismissal again restored  
to heavenly vaults palely wait 'til sanctified  
by another ascension where again sought  
they display next cavalcade's candle fire.

Passion for his Lady of un-disputable form  
sees the Knight lay down won glory while  
timed to break now rises victorious Dawn  
for with Venus veiled morning can smile.

## Girls

Girls.

Who are supposedly the sweetest most loveable angels  
in all the whole wide world ?  
But who are sometimes the toughest for parents to tame  
than cutely precocious girls ?

Better examples noone could find of forgetting clothes  
or losing notices of classes and terms  
or leaving behind school homework  
or getting away with going to bed lots later than told  
or hiding a half-eaten breadcrust  
or hardly seen using a toothbrush

or adopting brassiness when not doing as asked  
or staying in bathrooms for far too long  
or laying the blame on innocent brothers  
or taking by guile Mum's lipstick for fun-masks  
or jumping in mud then wanting rescue  
or refusing to answer " a silly question".

Well top marks for guessing who fits best description  
and points lost if stating a name.  
Parents tear hair out when newly born females insist  
from the start on score-making  
for there is no offspring knows better about curling  
fathers round little fingers than girls.

## Given.

Given.

A gentle Cornish lady would often say  
    when looking at winter's dawning sky  
and pointing to sunrise - "A given day  
this be an' oh what a gift for we to try  
    puzzlin' out why this morn appears not  
    a usual winter-clad day an' be we glad  
me dear little maid that troubles forgot  
    to vex us this day with anything sad"

Old Rosie would just for fun endeavour  
    to wink at my ignorance that by smiles  
we help Heaven to send small treasures  
in ways hidden but there for the finding.  
She would bend to touch minute blooms  
    and eyes alight state that Cornwall's sun  
"be lightin' their jewel-faces wi' gurt dew  
    this given day so look afore they be gone.

Dear Rosie lived by such simple reminders  
    and what better could she have left behind.

## Glorious Din.

Glorious Din.

The day going home dull light  
had gathered to the horizon for dusk  
to take over coming of night  
and scarlet's dusty coverlet  
hid the best of sunset but then began  
a time to remember.

A pair of stars liquidly shone  
as birds approached from southwest,  
dark drifting specks on  
horizon's mist, quiet hoots  
from wavering indistinct skeins wrung  
remains of air-flight to roost.

Each dot became a bundle  
of goose, vigour of muscles suddenly  
swooped noisy and hungry,  
feathery myriads of arching  
white beating steadily with instinct's  
gift to food-blessed marshes.

With clamour of playground  
at break-time I became dazzled with  
glorious din of sheer sound  
as press of geese-thickness  
droned in relentless refusal to cease  
before true dark settled in.

Soon eerie silence as beaks  
closed on numerous heads, countless



the reasons for goose-mystique.

## Glorious Din.

Glorious Din.

The day going home, dull light  
had gathered in greying rolls for dusk  
to take over coming of night  
as scarlet's striated coverlet  
hid the best of sunset but then began  
a time to remember.

A pair of stars liquidly shone  
as birds approached from southwest,  
dark drifting specks on  
    horizon's mist, quiet hoots  
from wavering indistinct skeins wrung  
music of air-flight to roost.

Each dot became a bundle  
of goose, vigour of muscles suddenly  
swooped noisy and hungry,  
feathery myriads of arching  
white beating steadily with instinct's  
gift to food-blessed marshes.

Like clamour of playground  
at break-time commotion became a  
glorious din of active sound  
as press of geese-thickness  
droned in with relentless clicking for  
space to safely settle in.

Soon eerie silence as beaks

closed on drooping heads reliably set  
to continue goose-mystique.

## Gold Vision.

Gold Vision.

From cool mist of dawning  
re-lighting the hill  
as breeze stroked old pine trees  
I caught a gold vision.

From inside autumn woods  
the fall of long legs  
broke no spell of silence  
as new venture beckoned.

From moist patches of leaves  
ears cupped to listen  
and as head fell to browse  
I saw young horns glisten.

Wide eyes pierced the shadow  
sniffed something not right  
then lithe as quick silver  
dived that deer out of sight.

## Gone

Gone.

As each ebbing tide seaward out-pours  
and leaves its remembered love  
in cove's hidden places,  
as the breakers meet sand on shores  
before sighing on withdrawal  
her thoughts turn to gone embraces.

As life's rollers drag mood heedlessly  
back thru' change unforeseen  
to where duo pleasure once dwelt  
moving tides lend no release  
from the shock of sudden rejection  
or chance for digesting farewells.

## Gone

Gone.

Now gone the spiced taste left by yesterday  
assigns no shame to todayness.

Hunger for pleasure uncovered desire when  
wild disregarded tomorrow's effect.

Last night of surrender still simmers.

Bruised after we gave love a beating normal  
caved in to clandestine need.

Already replacement sensations refuse all  
regret of un-tethered feelings.

Making whoopee behind closed curtains  
knew unbridled emotion relieves.

Right now is behaving but desire still calls.

**GONE.**

Gone.

Lonely black places engulfing the mind,  
Caverns of glistening fear.  
Phantoms arising from pleasanter past  
Tauntingly whisper your name in my ear.  
Wary of re-living memories in dreams  
Willingly I lie awake.  
Facing the clock-ticking wall, I keep too  
Clocking the minutes, for sanity's sake.  
Ducking below tearful blankets once more,  
With broken resolve yet again,  
Sobs fill the silence, life will, it appears,  
Be undeniably never the same.  
Lines of scribbled note inside my head,  
Spell out so clearly 'He's gone',  
Yet those half-empty shelves untidily left  
Begin to insist I cope and move on.

## GORMLESS.

Gormless.

She never prevaricated about what  
she had screeved,  
she seemed unhaffled on being reft.

But she was no rumbustious piece.  
of ignorant gowk.  
She knew all about making a gyle  
and could skitter the quaking top  
of virago-fresh brew like a matron.

Firkin or pottle she bottled the lot,  
cocked a snoop at her unwashed  
whinnock then set out for a quiet  
turn on the high rock-ridden carn.

The moortop felt queachy as Bess  
stumbled along but dinna get riled  
hummin' sea shantys all to herself.

Waverous this maid, skin-full and  
somewhat unsteady had sampled  
that slake all too well.  
She byways roved 'til her smicket  
got spottled.  
A churlish young yokel spied that  
girlie a-slocken  
and yon stripling clod-hopped her  
there on the heather then grassed,



one gormless lassie was weltered  
when slathered.

Bess 'tho undone merrily trundled  
her vagous way,

~~

~~~

dosily dazed,

~ ~~

~~~~ ~~~

home again but well impregnated.

N.B.

Haffled = Quibbled - - - Reft = Left destitute

Gowk = Simpleton - - - Skitter = Skim

Verago = Whirlpool - - - Queachy = Miry

Vagous = Erratic - - - - Smicket = Smock

## Greeting.

I saw today a few brave daffodils,  
each face slewed upward from woodland's  
bare floor and bending I fingered  
shy blooms unfurling, gazed at first brassy  
trumpets' slow stretch to full being  
for Flora's up-rising warms winter chilling  
as awesome Spring chorus begins.

Conjured from deadness bold yellowing bid  
me sing when petaline citric shed  
light into gloom and shiny nods spread glow  
among shadows as beauty readies  
to burst cold's last hold by bounteous growth.

I shall take later strolls to secret  
gold seas of yellow I know will be waiting  
to wave their greeting at me.

## Greetings

For all you beautiful poet-people  
on this special day  
Greetings and bestest of wishes  
with hugs from Fay.

## GROWTH.

Growth.

Whoever binds  
too close  
a curious child  
stops progress  
and stifles  
reason with ties.

Release freedom  
and smile  
as invention flies  
then watch growth  
produce light  
in a child's eyes.

Nurture the mind  
and watch  
progress enliven  
prodigy's search  
for appetite  
    rising from inside.

## Growth.

Growth.

Whoever binds  
too close  
a curious child  
stems progress  
and stifles  
reason with ties.

Release freedom  
and smile  
as invention flies  
then see growth  
light up the  
youngster's inside.

## GROWTH..

Growth.

Whoever binds  
too close  
a curious child  
stops progress  
and stifles  
freedom entirely.  
Loosen a side  
not known  
as invention guides  
inner growth  
moving child  
to learn personal style.

## Happenings

### Happenings

Gazing through shadow to uplit green  
I see sycamore's golden-glint shades  
lose a few leaves in fate's wind-cruise  
spin to watery disintegration, weaving  
anew destiny's shape-changing azure.

\*\*\*\*\*

Pool's silence breaks in liquidy unrest  
as newt struggles with live moth-bait  
then birds take a dive to snatch meals  
of flies untroubled by oncoming death  
as I uncover ways of indifferent nature.

\*\*\*\*\*

Cobwebbed with questions every today  
I view happenings that forecast endings  
to all beginnings thru'which life rushes  
ecstatically tomorrow will crumble away  
but nothing can alter the constant of us.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Happenings

Happenings.

Gazing through shade  
to sunlit leaves  
I see in evergreen's  
golden-glint shades  
loss of first leaves  
in alchemy's ill-fated  
spin to watery grave  
while weaving again  
seasonal change with  
falling face-change.

Pooled reminders float  
away in un-rest to  
show in all hedgerows  
blotched cobwebs of  
autumnal happenings  
embedded today in  
tomorrow's birthed  
and rooted endings  
as spent summer  
now crumbles away.



## Happenings

Happenings.

.

Gazing through shade  
to sunlit leaves  
I see gilt-given maze  
of life-throb order  
start to lose a few ingots  
in alchemy's fated  
drop to readied waters  
that weave food  
from spent greens for  
more shape-changes  
in destiny's doings.

Pooled silence shatters  
in battled un-rest  
as newt struggles with  
catching live feed  
to sustain more mutation  
and as I gaze  
new squabbles arise  
when parent bird tackles  
intent of fledged babies  
ripe for alteration  
by offers of feed before  
first fall from high  
toward different nature.

Magically now-blotched  
and dappled this  
day covets happenings  
which bring wonder

of fate-tumbled endings  
for when begun,  
birthed, rooted and rife  
with felt moments  
of infinite new my hurts  
or sorrows soon fade  
for as awe lightens and  
mind digests nature  
any heavy tomorrows  
just crumble away.

## Happenings

### Happenings

Gazing through shade to sunlit green  
I see sycamore's golden-glint shades  
lose a few leaves in fate's wind-bated  
spin to begin disintegration, weaving  
anew destiny's shape-changing azure.  
Protective twigs hide young nestlings  
until predator visit with frightful haste  
when silence breaks in deathly unrest  
as hawk struggles with live chick-food  
and I have to watch indifferent nature.

Riddled with questions as each day  
repeats happenings forecast to end  
breath that hatched fed and rooted  
a next tomorrow will crumble away  
produces, in me saddened scruples.

## Happenings.

### Happenings

Gazing through shadow to uplit green  
I see sycamore's golden-glint shades  
lose a few leaves in fate's wind-bated  
spin to watery disintegration, weaving  
anew destiny's shape-changing azure.  
Protective twigs cover egg-laden nest  
until predator visit from domed space,  
pool's silence breaks in deathly unrest  
as newt struggles with live moth-food  
and I have to watch indifferent nature.  
Cobwebbed with questions each today  
covets happenings forecast to endings  
after beginnings which birthed, rooted  
and here, tomorrow will crumble away.

## HAPPENINGS.

### HAPPENINGS.

Strange that  
gazing through shade to sunlit leaves  
I see evergreen's golden-glint shades  
lose a few shoots, in alchemy's fated  
spin, to mutate in lake while weaving  
anew destiny's shape-changing mood.

Strange that  
Pooled silence then shatters in un-rest  
as newt struggles with live moth-food  
and as I try to watch I hear bird-rage  
when thrush battles intent of cuckoo  
as eggs are lost to indifferent nature.

Strange that  
When mature and life-webbed Today  
covets happenings bedded in endings  
after beginnings that, birthed, rooted  
and settled Tomorrow crumbles away.

## Hats Off.

Hats Off.

Fluorescence shuttles across the grey frame of morning  
before many are waking to whistle blows  
in a wet dawn  
as coats tighten and boots hurry toward cracks in some  
un-concreted path  
or a hole reported in the highway road  
trousers are hoisted and semi-fastened for yet another  
spate of hours spent work-laden.  
Groups of labourers gather, machines at the ready and  
measuring gear in disarray men meet furtive  
drizzle as it slinks  
down faces yet calling one to another they share some  
horse-play, laughing like lads  
at latest scores in their favourite games  
Grappling with weights and heavier hats they of that  
work force, the strong-arm brigade,  
those who transform  
backbones of roads deserve hearty praise,  
therefore all credit goes,  
to potent load-workers who make worthy the broken  
for more ease of travel.  
Without sweat of such men towns would wear shrouds,  
scrapped cars would be worthless and  
those long journeys  
even more hellish to take, so hats off in thanks  
to the all-weather hat  
and jacket road menders who grow more fluorescent  
with each passing day.

## HAUTEUR..

Hauteur.

"He cometh like lightning with fiercesome intent".

The speed of his flight veers towards  
awesome.

Steely-eyed Peregrine targets what he victimises  
yet brooks no regret.

King of all shows in the deadly hauteur of a Falcon.

With mission accomplished  
spreading broad wings over success, tight-clawed  
he leisurely feeds,  
then regal predator takes to the ether.  
Never forget his threat will appear again so prepare  
to be frightened you birds in mid-air.

## HAVENS.

### Havens

A dull morning of drizzle muffles loud squarks  
of woodland rook-havens  
where wings, raucously shaken cause mayhem  
in noisiest of neighbours  
for business of breeding attracts cackle chorus  
and theft needs concentration.  
Twig-placing skills require guile for completion  
with stealth in home-making.  
Nests ready mass stealing starts war in earnest  
to keep robbing beaks away.

Completion then whistled to watchers males  
stand aside for nest review  
as beds neatly built atop sturdy trees win the  
best She-Bird by using  
procedure, for site-choice belongs to female  
inspectors, strict matrons who  
look first for negligence and reject the untidy  
before yielding to wooing.

As keen-eyed scrutinizing of housework well  
done decides feathered future  
could this habit I ask, in wild crow behaviour  
edify macho in humans ?



## Heady Times

Heady Times.

Mem'ry strides nostalgic walkway  
as dark hides pleased delight.  
Desire guides sought after foreplay  
in caves placed well out of sight.

Ready fires regret no finalés  
Heady times those harbour nights.

**HEARABLE.**

HEARABLE.

I sat one morning in leafy-green oceans  
of growing corn  
and felt the unknowable alter my senses.  
A song of immeasurable beauty caught  
my inner core  
as stalks shouldered sighs up from depth.

Gowns of fragile filigree curled lightly  
round tasseled cobs  
while hums through silver fringes crept.  
Bodies of spider-blown veins muscled  
ballooning over  
bulges of growth to croon around webs.

With audible ticks the chorus of nature  
birthing corn's gold  
in speechless glory became so intense.  
I stayed convinced that morn after proof  
that life's silent race  
is hearable to humans on wonder bent.

## Heart-Breakers..

Heart-Breakers.

I, looking to now  
.....may see icy goodbyes.  
Cold can scribe lonely  
.....but for only a while.

Sudden knows nothing  
.....of season's timing.  
Parting heals better  
.....when sunk by ebb-tides.

Tho' drifts of bleak past  
..... may heighten grief's waves.  
Sun melts the quicker  
.....betrayal's heart-breakers.

Yet new dawns ahead  
.....can warm solo's corner.  
When birdsong begins  
.....hurt wings will spring-soar.

## HEART'S CORE.

Heart's Core.

Living at heart's core,  
suchness is love that all  
unwanted emotion is freed  
from the fear of tearful control.

Looking at love's core,  
suchness is heart that all  
vision becomes ecstatic and  
forgiveness melts veils of mist

.

Loving at heart's core  
suchness is spirit that all  
life sings with transcendent  
light and soul weeps no more.

## Hearts Wept.

Hearts Wept.

Tribute to a much missed poet-friend.

Like a shuttle in lace-makers' fingers  
the thread has flown, the bubble burst.  
Time ended when sand that had lingered  
trickled too fast as the hourglass upturned.  
Like a ripple moving its last on the lake  
the song is sung, the swan is now gone.  
Ink dried when he became past, forsaken  
    the blurring verses for sight was near done.  
Like a battle begun by stalwart hands  
the race has been run, the passion cold.  
Hearts wept as courage made its last stand  
and the finalé of Lost-in-France became told.

## HEAT.

HEAT.

The sun in lemony vapours  
of morning dilates  
pale in dawn's haze.

Beaks of small birds  
sip mossy-stone dew pure as milk  
while June's day stirs.

Sky's bubble-shine  
wraps summer round rooted thrust  
as weed vies with vine.

Silky gossamer  
lies on wet grass which candled air  
dries with a promise.

Sounds of waking  
appear as ferns droop with unfurl  
for summer's heat waits.

## Heaven Held.

Heaven Held.

Strange the interchange which takes place  
in normal sensations.

The sound of water on glass,  
thunder, or grasshopper noise transforms  
into sight down in the ear.

Fresh odours which smell so strongly appear  
as taste to the back of a nose.

Feelings of dampness on  
skin or rose-petal touch of soft velvet ends  
eventually as hearing.

Dawn's wonder is sampled by more than  
mere sight.

The presence of silence exudes a scent  
which turns into feeling.

Birdsong's twitter invades eye-sight just  
like it captivates ears.

Moments of noting translate by alchemy  
to other subconscious senses.

Yet who we are is really much more than  
the sum of all other.

The tower we are is lit by spirit guided by  
divinity and cradled in sacredness.

We, a mixture of clay and angel so vastly  
endowed need wary to tread.

May we ever treat gently the heaven held  
in our miraculous vessel.





## Heaven-Held.

Heaven-Held.

Strange the interchange taking place  
in human sensations.

The sound of rain on flat sea,  
distant thunder, or small insect noises  
transform into sight down in the ear.

The smell of fresh odours  
appear as taste to the back of a nose.

Perceiving dampness on skin, fragility  
of petals or the touch  
of soft velvet is sensed too as hearing.

Dawn's wonder is sampled by more than  
mere sight.

The presence of silence exudes a scent  
which turns into feeling.

Birdsong's twitter invades eye-sight just  
like it captivates ears.

Moments of noting translate by alchemy  
to each of the reflective senses.

Yet who we are is really much more than  
the sum of sensual traits.

The tower we are is lit by spirit guided by  
divinity and cradled in sacredness.

We, a mixture of clay and angel are vastly  
endowed and greatly blessed.

May we ever treat gently the heaven held

in our wondrous vessel.

## Her

Her.

Inward.

More

floods

of salty

distress

whirlpool

themselves

into

loneliness

which hurt and

submerge her.

Outward.

Same

pantomime

carries

on daily

role-molding

her male

as a paragon of

right who

knows how to

control and

suppress her.

Inward

she suffocates while

outward

she fabricates

and those

females now  
free and  
emancipated  
will lead  
her to ask why.

## Her Love

Her Love.

Winter does not aid our pain, like threshed  
meadows we lie  
exposed to that empty day when she had  
to go on her way  
leaving behind such heart-break.

Yet her love has not let us cry as quenched  
need knows she rests  
and with bursts of winter-sad tears when  
her name we repeat  
happy mem'ries follow grief's pain.

## Here

Here.

Here I am  
inside your rousing and as morning breaks  
I shall enter your drousing.  
Yes here I draw nearer as you awake.

Here I wait  
felt but unheard and as your heart falters  
I will feed your mind pleasure.  
Yes here my care I can infiltrate more.

Here I stand  
my hand holding yours and if surrendered  
I'll be a whisper away.  
Yes here I reveal that love is forever.

## Heydays

Heydays.

Springs ago froth on the Hawthorn  
seemed the whiter,  
house-high were waving cornstalks  
and every morning the sun  
warmed my heydays of running free  
in crystal-clear ether  
back then.....  
summers of green turning to order  
sang ease to my wandering  
heedless when increasing autumn  
brought apple-tree bulge  
of ripening fruit which tickled taste  
buds of youthful impatience.

Sabbath-still quiet sang back then  
while trailing daisy-dreams  
I filled days with girlish adventure  
but passing moons age  
small lasses for as shape matures  
nightgowns no longer hang loose.

Innocence cycled to heart's content  
unafraid and resilient,  
security-fed I pedaled solo for miles  
as stability burgeoned and thrived  
back then.....

## Heydays.

Heydays.

Springs ago, froth on the Hawthorn  
seemed the whiter,  
house-high were waving cornstalks  
and every morning the sun  
brought me heydays of running free  
in crystal-clear air.

Whispers of green turning to gold  
sang ease to my old  
heedless summers when increasing  
bulge of apple-tree wait  
with reddening fruit tickled my taste  
buds with impatience,  
where tiddlers from ponds decorated  
jars laid on sideboards  
and tadpoles were carefully watched  
as they became frogs,  
when prayers were oft repeated by  
rote as blessed harvest  
meant working folk tended better  
to farm-job demands,  
where help within family members  
was expected and  
willingly given so that the business  
of good-hearted land  
filled daily living with needful tasks  
as offspring well knew.



Sabbath-still-quiet reigned back then  
trailing daisy-dreams  
through streams of fanciful planning  
as girl-hood drained  
all adventure before barn-owls sang  
final lullabies  
and maiden moons became matured  
while rounder woman  
grew behind girl's nightgown closure.

Lamb-soft was my child-time, sadly  
now ended, when farm-fed  
hands were welcome and oven bread  
freshness pervaded  
aproned kitchens where every place  
on ready-laid tables  
was gained by hard labour drenched  
with family values.

Grace said, any left-overs honoured  
wild fur and feather  
with crumbs saved to spread a-top  
outlying hedgerows.

Innocence cycled then  
for miles unafraid, happily solo and  
resilience thrived.

## Hidden

*Hidden.*

*She in a state of lyrical ecstasy,  
intoxicated with covert excess,  
keeps quiet her excited vision  
of visiting wings while hidden  
closely under placed branches  
she waits for feathered attack  
noting the not-yet-looked-at  
ways hides may be bettered  
for sharing more treasured  
moments, knowing nature  
feeds poets at bird tables.*

## His Call

His Call.

In the thick black bark of sleep a familiar image  
cuts through dreaming's canvas  
as his call imprints smiles on her first waking.

A new sharp taste of his virtual kisses relives  
again her acceptance of fate as  
bliss drips on surrender and nectar infiltrates.

## His Last.

His Last.

A tribute to William Grant one of the  
first pioneers of Arctic Photography.

Afternoon light, heavy with whiteness  
tightened its grip on  
icicles hanging from every branching  
pine tree and roof.  
The ground under-foot looked crusted  
but collapsed when  
gaining confidence, so plunged William  
knee-deep in part slush.  
Happiness surrounded this old beardy  
hunter who bent grisly  
head back to let out manic laughter as,  
fumbling he got one final  
camera-shot of that called "Wilderness"  
After longtime experience,  
taught by arctic conditons amid viscous  
unwrinkled cold sea-top  
sheltering frost-grey mountainous land  
for geese-skein welcome  
during migration an aged photographer  
laid himself down, waved  
farewell breathing his last courageously.

## His Laughter.

His Laughter.

My kitchen swelled with his laughter  
then took a breath  
while Dad, on the chair, rocking back  
a tad beyond point  
of balance only just managed to stop  
himself falling by  
by grabbing my dress with one hand  
and tearing the hem.

He sniffed some apology then pulled  
out a note and said  
with a wink it would buy me another  
only this time of silk.

Always the clown Dad told the tallest  
of stories and chuckles  
surged forward again as he, normally  
chatty, took the floor  
to begin another imagined adventure  
with renewed force.

Memory colours events and although  
time distorts I know  
my kitchen within its walls still holds  
Dad's cheery smiles  
and how I hated to see him fade into  
pale silence before going.

## HIS SCENT.

### His Scent

I still catch his fragrance in  
memory's breeze  
Drifting lonely thru dreams  
each breath it teases.

I breathe in his odour evoked  
by deep yearning.  
It wakes hopes I still keep  
that he may return.

Slowly scent spreads itself in  
breaks of each dawn.  
Great moments of essence  
which both knew before

A few months back his aroma  
perfumed all my now  
Yet common sense knows I  
will move on somehow.

## His Star.

His Star.

I chased this evening  
evening's fade in sunset clouds,  
silver tin-foiled filigree  
tied to grey-as-granite mountains.  
Tinted skirts of hazy  
daytime's late farewell lit night's  
ballooning moon parade  
displayed as fire on quiet shoreline.  
Invasive scarlet-swathe  
hued day's best forgotten noon  
when darker stronghold's rain  
rolled dust into cascades of gloom.  
Drifted with waning sky's  
azure came memory's beams,  
pain-shot their spotlighting  
shadows still haunting my dreams.  
Yet I chased tonight  
night's demons away by love's  
recall when I saw brighter  
his star winking at me from above.

We of the motely crowd  
rush around life,  
gagged and sightless,  
suffused with knots  
of ambitious  
callings yet  
stirred by nothing  
of more import  
than prevarication.

We of the duty-bound  
many should  
shake off the cloy,  
strip habits  
of clock-watching that  
frustrated by  
hearing only the ego  
thinks narrow  
a shield behind which  
lies respectability.

We of the handed down  
attitude toward  
ordered lifestyle should  
take a leap  
through the structured  
see that time  
is for taking to reshape  
pride in playing  
and thus gain resilience.

We of the flagrant belief  
in self-freedom  
should try it and see.



**HITHER.**

Hither.

Whence piled in wait my four-poster doth lean,  
sans bed-mate, toward expectation  
but limbs stoked with flame soon loseth heat.  
Sighs yielding to latent chill this Lady needeth  
a kind Cavalier, unsworded and ardent,  
her favours to take wherein appetite easeth.

By Belial I wouldst rather lie hence on dry hay  
in yon barn than castled in lonely stone  
chamber so I prithee mine Sire do make haste.  
Stride a steed and draw hither to what be fate  
lest this feverish state begin to cool  
and wither the bliss with a frigid ice-maiden ?

## Hold Hard.

*Hold Hard.*

*When autumn creeps nearer  
with lessening light  
hold hard to each space seen  
in grey-cloud denseness.  
When glimpsing low sunsets  
ripping holes in night  
for but a few moments know  
winter's embedding.*

*Best then to set every hearth  
wood-stocked and ready.*

## Hold Me

Hold Me.

Come drug of sleep,  
drop, heavy cloak of woolly mind that dulls clear thought

Hold me tightly.  
Drowse my downbeat heart  
and drown to calm the anxious weight of former hours.  
Come chains of stupor,  
let mood remain sans chill of knowing love can never be.  
Night swallow me.  
Let me browse on nought  
and may an unassuming nothingness be my sole activity.  
Come thick night  
fall over me and hide my naked heart from further light.  
Cover my ache  
Dull me into unopposed  
acceptance of crushed hope, make me hazy as I acquiesce.  
Come half-closed eyes,  
let sight not look again at joy's demise as dark holds sway.  
Silence take me.

## HOPING.

I saw the above picture and the following words sprung to mind.

Hoping.

A twiggy brown deadness is tapping  
my window.

The flowerless wisteria waits hoping  
for Spring.

Its under-sized buds, tight but ready  
for opening.

When will winter cease moaning, so  
their colour might sing ?

## How Many.

How Many.

How many dawns shall a gull's wings  
carry night's shiver enough  
miles to lift and dip beak's gaping hunger  
at sea aiding eyes to catch something  
which eaten keeps feathered hearts warm.

How many dusks will a new wife's lips  
hopefully open on same  
ocean as similar need fills with ache  
a heart missing harbour-safe kisses  
as his overdue boat battles fierce storm.

How many tides could it take to renew  
resolute faith as starved eyes  
search time and again empty horizons,  
re-scanning each mile for love's food  
sailing in late with her sailor on board.

How many hours can be spent praying  
for courage to shake away dread  
and feed on the times when fishermen,  
heavy with haul set homeward again  
knowing a woman waits bravely in port.



## How Many.

How Many.

How many dawns shall a gull's wings  
carry night's shiver enough  
miles to lift and dip beak's gaping hunger  
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How many hours can be spent praying  
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and feed on the times when fishermen,  
heavy with haul set homeward again  
knowing a woman waits bravely in port.

## Hunger

Hunger.

How many dawns shall a gull's wide wings  
carry night's shiver enough  
miles to appease birds' fierce hunger  
at sea, aiding eyes to catch something  
that eaten keeps a feathered heart warm.?

How many dusks will a young wife's lips  
hopefully open on same  
ocean as similar need fills with ache  
a heart missing harbour-safe kisses  
as his overdue boat battles fierce storm.?

How many tides could it take to renew  
resolute faith as starved eyes  
search time and again empty horizons,  
re-scanning each mile for love's food  
sailing in late with her sailor on board.?

How many hours can be spent praying  
for courage to shake away dread  
and feed on the times when fishermen,  
heavy with haul set homeward again  
knowing a woman waits bravely in port.?



## Hunger.

Hunger.

Inside the roar where water meets land,  
and sound supplants all but the tumble  
of pebbles on sand there a plethora of  
lonely concerns exits to leave an angst  
as sea keeps my eyes at distance.

This mysterious boundary of frenzy and  
clash with sting of raw saline invading  
my wait waves crash fury against stress  
of watching for arid wind-scream births  
desert of aching existence.

By the time breakers fall silenced calm  
forces suffusion while in horizon's lap  
small curls of hope arise on sky's brink  
as promise of ship's momentous return  
with no more ocean resistance.

The tumult of love we shared once will  
when resumed recover lost bloom and  
drench need with emotion as yearning  
ebbs because real consummation must  
hunger for fervent persistence.

Spliced together at last ardour's intent  
can leave shallows for wider waters of  
deeper union and binding with patience  
to joy of sated release Heaven bequests  
lovers rewards of consistence.

So come home my sailor safely to me.

## Hunger.

Hunger.

How many dawns shall a gull's wide wings  
carry night's shiver enough  
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at sea, aiding eyes to catch something  
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for courage to shake away dread  
and feed on the times when fishermen,  
heavy with haul set homeward again  
knowing a woman waits bravely in port.?

## HUSBANDRY.

Husbandry.

She whistles her charges with shrill treble then in distant field  
flicking ears hear, wide shoulders flex,  
tongues slick thirsty lips while giant heads, raising from dozes  
among lush marigolds slowly stretch.  
Flanks heave upward and as un-gainly frames meander home  
vacant wide eyes gaze into sunset.

Mooing with milk-weight cows move toward barn where waits  
meal of hay while maid's cool hands calm  
full udders by touch of experience for care dis-arms agitation  
when lactating heat begets alarm.

Result of converted meadow-grass shows in nectar conveyed  
by farmers' lasses from glebe to barn.

Chewing late cud large inmates take patient turns for gaining  
relief while the girl's parlour-pail  
fills and spills pearls at each flick of tail, her supper must wait  
while curdling liquid coagulates.

Bovines react by responding to kindness and discrimination  
for husbandry, taught from the cradle,  
knows brimming founts require good feed and loving labour.

## Hypnotic

Hypnotic.

Oh silvery snake, the day  
I stroked your  
quivering throat, felt the  
strong pulsing  
of dry muscular shivers,  
hung your long  
weight round my shaking  
young shoulders,  
as I stood while the carer  
draped my head  
with your slithering mass  
and as ears then  
heard whispers of hissing  
I felt the hypnotic  
of first reptile experience.

I recall the primitive aura  
gilding your skin,  
that glint in cold eye yet  
warmth of coat,  
the closeness we shared  
in those few  
awesome moments 'tho  
I, as you quietly  
wiggled free, breathing  
normal once more,  
knew instant beguile  
from your sinuous beauty.

## Hypnotic

Hypnotic.

Oh silvery snake, the day  
I stroked your  
quivering throat, felt the  
strong pulse  
within muscular dryness,  
hung your long  
weight around shaking  
scared shoulders,  
stood while your carers  
draped my hair  
in your slithering mass  
and when ears  
heard a whisper of hiss  
I felt how hypnotic  
my reptile experience.  
I shall ever  
recall the primitive aura  
gilding your skin  
with glint in cold eye yet  
warmth of coat,  
the closeness we shared  
in those few  
awesome moments until  
as you quietly  
wiggled free I, breathing  
again normally  
felt the beguile instantly  
of sinuous beauty.

## Hypnotic.

Hypnotic.

Oh silvery snake, the day  
I stroked your  
quivering throat, felt the  
strong pulse  
within muscular dryness,  
hung your long  
weight around shaking  
short shoulders,  
stood while your carers  
draped my hair  
in your slithering mass  
and when ears  
heard a whisper of hiss  
I felt hypnotic  
first reptile experience.  
I shall ever  
recall the primitive aura  
gilding your skin,  
that glint in cold eye yet  
warmth of coat,  
the closeness we shared  
in those few  
awesome moments until  
I, as you quietly  
wriggled free, breathing  
again normally  
knew instant beguile of  
sinuous beauty.

## I Day.

I Day

always try waking Night by slowly kissing  
his languid lips  
with my first rays and twining pale light  
round his lazy reclining.

I creep sinuously into Night's prostrated  
stillness, glide through  
his dreams and, seducing with soft  
finger-movements,  
I await his arousal.

Night without me would be inclined to  
snooze time away  
but I Day  
douse his passion for inactivity.

An hour or two of early fore-play urges  
on my inclination  
before sunrise when work will call.

I feel my breast  
heaving as dawns's dynamics surge  
round my veins  
so writhing with readiness I try again  
but on failing

I Day  
then push Night straight out of bed.



## **I AM . ( Part One of a Series)**

I AM CLOUD.

I am Cloud, the powerful offspring  
of water and gravity  
Like a blanket I hang under Sun's heat, binding his fire  
away from humanity with my cotton-cold fleece.

I Cloud am skilled at basking below heaven's dome  
to nurse sky's ills as I scan ether's tone  
and carry full blasts of iced fury for ignorant humans  
daring to trespass on my line of duty.

I sleep with restive tornadoes  
or hurricanes and keep snow-storms under my toes.

I am Cloud who hides bolts of terrible lightning  
between my huge thighs,  
who controls every rain-shower and will send  
revenge on those offending my pride.

Yet I sometimes allow maiden Moon to peep into  
my bedroom or break thru' my roof.  
and gently smile as night stars play hide-n-seek  
round the edge my flimsy white frock  
and frenetically glitter like dots of diamanté when  
finding a hole in my overcoat pocket.

Sunsets and rises stretch my skin horizontally  
as I blush to produce best coloured hues  
and if in a light mood next morning I know one  
yawn will drench all below me in dew.

Tho' I, Cloud can bound like a fury over miles  
in moments with showers or gales,  
I am a changeling and have power to decide.

I can appear on some mission from nowhere  
and alter weather's display in a moment.

I am able to rise like a sprite from high arena  
or as a babe from the womb I Cloud can call  
forcibly and will by uncorking my bottled genie  
scream should you my position scorn.

So take care as I pass whom you laughingly  
try to blow away with showy tomfoolery  
as if you were my master.

## I AM BREEZE - (A Series)

I am Breeze

a shuffler of leaves, ringleader of April's known bluff,  
the rough dis-abler of faith in blue-noon days,  
that rakish bounder who favours change.

I dance over wave-tops to make cotton wool mountains  
of foaming white froth,  
and who for a joke likes to scuttle moored boats while  
seizing chances to make disarray.

I, Breeze

scatter clouds over dawn's vain attempt to unclad the sun  
and call in a workmate  
named Gale to better break tall wooden masts.

I fan fires in chimney stacks,  
blow smoke over freshly pegged clothes and as tops' dizzy  
insides whizz in a frenzy I laugh.

I never stop thinking up schemes to disturb, for people  
leave houses when I am around as shutters start  
banging, windows may crack and leaning walls  
begin to be scarily creaky.

I am Breeze

who whistles through windows, stirs up roosting rooks  
and fetches a buddy called Storm to rock roofs.  
Shovellers of seas into frenzy, we three together, Storm  
Gale and me tumble to knees tough men  
in rough weather suddenly caught.

Like hounds from hell our pleasure grows with blowing  
down trees then whipping the hands  
of those willing to clear roads and begin rebuilding.  
High cliffs of uncertainty cannot resist our crafty nature  
and crash with gasps of rumbling  
granite when we in trio vote to ask Thunder  
to join in our antics.

It is I begins the triangle of gross misbehaviour, clipping  
hopes of more windless existence for those  
living near coastal waters.  
Make no mistake, lay down a flower or veg-bed too early  
and I the ring leader will take action.  
I am restlessly eager to blister or drown before leaflets  
can grow and fight back.  
I, Breeze,  
frown heavily on forecasts of weather so beware, I will  
ever succeed in clashing with sun  
while making unwary Spring my gullible prisoner  
now April's begun

## I Am Cloud

I Am Cloud.

I am Cloud, the powerful offspring  
of air, water and earth.

Like a blanket I hang under Sun's heat, binding his fire  
away from low thrones with my cold fleece.

I Cloud am skilled at basking below heaven's blue dome  
to nurse sky's mood as

I scan the air carrying blasts of wind for anything  
daring to trespass on my line of duty.

I sleep in the restive arms  
of hurricanes and wrap snow-storms under my toes.

I am Cloud who hides bolts of lightning  
between huge thighs,  
who controls every rain-shower and who can send hail's  
deluge on all who offend my pride.

Yet I often allow that maiden Moon to peep into my  
bedroom or break through my roof.

I have to smile too when night-stars play  
hide and seek round the edge  
of my white flimsy frock and shine like dots of elfish  
diamonds when they  
find a hole or two in my overcoat pocket.

Sunsets and rainbows induce me to stretch horizontally,  
broadening myself in their colourful hues  
and if I feel inclined after night, come the morning my  
yawn drenches all below me in dew.

Yet I, Cloud can ride in a moment like fury over five  
miles of ocean or mountain to strike,  
for I am nature's changeling who refuses to die.

I am Cloud who appears out of nowhere.  
I can rise like a sprite from clear air  
and as a babe from the womb I can, in but a second  
let out my genii who bites with forked lightning  
any denial of my rightful area.  
So beware as I glide past to whom you laugh as you try  
to blow me away with foolishness  
as if you were my master.

## I Am Cloud.

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I am Cloud, the powerful offspring  
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and as a babe from the womb I can, in but a second  
let out my genii who bites with forked lightning  
any denial of my rightful area.  
So beware as I glide past to whom you laugh as you try  
to blow me away with foolishness  
as if you were my master.



## I Am Cloud.

I Am Cloud.

I am Cloud, the powerful offspring  
of water and earth.

Like a blanket I hang under Sun's heat, binding his fire  
away from dry debris with my cold fleece.

I Cloud am skilled at basking below heaven's dome-blue  
to nurse weather's ills and  
carrying blasts of wind I scan the air for anything  
daring to trespass on my line of duty.

I reside in the restive arms of snowy  
vapours and sometimes wrap hurricanes under my toes.

I am Cloud who hides bolts of lightning  
between huge thighs,  
who controls every rain-shower and who can send hail's  
deluge on whatever offends my pride.  
Yet I often allow maiden Moon to peep into my bedroom  
or break through my roof.

I have to smile too when night-stars play hide and seek  
round the edge of my white flimsy frock  
and glitter like dots of diamond beauties when they  
find a hole or two in my overcoat pocket.  
Sunsets and rainbows induce me to stretch horizontally,  
broadening myself in their colourful hues  
and if in a good mood after rest, come the morning my

yawn drenches all below me in dew.

Yet I, Cloud can ride in a moment like fury over miles  
of ocean or mountain to strike  
with ice-darts for I am that changeling who cannot die.  
I am Cloud who appears out of nowhere with mission  
of alchemy's transformation.

I can rise like a ghost to gloom clear ether  
and like a babe from the womb I may, in but a second  
let out my genii who with forked lightning bites  
rude denials of my right to appear.  
I, Cloud favour no family picnic or sandy-dune holiday  
and increase ammunition if me you displease.

So beware as I glide past how and to whom you laugh  
when you try foolish games to blow me away  
as if you were my master.

## I AM CLOUD.

I, CLOUD.

I am Cloud, the powerful offspring  
of water and earth.

Like a blanket I hang under Sun's heat, binding his fire  
away from low natures with my cold fleece.

I Cloud am skilled at basking below heaven's blue dome  
to nurse sky's ills while

I scan the air carrying blasts of wind for anything  
daring to trespass on my line of duty.

I sleep in the restive arms  
of hurricanes and wrap snow-storms under my toes.

I am Cloud who hides bolts of lightning  
between huge thighs,  
who controls every rain-shower and who can send hail's  
deluge on all who offend my pride.

Yet I often allow maiden Moon to peep into my bedroom  
or break through my roof.

I have to smile too when night-stars play  
hide and seek round the edge  
of my white flimsy frock and shine like dots of elfish  
diamonds when they  
find a hole or two in my overcoat pocket.

Sunsets and rainbows induce me to stretch horizontally,  
broadening myself in their colourful hues  
and if in a good mood after rest, come the morning my  
yawn drenches all below me in dew.

Yet I, Cloud can ride in a moment like fury over five  
miles of ocean or mountain to strike,  
for I am that changeling who cannot die.

I Cloud favour no picnic or beachy summer display

and increase ammunition if me you displease.

I am Cloud who appears out of nowhere with mission  
of alchemic alteration.

I can rise like a ghost from clear air  
and like a babe from the womb I can, in but a second  
let out my genii who bites with forked lightning  
all denial of my rightful area.

So beware as I glide past to whom you laugh and try  
to blow me away with puffs of foolishness  
as if you were my master.

## I Am Desire.

I am Desire,  
that strenuous jailor whose nightly  
visits leave victims  
guiltily restless in lonely beds.

I, Desire, free readiness  
by presenting visions of indulgent  
abundance, I unbind  
the notion of forbidden caresses.

Shaking lust over clandestine fruit  
that ignores denial  
I, Desire control flesh and blood  
by awakening wishes,  
then propose fancy as achievable  
and invade any fortress  
erected to misapplied rejection.

When I take the floor enthrallment  
drenches repression  
with scent of self and emancipation  
takes over control.

I am Desire and  
no one denies my awesome ability  
to rouse without fear of reprisal.

Despising restraint I enter hearts  
that unguarded swell  
with an ache for sensual freedom  
never been known before

Note therefore that I, Desire fight  
tooth and claw  
to lead with clandestine nose-rings  
those who persist in  
voting for fetters as stronger than  
draw toward liberation  
passion's absolvment in release.

Oppose me and subjection will place  
resolution as captive  
under chained lock and key.

I believe in being an ultimate winner  
for I am Desire  
and subjugate moves to check my  
intention of extrication  
and when minds are set in resign  
this is a reminder  
that I am forever invincible.

## **I Saw Him.**

I Saw Him.

Over the wide expanse of rise  
I, in my heavy boots  
strode out to crest the skyline  
ready to try precarious  
high beauty on top of the ridge.

I breathed in the thrill of gain  
at that knife-edge and  
viewing the drop toward pines  
in their thousands,  
shining bodies slightly hiding  
my vision when there  
I saw him cupping fine ears to  
the ground as wind  
began stroking shivering trees.

The stance I had seen assured  
kingly awareness of  
self and the powerful pride of  
his demeanour felt  
awesome as he lingered while  
leaf-browsing then  
eyed me before disappearing.

I with such smallness of mind  
thought to find more  
signs of why he was there yet  
I, enlightened that  
day after sighting confidence

in his liquid brown  
eyes, which without the least  
judgement took life  
as he found it right on the top  
of a mountain, hasted  
away warily yet high as a kite  
with such fortune then  
realized wild-life had lessons  
to teach in being  
sure footed for knowing error  
before mistaking steps  
brings painful regret is wise.

That cougar experience is one  
I shall never forget.



## I Spied.

I Spied.

I bought a star-line to fish in Love's pool  
and caught an obsession or two.  
I spied a face in the lake called Romance.  
and reflected on what next to do.  
I stole a moonbeam from Destiny's sky  
and shone it on someone I knew.  
I took a long look in my Fantasy book  
and one there was coming in view.  
I picked time from the tree of Forever  
and dreamt of being with you

## I Wonder.

I Wonder.

Then as we tightened the  
knots of love,  
earth underneath us and  
sky above,  
we decided to prove, in  
fate's twilight  
love's maturing delights,  
you and I.

But we were to lose dual's  
new-found bliss,  
and with you no longer here  
and me still  
grieving on earth and in tears  
I wonder why.

## I Would

*I Would.*

*Were I a dragon I would launch from  
penned pinnacle, stretch out lettered  
pinions, breathe verse into fervour,  
fasten my claws to thy castle window  
and wouldst Sir Knight read to thee  
rhythmical verses of firey healing.*

*Were I a mermaid I would grow limbs  
to leap linguistic rapids, walk through  
moatless shallows and when under  
thy casement recite 'til thou open  
to metaphored poems dispatched  
as proof that myths relay feeling.*

*Were I an oak tree I would heap leaf  
cushions coated in notelets, scented  
with letters and prepare thee a pillow  
of verbal nutrition where words  
become whispered to soothe spirit's  
fretting by metrical meaning.*

*Were I given means to write odes  
as potions  
I would see thou receivest the most.*

**IF**

IF.

If lovers co-mingle who once Heaven breached,  
if echoes of ardour pierce final silence,  
when I wait in this void where stars collided  
his warm voice I will hear.

If hearts now formless mold bodies from ether,  
if in other worlds ghosts create substance,  
when I kneel to plead for more solid assurance  
his soft touch will I feel.

If spirits escape from restrictions of air,  
if souls can revisit scenes of past bliss,  
when I walk in dreams of remembered kisses  
he will be with me there.

## If Only.

If Only.

No tonic compares to dawn's rewarding blackbird-sweet melodies  
spilling abroad.

Silence drips with explosion as heart bares feathered note-shards  
which pierce crystal air.

If only my pen could capture each rapturous  
droplet of sound, alchemy bottled in clearest  
liquid notes which unstopped pour healing  
on festering mind-sets, this dose of captured  
spring-chorus would invoke poetic treatment.

Of all nature's trilled symphonies this bird's throaty repertoire hastens  
bards to rise early.

So with his tuneful soliloquies stirring my sleep I now gratefully rouse  
and intend to drink deeply.

**IF ONLY.**

If Only.

No tonic compares to dawn's rewarding  
blackbird melodies fondly spilling abroad.  
Silence drips with explosion as soul bares  
un-taught notes ready to pierce crystal air.

If only my pen could capture  
each droplet of sound  
as alchemy bottled in rapture  
soaks festering,  
mood of doleful feelings  
and doses joy into morn or eve  
invoking my mentals  
to note chorus and sing aloud.

.  
Of all nature's trilled symphonies a bird's  
throaty repertoire hastens me to rise early.  
So his ancient soliloquies stirring my sleep  
I gratefully rouse and intend to drink deeply.

## If Only.

If Only.

No tonic compares to dawn's rewarding  
blackbird-sweet melodies spilling abroad.  
Silence drips with explosion as notes bare  
feathered soul-shards that pierce crystal air.  
If only my pen could capture  
each droplet of sound  
as alchemy bottled in rapture  
soaks bird's boundary  
with heard joy, if my passion  
roused by joining loud  
whistling to a poetic canvas  
could chorus its proud  
aria my awe would take action.  
Of all nature's trill- symphonies this bird's  
throaty repertoire hastens me to rise early.  
So with tuneful soliloquies stirring my sleep  
I gratefully rouse and intend to drink deeply.

## If Only.

### If Only

If only my wordlets could capture  
each droplet of rapture  
as alchemy bottled in moments  
of changling awe  
soaks any invasive festering  
of unaware mentals  
silence would drip with explosion.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Shards of music could then open  
on crystal air and proud  
bird would dose joy into cloudy  
dawn invoking my ink  
to join in the chorus of singing.



**If.**

If.

If lovers co-mingle who once Heaven breached,  
if echoes of ardour pierce final silence,  
when I wait in this void where stars collided  
his kind voice I will hear.

If hearts now formless mold bodies from ether,  
if in other worlds ghosts create substance,  
when I kneel to plead for more solid assurance  
his soft touch will I feel.

If spirits escape from restrictions of air,  
if souls can revisit scenes of past bliss,  
when I walk in dreams of remembered kisses  
he will come to me there.

**IF.**

IF.

If lovers co-mingle whom Heaven has breached,  
if echoes of ardour pierce final silence,  
when I wait in this void where stars collided  
his dear voice will I hear.

If feelings now formless mold shape from ether,  
if other-world ghosts can inhabit substance,  
when I kneel to plead for more solid assurance  
his soft touch will I feel.

If spirits escape from grave's non-breathing air,  
if souls need past bliss and gone-times revisit  
when I lie in dreams of long honeyed kisses  
he will come to me there.

**If.**

If.

If you visit me when the sea, flat as glass lies quietly  
basking in hot summer sunlight  
I'll come to you when the grass, flaked with autumn  
moon-lace waits some alluring night.

If you call at my door when the moor, cold and raw  
molds winter to passion's wild scene  
I'll come to you when the woods, belled in blue smell  
of spring's heady lust dressed in green.

If you fill my heart yearly through seasonal changes  
and share ardent feelings together  
I'll come to you when fades young amour to infuse  
weathered fore-play with forever

**ILL-SENT**

Ill-Sent.

Granite protection tries its stone-utmost  
to stave away land-slides along our coast.

Take an ocean of rimless diversity  
where scrolls of dread power build reign  
of gale-threat to explode with ill sent fury.  
Take the intent of human endeavour  
to stay the wet moves of saline invasion  
storm-bent on retaining unfettered misrule.

Try to imagine strain's weary shoulders  
defiant with bulge of work-hardened veins  
attempting to re-bolster, thus divert disaster.  
Try to conceive how when tragedy's brink  
floats nearer and fields sink mud-locked  
in watery vortex hopes for deliverance crash.

Unhookably fierce the teeth of sea-storms  
that brook no relief until wind speed alters.

**ILL-SENT.**

Ill-Sent.

Granite protection tries its stone-utmost  
to stave away land-slides along our coast.

Take an ocean of rimless diversity  
where scrolls of dread power build reign  
of threat to explode with ill-sent fury.

Take the intent of human endeavour  
to stay the worst moves of saline invasion  
gale-bent on claiming unfettered misrule.

Try to imagine weary male shoulders  
defiant with bulge of work-hardened veins  
attempting to bolster diverted disaster.

Try to conceive how when tragedy's brink  
floats nearer and fields sink mud-locked  
in watery vortex hopes too can crash.

Unhookably fierce the teeth of sea-storms  
that brook no relief until wind speed alters.

## Impatient

Impatient.

When at last his boat harbours  
ends anticipation.

Cargo of un-tied togetherness  
waves as it vibrates.

Bales of unloaded sensation will  
strive to be tasted.

Pay-loads of waited-for nectar  
sit ready for later.

Passion survives only if often  
its action is savoured.

I know boarded fervour when  
beached must be bated.

Hatches down-closed signal  
mate is impatient.

I can't wait to un-bottle and  
sip all his hot freight..

## Imprinted

Imprinted.

Home

is an image seared over the soul,  
natal attachment ties each heart to the whole.

Nests

mother fledglings in feathered embrace  
yet ocean hatchlings seek fins and fish faces.

Burrows

are dens under wind sheltered rocks  
where furry parents nurse new moles or foxes.

Caring

impressions cleave close to fresh lives,  
when meant love rules offspring will thrive over time.

Birthlings

need care as all nature can show,  
imprinted forever that first welcome to home.

**IMPRINTED.****IMPRINTED.**

Home is an image seared to the soul,  
natal-tied this attachment to each its own.  
Bent grass or heather a fledgling's place,  
under-sea caverns fish hatchlings embrace.  
Burrows and dens in wind sheltered rocks  
aid parents nurse rabbit, mole, badger or fox.  
Nests of impressions cleave to each mind  
as all kids of chicks breathe air the first time.  
Scribed in humankind's beating heart  
is home where eyes meet love at life's start.  
Anything other will colour and stick  
to impede the future of weakened offspring.  
Care is soul-needed as nature shows  
for indelibly imprinted is the image of home.



## In Error.

In Error.

I catch somehow  
the view  
of inside tears in eyes  
that peer  
sadly  
from furrowed brow.  
Behind that half-smile  
bravely  
shown for camera  
lens,  
the pretence ends  
as  
all the while  
endless  
dry red dust  
surrounds the sound  
of home  
falling,  
wall by broken wall,  
but  
smile she must.  
Homeless now,  
with age-old grit  
she stands,  
aware  
her world has stopped.

- - -

- -

Another bomb

- -

in error,

- -

dropped

## In Motion

In Motion.

Tumbled in random the rocks  
wet with river  
stay well on course as water  
pours over fingers  
against swaying willows and  
pausing it carves  
hollows where fish flash fins.

Tiny white stones singing so  
prettily trill low as  
stream dashes to ocean with  
roar in its hearing  
for the bolt of its going shows  
it has run there before  
and longs to roar deeper with  
high-breaking dancers  
performing wild catapults by  
beck's counter-flow  
for liquid in dynamic motion  
begets molten magic.

## In Sequence.

In Sequence.

Far away on first-fringed beams of morning  
rides Ol' Sol's wild horses, rays' white light  
moving in sequence as saddling silence for  
Venus gifts pour from her paramour Night.

Stars gathered for dismissal again restored  
to heavenly vaults palely wait 'til sanctified  
by another ascension where again sought  
they display next cavalcade's candle fire.

Passion for his Lady of un-disputable form  
sees the Knight lay down won glory while  
timed to break now rises victorious Dawn  
for with Venus veiled morning can smile.

## In The Making

In the Making.

Symphony in the making was silently  
waiting in his old workshop.  
I viewed with amazement that motley  
collection of well-used tools  
and knew how unusual was the music  
hung there adorning the walls.  
Hammers and saws tuned in for action,  
tin shears and gimlets  
stood ready to combat wood-shrinkage,  
old oil-stones for honing  
the blades all told me they could sing to  
a Maestro's conducting.  
An old wicker-chair in which I was sitting  
plaintively winced at my  
young movement as I examined the magic  
in that Merlin's cave for,  
about to be married I needed a man who  
was declared a true master  
of all things wood and who by talented  
hands could teach me the craft.  
I for once was eager to learn all the hows  
of the trade, thankful the chance  
of fine carpentry was coming my way so  
I put on my new white apron,  
picked up the apprentice-stick-measure  
and like a baton gave it a tap  
as my first ballad was about to take shape.

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I put on my new white apron,  
picked up the apprentice-stick-measure  
and like a baton gave it a tap  
as my first ballad was about to take shape.

## In Transit.

In Transit.

Jewelled with  
rainbow translucence roll  
rain-bead balls  
slowly down outer-windows.  
Golden-globe  
seed pearls, clear watery  
glories slide  
in uniformed lines, floorward.  
Diamonds in  
transit they shine and fire  
sparkles from  
each crystalline orb's inside.  
Smallest gems,  
if unnoticed, might seem  
irrelevant,  
joining the fall into sheen.  
Caught however  
by eyes with keen poetic  
insight rain-drop  
wonder bequeaths an ode.

Once.

This loaf I bake was once golden wheat  
which harvested,  
threshed then ground  
made flour from ripened ears of blessing.

This cheese I churn was once milky froth  
which with countless  
turning first creamed then set

to hardened thickness of clotted health.

This wine I drink was once fruity grape  
which trodden made  
from flesh musty liquid  
that time changed to nectar-rich pleasure.

This thanks I give was once humbly said  
as harvest custom  
so feasters could not forget  
that abundance appears when heads bend



## In Transit.

In Transit.

Jewelled with  
rainbow translucence roll  
rain-bead balls  
slowly down outside windows.  
Golden-globe  
seed pearls, clear watery  
glories slide  
in uniformed lines, floorward.  
Diamonds in  
transit they shine and fire  
sparkle from  
each crystalline orb's inside.  
Smallest gems,  
if unnoticed, might seem  
irrelevant,  
joining the fall into sheen.  
Caught however  
by eyes with keen poetic  
insight odes  
to rain-drops might follow.

## In Transit.

In Transit.

Jewelled with  
rainbow translucence roll  
rain-bead balls  
slowly down outside windows.

Golden-globe  
seed pearls, clear watery  
glories slide  
in uniformed lines, floorward.

Diamonds in  
transit they shine and fire  
sparkle from  
each crystalline orb's inside.

Smallest gems,  
if unnoticed, might seem  
irrelevant,  
joining the fall into sheen.

Caught however  
by eyes with keen poetic  
insight odes  
to rain-drops might follow.

## In Transit.

In Transit.

Jewelled with  
rainbow translucence roll  
rain-bead balls  
slowly down outer-windows.  
Golden-globe  
seed pearls, clear watery  
glories slide  
in uniform lines, floorward.  
Diamonds in  
transit they shine and fire  
sparks from each  
crystalline orb's inner eye.  
Smallest gems,  
if unnoticed, might seem  
irrelevant when  
joined by rush into sheen.  
Caught however  
by eyes with keen poetic  
insight rain-drop  
beauty bequeaths an ode.

## In Transit.

In Transit.

Jewelled with  
rainbow translucence roll  
rain-bead balls  
slowly down outside windows.  
Golden-globe  
seed pearls, clear watery  
glories slide  
in uniformed lines, floorward.  
Diamonds in  
transit they shine and fire  
sparkle from  
each crystalline orb's inside.  
Smallest of gems,  
if unnoticed, might seem  
so irrelevant,  
joining the fall into sheen.  
Caught however  
by eyes with poet's keen  
insight odes  
to rain-drops might follow.

**IN TUNE.**

In Tune.

Between yesterday  
and tomorrow wends a space  
of todayness  
waywardly waiting  
without much intent to remain.

Between solemn gray  
nowness and forever's horizon  
arises distance  
of frustrating stress  
that promises time will silence.

Between waking  
and sleep there is a somewhere  
of rare dreamy  
moments daring hearts  
to air the new-found awareness.

Between heaven  
and paradise lies reasons why  
souls whose song  
keeps in tune with love  
that feel-of-belonging will find.

## Inbringing

*Inbringing.*

*Then bends the sun  
equinox driven sets sphere lower  
high-rises.*

*Shrinks then inbringing,  
autumnly thinned by outdone  
long daylight.*

*Then falls the fruit  
thrifty gathered before winter's  
finger bites.*

*Stands then the haystack  
sheaved after scything to stay  
watertight.*

*Then hang the hands,  
busyness stilled and readied  
for respite.*

*Sleeps then the reaper  
diligence beaten by hard toil's  
strict timing.*

*Then eases strain,  
weary forgotten keeps harvest  
within sight.*

*Praise then the labour  
when facing crude reaping of  
food ripened.*

## Incoming

Incoming.

Sunny sails clutter the bay.  
Storm-beaten seagulls shriek shored lament.  
Now windless calm covers the distance  
between shore and ship in misty-grey haze  
and she in her Sunday-best  
waves to the horizon and incoming kin.  
Innocence kicking the sand.  
Anxious girl watching as boats haul home.  
High-tide laps quiet against harbour wall  
after fear's silent plea for a safe landing  
and she in her foam-soaked dress  
wades in more to welcome him she adores.

## Incoming.

Incoming.

May's incoming morning.

Countryside glory.

Resplendently pregnant.

Expecting sun's warmth.

Betraying no moment

I taste early beauty

Inhale quiet's presence

And watch day take root



## Incoming.

Incoming.

Sunny sails clutter the bay.  
Storm-beaten seagulls shriek shored lament.  
Calm, now windless, covers the distance  
between shore and ship in misty-grey haze  
and she in her Sunday-best  
waves to the horizon and incoming kin.  
Innocence kicking the sand.  
Anxious girl watching as boats haul home.  
High-tide laps quiet against harbour wall  
after fear's strong plea for a safe landing  
and she in her foam-soaked dress  
wades further in welcoming him she adores.

## Incomparable

**Incomparable.**

**Let all our dreamscapes revive first making  
when tones of a moon-silvered sea poured  
molten thirst on youthful excess.**

**Let our passion-flamed eyelids see no sad  
regret when reviewing snatched kisses hot  
with furnace of covert treasure.**

**Let that incomparable music of oneness scent  
our hearts with remembered perfume of time  
tuned to honing coupled pleasure.**

**INDELIBLE.**

Indelible.

With Eden gone I can still catch its traces  
in trilling of larks, in open faces  
of clifftop thrift, in lizard's shelled skins  
and the soft sound waves make  
on pebbles as their white bonnets break.

Though Paradise did not remain I perceive  
its irrefutable gifts in ripe fields,  
at harvest bounty, in revived flowers  
after rain and mild heat  
of autumnal sun on fruiting orchard trees.

Though Heaven's garden no more exists  
I see it's whispered persistence  
in the thrust of a puppy's friendly paw,  
in fawn's eyes and fish fins  
aflame with fluorescent scales lit by liquid.

With Eden now disappeared I might hear  
it still in wild foxy shrieks  
in owl's eerie cry, in hedgehog snuffles  
and in rabbit's high leaps  
of rapture as Spring invites him to breed.

Despite Eden's loss such faultless design  
marks indelible time behind  
every heartbeat found inside nature  
and hides in events alive  
with amazement to a poet's awed mind.



**Indelible.**

Indelible.

With Eden gone I can still catch its traces  
in trilling of larks, in open faces  
of clifftop thrift, in lizard's shelled skins  
and the soft sound waves make  
on pebbles as their untied bonnets break.

Though Paradise did not remain I perceive  
its irrefutable gifts in ripe fields,  
at harvest bounty, in revived flowers  
after rain and mild heat  
of autumnal sun on orchard's fruit trees.

Though Heaven's garden no more exists  
I see its whispered persistence  
in the thrust of a puppy's friendly paw,  
in fawn's eyes and fish fins  
lit with fluorescent scales within liquid.

With Eden now disappeared I may hear  
it still in wild foxy shrieks  
in owl's eerie cry, in hedgehog snuffles  
and in hare's high kicks  
when dawn rekindles the joy of being.

Despite Eden's loss such faultless design  
marks indelible time behind  
every heartbeat found inside nature  
and hides in events alive  
with amazement to a poet's awed mind.



## Indifferent Nature

Indifferent Nature.

Gazing through shadow to uplit green  
I see sycamore's golden-glint shades  
lose a few leaves in fate's wind-bated  
spin to watery disintegration, weaving  
anew destiny's shape-changing azure.  
Protective twigs cover egg-laden nest  
until predator visit from domed space,  
pool's silence breaks in deathly unrest  
as newt struggles with live moth-food  
and I have to watch indifferent nature.  
Cobwebbed with questions each today  
covets happenings forecast to endings  
after beginnings which birthed, rooted  
and here, tomorrow will crumble away.

## Informed.

The Man.

Not yet flesh-and-blood-clad  
an informed essence traced familiar  
space in joy's timeless dimensions  
then gladness for living in airy realms  
met human need at ether's earth-edge,  
called by request an Only-Begotten  
became eager to manifest.

Apple of Father's kingly eye  
descended mightiness, mission-sent  
in princely service, male-shaped and  
love-veined pity walked as The Man,  
gathering awed listeners and openly  
talking of narrow's divinely-set way  
toward state of redemption.

Truth-driven, without fear  
freedom-revealer scorched pride and  
fiercely tore aside feeble excuses for  
uncaring tax-tables of lucre-exchange,  
much despised yet understanding He  
bent in submission then faced anger's  
ire to bear undeserved sentence.

Cuffed as thorned reprobate  
silent remained and while high-court  
rose to vilify spit and condemn, Love  
stood alone, mocked for absolving all  
unknowing error, prepared to suffer  
in facing nail-staked slow death.

Outlawed and buried, grave  
could hold but the form for life-force  
arose, showed such attack had freed



inner Being, mould-bound in human  
denial, un-humbled pride never saw  
Love's undying success.

\*

\*

But can we ?

## **Ink-Bitten.**

Ink-Bitten.

Whence cometh this sudden burst ?

Strong the feeling of need to unearth quill  
and clutter blank canvas.

Why falleth such daze of commitment ?

This utter compel to verse comprehension  
with ink and pen,  
is't call of the Muse that so draws ?

Or perhaps a deep awe taketh poetic minds  
to other than normal.  
Wouldst mine own experience of versing  
beyondness inspire new ideas ?

Wonder's strict urge to word the unwordable  
is it so rare ?

To set down the force of emotional fire in neat  
order proves the vocation of serious scribing.  
A flow of lined fervour cometh alive and eateth  
the will despite dirth of time.

Yet what behest dost survive felt pressure when  
lettered addiction graspeth its hold ?

'Tis more than mere ring in the nose set

the ink-bitten soul to capture by mark Heaven's  
intelligence or pits of the darkest hell.

If written expression be older than old  
and every sure pen-stroke lead viewing hearts  
to read on, all praise to the bard.

Long-licked bones, 'tis methinketh, that  
maketh the art in poetry.

## Inside Breath.

Inside Breath.

Soaked in deep mystery,  
conceived through life's troublesome times  
and caught invitingly inside breath stands a  
vision of Paradise lost, ready to be regained  
because intuition insists.

It helps ageless perception  
by conjuring cotton-wool clouds whose drip  
never ceases to feed minds with discernment  
inside and out and cannot be from any but  
mind's awareness if reflected.

Wild dreams become tamed  
when flowers of insight blossom yet never  
wilt with allowed ire, nor ever are severed  
inside the breath, as young freshness never  
would find if blindness remained.

As a white whispering dove  
will stay quiet until high-flying then proudly  
stride into heaven itself to release a dream  
held fast inside, so are aspects of poetical  
breath felt by those who know love

## Inside Dreams

Inside Dreams.

Truly renewing  
within my core I now feel your own.  
Fondly consoling  
    inside dreams I see your face alone.  
Deftly refreshing  
I bathe in the fusion my spirit adores  
Boldly transforming  
inside my essence I now carry yours.

## INSIDE ME.

### INSIDE ME.

Substance of rock remembers its core.  
Change comes slowly as granite gyrates.  
By unending test grow boulder's vibrations.  
Time's scarring yields not to wildest of storms.

There is stone inside me that knows stone.  
Cycles of stasis require same role-behaviour.  
Grind etches diamonds in cushions of patience.  
Grit's aid means soul-beauty unbent stays whole.

## INSIDE ME.

Inside Me.

Substance of rock remembers its core.

Change comes slowly but granite recalls.

With unending patience boulder's vibrations  
yield to year's grind of out-facing each storm.

There is rock inside me which apes stone.

Same cycles of stasis show mind's vital role.

By veering courageously toward perseverance

I shall gain more endurance and betrayal control.

## Insistence

Insistence.

Dawn hangs on the trees, force slivers floorward,  
slips into sleep's acres,  
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays  
snipe at quiescence  
before sunrise insistence moves bleary dreamers  
to wide-away doers.

Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality  
when shaken mind rouses  
to sense present infinity ticking away rest- time  
making the richer  
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as  
night hooks day to my use.



## Instinctive

Instinctive.

Stars like sparks splutter to bed  
as birds catch fire.

Smut-red lips of sultry sun kiss  
mouldering night  
and with dawn's tinted shimmer  
blue high-light's sky.

Throat of thrush flintily strikes  
more trilled intent,  
while edge of new day's inciting  
makes eye-sight bent  
on shining explosion to electrify  
flight for one insect  
and I just stare quietly admiring  
wings in strident zest  
as self unfed searchers must try  
to find nourishment  
if needy nestlings are to survive.

Day's birth reminds  
all early bird risers of urges felt  
by instinctive signs.

## Intake

Intake.

As division trembles on time's very edge we  
sit on bent grass and wind-dried heather  
tracing the breaking of dawn.

Like eyes each disc of light assails in-coming  
shoreline to scatter blackness as stars  
sighting morning gild its form.

Pulsating with power day bursts forth with  
oceans of jewelled diamanté darting  
to coat each breaker in glitter.

What awesome intake this token cliff-top  
display of unbroken performance as  
sunrise completes dawn's finish.

## Intake - (plus one for Fun Friday)

Intake.

On time's very edge change trembles discreetly  
while silent I trace from midnight wait  
the welcome breaking of dawn.

Like haloed eyes light-discs assail horizon  
and scatter black patches as tide's shift,  
sighting sunrise gilds its form.

Pulsating with force day bursts its aurora  
as jeweled flashes on ocean's face  
coats breakers in scintilla.

Such awesome intake this token on cliff-top  
of unbroken performance as beams  
rush to complete dawn's finish.

-----

( Now a bit for Friday Fun-Day)

WINGING IT.

Book me for no one-night Love flight,  
sky-heights only serve to bolster my girlish reserve  
as quick-flings to me never looked right.

I need no Mile-High incentive,  
no pill or potion or passenger-brews for emotion  
will make me more passion-attentive.

Force me to use no fore-play things  
amusing as toys but only to sort the men from boys

who have not a scrap of understanding.

My amour-taste is plainly for straight,  
no chains or spankings make me comply, frankly  
nothing could teach me to tease or bait.

Find me a Club that puts Love first  
where tenderness renders me fit for surrender  
for that I never need any rehearsal.

Winging replete to another plane  
with feet grounded by norm's earthy sounds  
soars me to bliss again and again.

Show me dimensions where soul  
contacts heart and breaks records for more  
larking than mere airborne moments.

Mile-High one-flight guys who like  
such delights never quench my kind of thirst  
for this girl prefers earthier love life.

## Intake.

Intake.

As division trembles on time's very edge we  
sit on bent grass and wind-dried heather  
tracing the breaking of dawn.

Like eyes each disc of light assails in-coming  
shoreline to scatter blackness as tide  
sighting morning gilds its form.

Pulsating with power day bursts forth with  
oceans of jewelled diamanté-darts  
coating each breaker in glitter.

What awesome intake this token cliff-top  
display of unbroken performance as  
sunbeams complete dawn's finish.

## Intake.

Intake.

As division trembles on time's very edge we  
sit on bent grass and wind-dried heather  
tracing the breaking of dawn.

Like eyes each disc of light assails in-coming  
shoreline to scatter blackness as tide  
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Pulsating with power day bursts forth with  
oceans of jewelled diamanté-darts  
coating each breaker in glitter.

What awesome intake this token cliff-top  
display of unbroken performance as  
sunbeams complete dawn's finish.

## Intent

*Intent.*

*I saw light splash itself  
early this morning  
all down the blue spikes  
of dying irises,  
it lit each snail shell,  
hugged nibbled acorns  
and fell over butterflies  
emerging from chrysalis.*

*I watched dusk kissing  
roses this evening  
as spiders spin webs  
before day's finish  
while gilt heads  
of filled honeybees  
fly leg-heavy  
to nectar-fed Queens.*

*I spent minutes of time  
viewing small life  
using light wisely  
and learnt why  
intent is worth the fight.*

## INTENTIONS.

Intentions.

When destiny's route  
is scribed on lives unprepared to carry its weight  
every miniscule  
setback will breed resentment for unwelcome fate.

If humans accrue  
signs of erroneous motive weak choices are made  
for furrowed brows bruise  
lovers' attempts to find beauty when bias dictates.

Mistrust as reviewed  
in judgemental suspicion may relationships strain.  
yet love abhors rules  
which tritely reject best intentions of trying again.



**INTER-SPUN.**

Inter-Spun.

Enclosed tightly in mysterious love  
the raw spirit in every creation  
writes its own song.

Hidden flames of desire inter-spun  
with laws of attraction alternate  
thru' ranges of passion.

Heated shape and colour determine  
flow as streams of many-faced  
need unfold excitement.

Furnace-hot each love searcher holds  
odours of light which pick right  
vibrations so fate responds.

Grown from tenuous beginnings in  
unmistakable seams stone-hard  
bonding warms closeness.

Life permeates those who, unafraid  
to know secrets where composure  
is challenged, go for gold

## Interchange

Interchange.

Strange the interchange taking place  
in human sensations.

The sound of rain on flat sea,  
distant thunder, or small insect noises  
transform into sight down in the ear.

The smell of fresh odours  
appear as taste to the back of a nose.  
Perceiving dampness on skin, fragility  
of petals or the touch  
of soft velvet is sensed too as hearing.

The presence of silence exudes a scent  
which turns into feeling.

Yes who we are is more than translated  
alchemy of reflected senses  
shown in the sum of each sensual trait.

Our Being's tower is lit by spirit guided  
by divinity and cradled in sacredness.  
We a mixture of clay and angel own vast  
powers not yet discovered  
under skin endowed with secrets galore.

May we ever treat gently the heaven held  
in our wondrous vessel.

## Interdependence

Interdependence.

Descending to sunset's low edge  
I came upon waterfalls heavy  
with liquified mist but  
protecting small patches of self-set  
blue iris light caught  
the hung myriads of sticky webs  
in diamond peaks as petals  
wore silk-celled hues of endeavour.  
Tangled in knots of dextrous finality  
spider netting brought ends  
to indifferent lives resourced by  
gigantic activity in trenched  
granite of artists on barren ledges  
who rife with hunger ready  
for struggling made intense effort  
with predator instinct intent.  
Leaving arena of darkling twilight  
I strode homeward recalling  
life's interdependence very likely  
works well for smaller  
work force of arachnid appetite  
spinning glued fortresses  
among tall stalks of sky-blue iris  
feed hunger with caught  
insects and succeeding, despite  
noise of falling high water  
they of miniscule shape might  
need to spin bigger size.

.  
Impassive and snow-fed high

scenes nurture wild  
creatures that dare to survive  
by craft in supplying  
fresh meaty protein from live  
vitality, so who am I  
to deny web-weaving to spiders

## Interdependence.

Interdependence.

Descending to sunset's low edge  
I came upon waterfalls heavy  
with liquified mist, yet  
protecting small patches of self-set  
blue iris bedecked  
in myriads of strongly spun webs  
attached to linked petals,  
for spider-charged captive's end.  
Tangled in knots of fine dexterity  
they being there brought to death  
wilderness legend  
of impassable granite as unblest  
to life amid barren shelves  
rife with tragedy and ever ready  
to reward struggling effort  
with loss of predator's measure.  
Going down further to twilight  
safety, memory sharpened by  
interdependence, mind  
full of thoughts of trap-flying  
praiseworthy spiders  
spinning steel-powered hides  
among stalks of blue iris  
feeding raw hunger with flies  
and succeeding despite  
noise of falling water-height  
they of miniscule size  
awed me with such enterprise.

Impassive and snow-flushed high  
scenes can nurture wild  
hidden things that dare to survive  
and live by needs realized.

## Interference

Interference.

A fish,  
like translucent shadow  
slowly sways silver through dimly  
lit submarine green.

A gill  
like laced wing of a swallow,  
rising to roll a lake's morning face  
closes tightly to breathe.

A skin,  
of thinnest divide knows  
it is separated from my airy flesh  
merely by liquid need.

A fin,  
touched by finger coated  
in bubbles for closer contact slips  
to more safety beneath.

A flip,  
and fish dives fast below  
the mist churned by interference,  
glassily eyeing me.

## Interference.

Interference.

A fish,  
like translucent shadow  
slowly sways silver through dimly  
lit submarine green.

A gill  
like laced edge of poncho,  
rising to roll a lake's morning face  
closes tightly to breathe.

A skin,  
of thinnest divide knows  
it is separated from my airy flesh  
merely by liquid need.

A fin,  
touched by finger coated  
in bubbles for closer contact slips  
to more safety beneath.

A flip,  
and fish dives fast below  
the mist churned by interference,  
glassily eyeing me.



## INTERLACED.

Interlaced.

They were inexplicably drawn.  
Shaken by sudden alchemy, total strangers  
learned transformation  
and reveled in unexplainable destiny.  
They then changed from single to duo.  
Turned disbelief into attraction, experienced  
faraway as a mere whisper  
and powerful knowing took them over.  
What had been closed swung wide open.  
Feeling of déjà-vu became invisibly hooked  
into unlooked-for start of love  
and saw minds set on finding completion.  
Dreams of another became close-linked.  
Fate's law painted an unexplained oneness  
indelibly onto canvas  
in serious want of long-time commitment.  
Struck then smitten, need was admitted.  
Choice of conceding, untroubled by guilt  
meant never was will so swiftly  
altered to make easier what had begun.  
Sighs and dreams begot an amazement.  
Passion alighted on two interlaced souls,  
proposed clandestine celebration  
and on their relationship scribed "Forever"

## Internment

Internment.

Captive's clipped feathers  
lie in wild distress  
aside bird internment.  
Indifferent steel-bands  
win flight-abandon  
for a Nightingale catch.  
Inner sight seeks afar  
beyond prison bars  
and flies up to starlight.  
Compulsion to sing  
evokes deep inbuilt  
re-call of life on wing.

Incessant thrashing  
at wire walls asks  
this fear-time to pass.

Trilling for freedom  
cage-bird pleadings  
make me steal the key.

~ ~ ~ ~

Fly now my beautiful  
oh quickly use  
no door to your future

~

~

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## Into Forever

Into Forever.

When he went her half-read book fell  
from its rightful bower,  
her life deflowered,  
now stones clutter fields of un-harvest  
and, exploded to rubble,  
death's dust chokes her dreams  
for joy appears reaped.

With him gone, tho' goodbyes were  
unspoken fused bonds remained  
and courage re-trained  
Trust is not broken for grief soldiers  
forward, recharges low  
batt'ries and tries even harder  
to smile as it copes.

And as love lives on into forever  
she knows Heaven remembers.

## Into Forever.

Into Forever.

When you went our half-read book fell  
from its rightful bower,  
my life deflowered,  
now stones clutter fields of meant harvest  
and exploded to rubble  
death's dust chokes our dreams  
for joy appears reaped.

When I lost you those visions of smiles  
morphed to tears of mourning,  
my days were undawned,  
now blackened light stumbles on paths we  
trod and frozen too soon,  
passion grows listless and old  
for time feels so cold.

When you sank out of life's reach into  
silent sleep's vastness  
my hope unfastened,  
now clouds cover tomorrow's past glory  
and desire takes back-steps  
as though real living has died  
for need is denied.

With you gone, though goodbyes were  
unspoken fused bonds remained,  
my courage re-trained,  
now rain-bruised with heart-strings heavily  
soaked, unable to

stave off lament my mind knows  
all is not broken.

Love soldiers forward, recharges forces  
and avoiding explosives  
it will be victorious  
for into Forever hope walks  
on and on  
and  
on.

## Invasion

Invasion.

Contoured, white-based, shyly secreted  
colour glides imperceptibly  
as light mutates.

It fluctuates sways and flickers, unseen  
until viewed, ether-screened  
or split by rays.

Dancing in filtered hues dye materializes,  
clarifies shimmering change  
to monotone sight.

Powered with red, curried in carmine rose  
pink rides alongside  
beautifully ripening aquamarine, streaks  
of gold tinge yellow's eye.

Lavender superimposes itself on tangerine,  
coppery ginger  
sheens spicy glamour into blue-indigo and  
becomes plum, meeting in azure  
as amalgaming spectrum.

Releasing time to observe alchemy's live  
wave-transformation  
unfurling in sky-scape or bubbles  
of rain creates surprises of shade-shape  
to humanity's black-and-white life.

Translucent stain cuts thru' pastel's pale  
edge to vibrate awe  
at dawn's prism of reflective mystique

and as movement tints auras  
psychic invasion lights selective beauty  
with chromatic resonance.  
to those who by perception see change.

## INVASION.

Invasion..

Granite protection tries its stone-utmost  
to stave away land-slides along our coast.  
Take an ocean of rimless diversity  
where scrolls of wet power build reign  
of threat to explode with ill-sent fury.  
Take the intent of human endeavour  
to stay the worst moves of saline invasion  
storm-bent on owning unfettered misrule.  
Try to imagine strain's weary shoulders  
defiant with bulge of work-hardened veins  
attempting to bolster diverted disaster,  
Try to conceive how when tragedy's brink  
floats nearer and roads sink mud-locked  
in watery vortex hopes too can crash.  
Unbelievably fierce the teeth of sea-storms  
that brook no relief until wind speed alters.



## Invasion.

### Invasion

Contoured, white-based, shyly secreted  
colour glides imperceptibly  
as light mutates.

It fluctuates sways and flickers, unseen  
until viewed, ether-screened  
or split by rays.

Dancing in filtered hues dye materializes,  
clarifies shimmering change  
from monotone sight.

Powered with red, curried in yellow rose  
pink rides alongside aquamarine  
streaks to tinge carmine.

Translucent stain cuts thru' pastel's pale  
leaving to vibrate  
in dawn's mystery-prism of resplendent  
movement and tints auras  
by psychic invasion as sunrise trembles  
with awe's resonance  
for those who by perception see change.

## Invasive

Invasive.

Once installed Love arranges  
its station,  
becoming invasive  
its action pours into every  
emotion,  
and objections despised  
it streams  
between parts hidden  
and dried by fear.

Once Love impregnates  
it raids  
every blue-day,  
negates anxiety, alleviates  
unwelcome stress,  
and penetrates moods  
then all tainted memories  
its forces remove.

Once in, Love decapitates  
reasons  
for feeling frustration,  
permeates  
dullness, resurrects  
inner needs,  
it invigorates weariness  
and libido reveals.

Once here Love invalidates

distance,  
takes no prisoners, ravages  
lonely then  
rouses vivaciousness  
and exudes  
bliss into each pore  
because Love never loses.

## Invention

Invention.

Soaked in deep mystery,  
conceived through life's troublesome times  
and invitingly caught inside breath stands a  
vision of Paradise lost, ready to be regained  
because intuition insists.

Breed ageless perception  
by conjuring cotton-wool clouds whose drip  
never ceases to feed minds with discernment  
inside and out and births creation of deeper  
aliveness in conceived connection.

Wild dreams become tamed  
when flowers of insight leaf and blossom  
without wilt if allowed and their freshness  
will not be severed if fired round chained  
pleasure sparked invention contains.

As a white whispering dove  
stays quiet until high-flight then singing  
finds new selfhood inside so pure willed  
freedom thrills human intent for liberty  
pierces those reaching for love.

## INVENTION.

Invention.

The wish of painters or poets is to show  
perceptive emotion  
by noting and transposing inner awe  
in vividly vaulted scenes  
dripping metaphor, musing on whether  
nature could ever be worded  
yet knowing its core hides a meaning.

An alchemist with no interest in gold  
takes up better investment,  
finds a thermal to soar on fancy, flies  
up-draughts for sentencing,  
poets see jasper in water, jade in dawn  
and perceive gems hidden  
in every nuance of hot or cold weather.

A seer will catch farside's face to etch  
its shape in letter or paint,  
chimeric by birth an artist, whose eyes  
encounter rock ascribes it heart,  
transforms by description the earthly  
to ethereal, adds dreams  
to logic, clear to blur and soft to hard.

It is said largesse opens minds to see  
extra in ordinary normality  
as when artistic musicians rank magic  
of foremost importance  
when met with blank canvas-mundane

for clad by invention artists  
expect change when Muse is courted.

## Invincible

Invincible.

I am Desire,  
that strenuous jailer whose nightly  
visits leave victims  
guiltily restless in lonely beds.  
I, Desire free  
readiness by envisioning indulgent  
abundance, I un-bind  
the notion of forbidden caresses.

When I take the floor enthrallment  
drenches repression  
with selfhood's long needed proof  
of awesome emancipation.  
I believe in making blissful winners  
for I am Desire  
and subjugate moves to check my  
intention of more extrication.

Despising restraint I enter hearts  
which unwakened swell  
with an ache for sensual freedom  
never been known before  
Note therefore that I, Desire, fight  
to lead liberation  
with unfettered strength if passion  
from frigid is to be drawn.

I am Desire and  
no one denies my awesome ability

to rouse without fear of reprisal.  
Oppose me and subjection replaces  
resolution as reminder  
that I am invincible by design .



## Invitation

*Invitation.*

*Come my dearling,  
lay yourself under this  
naked sheet of love's longing  
alongside of me.*

*Give shape to absence  
of sated desire and throw  
time backwards to when our  
latent bedding glowed.*

*Come let us relish  
coverless passion again  
and forget any taken offence  
for sanity's sake.*

*Hurl away pay-back,  
uncurl crazy resentment  
and heed this last invitation  
to mend what matters.*

*Come my lover  
bend to my lips and  
unleash the treasure we can  
still give each to each.*

## Invited

Invited.

If thou be the spear that pierces my soul  
never will thrust seem so sweet.  
The softest of places thou couldst control  
if thou engage me and never retreat.

Open the floodgate of my waiting heart,  
then bolts to thy force will yield.  
Need oileth means therefore naught bars  
thine attention to couplings complete.

Enter thy sword in this scabbard of mine  
for avid desire longeth for thee.  
Abide in mine chamber to serve invited  
access to no other lady than me.

Step nobly my lord into virginal sheets  
as fervent ardour bedecks my bed.  
This un-robed lady mindeth to please  
so by morrow we mightest feel wed.

**INVITING.**

Inviting.

The thin blue flame of my night-burnt fire  
grows dim as dawn unquiets  
another day's numberless happenings,  
culls light from dark and carries  
life forward while I in excited mood watch  
first flaps of sparrowed pools lost  
on those still bedded and fastened to sleep.

The voice of new-dropped lambs' growing  
bleats rises thru' moorland  
dewed by keen morning as I catch first  
breeze stirring shored boats  
below and beach yawns in pebbly coves.

My window unlatched wafts woke snatches  
of sonance to day's approach  
as closeted light now opens blue dome  
for me to see rising old  
Sol's winking invite to seize early moments  
and take an inspiring  
look at nature's Carp Diem all on my own.

## It May Be

It May Be.

In the pit of midnight though cold  
is curtained and  
fittingly covered comes a yearning  
for thee, vain  
hope decides to unsleep and keep  
me wide-eyed  
til morning has for certain broken.  
When laid low  
by memory I find myself clinging  
close to thy  
pillow and think of that presence  
its hollow will hold.

At last a slow winning of pale over  
grey as dawn's  
rosy fingers bid me away, I go to  
gaze thru' my  
window until tide is high for this  
time it may be  
the one that is bringing thee safe  
home to me again.

## It Maybe.

It May Be.

In the pit of the night though cold  
is curtained and  
fittingly covered is my yearning  
for thee, vain  
hope decides to unsleep and keep  
me wide-eyed  
til morning has for certain broken.  
When laid low  
by memory I find myself clinging  
close to thy  
pillow and think of that presence  
its hollow holds.  
At last a slow winning of pale over  
grey as dawn's  
rosy fingers bid me away, I go to  
stay at my  
window until tide is high, as this  
time it may be  
the one that is bringing thee safe  
home again.

**IT PASSED.**

It Passed.

Lulled by the hum of wheels I was nearly  
asleep when the storm broke.

Hard rain thrummed on the windows as  
dark country slid by unfocused.

Skirting the hill-tops where lightning hit  
with quick jagged jabs  
thunderous blast never sounded as fierce.

Water sluiced windscreens batting wipers  
but she continued driving.

However it passed and sunrise suddenly  
re-lit our wearied eyes.

Steam begot rainbows and as miles left  
behind logged no regret  
hope bred smiles by the time we arrived.

## Jail-bird

Jail-bird.

Captive's clipped feathers  
lie in wild distress  
around bird internment.  
Behind strong trappings  
comes flight-abandon  
for one Nightingale catch.

Forced need for singing  
evokes core-inbuilt  
recall of life on the wing.  
Far-sighted avian hearts  
beat beyond cell bars  
as they aim to seek stars.

Incessant thrashing  
at wired walls asks  
for fear-time to pass.

Trilling for freedom  
jail-bird pleadings  
make me steal a key.

~

~

Fly ~ ~ my beautiful

~

~

oh quickly use

open door to a future  
that now is all yours.

~~~~~ ~


JOINED.

Joined.

In night's half-mad blackness
and lying awake I taste how your spirit
is now thirsting for mine.
Riding dark shadows I keep
restive vigil as I search heaven's still
portals for one sure sign.

The feel of your absence adds
wrench to my yearning and nothing yet
alters my need for ease.
Oh gentlest of lovers bind
your tender fingers to my lonely breast
so I might find relief.

Clasped in echo's embraces
may I reject death's dominion and gone
bliss with fresh felt rapture.
Wedded to love no past taste
of its nectar ebbs if of two remains one
in destiny's capture.

Where is death's hold when stars
joined as we are
fate's thrown coin could ever part ?

Journey Concluded.

Journey Concluded.

*

*

Not wanting to dally and by now
truly psyched I adopted a simper
of mysterious come hither
learnt from wry Mona,
but Lisa be blowed, I needed

to focus his eyes on ME.

Emergency chemistry at the ready
did what I expected
as he suddenly lifted in welcome
a heavy-ringed hand.
I sizzled with hope at seduction's
success and sashayed
my hips in his macho direction.

*

*

How was I to know he looked over
my shoulder to she
who had entered and brazoned
her flounce toward
his intimate grin as he waved.
By then beside him and groping
for something to say I asked
for a light but had no cigarette.

so sidled away with my bravado
hiding in wile's unattainment.

Beaten perhaps to the post I asked
my inner-ego was the show
of below-the-belt salacious behaviour
the best way
of snaring a stranger.

Blinded by trying to find Mr Right I made
being flighty so conceivable
and my journey to naked coercion could
not have been plainer,

yet covertly
I wept for another lost dream.

*

*

But journeys lead somewhere I think

as I hitch up my skirt a few inches.

A quite handsome lad had insisted,
in the last café that he buy me a drink

*

*

so widen my tactics I will.

June Vibrations

June Vibrations

*Now in June-cloud's big
white breast quiet
breezes blow hour-long I
lunchtiming quests
for watching trees raising
their leaf- hair to try
reaching ceilings
of ethered spaciousness.*

*Lost in awed wonder
and imagination
meal forgotten my elation
grows wings to join
with all oneness wanting
to celebrate
innate need for virile joy.*

*And like flower, wren,
butterfly or bee
on catching nature's
felt invitation
to revel in alchemy's
June vibrations
my own inner being
begins to sing.*

Keep Hold

Keep Hold.

"Only deep can be answered by deep"
to metaphor this might belong.
Extra thought may stir more imagery.
"Nothing that floats in shallow waters
can to a depth call respond"

*

A poetic translation goes as follows.

*

Needed is bottomless care of those
despondently sinking.

Helping tough passage thru' flood
succeeds better if all
having struggled before keep hold
of thrown life-rafts given
in love so others can climb aboard.

*

*

Hope this ode gives food for thought.

KEEPING WATCH.

Keeping Watch.

While night's eyes cast dark glances
And silence thickens to deep,
As stars hold daylight up for ransom
I keep watch while you are asleep.
While intentions lie in dreamland
And tomorrow takes its repose,
As in a blink of an eye hours tick by
I keep mine open while yours close.
While yesterday cools its fervour,
And fortune's wheel turns one notch,
As night's short time dwindles away
Until I wake you, I keep watch

Kindred.

Kindred

Looking around at earth's varisome face
We often feel lost in whole masses of souls
Who surround us in life, yet appear wholly
To differ from race to indifferent race.
All seeming separate, by culture and faith
Yet when music or laughter lightens the heart
A medium is found of which all can be part
And which nothing on earth can displace.

Through looking deeper at what can combine
To produce kindred sense amongst one and all
We could do no better than awaken love's call
And forego thinking of what's yours or mine.
We belong to that known as wise humankind
With same inner life-force, red blooded veins,
Birthed by earth-mothers in grossest of pains.
So what closer kindred could we ever find ?

Kinship

Kinship.

*Among sun-dried clifftops
we youngsters once played.
Made tree-house finds our
special hideaways.
Chased over moorlands
to touch new lamb tails.
Explored shoreline drops
to under-sea caves.*

*We stole carefree hours
without any guilt
Time for shared pleasures
only once given.
Took then daring risks
known now as senseless.
Changed simple kinship
to grown indifference.*

Kinship

Kinship.

Two strokes past midnight and your smile appears
to help me remember those decades ago when we
wrote secret messages in invisible ink and became
after lights out torch-authors of stories then games
with points won if we wrote ghost-tales at bed time
then we pledged by handshakes to keep reminders
that when trouble beset us to stand and be counted
in defence of true kinship, to lie each for each about
what, when and where, sealed with lemonade toasts
and bickies saved from afternoon tea but not stolen.
then as parting time came we sisters went two ways
one into nursing the other to perform well on stage
yet we talked over action when homesickness struck
and shoulders were cried on when goodbyes begun.

Still stored in folders your fondness for drying petals
and now you are gone Sis. all scent smells of lemons.

Knowing.

Knowing.

How wondrous it is to be in the moment.

To know there is something beyond the knowing.

How awesome to feel life pulsing forward

To sense the vibrations between large and small.

How wise to stand still and hear earth turning.

To learn signs of contact from all other-worldlings.

Knowing.

Knowing.

Soaked in deep mystery,
conceived through life's troublesome times
and caught invitingly inside breath stands a
vision of loveliness lost but readily regained
because intuition insists.

Wild dreams become tamed
when flowering insight blossoms yet never
wilts with allowed ire nor is ever sightless
this love-breath, knowing freshness could
not exist if blindness remained.

As a white whispering dove
will stay quiet until high-flying then stride
into heaven itself to release a dream held
fast inside so are aspects of breath felt by
those having felt the breath of love.

Knowingly

Knowingly.

*Sweet with intrigue being itself,
bud-tight but becoming
unfurled one precious red rose
sent from long distance
holds telling beauty that melts
with its fragrance her
ache for his kiss so knowingly.*

*Impassioned, compelling, its
hopeful message unfaded
this rosy incarnadine secret
sets her desire vibrating.*

Knowingness

Knowingness.

The soul does not sleep.

What slumbers is knowingness.

Awaking to better intentions revives
stale relationships,
sparks new charges while stirring
worn circuits and rewires
contrition in partners' flawed lives.

Igniting hearts' fervent energy-lines
leaves firey heat
in gleads of learned tenderness
to ease rusted wires
in paired understanding of psyche.

The soul does not sleep.

What slumbers is knowingness.

KNOWINGNESS..

Knowingness.

The soul does not sleep.

What slumbers is

knowingness.

Awaking to minds being

frustrated revives

saddened relationships,

rewires old circuits

and enlivens embittered

cores of stifled lives.

Igniting love's force-line

brings not only fire

but sparks of tenderness

to rub rusty wires.

Awareness of care lends

meaning to hearing

and rejects heavy leaning

on the judgemental.

Transformation

pairs understanding with

the psyche's

influence and instinctively

lets humility heal.

The soul does not sleep.

What slumbers is

knowingness.

LAMENT.

Lament.

Never will sighs go so deeply again.

Go tell the sea that he,
who was the flame of my life, brave
knight who took me inside
his heartfelt inferno of kindness, who
tenderly taught me desire
can no longer move distance to prove
love's tides can ride me
to shore for he sank in the fatal flood
where void and troubleless
he lies but my lament on losing such
lover will never be ending
for nothing can ease my heart's pain
which continues so raw.

Never will time have meaning again.

Language.

Language.

Yielding to stillness though
standing empty of words
I hope to hear hissing
of planets dancing in space,
to comprehend wind-songs
ether-speech orchestrates
and perceive faint chorus
from orbital worlds.

Feeling the throb of nature's
un-speak may my ears
catch the language of silent
flowers and understand
bird-talk or note scurried
soprano chatter as ants vie
with babbling controlto
of on-rushing streams.

Greeting life enjoying itself
in every form my deafness
gives voice in poetic tribute
to all, so-called, emptiness.

Lasting

Lasting.

Descent to despair can reach
darkest of worlds
but when petite-mort leaves
good news unfurls.
Awakes stirrings of Self tied
to anticipation,
beckons to hope kept inside
dismal failures
and when inner sight clears,
heart makes repairs
creates healing conversion.
Shows rabid despair
can have lasting reversal.

Late Taste

Late Taste.

Shall we pluck the one chance
to lay aside single
for waiting surrender in beds
of coupled extravagance
where completion sighs ready
for clandestine bliss
which sates forbidden yield ?
Shall we take flight, you and I ?
Shall we attempt the euphoria
of untried dimensions
and find pleased elation in
late taste of rapture
that captures true satisfaction ?
Shall we make haste you and I ?

Learning to Lean

Learning to Lean.

Why, I ask, do even young moor-trees strongly
out-face each storm flung attack ?

Bark, tho' wind blasted and gnarled stays alive
with ironized knuckles and scars
learning to lean although pummeled black.

Fragile their shoots grow under-ground claws.
Would that I know just how they survive.

Does innate will-power perceive gale's fight aims
to split limb from frail limb
but meets every battle with same inner force

inner force as when rooted in Self skin cells revive ?

Ah now I see mother nature's free lesson and
understand how better to thrive.

Like the stance of a bent moorland tree may
all human life-challenge be met
by learning how useful is curving when pain
from stress calls out for help.

LEARNING.

Learning.

Crucial to living is finding taste
for amazement at tinies,
thirst for greats and sheer wonder
at merely being alive.

Drink in these delights but first
stop at life's edge to see
complexity woven with humour
to make humans smile.

Feel how an Invisible Joy still
presses juice into fruit,
rain thru cloud and song in bird,
be awed by useage of time.

Sway to life's rhythmic motion
and as birth sweeps clean
previous death begin to realize
how grandeur survives.

Only then shall you know who
you really are, say
all the sages and holy books on
learning how to be wise.

LEARNING.

Learning.

To become what we could be,
good-feel mediums,
mood-transformers,
compassionate feeders of more
relief to those in need,
mystic bringers of bliss,
makers of love-layered cheer,
care-trillionaires who, while
skilled in giving prepare
by daily self-yield
to innermost silence
and there learn without any
words how to create
by small changes a bigger and
better "reason to be"

we shall achieve
all this and more - if we wish.

Learnt Curves.

Learnt Curves.

The advent of love heats frozen soreness
in most stony hearts.

Its melt-down uncovers the edges of icy
unreadiness and
transforms cold scars into learnt curves
worthy of building more
moments of yield while benign freedom
fans low-burn into care's
flame that which once taken hold never
again allows frosty
defeat to banish future reach for repair.
Experience the feel
of that first kiss and give its fire chance
to liquify hard snowdrifts
for love's glow needs nothing more than
slow stoking with reflective
coals as it knows sparks of forgiveness
warm wintery traits by
roasting away any petrified heart-chill.

The arrival of love breathes fire into lives
given to frigid hope.

Left Behind.

Left Behind.

Dusk closes in
..... except for a patch
in the mist's western bank
..... which still shines
like a piece of daytime
.....left behind
by some accident.

Less Trodden

Less Trodden.

Key-stone of conformity may
hide in banality while
trite phrases makes for straight
formalized lines.

Break with staid and difference
will strip tightly laced
to let in un-restraint and stretch
mere credulity.

Breach convention, invite insight,
then watch back-to-front
scribing turn mental somersaults
to violate customary.
Peer squint-eyed, allow curiosity
to welcome the Muse
revitalize by refusing orthodox
desire for commonplace.

Sail out of usual, bathe in oddity
find rarer anomaly,
peruse free-style then decide on
becoming less ordinary.
Leave safe-shore solidity, sound
down with the lateral,
adopt mind-sets of dissimilarity,
leave norm on the ground.

Twist to seeing back-sidedness
fly with versing profound,
think more about quirky and less
around the accepted. .

Keeping an ear close to authentic
reveals original paths and
less trodden adds primary flavour
to lines considered poetic.

Less Trodden.

Less Trodden.

Key-stone of much conformity
hides in banality while
trite persuasion phrases straight
formalized lines.

Break with staid and difference
will strip tightly laced
to let in un-restraint and stretch
mere credulity.

Breach convention, invite insight,
then watch back-to-front
scribing turn mental somersaults
to violate customary.

Peer squint-eyed, allow curiosity
to welcome the Muse
revitalize by refusing an orthodox
commonplace pathway.

Sail out of a usual bathe in oddity
find rarer anomaly,
peruse free-style then decide on
being less ordinary.

Leave safe-shore solidity, sound
down with the lateral,
adopt mind-sets of dissimilarity,
leave norm on the ground.

Twist to seeing back-sidedness
fly with versing profound,
think more about quirky and less

around the accepted. .
Keeping an ear close to authentic
reveals originality yet
less trodden adds its own flavour
to what is poetic.

Less Trodden.

Less Trodden.

Key-stone of much conformity
hides in banality while
trite persuasion phrases straight
formalized lines.

Break with staid and difference
will strip tightly laced
to let in un-restraint and stretch
mere credulity.

Breach convention, invite insight,
then watch back-to-front
scribing turn mental somersaults
to violate customary.

Peer squint-eyed, allow curiosity
to welcome the Muse
revitalize by refusing an orthodox
commonplace pathway.

Sail out of a usual bathe in oddity
find rarer anomaly,
peruse free-style then decide on
being non-ordinary.

Leave safe-shore solidity, sound
down with the lateral,
adopt mind-sets of dissimilarity
and leave norm bound.

Twist to seeing back-sidedness
verse the non-profound,

think more about quirky and less
around the accepted. .
Keeping an ear close to authentic
reveals originality yet
less trodden adds its own flavour
to what is poetic.

Lessons

Lessons.

*He taught me not to rest when
untasted were so many
fruits to hasten my questing.*

*Awareness lit, ripeness ready for
picking and he was there
to offer lessons in quenching.*

*Experience loses no flavour when
sweetened with lips drenched
in repetitive pleasure.*

*Love sought me and I heard not
its coming until welcome
was heat as my caution melted.*

Lessons

Lessons.

Feed from the alchemy seen when light dances on sea,
and rejoice with dawn's opening flicker
as rays break into daytime glitter.
Sway to life's rhythmical motion as Spring sweeps spent
Winter clean to begin again root-search
of nature's miraculous stirrings.
Taste the Love which presses juice into fruit, raindrops
in clouds, buds into flowers and digest
the ineffable joy of flighted feather.

Drink in the awe
but first stop at the cusp of thirst
and view need for more amazement.

Hunger for seen
intelligence and wonder as earth
drips its lessons to sip and to savour.

Let Me Sing

Let Me Sing.

**Let me sing breathless
with lungs drowning in sensual
in which not all flesh can flourish
but let who will condemn.**

**Let me sing pleasure
where love's taste and sipped nectar
give sated measure when lust-nights
of desire become spent.**

**Let me sing fervour
of shared yearn for possession
that when ripened to burst in bliss
opens to feed more urge.**

**Let me sing again
lyrics of close-coupled memories
missed but remembered forever.**

LET US

LET US.....

Come let us leave dreams and put on the morning.
Waken to first trembling birth of the day.
Listen as mist gives way to symphonic scales which
stir dawns's ethereal music.
Watch as blue dome widens its azured maw.

Note how warmth cracks open buds' sticky coatings
of dew-soaked velvet
and applaud when night's jacket of cold re-folds.
Let us imagine the tune nature hums as rays give
voice to burgeoning gleam.
Nod in agreement as chill is de-frocked and hours
of cloying damp re-heated.

Then run with the nectar of potent haste as light
races to prepare novel feast.
Dress in change's excitement and learn morning's
story written on seasons.
Let us produce smiles of welcome to cleansed air.
Drink all the freshly-pressed juices
of day as blaze digests shades of lurid nightwear.

Using light's fire to begin birth's waltz
let us throw off nocturnal attire and learn to adorn
new life by putting on morning.

LET US GO.

Let Us Go.

When sunset spreads itself
against the evening sky,
to desire's satisfied readiness
let us go, you and I.

Where moon meets sea's caress
above violet-dark night,
to delight's realm of happiness
let us go, you and I.

What joy we two shall possess
beneath stars' shy light,
therefore to find togetherness
let us go you and I.

LET'S GO.

Let's Go.

When sun sets nectar's spread
against the lure of dark sky,
to desire's ripened readiness
oh let's go, you and I.

Where moon meets sea's caress
in clandestine dunes of night
to delight's covert pleasure
oh let's go, you and I.

With that magic stars possess
love's alchemy shall unite
so, to conjure togetherness
oh let's go, you and I.

Letting Fade

Letting Fade.

Every wave of the sea owes it curved
beauty to the retreat
of the one that precedes

*

*

and all flowers must wither to bear
seed which then loosens
and falls to produce more blooms.

*

*

If through attachment to the past
today cannot make room
for tomorrow's happiness we may
refuse the truth that
perpetual harmony only happens
by our letting fade
any disasters of yesterday
to better attract a happier future.

LETTING GO.

Letting Go.

Such is the enormity of saying
goodbye
to a time-honoured love,
that oceans of heartache could never
contain
the unmeasurable flood
of immaculate pain needed before
letting go.
I have been there before and
I know.

LEVELS.

Levels.

I have woken in many a dawn
and with first light I have flown from my window
of "Self" to become another,
robin or fawn or fox trotting home.
Oh and sometimes my skin has felt like the rose
turning silk from bud to petal
then in adopting striped coat of a bee nosing for
pollen have for a moment
felt busy with buzzing and been sodden in gold.
My delight in oneness with else
means passion for asking and awed as world laps
over world at the drop of a hat
I discover dimensions of unknown intelligence.

Once or twice I have even achieved levels of part
transformation the kind that
needs alchemic change for broaching the unclear
as otherness takes me into vast
mind-fields of those with sagely contented hearts.
Miniature or gigantic, nature's ease
with itself reveals gems of wonder as which I gasp.

Life Song.

Life Song.

I am me,
the product of timeless eternity.
You are you
for whom wisdom created earth's beauty.
We are
each citizens of universality.
Let us
make it a place in which love is the rule.

There are those
who would on a whim destroy individuals.
Bring to quick
end blessings of efforts at regeneration.
You friend
are he who can change course of history.
I am she who
tho' weak could teach Lifesong to nations

If we make
way for difference reverse is believable.
Human mistakes
permanently altered will institute peace.

LIFESAVING.

Lifesaving.

Oh Light, you travel so fast,
invisibly cladding
this planet in change which
nothing can hinder,
altering colourless night-hue
you, in an eye's flick
gilt sea's face, reveal distance,
and more than that
touch land in filigree-silver
melting black fingers
of mist, netting dune's grass
and more than that
your whispers to unfolding
flora in still-dark
corners make numberless
petals succumb
to your calls, sensuous fur
feels your warming
as feathery sleep blinks in
readiness to dawn's
breezy ruffles for morning
stirs wings, fins
stretch in watery beds and
more than that,
humanity worldwide yawns
at your warning
of lullaby's finish and shakes
off drowse to see
how labour for hours ahead,

is a rewarding
force with light's ready aid
and more than that
each sunset aims for an end
to your daily
performance but not before
the glittering exit
when stretch of red rays take
central stage after
which Oh Light you then sink
slowly back into
your secret abyss - and wait,
for more than
un-thinkable would be life's
disastrous lack
if your shining entrance it's
cue ever missed
and for this earthling heads
being low or high
bend in anticipation as awe
turns to gratitude
and much more than that
for such changes
which global orbit supplies
as lifesaving proof
Light deserves full praise.

LILY.

Lily.

Oh Lily, you really
look ill,
since I saw you got
moved into
this dirty dry spot
you have
lost lots of firmness.

Your frilly white dress
is ever
so yellow and now your
poor head
looks ready to topple.

Lily you must not stop
wanting to
live, you need to show
stronger grit.
I know Lily this might
sound silly
to you but your future
health risk
will be killing me too.

I have given you salts
to bring back
your lovely clear skin
and brought
you bits of nutrition

but Lily
you're quickly falling.

You look green round
the gills,
and more sickly today,
Lily I know
you have been through
the mill
so until I can find you
some good
wholesome place I will
take you from
here Lily to my home.

You can no longer cope
with arid
neglect, so, come live
with me Lil.
and bloom for a while
in my little
pool, renewing I hope.

Poor Lily you ought
not to be
found without feet in
clean ground
surrounded by water
which is
as sweet as it is pure.

Line-Dancing

Line-Dancing.

For enjoying best method of lively
line-dancing I
vote for becoming closer entwined
with all the inside
buttons of cotton-white masculine
lusty leg-jiving.
Nothing can beat the expression
of freedom when
my slip catches, on-line, the length
of your 'jamas or vest,
flinging caution to wind this checks
my shyness and gets
me excited like someone possessed.
Enraptured night-things
caught high in alluring wild twisting,
the wind's tempo brings
flap into each jump and fling
and wraps style around undies drying
like Cupid on the wing.
Togetherness bouncing in blissful tease
by easy cavorting
a public love-snuggling duly increases
in slightest of breeze,
unashamed waving of hold and release
flouts sensual zeal
with show of fervent intention flaunting
in open frenzy of squeeze.

I, blushing with images, scurry indoors
asking why when dry

clean and worn these very same things
no longer wish to perform ?

Linked

Linked

Shriveled with cold the golden hair of hedgerow ferns
droops, growth deserted,
bent over and brown.

A crown of wet spider-spun curls all that is left of their
former proud verdure as time
breaks all shape down.

Summer sprayed onto thin-fingered waving hands
shiny green glamour
from the ground nurture.

Climbing vines, supported by leaf-splayed invitation
space-ride on board to race
and reach highest first.

Hedgerow-togetherness proves contact works right
until autumn mists
become too cool for life.

Thick fronds tremble as death's sickle crumbles to
crumbs fern-fingered skin and
beheads blooms in ice.

Ends one display while roots know waiting Spring
is already linked
in prepared movement
to burst life-change from blueprints
and create infinite beauty
by new beginnings.

Listeners

Listeners.

Moonstruck minds get ideas
when whispers,
untie linguistic phrases, free
mystic notions
of imagined dimensions and
plant potential
with ease, if between sleep
and wake lines
are rightly remembered for
Muse inclines
but listeners toward writing.

Poets like me at times hitch
a night ride
on some passing ideal where
inside screens
another reality exists hiding
behind norm ;
glowing in waiting alchemy
keen guides live
with word-wisdom to share
for open ears
so there is where I try to be.

Listening

Listening.

Whispers from wine-coloured moonlight have now
blighted old river grass.
No-one will pass by this flood's blistering chorus of
frustrated past outcry.
The waters stay silted with years-long, war-seared
bitterness as each ill-timed
Peace talk crumbled to finish killed by conclusions
of coated top-brass.

Dreams of the tortoise-shelled butterfly days faded
long before turbulent rapids
Drew young men and women toward battles over
nothing but misapplied fears.
Lifetimes float hormonally by in river-side history
as pride's facade leaves its action.
Forces of folk press-mustered, taught naught but
to destroy with blind allegiance .

Listening I hear victims' pathos as liquid weeps raw
regrets for conceding to hate.
Wisps of blood-to-come days surface from tainted
ripples as no war sits easy.
What happens when, hit by flows of violence peace
can no longer struggle for gain ?
Reddened micro-tow of sacrifice rises from victims
caught and stored as watery genes.

LISTENING IN.

Listening In.

The breeze is playing a shaky tune
on tall trees today,
leaves sway and branches sound
coming changes
in pace of cirrus as mauve moves
towards seep
for mist hangs around
the distant heave of blue hills.

Listening in I hear nimbus creaking
with unshed weight
of rain spoiling for speed in cloudy
wet races as sky's
gauze lowers and blue disappears
to dusty applause
from plants feeling ground's
summer-long battle with thirst.

Listening.

Listening.

After much dampness
today's sunshine dries wings
as feathered ruffs sweeten
 birds' Springtime singing
their urges of season
 while I verse thrills
of lusty attraction
 by just listening.

LIT.

Lit.

High

the hot vibes of passion that night.

Wild

that first rapture of love's lit desire.

Unsealed

the lips seduction made breathless.

Eager

those limbs myriad kisses caressed.

Heady

the thirst to breach and bend rules.

Perfect

that feeling of reaching sweet union.

Littleness.

Littleness.

Connecting with sky above and earth
below,
eyes unfocused, I breathe in to relax
slowly
and regard with mindfulness all that
growing
at my feet which seems deliberately
flowing
toward some mystical shape-shifting
whole
momentum with inbuilt direction all
its own.

Grass blades creak, restless leaves
blow.
Blooms alter hue as seasons change
coats.
Soil heaves with action underneath
my nose.
Busyness continues in all miniscule
burrows.
I watch while slow gait locomotion
unfolds.
and as Tiny changes nature's great
poem
meditation on littleness delights my
soul.

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Live Silver.

Live Silver.

Herring boats puffing patched sails,
raw hands at tillers,
barbarous gulls riding high waves,
chasing live silver.

Fishing nets heaving with catches,
storm on the horizon,
battening down the heavy hatches
until port hoves in sight.

Knives flashing at harbour's side
as despite night's black,
salt-barrels beside shawled wives
wait for the attack.

Earning their crust from wild sea
meant togetherness
and held much the same meaning
for both women and men.

May God bless all those
who still brave an ocean.

LIVE SILVER.

Live Silver.

Herring boats puffing patched sails,
raw hands at tillers,
barbarous gulls riding high waves,
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Fishing nets heaving with catches,
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Knives flashing at harbour's side
as despite night's black,
salt-barrels beside shawled wives
wait for the attack.

Earning their crust from wild sea
meant togetherness
and held much the same meaning
for both women and men.

May Heaven keep safe all those
who still brave an ocean.

Locked In

Locked In.

Let go sad mem'ry
wherein grow
high weeds which,
entangled by
pastness can harm
fine intention
and never breed
freedom.

Locked into virus
no mourner
hopes to by-pass
deep grief
nor has strength
to fight
for right choices
of course.

But worth all the
effort to
seek mind-maps
which can
recall laughter or
good times
of togetherness
is found
in the aftermath
while all
anyone needs is
to re-live
the love specially

locked into
memory as that
feeling it
gave might refill
again joy
in a heart's visit
of faith to
long gone scenes
back then.
So allow unhappy
memory to
stay outside the
arena and
discover weedfree
strata to
feed on while living
the past for
this a heart needs.

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this a heart needs.

Look At Me

Look At Me.

I am known as Pansy-Viola
whose dimpled intrigue
hides variegated beguile.
I wear a mauve overcoat
of plush velvet, woven
to cope with northern weather.
I have a face of mixed yellows
merged with broad streaks
of purple-striped forehead
Cobalt drifts over my edges
with spots of underneath hue
and rings of frilly-kissed tresses
nestle in studded mosaic beauty
as silvery-pale blushes invade
indigo to vein my petal-tattoo.
I hide my therapy until
it spills into the mind of one
intending to see.
View my dappled integrity.
Oh look at me, do.

LOOKING.

LOOKING.

When I, on looking closer at
sun-flavoured roses see
how sweetly they all meet
some holy decree of quietly
being themselves and
letting me just be me I find
something vital drops
into my rusty heart, like
sunlight which awe unlocks.

Proverbial coating begins to
feel raw like a knife
has slit the outside of plush
pleached thought, my eyes
widen to the truth
of one single moment rushing
by and I suddenly realize why
a rose desires to be
simply naught but beautiful.

Losing You

Losing You.

Perhaps ours was not a usual love,
the sort that demands continual proof,
fervour which naught can cool or drown,
the fierce passion that willingly lays down
its needs for another's approval, no our own
affection was something written in lighter tone.
Ours had the keenness of separate
beings enjoying share of time together,
reaching for comfort found hand in hand
when trouble meant need of understanding,
yes our connection led us to friendship's corner,
where choice was honoured and respect afforded.
Yet love was there,
it grew with care
of each for each,
so in losing you
death, of a sort
took me too.

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Lost

Lost.

*I flew the skies
from towns to fields
then Adonis clipped
my winging range.
He caught me with
deceiving nets
and shut me up
in his household cage.*

*He mocks that stressed
I do not sing
for he counts as naught
my lost liberty.*

Lost.

Lost.

I start as a brook
in the distant hills
which beginning
in droplets clinging
together passes through
rills between tiny ridges, spills
down small land-slides, tumbles in
miniature waterfalls to join streamlets
in ripples and sliding hurries
over stony pebbles, breaching
ridged beds where frothing in bubbles
I rush to mingle with deeper waters
but stop to chatter under low willows
banked in sidings before altering
my tune to a baritoned river.
Then no more warbling in creeks
for me so bowling slower I walk to greet
other waters converging like tenors in
choric excitement, drowning me
with loud ocean-voiced roars belonging
to power, wide-mouth basso eases
then my weak trills into deep-sea song.

Yet I will ever
know myself
as a brook
that springs
from hill-height
dashing between
granite's nooks

and crannies
to delight
in brimming
over rocky beds
where my hum
is welcomed
by mossy pebbles
and where birds come
to drink and wet
feet and feathers
in my warm shallows
before I roll on
having to settle
for large water duets
and lost then
my previous whispers,
forgot the soft solo
of mountain's clear creek
in that deafening
fortissimo as ocean
knows only choral singing.

Lost.

Lost.

I begin as a brook
in distant hills
which starts
as droplets clinging
together passes through
rills between tiny ridges, spills
down small land-slides, tumbles in
miniature waterfalls joining streamlets
as ripples and sliding I hurry
over stones and pebbles, breaching
ridged beds where frothing in bubbles
I rush to mingle with deeper waters
but stop to chatter under willows
singing soprano before altering
my tune to a baritoned river.
Then no more warbling in creeks
for little me so bowling slower I greet
older waters converging like tenors
in choral excitement, drowning my
cry in wild ocean-voiced roars belonging
to power when wide-mouth basso
changes my trilling to deep-sea songs.

Yet I will ever
know myself
as a brook
that springs
from hill-height

dashing between
granite's nooks
and crannies
to delight
in brimming
over rocky beds
where my hum
is welcomed
by mossy pebbles
and where birds come
to drink and wet
feet and feathers
in my warm shallows
before I roll on
having to settle
for more water duets
and lost then
my previous whispers,
forgotten soft solos
of clear flowing liquid
sunk in deafening
fortissimo as oceans
own the loudest bellow.

Love Bites

Love Bites.

The sear of love's scald
as its drop falls
in hot spirals toward
naked veins, bites
as it marks open heart
and re-robbs mind
with chaotic disorder,

- - - - Yet - - - -

love sprouts a genesis,
scars heal better
and new dreams mend
as blood houses
another arrival of felt
armory for arousal,

- - - Yet - - -

Love cools as it burns
in non-ending
lure of consummate
duel-made
fiery learning curves
for digesting.

LOVE BITES.

LOVE BITES.

The punch from its force can floor
weighty boxers
and rubber-clad divers say its heat
melts under-sea socks.

Its attack is so strong it weakens
armed snipers,
and can give brave game hunters
the fright of their lives.

Love's sweet when eaten will confuse
a chef's palette,
one spoonful of taste and cooks
lose use of balance.

The kick from its intake bites more
than a pit snake
and sickens worst those who swear
they are not ailing.

Its magic when practised may reduce
hearts to cinders,
let it near and then find it burns more
than mere fingers.

Love fights for acceptance and ousts
all but wild dreams,
but tamed its teeth re-define power
for love bites can heal.

LOVE IS....

Love Is....

"Love" says the Guru

does not hold back.

Love has no lack.

Love does not inhibit.

Love knows no limits.

Love does not abuse.

Love's flow continues.

Love is not blind.

Love defers not to time.

"Love" Sages say is alive.

Love lives inside you.

Love asks but for use.

Love Sings.

Love Sings

Unperceived as real
is enlightenment until it is ripened
in life's close relationships.

Hurt unhealed from
sitting in pain will suffer dejection
and can never sip nectar.

By releasing past
morbid patterns bad habits cease
to reap unwanted regrets.

Unafraid hearts when
lifted to listen for reason will hear
minds open as love sings.

Taste life's unsullied
freedom but realize until reached
its elixir is but a dream.

Love so Lovely

Love so Lovely.

Gently gentle

the insight that joined similar minds
yours and mine.

Tenderly tender

the concerns that showed duo care
for a time.

Warmly warming

the dreams that nightly lifted two souls
so nearly near.

Potently potent

the love so lovely we each discovered
during that year.

Love-Light.

Love-Light.

Shaking a fist at what wishes her harm
calmly facing
her fears of troubled alarm,
she fishes,
heart deep, when a drama,
which threatens to flood her with tears
appears
and she nets a life-changing feast.

To rise erect when she is thrown down,
determined at
starting all over again,
she brushes
away remembered pain
of any clutched-too-tight humiliation,
laying
no blame at anyone's feet.

Such spirit frees a kind selfless core
action that,
reflecting the wakening
mind tackles
hurt at deeper-root
level and with determined resolute
usage
of a "ce-la-vie" humour.

Learning to laugh astutely with and not
at other views
she finds the way to beauty

of heart
will mean accepting
difference as needed part in growth
of self-peace
ready to face any truth.

When self-compassion is sparked
blindness to others clears
and seen
is love-light conquering darkness.

Love-Smitten.

Love-Smitten.

Wet as brown pebbles elderly faces
daily parade, jackets held
tightly below capped heads, woolly
clad chests, dogs on leads
lifting up legs or stooping as nature
dictates mature carers fully
prepared, black bags at ready bend
backs low poop to retrieve
then tidily tie before binning leave
no sign of spoilt beach
or footpath, recognize as they pass
en route other pet-lovers
willingly doing just the same thing.

In heat or cold wind nods exchange
recognition as seniors plod
onwards, regaining a sense of lost
value by homing a dog,
at times be-draggled rain-walking
owners will offer a smile
despite inclement skies or ageing
bones as canine exercise
gives reasons for outings that may
never be otherwise taken
yet become vital to stay-at-homes
when sharing life with
 some four-pawed, fur-coated pal
whose pleasure trips
 become a much looked-for aspect

for folk who love-smitten
are having to live out the remains
of their days all alone.

Love-Tongue.

Love-Tongue.

Oh glorious Word,
whose love-tongue sang lily or
cloud, rain or rose,
fish, frog, fruit or bloom, whose
tune trumpets at dawn
or twilight still orchestrate stars,
can speak thunder,
sunshine, hailstorm and snow.

Oh wondrous Word,
who composed alligator, whale,
lion, cat, dog or mouse,
who gifts wisdom to ant, gorilla,
elephant and goat,
scribes beauty in nature's atomic
matter, can write
mystical symmetry of structured
perfection, combine
signature language with live kind,
provide exciting
vocabulary and grammatical flow
to earth's fine symphony.
Word, praise to thee
who sang thine own Self into gross
humanity eons ago
to teach heavenly linguistics which
divinely reflect diversity.

Love's Birthright.

Love's Birthright.

Loosen tight knots that stifle the You
and shake down streams of self- healing.
Untie and fledge troubled feelings.
Allow freedom to fly.
Take wing into inner Heartland
of unlimited pardon where failure never
applies nor is it found.
Success will become unbounded.
Do not expire before trying each invite.
Find fervent zeal within life's peopled fields
and pick nurture's love-seeds.
Tended and grown inside then watered with
personal action care's fruitage alters.
Mindset oils attitudes for once peace with self
is digested souls learn to lighten.
Each breath of compassion is precious.
Humans beget need to share in outpourings
of tender kindness.
Letting tight knots stifle the heart
cannot shake down fond streams of healing.
Starting with self is love's birthright.

Love's Call.

Love's Call.

In the thick black bark of sleep a familiar image
cuts through dreaming's anchor
as his call imprints stress on her famished mind.

New day's sharp sun stirs to brew more acid taste
of empty aloneness
and summertime weeps in grass-widow anguish.

Scent of past bonds lose their steady as fear rises
to invade her waiting
and bloom of hope dies with chilled apprehension.

Kiss of farewell left her lips ever wet with shed
streams of tears rivering
inwards for bravery crumples from anticipation.

Now distance divided, his battle- bruised longing
yearns for cessation as
gun-hounded eyes can see only the futile of war.

She, hearing love's call sadly asks will he return.

Love's Due.

Love's Due.

Love, blind to weakness,
sees what it chooses
but shadows cast images
and joy sits unused.
Doubt born of judgement
frowns at trust's view
and ends tender harmony
deflecting love's due.
We, what we are, attract
discordant tunes
but love's baton composes
more than just music.

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We, what we are, attract
discordant tunes
but love's baton composes
more than just music

Love's Dues

Love's Dues.

Love, blind to weakness sees what it chooses
yet when gladness turns frigid
rights could be abused.

Coldness inhibits in frowns of refusal
to enhance tender passion
thus scorning love's dues.

We what we are bear discord as duty
but love writes no duets for
rarely shared music.

Love's Effect.

Love's Effect.

There's a certain gleam of shadow
highlights part of his face
that dusk tints,
like gradations
thru' love's ever changing rainbow.

No one could gainsay love's effect
for 'tis the ultimate gift
yet almost
heaven's affliction,

as taking it leaves me breathless.

Love's Glow

Love's Glow.

The advent of love warms frozen soreness
in all stony hearts.

Its melt-down uncovers the edges of icy
unreadiness and
transforms cold into smiles more worthy
of receiving sweet
momentary yield as love's benign freedom
fans escape by heated
flame that which once taken hold will never
again allow frosty
defeat to block out future reaching for bliss.

Experience the feel
of love's fateful kiss and give its fire chance
to liquify previous snow
for love's glow needs nothing more than slow
stoking with gratitude's
coals for it knows one spark of felt happiness
will thaw frosted minds as
its blaze burns away spots of frigid heart-chill.

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to liquify previous snow
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stoking with gratitude's
coals for it knows those sparks of happiness
will warm wintry shock
as they roast away any petrified heart-chill.

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Its melt-down uncovers the edges of icy
unreadiness and
transforms cold into smiles more worthy
of receiving sweet
moments of yield as love's benign freedom
fans to high heated
flame that which once taken hold will never
again allow frosty
defeat to block out future reaching for bliss.
Experience the feel
of love's fateful kiss and give its fire a chance
to liquify previous snow
for love's glow needs nothing more than slow
stoking with gratitude's
coals for it knows those sparks of happiness
will warm wintry shock
as they roast away any petrified heart-chill.

LOVE'S GLOW.

Love's Glow.

The advent of love warms frozen soreness
in broken relationships.
Its melt-down uncovers those edges of icy
unreadiness and transforms
hidden stones by roasting with smiles into
reception of sweet healing
moments of yield as love's benign freedom
fans to high heat those lit
flames which once taken hold will not ever
again allow frosty defeat
to block intentions of reaching unified bliss.
Experience the feel
of love's fateful kiss and give its fire chance
to liquify drifted snow
for love's glow needs nothing but whispered
stoking with gratitude's
coals as it knows sparks of shown gladness
soften cold to willingness
for love drives away any petrified heart-chill.

Love's Mind

Love's Mind.

Love, blind to weakness,
sees what need chooses
but time casts its image
on forgiveness unused.
Doubt born of judgement
fights contrition's due
and pawns gentle insight
deflecting love's beauty
We, what we are, write
discord in peace-tunes
but love's mind composes
more than ego's music.

Love's Odour

Love's Odour.

*She stirs in her widowed sleep,
emits a low moan
and turns.*

*His pillow she keeps in her bed
to feel his hollow
and grieves.*

*She sighs and recalls his kiss,
soaks up love's odour
and weeps.*

*No ocean of longing erases
the scent she knows best
and misses.*

*Loneliness seems less
cold when
hugging close a love
remembered.*

LOVE'S STILLNESS.

Love's Stillness.

Quiet's comfort, revealed by love
begets ease of flow
from fear that silence will appear
between firey hearts
showing the need for healing calm
as more reminder that
when spoken words bear no harm
hurtful moments soon
melt for while regret reverts stress
love's stillness returns
to dissipate pain and take away
relationship's curse,
showing forgiveness breeds virtue.

Love's Tune

Love's Tune.

Love, blind to weakness
sees only the perfect
but as dissent appears
hearts can be deflected.
Discord builds turmoil,
destroys melded union
ends coupled harmony
that follows love's due.
We, what we are groan
from sore ego bruises
yet love's tune composes
more than just music.

LOVE'S TUNE.

Love's Tune.

Love, blind to weakness,
sees only the perfect
but shadows cast images
that sully its song.

Judgement, sans mercy,
creates but disturbance
ends hard-won harmony
which is love's due.

We, what we are receive
notes proving discord
but love's tune composes
much more than music.

LOVE'S TUNE.

Love's Tune.

Love, blind to weakness
sees only the perfect
 but eyes can change image
then battle rules.

We, who we are believe
harmony's discord
yet love's tune composes
more than music.

Love's Wand.

Love's Wand.

Unperceived as achievable
is enlightenment until it is ripened
in life's close relationships.
Hurt, when un-healed by
sitting in pain will suffer dejection
and can never sip nectar.
By releasing morbidity
mind's further sad patterns cease
to reap disturbing regrets.
Fearless a heart when
lifted to listen for wisdom will hear
calm breathing as life sings.
Taste then joy's unsullied
zenith but realize unless digested
love's wand lies beyond reach.

Lovescape

Lovescape.

I feel soft-sift in thine hands.

Fast as in an hourglass the drift
quickens toward intimate contact
while kisses drench an expectant skin.

I am drawn to warm Lovescape.

Fired by thy mothsilk voice I lie
wishing more to take ravished gaze
which over-rideth my maiden shyness.

I seem much given to yield.

Seared to frazzle on need's rack
fear beaten with thine ardent flame
dieth mine early resistance to passion.

I be sealed by thy fervour.

Bathed by zeal's desired flavour
and close to swoon I, my Lord, thy
court favour thus shalt soon capitulate.

Lovescape

Lovescape.

I am soft-sift in thine hands.
Fast as in an hourglass the drift
toward moments of intimate fancy
flows and excites my expectant skin.
I am drawn to need lovescape.
Fired by thy moth-soft voice I try
to flout thine intent of ardent gaze
alluring forsooth my foolish shyness.
I am sealed by thy fervour.
Bathed in desire's lusty flavour
and tasting a kiss know for certain
I thee favour and thus shalt capitulate.
Therefore mine Sire prithee
at nightfall if to my chamber thy
feet hasten then fain will I bid thee
enter and bed with my desirous invite.

Lovescape.

Lovescape.

I am soft-sift in thine hands.

Fast as in an hourglass the drift
toward moments of intimate fancy
as thy kisses drench my expectant skin.

I am drawn to this Lovescape.

Fired by thy moth-soft voice I try
to view in thine eye jay-blue blazing
over-riding forsooth any female shyness.

I am much blown away by need.

Burnt to a frazzle in heat's bowl,
half-sunk under fire's thirsty heave
first resistance wilt die to passion's role.

I am sealed by thy fervour.

Bathed in desire's lusty flavour
and tasting bliss know for a certain

I thee favour and thus shalt capitulate.

Therefore I bid thee make haste.

Lovescape.

Lovescape.

I am soft-sift in thine hands.
Fast as in an hourglass the drift
quickens toward intimate contact
while kisses drench an expectant skin.
I am drawn to warm Lovescape.
Fired by thy mothsilk voice I lie
wishing more to take ravished gaze
which over-rideth my maiden shyness.
I am much given to yield.
Seared to frazzle on need's rack
fear beaten with thine ardent flame
dieth mine early resistance to passion.
I am sealed by thy fervour.
Bathed by zeal's desired flavour
and close to swoon I, my Lord, thy
court favour thus shalt soon capitulate.

LOVESCAPE.

Lovescape.

I am soft-sift in thine hands.
Fast as in an hourglass the drift
toward moments of intimate fancy
as thy kisses drench my expectant skin.

I am drawn to this Lovescape.
Fired by thy moth-soft voice I lie
and view in thine blaze of blue-jay
eyes bliss over-riding female shyness.

I am much blown away by need.
Burnt to a frazzle in hunger's bowl,
half-sunk under fire's thirsty heaves
is my first resistance to passionate role.

I am sealed by thy fervour.
Bathed by zeal's desired flavour
and close to yield I vote thy court
favoured thus to love must I capitulate.

Lovescape.

Lovescape.

I am soft-sift in thine hands.
Fast as in an hourglass the drift
toward fortunes of intimate fancy
begin as kisses scorch expectant skin.
I am drawn to thy courtship.
Fired by a moth-soft voice I try
to view in thine a whispered desire
of vow to out-ride my female shyness.
I am much beguiled by need.
Burnt to a frazzle in heat's bowl,
near stupefied by fire's rabid heave
resistance forsooth wilts to Cupid's role.
I am seared by thy fervour.
Bathed in amour's lusty lovescape
errant bliss gains fast pace for a certain
I thee favour thus shalt herewith capitulate.
Therefore I bid thee make haste.

Lovesight

Lovesight.

*I know I have been here before
but yet cannot tell when.
I feel the force of fate calling
from a state unexpected.*

*I know we have spoken before
in some distant age
and when the veil of blur falls
I almost evoke your face.*

*We two have made contact before
and with instinct winching
more open that deja-vu-door
I sense other beginnings.*

*I know we shared lovesight before
in that timeless exchange
when former heartbeats caught
fire and the feeling remains.*

Lunacy

Lunacy.

Soundlessly screaming down she goes.
Clawing for balance her branching toes.
Cracking of limbs making terminal sound.
Breaking her back she drops to the ground.
----- !!!!! -----

Axes held ready for successive blows.
Another tree tumbling, down she goes.
 Forests are falling on which breath relies
While rootlessly naked woodland soil dries.
----- - !!! -----

No matter the future timber must fall.
Careless abuse taking no blame at all.
A Cedar succumbs and crying she goes.
Crashes to floor in sudden death-throws.
----- ! -----

Earth's oxygenation lopped by greed.
Indiscriminate raping ought to concede.
Trees purify air as ethered magnet unrolls
Lunacy governs when down each tree goes.

Shame on those aiding deforestation.

LUNACY.

Lunacy..

Silenced her screaming down she goes.
Clawing the ground her branching toes.
Crack of soft limbs adds sobs to sound.
Breaking her back she drops to ground.

Loggers work fast in successive blows.
Another one rocks and down she goes.
Rooted forests diminish in tropic skies.
Forgotten the rule that soil denitrifies.

No matter the future all trees must fall.
Careless abuse given no thought at all.
Another one axed then down she goes.
Crashes to floor in death's final throes.

Planet's oxygenation lopped by greed.
Violation's defacing does not concede.
Leaves purify air as reason well knows.
Lunacy governs as down each tree goes.

.

LUNACY.

Lunacy.

Soundlessly screaming down she goes.
Clawing the bedding her branching toes.
Cracking of limbs making terminal sound.
Breaking her back she drops to the ground.
----- !!!!! -----

Axes held ready for successive blows.
Another tree tumbling, down she goes.
 Forests are falling on which breath relies
While rootlessly naked woodland soil dries.
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Indiscriminate raping ought to concede.
Trees purify air as earth's magnet unrolls
Lunacy governs when down each tree goes.

Shame on those aiding deforestation.

Lush

Lush.

Deep lush of bunched purple winds in trust
around mother-vine.

Lustrous with sun-ripening fragrance fruit
tumbles stalks entwined.

Small orbs of pure amethyst shoulder each
other for sun's eye.

Rich globes of velvet hang bloated in juice
yet rush toward prime.

What blush on faces for gain of front seats
at maturing time.

Tho' swollen in wait grape-harvest clusters
know "must makes best wine"

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LUSTY TIMES.

Lusty Times.

Summer strides the evening walkway.

Shade hides harbour's dark delights.

Re-connected lovers survey

Covert places minus lights

Beach-bed pleasures need no duvet.

Lusty times these seaside nights.

Made-Over.

Made-Over.

Created by almighty Love's hand
to enjoy who I am
I try to grow daily in appreciation
of my own being.
Not ashamed of known truth
no more do I strive
to be faceless, grey-souled and
helpless with need.
I want on the real me to feed.

I am Passion revived.
Glad, overtaking regret, pulsates
with force of survival.

Smiles infuse drab, attract things
which delight and
freely transport reasons to find
broader highlights in
my recently made-over insight.

I know that true zest
could never belong to anything joyless.

Passively yielding appears now
to defile aims
of fresh Self who quite buoyant yet
subtle inside sees
need of commitment to more
firming empowerment.

Heartbeat submitting to nothing
but pleasure of giving,
I willingly celebrate my latest version,
mirrored in small
beginnings of person-improvement yet
whom Love is now revealing.

Recycled I may be but I like the idea
of this freer,
more enlightened, new kind-of-me.

Magic

Magic.

Swirling in oily rainbowing movement
the bubble traps time,
wraps beauty around eternity and vibrates
its world of fluidity.
Excelling in jailed soapy space-restraint
orb creates and encases
in outer fragile-thin globular skin layers
of gossamer jewelry.

Look closely at see-thru' glassy sphere
circle's mystic potential
caught in a universe of wondrous hues
whirl-entombed yet alive.
A globe in bursting lets fall what is first
indescribable but when
disappeared leaves awed bubble-magic
for an inner-child's mind.

Magical Hush.

Magical Hush.

Diamantéd mist,
..... of damp grayish pearls
hangs in forest air.
Soundless as cream,
.....calm gently unfurls
on every leaf there.
Woodland-cool coats
.....deep silence in hush
while healing awaits.
Pregnant in form
.....past shadows rustle
as grieving abates.
Wonder can seep
.....into the psyché
when stillness breeds awe.
Not a thing stirs
..... as magical hush
begins to transform.
Spectred by light
.....mysterious peace
makes mourning relent.
Soothingly real
..... Love's presence reveals
what our romance meant.
Regeneration
..... by destiny's means.

Magical.

Magical.

Diamantéd mist,
..... of sheen's grayish pearls
hang in forest air.
Soundless as cream
.....calm thickly unfurls
on every leaf there.

Woodland cool coats
.....its silence with hush
while healing awaits.
Pregnant with need
..... mind births new trust
and grieving abates.

Wonder then seeps
.....into the psyché
for stillness breeds awe.
Not a thing stirs
..... when lush of quiet
begins to transform.

Spectred by light
.....mysterious peace
aids sadness relent.
Moving unseen
..... Love's Presence reveals
gift of contentment.

Trees whisper sighs of

.....heart-damage redeemed.

Kind regeneration

..... by magical means.

MAGICAL.

Magical.

Diamantéd mist
..... on sheen's bluey pearls
hangs in fragrant air.
Soundless as cream
.....calm thickly unfurls
on every leaf there.

Woodland peace coats
.....its silence with hush
while healing awaits.
Pregnant with need
..... mind births new trust
and busy abates.

Wonder then seeps
.....into the psyché
for stillness breeds awe.
Not a thing stirs
..... when lush of quiet
begins to transform.

Spectred by light
.....mysterious peace
helps tight to relent.
Soothingly sensed
..... Love's Presence reveals
feel of contentment.

Trees whispered aid

.....acts and faith is redeemed.

Regeneration

..... by magical means.

MAKE-OVER.

Make-Over.

Yes, let's colour our hair.
Choose clothes with care.
Buy and eat the right food.
We deserve to look good.
Let's look young for our age.
We are all at that stage.
So walk tall down each aisle.
We deserve a fresh style.
Let's look at our inside.
Hurtful past we may hide.
Do moods line our faces ?
We deserve a re-make.
Let's look deeper to start.
Try a make-over heart.
Let's not settle for show.
We are worth it you know!
Do we choose to forgive ?
Wish to live and let live ?
Offence might then decline.
We deserve lives that shine.
So let's work inside-out.
Learn what change is about.
Before choice comes too late.
We deserve to FEEL great.

Making Believe.

Making Believe.

Shimmer enmisted dark sea and dune
cover night's secrets
in ebony blanket to capture the magic
of pretend honeymoon.

Seashore encrusted and hazily floating,
the two, pleasure-seekers
make honeyed love, lying cave-hidden
by tide's ebbing coat.

Making believe they own all the beach
their granite divan
becomes love-softened before blissful
and kiss-filled they sleep.

Lovers must take what comes from fate
yet now coupled these
two know how to sweeten their waiting.

Making Plain

Making Plain.

At times new events can mystify tidiest minds,
turn topsy-turvy accepted norms,
toss sky-high
respectable long held conclusions then jumble
normal routine until, irretrievably,
sense becomes tumbled.

Change in traits scramble an unprepared brain,
life becomes altered, time patterns
are never the same,
confusion reigns until answers start making
plain crazy questions of "why" which
battle relentlessly with
unsought-for acceptance that blasting
apart reliance on convention can
happen abnormally fast.

At last lucid clarity appears and moving above
clouds of doubt release happens

*

*

*

when logic agrees - - - you have fallen in love.

Making Richer.

Making Richer.

Dawn hangs on the trees, slivers itself
floorward, breaks on sleeping acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light
over which sun snipes at shadows
before leaping over
to change moveless dreamers to doers.
Rising to seed another day, eyes need
forewarning, blindness precedes brisk
flashes of conscious surrender
to ageing which suddenly blasts sight
back to passing of time
as breath catches gasps of movement.
Waking blocked ears mistake whispers
for real but shaken the senses
know Heaven ticks round each star
although it is fading thus making the
richer remaining moments
in which dawn still hangs on the trees.

We There.

In the land of See-Again stands
our old trysting tree.
Falling thru' time I see the place
where my lover waits.
Wrapped in immortality's folds
gleam priceless moments.
We there have never been parted
and youth owns our hearts.
Memory, like the muse, still plays

transmutation games.

Ageless are unmoveable dreams

where new is ceaseless.

Vision creates again love's time

that once known will never decline.

Making Richer.

Making Richer.

Dawn hangs on leafless trees,
slivers itself floor-ward,
breaks on sleepy earth's acres,
turns first to corners
over which autumn sun snipes
shadows before choosing
to change move-less dreamers
to action-type doers.

Waking, blocked ears mistake
drowsing for real
but roused, each sense knows
Heaven fades dark
slowly thus making richer those
moments where stars
still show dawn's coat all adrape
for poets like me.

Making Sense.

Making Sense.

New events at times can mystify tidiest minds,
turn topsy-turvy accepted norms,
toss sky-high
respectable long held conclusions then jumble
normal routine until, irretrievably,
it becomes tumbled.

Change in events scramble an unprepared brain,
life appears altered, time patterns
are never the same,
confusion reigns until answers start making sense
of the questioning "whys" which
battle relentlessly
over unsought-for acceptance and then blast
apart reliance on conventional views
abnormally fast.

At last simple clarity reappears and rises above
any doubt as realisation happens

*

*

*

and logic confirms - - - you have fallen in love.

Making.

Making.

Symphony in the making was silently
waiting in his old workshop.
I viewed with amazement that motley
collection of well-used tools
and knew how unusual was the music
hung there adorning the walls.
Hammers and saws tuned in for action,
tin shears and gimlets
stood ready to combat wood-shrinkage,
old oil-stones for honing
the blades all told me they could sing to
a Maestro's conducting.
An old wicker-chair in which I was sitting
plaintively winced at my
young movement as I examined the magic
in that Merlin's cave for,
about to be married I needed a man who
was declared a true master
of all things wood and who by talented
hands could teach me the craft.
I for once was eager to learn all the hows
of the trade, thankful the chance
of fine carpentry was coming my way so
I put on my new white apron,
picked up the apprentice-stick-measure
and like a baton gave it a tap
as my first ballad was about to take shape.

Mantra's Mistique.

Mantra's Mystique.

What is deep I want fiercely.
What is heart-moving I need to feel.
In what is adventure I wish to partake
and live to fulfillment.
If time and chance allow me to dive
into experience I shall leave the shallows.
With wings boldly grown
what is known as free flight I want to try.
I intend learning the meaning of life's
hidden music.
If there are tunes sweeter dreams feed on
these I will start to sing.
So come forward potential.
I have mantra's mystique to re-invent inner
sensory limitations.
With what are catalysts for energy change
I want a positive avalanche.
If love means completion I shall barter no
more and surrender willingly.
What is bliss I want to fill with and give
my best to the saga of living.

Matched

Matched.

We were once a satisfied
duo and each time we witnessed
the sweet of love's ether
bliss bathed our naked give
in rivers of rising climaxed delight.
One was his need with mine
in likeness for dipping
in thrills of diving into the untried.
It was a time of lush moreness
ripe with much thirst
for slaking and it still can enthrall.

Where went the way we were
when our two matched
souls craved coupled beauty
and composed tracks
that lead to orgasmic music ?

Matured

Matured.

Pasts were forgotten,
no more were they strangers
to each other, yet
unknown still to themselves
changes held hope
 of whispering sweet Yeses
to age- ripened potency.
Senses grew numb
until both saw the hand of fate
in witnessing summer
 again when two could savour
becoming as one
 for beyond time's fixed
idea of norm can begin more
flavoured sipping
of love's duo nectar as fortune
and taste aid gems
 adorning matured togetherness.

May's Rising

May's Rising.

*Earth's chill of early Spring clothing
keeps leaf-buds folded
while greenery's gown, still frozen
in fuzzy-stiff mold
sets lock-down frigid and grows
no softer with cold.*

*May's rising breath resurrects show
of sexual roles
which make lusty pairings hone
into gene-loaded
stirring of fur, feather and solo
hominine bones.*

*As minds turn to love, so
I am told, the chase never slows
for Nature knows
lit coals will best smoulder
by slowly awakened boldness
to what all are prone.*

Maybe.

Maybe.

In the pit of the night though cold
is curtained and
fittingly covered is my yearning
for thee, some vain
hope decides to unsleep and keep
me wide-eyed 'til
morn again has for certain broken.
When laid low
by memory I find myself clinging
close to thy
pillow and think of that presence
its hollow holds.
At last a slow winning of pale over
grey as dawn's
rosy fingers bid me away, I go to
remain at my
window until tide is high, for this
time it maybe
the one that is bringing thee safe
home again.

Maybe.

Maybe.

In the pit of midnight tho' cold
is curtained and
fittingly covered is my yearning
for thee, vain
hope decides to unsleep and keep
me wide-eyed
til morning has for certain broken.
When laid low
by concern I find myself clinging
close to thy
pillow and think of that presence
its hollow holds.

At last a slow winning of pale over
grey as dawn's
rosy fingers bid me away, I go to
wait by my cottage
window until high tide, then gaze
from cliff-top
for maybe this one will bring thee
safe home again.

MEANT.

Meant.

Close those bonds of friendly love,
tighter than ropes of steel
are tied fetters of harmony, proof
that fate controls affinity.
Born of ease with another
no weeds grow in felt relationships.
Empathy takes no offence, attacks
weak traits knowing chains
made in destiny's fire do not loosen.
Time severs doubt's fading threads
and for amity's sake,
makes firmer soul-mate attraction
to strengthen sewn truth.
This soft hand of meant happiness
my friend, I offer to you.

MEDITATING.

Meditating.

Connecting with sky above and earth
below,
eyes near closed I relax and breathe
slowly
to regard with mindfulness Miniature
growing
which, at my feet seems predestined
to flow
toward some mystical shape-shifting
wholesome
momentum with minute alchemy all
its own.
Myriad scurries on incisive missions
eye foes
and decide who to fight and who to
let go.
Insect Kingdom lies secreted in life
unknown
until patience the midget dimension
opens.
Dwarf-space in grass creates nature's
great ode
and meditating on micro lets another
world show.
My verbose attempts at wonder need
focus
so tiny inspires for awe writes humbly
its poem.

Meditation

Meditation.

Connecting with sky above and earth
below,
eyes unfocused, I breathe in to relax
slowly
and regard with mindfulness all that
growing
at my feet which seems deliberately
flowing
toward some mystical shape-shifting
whole
momentum with inbuilt direction all
its own.

Grass blades creak, restless leaves
blow.
Blooms alter hue as seasons change
coats.
Soil heaves with action underneath
my nose.
Busyness continues in all miniscule
burrows.
I watch while slow gait locomotion
unfolds.
and as Tiny changes nature's great
poem
meditation on littleness delights my
soul.

MELT-DOWN

Melt-down.

The advent of love warms frozen soreness
in all stony hearts.
Its melt-down uncovers the edges of icy
unreadiness and
transforms cold into smiles more worthy
of receiving sweet
yielding moments as love's benign freedom
fans to high heated
flame that which once taken hold will never
again allow frosty
defeat to block out future reaching for bliss.
Experience the feel
of love's fateful kiss and give its fire a chance
to liquify previous snow
as love's glow needs nothing more than slow
stoking with gratitude's
coals for it knows short sparks of happiness
roast unwilling hard stones
for love drives away any petrified heart-chill.

Memories

Memories.

I remember that day,
a grainy twilight draining sky's colour,
strange iridescent skin
on the water and wind lifting my hair.
I remember the burst
of birds into flight from silhouette trees,
limestone luminescence
and the damp of rocks cooling my feet.
I remember the peace
as I waited for you and our rendezvous,
nervous, yet love grew
memories never so treasured as then.

Memory's Pearl.

Memory's Pearl.

She had eaten
the proof of amour's iridescence,
taken love's juice
and emptied its cup to the dregs.
She sweetened by
patience the taste of long distance
and wasted no chance
for passion to break silken bread.
She had embraced
given gold of satisfied closeness,
quenched lonely thirst
so needy hunger invaded no more.
She feasted when
fate made late-laden approaches
and imbibed desire's
ripened affection as never before.
She had known
but once the romance of a lifetime
therefore memory's
pearl she now wears with a smile.

MEMORY'S PEARL.

Memory's Pearl.

She had eaten
the proof of amour's iridescence,
taken love's juice
and emptied its cup to the dregs.
She, sweetened by
patience the taste of long distance,
wasted no chances
to bake contact's waited-for bread.
She had embraced
given gold of a satisfied closeness,
quenched deepest thirst
so thirsty need invaded no more.
She feasted at table
laden with late-made approaches
and imbibed readily
ripened affection as never before.
She knew once
only close romance of a life-time
therefore memory's
pearl she now wears with a smile.

Mile-High Amour.

Mile-High Amour.

Book me for no one-night Love flight,
sky-heights only serve to bolster my girlish reserve
as quick-flings to me never looked right.

I need no Mile-High incentive,
no pill or potion or passenger-brews for emotion
that makes me more passion-attentive.

Force me to use no fore-play things
amusing as toys but only to sort the men from boys
and causing gross misunderstandings.

My amour-taste is plainly for straight,
no chains or spankings make me comply, frankly
nothing could teach me to tease or bait.

Find me a Club that puts Love first
where tenderness renders me fit for surrender
for then I never need any rehearsal.

Winging replete to another plane
with feet grounded by desire's earthy sounds
soars me to bliss again and again.

Show me dimensions where soul
contacts heart and breaks records for more
reasons than only few moments.

Mile-High one-flight guys who like

such delights never quench my kind of thirst,
this girl prefers long-term love life.

Mind-Food

Mind-Food.

*Ended the dream yet
its memory lingers
in treasured regret-proof
coats of repeat.*

*My best sleepless mind-food
tastes again two.*

*Need brought us together
and love felt good.*

Minions

Minions.

Oh Muse, bearer of wisdom, may your words
which traverse the globe
by verse affect attitudes, move objections,
enlighten egos, rock divisions,
reunite misunderstandings and by power of
digestion redirect what
the populace thinks unassailable and forgets.

May poetic energy slice through innumerable
rules, instil lost sympathy,
drown separation, re-find buried faith within
faded friendships, appeal
for awareness to remember hatred no more,
help those regret who,
 prejudice-laden perceive self with no kin.

May powerful words smash inbuilt devious
desire for retaliation,
create instead meant relationships, lasting
handshakes which re-shape
distance placed between hearts by age-old
spite as groundless pride
grows no happiness alongside bitter action.

Oh Calliopé, never forgo using your scribes
to evoke soul-felt change,
guide poems pleading for some re-erection

of love's fallen portals,
re-invite causes for unearthing paradise in
this war-riddled earth.
Peace demands minions' pens at the ready.

MIRAGE.

Mirage.

As I caught the scent of crystalline
charm I felt I must buy it.

Inside the shape
of blown-glass were imaginary forms
of curled serpentine convolutions.
Paperweight spirals
snaked upward, black-lined core
transformed writhing tendrils
of scintillation from asp
into fish then serpent then bird.
Meandering talent
wrought sinuous kinks from wavering
images of silver-pearl frames,
swirling forms revealed
nature in movement, a unique talent
coiled reptilian likeness
by fluent changes in congealed space
as entwined silhouettes
rotated throughout lit opalescence.
Encased in transparent artistic whirls
of configuration both sculptor
and I shared the excitement of blown
shape-shifting mystery.
Clearly bent on twisting
my heartstrings that vitrified mirage
sensed I could not resist.
And as I viewed the aim of petrified
glass I knew I must have it.

Mischief.

Mischief.

Whistling landward here we come
Planning mischief, bent on fun.
Let's rip off doors, or chimney pots
Whip up dust and blast treetops.
Lift girls' skirts and old ladies' hats.
Chase the dogs and frighten cats.
Let's tangle shirts on washing lines.
Rock all boats and swing on signs.
Try squalls to snap kites from string.
Us winds adore a mad March fling.

Mislaid

Mislaid.

We both lived in disharmony's fiercely heedless debate
mindless of relationship's worth.

We shuffled in biased cut-price ideas of winner-created
pretentious avoidance of hurt.

Agreement went into time's melting pot as shut-eyed
we arranged two separate worlds.

We talked ourselves into dry ground as thirst denied
rank pride forgot sorry is earned .

Love's ultimate non-sound got mislaid under actions
where loss of care was preferred.

Shall we re-construct silence and give Us the chance
to build space where hearing is learned ?

Mislaid

Mislaid.

We lived through a blaze of debate-soaked relationship
mindless of hearing's real worth.

We shuffled in biased cut-price ideas of winner-related
pretensions to obscure feelings.

Agreement went into time's melting pot as shut-eyed
we arranged private new worlds.

We talked ourselves into dry ground, regrets denied
sorry forgot its true power.

Love's ultimate non-sound got mislaid between words
and lost seemed repair's quiet dance.

Shall we reconstruct silence and give Us a last twirl ?

Mislaid.

Mislaid.

We lived through a blaze of debate-soaked relationship
mindless of hearing's real worth.

We shuffled in biased cut-price ideas of winner-related
pretensions to obscure feelings.

Agreement went into time's melting pot as shut-eyed
we arranged private new worlds.

We talked ourselves into dry ground, regrets denied
sorry forgot its true power.

Love's ultimate non-sound got mislaid between words
and lost seemed repair's quiet dance.

Shall we reconstruct silence and give Us a last twirl ?

Missed

Missed.

For height, girth and spread
folk said
there was never one like it.

Weighing a train-load with
oaken coat on
it took every seasonal gale.
and bulk survived.

Winter blasts groaning thru'
naked branches
tore down good fire-wood
but sagely magnificent
it withstood many decades
of weather behaviour,
sheltered all feather and fur
over generations,
made lovers a hiding place
but now it's not there.
Yet I see a sapling has been
fighting for air
and some say a gone-tree's
ghostly presence
can urge spurts of growth
in its successor.
I sincerely hope this is so
for all who pass by
that one-time great oak
surely must sigh as

its memorable shape will
be mightily missed.

Missed

Missed..

For height, girth and spread
it was often said
there was never one like it.

Weighing a train-load with
oaken coat on
it took every seasonal gale.

Winter blasts groaning thru'
nude branches
merely tore down fire-wood.

Sagely magnificent
it withstood many decades
of weather behaviour,
sheltered all feather and fur
for generations,
made lovers a hiding place
but now it's not there.

Yet I see a sapling has been
fighting for air
and some say a gone-tree's
ghostly presence
can urge spurts of growth
in its successor.

I sincerely hope this is so
for all passing by

that one-time great oak
still heave a sigh
as its memorable strength
is mightily missed.

Missing

Missing.

Come sail out to desire's pinnacle.

Dive with me to encounter intent.

Split the stylus of linked suspicion.

Drown past neglect in carnal again.

Missing are kisses doused in passion.

Dreaming is out, - time's ripe to act.

MIXTURES.

Mixtures.

Welcome the glory of all freckled things.

Prismatic shades in rain-drop hollows,
tree-bark tessellation,
chess-board meadows,
chequered bird-eggs and pansy faces.

Applause for hued variegation on newts.

Red flushes in round-fruited apples,
water-lily's opal iridescence,
patterns on grasses
and tail striation on backs of pheasants.

Hurray for dogs' motley coats and cats'
tabby patches.

Bumble bee gilt on harlequin lambs-tails.
piebald ponies,
tortoise-shell snail trails
and brindled spots on hedgehog shoulders.

Smiles for fish scale gilt irradiation.

Kaleidoscope streaks on butterflies
Mosaic-splashed daises.
Speckles on buzzard wings,
polychrome colt hides,
and rainbows sun-shower racing.

Tri-coloured, marbled, banded, spotted,
sprinkled with dots,
veined, tattooed or grizzled

Praise be for mixtures in dappled things.

Moonbaiting.

Moonbaiting.

Come, mesh your face in quivering sparkle which tops the dark lake.

Diamonds are free in the ripples tonight.

East-wise from shore cast your myopic eyes
and watch surface dancing in crystalline style.

View silky-white glitter of bubble-burst scintillation.

Watch mirror-magic shed gems on shimmering lake.

If we gaze deeper we will uncover love's orb celebration.

Come - see night zephyrs make spherical paleness gyrate.

Dark's nebular fore-play assures lovers get thoroughly sated.

When the queen plays on water her rays beam air-scintillation.

Follow her reasons as she moves access to more Luna sensation.

So come precious dearling, let not this moment go by.

Now is the time to go baiting moonlight, just you and I.

More

More.

Oh Light, you travel so fast,
invisibly cladding
this planet in change which
nothing can hinder,
altering colourless night-hue
you, in an eye's flick
gild sea's face, reveal distance
and more than that
touch land in filigree-silver
melting black fingers
of mist, netting dune's grass
and more than that
your whispers to unfolding
flora in still-dark
corners make numberless
bud-blooms harken
to dawning, sensuous fur
feels your warming
as feathery sleep blinks in
readiness to early
first breezy ruffles as morn
stirs wings, crabs
stretch in watery beds and
much more than that
humanity worldwide yawns
at your warning
of lullaby's finish, shaking
off drowse to see
how labour for hours ahead

can be rewarding
with daylight's force ready
and more than that
each dusk aims to put end
to sun-ups daily
performance but not before
orb's glittering exit,
for parting rays like to steal
central stage after
which Oh Light you sinking
slowly back into
day's secret abyss submit
yet more than that
unthinkable would be life's
terrible lack
if your worthy entrance it's
cue ever missed.

More Than.

More Than.

Oh Light, you travel so fast,
invisibly cladding
this planet in change which
nothing can hinder,
altering colourless night-hue
you, in an eye's flick
gild sea's face, reveal distance,
and more than that
touch land in filigree-silver
melting black fingers
of mist, netting dune's grass
and more than that
your whispers to unfolding
flora in still-dark
corners make numberless
shut blooms harken
to dawning, sensuous fur
feels your warming
as feathery sleep blinks in
readiness to early
first breezy ruffles as morn
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stretch in watery beds and
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with daylight's force ready
and more than that
each dusk aims to put end
to sun-ups daily
performance but not before
orb's glittering exit,
for parting rays like to steal
central stage after
which Oh Light you sinking
slowly back into
day's secret abyss submit
yet more than
unthinkable would be life's
terrible lack
if your worthy entrance it's
cue ever missed.
By this gift every earthling
human or otherwise
benefits in devising praise
thru' works or words
to Light and to its Creator.

MORE THAN.

More Than.

Oh Light, you travel so fast,
invisibly cladding
this planet in change which
nothing can hinder,
altering colourless night-hue
you, in an eye's flick
gild sea's face, reveal distance,
and more than that
touch land in filigree-silver
melting black fingers
of mist, netting dune's grass
and more than that
your whispers to unfolding
flora in still-dark
corners make numberless
petals succumb
to your calls, sensuous fur
feels your warming
as feathery sleep blinks in
readiness to dawn's
breezy ruffles for morning
stirs wings, fins
stretch in watery beds and
more than that,
humanity worldwide yawns
at your warning
of lullaby's finish and shakes
off drowse to see
how labour for hours ahead,
can be a rewarding

force with daylight's ready
aid, more than that
each sunset aims to put end
to your daily
performance but not before
that glittering exit,
the show of best-rays taking
centre stage after
which Oh Light, you sink
slowly back into
your secret abyss and wait,
for more than
unthinkable would be life's
disastrous lack
if your worthy entrance it's
cue ever missed,
and for this, every earthling
human or otherwise
relaxes by offering praise
of meant thanks.
to Light and to its Creator.

More Than.

More Than.

Oh Light, you travel so fast,
invisibly cladding
this planet in change which
nothing can hinder,
altering colourless night-hue
you, in an eye's flick
gilt sea's face, reveal distance,
you, more than that
touch land in filigree-silver,
melting black fingers
of mist netting dune's grass
and more than that,
your whispers to unfolding
flora in still-dark
corners make numberless
petals succumb
to your calls, sensuous fur
feels your warming
as feathery sleep blinks in
readiness to dawn's
breezy ruffles for morning
stirs wings, fins
stretch in watery beds and
more than that,
humanity worldwide yawns
at your warning
of lullaby's finish and shakes
off drowse to see
how labour for hours ahead,

can be a life-giving
force with daylight's ready
aid, more than that
each sunset aims to put end
to your daily
performance but not before
that glittering exit,
the show of best-rays taking
central stage after
which Oh Light, you sink
slowly back into
your secret abyss and wait,
for more than
unthinkable would be life's
disastrous lack
if your worthy entrance it's
cue ever missed,
and for this, every earthling
human or otherwise
relaxes while offering sighs
of meant thanks.
to Light and to its Creator.

Morphing.

Morphing.

I want no eventual.

I ask for soon.

I sense desire

for One morphing to Two.

I despise time

that bakes waste of regret.

I need what is sensual.

I will taste you.

Mother-Fed.

Mother-Fed.

On sun-honeyed cottage walls another day
knocks and ousts from bed every duty-clad
mother to wake snoring offspring and move
bread-winning others.

As winny of sea breeze shakes bud-drop
on frothy trees ravelled bed-sheets leave
sweating bodies, crumple floor-wards and
stretching sonlings wriggle toes as yawns
mist morning's wonders.

Kitchened in throb of breakfast-sizzle old
dog squints at dawn and whimpers at call
from white-aproned bustle, hobbles out
whining at chatter of hob-blackened pot
as brown tea rouses cobbled-clog rush
to scoop buttered bread then pocketed
for hunger's staving.

For decades hard living meant mothers
held ropes together at home by giving
no ear to complaint from fine-weather
seekers and set zealous fire under lazy
dalliance whether it's glow was heeded
or no, but with bark worse than bite as
the old saying goes.

Unrivalled is female dedication and this
Special Day notes its lead in the family.

Praise for years of caring Mothers.

Mothering

Mothering.

*From childhood's
pig-tailed time of fun
I hear again those
girl-voiced summers
when rush begun
to win more growth
toward freedom
brought understood
concern from
a parenting mother
whose love
gave firm reasons
for slowing
my aim to be gone
because home
and her secure love
would not be
there to give caring
food forever.*

*How true this as I muse
on Mothering Sunday*

Mothering

Mothering.

Arises unbreakable bonds after birthing.
New life creates times for mothering worth.

Overtakes any other love this parental duty.
Babyhood helplessness presents daily proof.

Releases tenderness which frees after rearing.
Close blood-tie senses growth's changing needs.

Cries for special attention all infant delivery.
From tiny beginnings is its mission fulfilled.

Adherents to care's best procedure agree.
Mother and offspring connection is peerless.

Mothering.

Mothering.

Arises unbreakable bonds after birthing.
New life creates times for mothering care.

Overtakes other calls this parental duty.
Baby-cry helplessness demonstrates proof.

Releases intention to free after rearing.
Linked by blood-ties yet partings foreseen.

Needs special attention an infant delivery.
From smallest beginnings is mission fulfilled.

Adherents on love's best procedure agree.
Mother and offspring connection is peerless.

Motley.

Motley.

Praise for the glory of all freckled things.
Mosaic shades in watery springs,
tree-bark when tessellated,
chess-board meadows
and prismatically chequered country lanes.
Applause for hued variegation on newts.
Red flushes in round-appled fruits,
wild flower iridescence,
patterns on ducks
and tall striated bull-rushy stems
Hurray for dogs' mottled coats
Bumble-bee gold on piebald ponies,
harlequin skies
tabby cats' patches, brindled cows
and dun-spattered field mice.
Cheers for vines shot with berry-red grapes.
Kaleidoscope streaks on window panes
Embroidered hedgerows,
marbled toads, speckles on buzzard wings,
and full spectrum of rainbows
Praise be for the beauty of all dappled things.

Movement

Movement.

Dawn hangs on the trees, force slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise presence moves bleary dreamers
to wide-away doers.
Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning
for blindness precedes
flashes of conscious surrender to sight as inertia's
sweet stupor
casts veils around seeing but breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.
Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken mind rouses
to sense Heaven's infinity ticking away rest- time
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
night hooks day to my use.

Movement.

Movement.

Dawn hangs on the trees, force slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres,
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Movement.

Movement.

Dawn hangs on the trees, force slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise presence moves bleary dreamers
to wide-away doers.

Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning
for blindness precedes
flashes of conscious surrender to sight as inertia's
lethargic stupor
casts veils around seeing and breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.

Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken mind rouses
to sense Heaven's infinity ticking away rest- time
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
night hooks day to my use.

MOVES.

Moves

Pasts were forgotten,
no more were they strangers
to each other, yet
unknown now to themselves
minds stood in awe
of what they knew had begun
for outside of time
souls learn nothing but truth.

Sense rendered numb
until hearts realized that fate
meant to open love's
tollgate so re-viewed as one
they entered other
and better duo dimensions
where tender warmth
sated moves in the making.

Beyond time's fixed
boundary begins destiny's
chance for romance
and there two lovers waited
thrilled with reality.

Much Read.

Much Read.

Clearing my late-aunt's desk
and paper files opened,
browned like old tea-leaves
one page fell down folded.
Age-mould faded and frail
pale ink blotched creases
between lines tear-drop stained.
Kept in a drawer
hid but much read his love makes
her sigh no more.

Musing

Musing.

Half-awake and stranded between the old
day and new,
coming tomorrows may look leviathan,
loom like clouds
of sharp-sharded, unreliable giants where
trust becomes sun-leathered
with nowhere to hide,
muscle-bound and most of the time
muddy-eyed.

Yet after a sip of memory's comfort I can
shake weighty foreboding and
see where truth's rise
has been leading events,
toss off stifling clothes and walk more
upright into the future,
shoulders high.

Facing fate with anticipation I find myself
able to smile at being alive
and for having been gifted with love,
life's battles then lose a bit of their scary
sting as I dip grateful toes
into the moment.

Past moves have everything good going
for them I muse,
while I notice
the sky above is becoming blue.

Musing

Musing.

*Time enters musing-land
with remembered blush of passion-schooling.*

*Mated scribes must bolster
love that long ago wrote lusty twosomes.*

*My pen still strokes paired words
which evoke rare amour, like his used to.*

Mutation

Mutation.

Nature teaches the way to happy acceptance
as awe suffuses seasonal change.
Harmony forms wonder of moving diversity
with primal-law's beautiful sway.

Dynamics rule as tidal swing welcomes each
 chance to savour abiding difference.
Mobile rhythms demonstrate changes that
offer planned joy by attractive shifts.

As autumn now flutters in leafy fragrance
she needs applause at such transformation
as dancing with every moment's mutation
she takes her variable bow on centre stage.

MY AIM.

My Aim.

From the first finger of misty light
fresh rays from
day's entrance shatter black chains
imperceptibly.

Breeze stirs dark dregs to a finish
as streaks of
summer beget break of new dawn
immaculately

An unsullied azure clearly displays
mystic zeal
by brushing up bits of stray grey
imposingly.

Sleep flits away to give day space
and furthers
my aim to unearth fresh challenge
impartially.

Caught in night's shawl is no place
to be when
sun's call entices taste for outing
immediately.

MY ENCOUNTER.

My Encounter.

I met, yesterday, a miniscule bubble of spirit
bumbling across my path,
a bundle of shrew-fur no bigger than a small
human thumb gladly
enjoying a trip from perhaps some out-grown
nest, a miniature burst
of living-soul bent on scenting new adventure.
No doubt out on a first
spree his rank curiosity rendered him fearless
of a giant like me
so I was ignored as he for one moment gloried
in scuttling along,
discovering feet got wet in puddles, pink nose
at strange odours puckered
as whiskering each leaf he patted green stalks
of exciting sea-grass until
shivering stopped him from more distraction.
The tiniest mouse doing what
any young offspring attempts when exploring
fresh paths ran skittish riot
and I thought with a grin if mice-life can laugh
as his tongue up-tilted to try
nibbling my bag that I saw him doing just that.
Looking at autumn storm-clouds
on the horizon and fast approaching I, wishing
him well had to hurry on
home while as he scurried at last down a hole
I know I will ever remember

my encounter with that tiny adventurous scrap.

My Friend

My Friend.

You

bundle of heaven-made cuddly innocence,
my morning ray of waiting ritual,
that anticipatory gift of looked-for shine
as I open my night weighted eyes,

You

docile bone-loving mistress of patience
have grown yourself into my days.

You

bouquet of sweetest canine-warm greeting,
my favoured scent of available cheeriness,
model of intelligent compatibility
dressing each rising in mutual patting,

You

perfecter of dumb communication
make my aloneness so touchingly grateful.

Tessa my friend

by craft of affectionate silence
your dog-sense adds spicy laughter to life.

My Friend

My Friend. You bundle of heaven-made cuddly innocence, my morning ray of waiting ritual, that looked-for gift of anticipatory smiles as I open my night-weighted eyes, You docile bone-loving mistress of patience have grown yourself into my days. You bouquet of warm canine greeting, my favoured scent of available sweetness, model of intelligent compatibility dressing each rising in mutual attraction. You perfecter of dumb communication make my aloneness so touchingly grateful. Tessa my friend by craft of affectionate silence your dog-sense adds spicy laughter to life.

My Rocker.

My Rocker.

A no-nonsense chair graces
my kitchen-hearth corner,
anciently cushioned,
prepared for heavy or
lightweight rockers to push
backwards and forwards
in hushed undulations of
hypnotic movement.
Held by ages-old differing
hands it's arms glow
with layers of polish, limbs
once relaxed, weary bones
nobly soothed as the frame
groaned in its ebb and flow.
Some able carpenter planned
and shaped this wooden object
of comforting sculpture
shaved, honed and planed
it to glossy perfection and
embedded in curving lines tales
that unfold with quietly
rocking in oscillation.
Soporific moments suspend
time when duly seated
in apprehension letting langour
grow as pace lifts mood, eons
ago ghosts release an essence
haunt old pieces by whispering
on and leaving magic vibrations
indented for years.
Stroking I feel forces unseen,

gone lives striving to
realize hopes, stored sighs
imprisoned in distressed wood,
dyed into somnolent rhythm
smiles of content still remain
alongside tears that no human
saw shed yet the to and fro
seat recorded each breath by
strange mesmeric repetition.
Mystic faces that continually
flicker in the lull of my rocker
have much to tell, however will
their spirits reveal its forgotten
secrets if I sit very still ?

Myself

Myself.

I start as a brook
in the far distant hills
which beginning
in droplets clinging
together passes through
rills between tiny ridges, spills
down small land-slides, tumbles in
miniature waterfalls to join streamlets
as ripples then sliding I hurry
over stony-sharp pebbles, breaching
ridged beds where frothing in bubbles
rushing I mingle with deeper
waters but stop to chatter under low
willows before altering
my tune to a baritoned river.
Then no more warbling in creeks
for me so bowling slower I walk to greet
other voices converging like tenors in
choral excitement, drowning me
out with ocean-toned roars belonging
to power as wide-mouth basso
eases my weakly trills into sea-songs.

Yet I will ever
know myself
as a brook
that springs
from hill-height
dashing between

granite nooks
and crannies
to delight
in brimming
over rocky beds
where my hum
is welcomed
by mossy pebbles
and where birds come
to drink and wet
feet and feathers
in my warm shallows
before I roll on
having to settle
for large water duets
and lost then
my previous whispers,
not forgot tho' soft
solo of mountain's clear
creeks in such fortissimo
as an ocean knows
only bottomless singing
loaded with lots
of littlest notes.

Myself

Myself.

I start as a brook
in the distant hills
which beginning
in droplets clinging
together passes through
rills between tiny ridges, spills
down small land-slides, tumbles in
miniature waterfalls to join streamlets
in ripples and sliding hurries
over stony pebbles, breaching
ridged beds where frothing in bubbles
I rush to mingle with deeper waters
but stop to chatter under low willows
banked in sidings before altering
my tune to a baritoned river.
Then no more warbling in creeks
for me so bowling slower I walk to greet
other waters converging like tenors in
choric excitement, drowning me
with loud ocean-voiced roars belonging
to power, basso then eases
my trills at mouth into its deep sea song.

Yet I will ever
know myself
as a brook
that springs
from hill-height
dashing between

granite's nooks
and crannies
to delight
in brimming
over rocky beds
where my hum
is welcomed
by mossy pebbles
and where birds come
to drink and wet
feet and feathers
in my warm shallows
before I roll on
having to settle
for large water duets
and lost then
my previous whispers,
forgot the soft solo
of mountain's clear creek
in that deafening
fortissimo as ocean
knows only choral singing.

MYSTERIOUS.

Mysterious.

Hello shiny loop of post-shower Rainbow,
you of mosaic-powered striated halo,
and so sages tell, a sign of faith.

You, chaste secreter of legendary gold,
crescented magic of arc-perfection
your brilliant mixtures of shaded hues
break raindrops to states
of optic illusion which beget elation.
Oh consummate sweep of bow-creation,
who knows what day your
promise appeared world-flood to negate.

Favour no seekers oh Rainbow whom
by digging for myth will
follow false roads right to your end.

Make therefore no friends
of illicit searchers for treasure, those
who see you as meant lure
for retrousséd lucre-embellishment.
Rainbow, thieves mimic your blessings
in pseudo-gilt with which
as ingratiates they become obsessed.

Sedate then all wealth-lust with curved
sting at each end of your
rain-augmented feet to waylay theft.

Divert and deflect looters with luminous
know-how and curl into
spacial desecration to decry deception.

Bedazzle all lechers by preventing entry
to any pretentious view of
your true riches that sate the sensitive.
You as writhing kaleidoscope can keep
away sly schemers by
retaining your mysterious iridescence.

Alive with alchemy
behave like a ghost changing your face,
turn pale, fade, become invisible
and disappear to invalidate trespassers.

Rainbow hide what is always your own
from blinded deviners with
pot-of-gold-eyes thus stay unmolested.
Stretch out your tracery uncontrolled
oh beauteous vision, protect your
vaulted prism of hidden wholeness.

Initiates know the reason your glory
appeals as Heaven's whispers
assure oceans stay placed evermore.

Mysterious.

Mysterious.

Hello shiny loop of post-shower Rainbow,
you of mosaic-powered striated halo,
and so sages told was sign of faith.
Oh consummate sweep of bow-creation,
who knows what day your
promise appeared world-flood to negate.

You, chased secreter of legendary gold,
gigantic crescented arc-perfection
your brilliant mixtures of shaded hues
break raindrops to states
of optic illusion to beget human elation.

Favour no seekers oh Rainbow whom
by digging for myth will
follow false roads right to gold's end.
Make therefore no friends of the illicit
who search for treasure, those
who see you as ancient depository for
retrousséd lucre-embellishment.
Bedazzle all lechers by preventing entry
to any pretentious view of
the true wealth that sates the sensitive.
You as writhing kaleidoscope can keep
away greed's schemers by
retaining your mysterious iridescence.

Alive with alchemy behave like a ghost

change your glow, turn pale,
fade dear chimera, become invisible
and disappear to invalidate trespassers.
Rainbow hide what is always your own
from blinded devisers with
pot-of-gold-eyes and stay unmolested.

Stretch out your tracery uncontrolled
oh beauteous vision, protect your
vaulted prism of hidden wholeness.
Initiates know the reason your glory
appeals as heaven's whispers
assure oceans stay placed evermore.

Mystery.

Mystery.

Iron-hard the half-shell of a once sporty
sea-cavalier now finished and washed
up on the beach beckons to me.
Granite claw open as if eyeless gaze still
saw passing fish and waited to pinch
out life for crab does not release.
Weapon of death created with tendons
tough and unbreakable and hinged
sinuous tissue glinting like steel.
Oh the mystery which lies underneath
oceans which if but once understood
would revolutionize lives here.

MYSTERY.

Mystery.

Iron-hard the half-shell of a once sporty
sea-cavalier now finished and washed
beach-ward pulls at my heartstrings.

Open his predator claw as if still caught
in hunger's need and waiting to pinch
out life for crab does not release.

Weapon of death made in tendon form
tough and unbreakable the injured
limb hung by fused steel hinges.

Oh what mystery lies deep underneath
oceans which if but once understood
would revolutionise thinking.

Mystery.

Mystery.

Iron-hard the half-shell of a once sporty
sea-cavalier now finished and washed
up on the beach beckons to me.
Granite claw open as if eyeless gaze still
saw passing fish and waited to clamp
by pinch-action without release.
Weapon of death fashioned in sinuously
unbreakable tendon this crab-intent
still survives in hinges like steel.
Oh the mystery which lies underneath
oceans which if but once understood
could revolutionize lives here.

MYSTIC.

Mystic.

The sky idly changes
as day is erased,
awesomely flaring
with in-coming night,
slowly emerging
like sooty-grey fur
as dusk's dim silence
begets more graces
while I wordless
praise the One who
such beauty maintains
as light-to-dark merges
in mystic twilight.

Naked Heart.

Naked Heart.

Come drug of sleep,
drop, heavy cloak of woolly mind that dulls clear thought

Hold me tightly.
Drowse my downbeat heart
and drown to calm the anxious weight of former hours.
Come chains of stupor,
let mood remain sans chill of knowing love can never be.
Night swallow me.
Let me browse on nought
and may an unassuming nothingness be my sole activity.
Come thick night
fall over me and hide my naked heart from further light.
Cover my ache
Dull me into unopposed
acceptance of crushed hope, make me hazy as I acquiesce.
Come half-closed eyes,
let sight not look again at joy's demise as dark holds sway.
Silence take me.

Naked Heart.

Naked Heart.

Come drug of sleep,
drop, heavy cloak of woolly mind that dulls clear thought.
Hold me tightly.
Drowse my downbeat mind,
change to calm the restless weight of reliving the former.
Come chains of stupor,
let mood taste freedom from knowing our love cannot be.
Night swallow me.
Keep me from waking
and may un-distressful nothingness become my activity.
Come thickest gloom
Dissimulate and clothe my naked heart from further light.
Close my tired eyes,
let sight view no more duo's demise as sleep holds sway.
Silence take me.

Nameless

Nameless.

Headstones tell stories of breath succumbing
for Nature brings end to the unfit.

Setting the table with one place fewer sends
mourners for graveside visits.

Comfort is there in the quiet of granite with
names and dates of loved ones missed.

But World War 1 saw a coffinless era as boy
soldiers fell to muddy extinction.

Young bodies dropped nameless in scores
so graveyards at home had no link.

Plaques began to appear telling not of lives
lost but of what had been achieved.

Yet innocent blood indifferently spilled can
never be seen as victory.

Shell blasts and gun fire wrought by elite
terrorized youngsters into killing.

Shame on those who never brought back
a generation of stolen children.

Nearest.

Nearest.

Loving things nearest to hand
I must consider the Dandelion.
Mane of spun gold opens bands
of allure as eye and aroma align.

Fired by sun seduction attracts
passing insects intent on dining.
Bosom exposed lightening action
releases droplets of scent- design.

Seeing the spread feelers fasten
on insect nectar for feeding time.
Such a clever self-spreading ranks
as first class intelligence to admire.

Sensing feast splay an unwrapped
tongue greedily laps at artful invite.
Pollen can sweeten hidden language
because flies ignore dandelion's guile.

Noteworthy successful at spreading
itself this little plant stirs the fancy.
Yet no poet unbent will catch Heaven
giving merely one indifferent glance.

Nebulous

Nebulous.

Shadowy movements of ethereal
music play nebulous games
with the moonlight's white fingers
across uncanny skylscapes.

Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy
grey smoke whispers its
journey along water's dark mask
with swirls of limpidity.

Time for wonder as tiffany uplights
mosaic patterns in gloom
on a blackening trout's fishy back
to create sheer translucence.

Thru' glassy mist night-jet hangs
gauze over sickle-shaped
glow netting half lit luna lantern
in haunting gilt-opaque.

Clouds part and I stand entranced
as the rare yellow ghost
of a flimsy late rainbow skims past
flaring but for a moment.

Nectar

Nectar.

Like wax
softened by fire
melting doubt's angst
she remembers
moon's candle setting
fuse to passion
with each sip of heaven's
nectar they drank.

Nectar

Nectar.

Like a bee

in petals my movement feels free

for I view pleasure being unaltered

so at last I agree to look forward

at love's immortality

and can see

like an ant

rushing between holes in grain-sacks

on leaving former expected restriction

I race to abandon a passive addiction

and tasting abundance shall

not turn back

for like wax

softened by fire yet melting in thanks

I remember desire bound us together,

and death's potion will not last forever

if heaven makes nectar such

as we drank.

Nectar.

Nectar.

Like an eel

in liquid my movement feels free

for I view our future being unaltered

so at last I smile on looking forward

as love's immortality

I now see.

Like an ant

rushing between holes in grain-sacks

on leaving my former grief-restriction

I race to abandon graveyard addiction

and tasting abundance will

not turn back.

Like wax

softened by fire yet melting in thanks

I remember the ties we built together,

chains of happiness must last forever

if heaven makes nectar such

as we drank.

Nectar.

Nectar.

She whistles her charges with shrill treble then in distant field
flicking ears hear, long legs flex,
tongues slick thirsty lips while giant heads, raising from dozes
among marigolds skyward stretch.
Flanks heave upward and as un-gainly frames meander home
vacant eyes gaze at flaming sunset.
Mooing with milk-weight cows move toward barn where waits
feed of hay as maid's cool hands calm
hot udders by touch of experience for care disarms nerves as
cream spurts comfort into parlour.
Results of ate meadow-grass creating white nectar demands
mind-set's intent to work hard.
Chewing late cud large inmates take patient turns for gaining
relief while the girl's milking pail
fills, spilling pearls onto each long-tail twirl as evening fades
for liquified cream needs time to take.
Bovines train by responding to kindness when the husbandry
comes taught from the cradle.
Brimming founts require daily capped heads of willing labour
whose cows produce gratefully.

Need.

Need.

*And the moment dawned when need
shattered convention
danced on wrought patterns of
unspoken intention
and we gently kissed.*

*And the time for yielding arrived,
steel clamps receded
and colour invaded dull monotone
as love's lamps lit shadows
in folded lives.*

*And warmth of affection started
new fiery sparks
while unused satisfaction
crooned forgotten ballads
to lonely hearts.*

Never Again.

Never this day again,
never this moment of potent sensation.
Air of sharp crystalline
will not again invade this exact skyline.
The same sun's high display
will never perform this grandeur again.
Not again this daytime
when whirling seagulls hunt high tide.
No more this moment's sheen
diamantéing each ripple over the sea.
Never again this morning
when quiet eats into sound and form.
Nature's speech, in this second
only, will never be bettered for effect.

Never Before

Never Before.

*I came upon a block of pure colour.
Bewitchingly blue was the broad band
of irises framing a cottage wall.*

*Violet blended with Lapis lazuli.
The shock took my breath and stopped
further need for seaside walking.*

*Desire aroused passion to own.
I must sow a bed of this jeweled hue
and my empty garden adorn.*

*Iris magic shall better my move.
Never before have blooms stirred love
into which I willing now fall.*

Never Enough

Never Enough.

And to read that sand feels soft was
never enough for me.

I must with bare feet watch toes
move its looseness and
feel the elation of beautiful touch.

And to be told that sound heals was
never enough until sweet
bird-song filled my ears with
dawn's early chorus by
first hearing its undeniable proof.

And to feed eyes with enough for me
means seeing life's passion
for hiding each fragrance and allow
sated experience dance me
to the wonder of sense-satisfaction.

Never Forget

Never Forget.

Let us remember
all imprisoned birds in order to sing
must visualize
winging to needed freedom of open
barred ease so with
calls to defend pointing at striplings
brought volunteered
smiles to the whining of mortar-flak.

Without prior warning
boy-choirs began welcome training
for foreign fields
and bellow refrains at shellfire noise
behind lines when
saddened eyes view evil happenings
hell-bent on
fright as sound blasts youthful minds.

Yet singing drifted to bleak horizons
with dauntless
defiance and when ducking shrapnel
lads' song explosions
became ever louder to drown bedlam
of fear-drenched trenches
then sunk in the battle's louder intent.

Youth's face altered as reality's chaos

dented courage yet
held resistance to mortared rattle and
kept trust fresh
by lads' attempts at more balladeering
which lent grit
while bulletfire rose until breath failed
and young songbirds
when in last thoughts of home-land at
some closing moment
let voices cease in throe's final breath.

Freedom's rally
over for such lads meant singing effort
forever was done.
Red as the poppy their sacrificed blood
left legible lessons
for all to remember and never forget.

Never Forget.

Never Forget.

Let us remember
all imprisoned birds, in order to sing
must visualize
winging to real freedom across open
countryside so
into war's cell young marchers strode
whistling then sang
as loaded missiles whined over-head.

Without prior warning a boy started
quietly, others
joined in and soon a tunelessly loud
number proudly
bellowed refrains into shell's flak-fire
at going down
behind black hills in yellow dust-ring
the day's dying
sun, soiled by guns' aftermath gloom.

Their singing lifted to smoky horizons
with undaunted
courage and when nearing gun-blast
lads' exploding
songs became louder within bedlam's
fire-drenched trenches
and sunk in faith war's Godless intent.

Youth's face grinned as blood's scene
went the rounds by
sheer resistance to hell's rattling rain.
Fears held within,
lads' cheery laughter and balladeering
went on to defy
battleground wailing until breath failed
and young songbirds
when in last thoughts of home-land at
some closing moment
let fight cease with throe's final breath.

Freedom's battle
over for such lads meant singing effort
forever was done.
Red as the poppy was spilt blood then
and in wars to come.

Let us remember..... and never forget.

New Appetite.

New Appetite.

A lust full of Karma passed and eagerness lessened.
The honied moon of strong passion a weaker light shed.
Love turned to pages of lies until ,cage ajar, the bird fled.
Rules burnt desire's new appetite revived no false pretense.
Lit again female eyes felt hunger that quenched past neglect.
Prized then the nectar fired by another with not a sign of regret.

New Appetite.

New Appetite.

A lust full of Karma passed and
eagerness lessened.

The honied moon of strong passion
a weaker light shed.

Love turned the pages to lies until,
cage ajar the bird fled.

Rules stifled new appetite yet revived
was no false pretense.

Lit again female eyes noted hunger that
quenched thoughtless neglect.

Prized then the nectar fired by another with
not one sign of regret.

New Depths

New Depths.

Find the place where two seas meet,
stand on the edge of seen and unseen
and listen to Nature speaking.

Awe is too vast to describe in words,
peer into the intimate inner universe
and discover new depths of person.

Authentic soul-beauty empties Self
to display the experience of ecstasy.

New Depths.

New Depths.

Find the place where two seas meet,
stand on the edge of seen and unseen
and listen to Heaven speaking.

Love is too vast to describe in words,
look in the human mirror's universe
and discover new depths of person.

Real soul-beauty is empty of self
but is filled with wonder's ecstasy.

New Depths.

New Depths.

Find the place where two seas meet,
stand on the edge of seen and unseen
and listen to Heaven speaking.

Love is too vast to describe in words,
look in the personal mirror's universe
and discover depths that are new.

Authentic soul-beauty feels self-empty
when filled with wonder's pure ecstasy.

New Kind.

New Kind.

Created by almighty Love's hand
to enjoy who I am
I try to grow daily in admiration
of my own being.
Not ashamed of known truth
no more do I strive
to be faceless, grey-souled and
helpless with need
on the real me I want to feed.

I am Passion revived.
Glad overtaking regret pulsates
with force of survival.

Smiles infuse drab, attract things
which delight and
freely transport reasons to find
broader highlights in
my recently made-over eyes.

I know zest should never belong
to anything joyless.

Passively yielding appears now
to defile aims
of fresh Self who quite buoyant yet
subtle inside sees
need of commitment to more
firming empowerment.

Heartbeat submitting to nothing
but pleasure of giving,
I willingly celebrate my second version
mirrored in small
beginnings of person-improvement yet
whom Love is revealing.

Recycled I may be but I like
the idea of this freer, more enlightened
new kind-of-me.

New Leaves.

New Leaves.

All

old leaves

grow mouldy,

buds feel cold from

clinging while loaded

in uncontrolled broken

resolve to remain unrolled.

Most leaves

wish to descend

and intend up-ending

steely grasp they suspend,

worn leaves need re-tending

not mending when old year ends.

Worn leaves

after stem- turning,

from an anchorage burst,

then after reddening they spurn

branch attraction, freedom earned

they become torn and fall as they swirl.

New leaves

can now safely

be replaced, newly made

renovations, stations up-dated,

overpainted, greens freshly rated,

another season's verdance in waiting.

May

next

year

give

you
dear
poet-friends
extra inspiration as like me, you face
turning over new writing-leaves by making
good resolutions for 2018.
HAPPY NEW YEAR YOU BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

New Leaves.

New Leaves.

All

old leaves

grow mouldy,

buds feel cold from

clinging while loaded

in uncontrolled broken

resolve to remain unrolled.

Most leaves

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renovations, stations up-dated,

overpainted, greens freshly rated,

another season's verdance in waiting.

May

next

year

give

you

dear

poet-friends

extra inspiration as like me, you face

turning over unwritten paper

and making some meant resolutions.

HAPPY NEW YEAR YOU BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

NEW NOTIONS.

New Notions.

The clock-face of midnight, assaulted
and pierced by block
waits looking askance at my inky pen
when witching hour stops.

Labour's oil long burnt out leaves me
still making verse
while shaping new notions so Calliope
I bid you have mercy.

My mind may finally yield to sleep for
words dunked in rhyme
strung on short lines flicker as caution
re-views one more time.

Soon now and dawn will be brushing
my window to see
me yearning for rest when todayness
stirs and tries to shake me.

NEW.

New.

Take care my fellow time-traveller
when walking alongside me.
Wayward from now is my favoured destiny.

I am no pale powder-puffed kind
of genteel female today.
No more that simple, sweet simpering lady.

Regeneration has opened love's
highway to livelier air.
This former conformer is no longer there.

No scrap of convention remains
in my new state of freedom.
Life is a great place to be - - now I am me.

Newly-Felt.

Newly-Felt.

Festooned in non-expressible
whispers of More
an anonymous force brews
wine on dregs
of untasted happiness
while pain pierces absence
of contact-addiction.

Cocooned in ruffles of waking
love-scape pleasure
arises to galvanise dreams
of sipped penetration
to feed mind with Maybe
as mutation begins.

Pity the state of reshape
distance which
contracts and withers
when half-hearted
grows wings and starts
to implode.

Sparks like stars
light the way to move
mountains
for newly-felt love.

NEWNESS.

Newness.

Come now oh beloved one.
Gird up the morning,
It's voice over-calls.
Roll up the glory of sunrise
before you.
Come shake out it's newness.
Use light's emergence to attire
your inertia.
Sip life's steeped infusion.
Be moved by the dawn.
Languid can wait.
Take up the slack along with
Now's aid.
Fight sleepiness back.
Success is for making so are
you ready ?
Come, seize the skirt of today.

NEWNESS..

Newness.

From cold warmth blows into time again,
from fog appears lighter days,
from inertia zeal gyrates
newness by making
way for tomorrow's feed of regeneration.

NEWSWORTHY.

Newsworthy.

Pregnant with longing day's molten sky
displays first cloudlets skimming plains
and shuffling them into afternoon piles
of slow-greying duvets heavy with rain.
Edging nearer change threatens to spill
wet on whatever is left to kick or cavort
waiting at waterless holes for the filling
of liquid-need life weakly stomps, snorts
and squawks for drench to begin for fur
hide and feather sways in parched thirst.
This is the worst arid drought with gross
loss of life, newsworthy absence of rain
brings closer to ends each seared throat
and heat-scorched limbs move painfully
to dry- holes while edges between dying
of dehydration appear to grow narrower.
Yet as jet cracks lightning behind horizon
nostrils flare and lips in anticipation throw
ready mouths open to catch the first drop
of heavenly nectar before downpour stops.

Night-Stained

Night-Stained.

They say
Roan red twilight,
night-stained and greying
like dough-bread rye
drenched in mayonnaise
will create
Blackberry sky,
dark-ruffled and fluffed
like meringue pie
cut while wearing gloves
and when
Wind beaten cloud,
becomes pearl-hue slaked
like milk turned sour
means storm on the way.
They say.

Night-Stained.

Night-Stained.

Macaroon sky,
dark-ruffled and fluffed
like meringue pie
trapped in a high oven.
Roan red twilight,
night-stained and greying
like grains of rye
drenched in mayonnaise.
Wind beaten shore,
cheesy and mould slaked
like bread wet-stored
means storm on the way.

NIGHTNESS.

Nightness.

When more mauve than dark
pervades the horizon
cattle seek harbours
as night creeps from hiding
When lengthens the gloaming
 beasts shuffle lazily
 to stand under hedgerows
more still than paintings.
Stone-like their statues
in sunlight's last rays
 make no ghostly moves,
more grey than shadows,
a bovine's long wait.
In ebony's blackness
beasts take heat or cold
rain-stained and stiff-backed,
 defiantly shiftless, know
more dark than light
means conquering nightness
with patience unrolled.

I think with light's fading.
of resolute cow-minds
braving time's changes,
facing sun's dying
without much complaint
and pray to do likewise
with more their behaviour.
Being conscious of need

to show same resignation
when coping with fate
I looked this evening
to learn more from nature.

Nightness.

Nightness.

When more mauve than dark
pervades the horizon
cattle seek harbours
as night creeps from hiding.
When lengthens the gloaming
beasts shuffle lazily
to stand under hedgerows
more still than paintings.

Stone-like their statues
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with patience unrolled.

I think with light's fading.
of resolute cow-minds
braving time's changes,
facing sun's dying
without much complaint
and pray to do likewise
with more their behaviour.

No Chance

No Chance.

As each ebbing tide tumbles seaward
to leave but remembrance
on sand's tear-washed places,
as a breaker flings sad over thought
and sighs reassemble
my desire turns to past embraces.

As life's rollers drag re-call heedlessly
back thru' unforeseen grief
to where incompleteness dwells,
as on-moving time sanctions seasons
I confront the regret
that we had no chance for farewells.

No Limits

No Limits.

The sky has no limits to women who
poem insideness of things, linguistic
she-verses describe core feelings to
woo with words no male can resist.
Gentle those means of expression
 that seam poetic mesh to girl-like
 magic yet when tied to potential
female freshness boldly invites.
Like true romantics womanhood's
skill portrays sparks of diamante'
in lines studded with half hidden
seduction and sheer fantasy.
A lady drifts toward innovation
by heedful life-fervour that guides
pens readily given to scribing love
as ineffable yet asks not why.

No Limits.

No Limits.

The sky has no limits to poets who
materialize an insideness of things, linguistic
verses emerge, well-crafted ideas that woo
with words no one can resist.

Like any romantics their sensitive
skills portray sparklets of sentence-diamante'
studded with entrancing perception inventive
when scribed as fantasy.

Such is their means of expression
that seams of poetic mesh mould moonlight
magic in graphic lines which tied to freshness
become boldly inviting.

Poets drift nearer to insightful art
by heedful word-fervour than most realize
because life's real meaning engages a heart
which writes, yet never asks why.

NO LIMITS.

No Limits.

The sky has no limits to poets who
materialize an insideness of things, linguistic
verses emerge while well-crafted ideas woo
words that cannot resist.

Like any romantics their sensitive
skills portray sparklets of sentence-diamante'
studded with entrancing perception inventive
when scribed as fantasy.

Such is their means of expression
that seams of poetic mesh mould a moonlight
magic to graphic lines which tied to freshness
become boldly inviting.

Poets drift nearer to insightful art
by heedful word-fervour when souls realize
truth that mysterious Muse compels hearts
to write yet never ask why.

No More.

No More.

Under a sky blue as herons' eggs,
low tide washing pebbles and feet on the slide
he shored his small vessel.

High herring gulls wheeling loudly
shrieked a goodbye as he made his way over
land's tussocky towans.

Looking around he cast a keen
eye along coastline, noticed a woman and pup
having fun on the beach.

And as he sampled new freedom
away from the white finger pointing skyward
he felt no more a keeper.

Now automated every Lighthouse
had no human need yet who by instinct when
storms hit would likely peer out ?

Who could in gales see shades
of anger when Long-rock turned from murky
grey to a dark purple rage ?

When the ocean's great heave
made passage round humpback so dangerous
while its eye promised evil.

Then boats caught in understroke's
horror might fight but breaking in two would
toss overboard fearful folk.

What now he wondered would
happen to those in the ink of black sea during
battle of wind against wood.

The last Lighthouse keeper
felt a tear fall although having been told that

he could now sleep easy.
But would he ?

No More.

No More.

Never this day again,
never this moment of potent sensation.
Cloud of such crystalline
shape will not again invade this skyline.
The lush sun's same display
will never re-form this grandeur again.
No more this moment's sheen
diamantéd on ripples adorning the sea.
Never again this morning
when silence eats into sound and form.
Nature's stage in this second
will not be repeated or displayed better.

No More..

No More.

War when long and drawn out throws its challenge
of thorns to pretenders
caught in fighting foes and wounded egos
scream for an ending.

Men start to forget who spilt first blood annd who
began shooting hate
into guiltless bodies so filled with terror
not of their making.

Rage no longer understood loathes war's insanity
staining earth endlessly
then brotherhood rises in love-parched
hearts to form amends.

When life is read rightly eyes melt in pity, cooling
iron once smoking hot
teeth chatter fear no more as hands raise
flags for battle to stop.

Celled together in single grief sense readily calls
losing opponents to cease from war.

No Regret

No Regret.

A lust full of Karma passed and eagerness lessened.
The honied moon of strong passion a weaker light shed.
Love turned to pages of lies until ,cage ajar, the bird fled.
Rules burnt, revived new appetite desired no false pretense.
Lit again female eyes felt hunger that quenched past neglect.
Prized then the nectar fired by another with not a sign of regret.

No Time.

No Time.

As each ebbing tide seaward out-pours
to leave its remembrance
on sand's empty spaces,
as the breakers slip back to clasp shores
before again parting
my thoughts turn to gone embraces.
As life's rollers drag me, heedlessly
back thru' tears unforeseen
to where no contentment dwells
on-moving tides bring me no release
while I accept with regret,
that we had no time for farewells.

No Time.

No Time.....

As each ebbing tide seaward out-pours
to leave its remembrance
on sand's empty spaces,
as the breakers slip back to clasp shores
before again parting
my thoughts turn to gone embraces.

As life's rollers drag me, heedlessly
back thru' tears unforeseen
to where no dry eye dwells,
on-moving tides bring me no release
from mournful regret
for we had no time for any farewells.

No Words.

No Words.

A small bird on a rock-peak above froth-veined
white rolling stream began speaking to me.
Not by words he set about piping in strong happy
notes among leafy islands joy's sweet clarity.

With no way to transcribe I leaned forward into
his mind and caught the right frame of his tone.
No words could describe his voiced cadence and
briskness the gladness such singing made known.

With symphonic report his gratitude for water
refreshment came from sheer slaking of thirst.
That bird bridged understanding by abundance
of satisfied trilling of gladness without a word.

I learned the secret of joyful existence that day
from a dipper who word-less contact displayed.

Non-Sound.

Non-Sound.

We lived through a blaze of debate-soaked relationship
mindless of hearing's real worth.

We shuffled in biased cut-price ideas of winner related
pretensions to obscure feelings.

Agreement went into time's melting pot as shut-eyed
we arranged private new worlds.

We talked ourselves into dry ground, regrets denied
sorries and pride took full power.

Care's ultimate non-sound got mislaid between words
and lost seemed repair's quiet dance.

Yet we picked up love's debris and blew flame- burst
from silence to warm our last chance

and it worked.

Nostalgia

Nostalgia

Oh for a yesterday
when moments of lavishly ripe
excitement flew
late sails of intention to make
rainbowed horizons.
Where rich and expectant life
cast new-told signs,
when readiness held matches
to smouldering fires.
Oh for that yesterday
when racing, desire sped from
tight-fixed moorings,
left tracks of habit and entered
receptive conclusions.
Two stars plied without fanfare
solicitous dishes,
filled with delicious prospective
of the unmissable.
Oh for a taste
of sated aliveness where covert
changed the forbidden
into excitement gilding passion
for yesterday-thrills.
When love lustily climbed aboard
for one more chance
of unexplored rapture we created
nostalgia to last.

Nostalgia.

Nostalgia.

Summer strides nostalgia's walkway
.....as dark cloaks low-tide's old delight
when lovers loitered just to survey
.....secret hide-aways out of sight.

Intended pleasures sought no daylight.
Heady times those harbourside nights.

Not A Doubt.

Not A Doubt.

Stalked in tall greenery, cupped as itself,
bud-tight but becoming
slowly unfurled petaled perfection opens
to show in this single rose
tender attention, strongly fragile its scent
from a distance out-faces
with essence relevant questions on hold.
Scent-soaked poetry, unsaid will vibrate
as this clandestine rose
speaks its message from faraway hands
and treasured more
by intention to gently perfume our fated
attraction shall leave
not a doubt on how love's destiny stands.

Sweet evocative sign
oh milky-white rose,
your secret so disguised
only providence knows.

Not Again.

Not Again.

Never will sighs go so deeply again.

Go tell the sea that he,

who was the life of my flame, strong

Knight who took me riding

behind his first steering of kindness

into the power of desire,

can no longer move distance to prove

love's waves can reach me

for he has passed the last fatal flood

where void and troubleless

he lies but my lament on losing such

lover will never be ending

for not again will pain dig so deeply

inside my heart's core.

Not Again.

Not Again.

Never will sighs go so deeply again.
Go tell the sea that he,
who was the life of my flame, strong
Knight who took me riding
behind his first steering of kindness
into the power of desire,
can no longer move distance to prove
love's tides can reach me
for he has passed the last fatal flood
where void and troubleless
is he but my lament on losing such
lover will never be ending
for not again will pain dig so deeply
inside my heart's core.

Not Meant

Not Meant.

A moon shimmers approval
to June's evening mist
hiding the girl's insistent
and unusual sadness
with little more than a curl
of blonde eyelash
to prepare the fond maiden
the affair was not meant
to last then blatantly
she shrugs pert equipment
yet momentarily shivers.

Not to be Missed

Not to be Missed

Once in a while I
fold back that vanity of solo-dreams
and enter behind
your fantasy where hangs concealed
a land of angelic
enchantment that teaches addiction
to unseen attraction
and anticipate rapture
in learning about real fairy contact.

I seek Flora's cloud and ask
her to show me her dance.
Ethereal music embroiders her glance,
and as I leave sight
of earth-bound views unlock tuneful
paths to entrancing
Togetherland that, angel-hued, sways
its gossamer hold
with beckoning hands and who favours
inviting a mystical duo.

Waltzing with angels
is high on the list for poets who fancy
time spent with muses
so not to be missed is the first chance
to step on Fey's floor
to take her dance-offer as magic occurs
when bliss heightens
the urge to write and make of words
something delightful.

Not Yet..

Not Yet.

Autumn does not leave your mind, like a threshed
meadow you lie
expectant of that falling day when he had
to go on his way
and you whisper his name.

Waiting does not leave your eyes, a pregnant look
bright with aliveness
deadens as the horizon you view, knowing
he cannot come
to you in flesh ever again.

His voice has not yet left your hearing as wishes
know it merely half-sleeps
and with the first secret daydream when
his name you repeat
memory drowns grief's pain.

Notes.

Notes.

Sweet melody maker piercing grave silence
your welcome high notes create inroads to healing.
Oh do you sense with your early-bird piping
that by easing sad missing you lighten grieving ?

Momentary breaker of darkness with dawn
your solo lament raises hearts fraught with feeling.
Wise avian as your trilling calms mourning
might you knowingly shower your balm over me ?

NOW SLEEPING.

Now Sleeping.

How whiter than white are your pale lips, shaping
Now not a word, immovable, soundlessly making
Their roundness even more ground into my heart.
Your lovely long unsoiled tresses coiled and parted
With fine straightened lines above velvet-soft face
Unwrinkled once pink now ever remaining a babe's.

Those feel-of-rosebud hands laid immobile beneath
The shroud, why did you leave me Infanta impeach
All my hopes and dreams the most gentle of access
To paradise lay in your smile now sleeping princess
The pavane will be dancing you soon into soundless
Rest while I restive remain and be always bounded
To pain in not saying final goodbyes so crying adieu
I now await the yet un-created, this life without you

NOW-NESS.

Now-ness.

Gilded tight to tomorrow
is shiny today
of which I am part, here
in its "is-ness."
By staying connected and
not using
this instant as a means to
an end I am free.
The aliveness in "present"
is only found
by bringing my yes to the
peace of a "now."
If I celebrate moments
I will serenely
glide into next now-ness
and shall seize it.
This "now" will be but a
yesterday when
tomorrow comes round
and I start again.

Now.

Now.

Now dawn is slowly brindling the heavens
with russet striations of honeyed tones
changes are painting September mellow
in swaying meadows of harvest bonus.

*

*

*

Now sun bows to be-whiskering greenness
as autumn begins its downward chorus,
fields growing tawny with ready corn-ears
show October shouldering ever forward.

*

*

*

Now cuddles down rootlets doubley-deep
as chill urges racing for extra cover,
while underneath movement curls in sleep
top-growth must wait until cold is done.

*

*

*

Now 'tho I lay down my proffered labour
after nurturing yields in welcome rest,
with good abundance yet being savoured
a gardener starts now to plan for the next.

Nowness.

Nowness.

We, looking to Now
.....may see icy goodbyes.
Cold can scribe lonely,
.....but for only a while.

Forgiveness demands
.....no special timing.
Winter sounds saddest
.....when seen from behind.

Drifts of bleak past can
.....harden soft faces.
Smiles will melt quicker
.....frost-bitten heartaches.

Nowness awakened
.....heals painful traumas.
Yielding to stillness
.....means peace again soars.

Numberless

Numberless.

The day going home dull light
gathered skyways for seeping dusk
to take over night patrol
and crimson's dusty coverlet
to hide sunset's diaphanous muster
when wonder came into view.

A wink of stars mistily shone
as birds approached from southwest,
white drifting specks on
horizon's crest murmured hoots
while wavering indistinct skeins wrung
countless cries of urge to roost.

Each dot became a bundle
of goose, vigour of muscle suddenly
swooping in riot of noise
feathery myriads of arching
necks steadily beating with instinct's
eye to find security.

With clamour of playground
at break-time I became dazzled with
glorious din of vast sound
as press of geese-thickness
droned in relentless refusal to stop
before line-dropping in droves.

Soon eerie silence as beaks
closed on numberless heads bent
under warm primers after
 cease of wild chattering
 as mystique surrounds avian need
for crowded sleep composure.

NURTURE.

NURTURE.

Stone, grit-roughened
high pinnacled
rock draws tired gulls,
nothing eaten,
weakened with hunger
birds sight cliffs,
swoop down in dozens,
flight fulfilled
in turmoil's tumble.

Wing-weary memory
stirs saline minds,
search for clean bedding
leads to fighting,
while nests are readied
avian brides
descend to inspect
nursing sites
balanced on ledges.

I note wild creatures,
fur or feathered,
will, by nature's decree
almost never
withhold nurture, need
births extra strength
while parents can rear
babies better
when instinctive genes

find in respect
sense that appeals to me.

Ocean's Guns.

Ocean's Guns.

Ocean crosses curved world,
pulls in its waters
as earth's ebb and fall tides
hold back flooding
from land's bolstered sides
so life carries on
despite all crashes and cries
of roller- destruction
and coastal village survives
against ocean's guns
because the fisher-folk fight
to keep boats on shore
when waves become mighty.

October' s Intent.

October's Intent.

Now, in autumn's hardening clay
fallen green leaves will change
to wind-bitten dark charcoal.
October has spoken.

Now foraging insect will forsake
late rose when petals decay
and new buds never open.
October has spoken.

Time of shrivelling stems,
mould growing on berries,
rime hoaring flower-beds,
cold wind chilling peppers
signs October's intent.

Now sinks sun and shortens day,
sags growth's passion to obtain
mastery for summer is over.
October has spoken.

OH LILY.

Oh Lily.

Oh Lily you do
look ill.

Since I saw they had
moved you
onto that hill
you lost your sweet
willingness.

Your frilly white dress
became ever
so yellow and now your
head looks ready
to drop.

Lily you cannot stop
living
you need to have much
stronger will.

I know Lily it may
sound silly
to you but your future
welfare
is killing me too.

I have given you tonics
to bring back your
brightest
clear skin and bought
you flower
nutritional pills
but Lily
you're failing.

You are green round
the gills
you look ailing today,
Lily I can see
you have been through
the mill
and until I can find
you a more
watered place
I am taking you home
with me Lily,
you cannot face any
more open
spaces so come
live with me for a
while,
bloom in style Lily
on my
window sill
Water-Lily should
never be
found without
feet in
damp ground.

Oh Word.

Oh Word,
whose language can be lily or rose,
rain, dewy cloud, scaly fish
or feathered bird,
whose music trumpets in morning
and plays out night,
orchestrates stars, speaks thunder
and sunshine.

Word, who composes lion, dolphin
or lively stoat,
inscribes wisdom in insect, gorilla
and mountain goat,
writes perfect signatures in each
atomic thing,
whose silent symphony mystifies
with symmetry.

Word, praise to thee who sang Self
into humanity
for looking we find in thy grammar
superb diversity.

Oiled with Love.

Oiled with Love.

He was the lock and I was his key.
I could not see how the door when swung open
would render me so unhinged.
Now this lighthouse walking a beam
across sea finds nothing but dark for moorings
have slipped their holding.
Storm may shake its violent sheeting
against windows and no one but me sees glass
can shiver and flinch
Oh if this castle could have him back
in it, lock and key love-oiled as before its walls
once more would be whole.

Old Into New

Old Into New.

From year to year sprouts flower from seed,
from sun comes growth's need,
from earth ripened yield,
freshness from sleeping
leaf-shed provides feed for earliest green.

From womb's ash bursts life from burnt fire,
from mist dawns blue sky,
from roots spurt bud-rise ,
awaking from binding
long rest forces urge for trying next climb.

From cold warmth blows into time again,
from haze clearer days
from inertia zeal gyrates,
richness from making
old into new blesses birthing refrain.

HERE'S WISHING MY DEAR FRIENDS
A GREAT YEAR AHEAD.

OLD INTO NEW

Old Into New.

From dry ash bursts first spark of fire,
from mist dawns blue sky,
from root spurts bud-eye,
burdened from too long benighted
forces the urge for trying next climb.

From horizon blows phrases of hue,
from haze rises inked view,
from inertia zeal words future
 need for changing from old into new
 and compose more poems in 2022.

HERE'S WISHING MY DEAR POET-FRIENDS
A SUCCESSFULLY PRODUCTIVE YEAR AHEAD.

OLD INTO NEW.

Old Into New.

From year to year sprouts flower from seed,
from sun comes growth's need,
from earth ripened yield,
freshness from sleeping
leaf-shed provides feed for earliest green.

From womb's ash bursts life from burnt fire,
from mist dawns blue sky,
from roots spurt bud-rise ,
fullness from binding
long rest forces urge for trying next climb.

From cold warmth blows into time again,
from haze clearer days
from inertia zeal gyrates,
richness from making
old into new blesses the birthing of 2018.

HERE'S WISHING MY DEAR FRIENDS
A GREAT YEAR AHEAD.

OLD INTO NEW.

Old Into New.

From year to year sprouts flower from seed,
from sun comes growth's need,
from earth ripened yield
freshness from sleeping,
leaf-shed will provide feed for first green.

From womb's ash bursts life from burnt fire,
from mist dawns blue sky,
from roots spurt bud-rise ,
fullness from binding
winter rest will stress urge for next climb.

From cold change blows into time again,
from fog appears clear days
from inertia zeal gyrates,
richness from making
old into new is the way of a blessed 2019.

HERE'S WISHING MY POET-FRIENDS
A GREAT YEAR AHEAD.

Omens

Omens.

I chased this evening evening's parade,
woven-framed patterns of
tin-foiled filigree, gilt-tied
to greenery's final attempt to beat fade.

I watched as light lightened pale sky,
viewed universe-fire display
night's birthing dance
turning black into starry-eyed silence.

I saw change changing ether-haze hue
to dusk-covered eeriness
creeping round sickle-shaped
moon-smile thru' dull-as-dust gloom.

I heard in day's goodbye goodbye's solo
purple-trailed, scarlet-dyed,
gold-streaked striped azure sung

in lunar duet with dark's rising crescendo.

I knew tonight tonight's black feelings
at sunset-divide, cloned-omens
from cauterized colours
spoke to my waiting canvas so clearly.

Omens

Omens.

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woven-framed patterns of
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in lunar duet with dark's rising crescendo.

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on sunset-divide, cloned-omens
from cauterized colours
spoke to my waiting canvas so clearly.

Omens.

Omens.

I chased this evening
evening's fade, pattern-framed
silver tin-foiled filigree
tied to grey-as-granite mountains.
I watched tinted fate
wave farewell, viewed night's
ballooning planet parade
fired from dark-as-starred silence.
I walked under change
of ethered hues, dusk-mooned
sickle-upright, orb-faced,
smiling thru' dull-as-dust gloom.
I saw in sun's goodbye
sundown-azured, purple-trailed
mourning-dyed, pale-bright,
sunk below a real-as-clear halo.
I conquered tonight
midnight-demons, rocketed love,
forgot grief as star-divined
good-as-new omens I see above.

OMENS.

Omens.

Grand standing stones,
lichen pocked,
weather-worn omens,
older than old,
fern spotted,
winter-storm bitten,
devotion holed
boulders, so primitive
and time-honed.
You, aged faith-icons,
solidly coated
with mighty shoulders
cope well in fired
stress of sudden blows.

Cold granite-face rocks,
holy pinnacles,
scar-patched in mosses
deck sacred hills,
purple-mould knotted
belly, crevice ridden
your grassy-wet hollows
bent early history
with God-like resilience.

Not forgotten your hold
as ancient watchers
that conjure bold spirit
of moving onward

while remaining so still.

Stones know life's secret
of how best to win,
and I hope they tell me.

ON THE RUN.

On The Run

Whether loved or hated a city has otherness.

Tolerate that and find life's verve underneath
its thick asphalt skin.

Tufts of grass brave enough to fight through
paving are kindly avoided by feet of idealism
while pigeons count value in tuppence a bag.
Sane melts in a blink when thinking of cities.

Change pushes overnight handles of styled
alteration in circulation-excitement.

Sunrise mingles movement of street vendor
noise with exhaust's blackened fumes that
strangling quiet with stale odours diverge
to stiff necks digesting toxic when trying
to experience bits of lightening sky.

Handing out however gold stars for visits
old city locations collect every prize.

Convention, idolised in all ceremonial lures
those without background culture of glitter
as visitor-fever clutters streets of a city with
increasing intention its gilt to buy.

Hurray for the resident population's ready

welcome for day-long influx.

Eyes of all shades widen with wonder in
preparation for mass invasion of age-old
custom and dash to see rite-arrangement
that decreases contents of sizable wallets
in city's perpetual holiday trade.

Fantasy can move country-side dwellers
to choose packed quit-bags and see fun
in neon's bright cities.

Grand vistas of mellow-stone ancient walls
lean towards historic mutation yet draw
builders to mod-con. renovation for all
those wealthier waiting tenants.

Myriads the camera-shots of known faces
strolling down avenues made for the rich.

City folk love the familiar and keenly aid
all celebratory féting that performs ancient
ritual in coloured regalia before night's gaudy
take-over while morning's unshaven mirrors
yawningly wink at populous on the run.

Racing to earn crusts the early rush laughs
at the squeeze of discomfort as it wryly
kneads city bread with lust for its crumbs.

Whether loved or hated a city boasts not
only chance for adventure but otherness.

ON THE RUSH

On The Rush.

Whether loved or hated a city has otherness.

Sane melts in a blink when thinking of cities.
Tolerate that and find life's verve underneath
its thick asphalt skin.

Sunrise mingles movement of street-vendor
noise with exhausts' blackened fumes that
strangle quiet with odour of toxic staleness.

Country-side dwellers pack cameras and run
for excitable fun in neon's night-bright faces.

Convention, idolised by ceremonial allure
visitor-fever clutters streets of a city with
increasing intention its gilt-glitter to buy.
Eyes of all shades widen in wonder as mass
invasion of age-old custom dashes to empty
contents of wallets in perpetual holiday trade.

All praise for its generous resident welcome.

Hats off to city folk who love the familiar
celebratory féting of performance ritual
in coloured regalia before night's gaudy
take-over 'til morning's unshaven yawns
wink when waking to the late run again.

Yes whether liked or loathed a city boasts
not only glorious history but un-distanced
preference for living shoulder to shoulder.

Racing to earn crusts an early rush copes
with squeeze of discomfort as hands wryly
knead city bread with desire for its crumbs.

Accept crush to find its vibrant otherness.

ONCE

Once.

Unrested my mind,
yet wert I once thine
blest wouldst be night
whilst we ecstasy find.

Uneasy my soul,
yet wert I to hold
thee, as mine alone,
wouldst desire unfold.

Unsettled my sleep,
yet wert I with thee
need wouldst then be
pleasured impeccably.

Once

Once.

She had eaten
the proof of amour's iridescence,
taken love's juice
and emptied desire to its deepest dregs.

She feasted when
laden with blatant approaches
imbibed ripened
affection with late hunger's openness.

She sweetened by
patience the taste of raw missing
wasted no chance
of contact to shorten love's distance.

She had embraced
given gold of satisfied closeness,
quenched ready thirst
on nectared additions to being alone.

She once yielded
freely to romance of a lifetime
now pearls enhance
memory and adorn her warm smiles.

Once

Once.

*We once heard
a Springful of larks
high on a hill's shoulder,
brimming with whistles
of heart-felt performance
those minstrel marvels
but where went their song ?*

*We once saw
love's light beckon
on the same clifftop singing
together in covert pleasure
of first- time surrender,
sated and settled
but where went our song ?*

Once

Once.

*Once upon a gone era when
minds were carefree
and green fields were high
with adventure our
heedless heads we stuffed
with daydreaming
dares as running through
time's chance to test
childhood ideals we loved
excitement and
by sharing our pleasures*

*

*

*by trailing daisy-twines or
flying kites, taking
home tiddlers in jam jars
we sought barefoot
glimpsing Eden so feared
nothing and thought
only in moments of seeing
gold in each buttercup.*

*Joy was for taking once upon
a gone age made
of young laughter bound with
wonderment's action
before life shackled innocence
with adulthood chains.*

ONCE DISTILLED.

Once Distilled.

This morning I saw light splash
itself all over my
final dream-walls while stooping
to kiss pleasure
awake and recall duo happiness
that, after ardour,
flew back to my mind like new
gem-strings lit by fire.
From tingle's beginnings to an
uncontrolled flow last
night had ended in zeal's flood
of toasted satisfaction
because you and I drank from
love's brimming cup.
Light today has borrowed rays
from our togetherness
and impregnates tasted nectar
with desire's tried brew
of firey rapture's sipped delight
knowing wine, once
distilled by passion makes love
last more than a night.

Once Fired

Once Fired.

Across great lengths of flat impregnation
fattening seeds contentedly
burst forth with Spring.

and spread plough-brown with creative
green shades of seasonal swelling.

Thirstily rising to upright by inhaling
sweet showers tall spires,
drunk with mild sun, change pale
to reap-ready honey

and before long bee-covered stamens
charge pollen with energy.

Springtime increase once fired contains
ideal plant-feed for many.

ONCE-SIPPED.

Once-Sipped

Addicted.

This morning I saw light splash
its aura over my
bedroom walls while it stooped
to kiss re-call awake
and bless new contentment as
after yield's ardour,
peace croons such satisfaction
that smiles my day pervade
for.....

From tingle's beginnings to an
orgy of heat last
night had ended in deep floods
of gourmet-delight
because you and I drank from
love's clandestine cup.
for.....

Desire knows that nectar once
sipped and joy-distilled
makes jewels of love last much
longer yet fulfillment
needs more than just one touch
of joined togetherness
for...

an addicted couple like us.

One More

One More. Aged bones could not hide hard labour of years. Yet behind her lined face lay unwrinkled dreams. Eyes blurred as drops turned to deluge of mem'ries Her first days in service revealed duty's extremes. Rich homesteads demanded extrinsic distinctions. White aproned, those maids learned not to be seen. Marked values reigned absolute with the Genteel. But lost was the grip in such household regimes. As rumours of war became fact fates were sealed. Vanished went edicts when soldiers were needed. With servants' enlistment gone was a whole era. Not again finest balls would open Deb-Season. Her chosen sweetheart fed Passchendaele's greed. The Master's son fell and was mourned in great grief. Traditions aborted when young men disappeared. Her eyes filled again with remembered shed tears. Spinsterhood forced meant her planning defeated. Every boy's slaughter gave the future no meaning. Ranks became classless in trenched battle-shell heat. Blood cannot run blue spilt at war's crimson feet. Now old and alone one more Lady's maid weeps.

One More

One More.

*Potence of nature
as sunlight warms water
shows swarms in shallows
of tadpoling life
all writhing to alter
wiggle for hop
so limbs metamorphize
turn tads to frogs
by mysterious
alchemic force
causing one more wondrous
reason for awe.*

One More.

One More.

Oh for a yesterday
when moments of lavishly ripe
excitement flew
white sails of high-hope making
horizons glorious.
Where rich and expectant, life
scribed a metaphor,
when readiness was enough to
light futures for two.
Nothing then but tides of daily
close contact
when love lustily climbed up to
unexplored shores.
Where one well-planned holiday
waited for more,
and waves of rapture drowned
in impatient passion.
Oh for yesterday
when racing we sped away from
fixed moorings,
left tracks of habit and sailed our
own galaxy.
We thought reaching land would
make life fantastic
yet implacable fate had its hand
in our plotting for sure.
Two stars plied, without fanfare
their poetic notes,
danced on the prospective brink

of desire coming true.
But all became thwarted by loss
of effect when you,
thrown overboard suddenly had
no chance of tomorrow.
Oh for one more yesterday.

One Patch

One Patch.

Dusk closed in
except for one gallant patch
of blue in night's thick
cloudbank that
still shone like a piece
of day which had
been left behind accidentally.

Only Love.

Only Love.

There's a certain fall of shadow
highlights part of his face
which amazes, like gradations
of gloaming's changing rainbow.
Grace like this must have a use
yet I fathom no reason
except for the blissful feeling
at my lover's inestimable beauty.
None could improve on its effect
for 'tis the ultimate gift
yet almost heaven's affliction,
as when it fades I have no breath.
Only Love understands Love

Only Love.

Only Love.

There's a certain fall of shadow
highlights part of his face
which amazes, like gradations
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Otherness

Otherness.

We pair of home-comers built
from lonely baggage a neap-tide harbour
and painted an idyll of walled delight
from sad and where care covered raw scars.

Our easy laughter sparked need
to spend new-found treasure in bounteous
tending far moments of nearness
as pleasure made arid into watered ground.

Love's tenderness stoked fresh heat
in forgotten feelings, blazed paths to places
I had never been and seared heaven
into my solo existence by giving and taking.

Oil of romance honed compatibility,
which gave virtual joinings a closeness of flesh.
Yield reached unbelievable bliss
and that better otherness I shall ever remember.

Otherness.

Otherness.

When walks became hedged in with discovered feelings
ready talk slowed to a stop.

The colour of friendship deepened as whispers of trying
otherness made young cheeks blush.

Love-covered Sundays stalked by-ways to find covert
places for touch had changed.

Jars of caught minnows faced new neglect when damp
hands held for long moments.

First love took its course and struggle ignored when
when kisses turned floor-ward.

Clothes rumpled in tumble from childhood to growing
desire in beds of soft heather.

Savoured was pleasure in fingered expressions while
sated with things shyly learned.

Those were the days in village life when naivety gained
otherness by experimentation.

Our Poem

Our Poem.

Two sitting on dry sea-sand
muse on love's pull yet
cover true feelings
with flippant asides as doubt
begets more goodbyes.

Chances fly by while unstated
delay waits in the wings
and decisions waver
with action-less silence that
feeds on snatched timing.

Gone now the wishes to end
the illicit and chase living
with heads bravely high,
dip feet in deep waters and
face needs of desire.

Not forgotten the wiles of
shared and shy feelings
that if but spoken
would have made our poem
rife with potent rhyme.

OUR SONG.

OUR SONG.

Sonorously resonant and meaningful
our melody did not die,
.#~#.
it just decompressed, is now lying
at rest and folded.

It currently has but few usable lines,
yet once alive and flowing
.#~#.
love's ballad, styled in momentary
angst, remains composed.

Though down to occasional base-beats
and presently weakened
.#~#.
with the weight of infrequency
love does not let go.

What we are told is to practise when
passive sears contact,
.#~#.
melts accord or sings unclearly
and love rightly knows.

Our orchestra may yet strike up love's
music as distrust mellows
.#~#.
and nostalgia re-wires tight keys
of each rusted blue-note.

Love's concerto if left incomplete still
strums fragmented themes

.#~#.

in minor's slow beats and quietly
hums harmonic tones.

Love yearns to compose its rhapsody
using duo-baton guide,

.#~#.

and thinks it high time to re-create
our song without lows.

Our Tune.

Our Tune.

The loud tick of my pine-clock slowed
as I sipped old wine,
remembering the fun of raiding hedgerows
and carrying home
bags which dripped spots of summer
from scarlet-ripe fruits

*

*

spurting long before being crushed into
juice as I gently,
like a good midwife, tried birthing with
coddle a new honey brew
and bottled in well-stirred batches
brown blackberry looseness

*

*

which labelled and dated I surveyed
very proudly before
storing my babies in cellared cool where
half forgotten they
stood burping loudly approaching
change to maturity.

*

*

Now with desperation on near horizon
I had to try one
when fermented chatter now fully grown
whispered its magic,
reviving past honeymoon kisses

of hazy-dayed allure

*

*

as berried hands linked memory's
laughter while dipping
together we mixed slurry sediment in
sip-stolen unhurry
before time took away all but grief
of war-widowed gloom,

*

*

but now drinking a grateful glass
of clear nectar I toasted,
in ready nostalgia devotion's potent
result, listening intently
to a mystical alchemic liquidy-red
still singing our tune.

Our Tune.

Our Tune.

The loud tick of my pine-clock slowed
as I sipped old wine,
remembering the fun of raiding hedgerows
and carrying home
bags which dripped spots of summer
from scarlet-ripe fruits

*

*

spurting long before being crushed into
juice as I gently,
like a good midwife, tried birthing with
coddle a new honey brew
and bottled in well-stirred batches
brown blackberry looseness

*

*

which labelled and dated I surveyed
very proudly before
storing my babies in cellared cool where
half forgotten they
stood dutifully burping before garishly
aging to fully mature.

*

*

Now with desperation on near horizon
I had to try one
when fermented chatter quieter grown
whispered its magic,
reviving past honey-mooned kisses

of happy recalled allure

*

*

as berry-stained hands linked mem'ry's

laughter while dipping

together we mixed crimson slurry in

sip-stolen unhurry

before time took you and left me with

only war-widowed gloom

*

*

yet now drinking this sparkling glass

of clear nectar I toast

in ready nostalgia sediment's potent

result while listening intently

to alchemy's music of wine-effluence

still striving to sing our tune.

OURS.

Ours.

Ours perhaps was never love
of the kind that requires proof,
fervour which naught can drown,
the passion that willingly lays down
itself for other's approval, no our own
was something written in a lighter tone.
Ours the keenness of separates
welcoming times of being together,
valuing kindness of comforting hand
when hurts demanded understanding,
yes ours was desire for friendly concord
with choices honoured by harmony's laws.
Yet love was there, it grew
with care of each for each,
so in losing you, death too,
of a sort, took life from me.

Ours.

Ours.

Ours was perhaps not love,
the sort that demands proof,
fervour which naught can drown,
the passion that willingly lays down
itself for another's approval no our own
was a closeness grown from nurture alone.
Ours the keenness of separates
easily walking and talking together,
reaching for comfort from a kind hand
when hurts demanded an understanding,
yes ours was desire for friendship's corner,
of choices honoured with respect in its order.
Yet love was there, it grew
with care of each for each,
so in losing you, death too,
of a sort, took life from me.

Ours.

Ours.

Ours perhaps was never love
of the kind that requires proof,
fervour which naught can drown,
the passion that willingly lays down
itself for other's approval, no our own
was something written in a lighter tone.
Ours the keenness of separates
welcoming times of being together,
valuing comfort from touch of hands
when hurts demanded understanding,
yes ours was desire for friendly concord
with choices honoured by harmony's law.
Yet love was there, it grew
with care of each for each,
so in losing you, death too,
of a sort, took life from me.

Out of Nowhere.

Out of Nowhere.

Pasts were forgotten,
no more were they strangers
to each other yet
now unknowing themselves.
They stood in awe
of what they felt had begun
for out of nowhere
they viewed naught but new.

Good sense turned numb
until doubt succumbed as fate
meant and opened shut

ways for love's undertaking.

Beyond convention's
mountains sits late new horizons
of romance if two
boldly attempt each climb.

OUTGROWN

Outgrown.

Next generation once weaned wings away
from the breast's cloistered past.
In standing erect most offspring cling not
to parental mastery.

Growth's call will never be hindered by
closed doors of detention.
Soaking in sap furthest from home keen
shoots yearn for adventure.

Trying to eat what others digested sours
young buds wanting new taste.
Belonging to no-one new courage begets
when choices need making.

Every plant casts its seed to the wind so
each finds space to survive.
Only by leaving the nest can a fledgling
learn self-respect and thrive.

Letting go gently is welcome when sweet
dependence seems outgrown.
Whether fur, flesh or feather successful
flight will ever remember home.

Outing.

Outing.

From the first finger of misty light
fresh rays from
day's entrance shatter black chains
imperceptibly.

Breeze stirs dark dregs to a finish
as streaks of
summer beget break of new dawn
immaculately

An unsullied azure clearly displays
mystic zeal
by brushing up bits of stray grey
imposingly.

Sleep flits away to give day space
and furthers
my aim to unearth fresh challenge
impartially.

Caught in night's shawl is no place
to be when
sun's call entices taste for outing
immediately.

Outs.

Outs.

Stretching and shouldering night away a sun crouches
to birth black's ousting
by extra powerful battle with dark's hollowed pouches
then outs in sparkling showers.

Glimmers on sightless horizon reveal light's celebration
while un-trodden dreaming
newly writhing in close-capped life waits inertia's frame
stirring shake before rising.

Open-eyed, naught is over as hinging on less or more,
sun, with slumbering done
now hurries to open the thin partition between yawns
for day more hours has won.

Outside of Time.

Outside of Time.

Pasts were forgotten,
no more were they strangers
to each other, yet
more unknown to themselves.

They stood in awe
of what they knew had begun,
for outside of time
they learnt nothing but new.

Good sense felt numb
until they realized kind fate
meant to open love's
tollgate as two became one.

Beyond year's fixed
boundary begins free road
to late romance if
bold lovers seize the chance.

Over ?

Over ?

Keening, she leaned.
Head on his chest.
For sure it is over.
No more dreaming.

Tears shed aplenty.
Naught to be said.
When love loses hold
trust sinks between.

Deceit confessed.
Why now feel thrown ?
Eye to eye ventured.
Appeal takes hold.

Lips lift and open
a whispered entreaty.
"We still can together
reinvent peace"

Owl-Sound.

Owl-Sound.

On nights like these when coal fires burn,
tainting with soot city's cold air,
I hear the owl from my easy chair
and imagine talons sheathed in thick fur.
Not thru' countryside haunts he screams
but hunts now in crumbling walls
where once stood candelabra-lit halls
full of silk-clad dancers under oak beams.
On evenings like this hungry he swoops
in eyed chance and wings collapsed
plucks from old hearths mesmerized rats
as dust again settles in castle's half-rooms.
From neon's lit roadways an owl sounds
doom's omen for all ruined houses.

Owl-Sound.

Owl-Sound.

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From neon's lit roadways an owl sounds
doom's omen for all ruined houses.

PACE.

Pace.

With eternal drop
of straight-lined fall wild
run of water, in
escaping from stone-bind
overcomes chains
by creating deafening tone
of complaint
against marriage-chained
hold before
boldly leaping down height.
In one mad moment
forsakes granite's grasping
claws and reels
forward at thunderous pace
roars in repeated
force, cascade- desperation
on course falls, for
once in motion water takes
the path of control.
The same case to answer in
human togetherness
if close-shackled space feels
fenced, choices
remaining an un-addressed
matter ferment
for smooth flow needs duo
expression to avoid
danger of break, changes if
taken in time

cushion blows and re-define
compatible states.

Paint's Heat.

Paint's Heat.

Brushes which fuse earth and sun
in bold oily strokes.
Lines that move across landscape
like flames of smoke.
Palette fervent with passion snaps
colour's moment.
Framed an artistic heart's anguish
stays ever molten.
Signed by Van Gough paint's heat
never goes cold.

Paint's Heat.

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Brushes which fuse earth and sun
in bold oily strokes.
Lines that move across landscape
like flames of smoke.
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never goes cold.

PAINTED LADIES.

Painted Ladies.

Sharing the migration of Painted Ladies
in but a few words seems
near to being a mission impossible.
Nobody knows how a butterfly remains
airborne as nothing at all
seems to keep afloat its fragile body.

Yet with flicker of delicate know-how
the insect defies predictions
in two thousand miles of endurance.
Gripping the ether mindfully power
skilled wings twist in gossamer
fight against odds on naught but dew.

Food quest assists the swirl and dip
of diaphanous combat before
winds and wet of journey's exposure.
Yet on sensing fresh pasture glisten
of shimmering velvet colours
new ground in victory's yearly show.

Transparency blown in by morning's
breeze lands by droves toward
feed leaving me butterfly-overawed.

Paired

Paired.

No more were they strangers
to each other yet
unknown now to themselves
they viewed with awe
at what they knew had begun
for fate showed them
beyond convention's chained
boundary begins
destiny's chance for a second
time round as paired
hearts make life more lovely
and when taken two
roads lead to oneness again.

Paired.

Paired.

No more were they strangers
to each other yet
unknown now to themselves
they viewed with awe
at what they knew had begun
for fate showed them
beyond convention's chained
boundary begins
destiny's chance for a second
time round as paired
hearts make life more lovely
and when taken
dual roads lead to one again.

Passing

Passing.

Time passing idly
cargo boat hatches lie
open and empty, yet
tide flows for ever
while rust grows its cover
denser each month.

Rot claims dusty rigging
of wreck-docked ships.

PASSION.

Passion. (A Tribute)

Brushes which fuse earth and sun
in bold oily strokes.

Lines that move across landscape
like flames of smoke.

Palette fervent with passion tints
scenic moments.

Framed an artistic heart's anguish
stays ever molten.

Signed by Van Gogh paint's heat
never goes cold.

Past Passion.

Past Passion.

Measure me covert, come sip it with me.
Drink hidden fervour of planned clandestine.
Indulge your libido with summered honey.
Refresh liqueur-duo from regret's goodbyes.

Taste ageless nectar, re-vive experience.
Stir my brewed wine that cannot more wait.
Time may quench ardor but thirst will recede.
Distil past passion, let us sample again

Patrol.

Patrol.

Elderly faces wet as brown pebbles
parade local streets,
pacing patiently, come wind or rain
toward flat beaches
jackets held tightly to capped heads,
wellied legs leading pets
struggle to see that walks be taken.
Backs bent, bags ready,
to be disposed in appropriate bins.
Others passing en route
exchange nods through the drizzle.
Bedraggled but usually
dog-loving wags know that despite
weather, taking air
daily with canines tends to provide
chances for sharing.
Normal life with four-pawed friends
highlights people prone
to like causes for outings, instead
of staying at home.

Hail to the army of all-weather folk
facing the dog yarns of owner-patrol.

Patterns

Patterns.

Sky patterns are forecasts.

Macaroon sky,
dark-ruffled and fluffed
like meringue pie
bruised by fierce oven.

Roan red twilight,
night-stained and greying
like grains of rye
drenched in mayonnaise.

Wind beaten shore,
brittle and mauve slaked
like bread long-stored
means storm on the way.

Such signs are warnings.

Peerless.

Peerless.

Arises unbreakable bonds after birthing.
New life creates times for mothering care.

Overtakes other calls this parental duty.
Baby-cry helplessness demonstrates proof.

Releases intention to free after rearing.
Linked by blood-ties yet partings foreseen.

Needs special attention an infant delivery.
From smallest beginnings is mission fulfilled.

.Adherents on love's best procedure agree.
Mother and offspring connection is peerless.

Pen-Driven

Pen Driven

Writing in this world's chaotic mess
takes passion.

We give but what we can to perfect
what we have.

Passion gives meaning to our efforts
at pen-driven tasks.

Perception

Perception.

Wise eternity opts to wink
at blind earthling opinion
that accepting Now's position
as stopwatch has no significance.

Surrender is thought to be weak
and that years must have meaning.

Yet infinity favours order
as each single minute walks
with timeless precision toward
proving human perception warped.

Valuing moments as entrance
to Nowness opens non-earthly
doors to where love is permanent
and all else temporarily relevant.

Perfection.

Perfection.

There it lay weightless and waiting until a breeze
lifted it's gossamer frame
and silently floated its presence away.

That marvel of strong fragility which tho' covered
with patches of under-down
was intelligently patterned for rigidity.

Feather-perfection can when attached raise aloft
any hollow bird-bones, taking
to hovering heights outstretched wings.

Feather-borne fliers skim the sky, drift on thermals,
quiver in ether,
stay afloat, dive when keened by fiercest of winds,
feel warm throughout
chilly nights and successfully brood nestfuls of kith
and kin by fluffing up heat or cool.
Fine tufted smoothness surrounding dense matter
gives thistledown buoyance
and hooked strength to feather-mass schooled in
usefully dressing dove or predator.

Praise for the sight of discriminate beauty within
such flimsy wonders as this.

Performance.

Performance

Shadowy movements of ethereal
music play nebulous games
with light's lacy fingers weaving
thin lines on a shimmering lake.
Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy
essence spreads tiffany dew
 among bank's swirling shallows
of twilight translucence.
Mist covers blue but above hangs
 gauzy lantern of sickle-shaped
Luna's blinkered performance
attempting to flicker again.
Glow drifts and unreal entrances
as rippling water plays host
to filigree sunset shining its last
before night closes the show.

Perhaps.

Perhaps.

Inside the roar where water meets land,
where sound supplants all but the tumble
of pebbles on sand there exits troubles of
ongoing concerns, leaving only beginning
or ending with any distinction.

This mysterious boundary of frenzy and
clash with sting of saline drying my face
waves crash their fury against lying past
for within screaming winds lies changed
conception of waiting existence.

By the time breakers are silenced having
suffused their force onto the broad lap of
shore there appears on the brink of rising
confusion more promise of ship's return
with no more sea resistance.

Perhaps the tumultuous love we shared
before will be resumed breaking months
of lonely into bubbling excitement as fate
becomes drenched in emotional rises for
ebbs die with fervent persistence.

Spliced together at last our vows made in
deepest waters leaves shallows to find a
rest with tighter union, binding the sight
to sound of sea we should live best a life
without constant heaving.

Come home then my sailor safely to me.

Pity Him.

Pity Him.

The one who returns home from a war
unscathed outwardly
after seeing comrades roll over and die
or lie screaming in pain
seems to be healthy and free but he is
scarred all the same.
He tries not often to dwell on the facts
that plenty of men
turn useless with too much re-call, for
with others' blood
on hands all around courage gives way
when bad dreams
take him back time and again to some
scene where stench
of dead mates is so real he can taste it.
Some injured men
cry like a baby who is looking all ways
but cannot find
Mum,Dad or kin for relief from reality.
He whose nightly
dreams do not wake him to the peace
of that brand new
world promised by leaders whose Yes
sent myriads to
slaughter but left more to come back
bearing internally
injured minds which nobody guessed.
A veteran has to
live in the same skin as before but as

he did the things
needed back then he has a shadow to
carry now with
a weight like lead that is ever inward.
Pity him who cannot
escape nor get far away enough from
memory's terror
of yesteryear-hell, he who prays most
sincerely never
to sleep again for fighting in battle can
change any man
as being in war makes right or wrong
not very much
different to him or to other returners.
Nor will he shake
off guilt felt in coming home all in one
piece any more,
when in reality there will be no peace
for minds over again
amid friend and enemy rooted in war
that can only murder
or at best stave off effects of its maim.

PLANNED.

PLANNED.

Cold rain-bubbled a sole
blade of swaying grass shivers
before me with fibrous perfection.
Thistledown light it quietly
writhes with buoyant head high
this strenuous stalk defying the wet.
Where are your veins and
what holds your filmy life-force
together in delicate tendril-threads ?
When gossamer frame first
shaped you to face planet gales
who capped your capillary filaments ?
You dancing seedhead were
I believe planned by intelligence
only Heavenly inventions possess.

PLANNED.

PLANNED.

Soft rain bubbles a sole
blade of swaying shivery grass
that braves life by dancing as self.

Thistledown light it quietly
writhes with buoyant head high
on strenuous stalk defying the wet.

Where are your veins and
what holds your filmy life-force
together in such delicate threads ?

With gossamer frame first
shaped in fine fibrous tendrils
what makes you face all weathers ?

You, seed-full wonder were,
I believe planned by intelligence
only Heavenly invention possesses.

Playing At Love.

Playing at Love.

Festooned round
 skilfully sentenced evasion
never deeper
than experienced phrasing,
lies counterfeit,
cunning methods known as
unmeant affection.
Playing at love is a divisive
two-faced game
based on arrant deception.
Fake vows will
never stand time's intense
scrutiny, real
care knows trust can break
when misled.
Better to give thought first
before starts
love-commitment by word.

Pleasures

Pleasures.

What is deep I want fiercely.
What is heart-moving I need to feel.
In what is adventure I wish to partake
and live to fulfillment.
If time and chance allow me to dive
into experience I shall leave the shallows.
With wings boldly open
what is known as free flight I want to try.
I plan to learn the musical notes of life's
exciting symphony.
If there are tunes better than mood-blues
these I will start to sing.
So come forward potential.
I have mantra's mystique to re-invent lots
of sensory action.
With what are catalysts for energy change
I want an avalanche.
If love means completion I shall barter no
more and fall willingly.
What is bliss I intend to get by surrender
to the pleasures of living.

Plethora

Plethora.

How by high summer
does one shake of a tree
drop ripest of fructus
addiction on me ?

Pregnant with juices
a ready plum belly
bulges with swollen
indulgent expectance.

Viscous saliva escapes
open lips for plum-red
plethora outstrips my
other big obsessions.
I squeeze firstly invite
to succulent pleasure
for satin-smooth skin
holds ambrosial flesh.

How, I repeat, does one
shake of my plum tree
drop sudden plum-fever
addiction on me ?

Poets Know

Poets Know. That joy of authentic rolls like holy grains out of all but a poet's reach. Like a bud waiting for heat's inspiration before unveiling is inspiration for newly laid eggs the poet must break nourishing food to reveal. Dreams of authentic wring writers' veins with each awakening dawn. Like a shadow waiting to see where to fall or some electrical storm the scribe has to enter for transformation when lightning bursts its way free. Versing authentic requires climbers never afraid of slipping off course. Alone and naked in search of uniqueness a wordsmith's brave spirit swims out to uncharted lettery-seas for naught but a sense of achievement. Ventures in versing mean drowning in ink. Poets know this yet crave to leap.

Ponderings

Ponderings.

"Earth's vivacious multitudes have much to teach
and we are but one design of thinking creatures."

Who can imagine how stone feels
as it lies compressed into lumps
of mountainous matter,
does it want to become livelier
fragments again
I wonder ?

Who can realize moon sadness
at being outsted by cloud or sun
before giving full spate to
its own mystic glitter,
does it pale when days' forces
move it away
I wonder ?

Who can register the flighty stress
of one moth making frantic efforts
before dying to catch
a mate, does it perform willingly
by dashing through flame
in last-bid display
I wonder ?

Who can guess a great river's grief
on remembering when it gurgled
with streamish hill-height

before light changed to heavy,
does it cry at its debris
under water
I wonder?

They say spirit grows through curiosity
and that life is enriched by ponderings

Ponderings

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on remembering when it gurgled

with streamish hill-height
before light changed to heavy,
does it cry at its debris
under water
I wonder?

Sages say the spirit may grow through curiosity
and that life is enriched by frequent ponderings

Possessed

Enraptured. Possessed.

When blackest night whispers
laments of loneliness
need traces your lips
on sleep's waking senses
and I feel your kisses
searing my essence
as mem'ry's lit fire
surrenders to bliss.

Recaptured. Entwined.

When tremulous heartbeats
stir thirsty entreaties
your spirit melds with mine

PRECIOUS.

Precious.

Old snaps
in cobweb-box still hold sway.
Time's precious hours
caught in young smile's relaxation
recall young laughter.

Green days
of gold-meadowed long pigtails.
Tied-ankle races,
swift butterfly pre-occupation
and chasings after.

High times
of hiding to seek picked daisies.
Playing at mud cakes
in youth's open-faced dedication
to fascination.

Good years
ear-marked as free yet chained.
Adulthood soon gained
by commitment to ordered ways
sees those years as waste.

Yet hear
broadcast the saying of sages.
If we young at heart stay
and child-like remain

we become ageless.

PRECOCIOUS..

Precocious.

Invisible dancer, Air moves with ease
buoyantly changing her imprint
on earth's waiting surface of seasons,
yet windswept Air broadcasts ferment
of ever-mutating chicanery
by playing with weather's uncertainty.
Air can create dazzle-white sculptures
by modified temperature shift
producing from skirts of icier currents
drifts of her colder underslip
as autumn- gold's feel of mellowness
ends in blows bent on mischief.

Yet when sunk in summer depression
breathless Air forgets to ruffle
sails' limp need for windy adventures
as changeling ether favours no bluster
of increase when ballet-laced
lungs tiptoe thru' sea with slow pulse.

From waltz to flamingo on coastal hills
Air loves feeling freedom where
cliffs can hone Divas precocious skills.

Preparation

Preparation.

Rose, thou art a sea of fervent serenity.
Thy gown over-sewn with velvet redolence
adorns preparation of petal-sweet nectar
in waves of covert message.

Desire pervades like unction's therapy.
May the morrow's wed oil regale thy bedding
as thou maid in finery wait shyless and scented
with heady aroma drenched.

Thus now be thou readied for oneness
smelling of love
Arrive then timely Sir Knight with thine
ardour uncovered.

Proof

Proof.

She had eaten
the proof of amour's iridescence,
taken love's juice
and emptied desire to its deepest dregs.

She sweetened by
patience the taste of long distance,
wasted no chance
for contact and savoured hunger's late fill.

She feasted when
first word-laden fervour approached,
imbibed its signs
of ready affection and sipped care slowly.

She embraced hope
of thrilling love-seeded togetherness,
faced thirst's cup and
saw solo wither when need was quenched.

She knew romance
would bud only if received rightly
hence she treasures
each line of autumnal reasons to smile.

Protector.

Protector.

Hello shiny loop of post-shower Rainbow,
you, sign of timely protector
are used by Heaven as sages foretold.
Oh consummate bend of swept creation
who knows why random appearance
became fancied myth of tinted striation.

You curved secreter of sought potted gold,
crescent teacher of arc reflection
your optic observance has not lost its hold.

Alive with kaleidoscope eye-iridescence
you wane with ghostly foreboding,
turning pale to invalidate planet neglect.

Oh Rainbow use alchemy to retain control,
stay watching self-seekers' abuse,
keep vaulted your prism as chaos unfolds.

Quenchers.

Quenchers.

I saw today a final fat berry drop floor-ward.

Surplus juice oozing its fastness had loosened
and snap went its hold.

Tumbling to earth heavy with fructose to mud
one swollen head rolled

Glistening the ferment of sun-sweetened nectar
bled as last berry unhooked.
The bush once loaded with bee-buzz now naked
thin-twiggy clothes litter its look.

Produce collected in baskets of globuling gems
takes trips of earlier mission.
Open to mould the few remainers of lip-licking
gifts later drop to extinction.

As a left-over exception to former success and
though split is one berry alone
Seasonal pleasures come to an end so country
folk value each thorny hedgerow.

Praise for those free summer thirst-quenchers
all weary field-workers call the "Girt-Berries."

Queries

Queries.

at Now's surreal boundary
where Should meets mind's edges
loss presents sense
with untimely lamenting
as pebble-tough questions
appear underfoot,

when sting of saline rimes
tear-wet cheeks
in unwelcome patches
as stress faces finality and sad
queries reason by
asking things not understood,

here, as Endings defeatingly
mingle with joys of
Beginnings does deceit's hold

ever let go for belief
to flow on again
in one who so willingly
young-love at first undertook ?

Questions

Questions.

*Wakened she lay there
in unblinking guilt.
Head splitting, mouth dry
and body stark naked.*

*Her mind began racing.
What was in that drink ?
How much did she take ?
Parties at Uni were fun
or so she understood.*

*Her lips felt very bruised
Had she looked available ?
She must have refused.
What happened was sex.
Had she really said Yes ?*

*Truth dropped like a bomb.
She remembered his weight.
Would she face him again ?
Where had he gone ?*

*Questions battered her brain.
What had she as first-yearer
been at and done ?*

Questions.

Questions.

at Now's surreal boundary where rough
meets mind's edges death presents
ears with untimely laments
as pebble-tough questions lie underfoot,

when sting of saline rimes wet cheeks
in unwelcome sadness, as stress meets
reason queries arise with
need to be asking things not understood,

here as endings mingle defeatingly
with every beginning does grief's hold
ever let go for life to flow
in one who so gladly late-love undertook?

Questions.

Questions.

at Now's surreal boundary where rough
meets mind's edges death presents
ears with untimely laments
as pebble-tough questions lie underfoot,

when sting of saline rimes wet cheeks
in unwelcome sadness, as stress meets
reason queries arise with
need to be asking things not understood,

here as endings mingle defeatingly
with every beginning does grief's hold
ever let go for life to flow
in one who so gladly late-love undertook?

QUIET.

Quiet.

A little silence mothers more truth for those
who dare seek and embrace
the unheard,
for if not smothered stillness guides minds
to find in quiet
something of beauty waiting behind sound
to become to the listener
more than mere antidote.
To those who see value in unsung whispers
a soundless time provides
escape to peace,
composes a peerless calmness aiding days
of halcyon balm
to reach life's mysterious core of healing
for only at rest can stillness
stifle stress of noise wholly.

Raining a Yesterday

Raining A Yesterday.

They were an item, so very together,
they were complete.

They had it all and their every desire
left them replete.

But the He had changes of need and
warm became cool.

Did He not see the She would resent
him less than true ?

Raining a yesterday depressed once
beautiful love.

Emotion shut out She floundered in
mud of found proof.

Yet as compatible ends angst knows
sorrow passes
after tomorrow's restoring rainbows.

Raptoring.

Raptoring.

Watching with bird pride.
Working the cliff-side.
Looking for noon fare.
Freezing in mid-air.
Revolving fierce eyes.
Swooping he nose dives.
Spreading one tipped wing.
Clinging to nothing.
Avoiding sharp beak.
Emitting loud squeak.
Running one small shrew.
Seeking no wrong move.
Missing the bird soars.
Trailing with closed claws.
Drifting thru' coast line.
Waiting for next time.
Raptoring Kestrel.
At what he does best.

Rapture

Rapture.

High

was the colour of passion tonight.

Wild

was the rapture and spicy the fire.

Honeyed

the lips that sought efflorescence.

Hot

was flesh lust's abandon caressed.

Ecstasy's

rainbow when seen in sweet love

means

Heaven accepts - and it approves.

Re-Forming

Re-Forming.

Comes now the in-breath of winter,
the back-end of warmth, the yin
of declining year.

The nap of nature, the slumbering,
the slowing of wheels, the song
of impulsive sleep.

Comes now the time for root retune,
the quiet withdrawal, the preview
of cold's intention.

The cycle of balance, the re-forming,
the begin of dwindle, the course
of need to reflect.

Comes now the calm of taking pause.
Comes now the recharging of paucity.

Re-Shaping

Re-Shaping.

All

old leaves
grow mouldy,
buds feel cold from
clinging while loaded
with distinct yet broken
resolve to remain unrolled.

Most leaves

wish to descend
and intent on ending
tight hold in time will rend,
effete leaves need re-tending
not mending when old year ends.

Worn leaves

after first-turning,
from anchor will burst,
then after exhaustion then spurn
branch attraction and liberty earned
they become food for binning or burnt.

New leaves

can now safely
be planted, alterations
made, change calls for up-date
and over-paint all past renovations
for neoteric pen-inspiration is waiting.

May

next

year

give

you
dear
poet-friends
extra potential as, like me, you
face reshaping used canvass by newly
making good resolutions for 2022.
HAPPY NEW YEAR YOU BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

RE-WRITING RHYMES.

Re-Writing Rhymes.

The owl and the pussy cat went to sea
In a battered green leaky canoe.
They took some putty
and plenty of honey
But could not stop the gap without glue.
The owl looked up to the stars above
And he whined to an un-tuned guitar.
"Stop that loud croaking
and watch your boating"
"This," said Pussy "is going too far."
Pussy looked at the owl and thought
Useless at wooing his awful whistle,
Him I'll not marry
nor will I tarry.
Can't wait to get off this sinking ship.
They rowed away for the rest of the day
But though bailing the gaping hole grew
Until there in the water
they found a short note
Which read "Are you going down too ?"
"Shall we" said Owl "chance it and jump"
Cried the trembling Puss "Oh we will"
So they fell overboard,
and struggled to shore
Only to get the boat owner's huge bill.
They dined on air to pay for the fare
On pleasure cruiser for one more fling.
Pussy said to Owlet
"This time woo better

And for pity's sake don't start to sing !!

Read Rightly.

Read Rightly.

War when long and drawn out throws its challenge
of thorns to fighters
caught up in sharing foes, wounds and more
compose victory cry.

Men start to forget who spilt first blood, who began
the shooting of hate
into guiltless bodies when filled with terror
not of their making.

Rage, no longer understood sees it insane for death
to stain earth endlessly
so brotherhood rises in love-parched hearts
desiring to mend.

When life is read rightly eyes melt in pity and cool
iron once smoking-hot,
teeth chatter no more in fear as hands raise
flags for battle to stop.

Celled in the same grief death readily calls
for opposing despoilers to cease from war.

Readied

Readied.

I, Rose am an ocean of excited serenity.
Let my gown over-sewn with velvet redolence
smooth anticipation of petal-strewn nectar
within folds of covert intention

Eros pervades this unction's therapy.

May the morrow's oiled wed-lock regale the bed
as maidenhood's finery waits shylessly scented
with rousing aromas drenched.

Thus art I readied for married integrity.

Might our arranged union beget fathering much,
so come Sir Knight with thine ardour uncovered
and show me thy ways of love.

Readied.

Readied.

Rose thou hast a virgin's serenity.
Thy mein over-sewn with velvet redolence
sweetens the flavour of fresh petal-soft nectar
in folds of covert message.

Essence pervades like unction's therapy.
May the morrow's wed oils regale thy bedding
as maidenhood waits in finery, shylessly scented
and with hidden aroma drenched.

Thus thou stand readied and smelling of love
So haste Sir Knight with thine ardour uncovered.

Ready

Ready.

*Each year it happens
as the Spring-show descends
into petal-pink mash.
Summer gets ready
when cherry trees scatter
crisp confetti
and as wind floors pastels
Spring becomes spent.
Each year it happens.*

Ready

Ready.

Sent by guidance from divine sources
to over ripe hearts
sweet love-drops ooze vapour to sate
wishing-dry daydreams.

Yearning skin's heated craving for him
makes inner core start
wanting more taste of illusion's relief
thru' miraged feelings.

Breath heaving in ghostly waves below
night's gauzy-clad gown
unveils desire to reveal potent image
of clandestine-reality.

Primed silken sheets of sigh-scented
waiting become wound
in untasted delight as passion burns
out on dark's lonely pyre.

Can a mouth stay sequestered forever
in need's heady mist
of seasoned, ready-lipped eagerness
yet never been kissed ?

Ready.

Ready.

Sent by guidance from divine sources
to over ripe hearts
sweet love-drops ooze vapour to sate
wishing-dry daydreams.

Waiting skin's heated craving for him
makes inner core start
wanting more taste of illusion's relief
thru' miraged feelings.

Breath heaving in ghostly waves below
night's gauzy-clad gown,
unveils desire to reveal potent image
of real clandestine.

Primed silken sheets of long-scented
waiting become wound
in untasted delight as moments burn
out on dark's lone pyre.

Aches vibrate soul-ward as soundless
tears begin drowning
while threads in love's almost-made
wings shatter in flight.

Thrown is fantasized lust on wanton
will as it sinks down
into rounded pillows that sewn for
yield feel but cold fire.

Can a heart stay submerged forever
in need's heady mist
before suffocating as loveless, ready
but never been kissed ?

Real Jewels

Real Jewels.

The tough stringy finger of Lizard pride
Bends as this peninsular stands apart
And needs naught but to keep its rough mind
On Its own serpentine business. Starting
With red-stained stone which now famously
Honed art changes to Lizard-look gems
Which exude age-old learnt skills for plainly
Its rule over each rocky cove knows when
To flood boulders or show them naked. Fringed
With bluest of waters the Lizard's part
In coastal precociousness offers sun-singe
Then can batter with sudden storm starting
Battles of courage as the proud locals
Fight back with sand-ready bags 'til once more
Ship-shape each cottage, tho' gale-broken
Meets repair and boats get shored as before
When granite-maw closes again. Departing
We meet raw defiance in fisher-folk view
of continuous striving with hearty
applause to beautiful Lizard's real jewels.

Reasons

Reasons

Wet as brown pebbles elderly faces
daily parade, jackets held
tightly below capped heads, woolly
clad chests, pets on leads
lifting up legs or stooping as nature
dictates, mature carers stop
and dog-bag at the ready will bend
backs and droppings retrieve.

In heat or cold winter seniors plod,
exchanging nod-recognition
with others regaining missed life
since losing kin, smile
despite inclement skies or ageing
bones as canine exercise
gives motive for outings that might
not be otherwise taken.

Walks become vital to stay-at-home
people when sharing with
 four-pawed, fur-coated pals duo
pleasures and trips outdoors
 become a much looked-for task
for folk who need reasons
 for coping with days that otherwise
must be lived quite alone.

RECALL.

Recall.

I chased this evening
evening's fade in sunset clouds,
silver tin-foiled filigree
tied to grey-as-granite mountains.

Tinted skirts of hazy
daytime's late farewell lit night's
ballooning moon parade
painting lonely on this shoreline.

Invasive scarlet swathes
hued day's best forgotten noon
when darker mourning's rain
rolled tearful cascades into gloom.

Drifting in that waning sky
shone memory's azured beams,
pain-shot with lost delight's
shadow now haunting my dreams.

Yet I chased night-time's
grief- demons away by love's
recall when in twilight quiet
his star winked at me from above.

Recalling

Recalling.

*I daren't stop recalling
the way we were.*

*We lifted the tightness
of age-convention
and fled to the informal.*

*We laughed at
life's blatant nod toward
autumnal romance,
we set all restraint loose
and as more care
opened doors for taking
life's offered pleasure
of love's new sensations
we stirred up bated
passion by gentle yield.*

*Time's passing has made
satin from cotton
placidly satisfied weaving
now pallid and gone
that ready fever of fullest
acceptance will
not be ever forgotten for
I daren't start to
recall what we once were
without teardrops
reviving every height*

we discovered.

*His love won mine
in those silver-gilt years.*

Recharging

Recharging.

Comes now the in-breath of winter,
the back-end of warmth, the yin
of declining year,
the nap of nature, the slumbering,
the slowing of wheels, the begin
of need for refreshing rest.

Comes now the feel for zest renewal
the quiet withdrawal, the root refuel
of idle's intention,
the course of recover, the reinstalling,
the yawn of dwindle, the receding
pause in which to reflect.

Comes now repose of rest to absorb.

Comes now the recharging of paucity.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Recollections.

Summers of larks bred sun-torn
yearly pleasure all round my colourful home
and scented dialect of childhood
still sings recollections of well-trodden roaming.

In home's steep haven of meadows
sheaves leaned roasting amid searing hot fields
as hosts of moss roses fed nectar
to playtime that still ghosts my wistful dreaming.

Autumn-red juiced my girlhood
and it etched its vermilion into each adventure
yet where could young fervour
find innocent entrance again into real treasure?
Summers ago beautiful wealth
enriched and adorned my cherished memories.

Redefining

Redefining.

Like a painting the still lake
with its quiet surface reigns
over disillusion, it redefines
reality by an unruffled smile
at my troubles with a depth
of compassion and reflects
back clues to restore mood
as quiescence a lake renews.
A tranquil pool stirs no scum
from storm's wilder currents
so maintains an orderly calm
by placidly sinking any harm
that would delight to negate
mind's trust in gentle nature.

Yes, water's becalming effect
aids my disturbance to settle.
So praise for lakes' activation
from distress to un-agitation.

Redefining.

Redefining.

Like a painting the still lake
with its quiet surface reigns
over disillusion, it redefines
reality by an unruffled smile
at my troubles with a depth
of compassion as it reflects
back clues to restore mood
as quiescence a pool renews.
A tranquil pool stirs no scum
from storm's wilder currents
so maintains an orderly calm
by placidly sinking any harm
that would delight to negate
a mind's trust in kind nature.

Yes, water's becalming effect
aids my heart to really settle.
Praise for water's translation
from unease to non-agitation.

Redefining.

Redefining.

All life long it caught slaps
of rain on its watery back.

Now broadened the still lake
with its quiet surface reigns
over illusion while redefining
reality by its unruffled smile.
Washing troubles with depth
of compassion a pool reflects
methods which resist moody
depression and poise renews.
Water tranquility clears scum
from former petulant currents
thus retains a welcoming calm
by placidly sinking done harm
into liquid's impeccable weight
so effects changes in negation.

Lake's trove of fluid treasure
helps troubled souls re-settle.

Reflection.

Reflection.

Love only grows near introspection
and fades when a thought
becomes deformed.

When lies are intended for deflection
death of beautiful trust
breeds disorder.

Nothing will muddy love's complexion
like the thick ugly mask
of distortion.

Love demands but honest reflection
for its ground to blossom
and vows adorn.

REFLECTION.

Reflection.

Love only grows near introspection
and fades when a thought
becomes deformed.

When lies are perfected for deflection
ultimate ruin of truth
breeds disorder.

Nothing muddies love's complexion
more than a fake mask
of bent distortion.

Love demands but honest reflection
for its power to blossom
and trust adorn.

Reflections on Love.

Reflections on Love.

Love only grows near introspection
and fades when a thought
becomes deformed.

When lies are intended for deflection
death of beautiful trust
breeds disorder.

Nothing will muddy love's complexion
like the thick ugly mask
of distortion.

Love demands but honest reflection
for its ground to blossom
and vows adorn.

Reflections.

Reflections.

Sages say the real "I" inside me knows it all,
understands well
the make-up of one cell, what causes dawn,
where light is born,
or how oceans come thus far and no further,
the make-up of stars,
how lightning forms, what tales ants murmur
or the reason for seasons,
knows the language of whales, how bees fly
and why birds migrate,
the meaning of beasts hierarchical wildness,
how to make beauty
in one awesome snowflake, or nature's way
of life-reproduction
within polluted rivers, oceans and lakes.

Savants say the higher Me has full access
and taps great Intelligence,
that this real "I" understands why all have
laughter and can feel pain
in other hearts, understands how to prove
care by compassion,
never under-estimates the power of Love,
and intuitively uses its
means to restore earth's balance although
my inner "I" has not
yet informed me how to control this flow
of reflective wisdom
found within my senseless "not-knowing."

Regeneration

Regeneration.

Diamantéd mist of morning-sheen pearls
hang in forest air.

Soundless as cream, calm gently unfurls
on every leaf there.

Woodland cool coats thick silence in hush
while healing awaits.

Pregnant with need heart births new trust
and grieving abates.

Wonder seeps slow into lightening psyché
for stillness breeds awe.

Not a thing stirs when lush of deep quiet
begins to transform.

Missioned by heaven divinely sent peace
helps sadness relent.

Unseen love's presence begins to reveal
gift of contentment.

Nature intends mind-sedation as it redeems.

Praise for regeneration by its sensory means.

Regeneration

Regeneration.

Pregnant with need love births anew life
and stirs euphoria.
Wonder seeps into enlightening psyché
for increase breeds awe.
Meeting fresh presence starts excitement's
best family story.

As Heaven intends such contented inflation
we praise its nature of regeneration.

Regeneration.

Regeneration.

Diamantéd mist of morning-sheen pearls
hang in forest air.

Soundless as cream, calm gently unfurls
on every leaf there.

Woodland cool coats thick silence in hush
while healing awaits.

Pregnant with need heart births new trust
and grieving abates.

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helps sadness relent.

Unseen Love's Presence begins to reveal
gift of contentment.

Nature intends mind-sedation as it redeems.

Praise for regeneration by its sensory means.

Regeneration.

Regeneration.

Take care fellow traveller
when walking with me.
Wayward from now is my new destiny.

This is no pale powder-puffed
genteel lass today.
No more the simple or simpering lady.

Regeneration has opened love's
highway to welcome air.
The former conformer is no longer there.

No scrap of convention can be
found in my freedom.
Life yells in loud invitation now I am me.

Regeneration.

Regeneration.

Diamantéd mist of morning-sheen pearls
hang in forest air.

Soundless as cream, calm gently unfurls
on every leaf there.

Woodland cool coats thick silence in hush
while healing awaits.

Pregnant with need heart births new trust
and grieving abates.

Wonder seeps slow into lightening psyché
for stillness breeds awe.

Not a thing stirs when lush of deep quiet
begins to transform.

Missioned by Heaven divinely sent peace
helps sadness relent.

Unseen Love's Presence begins to reveal
gift of contentment.

Nature intends mind-sedation as it redeems.

Praise for re-generation by sensory means.

Regret

Regret.

*Wind had risen,
gusts of near-winter slapped her cold face.*

*Pregnant grey clouds
fat as fresh dripping rolled in from the sea.*

*Then rents appeared
and an eyeing sun forewarned her again.*

*She decided
that hiding in shadows fostered deceit.*

*So mind set straight
her run-away shoes trod homeward to him.*

*Grass looks greener
but fence guilt with regret and duty wins.*

Reinvention

Reinvention.

Rose coloured spectacles must be grown
to capture passing of time.

Peering backward unearths old spectres
who evoke the poetic mind.

Words may explode with special insight
when extra prisms are worn.

Fate waits for scribes who fancy encased
can re-invent times before.

Caught by perfume of imagined lives
past ages glow like a rose.

Poets can scent the not remembered
to pen events no one else knows.

Release.

Release.

Wilted
has love,
starved
it sickened.
Weight of
result
is now
significant

How often
my heart
saw this
and
sighed.
Does release
feel the
better
for bitter
goodbyes ?

RELEASED.

Released.

Unleashed from restraint the falcon lances
through cloud to clear sky.
Hood-free and keeperless wide wings tackle
first ground-to-air flight.

Capped to near blindness fierce eyes strain
to reconstruct sight.
Leathered claws in raptorial fashion disdain
a glove's clasping vice.

Released into diurnal space predator eagle
scans green horizon.
Unlocked shackles permit pinions to wheel
above diving height.

Tetherless a dynamic hawk glides to ether
with feathered delight.
Oh to give every caged bird un-tied speed
to rightful birthright.

Relevant

Relevant.

Stalked in tall greenery, cupped as itself,
bud-tight but becoming
slowly unfurled petaled perfection opens
to show in this single rose
tender attention, strongly fragile its scent
from a distance out-faces
with essence relevant questions on hold.

Scent-soaked written poetry will vibrate
as this clandestine rose
speaks its message from faraway hands
and treasured more
by intention to gently perfume our fated
attraction with no
doubt on how love's sweet destiny stands.

RELIANCE.

Reliance.

So much depends on the sky.

Blue-mottled fur muffs above
high-drying wind,
blowing and buffeting winter's
thick mud as it clings
in lumps to every earth-ridge
thickly clumping
round bursting young things.

So much relies upon Spring

Brown-speckled roots below
snow-stifling gales
fleecing and stripping strong
tree-trunk's wait
to stage new unfolding show
as half-dressed
cold leaflings flutter in preen
stretching thin faces
for quick warm before opening

So much delights a seeing
eye as life's thrust
to fresh need changes, tight,
gripped-down roots
begin anew their yearly fight
for survival and end
sleep-time's grounded hunger

with snuffling moves
toward food and feeling alive.

But so much depends upon sky.

Remainers

Remainers.

I saw today a final fat berry drop floor-ward.

Surplus juice oozing its fastness had loosened
and snap went its hold.

Tumbling to earth heavy with fructose to mud
one swollen head rolled

Glistening the ferment of sun-sweetened nectar
bled as last globe unhooked.
The bush once loaded with bee-buzz now naked
twiggy-thin barbs litter its look.

Produce collected in baskets of globuling gems
takes trips of earlier mission.
Open to mould the few remainers of lip-licking
gifts soon drop to extinction.

As a left-over exception to former success and
though split is one berry alone
Seasonal pleasures come to an end so country
folk value each thorny hedgerow.

Praise for any late summer thirst-quenchers
all weary field-workers call best Girt-Berries.

Remains.

Remains.

Take

any old place,
put an ear to the walls
as all sorts of
whispers
re-echo in masonry.

Hear

unseen tappings,
reveal ancient trysts
but just become
ready
for oddest of happenings.

Bend

to seek after,
capture a phantom's
never dried
weeping
or burst of wild laughter.

Feel

gone vibes inside
abandoned half-castles
and listen
as night falls
to sprites as they sigh.

Catch

embedded remains
of peopled hearthstones,
those ghostly
cold life-forms

have real tales to relate.

Remembered

Remembered

Sun-honied hard cobbles of dew soaked ground
groans with past hurry of hobnail haste
 when hot glare of noonday clattered for shed shade
where remembered labour had once drowsed.

Ticks of antique kitchen clocks still chime hourly
 near forgotten hectic engagements
when deep the nostalgic wells of duty-claimed
youth drank willing work for many hours.

Remembering Them

Remembering Them.

Let us remember
all imprisoned birds, in order to sing
must visualize
winging to find freedom across open
countryside so
into war's cell young marchers strode
whistling then sang
as loaded missiles whined over-head.

Without prior warning a boy started
quietly, others
joined in and soon a tunelessly loud
number proudly
bellowed refrains into shell's flak-fire
as going down
behind black hills in yellow dust-ring
the day's sun died
while gunfire soiled aftermath gloom.

Their singing lifted to smoky horizons
with undaunted
courage and when nearing gun-blast
lads' explosive
songs became louder within bedlam's
fear-drenched trenches
and sunk trust in war's godless intent.

Youth's face grinned as bloody scene

became louder and by
sheer resistance to hell's rattling rain
fright was held back when
cheery male laughter and balladeering
went on to defy
battleground wailing until breath failed
and young songbirds
when in last thoughts of home-land at
some closing moment
let fight cease with throe's final breath.

Valour's sound battle,
over for such lads meant voicing effort
bought right into wrongs.
Red as the poppies spilt new blood then
yet alive still their songs.

Let us remember..... and never forget.

REMEMBERING.

Remembering.

The loud tick of my pine-clock slowed
as I sipped old wine,
remembering the fun of raiding hedgerows
and carrying home
bags that dripped spots of summer
from scarlet-ripe fruits

*

*

spurting long before being crushed into
juice as I gently,
like a good midwife, tried birthing with
coddle a new honey brew
and bottled in well-stirred batches
went brownny-thick stew

*

*

which labelled and dated I surveyed
very proudly before
storing where in cool cellar my babies
half forgotten stood
burping loudly with turbulent froth
urging maturity.

*

*

Now desperation blurs my horizon
and trying the flavour when
fermented chatter had grown silent
I heard whisper its magic,
reviving past honeymoon bliss
in wine's hazy allure

*

*

as berried hands linked memory's
laughter while dipping
together we mixed excitement in
slurry's tomorrows and
bottles slept until time woke
war-widowed gloom

*

*

now tasting first grateful glass
of clear nectar I toasted,
in unhurried nostalgia its action
while listening to bursts
of alchemic liquidity-redness
still singing our tune.

Reminders

Reminders.

*And afternoon yawns as sea gently lolls
in pillowed lull of low tide.
Clouds sag with drowse of white fuzz
on warm hillock-grass clifftop.*

*And sun sinks in shawled clover as cattle
milk-laden homeward slow swing
past river bank a-buzz with low swarms
of late hatched mate-hungry gnats.*

*And lust and lilt of summer will linger
while dusk striates luring skies
yet twilight chill creates mauves for
reminders as autumn moves in.*

Reminders.

Rain-washed to fresh, Cornish air
smells of historic spoil.

Landscape to sigh for its bare
granite coastline can boil
with stormy anger at times
while between gales rocks bask
sun-baked for secluded miles.
Hinterland littered with shafts,
now leveled, age -old flat lodes
make for much visitor pleasure
along merry summertime stroll.
Paths used to heave carts heavy
with mine-waste boys' backs bound
with thick ropes, worked-out pits
leave ghosts of the thousands
who met young ends, unfitted
for black hours in a hellish mouth.
They for a pittance kept bread
on home tables when not found
was fair living elsewhere.

Beauty abounds, yet tourists
who see through mine walls hear
calls of those souls trapped in
falls of earth, crying with fear.
Heartache dis-colours land's
heritage when much abuse
of bal-maids and lads leave sad
reminders of shifts' ruthless
length, when weary to death
bare feet stumbled homeward

eyes half closed and foodless slept
clothed before starting again.

Hard were the days when rich grew
richer on backs of the poor.

Reminders.

Reminders.

Rain washed to fresh Cornish air
still smells of historic unfairness.

Hinterland littered with shafts,
now leveled, age-old flat lodes
make for visitors much pleasure
as unrushed they enjoy the stroll.
Beauty abounds, yet tourists
who see through pit walls hear
sounds of past youth trapped in
earth-falls and gripped fast in fear.

Paths used in heaving carts heavy
with mine-waste, boys' backs bound
with thick ropes these worked-out pits
leave little ghosts of those lost thousands
who met bitter ends when children, unfitted
for mining, fell within hell's blackened mouth.

Heartache discolours a land's
heritage when sad child abuse
of bal-maidens and young lads
add reminders of shifts' ruthless
length while tired almost to death
shoe-less torn feet stumbled home
with but a pittance, eyes half closed
bent to breadless tables children slept
often still clothed before starting again.

Hard those days when the rich grew

fat on young backs of martyred poor.

Renewal

Renewal.

Pasts accepted,
no more were they strangers
one to the other yet
became not known to themselves.
Senses withdrawn
until both realized kind fate
meant to open afresh
 sight of desire as normal.
Natures ignored
 for the taste of needs begun
as despite caution
 staid relates to renewal.
Time's fixed habits
dissolve when begins prospect
of mature romance
offering together-reality.

Renewal

Renewal.

Small but
withering spores of ageing breed more
cells that weaken and taste
of decay
yet maturing surrender will ever resist
feeding oldness.
Years lived should glow in exciting rays
of juvenile wonderment,
not merely alive
but being actively vibrant as fervour
holds youth ever
suspended in energetic renewal.
Reliably keen
dynamic forces intend to re-shape
what is lethal
in minds bent on negating simple
outlook on life.

Trouble viewed with innocent awe
makes heart young
and spirit stays ageless for beauty
lies inside where
one ready smile keeps time at bay.

Repose

Repose.

In dying moments low sun crept
into haziness making laced
veils into buttery bands
as end-of-day yellowness swept
tree-lined horizon.

Cows on lush fields dun-dappled
by shadows, chewing late
cud, trundled milk-laden
as pail-in-hand maidens tackled
beasts' creamy arrival.

Composed and performed music
of duty rings to slow plod
of well-rehearsed labour
when repose brings quell to usual
chores before revival.

RESILIENCE.

Resilience.

Tell me a winter-clad tale
of ponds frost-coated and
sad bloated fish in death's
breathless grasp, of misty
twilight's snow-blind drift
over sheep-dotted hills to
farmhouse cowl, of wind's
sudden howling in rafters,
raising rattle and draught.

Tell me of frozen-backed
cattle in safety's cold stall
chewing the cud, of fields
thigh-high in white flakes
neatly piled around frigid
seedlings' stiffened green,
 of hard-handed breeds at
sweat's laboured digging
in search of missed ewes,
of lambs' bleating hunger,
and calves losing mothers
in mass stumble for cover.

Tell me the story of never
say No when a going gets
tough, of folk whose hold
on tomorrow shines with
dis-entombed hope, when
after bad-weather-losses

shrugs of wide shoulders
in string-fastened jackets
tip hats and step forward,
raw fingered, yet willingly
ready despite the winter's
hard freeze to battle again.

Clad in strongest resilience
such men and their women.

Resolutions.

Resolutions.

Time moves on remorseless yet fresh starts
appear plausible
if with parched discord
we form opportunities from which to carve.
Clearer choices for cutting free expand lone
coaster-rides but tried
ways of surprise
adroitly harness colour into bland unknown.
Distress creates apathy while unrestrained
euphoria decrees
time for growing new wings
and chances to better breed later decades.
Truncated all wistful dreams must retreat
dry to crisps yet can re-form
and freshly adorned with made
resolutions avoid further stressful defeat.
Hope succeeds if, skilled in competence
we alone apply learning
curves and hear the unheard
as disposing of old requires no audience.
Pushing ahead, scything new paths again
exalts over former
raw-angst attempts to alter
past failures if wearing our skin unafraid.

Respite

Respite.

*Oh the gold of an autumn-sun stillness
lighting dusk-shadows in silver gilding
and etching field edges in misty ridges.*

*Time to catch fluttering leaves as they dance
with cool breezes
and to laugh as naked- stiff corn stalks wave
to new born sheaves.*

*Oh the quiet of needed respite times
before work-hours turn colder and
winter growls around countrysides.*

Restorations

Restorations.

There exists a silence not found by sound,

as in the heart of a desert or deep
under oceans or at the start of dawns'
lightening horizons an
inaudible stillness, though speechless
perfects its own restorations

where profound mutely vibrates with
voiceless bequests

the peace that nature always propounds.

Though hassled with stress and battling
'gainst troubles time will transfer
to memory's aphonic dimensions doses
of shush to resurrect countless
moments of most treasured happenings
knowing love's past
succumbings never did need sound.

Restored

Restored.

Far away
on first-fringed beams of morning
rides Ol' Sol's wild horses,
rays' white light
moving in sequence
is saddling silence for
Venus as gifts
pour from her paramour Night.

Stars gathered
for dismissal again restored
to heavenly vaults
paley wait 'til sanctified
by another ascension where
again sought
they will display
next cavalcade's candle fire.

Sweet passion
for his Lady of ineffable form
sees the Knight
lay down won glory while
timed to break
now rises sensational Dawn
so with Venus
veiled another day can smile.

Results.

Results.

She whistles her charges with shrill treble then in distant field
flicking ears hear, long legs flex,
tongues slick thirsty lips while giant heads, raising from dozes
among marigolds skyward stretch.
Flanks heave upward and as un-gainly frames meander home
vacant eyes gaze at flaming sunset.
Mooing with milk-weight cows move toward barn where waits
feed of hay as maid's cool hands calm
hot udders by touch of experience for care dis-arms nerves as
cream spurts wet heat into parlour.
Results of ate meadow-grass creating white nectar demands
duo strength and will to work hard.
Chewing late cud large inmates take patient turns for gaining
relief while the girl's milking pail
fills and spills pearls onto each long-tail twirl her supper waits
for liquified cream needs time to take.
Bovines train by responding to kindness and fine husbandry,
when taught from the cradle
knows brimming founts require healthy labour so every day
able heads bow in thankful praise.

Revealed

Revealed.

Midnight,
sipping on anger uncorks feelings.
Hours of un-watered thirst for reasons shows
raw rancour revealed.
Misused,
bottled solitude births nostalgia.
Caught in a clasp of blighted self pity writhes
abject unbalance.
Blinded,
growing perception of truth berates.
Choices clear pathways to calm's dimension
as sense re-awakes.
Fruited,
newly maturing view reaps candour.
Seeds that tear-sieved grow sweeter acceptance
as thought over-plants.
Midnight,
sipping on insight uncorks spirit.
Time of relentless quiet lets light seep undiluted
thru' dark resistance.

Revealed.

Revealed.

Midnight, sipping on anger uncorks feelings.
Hours of relentless thought before depth
of rancour revealed.

Alone, daunting re-view enlivens nostalgia.
Caught in blighted self pity love writhes
in abject unbalance.

Belief, maturing slowly releases candour.
Seeds which tear-sieved start to open
as desire over-plants.

New-charged, hoarded mistrust recedes.
With ego's demise acceptance defines
what the future will be.

REVERIE.

REVERIE.

Between sleep and wakefulness
hangs morning twilight.
A no-time and no-where place
whose stirring shards, like hardened ice
pierce warm languid sighs with cold.

Between dawn and reveillé
lies reverie's need.
A dreamless and drowsy state
with ideas, which like motes fly unseen
to revoke sloth with short notice.

Between planes of rouse and retreat
yawns dawdle-dimension.
A pre-rise site of wait-machines
where doze re-uses slumber's intention
until liveliness takes control.

Reverie.

REVERIE.

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yawns dawdle-dimension.
A pre-rise site of wait-machines
where doze re-uses slumber's intention
until liveliness takes control.

Revitalize.

Revitalize.

Key-stone of much conformity
hides in banality while
trite persuasion phrases straight
formalized lines.

Break with staid and difference
will strip tightly laced
to let in un-restraint and stretch
mere credulity.

Breach convention, invite insight,
then watch back-to-front
scribing turn mental somersaults
to violate customary.

Peer squint-eyed, allow curiosity
to welcome the Muse
revitalize by refusing an orthodox
commonplace pathway.

Sail out of a usual, bathe in oddity,
find rarer anomaly,
peruse free-style then decide on
being less ordinary.

Leave safe-shore solidity, sound
down with the lateral,
adopt mind-sets of dissimilarity,
leave norm on the ground.

Twist to seeing back-sidedness
fly by versing profound,

think more about quirky and less
toward the accepted. .
Keeping an ear close to authentic
reveals the path so let
less trodden add its own flavour
to what is poetic.

Revival

Revival.

Oh tiny flat diaphanous
beauty lying as dead on top
of my coffee.
I never saw you drop
from your first flying journey
right into my cup.
Let me resurrect you
to life with one scoop of spoon
under your silence.
Do try to revive by
 flutter of wings when dry you
little slip of a fly.

Revived.

Revived.

A lust full of Karma passed
and eagerness lessened.
The honey- moon of strong passion
a weaker light shed.
Love turned to pages of lies until
cage ajar the bird fled.
Revived was intent for new appetite
and gone was pretense.
Lit again female eyes felt inner hunger
which quenched neglect.
Prized then the nectar fired by another
with not an inch of regret.

Richer.

Richer.

No matter what business may pour
into making fortunes
there is always spots of caught
gold atop stillness of water

and silver on sticklebacks splashing
in crystalline shallows as
shy kingfisher on river bank
dips jewelled wings as he passes.

and sapphire as sky-tint changes
when sun colours rising day
with pearls on horizon lacing
grey clouds in priceless diamanté.

What could be richer I ask.

RISING.

Rising.

Such a rising it makes
when Spring
dries winter's whiskers
on sap's shawl
then calls with its very
first daffodil.

When snowdrops' faces
grow white-tall
and race the clumps of
wild pink thrift
which, daisyng cliffs,
flank the moor.

When sun warms spears
of rain-green grass
and berry- vines crawl
to spawn new
shoots for an autumn's
black- fruiting.

Such feathering of days
when wings
compete to fill beaks with
thin slivers
shaped by parental fight
for tiny offspring.

When changes creep thru
each hedge and
lay quick claim to waking
bloom-buds that,
sleeping softly in fox-glove

velvet find life again.
Such clamour it is when
day's new light
climbs full length the sky
and streams rush
to clear room for wood's
bluebell ripening.
When nature's rank smell
turns rapacious
and March's voice pipes to
start wake-up tunes
Spring flowers soon pick
up the pace.
Such rising it all makes.

River-Speak.

River-Speak.

Oh watery minion of past existence, rivering those
potentized remnants of millions whose
subtle life-happenings earned but fluid award.
You with stored weight of muted dynamics wet sounds
of lament or contentment though unseen
yet held every atom as ancient-kept record.
Deep-level eavesdroppers wrote liquid signatures
on your rocky bed as chromosome cries
preserved in suspension became effervescent.
Kingfisher bird pauses a moment stares head lowered
and hears in pool's depth whispering omens
rendered to bubble in your all-flowing essence.
Furry travellers busily speeding for food reel then
halt at half-sensed signs of ghostly noises
floating below welt in roisterous turbulence.
Stoat, Vole and Otter detect in your watery breath
echoes of non-audible contact with remains
of ancient settlements gone but still churning
Why then do I not catch river-speak when tuned
to legacy's wisdom I wistfully lean to hear
yesteryear-folk by evoking mindful awareness.
River's mystical intellect found drenched in ooze
bears potential music of lost knowledge
which searchers would learn if they but dare.

Rivering.

Rivering.

Oh watery minion of past existence, rivering subtly
those potentized remnants of millions whose
life-happenings earned no award.
That stored weight of muted dynamics, fluid sounds
of lament or contentment went unseen, yet
each held its own minute record.
Deep-level eavesdroppers grasp liquid signatures on
rocky stones as chromosome cries preserved
thru' suspension still effervesce.
Kingfisher bird pauses a moment stares head lowered
and hears in pool's depth whispering omens
rendered to murmuring essence.
Furry travellers busily speeding for food first reel then
halt at half-felt inaudible signs of experience
floating in welt of turbulence.
Stoat, Vole and Otter detect in watery breath snatches
of contact by mere discernment.
Why then do we not catch river-speak with ears tuned
to legacy's wisdom wistfully left over from
yesteryear-folk becoming aware.
That mystical intellect found in the river's potent spirit
taught by listening, flows with knowledge
which we can learn if we dare.

Road-Shock.

Road-Shock.

She lies a pitiful sight,
firey tail
awash with new light,
tyre-impaled
flesh pooling in blood,
mouth full of dust.
Russet coat
grit-matted, hunched
limbs an epitaph
to desperate attempt
at flight
from the dragon bent
on annihilation.
Eyes arrowed readily
honed toward
safety's suckling-den,
leg-straggled
 intention of thwarting
every danger.

Road-shock
stares from this dead
female fox,
cubs left defenceless
hungry die
while some uncaring
motorist flies
along country lanes,

unfeelingly bred.

Rousing

Rousing.

Slowly the morning climbs toward daytime.
Robin starts singing Hello thru' my window.
Breakfasting sparrows chatter while dining.
Blackbird joins chorus with fine Tenor Solo.

Waking is blessed by feathered rendition.
Rousing to bird-song cannot be bettered.

Sad Reminders

Sad Reminders

Hinterland littered with shafts,
now covered, old flat lodes
make for summertime pleasure
on Cornish site-seeing strolls.
Paths, hand-stoned make easy
walk-ways but were levelled
for carts heavy with mine waste
when boys, backs rope-bound
heaved rock for mere pittance
to topside from below ground.

Pits leave cries of youngsters
who unfitted for hours
harness-trapped in forced
labour met tragic ends by
thoughtless indifference to
vital child-nourishment.

Heartache dis-colours mining
heritage with much bal-maid
and pit-lad abuse that grieves
with sad reminders of ruthless
shift length when weary to death
young feet stumbled homeward
eyes half-closed and foodless
to fall asleep clothed before
pit bell's harsh calling again,

Tough on youth when pits grew
richer on misuse of the poor.

Saline Songs

Saline Songs

Ground shakes
as massive breakers force reverberation.
High-boom
cracks granite's face by continual spume.
Waves race
over fall-gradation as crashes accelerate.
Liquid tunes
rebound into groundswell as sea infuses.
Water weight
grips and trapped air sighs in anticipation.
Before long
tide ebbs to ready for more saline songs.

Satisfaction

Satisfaction.

Does satisfaction though brief
give measured relief only
to flesh or will such freedom
breach mind and soul
to bolster ambiguous belief ?

Or need we but know
how best to share feelings. ?

Scaled

Scaled.

Bulwarking loud message to keep out, thick walls
shout a menace of warning.

Herald of fear in days of yore a fortress brooked
no man-made breaching at all.

Yet defences of pride hold no less terror, erecting
exclusion with scorn or frown.

Frigid mindscapes built high maintain a distance
but scaled by love veils fall down.

Smiles smash with kind blows stone stronger than
steel by mildly chipping away.

When heart calls to heart no mighty rampart can
stand in love's insistent way.

Scaled

Scaled.

Bulwarking their keep-out message
thick walls
shout a menace as warning.
Herald of fear in days gone by
a fortress
brookd no breaching at all.

Traits of pride raise no less
fencing against
surrender by selfish haste.
Yet fixed mindscapes built to
breed distance fall
if scaled by love's alteration.

Scaled.

Scaled.

Bulwarking dire message to keep out, thick walls
shout a menace of warning.
Herald of fear in days of yore a fortress brooked
no man-made breaching at all.
Yet defences of pride hold no less terror, erecting
exclusion with scorn or frown.
Fierce mindscapes built high maintain a distance
but scaled by love disdain falls down.
It will smash with kind blows stone stronger than
steel by mildly chipping away.
When heart calls to heart no mighty rampart can
stand in love's powerful way.

Scented Solutions.

Scented Solutions.

I found this quote inspirational.

"Love's gift cannot be given, it just waits
to be accepted." (Anon.)

The suchness of love's fragrant devotion
lies in ways
its acceptable potion is made.
Being tenderly constant sweetens trust
in each other
without which contentment can fade.

Disbelief dilutes strength of intentions
and effort
for doubt renders eagerness inactive.
Best motive stales faced with indifference
counting too
costly perfume for tolerance factor.

The keeping of togetherness fragrance
lies a lot
in the way scented solutions are made.

Sea Swell

Sea-Swell.

The breast of the sea
swells tonight
as wild effort to rise and heighten
by bulging
heaves through surface skin
to inflate more
ballooning finished
with spume
that bursts in breakers.
She roars in pitching
her heaviness
to shore but finding
insistence checked
soon sweeps
out again by tumbling
somersaults over
receding then thunders
with impassioned
deep submarine growls

her scream sets
pebble beds pounding.

Bloated sea
races to roll high tonight

in saline embrace
with the teaser Neep-tide.

Sea-Swell.

Sea-Swell.

The breast of the sea swells tonight
as her efforts to rise, heightened
by great heaving breaths break her skin
and inflated balloons, topped thinly
with spume burst, the sea is in labour.

She roars, tries suppressed pitch to gain
the shore, finds her efforts checked
then sweeps out once more tumbling
somersaults over herself, grumbling
with loud submarine thunderly sounds
as irate she sends pebble-bed pounding.

Bloated, yet moving in no way slower
her bellows ignored foamy tears flow
down watery frills and rollers make
short work of staining her saline face.

Sea-Swell intends to bare all tonight
in majestic embrace with a Spring-tide

Sea-Swell.

Sea-Swell.

The breast of the sea swells tonight
as her efforts to contact, heightened
by saline heavings break thru her skin
and like inflated plumes high skirts spill
spume then burst showing sea in labour.

She roars tries extra pitch to fetch
toward shore, finds efforts checked
then sweeps out once more tumbling
somersaults over herself as grumbling
with submarine thunderings sea is irate.

Bloated yet filled with action below
her writhing increases as foam flows
down salt frills and yells of yield grow
into naked oneness with oceanic rollers
for thrill of consent sea feels no restraint.

Sea-Swell intends to bare all tonight
in needed embrace with Spring-Tide.

Seasoned.

Seasoned.

Such wakening this
when song seeps through windows
and dawn clothes hedgerows in
daisyng glory
for Spring explodes banquets
of luscious greens
while sunlight races to
split open more.

Such wakening this
to seasoned renewal.

SECRET

Secret.

Stalked in tall greenery, cupped as itself,
bud-tight but becoming
slowly unfurled petal perfection opens
to show in this single rose
gentle attention that strongly fragile sighs
from a distance
which out-faces with essence so knowingly.

Sweet silent colours and rich tones vibrate,
because this rose
holds beauty from friendship's warm hand,
treasured more
by it's message to bloom for me, now fated
for foreign shore,
a rose sings love's wishes from far-off land.

Impassioned, compelling, incarnadine rose,
your secret so deep only providence knows.

Secret.

Secret.

Stalked in tall greenery, cupped as itself,
bud-tight but becoming
slowly unfurled petal perfection opens
to show in this single rose
gentle attention and caution soon melts
when tho' from distance
its fragrance erases loneliness knowingly.

Toned in velvet hue its newness vibrates
because this red rose
holds the music of love's proffered hand,
treasured the more
by its message to accept readily the late
chance before autumn
of fate's warm perfume of understanding.

Impassioned, compelling, incarnadine rose,
your secret so deep only providence knows.

SECRETS.

Secrets.

From fingers the first misty light rays
Of morning shatter dark chains and usher
In fresh breaks of day blackbird displays
Agenda for later sweet song, brushes
Up remnants of night, preens then flies away.

Smiles become partner to light after bird's
First-heard dawn trills as infused with awe
Day sings abroad beauty in silent words.
Raise then grateful eyes and see glory
Revealed in the secrets of Nature's pearls.

Seduction.

Seduction.

Try my artful seduction and feel replete.

I treat with lushness.

My skill overflows.

Tokens of passion are naught but deceit.

I induce muchness.

My real ardour shows.

Romantic potions raise no great desire.

I apply moreness.

My wine maketh man.

Sip my abundance that sets blood afire.

Taste love that's flawless.

Then escape if you can.

SEDUCTION.

Seduction.

Try my artful seduction and feel replete.
I treat with lushness.
My skill overflows.
Tokens of passion are naught but deceit.
 I induce muchness.
My bought ardour shows.

Romantic potions raise no great desire.
I apply moreness.
My wine maketh man.
Sip my abundance that sets blood afire.
Taste craft that's flawless.
Then escape if you can.

See Success.

See Success.

Find the place where two entities meet,
stand on the edge of seen and unseen
and listen to Heaven speaking.

Awe speaks to lovers of nature's work,
watch carers re-transforming the earth
and see success for the sharing.

Authentic wonder needs self emptied
when love's spirit is being presented.

Seeing

Seeing.

In this enlightened age
the nearer I come to my final
breath the brighter sun
looks when it rises each day
and the fiercer tumble
green waves to break on beach
bleached to more silver
than I can remember seeing.

Louder each feathered song,
flowers extra vivid bloom under
much bluer sky, ultra
intense howls a storm as gale
thunders thru' landscape
renting and lashing with wilder
falls of cleansing rain.
Waking to view combinations
as morning in full spate,
expresses a clearer fascination
seems to make senses
the keener to join glad exultation
for nature's beauty,
and glory in new ways of viewing
with joyous sensation.

Just being alive is enough if love
lights the day for when
closer draws endings seems greater
the need to peer again

and hear how earth's ready music
vibrates so gracefully.

Seeing Through

Seeing Through.

Propriety ending every aim,
stony-souled dogmas
seek easy adoption and often remain
chiselled in deeply.
Peering thru' drawn blinds clearer
we begin to see
wickedness merely a false sort of
tortured reaction
to ridiculed goodness which, once
derided, decides then
to harbour waves of sheer revenge.
Leaving behind the ugly word
"Should" we find
the truth in the notions of never
again to condemn others
as hat-less when
a blinding hood our own bent
head often covers.
Conscience awakes after subduing
judgmental traits of dictative views.

SEEING THROUGH.

Seeing Through.

Bounded by laws,
often laid down by others'
conventional duties and senses,
offended
by breakage of scrupulous habits,
shelving
fastidiously notions of change,
we feel the need
to keep laying down blame.
Propriety ending every aim,
stony-souled dogmas
find easy adoption and often remain
chiseled in deeply.

When however, with reality
wholeness emerges,
torrents
of lightening thoughts throw
fresh water over
uncaring, insightfulness leaps
in awakened self-help
and conscience,
striving to see both sides,
accepts
dark and light of every event.

Seeing through former blinds clearly,
we find
evil is but merely a false

sort of reshaped reaction to tortured
good which, once derided,
decides to then harbour intended
thoughts of revenge.

Leaving behind
that ugly word "Should" we could
choose
never again to condemn others
as hat-less
when a hood but lightly our own
bent head covers.

Conscience hits
crisis, and met, needs discerning
no longer
for when walking in shade
we face light
as something missed and judge
nobody evil
because they are not truly good

Seen

Seen.

Fragments of me
~ ~ ~ ~ will be muted
until what is seen
~ ~ ~ ~ by my heart
is departure
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ from need.

Self is always
~ ~ ~ ~ wholly enough
Accepting this
~ ~ ~ ~ is to succeed

Seen

Seen.

Oh unperceived day
I feel rather than see
your take-over glimmer
of star-fading notion
to invade darkness
when night hours passed
horizon hardens
and pallor creeps over
the dome of blackness.

Shadows begin
as dawn stretches limbs
towards east then
far out to sea ray-skeins
of grey gilt appear
as morning makes war
on receding dark
then breeze sings duets
with the trilling
of flying skylarks at play.

Coastline takes
shape when pale disc of
sun swims in
with vaporous mist, stirs
silver stains that
top mirror of neep-tide
and as I perceive
smouldering day caught

within jewelled
blaze I stop and bow low
to its seen glory.

Seize

Seize.

Let us
leap into the Moment
and not
let it pass, unnoticed.

Let us
seize Now's fragility
lest we
lose the ability
to look
at it further and see
Now as
e
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t
y.

Seize

Seize.

Our written past is darkened when
in looking back we only search
for anger's errors
which turn on the many.

Our day-bed of rest is wasted
by rephrasing each gone attempt
to bespeak ourselves
either for or against.

Our stalking the past mars gems
of forgiveness as self-respect
scatters with fresh marks
of shameful regret.

Our waking suggests seizing Now
with heart guiltless and ready to
dart addictive fret
then will Power be freed.

Seize and See

Seize and See.

Let us
glimpse in the Moment
spaces unseen
and not let the instant
pass by unnoticed.

Let us
seize mind's fragility
lest we
lose the ability
to review insight
further and see
Now as eternal.

Let us
latch onto being
alive in the present
and find zeal
for connecting with
sacred action.

Let us
stay in Now's power
and peer into infinity.

Let us
now seize it and see.

Seize and See.

Seize and See.

Let us
leap into the Moment
and not
let it pass, unnoticed.

Let us
seize Now's fragility
lest we
lose the ability
to look
at it further and see
Now as
e
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y.

SEIZE AND SEE.

Seize and See.

Let us
leap into the Moment
and free
its passing unnoticed.

Let us
change human fragility
lest we
mislay thinking ability.

Let us
see Now's truth further
and seize
the Present as eternal.

Seize and See.

Seize and See.

May I

grasp every moment

and not

let it pass unnoticed.

Might I

seize Now's ability

lest I

lose its virility.

Let me

look at life further

and see

Now as eternal.

Seize Now

Seize Now.

Our written past we darken
when in looking back we search
for its unpardoned errors
which turn on the many.
Our day-bed of rest is wasted
by rephrasing each gone attempt
to communicate self-hood
either for or against.
But waking we best seize Now
with both hands raised ready to
dart lax offence-guilt
and let love have its head.
We make Kings from deceit,
Lords out of treachery then
Queens from hurt feelings
if real feels unsteady.
Stalking the past, thoughtful
marks gems from awareness
and scatters fresh stardust
over falsehood's regret.
Our written record tho' smeared
with error is preferably seen
as a learning curve given
that appears Heaven-sent.

Seize Now.

Seize Now.

Our written past we darken
when in looking back we search
for its worded errors
which turn on the many.
Our day-bed of rest is wasted
by rephrasing each gone attempt
to communicate ourselves
either for or against.
But waking we best seize Now
with both hands raised ready to
dart memory's lax guilt
and let love have its head.
We make Kings from deceit,
Lords out of treachery then
Queens from the unseemly
if real feels unsteady.
Stalking the past, self-respect
marks gems from forgiveness
that scatter fresh stardust
over falsehood's regret.
Eyes that seek loyalty widen
ways toward transformation
peace oils future's gate
so naught left to repent.
Our written past tho' worded
with error is ever best seen
as a learning curve given
from none other than Heaven.

SELF-HOOD.

Self-hood.

One recent evening as light spoke its last
and covered with molten
pink tinted rose-buds blackbird's late song
wrung the still air in passion
from nowhere as cascades of neatly strung
notes coated the gloaming
with soul which struck my heart in passing.

Inspired to listen with intent deafened by
life's ever busyness
I heard crystal clear scales piercingly pure
pervading the quiet
enough for the urge to scribe such beauty
as symphonic self-hood
trilling its bird-song and filling the twilight.
Oh if only I could.

Self-Imposed.

Self-Imposed.

Night has now arrived from distant places
with uncivilized black covered in silence.
Fox interrupts in shrieks of impatience
as tiny vole's craft outpaces his guile.
Mis-timed a gull cackles to make hairs
 on my hand shake as wing-beat stops.
An owl hoots and hunger-eyed stares
in the window to victimize me by shock
Fearful this panic of spluttering candle
light-less I pan to catch fanciful shapes.
Day succumbs and chamber left lampless
I must battle 'gainst self-imposed wraithes.

SELFHOOD.

Selfhood.

Liberation's trumpet blows loudest calls
to unwind and be bold
as fettered minds will feel no better 'til
thought becomes de-controlled.
Caged and muzzled souls unravel slowly
to freedom, believing
when dumbly adrift that expression wins
if for concord it homes.

So unhand my heart release and disband
bondage of long neglect,
leave hold of erroneous persuasion that
when shackled anguish bates.
Who I am is unique and of late choose
selfhood to celebrate,
this for sanity's sake and not for what
others think is my state.

SELFNESS.

SELFNESS.

Blooms, resting in selfness duly distil
authentic truthfulness only by being
what they wholly are. Flora can bring
from its self-hood intensity, while we
trying to be much to many feel faces
growing lopsided by denial of serene
inner-control which conceding erases
by suppression yet we will be thrilled
at the peace felt within if like a flower
we unearth hidden quiet and let shine
beautify the core with personal power.
Resorting to calm means a re-defining
of motive and perfuming with love our
intent for selfness is us as it is flowers.

Sensing.

Sensing.

*Between sips of wine
and slender white candles
they sat at a window
sharing the moment
a man with a woman
sensing closeness
on the brink of something
bigger than then
and as everyone knows
love struck again
when he gave her a rose.*

Sensuality

Sensuality.

Oriental the rhythm as dancing begins.

Practiced fluidity.

Gliding vibration of smooth undulation.

Transparent the veils floating like wings.

Bared sensuality.

Shivering movement of hip-pulsation.

Entrancing the swirl of seduction spins.

Twirled spontaneity.

Skirt's silken fringes shake in gyration.

Twisting the fingers of bangled wrists.

Mounting engagement.

Shouts of applause by stirred sensation.

Eastern performance an audience wins.

SENSUALITY.

Sensuality.

Eastern the rhythm as dancing begins.

Practiced fluidity.

Gliding vibration of smooth undulation.

Transparent veils quiver like airy wings.

Bared sensuality.

Stunning production of pulsating pelvis.

Entrancing the swirl of seductive spins.

Twirled spontaneity.

Skirt's silken fringes shake by gyration.

Bangled wrists shiver in twisting rings.

Mounting engagement.

Lookers call loudly stirred by sensation.

Oriental performance an audience wins.

Sensuality.

Sensuality.

Eastern the rhythm as dancing begins.
Practiced fluidity.
Gliding vibration of smooth undulation.
Transparent quiver of veils airy wings.
Bared sensuality.
Stunning production of pelvis pulsation.
Entrancing the swirl of seductive spins.
Twirled spontaneity.
Skirt's silken fringes shake by gyration.
Bangled wrists shiver in twisting rings.
Mounting carnality.
Viewers call loudly bestirred by elation.
Oriental performance an audience wins.

Sequence.

Sequence.

Far away on first-fringed beams of morning
rides Ol' Sol's wild horses, rays' white light
moving in sequence as saddling silence for
Venus, gifts pour from her paramour Night.

Gathered stars patiently pale while stored
in heaven's dark vaults 'til next sanctified
by another ascension where again sought
they vie to display cavalcade's candle fire.

Passion for his Lady of undisputable form
sees the Knight lay down won glory while
timed to break now rises victorious Dawn
then with Venus veiled morning can smile.

Severed.

Severed.

With its mysterious
amber-toned nodular face,
the fronded sight of a beached
pale ribbon of sea kelp
tugged from the shackled deep
of this great Atlantic
affects and sets my pen to paper.

Shaped like a spiral
of tactile curves with open
lipped prehistoric lizard-look foot
spread groundward
its salty green dragon mouth juts
forward in torn-jawed
pieces toward now dying moments.

Tell me what violent
past ejected your submarine
life from forests of frills, what storm
dislodged your roots,
wrenched you screaming skyward
and tossing your pride
threw you drying onto this beach ?

Your prehensile shape
will never release the secret
to me but I think I see battles in dimly
lit worlds where bellowing

fights of wild undulation like quakes
severed your bed-grasp
ending resistance by breaker action.

You kelp anchored fast
in watery weedland grew strongly
mighty and tough, I will carry you back
now to saline tide-smells
and leave you lying where you belong.

Shall and Because

Shall and Because.

Because each granite-necked minute strangles
past bliss shall grief's set vessel so anchored
reach love's fair coastline no more ?
Shall a tear-drenched spark within dark's loss
not fire venturesome's calling ?

Because a pearl's open glint becomes staved
on grave's barrier-reef shall learning re-train
or stay blind to mere chances ?
Shall a caged heart's talons gnawing at need
not seek to call for balance ?

Because cinders get cold when unbellowed
shall a fresh spark not hold similar knowing
when and how to light contact ?

Shall stalled life not take offered moreness
and share another romance ?

SHALL WE ?

SHALL WE ?.

We lived through a blaze of debate-soaked relationship
mindless of Hearing's gold worth.

We fell into muddles of shut-eyed raking as dissension
blindly aimed besting each word.

We blithely insisted on biased ideas, winner-related led
change to pretentious Self-talk.

We rankled ourselves toward empty ground and Regret
denied, Ego raised storm-force.

Tho' love's deepest non-sound got somehow mislaid in
truth it relates to quiet heard.

Shall we reconstruct silence to give Us a reminder that
minds can speak without a word ?

Sharing.

Sharing.

Elderly faces wet as brown pebbles
parade every day,
jackets held tightly to capped heads,
lame legs leading pets
struggle to see that nature is taken.
Backs bent, bags ready,
all are disposed in appropriate bins.
Passing owners en route
exchange nods through cold drizzle.
Bedraggled but usually
dog-walking folk know that despite
weather, taking walkies
daily with canines tends to provide
chances for talking.
Sharing life with four-pawed friends
shows tail-wagging prone
to any outings is a mutual pleasure
to those living alone.

She Rises.

She Rises.

Dawn and night-clouds part the horizon,
Dark muddy blues turn suddenly light
Spilling change on her hues as she rises,
And oh that fullness of sight.
Glow of greeting bequests later heat-time,
Brazen sun brooks no trace of the night.
She aims to captivate dark guilelessly
With oh such flourish of style.
Her blush in pale sky flashes a brightness
Over first tremble of her prelude to fire.
She welcomes day by blazing sublimely
In oh what a show of surprise

She-Fever.

She-Fever.

From liquid glass to boiling foam
moody sea can gentle be
or scream out her commands.
With restless need for exclusivity
she drowns attempts to flee her reprimands.
Savage mistress she.
Skirting coastlines Neptune's wife
in veils of weathered tease
likes smitten sailors to beguile
Her fickle heart knows age-old tricks
performed with use of fury's hidden smiles.
Savage actress she.
Watch how in hurry she unchains
waves of terrifying charge
that quickly rise in flurry's shock.
Water on fancy's whim can wake
fear yet when still her waltz feels hypnotic.
Savage dancer she.
Sea-fever has a strangle-hold
on men who should know
naught holds greater addiction.
A life-long love of sea remains
unyielding and alluring as a mermaid's kiss.
Savage sweetheart she.
Oh go aboard you coastal child
but beware precocious signs,
to siren's whispers never listen.
Know should you ever disdain the hold
she cleaves her salty-cell will you imprison.
Savage jailer she.

Shifting

Shifting

Small

withering spores of ageing subsistence
quickly grow rank
and smell of decay but memory's past
can colour a splendour
that resists sinking to hoary greying,
it smoulders in gold
of permanent juvenile amazement
not just aliveness but
vibrantly so, for ways of connection
hold keys to laughter
which a childhood wonder retains.

Reliable

dynamic force runs right through
lifetimes to aim lethal
darts at anything other than free
youthful aptitude
for true energy abides in mindful
use of stripling delight,
because significance relies on life
being ageless,
so innocence might be renewed.

Infinity bequests

the unseen but felt while shifting
brings agile freshness
to dotage-stale fun time's ability.

Some sages prophesied

that if remaining child-like
elders could stave off decline.

Shore Song

Shore-Song.

Ground shakes
as massive breakers force reverberation.
Blast booms,
rock face crash-cracks, creating spume.
Waves break
over fall's gradation as race accelerates.
Tidal sound
grinds into groundswell as din re-bounds.
Water weight
trapping soaked air roars in anticipation.
Before long
tide turns round for another shore-song.

Shore-Song.

Shore-Song.

Ground shakes
as massive breakers force reverberation.

Blast booms,
rock face crash-cracks, creating spume.

Waves break
over fall's gradation as race accelerates.

Tidal sound
grinds into groundswell as din re-bounds.

Water weight
trapping soaked air roars in anticipation.

Before long
tide turns round for another shore-song.

Shore-Song.

Shore-Song.

Ground shakes
as massive breakers force reverberation.

Blast booms,
rock face crash-cracks, creating spume.

Waves break
over fall's gradation as race accelerates.

Wind sound
grinds into groundswell as din re-bounds.

Sea weight
trapping soaked air hangs in anticipation.

Foam flung
as tide turns face for yet more shore-song.

Shore-Songs.

Shore-Songs

Ground shakes
as massive breakers force reverberation.
High-boom
cracks granite's face in fine white spume.
Waves race
over fall-gradation as crashes accelerate.
Tidal sound
grinds into groundswell as sea rebounds.
Water weight
foams and trapped air rolls in anticipation.
Before long
tide ebbs to ready for kindlier shore-songs.

Show Me.

Show Me.

Take me aside and show me an
attitude that over-rides
doubt and is non-judgemental,
a love that tries hard to provide
reasons for misbehaviour,
finds ways of preventing fights
and prays for both
victim and for the perpetrator.

Guide me to traits that relieve
hidden pain and exist
to aid true friendship survival,
show me love that will outshine
hate, research all the facts,
a care that dares to reprieve by
forgiving, faces trials
with mature understanding,
feels delight in all seen as worth
more than acceptance
and refuses to hear bitter words.

Many harshly meant slights fail
to ignite if shown
rightful compassion, awareness
of true brotherhood
and feeds ire comforting food.

Lord hear this request I pray,
take me aside

and teach me love's way
to live the best life.

Show Me.

Show Me.

Take me aside and show me an
attitude that over-rides
doubt and is non-judgemental,
a love that tries hard to provide
reasons for misbehaviour,
finds ways of preventing fights
and prays for both
victim and for the perpetrator.

Guide me to traits that relieve
hidden pain and exist
to aid true friendship survival,
show me acts that will outshine
hate, researches facts
with care that dares to reprieve,
which faces then forgives
trials with more understanding.

Many harshly meant slights fail
to ignite if shown
tender compassion, awareness
that nurtures kinship
and feeds ire comforting food,
so do hear this request I pray,
take away pride
and teach me the caring way
to best live my life.

Show Us

Show Us.

Take us aside and show us an
attitude that over-rides
doubt and is non-judgemental,
a love that tries hard to provide
reasons for misbehaviour,
finds ways of disarming fights
and listens alike to
both victim and perpetrator.

Guide us to traits that relieve
hidden pain and exist
to aid neighbour- survival,
show us traits that outshine
hate, reveal the facets
of care that dare to reprieve
by forgiving mistakes
with mature understanding.

Most harshly meant slights fail
to ignite if shown
rightful compassion, teach us
we pray an awareness
which lives only by Love's way.

Shyless.

Preparation.

Rose, thou art a sea of fervent serenity.
Thy gown over-sewn with velvet redolence
adorns preparation of petal-sweet nectar
in waves of covert message.

Desire pervades like unction's therapy.
May the morrow's wed oil regale thy bedding
as thou maid in finery wait shyless and scented
with heady aroma drenched.

Thus now be readied for oneness
smelling of love
Arrive timely Sir Knight with thine
ardour uncovered.

Siblings

Siblings.

*Gene-close by blood code
sibling attraction gells
thicker when thoughtfully coping
with natural difference
both in years and in gender.*

*Concord stays bettered
when respect keeps
tempers from fraying as kith
plays in banter with each
active member of contending kin.*

*Made enriched indeed
are parents whose offspring
reflect care's abundance
in childhood scuffles that resist
doing harm one to another.*

Sightless.

Sightless.

Whispers from wine-coloured moonlight have now
blighted old river grass.
No-one will pass by this flood's blistering chorus of
frustrated past outcry.
The waters stay silted with years-long, war-seared
bitterness as each ill-timed
Peace talk crumbled to finish killed by conclusions
of coated top-brass.

Dreams of the tortoise-shelled butterfly days faded
long before turbulent rapids
Drew young men and women toward battles over
naught but misapplied fears.
Lifetimes float hormonally by in river-side history
as pride's facade of need for action.
Forces of folk press-mustered, taught naught but
allegiance to mindless leads.

Listening I hear victims' pathetic exits still weeping
regrets for conceding to hate.
Wisps of blood-to-come days surface from tainted
mould as no war sits easily.
What happens when, hit by flows of violence peace
can no longer struggle for gain ?
Reddened under-tow of sacrifice rises from victims
caught in sightless obedience.

Signatures

Signatures.

As I settle at last to unsettled sleep
just behind the thinnest of veils
and in dreamy state half-revealed
imagination begins to invade.
Face shapes appearing create shift
in recognition as mem'ry relates
and I gaze at defeat until listless
wakening fades and doze obeys.

Negative wins but surrender revives
and from low state comes freedom
if signatures rise unbidden to write
settled on a mind needing peace.

SIGNS.

SIGNS.

Soft as the cobwebs that dance the vine.
Moist as the droplets that dew the rose.
Warm as the first drink of ruby red wine
Is love that once planted, happily grows.

Harsh as a gale to willow's bare branch.
Cold as a winter woodland's alone-ness .
Dry as duo silence dehydrating romance
Is love that once wilted joy it dethrones.

Winnow the signs, divide chaff from grain.
Re-discover lost laughter, taste love again.

SIGNS.

SIGNS.

Soft as fine cobwebs that dance the vine.
Moist as the droplets that dew last roses.
Warm as first taste of a homemade wine
Is love that once sampled steadily grows.

Harsh as north wind to willow's branches.
Cold as the sea-side's wintery aloneness.
Dry as walled seedlings starved of access.
Is love that once wilted belief overthrows

Winnow moody signs.
Divide chaff from grain.
Re-discover good times
and come, love me again.

Silence.

Silence.

A little silence mothers clear truth for those
who dare seek and embrace
the great unheard,
and if not smothered, stillness guides minds
to find in quiet
something of beauty waiting behind sound
to become to the listener
more than an antidote.
To those who know unsung whispers bless
can soundless quietude's
escape to peace
compose a useful calmness, lifting moods
with mysterious
halcyon balm which reaches core's healing
for only when still can rest
stifle noise-stress wholly.

Silent Music

Silent Music.

Water's tune pouring into porcelain
feeds ready stalks
while dead leaves cut and discarded
relieve crowded stems to
ready sweetest of lilies for regaling
by scent any tense mood.

Armfuls of garden's petal offerings
arrange themselves
quietly into fresh water and within
moments my timely
custom of bloom-stillness watching
sees built-up stress improve.

Flora the mystic Relaxator refines
unheard choral gifts
known to all flowers so perception
being sighted by poets
who listen may their voices align
with nature's silent music.

Silent Music.

Silent Music.

The tune of water pouring in porcelain
feeds ready stalks
while dead leaves cut and discarded
relieve crowded stems to
settle sweetpeas and lilies for regaling
by scent any tense mood.

An armful of garden's floral offerings
petal themselves
gently into fresh water and
within a few moments of watching
rose-stillness stress improves.

Flora the mystical Goddess refines
nature's singing
so that flowers' silent music
may be felt by listening poets like
me who perception pursue.

Silent Music.

Silent Music.

The tune of water pouring in porcelain
feeds ready stalks
while dead leaves cut and discarded
relieve crowded stems to
settle chrysanthemums for regaling
by scent any tense mood.

An armful of garden's floral offerings
petal themselves
gently into fresh wet nutrition
and within a few moments of gazing
stress on faces improves.

Flora the mystical Goddess refines
nature's singing
so that a flower's silent music
may be felt by those who gratefully
hear and perception pursue.

Singing On.

Singing On.

Here on the shore-less ocean of life
we parted lovers weep not alone.

The heavens on seeing grief's goodbye
paleth each star in sympathy's dome
as silent support for human despair.

When grave sounds a knell and kindled
by mortals love appears dead not unaware
is sun or moon of more being willed.

None ordered our future fire be cooled.

Was it nature estranging thyself from me
or destiny's game whose divisive ruling
arranged thine ending and I, incomplete ?

Nay, hope singing on, calls merciful Fate
as ready aid in knowing whatever the soul
be, mine and his beat ever the same

and that somewhere,

somehow and at some waiting time

we pair will again reunite as one whole.

Singing. - - (A Tribute)

Singing..

Let us remember
all imprisoned birds, in order to sing
must visualize
winging to real freedom across open
countryside so
into war's cell young marchers strode
whistling then sang
as loaded missiles whined over-head.

Without prior warning a boy started
quietly, others
joined in and soon a tunelessly loud
number proudly
bellowed refrains into shell's flak-fire
at going down
behind black hills in yellow dust-ring
the day's dying
sun sank in thick battle-soiled gloom.

Their singing lifted to smoky horizons
with undaunted
courage and when nearing gun-blast
lads' exploding
songs became louder within bedlam's
fire-drenched trenches
and sunk in faith war's Godless intent.

Youth's face grinned as blood's scene
raked minds yet met
sheer resistance to hell's rattling rain.
Fears held within,
lads' cheery laughter and balladeering
went on to defy
battleground wailing until breath failed
and young songbirds
when in last thoughts of home-land at
some closing moment
let fight cease with throe's final breath.

Freedom's battle
over for such lads meant singing effort
forever was done.
Red as the poppy was spilt blood then
and in wars to come.

Let us remember..... and never forget.

SINGLE HANDED

Single-Handed.

Roll up a spent life-time and dance.
Stow pockets of learned behaviour.
Drive to agelessness single-handed.
Do yourself an immeasurable favour.

Jump on a cloud sailing to dreams.
Lost ambition dims roads forward.
Glean strength bent on just being.
Achieving delivers ample rewards.

Silver Surfer is an apt name-term
Chase new ways to find adventure.
Zeal still reveals an exciting world.
It's never too late to define success.

Go buy yourself the starter-kit set.
You most likely will never regret it.

Single Handed

Single Handed.

Heavy with deepest deep sleep
he feels layers begin to unzip
and strip off,
one by awakening one.

Body departing from virtual real
he lifts sleep-heavy lids to see
the wide eyes
of his night-attired son.

Aware now of movements he
unwarily starts hazy ascent
mistily upward
but sleep wants to stay.

Bleary eyed he leaves dreaming
half done and wavering limbs
stilled he stares
at the wobbling tray.

Being a single-handed Dad
means missing sleep-time
when bad dreams
bring cries for attention.

Yet breakfast supplied with love
as a surprise present made
by small hands
well what could be better ?

Sisters

Sisters.

Two strokes past midnight and your smile appears
to aid me remember those decades we
shared special secrets, when lad-scores were played
after lights out and torch-story authors gained
treats by scribbling lewd chapters.

Days came for parting and sisters went two ways
one into nursing and one chose the stage
yet we talked over distance then sickness struck
and shoulders were cried on as life came undone
but we fought it with laughter.

Still stored in folders our poemed adventures
for you Sis, gave soul to our girlish pleasures.

LIKE 0

Sistership.

Sistership.

Two strokes past midnight and your smile appears
to help me remember those decades ago when we
wrote naughty messages with invisible ink, became
torch-authors of stories after lights out then gained
points if we scribbled good dramas despite bed time.
We pledged by strict ritual to keep secret reminders
and when troubles beset us to stand and be counted
in defence of close sistership, lie each for each about
when who what and where, vowed in lemonade toasts
and citrus drops that staying together meant the most.

When time came for parting us sisters went two ways
one into nursing the other performing roles on a stage
yet when lonely we phoned and as homesickness struck
both shoulders were cried on as our dreams came undone
Care coloured your generous heart and jokes not forgotten
when go-between notes on romances got welcomed, or lost.

Loving yellow with lots of citron posters you glowed
and your golden-curved portrait now gilds my sorrow.
Still stored in folders our treasured poems and letters
know since you went, every memory smells of lemons.

Sleep's Acres

Sleep's Acres..

Dawn hangs on trees, its force slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
to wide-away doers.
Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning
for blindness precedes
flashes of conscious surrender to sight as inertia's
sweet stupor
casts veils around seeing but breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.
Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken sense rouses
to feel timeless infinity ticking away rested hours
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
night hooks day to its use.

Alarms ring to startle Dreamyheads who waking
swing a finger to kill
sound - then dive down inside the duvet again.

Sleep's Acres.

Sleep's Acres..

Dawn hangs on the trees, force slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
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Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning
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flashes of conscious surrender to sight as inertia's
sweet stupor
casts veils around seeing but breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.
Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken sense rouses
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
night hooks day to its use.
Time to get up Dreamyhead, I suggest to myself.

Sleep's Acres.

Sleep's Acres..

Dawn hangs on the trees, force slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
to wide-away doers.
Day breaks to bathe passive eyes in forewarning
for blindness precedes
flashes of conscious surrender to sight's inertia's
as sweet stupor
casts veils over seeing but breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.
Ears mistake dozy whispers for proactive reality
when senses rouse
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away more hours
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
night hooks day to its use.
Time to get up Dreamyhead, I suggest to myself.

Small Beginnings.

Small Beginnings.

A brilliant gem of an early morning
is calling to me,
outside is dawning a diamond-day.
Jadest of green grow grass-spears
unfolding between
shimmer of new pearly dewdrops.
While woodwardly and hidden are
bell-heads of sapphire
sporting soft caps of heavenly blue.
Peeking at me the flash of emerald
as snowdrop perfection
adorns its shy petals in taller green.
Tiny round eyes of daisy bloom
near golden celandine
embroidering beauty over the lawn.
What more resources of glory could
ever there be than
an opulence growing under my feet.
Earth-love begins warning me never
to despise the small
beginnings for such riches increase.
In affording time spent on rewards
by collecting freely
hidden Spring-wealth I find fortunes.

SMALLNESS.

Smallness.

Connecting with sky above and earth
below,
eyes unfocused, I breathe in to relax
slowly
and regard with mindfulness the life
going
on at my feet, such smallness neatly
flowing
toward some mystical shape-shifting
whole,
directed by inbuilt momentum all its
own.

Grass blades creak, rustled leaves
moan.
Petals sigh as warm winds flutter
coats.
Toads click when heat dries their
home.
Pollen hums as bee-tongue sucks
gold.
Worms weep when birds tighten
hold.

Butterflies sniff and grasshoppers
groan.
Soil heaves with action under my
nose.
Busyness rules in every miniscule

burrow.

I watch as snail-gait slow motion

unfolds

tiny changes within nature's great

poem

and marvel how littleness feeds my

soul.

Smitten.

Smitten.

Do shush while it's written and forgive
my late timing,
now let me explain.

Excuse my naff paper as I have used
all my notelets,
but shall start again.

I caught this obsession, do you know
what has given
my heart so much pain ?

With such condition I expect long
snog-sessions to
stop me going insane.

Has my confession to being quite
smitten seeped yet
into your macho brain ?

If so will you listen while I ask
my next question.

Do you feel the same ?

Should your answer be yes or maybe
then this chick's your
Valentine baby.

Smitten.

Smitten.

Do shush while it's written and forgive
my late timing,
now let me explain.
Excuse my naff paper, I screwed up
all my efforts
but shall try again.
When I caught this obsession I knew
what had given
my heart so much pain
With such exposure I need snogging
sessions to stop
me going insane.
Has my confession to being quite
smitten seeped yet
to your macho brain ?
If so will you listen while I pose
my next question.
Do you feel the same ?
Should your answer be yes or maybe
then this kit's your
Valentine baby.

So Met.

So Met.

Why do young moor-trees out-face each attack ?

Bark, though wind-blasted and knarled stays alive
with ironized knuckles and scars pummeled black.

Would it be wise to note how they survive ?

How can fragile shoots beneath soil grow claws ?

Battle of will-power perceives gale's fierce fight
aims to split limbs but storm meets greater force.

Rooted in "Self" how do saplings revive ?

Like the stance of a wind-bent moorland tree
So met might life's challenge to humanity be.

So Met.

So Met.

Why do young moor trees out-face each attack
with ironized knuckles and scars pummeled black ?

Bark, tho' wind-blasted and knarled stays alive
when gale-force determines no branch will survive.

How can fragile shoots beneath soil grow claws
as wild aim to split limbs becomes greater force ?

Battle of will-power births need for fierce fight
yet if rooted in Self sapling-strength can revive.

Like the stance of a moorland wind-bent tree
so met be life's lashes to challenge humanity.

So Much

So Much.

To pluck from a wondering mind brisk words of applause
when on golden mornings
I watch a sunflower slowly lifting its stiff grass coloured
under-vest to expose more
yellow petals to a small breeze busying rose trees with
delicate brushing, I note
their flushes as nature pours droplets of nectared dew
ready for bees that scan
frilly sweet-pea for signals with gratitude's buzz-waltz
followed by dazzle-tall
foxglove heads greeting post-night with velvety nods
and while marigold regalia
politely shakes welcome to daylight my hope to phrase
these floral awakings with
aptly penned tribute and do credit to beauty by poetry
pales with so much to see.

So Much

So Much.

To pluck from a sparkling dawn brisk words of applause
when on golden mornings
I watch a sunflower slowly lifting its ruff-tight corsetted
under vest of nectared
yellow while nature pours forth droplets of insect food
on awakening blooms,
when bent rosebuds loaded in dew for bees straighten
and marigold faces
politely shake welcome to morning my hope to quill
these floral blessings with
adequate words which do credit to beauty by poetry
pales with so much to see.

So Much.

So Much.

To pluck from a wondering mind brisk words of applause
when on golden mornings
I watch a sunflower slowly lifting its stiff grass coloured
under-vest to expose more
yellow petals or a small breeze busying rose trees with
delicate brushing I note
their flushes as nature pours droplets of nectared dew
ready for bees then scan
frilly sweet-pea signals of gratitude for rising warmth
followed by upright dazzle
of foxglove heads greeting postnight by velvety nods
and while marigold regalia
politely shakes welcome to light my hope to phrase
these floral wakings with
adequate words and do credit to beauty by poetry
pales with so much to see.

So Ready

So Ready.

Breath heaves in hopeful sighs below
night's gauzy-clad gown
to unveil potent dreams drenched in
desired clandestine.

Primed silken sheets of long-scented
waiting become creased
in untasted delight as sleep denies
will on dark's lone pyre.

Aches vibrate in-ward as soundless
restraint starts to drown
while threads of love's almost-made
wings shatter in flight.

Thrown is fanciful wish on wanton
sea as it sinks down
into crushed pillows that sewn for
yield feel but cold fire.

Can need stay submerged forever
in love's heady mist
before suffocating when so ready
but never been kissed ?

Solitary

Solitary.

Like a lone sprite the figure
appeared.
Sat astride statues of silent
large lions
and ate his stale bread.

A solitary image of down
and out living
he slept in an out-house
among crumble
of grandeur and drank
freedom's water
from an old well letting
nobody chain
him to respectability.

Alone that nameless spectre,
he of the back
bent and misshapen accepted
no charity
but lasted to out-live landed
rich gentry by
contentedly reclusive years.

Out of all those memorials
in granite abundance
to the indelibly titled elite
now crumbled
I shall ever remember him.

SOLO-CHILL.

Solo-Chill.

Evening seeps into bleak widowed shoreline.
Thoughtless the tide laps at grief's lone retreat.
Gulls lachrymose wails add force to sad sighing.
Death floods partnered twilight in tearful defeat.

Dark hangs greying shawls over day's graveside
Mauve dusts the sun to mourn memory's flowers.
Night shuts itself in with solo-chill biting - while
Dusk gently weeps when we lose what was ours.

SOLO.

Solo.

In the pit of the night tho' cold
is curtained I lie
rigidly covered with yearning
to hold you, vain hope
deciding to un-sleep and keep
me wide-eyed 'til
morning has for a certain broken.

When laid low by
solo desire I find myself clinging
close to your pillow
fondling the feel of that presence
its hollow still holds.

At last slow winning of pale over
grey dawn's first rosy
finger bids me away so I haste to
my now lightening
window to watch for high tide as
this time it may be
the one that is bringing you safe
home to me again.

Solo.

Solo.

Do you, eyes closed vision streams
of survival's foment
floating on nectared oceans or weals
of rapt wishes bursting
with ambrosial sips for the healing
of thirsty hearts ?

When endurance demands a repeal
do you practice
withdrawing to mystical freedom ?

Are you like me learning the secret
as lonely is being
transformed and resolve revealed ?

Coping with solo
takes courage to face its meaning,
and find solutions that
match provocations of human need.

Solutions

Solutions.

"Love's gift cannot be given, it just waits
to be accepted." (Anon.)

The suchness of love's fragrant devotion
lies in ways
its needed sweet potion is made.
Being tenderly constant wears well with
most lovers,
without which contentment can fade.

Distrust often sucks strength from worthy
intentions
for doubt renders efforts inactive.
Thru' constant negligence love will stale
if it counts
added costs to tolerance factor.

Yes the fragrance of love's togetherness
lies a lot
in how scented solutions progress.

Solutions

Solutions.

I found this quote inspirational.

"Love's gift cannot be given, it just waits
to be accepted." (Anon.)

The suchness of love's fragrant devotion
lies in ways
its acceptable potion is made.
Being tenderly constant sweetens trust
in each other
without which contentment can fade.

Disbelief dilutes strength of intentions
and effort
for doubt renders eagerness inactive.
Best motive stales faced with indifference
counting too
costly perfume for tolerance factor.

The keeping of togetherness-fragrance
lies a lot
in the way scented solutions are made. LIKE 0

SOLUTIONS.

Solutions.

The suchness of love's fragrant devotion
lies in ways
its needed sweet potion is made.
Being tenderly constant wears well with
most lovers,
without which contentment can fade.

Distrust can suck strength from best of
intentions
for doubt renders efforts inactive.
With constant negligence love stales
if it counts
much cost into tolerance factors.

What gains success for love's fragrance
lies a lot
with the scent its solutions are made.

Something Greater

Something Greater.

We pair of home-comers
from heavy baggage built star-light ardour.
A bright corner where care melted old scars.

The happy fit of regenerative hand-in-glove
pleasure we dared admit then
ignored forbidden arenas to autumnal lovers.

We fuelled an idyll, risked rebuff for lit delight.
Fresh as youth we drew from aridity lust's fire.

Tenderness stoked heat in forgotten feelings
and blazed sparks of sensuous yield.
Gentle the harvest as
bounty unleashed bequeathed extra spice
by eating what ripened.

I thrived in surrender to offered affinity.
He let loose abandon and I did not resist.

He re-sculpted existence, accessed future
freedom and unfastened
this latched-up former conformist.

Beautiful man, his breath
warmed the breast of compatible essence,
toned any slack in doubt's
short-sighted signal and de-misted
shy's myopic look-out.

Love was something greater than flesh
and that better otherness
I shall ever remember.

Oh unforgettable man
he captured destiny, stole my heart
and now he holds it forever.

Something Greater.

Something Greater.

We pair of home-comers
built from painful baggage a water-tight dream,
we painted an idyll of walled delight.
A bright corner where care could cover old scars.
Oh that happy hand-in-glove fit of regenerative
pleasure which we dared to admit
into the picture of autumnal love.
Such easy laughter sparked need to spend more
new-found treasure in glad togetherness.
Fresh as youth the stream we dug from aridity.
Your tenderness stoked heat
in forgotten feelings, blazed pathways to places
I had never been
and seared heaven into every greeting.
So gentle our mountain
of unleashed freedom that time gave us
chances to climb to new heights.
I thrived in sweet air of acceptability.
You re-sculpted sallow existence, blushed my
pale future, accessed the girl inside
and unfastened this
latched-up former conformist.
You let loose love's abandon and I did not refuse.
Beautiful man your breath
warmed every fold of compatible essence, toned
any slack in my short-sighted outlook
and de-misted
smeared myopic signals.
Duo-passion soon oiled and honed rarely used

adaptability so we could reach bliss.

Our joinings were something greater than flesh
and that better otherness I shall
always remember.

No ocean of parting can break devotion's deep
integrity and I know for certain
we shall meet again.

Oh unforgettable man
you stole into destiny, captured my soul
and now you hold it forever.

Somewhere

Somewhere.

Shared emotion stays ever alive.

This is the truth and no matter that destiny
has not been too kind.

We scaled passion's heights.

We were clearly aware that fate can send
lasting-word closeness.

We have been there and know.

So think not then dear lover and friend
of coping alone.

We climaxed on peaks of delight.

We soared each night beneath virtual
sheets you and I.

We were never bereft when apart

We made our poem rhyme so shall find
heaven's garden.

We shared but one heart.

We never questioned fate's care.

There waits a time for us somehow and
somewhere out there.

Somewhere

Somewhere.

Between yesterday
and tomorrow there lies an array
of today's stirring bounty
where waking arousal can smile
at a lover in anticipation.

Between awareness
and drowsy slumber rises somewhere
for two to glimpse boundless
oases of rousing belief
that now is most welcome when shared.

Somewhere.

Somewhere.

Between yesterday
and tomorrow there lies fresh array
of today's free bounty
where we can let out our dreams
to potential's safe air without gainsay.

Between awareness
and slumber there arises somewhere
stay-well visions of joy,
a world-oasis which rousing sees
as future belief that love needs sharing.
- - Lead me and leave me there - -

Soothingly Good.

Soothingly Good.

Repetitive cooing of an un-mated wood pigeon
seems so tenderly moving.
An amalgam of voices making dinner-time chat
sounds surprisingly soothing.
Mesmerizingly restful an incoming tide swishing
on stones in covert beaches.
And agreeably pleasant the motorised greeting
of blooms by afternoon bees.
Rhythmical rocking of rails on fast trains might
quickly my mind hypnotize.
Resonance trembles from waterfalls dropping
to vibrational silence.
And what of those
somnolent tocks after the ticks by my
grandfather clock
Or the continuous sizzle as near-boiling
my kettle sings on the hob.
Those crackles from wood on after-work
fires are warmly relaxing
as is the swish of slow-winged birds and
rain on panes making a splash
or Summer's light murmur of night-wind
passing thru slumbering trees.
Yet none of these soothing rhythms come
near besting the best for me.

The most precious of sounds and gentlest
are the whispers of sleeping contentment
in your peaceful breath next to my breast

Soul-beauty.

Soul-Beauty.

Find the place where two seas meet,
stand on the edge of seen and unseen
and listen to Heaven speaking.

Love is too vast to describe in words,
look into the mirror's human universe
and discover new depths of person.

Unclad soul-beauty is empty of Self
when clothed with wonder's ecstasy
and enriched by reality's wealth.

Souls Know.

Souls Know.

Defying barriers of culture or race,
desire, bound in togetherness,
timeless as silence,
strong as the reaches of heaven, deeper
than endless unfathomable space
finds distance closes as separate fades
to disappear in contentment.

Fate smiles as it feeds itself lovers
for every new sunrise displays
clear as daylight
that souls know when they then become
fused identity, one and the same,
that destiny made them one single flame
which inhabits foreverness.

Souls Know.

Souls Know.

Defying barriers of culture or race
desire, bound in togetherness,
timeless as silence,
strong as the reaches of heaven, deeper
than endless unfathomable space
finds distance closes as separate fades
and disappears into contentment.

Fate smiles as it feeds itself lovers
for every new sunrise displays
clear as the daylight
that souls know when they have become
fused identity, one and the same,
that destiny made them one single flame
which will inhabit foreverness.

Sound

Sound.

Ground shakes
as massive breakers force reverberation.

Blast booms
on granite as vibration crashes in spume.

Waves break
over ground gradation as din accelerates.

Swell sound
cracks as liquid hits rock and fall rebounds.

Water weight
trapping soaked air roars with anticipation.

Before long
tide will turn round for another shore-song.

Sound-Encounter.

Sound-Encounter.

Wind riffled thru' waterproof fabric, galvanized
my rueful intent and when clouds
gathered en masse about pewter-tint light
to hunker in thickly
I knew then
it was time to go home over that sulking horizon
so I was resigned.

Breathing last intakes of tinkling geese
in distant roosts
and hearing sharp wistful yaps from birds nearby
I picked up their flapping thrum of wing-beats
for the very last time
and waved my reluctant goodbye.

The weight of departure was heavy and blatantly
mine as I, with lowered head,
prayed for God to bless all feathered migration
with another season's success.

Sheep, I knew would be greenly grazing in fields
at home and I had the feeling
rooks maybe cawing by now in support
of coming Spring outside my front door.

Blessed with a first experience of glorious birds
in their hundreds
of thousands making their way
across tundra to reproduce safely and before

the colour of memory began to fade
I joyfully turned to take in one more
sound-encounter.
of this noisy but unforgettably sweet serenade.

Soundless Rest

Soundless Rest.

How pale, whiter than white are your lips, shaping
not one word now, immovably soundless, making
their roundness ever more pressed into my heart.
Your silken tresses coiled in small ringlets, parted
by fine little wisps above your primrose-soft face,
of unwrinkled pink now forever remaining a babe.

Two feel-of-rosebud hands laid so sweetly beneath
the shroud, why did you leave me Infanta, impeach
all my hopes and dreams, the most gentle of access
to paradise lay in your smile, dear sleeping princess.

The pavane will be dancing you first into soundless
rest while I restive remain to forever feel grounded
by thirst for your breath while crying sorrow's adieu
for all my tomorrows will besmirch life without you.

Sounds

Sounds.

Repetitive cooing of an unmated wood pigeon
seems so tenderly moving.

An amalgam of voices making dinner-time chat
sounds surprisingly soothing.

Mesmerizingly restful an incoming tide swishing
on stones in covert beaches.

And agreeably pleasant the motorized greeting
of blooms by afternoon bees.

Rhythmical rocking of rails on fast trains might
quickly my mind hypnotize.

Resonance trembles from waterfalls dropping
to vibrational silence.

And what of those
somnolent tocks after the ticks by my
grandfather clock

or the continuous sizzle as near-boiling
my kettle sings on the hob.

Those crackles from wood on after-work
fires are warmly relaxing

as is the swish of slow-winged birds and
rain on panes making a splash

or Summer's light murmur of night-wind
passing thru slumbering trees.

Yet none of these soothing rhythms come
near besting the best for me.

The most favourite sounds and gentlest
are the whispers of sleepy contentment
as your head rests on my grateful breast.

SOUNDS.

Sounds.

On nights like these when coal fires burn,
painting with soot city's cold air,
I hear the owl from my easy chair
and imagine talons sheathed in thick fur.

Not thru' countryside haunts he screams
but hunts now in crumbling walls
where once stood candelabra-lit halls
full of silk-clad dancers under oak beams.

On evenings like this hungry he swoops
in eyed chance and wings collapsed
plucks from old hearths mesmerized rats
as dust again settles in castle's half-rooms.

From neon's lit roadways an owl sounds
doom's omen for now ruined houses.

SPACES.

Spaces.

My thanks to poets M. Rilke,
R. Dowden and Kahlil Gibran.

In partnered love it holds true
as best means,
that each stand, at times,
a little away
This allows differing others
deeper breathing
Harmony's chord stays taut if
loosely chained.

Consonance comes not only
by union,
as blessings of solitude
always reveal.
Mystic the peace when trust
molds a duo.
Trees grow the better with
spaces between.

Sparkle.

Sparkle.

No night could be darker than this.
Starless and chilled,
its breath thickens with cold the minutes
of 2019 remaining
and snaps at the old year's sap until
clock's final chimes ring out defeat.

Then starts the colours of change.

No sky could be lit more than this.
No show so bright
while firework frenzy ends shivers
of London crowd's wait
and lifts the mind of ice-raked spirit
to awe-raised warmth of New Year.

Firework sparkle earns hurrahs.

Specialness

Specialness.

Ten buttercup summers ago
woven- gilt strands spiraled above
dual attraction,
moments fanned friendship
into smoke of commitment and
passion strewn
petals on beds of sweet yield.

Nine daisy seasons back we
picked scented happiness when,
defences fallen,
meadows of floral nectar ended
aloneness and love
waltzed thru' former convention
without taking note
of doubt's regret or retreat.

One winter-grief ago cold
wilted growth, buried treasure
and brought an end
to love's beautiful garden, yet
rainbowed in mem'ry
those flowers still hold a tinge
of that bold fearless
specialness giving achieved.

Specialness.

Specialness.

Ten buttercup summers ago
woven- gilt strands spiraled above
dual attraction,
moments fanned friendship
into smoke of commitment and
passion strewn
petals on beginnings of romance.

Five lilac seasons back we
picked scented happiness when,
defences fallen,
meadows of floral nectar ended
aloneness and love
waltzed thru' former convention
without any note
of doubtful retreat or regret.

Two hollyhock years gone
seeds hidden in needy hearts
took root and bloomed
as we breathed aromas of total
oneness until,
coffined in fathomless shock,
happenings flattened
hope's dreams of contentment.

A grief ago winter's cold
wilted growth, buried treasure
and brought an end

to love's beautiful garden, yet
rainbowed in memory
those flowers still hold colours
of our very specialness.

Spellbound

Spellbound.

Words
stick fast
to a spellbound heart.
Profound
the effect
of eloquent scribing.
Slow
unwinding
art of attraction
stirs sparks
and like silver tinsel
it charms as it clings.

Beneath
dreams or fancy
enchantment rises

when belief starts
imagining.

Laced with
mystical phrases
imagery
takes the stage
by embracing
bewitchment and
will steal
extra claims with
aimed sorcery

if minds are enthralled
with
more of the same.

Wise to be warned
of the danger when
exchanges arise
and love is virtually
paper-made.

Spellbound

Spellbound.

*Deep in grave corners of time
untravelled
chained chords joust as desire
once again grabs
to re-count former memories
when bold passions
spent under disenrobed velvet
were meant to last
and envelop long-life forever
with taught dances
not before tried that express
how love matters
to she whose past is precious.
Grief's felt blackness
tho' now dense will by trying
lift and contact
his phantom presence to fly
spellbound at last.*

V

Spent

Spent.

As the hot season passes
and cross-winds begin action
dropped leaves
fall from whipped branches

in whirl-crazy abandon,

like our summer-love madness
of reckless extravagance
now grieves
blown storms on climax

as lust takes a battering.

Yet no seed-husks of mere chaff
fall from passion's spent rapture
as our hot season passes.

SPIN-BACK

Spin-Back.

Numbed by first trickle of disbelief's fear
She knelt as that flow of pooling dark red
Discoloured grass, small circles like treacle
Were slowly congealing about his still head.

Silenced by shock she focused glazed eyes
A once sporty car lay pieced on hard ground
Spilling destruction while her disturbed sight
Became fixed on one wheel still turning round.

Stunned by confusion a sudden spin-back
Revived her to hearing the moments before.
The tree halting speed with one piercing crash,
She knew his young heart was beating no more.

SPIRITED.

Spirited.

Shaking a fist at what wishes to harm,
calmly facing
her troubled fears of alarm
Love appeals
heart-deep when a drama
which threatens to flood her with tears
appears
and nets a spirited army.

To rise erect when insulted pride falls,
determined at
starting all over again,
Love brushes
away any secret pain
of clutched-too-tight humiliation
laying
no blame at anyone's door.

Such traits shown frees a resolute
action that,
reflecting widening minds,
may tackle
hurt at root level with selfless
effacement
by a "ce-la-vie" humour.

Learning to laugh not at but with
differing views
Love finds the way to beauty

and peace
lies in accepting the need to prove
life makes sense
if room is allowed for free spirit.

Spring Knows.

Spring Knows.

Tomorrow's plants curl in frozen patches
as snow-mottled clouds
hang unseasonally low over east-winds.
Surge of change has entered air's passage
as Spring, Winter-dazed,
sluggishly pushes awake greening things.
Lifeless and naked upstanding iced vines
shivering fruitless
dream of times full of graped ruby juices.
Nothing is wasted to rile nature's mind,
no move uncertain,
objectives defined, new becomes rooted.
Cold it may be but Spring knows its duty.

Spring Knows.

Spring Knows.

Tomorrow's plants curl in frozen patches
as snow-mottled clouds
hang unseasonally low over east-winds.
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no move uncertain,
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Cold it may be but Spring knows its duty.

Spring Splendour.

Spring Splendour.

Already

Wildness stirs.

Sounds vibrate.

Driven journeys.

Areas staked.

Desires return.

Passion gilds landscape

while ocean's broad breast

gyrates with Spring splendour.

Already

Mating time.

Arenas claimed.

Battle for life

Precedes displays.

New couples combine

while genes wait to scent

more breath of Spring splendour.

Springtime's First.

Springtime's First.

Brave little unfurling faces,
too early I fear, their dancing will change
as gales foreshadow new year.
Nature's yellows battle to chase
ways to smile despite icy show by raising
of races as winter's end nears.
Daffodil courage is famous
but when winds ravage hills making daily
havoc frail flowers pay dearly.
Springtime's first open dainties
know to un-hibernate invites decapitation
yet daffodils never pale in fear.

Stalled

Stalled.

Because each granite-necked minute strangles
desire's set sail shall grief's tongue so anchored
see love's dazzling coast no more ?

Shall a tear-drenched spark within ready breast
not light on horizons new and warm ?

Because a mature pearl's glint becomes staved
on death's barrier reef shall this sea-siren wait
to become blind to advances ?

Shall the caged heart's talons gnawing at need
not see night's silk rise unshackled ?

Because cinders grow cold when un-bellowed
shall a stacked basket not harbour fresh coals
with flint to spark smouldering ashes ?

Shall stalled life not take a late fur-lined climb
to tomorrow's state of shared romance ?

Stalled.

Stalled.

Because each granite-necked minute strangles
desire's set sail shall grief's tongue so anchored
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Shall stalled life not take a late fur-lined climb
to tomorrow's state of shared romance ?

Still Climbing.

Still Climbing.

Stormforce confronts the tail-end
of innocence and carefree
calm hurled away, fire's mind-set
lights departure's legacy.

Life in the wake of changes acts
out a merciless course,
composure alters as hurtful facts
faced are being absorbed.

Scarring of hope exposes wounds
and festers turn raw
as lover's lost trust starts to ooze
bile inside heart's disorder

Lies like turbulence cause offence
to shards of memory
and words strike hard when sense
betrays waywardness.

Gathering a last frenzied strength
truth floods thru resistance,
forces entry, flails and quenches
a taste for forgiveness.

Now dry-eyed the lady fights on
safer ground, well-shaken
but wiser and still climbing from
his bitter betrayal.

Still Climbing.

Still Climbing.

Stormforce confronts the tail-end
of innocence and carefree
calm hurled away, fire's mind-set
lights departure's legacy.

Life in the wake of changes acts
out a merciless course,
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bile inside heart's disorder

Lies like turbulence cause offence
to shards of memory
and words strike hard when sense
betrays waywardness.

Gathering a last frenzied strength
truth floods thru resistance,
forces entry, flails and quenches
a taste for forgiveness.

Now dry-eyed the lady fights on
safer ground, well-shaken
but wiser and still climbing from
such bitter betrayal.

STILL CLIMBING.

Still Climbing.

Stormforce confronts the tail-end
of innocence and carefree
calm hurled away, fire's mind-set
lights departure's legacy.
Life in the wake of changes acts
out a merciless course,
composure alters as hurtful facts
faced are being absorbed.
Scarring of hope exposes wounds
and festers turn raw
as lover's lost trust starts to ooze
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truth floods thru resistance,
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a taste for forgiveness.
Now dry-eyed the lady fights on
safer ground, well-shaken
but wiser and still climbing from
such bitter betrayal.

Stillness

Stillness.

A little silence mothers the truth for those
who dare seek and embrace
the almost-heard for if not smothered
in distractive disturbance
stillness finds access to wisdom that lies
underneath sound and
emits learning more than before known.
Only to those who seek
the un-vocal recall notes of non-sonance
which compose balm
of core- healing by alchemy's halcyon
to reach heart and soul.

Stillness.

Stillness.

That stillness, revealed by love,
begets ease of flow
from fear of silence growing
between firey hearts, as proof
love needs its sweet calm.
When words spoken bear no harm
hurtful moments soon
melt, regret reverts
stress and love's stillness returns
to dissipate pain
and take away strain
for forgiveness breeds virtue.
Stillness repays
lovers with much to be learned.

STIMULATION.

Stimulation.

Beware embracing with fervent desire
a romantic involvement.
It can enmesh worse than netting of steel, and curse
flesh with fire.

Emotion consumes, dictates every movement,
lays bare vulnerability and
exposes raw hearts.
Life on knife-edge of sheer captivation, when started,
can really excite.

Bliss enlightens affection yet passion betokens control,
and demands more stimulation which
bewilders the soul.

Chasing the dream requires taking a hold of the skirt
of reality and flirting
with something akin to voluntary insanity.

It can rattle sensations like a canine shaking a bone.

Vincibility bespeaks depth of personal need, uncovers
exposure to seeds of proneness.
Love grips so tight it cleaves to the core, yet emotion
augments as it elevates too.

So does this vigorous vivaciousness, this tempest
of pure implication appeal
dear to you ?

STIRRING.

Stirring.

Descent to despair reaches
darkest of worlds
but as hurt's shadow leaves
fresh urges unfurl.
Hope's stirring climbs, unties
pride's chained reserve
beckons to light held inside
painful failures first
and as sting pales sad mood
lifts with conversion.
Eyes see life becoming good
and minds heal hurt
while self-ascendance rising
proves the reversal.

Stirrings

Stirrings.

Descent to despair can reach
darkest of worlds
but as shadow's mood leaves
a new urge unfurls,
awakes stirrings of Self, tied
to anticipation,
beckons to sense held inside
hurtful failures
and as mind clears re-action
creates conversion,
shows rabid despair to have
lasting reversal.

Stirrings.

Stirrings.

Descent to despair can reach
darkest of worlds
but as shadow's mood leaves
a new urge unfurls.

Awakens Self-stirrings tied
to anticipation,
beckons a sense held inside
hurtful failures
and as mind feels re-action
comes the conversion.

Intent to move on attracts
lasting reversal,
shows rabid despair change
guilty depression,
blooms then new motivation
to forgive and forget.

Stirrings.

Stirrings.

Descent to despair can reach
darkest of worlds
but as shadow's mood leaves
a new urge unfurls,
awakes stirrings of Self, tied
to anticipation,
beckons to sense held inside
hurtful failures
and as mind clears re-action
creates conversion,
shows rabid despair to have
lasting reversal.

Stirrings.

Stirrings.

Descent to despair can reach
darkest of worlds
but as shadow's mood leaves
a new urge unfurls.

Awakes stirrings of Self, tied
to anticipation,
beckons to sense held inside
pain of failures
and as mind clears for action
comes conversion.

Despair enters when tackled
lasting reversal.

Stirrings.

Stirrings.

Descent to despair can reach
darkest of worlds
but as shadow's mood leaves
a new urge unfurls.

Awakens Self-stirrings tied
to anticipation,
beckons a sense held inside
hurtful failures
and as mind feels re-action
comes the conversion.

Intent to move on attracts
lasting reversal,
shows rabid despair change
guilty depression,
grows then new motivation
to forgive and forget.

Stolen

Stolen.

He liked taking time out of life,
getting things into perspective, assessing
his progress, inhaling scent-riddled
wisdom of heathered heath and breathing
the treat of empty quiet.

A rest is no penance when reaching the high
of unfenced moor-land he thought
so climbing to tops he often got lost
in ribbons of sunset or dawn to applaud,
sans sound, the voices of wilderness.

He adored stolen moments did my precious
brother before the thief
called Terminal took his last breath.

STONES KNOW

The Stones Know.

Strewn over seashore hard evidence of Alquifou mining
for coppery tin.

Trussed amid moss in tufty green sward lie hidden lost
keepsakes.

Forrays to deep-earthed hot-holes needed just candles
on heads and valour.

Long wooden ladders often wankled in unstable footholds
were dangerously thin.

Down the rashling

---__-----

would venture by

clogged foot or

---__-----

plimsole if not

too poorly clad

---__---

with dire need.

Otherwise barefoot

which bettered men's

grip on each rocky step

of mouldy wood to floor level.

Meal was a pasty with tumpy top

candled to warm or fresh-baked

tattie and bacon-fat onion wrapp

in floury packet was all some ate.

Besmuted by black end-croust was

dropped at feet of pit-ponies for crib.

No time to be lonely down there, yoiking a-plenty young

lasses wide-eyed the lads.

They laughed at a smidgen and cracked white smiles back
and forth across packs.

Trysts and tresses were forsayed as shorn or capped the
Bal Maidens sought a catch.

A favovian wind meant moist homing
in shivery smicket to a tousled bothy
in fireside bathtub for swift de-slime
and a hot gruel drink before bedtime.

Tumbling around in dawn mist, next day's shift yawned
as they fratched

Derelict now only the stones know how it was but those
feathery tufts of sea-grass growing alongside some old
mine-shaft still catch in silence a scent of miners' ghosts.

N.B.

Alquifou = Cornish lead ore.

Yoiking = shouting in jest.

Forsayed = forbidden.

Favovian = west wind.

Smicket = a smock.

Fratch = a quarrel.

Stones Know

Stones Know.

Strewn over seashores the evidence of Alquifou mining
for coppery tin.

Trussed amid moss in tufty green sward lies hidden past
keepsakes.

Forrays to deep earthed hot-holes needed just candles
on heads and valour.

Long wooden ladders oft wankled in unstable footholds
got dangerously thin.

Down the rashling

---__-----

would venture by

clogged foot or

---__-----

plimsole if not

too underclad

---__---

in dire need.

Otherwise barefoot

which bettered men's

grip on each rocky step

of mouldy wet to floor level.

Meal was a tumpy-top pasty

candled to hot or part-baked

tattie and bacon-fat wrapped

in floury rag was all some ate.

Besmuttered by black end-croust was

dropped at feet of pit-ponies for crib.

No time to be lonely down there, yoiking a-plenty young

lasses wide-eyed the lads.
They laughed at a smidgen and cracked white smiles back
and forth across packs.
Trysts and tresses were forsayed as shorn or capped the
Bal Maidens sought catches.
A favovian wind meant moist homing
in shivery smicket to a tousled bothy
in fireside bathtub for swift de-slime
and hot gruel drink afore bedtime.
Tumbling around in dawn mist, next day's shift yawned
as they fratched
Derelict now only the stones know how it was and those
feathery grass-tufts waving alongside deep shafts of old
relics I wager still catch the faint scent of miners' ghosts.

N.B.

Alquifou = Cornish lead ore.

Yoiking = shouting in jest.

Forsayed = forbidden.

Favovian = west wind.

Smicket = a smock.

Fratch = a quarrel.

STONES KNOW.

Stones Know.

Strewn over seashore hard evidence of Alquifou mining
for lead.

Trussed amid most in tufty green sward are hidden small
keepsakes.

Forrays to deep-earthened hot-holes needed just candles
and valour.

Long wooden ladders often wankled in unstable footholds
were dangerously thin.

Down the rashling

- - - _ - - - -

would venture in

- - - - -

clogged foot or

- - - _ - - -

plimsole if not

- - - - -

too besmuted

- - - _ - - -

by poverty.

Otherwise barefoot of course

which bettered the hold

on each cusp before

hitting rock-floor.

Meal was a pasty with tumpy top
candled to warm or freshly-baked
tattie and bacon-fat onion -wrapp

in floury packet was all some ate.
Bedaubed by black end-croust was
dropped at feet of pit- pony for crib.

No time to be lonely down there, yoiking a-plenty young
lasses wide-eyed the lads.
They laughed at a smidgen and cracked white smiles back
and forth across packs.
Trysts and tresses were forsayed, yet shorn or capped the
Bal Maidens played for a catch.

A favovian wind meant moist homing
in shivery smicket to a tousled bothy
in fireside bathtub for swift de-slime
and a hot gruel drink afore bedtime.
Tumbling around in dawn mist, next day's shift yawned
as they fratched.

Derelict now only the stones know how t'was but those
feathery tufts of sea-grass growing alongside some old
mine-shaft still silently catch a scent of miners' ghosts.

N.B.

Alquifou = Cornish lead ore.

Yoiking = shouting in jest.

Forsayed = forbidden.

Favovian = west wind.

Smicket = a smock.

Fratch = a quarrel.

Stones Know.

The Stones Know.

Strewn over seashore hard evidence of Alquifou mining
for coppery tin.

Trussed amid moss in tufty green sward lie hidden lost
keepsakes.

Forrays to deep-earthed hot-holes needed just candles
on heads and valour.

Long wooden ladders often wankled in unstable footholds
were dangerously thin.

Down the rashling

---__-----

would venture by

clogged foot or

---__-----

plimsole if not

too poorly clad

---__---

with dire need.

Otherwise barefoot

which bettered men's

grip on each rocky step

of mouldy wood to floor level.

Meal was a pasty with tumpy top

candled to warm or fresh-baked

tattie and bacon-fat onion wrapp

in floury packet was all some ate.

Besmuttered by black end-croust was

dropped at feet of pit-ponies for crib.

No time to be lonely down there, yoiking a-plenty young
lasses wide-eyed the lads.
They laughed at a smidgen and cracked white smiles back
and forth across packs.
Trysts and tresses were forsayed but shorn or capped the
Bal Maidens sought catches.
A favovian wind meant moist homing
in shivery smicket to a tousled bothy
in fireside bathtub for swift de-slime
and a hot gruel drink before bedtime.
Tumbling around in dawn mist, next day's shift yawned
as they fratched.
Derelict now only the stones know how it was but those
feathery tufts of sea-grass growing alongside some old
silent mine-shaft still wave in respect to miners' ghosts.

N.B.

Alquifou = Cornish lead ore.

Yoiking = shouting in jest.

Forsayed = forbidden.

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Fratch = a quarrel.

Stopped Clocks

Stopped Clocks.

Lush and mysterious was that garden oasis.

Hearing a step on the path behind
I felt memory birthing another.

A face from the past makes my heart sing.

We had buried ourselves in this thicket
of jasmine and painted
one night with voluptuous colour.

Potent those smiles brushed with intrigue.

Stopped clocks cannot crumble moments
of given love nor can time ever
alter what back then we tinged with gold.

Storm-Demons

Storm-Demons.

There are times when the ocean is not
even water nor
blue sea but some violent explosion as
summoned by Gods
for when bursting with over-keen roar
of wind energy
it swells then hurls itself over big rocks
biting to pieces
shoreline villages like ravenous beast
whose anger knows
no limits while its screams never stop.

The deafening howl frights those inside
cliff-side cottages
who often experience major wreckage
to humblest dwellings
when white froth covers chimney tops
and as night arrives
with blackest storm-demons cavorting
in weed-filled socks gale
blast hurls sand with greater ferocity.

Grit pocks all windows as families wait
and pray that come light
the almighty worst of yet another gale
will rage then blow out
to reveal no tragic cost to coastal folk
who may eyes asearch
find not a vessel or returning men lost.

STRANGENESS.

Strangeness.

There is awe beyond measure
in photographed nebula.
The vision like Starry Night
known as God's Eye bears likeness
to a Van Gogh, light halo
around floating rings of cold
silver stars shows feathery
unpaintable blue, ever
encircling Milky Way stars.
Twinkling light-years afar,
the sight of astonishing
images often admonishes
unaware minds to take care
and respect strangeness out there.
Sages welcome organic diversities
as Heaven's mysterious gifts.

Suave.

Suave.

Very imposing
enters suave September.
Marvelously
glossy as autumn should be.
Wearing brown
top-coat, collared in velvet.
The costume
no season selected but He.

Sleek chestnut
hatted, swinging gold cane.
Glorious
September struts back again.

I wish you were here to see
it with me.

Submitting

Submitting

An ink-toned ebony night captures
sound and hones from stillness quiet rapture.
And surging toward me while I lie
powerless a God-shine reimburses my mind.
Consciously losing time's track day's
negatives melt as senses fall up into space.
I face nova's glow and while black's
velvet stays holed I shall digest this galaxy.
One with the cosmos my stress ceases
for in submitting to space me-ness recedes.

Such and When.

Such and When.

Such a morning when sun warms the puddles
for sparrows to bathe.

When rabbits in early ablutions raise fluffy
paws with cautious flair.

Such a whisper as dew-bent meadow grass
stiffens to upright again.

When leaves shiver in autumnal colour as
easterly ruffles gold hair.

Such lucid dawn calm misting walled water as
harboured boats chafe .

When kettles on hobs whistle duets with sizzle
of frying-pan fare.

When laggards leave beds for breakfast aroma
yet leaving it late.

Such cladding with oil-skins for battling oceans
to catch silver share.

Such village kerfuffle as dawn crosses cobbles
with work in its wake.

When ladish the laughter as fishing nets tangle
how blessed such a day.

Such Covert.

Such Covert.

Such an ebony hour as this
re-paints sweet hue of stolen bliss.
Night's satin sheet rises
to awaken passion's escaping sighs
yet normal day over
finds darkness demands high risks.
Fugitive love plays
alluring games when two crave fire.
Re-created are thrills
for hidden in twilight's illegal kisses
double-coupled desire
keeps need alive for the clandestine.
Honesty ends when
ardour replaces that which it misses.
Such covert of night
converts nectar's taste into paradise.
Lovers world-over
delight in a tryst that is kept secret.
Yet ever will tears
be shed over lies woven into deceit.

Such Covert.

Such Covert.

Such an ebony hour as this
re-paints sweet hue of stolen bliss.
Night's satin sheet rises
to awaken passion's escaping sighs
yet normal day over
finds darkness demands high risks.
Fugitive love plays
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ardour replaces that which it misses.
Lovers world-over
delight in a tryst that is kept secret.
Such covert of night
converts nectar's taste into paradise.
Yet ever will tears
be shed over lies woven into deceit.

Such is Nostalgia

Such is Nostalgia.

Dew-wet sun honied cobbles still shine
with past hurry of hobnail haste.
Antique kitchen clocks still loudly chime
commitment to farm-busy pace.

Noontime still pleads for a break while
labour downs tools and heads drowse
Such is nostalgia still facing old eyesight
of youth work-drugged for long hours.

Such Lavish

Such Lavish.

August and summer is everywhere.

----- when -----

Fervour of sunbeams
pick up the resonance
and the very earth floods
with exquisite accordance.

----- so -----

Ring in vivid music
of colour's abundance
when feather and fur feel
comfortably full of enough

----- but -----

Chime out berry time
of the ripened plentiful
when lush hangs its days
on Autumn's motherhood

----- then -----

Such lavish has sufficient to spare.

Such Plenty

Such Plenty.

Autumn

*season of burgeoning juices,
your lusty-tongued ferment
bulges with fall.*

*How ready-ripe luscious formed
fruitiness
which sun-seared waits swollen
for your open maw.*

Autumn

*spreader of rust on emerald
verdance,
your seeded feast drips with
tawny harvest.*

*How greedy-full of red berried
certainty
your gaudy blaze of overweight
garners.*

Autumn

*changer of frenetic spreading,
these dew-damp mornings send
death to hedgerows.
Your chill-bent mistiness finishes
roses.*

Autumn

*wind-ripper of used spider webs,
why harass such plenty when
frugal's ahead ?*

SUCHNESS

Suchness

.

Living at heart's core,
suchness is love that all
uncaring emotion is made
to regret verbal hurt left raw.

Looking at love's core,
suchness is heart that all
offence melts in peace and
bliss brings end to painful war.

Loving at heart's core
suchness is spirit that all
life sings within unanimous
chorus as souls weep no more.

Suchness

Suchness.

Living at heart's core
suchness is love that all
contented emotion is freed
from the doubt of mind's fears.

Looking at love's core
suchness is heart that all
vision becomes ecstatic and
forgiveness melts veils of anger.

.

Loving at heart's core
suchness is spirit that all
life sings with transcendent
beauty and soul needs no extra.

SUCHNESS.

Suchness.

Living at heart's core,
suchness is love that all
unwanted emotion is freed
from the fear of tearful control.

Looking at love's core,
suchness is heart that all
vision becomes ecstatic and
forgiveness melts veils of mist.

Loving at heart's core
suchness is spirit that all
life sings with transcendent
light and soul weeps no more.

Suchness.

Suchness.

Living at heart's core,
suchness is love that all
unwanted emotion is freed
from fear of pain-ful remorse.

Looking at love's core,
suchness is heart that all
vision becomes ecstatic and
forgiveness ends what was raw.

Loving at heart's core
suchness is spirit that all
life sings with transcendence
as hurting minds weep no more.

Summer's Climb.

Summer's Climb.

How lush and lavish was summer this year.
How rushed her blossoms ready to ripen.
As sun's brass swelled fruit on my apple tree
how her dash must have thirsted in desire.
Yet as I sat under comfort of leafy
protection I marveled at Flora's reconcile.
Pregnant with pod and developing seed
pregnant-time revelled in birth excitement.
Herbaceous borders conspired to increase
over my paths as ivies battled with vines.
Nestlings fledged as eggs laid repeatedly
showed how nature is bent on survival.
How open were buds to greet growing need.
How careful petal-exposure to timing.
Each seedling's intent to set and succeed
made haste to provide harvest surprise.
Hot afternoons under blue filigree
quickly increased blooms' burgeoning size.
How alluring her scrabble for potency.
From barren to bounty was summer's climb.

Summers Ago.

Summers Ago.

Summer draws up its knees once autumn's chill breezes
rustle new oceans of spent leaves,
drooping nasturtiums that setting fire to bloomless seas
colour October's fast browning greens.
Listening to rushing dried litter I think of a sunset swim
in harbour water's twilight skin
when summers ago two dipped while diving in guiltless
clandestine ardour and autumn lit.
Piercing thru' tears lovers' laughter saw need of bravado
as stars bending to candle home
sadness hid arms twined tighter for nearer drew parting
yet drenched memory left an echo
..... summers ago.

SUNDAY DEMANDS.

Sunday Demands.

Rain wringing out cold drops on sodden yards,
wetting Sunday-faced parents
plus ripples of special-dressed offspring shiver
while mincing upwards in
mud-spattered lines to their weekly salvation.

Built with stone-hard resign and parson ruled
cliff-top portals proffer no finery.
Blackened by season's salined vageries walls
where maids and their matrons
enter and kneel for sermon's heard warnings
burgeon with sin's built-in aches.
Hatted heads bow as passing dark clouds fling
showered reminders to men,
bent on repair work, know gale-flattened grain
awaits redemption from
sudden winds, cattle-full shed needs spading
and as rickety gates reel
on torn hinges believe time wastes in Sunday
attire when dire demands
out-pitch the rattle of plated coins by brisker
attention paid to maintenance.

Farm-folking labour takes precedence, save
for one holy-day when,
appetite, chapel-quenched, Sunday skirts lift
as boots skid downwards again
to kitchen heaven of savoury smells, tables
stocked in warm welcome

of ready food as kin-folk fill before venturing,
sin-cleansed, preacher-forgiven and
replete with thanks for rude health let hands
continue to weather habitual
hymn-expectations by accepted dependence
of Sunday-demands in living off land.

Sunday Faced

Sunday Faced.

Rain wringing out great drops on sodden yards
wetting Sunday-faced farmers
plus ripple of following offspring who mincing
thru' grass yawn slowly uphill
to mud-spattered salvation of weekly worship
and damply pewed, wait for a sermon.

Hatted heads bow as onslaught of next storm
fling windowed reminders to all
reverently bent but men know gale-flat grain
awaits no redemption from
sudden battering, cattle-full sheds bellow out
for attention as gates lean on
torn hinges squeaking in vain, time is wasted
in best attire when fierce tempest
empties coin- rattle as Sunday dressed men

scrabble for doors before service ends.

Smallholding tasking ever takes precedence
but for one holy-hour, chapel then
done and Hellfire quenched Sunday skirts lift
as lady-boots quickly skid homeward
to kitchen heaven of baked bread smells and
roasting aromas when welcome hands
closed in thanks after renewing, sin-cleansed
and full of rude health, country folk
can shoulder usual hazards of living off land
that asks for far more than Sunday-best.

Sunday Shores

Sunday Shores.

Tightly roped in one-day harboured
retreat boats quietly steer in
to Sunday shores.

Like me the cold-caught stored cargo
staves off de-scaling and lies in
as Sunday yawns.

Sunday Ways

Sunday Ways.

Afternoon yawns along lulled cobble streets
as Sunday relief beckons comfort to people.

Coast-swept valley folk stretch Sunday-legs
to hill-high chapels and heads
bend to pray as Sunday-sea laps reverently,
milk-mild and rippleless
while hinterland whispers browse to passing
ambles of un-hasty cattle
loath to quit pasture for stick-dry cow shed.

White azure wipes haze over Sunday sky
and time eases as housewives
fold greasy aprons to revive post-dinner
languor alongside napping
males who full-bellied unbutton to snore
in belch-ridden dreams
those second helpings of creamy fruit pie.

Sunday-dusk drifts in with need to linger
as kitchen gathers its family
for sandwich supper of Sunday-eve treats
yet weekend ceases while
togetherness blinks as clock-chime shows
Sunday-ways stop when cool
hob-black kettle loses its prodding to sing.

As fire-glow dies tired souls climb worn steps
where sleep knows dawn means labour again.

SUNDAY WAYS.

Sunday Ways.

Afternoon yawns below lulled cobble streets
as slow-Sunday relief calls all cottage people.

Coast-swept valley folk stretch best-clad legs
to hill-high chapels and heads
bend to pray as Sunday-sea laps in summer,
milk-mild and rippleless
while fat hinterland whispers "Yes" to grass
ambles of un-hasty cattle
loath to quit pasture for stick-dry cow shed.

White azure wipes Sunday's sapphire sky
with fine haze as housewives
fold greasy aprons to revive post-dinner
languor alongside napping
males who full-bellied unbutton to snore
away, in belch-ridden dreams,
more creamy helpings of sweet fruit pie.

Sunday-dusk drifts in last need to linger
as kitchen gathers its family
Sunday-ness for sandwich supper of rich
weekend treats, then well-fed
togetherness blinks as clock-chimes show
Sunday-ways stop when hot
hob-black kettle cools last desire to sing.

As fire-glow dies tired souls climb worn steps
where sleep knows dawn means labour again.

Sunday-Ways.

Sunday Ways.

Afternoon yawns over cobble-street cottages
lulled by Sunday's sunny-slow pace.

Coast-swept valley hamlets stretch best-clad
legs to hill-high chapels and heads bent pray
as Sunday-sea laps in summer, milk-mild and
rippleless while fat hinterland whispers a yes
to grassy-eyed cattle's un-haste.

As cloudlets brush Sunday-sapphire skies
with white stripes housewives fold sweaty
aprons to rest in post-dinner contentment
while belch-ridden males nap full-bellied
in smells of left-over gravy, un-buttoned
and snoring a roast-beefy dream.

Sunday-free youngsters and elders know
how to relax in single-minded enjoyment
as pudding's sweet custard slowly digests
then time whiles its easier Sunday-way by
later rumbling as need of strong-brew tea
accosts waking ears with bubbles of steam
from hob-black kettles making cups appear
on cake-plated tables of more home-mades
heavily topped with clotted cream.

Sunday-dusk drifts thru contented kitchens
as evening gathers its family Sunday-ness
for sandwiched supper of late sweet treats

then well-fed togetherness blinks as clocks
tick to chime's bed-time and sleep.

Sundayness

Sundayness.

Afternoon yawns below lulled cobble streets
as slow Sundayness calls all cottage people.

Coast-swept valley folk stretch best-clad legs
to hill-high chapels and heads
bend to pray as Sunday sea laps in summer,
milk-mild and rippleless
while fat hinterland whispers "Yes" to grass
ambles of un-hasty cattle
loath to quit pasture for stick-dry cow shed.

White azure wipes Sunday's sapphire sky
with fine haze as housewives
fold greasy aprons to revive post-dinner
languor alongside napping
males who full-bellied unbutton to snore
away, in belch-ridden dreams,
more creamy helpings of sweet fruit pie.

Sunday-dusk drifts in last need to linger
as kitchen gathers its family
Sunday-ness for sandwich supper of rich
weekend treats, then well-fed
togetherness blinks as clock-chimes show
Sunday-ways stop when hot
hob-black kettle cools last desire to sing.

As fire-glow dies tired souls climb worn steps
where sleep knows dawn means labour again.

Sundayness

Sundayness.

Afternoon yawns below lulled cobble streets
as slow Sundayness calls all cottage people.

Coast-swept valley folk stretch best-clad legs
to hill-high chapels and heads
bend to pray as Sunday sea laps in summer,
milk-mild and rippleless
while fat hinterland whispers "Yes" to grass
ambles of un-hasty cattle
loath to quit pasture for stick-dry cow shed.

White azure wipes Sunday's sapphire sky
with fine haze as housewives
fold greasy aprons to revive post-dinner
languor alongside napping
males who full-bellied unbutton to snore
away, in belch-ridden dreams,
more creamy helpings of sweet fruit pie.

Sunday-dusk drifts in last need to linger
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Sunday-ness for sandwich supper of rich
weekend treats, then well-fed
togetherness blinks as clock-chimes show
Sunday-ways stop when hot
hob-black kettle cools last desire to sing.

As fire-glow dies tired souls climb worn steps
where sleep knows dawn means labour again.

Surrender

Surrender.

Dawn hangs on the trees, light slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of force over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
to wide-away doers.

Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning
for blindness precedes
flashes of conscious surrender to sight as inertia's
bitter-sweet stupor
casts veils around seeing but breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.

Ears mistake breezy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken sense rouses
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours,
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
time hooks day to its use.

Surrender

Surrender.

*Oh what bubble-wrapped film
covers this dawning
where creeping sunlight shafts
away shadows and
lawn-blades drip vapour as
breeze scatters Spring
on earth's verdant surrender.*

*What glory throbs as avian
chorus of offerings
falls trilling from tree-tops
onto new morning
of dewy-wet plenty as day
softens dark's edges.*

*If air could be measured for
clarity, scaled and
weighed for virginal glisten
it has to be now as
first rays make an entrance.*

Surrender.

Surrender

Gathering pace the storm of submission
hits at the mind as surrender begins
to heat wary blood.

The will is relinquished, shackles explode
from succumbing parts of the restless
but questioning heart.

Resistance yields, seems right then to defer,
even pleasant passivity has to be met
squarely as passion starts.

Strange how love's chains grow deceptively
lighter, appear much easier to wear
when it happens again

Survival.

Survival.

Why do trees stubbornly struggle when blasted ?
Too rudely knarled, wind-bent yet alive,
ironized knuckles bear scars pummeled black.
Is it not proper we learn how such can survive ?

How do sunken rootlings become clinging claws ?
Fortress of foot-power gale's power fights
while every blast aims its limb-splitting force.
Yet a mere sapling, if rooted in Self-hood, revives.

As the days of a battle-wise moorland tree
so shall be the ways of victorious humanity.

Swansong.

Swansong.

White whooper swans.

Wings spread like angels.

Bugling in throngs.

Ready for foreign horizons.

Honking goodbye.

Avian swansong.

Skeins of life in free formation.

I wish I could fly.

Sweet Dividends.

Sweet Dividends.

The suchness of love's fragrant adornment
lies much in the way it is made.
Being tenderly constant wears well with
love for without it desire frays.
Through too much negligence love might
forget to count cost with factor.
Pretending sucks wealth out of intention
as doubt renders love inactive.
Welcome the price paid for a higher than
normal percentage of love's best.
Covet love's suchness and, reaping sweet
dividends, invest in success.

Sweet Potion.

Sweet Potion.

"Love's gift cannot be given, it just waits
to be accepted." (Anon.)

The suchness of love's fragrant devotion
lies in ways
its needed sweet potion is made.
Being tenderly constant wears well with
most lovers,
without which contentment can fade.
Distrust often sucks strength from good
intentions
for doubt renders efforts inactive.
Thru' constant negligence love will stale
if it counts
much cost into tolerance factor.
Yes the fragrance of love's togetherness
lies a lot
in the way scented solutions are made.

Sweet Sensuality

Sweet Sensuality.

Thinly covered in coarse
stubbly skin,
bursting with sticky
summer-viscosity
the raw fig,
with jacket-full belly
stores and seeps
stew of treacle-seed
always reckoned
to stir and ferment
sweet sensuality.

Full fleshed and split,
sapidly jellied
the fig ferments taste
of delectable bliss,
perishable but ready
with anticipation
fig-craft of nature sates
palates in pleasure.

What can be better methinks
than eating the gift
of a succulently swollen fig ?

Sweet Stupor

Sweet Stupor.

Dawn hangs on November trees, wake slithers
forward into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
like me to bright-eyed doers.

Day breaks to bathe passive sight in forewarning
as blind patches precede
flashes of conscious surrender to oust inertia and
its sweet stupor,
dark casts veils around seeing but breath catches
on when still becomes movement.

Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken sense rouses
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
night hooks day to its use.

"Time to get up Dreamyhead" I suggest to myself
but please let the alarm clock
try waking me
~ ~ ~ softly. ~ ~ ~

SWEETNESS.

Sweetness.

In northern lands now it is Spring and this is the season
to celebrate nature
as thrush trilling in tall trees opens windows to heaven
by such intricate song.

This shy bird, being a lover of evening, likes palest light
so year after year he
makes sunset his stage and warbles late sweetness hid
inside thicket's wide brush.

What a missing, in Spring, if this dapple-breast-bundle
of feathery gift was
not geared to be here so praise as I feel my soul shiver
when I hear my first thrush.

SWEETNESS.

Sweetness.

I see
butterscotch evenings,
blue sky honied with amber-cream,
last light frothing waves
as sea's olive coverlet changes
to caramel-sepia.

I see
twilight blush streaking,
drab dusk striped in humbug-tints,
pink cheeks to match sun
as sinking in cherry-lip memories
it paints clandestine scenes.

I see
Treacle-soft times sealing
fate's hue in sugared vows, trying
each offered treasure
of sun-down discovery, zealously
sharing mutual feelings.

I see
Chocolate-smooth dreaming
invade ever-after, held closely
those covert secrets
best kept on beaches made tasty
by first love's extra sweetness.

Sweetness.

Sweetness.

I see
butterscotch evenings,
red sky honied in creamy sunset,
last light's toffee waves
as sea's olive coverlet changes
to caramel-sepia.

I see
twilight's blush streaking
dun-dusk with striped humbug tints,
candy-silk cloudlets
sinking in remembered cherry-lips
as dark lights long-ago scenes.

I see
treacle-soft secrets
sealing shy kisses and zest trying
each treasured offer
of nightly concealment, eagerly
stirring crystallised feelings.

I see.
chocolate-smooth dreaming
spicing beach-vows and re-living
now youth's nectar-need
roused is my sugar-fix while tasting
again first-love's true sweetness.

Swift Magic.

Swift Magic.

^ ^ ^ ~ ~ ^^^ ~ ^> ~ ~ ~ ^^^

^ ~ ~> ~ > > ^~ > > ~

~^ ~ ~ ~ ~

As if plotted by common whim
fleet birds, flitting
like bats will stop for nothing
but hunger to conjour
magical speed while skimming
skies before migration.

^ ~ ~> ~ > > ^~ > > ~

Swifts delight
in aeromatics, they fortify time's
regulation of orbit
in massed performance organised
to demonstrate flight's
needed definitive plan of action.

~ ^> ~ ~ ~ ^^^

We know when swifts arrive earth
has revolved
again round the mighty sun's girth
for one more season
as shrill-pitched screechers turn,
dive, eat on the wing
and flirt wildly with air as whirling

beats drone high overhead.

~^ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

In-built beauty of quick movement
takes steep rolling dips
amid overt screaming that opens
to smooth dynamics as
sound of bird-fervour approaches
in feathered unison.

^ ~ ~> ~ > > ~ ~> ~ >

Swifts observed
in migrant action present mystery
deemed as matchless,
humans gasping at massed infinite
wheeling of myriads
are naturally awed and some wish
just once to spread
wisdom's wings and fly like these
migratory-guided
swiftly gliding collections of birds.

~ ^~~ ~ ^^ ~ ^ ~ ~ ~

~^ ~ ~ ~ ~^ ~ ~ ~

~^ ~ ~ ~^

SWIFT MAGIC.

Swift Magic.

>> ~ ~ ^>> ~

~ ~ ~> ~ > >

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are naturally awed and some wish
just once to spread
wisdom's wings and fly like these
migratory-guided
swiftly gliding collections of birds
now looking as late
summer advances to gather again.

~^ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~^ ~

~^ ~ ~ ~^

Tactics

Tactics.

Choice of dashing speed
in over-rushed passion
gives joy of freewheeling
where restraint matters
no time for betweenness
as quick tactics
shut roads taken to real
satisfaction.

Take Me.

Take Me.

Oh Sleep, blesséd eraser
of anything
painful, hard or serrated,
you smoother
of all things feeling rough,
cover me over
in enough soothing cream
to remind me
that troubles can melt into
dreams, for
lightning found and hit me
tonight like
a frightful assassin, attack
from behind
stabbed me in my back now
to my knees,
shiveringly near to fear and
despair it
has produced an ill-at-ease.

Sleep, be my
ally, please lie with me until
day, embrace me
in hazy unconscious relief
then release
me when more able to fight.

Right now I
am tired, such sad news has

confused freedom
of thought, faith abused, now
I need time
for re-alignment, so sink me
Sleep into your
blankness, reduce my anxiety
douse the fire
of resentment, relax my intent
for revenge,
and Sleep cease this resort to
insomnia,
keep me near I ask until I see
what is the
wisest to do, sail by me a raft
of lullabies.

Oh Morpheus I know the way
to your land
awaits so take my hand, then
float me away.
Sleep please take me and stay
until day.

Take One

Take One.

Take one from a pair and trauma arises,
ocean buckles,
sunset ices,
waiting grows fists and memory sighs.

Take one from a duo and lost are smiles,
lonely ungloves,
solo arrives,
life loses bliss and future demises.

Take one from two and sorrow tightens
love uncouples,
oneness frightens,
lips stay un-kissed and distress climbs.

Take one from other and spoil an item
parting troubles,
nothing revives,
sudden grief hits with no compromise.

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Take one from other and spoil an item
parting troubles,
nothing revives,
sudden grief hits with no compromise.

TAKE WING.

Take Wing.

Let loose the ties of your heart
and shake free stifled hopes from tight grip
of close- feathered defeats.

Boundless choice will supply appeal.
Do not expire before living your dream.
Take wing into easier airways
of unrestrained faith where failure ceases
and lifted are fears.

Swoop not to revenge or regret
for their flightless ferment oozes distress.

Find your zeal within
life's spacious fields of learnt forgiveness
and seek between weeds
every edible love-seed to pick
and gratefully eat while still on the wing.

Allow belief to fly.
Reach for contentment's achievable height.
Peace is your birthright.

Tall Tales

Tall Tales.

*Waves, white-fraying below windy dunes,
gannets diving like bombers on water
pale as green eau-de-nil silk.*

*Sand, blast-moulded in frilly-ridge heaves
as a seal joins his harem by launching
fat landward as urges begin.*

*Boat, timber sea-beast nakedly moves
in low breeze, forgotten nose sadly
buried surrenders to salt-kill.*

*Time, space-given seems fully replete
as poets sit silent thinking of books
a coastline's tall tales could fill.*

Tasted.

Tasted.

One long-ago golden afternoon
I rode past high fells thick clad in rough bracken
under a sky of unbroken blue
and cantered through canopies
of russeted treetops thrown amidst moorland
while autumnal mist rose in
slow wisps as cloud-shadow approaching
I halted and listened to liquid laughter.
Where would streamlet pebbles
be found white as those at my spurred feet
and could purple summits
slumber through winter more peacefully
or lark-song appear so enchanting ?
I had heard it said that highland
air tasted of wine, flavoured with grass-scent
and drawing a lingering breath
heather-filled lungs inhaled beauty's honey
as I gulped in ether-brewed drafts.

So divine was that highland quiet
on my horse-ridden face that I closed awed
eyes and in vibrations of silence
caught nature's presence as never before.

TASTEFUL.

TASTEFUL.

Sensuous lady
hands held outstretched arms afling
skywards
was bare to her tiny lithesome
young waist.

She teasingly smiled,
pert nipples acrest moon-shapely
hillocks
stood tautly erect over smoothest
of thighs.

Her form was aglow,
with braziered vivaciousness in
naked
proportion and contour so aptly
exposed.

Wide eyed and head high
her shape assumed movement
by skill
with sculpted stance expertly
defined.

I wanted to own
that tasteful bronze artwork by
bidding
at auction until her real value
was known.

Predestined to grace
a richer table the statuesque
figure
wrought in stylised art-deco
wealth claimed.

While I left alone
after a last stroke of pristine
allure
thinking I might try her pose
at home

Tasting The Wine.

Tasting the Wine.

One long-ago golden afternoon
I rode past high fells then clad in rough bracken
under a sky of unbroken blue
and cantered through canopies
of russet trees thrown over the roadside while
autumnal moor-land rose in
beautiful solitude shadowing wind and cloud
then halting I heard liquid laughter.
Where would streamlet pebbles
be found white as those at my dismounted feet
and could heathered summits
slumber through autumn more peacefully
or lark-song appear so enchanting ?
I had heard it said that highland
air tasted of wine, flavoured with grass-scent
and drawing a lingering breath
as cool filled lungs I knew that made sense
as I gulped in ether-sharp drafts.

So divine was the reverential quiet
on my enlightened face that I closed awed
eyes and in vibrations of silence
caught nature's presence as never before.

Tasting.

Tasting.

One golden long-ago afternoon
I rode past high fells then clad in rough bracken
under a sky of unbroken blue
and cantered through canopies
of russet trees thrown over the roadside while
autumnal moor-land rose in
beautiful solitude shadowing wind and cloud
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So divine was the reverential quiet
in my enlightened mind that I closed awed
eyes and in vibrations of silence
caught nature's presence as never before.

Tell Me.

Tell Me.

Great standing stones,
lichen pocked,
weather-worn omens,
older than old,
fern spotted,
cold-wind bitten,
anciently holed,
time-honed icons

*

*

age-defeat you resist.

Granite flecked rocks,
holy pinnacles,
mossy-grass knotted,
atop sacred hills,
rightly un-hidden,
antiquity keepers,
you alone know
all faithful watchers

*

*

so tell me your secrets.

Telling

Telling.

In this short but telling age
the nearer I come
to my final breath brighter
the sun as it rises
each day and fiercer tumble
high tidal breakers,
bleached to more silver shine
sea-washed sand
and louder a feathered song,
extra vivid red roses
under much bluer skies, ultra
intense howl storms,
noisier thunder and excitingly
wilder the lightning.

Waking to view morning's new
wonders in full spate
clearly exposes time's passing,
makes mature senses
the keener to join in applause
for nature's great gifts
by finding in daily things glory
not seen before.

Becoming alive is enough if smiles
light the day for when
closer draws endings then greater
the need to experience
earth's ready music vibrating with

infinite grace.

Telling.

Telling.

He was a lover who took.

Never gave.

But he got his comeuppance
when all his conquests
melted away.

His ego now lonely droops.

Female-drained.

He waits in vain for another
to lessen recluse.

So telling the loveless results
when vested in self.

TENDED.

Tended.

Shade her spent tears with green.
Cast a cool shadowy pattern of leafiest salve over
over the burnt-out condition of her
barren pasture and over-worked feelings.

Let compassionate breezes
drift around present doubt found in her mind,
sow gentle seeds on past-scarred parts
and let healing start in her broken dreams.

Make her a garden of peace.
Watch her heart blossom and as confidence grows
in a true caring love welcome her wary
responses as newly-found trust increases.

Her growing ground once freely
flourished and tended it can be flowering again
with weeds of betrayal uprooted and
cleared those hard rocks of hurtful deceit.

Tended.

Tended.

In fast- dying moments dusk crept
from haziness making the sky's
veils into buttery bands
as end-of-day yellowness swept
over farmstead horizon.

Cows in low meadow dun-dappled
by shadows, chewing last cud,
trundled along, milk-laden
as pail-in-hand maiden tackled
trudge to creamy arrival.

Captured the answer to mood
of languor that follows slow
plod of satisfied hoofsteps
when night casts welcome hood
over tended assignments.

That Affair

That Affair.

Heart-studded moments,
soul-lit spaces where
love touches life with glow
well describes that affair
whose breath instinctively
embraces the air of infinity.

That Half-Smile

That Half-Smile.

I catch somehow
the view
of inside tears in eyes
that peer
forlornly from her
youthful brow.
Behind that half-smile
bravely
shown for a camera
lens she stands
denying pretence
as
all the while
endless
rising red dust
surrounds the sound
of home
falling,
wall by broken wall,
but
face it she must.
Homeless now,
with age-old foresight
the girl ,
with sobbing child
becomes aware
her world has stopped

for another bomb

has in error
been dropped.

THAT MORN.

That Morn.

I sat one morning 'mid leafy-gold oceans
of swelling corn
and felt the unknowable alter my senses.

A breath of immeasurable beauty caught
notion's core as
stalks slowly shouldered birth's attempts.

Gowns of fine silvery filigree floated lightly
round tasseled throb
as fragile cobs through thick fringes crept.

Bodies of blown-silk wispy veins muscled
themselves over
growth's bulges to create protective webs.

With hearable ticks the chorus of nature
gilding pale corn
in speechless glory became loudly intense.

I stayed convinced that morn after proof
that life's being is
quite seeable to eyes on amazement bent.

That Summer.

That Summer.

Forever that summer will beckon
with mem'ry's
tender repeat of togetherness.

Generous the gem of glimmering
sunset willed
treasure to covert's duo mirror.

Saline drenched and dew-soaked
beach-bed moments
bred the first steps to closeness.

Nights pleased a vintage desire
when lit fires .
melted the guilt of clandestine.

Under ebony's cloak warmth long
lingered among
late-love's slowly unwrapped song.

That Tap

That Tap.

As night blusters towards mid the loose
silvery air of sky's rink
blackens and deepens its silent echoes
of past excitement until
that tap on my windowpane to drive
lonely back whence it came
now whispers of clandestine rapture.

I open as Yes starts the climb to press
again thy skin against mine.

That Tree.

That Tree.

For height, girth and spread
they said

there was never one like it.

Weighing a train-load with
oaken coat on

it took every seasonal gale.

but was never stirred.

Winter blasts groaning thru'
nude branches

tore down good fire-wood.

Sagely magnificent

it withstood many decades

of weather behaviour,

sheltered all feather and fur

for generations,

made lovers a hiding place

but now it's not there.

Yet I see a sapling has been
fighting for air

and some say a gone-tree's

ghostly presence

can urge spurts of growth

in its successor.

I sincerely hope this is so

for all who pass by

that one-time great oak

will have to sigh as

its memorable strength will

be mightily missed.

The Almost Heard

The Almost Heard.

A little silence mothers the truth for those
who dare seek and embrace
the almost-heard,
for if not smothered stillness finds access
to unique wisdom waiting
underneath sound
and begets new learning never yet known.

Only to those who hear voice of un-vocal
can notes of non-sonance
compose mind-sets
for thought to produce power of alchemy
as quietness needs inner
halcyon to reach
balm's core to then guide finders' notions.

Sound of the almost-heard thrills a poet
as its silent symphony tunes
verses with the mysterious unknowable.

The Best

The Best..

Mesmerizingly restful an incoming tide swishing
on stones in covert beaches.

And agreeably pleasant the motorised greeting
of blooms by summertime bees.

And what of those
somnolent tocks after the ticks by my
grandfather clock
or the continuous sizzle as near-boiling
my kettle sings on the hob.

The crackles from wood on after-work
fires are warmly relaxing
as is the swish of home-winged birds
and raindrops making a splash
in puddles or murmur of night-wind
passing thru slumbering trees.

Yet always for me besting the best
are those moments most precious
whispers of sleeping contentment
when you dream next to my breast.

The Hunter

The Hunter,

Basking

in verdant submarine glades

a goldfish lies

and silent debates.

Glistening

beneath dim watery shades

a splash is heard

but the hunter waits.

Skillfully

hooking in fins gyrates

liquid-blue blur

as the insect shakes.

Hunger leaps

high but no ripple makes,

dies then one

fly and the urge abates.

The Journey Continued.

The Journey Continued.

I fell for the catch that day and at last
thought I knew
how to vamp my way through

to his masculinity.

But the road to bewitchment dangles
its glamour in stages and baits
with wily enticement.

I needed the skill of a siren -- - so
might I will him to muster attraction
by standing close and tumbling
wafts of fruity-fresh shampooed hair
into his aura to show
the guile of my female nubility ?

If I sat at his table would he respond
to a casual unbuttoning of top and
the offer of cleavage ?

Why not engulf him with gusts of my
fresh minty-flavoured
hot breath ?

Or would pouty-lipped tease
blown into his visage be enough to
heat and charge up his libido.

But did I question too much to assess
what was to come next ?

(to be continued)

The Journey.

The Journey.

I saw him again just prior to summer.
Allure shook itself teasingly
out of his smile.
I silently almost expired as he sauntered
towards me
with ill-concealed macho-ease
which pulled me bodily behind him into
the coffee-shop.
I stopped to repeat
under my mantra-soaked breath " I can,
because I think I can"
and the love-trap cell door snapped shut.
(to be continued)

THE KNOWING.

THE KNOWING.

How inspiring it is to be
right in the moment.

To know there is something
beyond the knowing.

To feel the theatre of life's
momentous journey.

To stand still in the middle
of heaven's slow turning.

The Knowing.

The Knowing.

How inspiring it is to be
right in the moment.

To know there is something
beyond the knowing.

To feel the theatre of life's
momentous journey.

To stand still in the centre
of earth's slow turning.

How good to be here as old
ends and new year unrolls.

The Minute

The Minute.

Connecting with sky above and earth
below,
eyes unfocused I resolve to observe
slowly
and regard with mindfulness Tiny's
unfolding.

Grass blades creak, restless plants
moan.
Blooms rustle and squeak as petals
open.
Soil heaves with stir when rootlets
unroll.
Busyness mutters when miniscule
grows.
I watch smallness whisper in voice
control
and as awe perceives almost-heard
motion
littleness drops noise to near-silent
key-tone.

At my feet the minute is composing
unknowns
by shifts of momentum compounded
with lows
and inbuilt mumbling non-sounds of
its own.

The Proof

The Proof.

She had eaten
the proof of amour's iridescence,
taken love's juice
and emptied desire to its deepest dregs.

She sweetened by
patience the taste of long distance,
wasted no chance
for contact to compensate union missed.

She feasted when
late table made laden approaches,
imbibed ripened
and ready affection with eyes widely open.

She had embraced
given gold of a satisfied closeness,
quenched needy thirst
so matters no more years of being alone.

She knew only
once the romance of a lifetime
therefore memory's
pearl is treasured and worn with a smile.

The Simple

The Simple.

*Looking at things through
a kind of glory
I see in earth's tragic rape
a rainbow of sorts
as reminder that naught
matters but order
for the survival of nature.*

*So unified peace may spread
its presence among
worldly hunger for battling
with gratitude it must
alter the me-first attitudes.*

*Maybe losing indifference
to small gifts will
create more compassion
and belief will cease
that only "expensive" is
to be valued.*

*Viewing life with a short
sighted pseudo
falsifies thrill of true awe
seen in the simple
but unsullied authentic.*

The Stones Know.

The Stones Know.

Strewn over seashore hard evidence of Alquifou mining
for coppery tin.

Trussed amid moss in tufty green sward lie hidden lost
keepsakes.

Forrays to deep-earthed hot-holes needed just candles
on heads and valour.

Long wooden ladders often wankled in unstable footholds
were dangerously thin.

Down the rashling

---__-----

would venture by

clogged foot or

---__-----

plimsole if not

too poorly clad

---__---

with dire need.

Otherwise barefoot

which bettered men's

grip on each rocky step

of mouldy wood to floor level.

Meal was a pasty with tumpy top

candled to warm or fresh-baked

tattie and bacon-fat onion wrapp

in floury packet was all some ate.

Besmuttered by black end-croust was

dropped at feet of pit-ponies for crib.

No time to be lonely down there, yoiking a-plenty young

lasses wide-eyed the lads.

They laughed at a smidgen and cracked white smiles back
and forth across packs.

Trysts and tresses were forsayed as shorn or capped the
Bal Maidens sought a catch.

A favovian wind meant moist homing
in shivery smicket to a tousled bothy
in fireside bathtub for swift de-slime
and a hot gruel drink before bedtime.

Tumbling around in dawn mist, next day's shift yawned
as they fratched

Derelict now only the stones know how it was but those
feathery tufts of sea-grass growing alongside some old
mine-shaft still catch in silence a scent of miners' ghosts.

N.B.

Alquifou = Cornish lead ore.

Yoiking = shouting in jest.

Forsayed = forbidden.

Favovian = west wind.

Smicket = a smock.

Fratch = a quarrel.

THE SUNFLOWER.

The Sunflower.

Towering tall, and smiling benignly on all
The sunflower stands.

Giant of heart and of limb.
Soaking up power, as hour by dazzling hour
The sunflower stares, face upward
And heat pours in.

Unseeing eyes searching darkening skies,
The sunflower waits.

Thirst quenches growth all around.
Motionless leaves curl as they beckon the breeze.
The sunflower sinks feet deeper
Into parched ground.

Glistening seeds, bubbling in mane of wet gold
The sunflower drinks.

Takes in the cool summer rain.
Lion of flowers yields to deluging hours.
The sunflower silently sighs
Then smiles again.

The Undisturbed

The Undisturbed.

Diamonds of clearest..... dew-misted pearls
hang in the dank air.
Thick soundless magic..... becalms and unfurls
peace to visitors there.

Woodland's balm bathes.....with quieting lush
those wishing to see.
Mysterious shadowsreveal secret hush
to poets like me.

A child perceives awe..... in the undisturbed
and so does the scribe
Whispers seep inward.....from each tree and bird
to alter the psyche.

A spectre-dark haunt..... transforms and refills
sadness with healing.
In such placid places.....busyness stills
to access much peace.

It has been good.....for me to de-stress
in this ancient wood.
Given the chance.....Nature has remedies
should I care to look.

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in this ancient wood.

THE VISION.

THE VISION.

Boisterous sheets
of morning-fresh tumbling water
thrown from high rocks
in rainbowing torrents discharged
droplets of splintered light
into pooled cauldron
where implosion quelled thunder
to conquer all turmoil.

Breaking surface
with frothy rumpus on limpid-still
filtered calm where
plated water left sunless murk
swam the vision,
rustling tall stalks of iris, head
proudly erect and body
passively gliding.

Paws silently paced,
dipped, then of a sudden began
random spree of wide-eyed free diving,
in performance of wildness at one
with nature and slipping
occasional glances my way while
displaying quick tail flips
showing how fearless is otter elation.

He soon distanced
to a mere dot on a liquid-line journey

but never forgotten
was his fine fur-coated insistence
on watery play before leaving me
speechless with awe.

The day I spotted an otter in his home
element what favoured
pleasure I got from those few moments.

The Word.

The Word.

Oh glorious Word,
whose love-tongue sings lily or
cloud, rain or rose,
fish, frog, fruit or bloom, whose
tune trumpets at dawn
or twilight to orchestrate change
can also speak oceans
and islands by rearranged lyrics.

Oh wondrous Word,
who composes duets with whale,
wolf, cat, dog or goat,
who gifts language to ant, gorilla,
elephant and mouse,
 scribes beauty in nature's atomic
matter, can write
mystical symmetry of structured
perfection, combine
spirit with signature language and
 provide exciting
exacting vocabulary of precise flow
to life's on-going symphony.

Word, praise to thee
who sang thine own Self into mere
humanity eons ago
to teach heaven's linguistics which
divinely reflect diversity.

These Days.

These Days.

These days ocean mermaids will not sing for me.

Once we both dreamt they sighed over rollers,
rose above waters and rode
heavy swell just to make lovers feel less alone
as ocean singing stirred hope.

When winds streamed thru' seaweed, combed
back wave tops to streaks of white
hair foam they, we said, left wet salty homes
and from sunken beds brought
two nearer by sea music, Neptune-composed.
Plucked by long bleached sun-withered fingers
human heartstrings, as distance
receded through saline- soothed sweetness
caught tuneful lullaby peace.

Sea-lady ballads these days to me never appear.

Instead misty fog seeps tears into memories,
rubs its back across bleak clefts
in October's dirge and leaves empty laments
as it creeps tuneless along dunes.
Will there I ask come days again when after
lingering long at ebb-tide tracks
I hear maidens sing new strains of romance,
or will love stay forever a ballad
locked on faraway shores and lost in France.

Mermaid singing once heard has unfading appeal.

These Falls

These Falls.

Married to strength
these falls
in pouring from stone lip
of arrow-slick fury
harry with wet
any bystander
in their cascading dive
to lower water.

Pounding from height
mist shawls
granite and rafters each
bush as birds
disappear under split
liquid in
dry over-hung caverns
of covered glory.

Volumes of sound
breach ears
by cataract passage
from precipitate action
to deep headlong
plunge and heave of
of sudden collision
with met disturbance into
mirror-still cauldron.

Confined the loud clamour
of roar

as silent rocks fastened
to splashed echoes
though static have an
unspoken language
that has those who listen
breathlessly awed.

Things Nearest

Things Nearest.

Loving things nearest to hand
I must consider the dandelion.
Yellow mane needs no mantra
for silent allure gold outshines.

Facing the sun seduction attracts
passing insects intent on dining.
Flouncing bosom soft as blankets
releases decoy of scented design.

Beating the clock, feelers fasten
on useful food ready and primed.
Such clever self-spreading ranks
to my mind as a ruse to admire.

Sensing a nectared sticky band
of sweet- fingered artful invite
to nuzzle in pollen's open hand
flies then ignore dandelion guile.

Things nearest are worth I find
more than an indifferent glance.

Things Nearest.

Things Nearest.

Loving things nearest to hand
I must consider the Dandelion.
Mane of spun gold its open band
of seductive petals aroma aligns.

Facing the sun seduction attracts
passing insects intent on dining.
Sweetest bosom soft as blankets
releases allure of scented design.

Beating the clock, feelers fasten
on seeded food for feeding time.
Such clever self-spreading ranks
in my mind as a trait to admire.

Sensing this stylish sticky hand
of sweet- fingered artful invite
to nuzzle in pollen's magic land
flies then ignore dandelion guile.

Things nearest are often worth
more than indifferent glances.

Thinnest Divide

Thinnest Divide.

A fish,
like translucent rose-gilt
slowly swaying plays underneath
in weedy greenery.
A fin,
waving along bed of sand
rises to roll the lake's morning face
beneath early breeze.
A skin,
in thinnest divide warily
waits, separated only from my airy
world by liquid need.
A finger,
water-extended to make
bubble-rings for my human contact
with slippery silver.
A flip,
and fish dives fast beneath
mist churned up by interference,
glassily eyeing me.

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and fish dives fast beneath
mist churned up by interference,
glassily eyeing me.

THIRST.

THIRST.

A sweetly-brushed morning-fresh breath
greet my lips today, dawn's light-scented
touch tastes eastern-fragranced and wakes
early-roused senses to friendship's far away
bouquet when nectar's sweet-petalled kisses
write such welcome way thru' separation mist.
Distance may sigh but letters let smiles traverse
world-wide space to quench love's inevitable thirst

Thirst.

Thirst.

Oceans of sheer care-starvation promote
hunger's race
toward the non-negotiable state
of turbulent action
so doused in wait thirst builds on hope.

The force in that very first trickle of love
moves pebbles
of potent emotion, churns up
beds of raw possibility
that produce a deluge of readiest proof.

This Chair.

This Chair.

A no-nonsense chair,
it solidly graces the kitchen hearth's corner,
cushioned, prepared for
heavy or lightweights to attempt restoring
peace with sedative-rocks.

Shared so long ago
by differing sizes its seat glows when waxed,
and asthmatically groans
if abused as a neat carpenter once relaxed
parts damaged by knocks.

Honed and embedded
in unfolding life-stories this rocker's motion
evokes old memories
of family hopes well-hidden by moments
that time quietly forgot.

I stroke it and feel
phantom-lives wishing for what would best
realize hoped-for dreams,
and float with them soporifically to invest
more in its hypnotics.

Spectre-folk flicker
in moving-chair depths of chestnut-patina
so if I sit still to hear
secrets will these ghosts breathe in relief
at last as I stop rocking ?

This Day.

This Day

*What dawn is this that gladly
forwards itself into my hand ?*

*What gem of shimmering haze
sequins and studs this fine day
and speeds me with whispering
promise of unfettered glimpses
of murmuring sea with plated
surface of silver-lapped waves.*

*What blush of heron's-egg blue
sky could better raise my mood.*

*So how could a dreamer like me
fail to be lifted by this day's free
mystical mixtures of milky-soft
intriguing gifts from the coffer
of Nature who arranges a calm
waking to bathe minds in balm
of simplicity on this quiet beach
where her inviting peace heals.*

*What morning this that assigns
to me the value of heard silence.*

This Heart

This Heart.

When I, led sleepless through uneasy dark
sigh lonely for thee.

When moon rides high its wide curved arc
and cold falls crisp on flower and tree.

When sun bids farewell to skyline's blue
and a mist covers first starlight with dew
how I sigh for thee.

When I, dreaming walk lone ocean waves
again sigh for thee.
When wind rides high spume's briny lace
and a moon turns pale its filters on me.

When Neptune roams his wild-water hall
and foaming white horses rise only to fall
how I sigh for thee.

When I, wakened bone-tired before dawn
sigh weary for thee.
When sun rises high as day becomes worn
and noon lies basking over calmed leat.

When distance between us taxes this heart
and needed commitment keeps us apart
how I sigh for thee.

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This Heart.

When I, led sleepless through uneasy dark
sigh lonely for thee.

When moon rides high its wide curved arc
and cold falls crisp on flower and tree.

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When I, wakened bone-tired before dawn
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When sun rides high as day becomes worn
and noon lies basking over calmed sea.

When distance between us taxes this heart
and needed commitment keeps love apart
how I sigh for thee.

This Time

This Time.

Holed with stary vermillion November's
clear sky spreads eerie welcome
to homing's slow footsteps.
Bound by hilly heathers this gentlest
of valleys strikes tired heartstrings
when mem'ries start sinking.

This time she notes recalled aromas
of moorland's' mauve wildness
and as twilight's finger striates horizon
her roamer's eyes widen
at missed noise of thunderous ocean
pounding high cliffs of the cove.

Need's deep insistence pierces absence,
punctures stale failure
as her feet turn again to seek familiar
away from ambition and
when previous pleasures of ghost-like
nostalgia rustle worn chains
with notions for freedom she decides
that this time she must stay.

This Time

This Time.

Holed with stary vermillion September's
clear night spreads eerie welcome over
my slowed footsteps.

Bounded by heathering hills the gentle
valley scents memory's ache
as my roots sink into home's velvet skin.

This time as I take in long-loved aroma
of moorland's lavender fringes
with twilight's finger striating late sky
my misty eyes glaze with
beguile and sounds of childhood arise
as low tide kisses coves.

At last pull of quiet pierces too long
an absence, punctures stale
failure to ask why, when abandoned
for wealth or early ambition
do feet turn again to needed familiar
where girl- lit the ghosts
of missed pleasures mingle with ache
and as nostalgia grows
and travelling yields to a settled pace
this time I know I must stay.

This Time.

This Time.

Holed with vermillion stars September's
clear night spreads eerie welcome over
my slow footsteps.

Bounded by heathering hills the gentle
valley strikes ache in heartstrings
as my roots sink into home's velvet skin.

This time as I take in remembered aroma
of moorland's' lavender fringes
with twilight's finger striating late sky
my wanderer's eyes widen in
tune with coastal sounds as ocean below
cliffs pounds rock to sandy coves.

At last beauty of quiet pierces too long
an absence, punctures stale
failure and I ask why , when abandoned
for wealth or early ambition
do feet turn again to childhood's familiar
where birdlit the ghosts
of previous pleasures mingle with spirit
as frenetic yields to need
of rest and tears, once shed with past
leavings nostalgia now takes
in hand and the answer is clear in that
this time I know I must stay.

This Time.

This Time.

Holed with vermillion stars November's
near-night spreads eerie welcome over
my slow returning-here footsteps
and bounded by heathering hills gentler
decades strike ache in my heartstrings
as roots sink into home's velvet skin.

This time, smelling remembered aroma
of moorland's lavender fringes while
twilight's finger striates late sky
my wanderer's eyes close in tune with
known coastal sounds as ocean below
cliffs pounds rock into sandy coves.

At last beauty of quiet pierces too long
an absence, punctures stale failure and
I ask why, when once abandoned
for wealth or ambition's control do feet
turn again to childhood's ever familiar
where adult greets tender ghosts
and previous pleasures begin to unroll.

Now regret mingles with frenetic years
as busy yields when nostalgia takes
stress to results which wholly appeal,
so this time - - I know I must stay.

This Too.

This Too.

The balance of silence vibrates
as bowed under sudden
weight of sorrow quiet takes stock while
stirring inertia with pulsating heart-quake
at feeling the transience of being apart
I stand here humbled.
One fleeting moment enhances
my awe as death's sting
ends with visions of meeting again when
stillness, that deep subtle peace fills space
round loss and bringing doubt to its finish
I feel untroubled.
Becoming amazed at transition
gains me the advantage
over lost attachment and with grief now
breached descends the wise guru's adage
that this too will pass for love never dies
so I take comfort.

Those Days

Those Days.

Quiet gloom descends
as we too downward must stoop
mid ranks of huge rock
tusk-etched and damply oozing.

No mod-cons here could we see..

First glimpse of our trip
into KInver cave-homes famed
with bone-thirsty digs
as first explorers found tombs
in cavernous back rooms
adorned with revered remains.

No comfort here could we see..

Eyes glaze at the sight
of cavemen's stalactite world
rife with sheer danger,
dark places in which to hide
from life's daily growls
underground spaces turned
into valued havens.

No b & b here could we see.

Airless we gasp before guided
back from cave fantasy
where ancient sounds curdle

more than timid unease
until outside again we gladly
let those days recede.

No welcome here could we see.

THOSE.

THOSE.

Those whose mind-set is not sprung
from the cadence of restless waves
never believe how shanties related
to mariners make the best seasong.

Those whose respect the vast ocean
accepts learn its tongue and sense
vagaries known only to weathered
eyes gaging gale's warning motion.

Those whose life is water-attuned
gather from a precocious sea-bed
slight marine movement as netted
success gives wealth of fresh food.

Those whose voyage grows safer
by viewing surface-swell pictures
of sea's behaviour hear whispers
of change in liquid-loud breakers.

Those who respect ways of winds
as sign before sky turns puce get
wisdom's view that helps correct
under-currents' writhe as signal.

Those whose courage might face
lashing dangers of watery tongue
must do battle with ocean-strong

tow while hauling boats to safety.

Thoughts.

Thoughts.

Met once in the harbour of need,
she found a soul she believed akin
to her own, lonely and bleeding
for want of love and she felt it begin.

After a while days took on the glow
of feeling alive, blew away mists
from dull disillusion, knowing
he mattered more than his kisses
but distance became a mutual
sore, and as never before tears
began staining her hours, duty
bound, her choice faced freedom.

Distress meant a more trying test,
she found love demands detachment,
then life can re-write itself sensibly
with acceptance of Now for enrapture.

When looked at yesterday-thoughts
brought miserable night-black times,
dreams plied non-action, taught
nothing but how to keep whining,
love held the winning hand yet truth
was labelled by her own longing,
compassionate chores wore duty
reluctantly while life spun sad songs.

Her yesterday thinking was halted
and by destiny's capture, aborted.

Three Faces.

Three Faces.

If the place which I write from is seen as real
it seems the verse and myself are two
sides of three faces.

Each word has its meaning and is part of a tale
which might well be translated as
me signing my name.

Yet from my inside I catch first breath of Muse
who since noting acceptance begins
her bid to relate.

Lipless the language that fills my blank canvas
as more semantics she whispers
before they escape.

Thus must I question what does that make me ?

Three Faces.

Three Faces.

If the place in which I write is accepted as real
it seems the verse and myself are two
sides of three faces.

In depth of silence I catch first breath of Muse
who since noting capitulation starts
her bid to relate.

Each phrase is food humbly partaken and felt
by the psyche that becomes translated
as mood-parsing state.

Lipless the language that fills a blank canvas,
mystic semantics her breath bequeaths
before they escape.

My poem runs freely when anticipation stays
strictly in place but where goes the me
when Muse has her way ?

Ticking Away.

Ticking Away.

Dawn hangs on September trees, wake slithers
forward into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
like me to bright-eyed doers.

Day breaks to bathe passive sight in forewarning
as blind patches precede
flashes of conscious surrender to oust inertia and
its sweet stupor,
dark casts veils around seeing but breath catches
on when still becomes movement.

Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken sense rouses
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
night hooks day to its use.

"Time to get up Dreamyhead" I suggest to myself
but please let the alarm clock
try waking me
~ ~ ~ softly. ~ ~ ~

TICKING AWAY.

Ticking Away.

Dawn hangs on the trees, light slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of force over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
to wide-away doers.

Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning
for blindness precedes
flashes of conscious surrender to sight as inertia's
sweet stupor
casts veils around seeing but breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.

Ears mistake breezy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken sense rouses
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours,
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
time hooks day to its use.

TICKING AWAY.

Ticking Away.

Dawn hangs on the trees, light slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's many acres
turns torpor to forced activity and over-paints
surprise on slumber's hue
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
to wide-awake doers.

Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning
for night's hold precedes
flashes of conscious morning sight while inertia's
Morpheus- stupor
casts veils around seeing as breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.

Brain mistakes proactive whispers for the authentic
when shaken sense rouses
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours,
yet making richer the few
seconds remaining for drowsy flight's treasure as
time hooks day to its use.

Mind caught and yawns yield as sleep forms wake
to lever me up and away.

TICKING AWAY.

Ticking Away.

Dawn hangs on the trees, light slivers floorward,
slips into sleep's acres and
turns shade to tailgates of force over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
to wide-away doers.
Day breaks to bathe passive eyes with forewarning
for night's hold precedes
flashes of conscious morning sight while inertia's
Morpheus- stupor
casts veils around seeing as breath catches gasps
when still becomes movement.
Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken sense rouses
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours,
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
time hooks day to its use.

Tide-Turn.

Tide-Turn.

Twice daily the lavender sea
flattens and makes up its mind to aim
fresh currents at underneath
dark-cobbled greyness
of boat-bobbing harbour and fill anchored
bottoms with foamy increase.

To slide greasy fingers between
barnacled stones as tidal force weaves
turn-coat creep of fresh waves
around furry carpet weed,
lush with ardent pulse wet kelp raises
green arms to hourly push.

Walking dry shores I frequently catch
myself asking why
the come-and-go ocean has no rest
but indifferent tides
just turn and provide me no answer.

Time's Needle.

Time's Needle.

Stretching and shouldering night away a sun crouches
to birth black's ousting
by one more empty circle of dark's hollowed pouches
then outs in sparkling showers.

Spangled with myriad star-labour unfolding membranes,
like numberless leaves
dreamers listen to soft serenades as the universe favours
lullaby-sighs of deep breathing.

Silvered surface shivers with night-eyes as glittery dust
follows with dart-swift
flight each soul's winged journey while murmuring deep
mysteries to those sleeping still.

Glimmers on sightless horizon reveal light's celebration
while untrodden dew
newly writhing in close-capped life waits inertia's frame
stirring to shake before rising.

Piercing the brain time's needle regathers worn threads
and remembers that more
sown seed means now-grown grain needs re-collection
in daylight's mind-aware storage.

Open-eyed, naught is over as hinging on less or more,
sun, with slumber done,
now hurries to open the thin partition between yawns
of torpidity for more hours won.

Time's Needle.

Time's Needle.

Stretching and shouldering night away a sun crouches
to birth black's ousting
by one more empty circle of dark's hollowed pouches
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sown seed means now-grown grain needs re-collection
in daylight's mind-aware storage.

Open-eyed, naught is over as hinging on less or more,
sun, with slumber done,
now hurries to open the thin partition between yawns

of torpidity and more hours won.

Timed

Timed.

Winter's knife now lying buried
in burgeoning earth
means ice retreats as birdless
branch swells leafed and ready.

Sodden ground tires of trying
to create new movement
while soil ferments in mud pools
and underness struggles to dry.

Music of life unsettles the breast
of un-resting nature
for now timed faces express daily
need for change to greener dress.

Next-season push ever battles
as yellow trumpets attempt
cold openings thus winter relents
so Spring can begin her floral task.

Timed

Timed.

Far away on first-fringed beams of morning
rides Ol' Sol's wild horses,
rays of white light
moving in sequence saddle silence
for Venus as gifts pour from her paramour Night.

Stars gather for dark's dismissal, restored
to spacious vaults pale more
as they wait 'til sanctified
by call for ascension where sighted
they can display next cavalcade's candled fire.

Desire for his Lady of changeable form
sees Knight's won glory
now timed to break, rising
when victorious Dawn realizes
with Venus unveiled new morning can smile.

TIMED.

Timed.

Winter's knife now lying buried
in burgeoning earth
means ice retreats as birdless
branch swells leafed and ready.

Music of life unsettles the breast
of month-resting nature
for now timed faces express daily
need for change to greener dress.

Sodden ground tires of trying
to create new movement
while soil ferments in mud pools
making underness unable to dry.

Yet season's push ever battles
as yellow trumpet attempts
cold openings thus winter relents
so Spring can begin her floral task.

Timed.

Timed.

The sea today is blue-gray with streaks
of pale gilding frothing lace over
low tide's exposed cobbled reaches.

Yet on distant sand banks time turns
as greeny-weed flats slacken and
sheets of creeping saline wet dry fur.

Push rotates rattle and wavelets spill
increasing cream when riding high
breakers while bouldered retainers fill.

Stranded kelp in murky pool harbour
stirs as gulls readily beak among
boat-sway to seek opened barnacles.

Feeling the draw of natural backward
and forward I walk shores finding
all footfalls must yield to timed action.

TO THE SANDMAN

To The Sandman

Oh Sleep you old raveller of threads ,
feeder of narcotic nectar - - - - - baker
of bedtime sedative - - boatman who never
rows me to Morpheus - - a slumber-jack fakir
with no restorative - - - - you pretend lover bent
on desertion - - - a fiend who woos then predates,
the so-called mood soother - that rock-a-bye friend
known as The Sandman - - a false eye-salve agent,
maker of drowse-powder - nightly dope-peddler,
dream-chainer - - - inhuman drug-sprite - pale
ghost of dark's opiate - you pseudo-breathed
jailer of wakeful night-ire - - - - - the knave
who keeps dozers awake - - - the jester
whose counted sheep drives people crazy,
repent I implore - withdraw your meanness,
end my hourly rousing - - employ the brakes,
cease your ghoulish games - - - leave me
to repose - - grant the somnolent state
so I can enjoy weaving sweet dreams.
Insomniac I shall refuse as a name
if Oh Sleep you come back to me.

To You

To You.

Peace,
hunter of dreams stalking love's castles,
catch me.

Faith,
fisher of minds pursuing love's ballads,
hook me.

Hope,
trapper of wishes tracking love's magic,
cage me.

For to you,
gunless dream hunters,
netless mind fishers and
hookless wish trappers
of love I belong - - so Muse will you
guide me ?

Today.

Today.

Today, dreams left behind I fall awake,
still dozed, oust myself
out of dark-doldrums, pummeling eyes
and promise the sun to
visit new heather just birthing its buds
on the heath's roof.

Today I will reach heights above windy
ridges of mist and fill
both my hands with pocketed crumbs
to feed ragged robins
who on colder days haunt the moorland
for warming food.

Today, courting sweet Cornish morning
I choose to go breakfastless
and match Tessa my dog in chasing her
make-believe meals
of tossed seaweed and bother beached
gulls with loud play.

Today I shall sand-hop cloud-shadows
of shifting light and
voiceless give praise for this boisterous
paradise where I
reside then carpe-ing diem I dress and
am quickly away.

Today.

Today.

Today, dreams left behind I fall awake,
still dozed, oust myself
out of dark-doldrums, pummeling eyes
and promise the sun to
visit new heather just birthing its buds
on the heath's roof.

Today I will reach heights above windy
ridges of mist and fill
both my hands with pocketed crumbs
to feed ragged robins
who on wintery days haunt the moors
to catch living food.

Today, courting sweet Cornish morning
I choose to go breakfastless
and match Tessa my dog in chasing her
make-believe snacks
of tossed seaweed while bothering gulls
in beach-washed play.

Today I shall sand-hop cloud-shadows
of shifting light and
voiceless give praise for this boisterous
paradise where I
reside so carping diem I now dress and
am quickly away.

Today's Poem.

Today's Poem.

As my pen hovers above clean paper I ask
what elegance will awe me as light rouses
dawn to nature's sessions of fresh happenings.

Yet nothing I scribe could be half as exciting
while in those first throws of morning's glory
gray turns to mauve when the sun begins rising.

Then autumn's remaining red rose
genuflects
in petally gratitude for daylight
as marigolds
flutter their yellow and nod to
one sparrow
who lands on top of dew-wet
geranium heads
and stops without any wobble
to slake a thirst.

Legs astride as he bends to sip my heart sighs
in marvel at bird-agility then as tiny wings flail
feathers reflect to perfection sky's pale pink lighting.

Oh yes, he is today's poem I will try to write.

Today's Poem.

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what elegance will awe me as light rouses
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Legs astride as he bends to sip my heart sighs
in marvel at bird-agility then as tiny wings flail
feathers reflect to perfection sky's pale pink lighting.

Oh yes, he is today's poem I will try to write.

Together

Together.

I am me,
.....the product of timeless eternity.
You are you
for whom wisdom created earth's beauty.
We are the
..... citizens of universality.
Let us make
..... together an earth where love rules.

There are those
who on whom would destroy a whole nation.
Bring to quick
end patient old methods to re-generate.
You friend are
one who could alter the course of dark evil.
I am me
who can support the means to its finish.

We as workers for planet-survival
must franchise
light's freedom to watch peace revive.

Together

Together.

I am me,
.....the product of timeless eternity.
You are you
for whom wisdom created earth's beauty.
We are the
..... citizens of universality.
Let us make
..... this planet a place where love rules.

There are those
who on whom would destroy a poor nation.
Bring to quick
end needed measures for re-generation.
You friend are
one who could alter courses of evil.
I am me
who would support means to its finish.

We, as hard workers for planet-survival
can revive
action by urging more care for Love-Light.

Together.

Together.

I am me,
the product of timeless eternity.
You are you
for whom wisdom created earth's beauty.
We are
citizens of great universality.
Let us
make it a place in which Love is the rule.
There are those
who would of a whim destroy nations
Bring to quick
end proven power of regeneration.
You friend
are he who can change course of history.
I am she who
though weak can add the weight needed.
We individually can make a difference
which is believable.
Together humanity will alter the past if
they choose lasting peace.

Together.

Together.

I am me,
.....the product of timeless eternity.
You are you
for whom wisdom created earth's beauty.
We are the
..... citizens of universality.
Let us make
..... this planet a place where love rules.

There are those
who on whom would destroy a whole nation.
Bring to quick
end those remedies known to re-generate.
You friend are
one who could alter the course of evil.
I am me
who can support the means to its finish.

We as workers for planet-survival
can franchise
true freedom and watch peace revive.

Togethering

Togethering.

I am me,
the product of timeless eternity.
You are you
for whom Divinity created beauty.
We are truly
 world citizens with vital intelligence.
Let us prove
planet earth is where Love never sets rules.

We by togethering can fore-stall history.

Letting peace talk is humanity's mission.

TOGETHERNESS.

TOGETHERNESS.

All night love's tender battle yields first to one
then to the other's needy palette.
Our bliss becomes married.

Endless the march between take and give
as desire roams flesh and twin-towered passion
jousts for success.
How sweet our togetherness.

Tonic.

Tonic.

No tonic compares to dawn's early rewarding blackbird-soprano
when spilling abroad.

Silence drips with explosion as trills bare feathered heart-shards
which pierce crystal air.

If only my pen could capture each rapturous
droplet of sound, alchemy bottled in clearest
melody that unstoppered pours liquid healing
on my festering senses, one dose of captured
spring-chorus should invoke poetic treatment.

Of all nature's symphonies this bird's throaty repertoire hastens
thrilled bards to rise early.

So with his tuneful soliloquies stirring my sleep I now gratefully rouse
and intend to drink deeply.

Tonight

Tonightl.

Shadowy movements of ethereal
music play nebulous games
with light's lacy fingers, weaving
watery lines on sleepy lake.

Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy
grey smoke whispers its
 liquid journey along growing dim
with laggard limpidity.

Time holds breath as dusk stacks
essence of tiffany dew
on blackening trout's shiny back
in twilight's translucence.

Mist covers sky but above hangs
the gauzy sickle-shaped
glow of shade-blinkered lantern
trying to flicker again.

Clouds part and hue entrances
while the beautiful ghost
of a fading rainbow dances its last
as night closes the show.

TONIGHT.

»

Tonight

Tonight the air feels painful with cold.
Famish bites badger and vole, land's
glassy claws attack foraging meadows
as savage wind gnaws with icy talons.

Tonight each root hugs hidden growth.
Freeze keeps mole and shrew fastened
in hole as shudder grips earth and foal
legs sway under mare's frozen hackles.

Tonight no stars glint from ebony sky.
Creatures cower in hunger's readiness
as chill clasps feather and fur with icy
fingers and empty mouths stay unfed.

Tonight the field has frost-bitten hands.
Fox-hunt fails in foodless stumble when
iced are burrows while rabbit shambles
in ravenous daze from nourishless den.

Tonight the ether glitters with danger.
Small beings who face trials of winter
will at least find, thru' autumn's grace
warmth in my heaps of dried leaf-litter.

Too Long

Too Long.

Too long hangs rain in our valley.

Sky's cloudy face cracks to cry patterns
over damp ground
and young plantings face hazard.
Small lakes pool in low cattle-holds
Tears of lime cascade from high meadows,
while rinsings raise whispers
of killing by drizzle's unwelcome cold.

Too long a shudder aids feather-droop.
Across horizons as fox runs food-less,
drenched cubs look for fill
while chicken prey hunch in wet coop.
Swathed in failure lies each garden.
Knee-deep in undone tasks the backyard
idles away as labour bides
time waiting for signs of drying to start.

Too long a chill makes farmers weep.
Thatched cottages drip in the village street,
trees bleed moss and weight
burdens thick-coated in-lamb sheep.
For weeks has water earth wronged.
Muddy dirt changes grass to sponge
that sucks out green to
leave brown where feeding belongs.

To long hangs rain in our valley.

Too Long.

Too Long.

Too long hangs rain in our valley.
Sky's cloudy face cracks to cry wet patterns
over sown ground
and growing seedlings face hazard.

Too long has water earth wronged.
Makes mud by changing each leaf to sponge
that sucks out green to
leave brown where verdance belongs.

Small lakes pool in hedgerow roses.
Tears of lime cascade from higher meadows,
sad rinsing brings whispers
of killing by drizzle's unwelcome cold.

Too long shudder of feathers droop.
While across far horizons a fox runs foodless,
drenched cubs look for sun
while flooded prey hunch in hen-coop.

Too long a chill makes harvest weep.
Thatched cottages drip in the village street,
trees bleed moss and weight
burdens dripping thick-coated sheep.

Swathed in unheeding lies each garden.
Knee-deep in undone tasks the farmyard,
idle days sprout as folk bide
time waiting for signs of drying to start.

To long hangs rain in our valley.

Too Long.

Too Long.

Too long hangs rain in our valley.

Sky's clouded face drizzles cracked patterns
over sown ground
while half-grown plants face wilt-hazard.
Too long has water earth-wronged.
Makes mud by changing each leaf to sponge
that sucks out green to
leave brown where verdant belongs.
Small lakes rise in the hedgerow-rose.
As tears of lime run down from hilly meadows
sad rinsing brings whispers
of wet killing by un-seasonal cold.
Too long wet feathers shudder and droop.
While across far horizons a fox runs foodless
as damp cubs look for sun
and prey broods in flooded hen-coop.
Too long a chill has made harvest weep.
Thatched cottages drip in the village street,
trees bleed moss and weight
burdens the thick-coated sheep.
Swathed in neglect flags every garden.
Knee-deep in unattained tasks the farmyard
sprouts idle days as folk bide
time waiting for signs of drying to start.

Too long hangs rain in our valley.

TOO SOON ?

Too Soon ?

Brave little unfurling faces.
Too early I fear their dancing will change
when coastal gales ravage new year.

Yellowing budburst anchors Spring.
Yet rooting shift to temperature's crazy
conditions may wring petal tears.

Daffodil courage ranks famous.
But as winds blast hills and make daily
havoc flower-heads pay dearly.

Sudden cold finds flora ashiver.
Open too soon blossom mocks danger
as nature's boon aids Spring cheer.

May poets praise plant defiance.
Heart-lifting the sight of hues waking
to colour drab winter's dying drear.

TORN.

TORN.

We, looking to Now
.....may see icy goodbyes.
Cold can scribe lonely,
.....but for only a while.

Though drifts of bleak past
..... still freeze hurts to pains.
Hope melts the quicker
..... on frost written names.

Regret will not add
..... healing potion to time.
Coping seems saddest
.....when tears make eyes blind.

Fresh dawns ahead may
..... December transform.
Love's call once begun
..... helps torn wings Spring-soar.

Tracks.

Tracks.

Today folk amble along old mining tracks
Where once tin was dug and truck-hauled.
Inclines were handled by boys, blackened
In pit dust, scar-scored the young mauled
Overfull trucks while bal-maidens worked
Sorting rocks before loading, lovely young
Aproned lasses, locks close-capped skirted
Strict rules with sly girl-taunts at lads long
years back as truck-crews when tired sang
back teasing whispers with minimal sound.
Jibing as shovel struck rubble boyish slang
Raised laughter if fun-starved work allowed
Shifts were long and croustrest stop-timed.
Lines early pock-marked faces down shafts
Yet tho' silence now haunts tracks to mines
Some nights singing of children comes back.

Transformation.

Transformation

Contoured, white-based, shyly secreted
colour glides imperceptibly
as light mutates.

It fluctuates sways and flickers, unseen
until viewed, ether-screened
or split by rays.

Dancing in filtered hues dye materializes,
clarifies shimmering change
to monotone sight.

Powered with red, curried in carmine rose
pink rides alongside
beautifully ripening aquamarine, streaks
of gold tinge yellow's eye.

Lavender superimposes itself on tangerine,
coppery ginger
sheens spicy glamour into blue-indigo and
becomes plum, meeting in azure
as amalgaming spectrum.

Translucent stain cuts thru' pastel's pale
edge to vibrate
in dawn's prism of resplendent mystery
as movement tints auras
in psychic invasion and sunrise trembles
with chromatic resonance.
to those who by perception see change.

Releasing time to observe alchemy's live
wave-transformation

unfurling in sky-scape or bubbles
of rain creates surprises of shade-shape
to humanity's black-and-white life,
so should we stand and stare more, up
grade wonder, be awed at
coloured horizons and un-glue our eyes ?

TRANSFORMATION.

Transformation

Contoured, contained and secreted in white,
colour glides imperceptively,
and mutates.

It fluctuates sways and flickers, unseen
until viewed as shades.

Dancing with filtered dyes hue materializes,
clarifies shimmering change,
spices with glamour our monotone sight.

Powered with red, curried in carmine rose
blue rides alongside

beautifully ripening aquamarine, streaks
of gold set yellow's eye

shining with stages of verdigris gleam,
lavender superimposes itself on tangerine,
coppery ginger tinges

indigo blue to plum when azure meets
spectrum of resplendent rainbow.

Translucent stain cuts through pastel's pale
edge to vibrate

light's hidden mystery as shade tints auras
with psychic invasion.

Each lustrous sunset trembles with crystal's
chromatic resonance.

to those who can by perception see change.

Releasing vision to observe alchemy's prime
lightning transformation

dancing in sunrise or changing with bubble's
surprising spectroscope

brings variation to a black-and-white life.

TRANSFORMATION.

Transformation

Contoured, white-based, shyly secreted
colour glides imperceptibly
as light mutates.

It fluctuates sways and flickers, unseen
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to humanity's black-and-white life,
so should we stand and stare more, up
grade wonder, be awed at
coloured horizons and un-glue our eyes ?

Treasure.

Treasure.

Let me indulge in deep thirst for hunger.
With nature's sweet song may I get drunk.

Let me quench fervour at wonder's fountain
Where search is found allow me its bounty.

Guide me to moments of sated rapture.
When weighty with wealth joy let me catch.

Fill me with beauty of Love's expression.
Feed me this treasure made to digest.

Treasured

Treasured.

I remember that day,
a grainy twilight draining sky's colour,
strange iridescent gleam
on the water and wind lifting my hair.
I remember the burst
of birds from September trees, lustred
limestone luminescence
and the damp of rocks cooling my feet.
I remember the peace
as I waited for you and our rendezvous,
nervous, yet knowing bliss
preserves lovers in delectable memory
never so treasured as then.

Treasured

Treasured.

I remember that night,
a grainy twilight draining sky's colour,
strange iridescent skin
on the water and wind lifting my hair.

I remember the burst
of birds into flight from silhouette trees,
limestone luminescence
and the damp of rocks cooling my feet.

I remember the thrill
as I waited for you and bliss beckoned
for love's rendezvous made
mem'ries never so treasured as then.

Treasured.

Treasured.

I remember that day,
a grainy twilight draining sky's colour,
strange iridescent skin
on the water and wind lifting my hair.
I remember the burst
of birds into flight from silhouette trees,
limestone luminescence
and the damp of rocks cooling my feet.
I remember the peace
as I waited for you and our rendezvous,
nervous, yet love grew
memories never so treasured as then.

Treasured.

Treasured.

I remember that day,
a grainy twilight draining sky's colour,
strange iridescent skin
on the water and wind lifting my hair.
I remember the burst
of birds into flight from silhouette trees,
limestone luminescence
and the damp of rocks cooling my feet.
Such peace I remember
as I waited for you and our rendezvous,
nervous, yet love grew
memories never so treasured as then.

Treasured.

Treasured.

I remember that day,
a grainy twilight draining sky's colour,
strange iridescent skin
on the water and wind lifting my hair.

I remember the birds
bursting to flight from silhouette trees,
granite luminescence
on rocks and damp cooling my tension.

I remember the peace
as I waited for you at our rendezvous,
determined that love leave
memories never so treasured as then.

Tree-Towns.

Tree Towns.

No powerful ruler resides in their midst.
No outlaw corrupts their peaceful aura.

Though surrounded by noise of submission
to chaos and police control no wars
exist in settled tree-tethered kingdoms.
Voices of ownership will flaunt no issue in
tree towns where weather owns
the only important and permanent role.

Weakly offspring find special care among
tree-population, they get cool places of shade
in summer and in winter's raw cold
shawls of dry warming leaves.
Though some saplings wither despite more
gifts of root-feed others will heal
by constant awareness and therefore thrive.
Some of their number fall to be shaped
into fences or chalets, chairs or dining tables,
and some become tiny matches for strikes
yet none will complain.

Others remain to grow mighty in years,
sheltering life and spreading root nutrition to all
they silently phrase secrets of life.
Words such as hate are not needed by trees
in their country of freedom to be assistants
yet towers of special self-presence.

Respecters of other yet mansions of service
tree-towns, unlike ours, believe in kind handling
and trust in contentment's valued results.

Long live the access to non-speak
wisdom found in all towns of trees.

Trees and Me

Trees and Me.

If a tree could be me and I the tree,
it would be fun to feel
wet droplets race
during rain down my whole body,
trickle themselves freely
through my veined waiting limbs,
and between hairy toes
lace my roots with ionised water
which greedily cell-sucked
turns to breath-fluid
for food distribution everywhere.
Distilled by digestive insideness,
ambrosial nectared,
and filtered with sun-power it would
feel good were I a tree
to ooze life-juice refined by osmosis
that climb-assisted finds
each branching off-shoot to ply
with green energy a myriad leaves
which oxygen-filled
can then waft life-food to humans.

If a tree could be me it would
see the travesty of culling its value.
by axe and pollution.
When trees disappear through greed
their loss spares no dearth
which trees and me agree will leave
airless our vibrant earth.

Trenched.

Trenched.

The sear of midday's acid heat
paled black mud as guns' battle fervour
cracked ruts in trenched earth.

Nothing stirred but eddies of smoke
that smote burnt lips while choking breath
shuddered as life ebbed.

The unnumbered lists of lined names
depict how massive was sacrifice
when sanity died.

War pins no elation on those
who would have won global peace had
not greed beat compassion.

Tribal Organisation.

"A wolf pack on the move :

The first 3 are the old or sick, they give the direction and pace to the entire pack.

If it was the other way round, they would be left behind, losing contact with the pack.

In case of an ambush they would be sacrificed;

Then come 5 strong ones, the front line;

In the center are the rest of the pack members;

then the 5 strongest following.

Last is alone, the Alpha.

He controls everything from the rear.

In that position he can see everything, decide the direction.

He sees all of the pack.

The pack moves according to the elders' pace and help each other, watch each other.

Again I am left speechless by nature ... I knew that wolves are different, but didn't realize how much we could learn from them...

I didn't know wolves put the elders of the pack FIRST

a lot of people on this planet should take note...

they are to be seen up front, setting the pace and direction while enjoying the protection of the rest...

and not invisible at the back of the line.

Now you know where the elderly belong: at the front!

Tribute To Vincent.

Tribute to Vincent.

Brushes which fuse earth and sun
in bold oily strokes.

Lines that move across landscape
like flames of smoke.

Palette fervent with passion colours
light's very moment.

Framed an artistic heart's anguish
stays ever molten.

Signed by Van Gogh fire-gilt paint
never goes cold.

TROD TRACKS.

Trod Tracks.

Today folk amble along old mining tracks
Where once tin was dug and truck-hauled.
Inclines were handled by boys, blackened
In pit dust, scar-scored the young mauled
Overfull trucks while bal-maidens worked
Sorting rocks before loading, lovely young
Aproned girls, locks close-capped, skirted
Strict rules to taunt lads by lass-calls long
Ages back for cart- crews when tired sang
In required quiet chorus for minimal sound.
Jibing as shovel struck ore stone loud rang
With stifled giggles and no fun then allowed
 Lengthy shifts meant larking at home-time.
Age early pock-marked all facing pit-shafts
Yet memory still haunts trod tracks to mines
On which children's past singing comes back

TROUBLE.

Trouble.

Macaroon sky,
white-ruffled and fluffed
like meringue pie
trapped in closing oven.
Piebald twilight
mauve-caught and greying
like grains of rye
simmered in storm-stains.
Dun-dark bleak shore
sleet-slaked and coloured
like stew long-stored
brews gale-laden trouble.

TROUBLE.

Trouble.

Dearest My Lord.

please to read this missive not with haste
but in serious thought.

Come Sire, and view such unholy state
to which thou hast brought me
at being with child and of hearing lately
of thy touring intent mine heart
starteth in great alarm, as I indisposed
must know for sure that thou be
not going away.

Fie upon that scheme mine Liege for
thou hast in me fathered a babe.

Thou shouldest stay and embrace mine
own confinement to disgrace,
whereby the infant will bear no name
and wouldst thou abandon me to this fate
prithee have pity on offspring shame.

Pray marry me do, thou canst not afford
to blacken my future by
seeing the truth and fleeing abroad
and thus relinquish parenthood destiny.
I belong only to thee so do not ill-use me.
Thou sought thy way now takest thou mine
for without thy support I must surely decline.

Thus ought thou to realize I live in fright
and dread unless on thee I rely.
This heart beateth only for thine say I.

Thou hast undone me so prithee consider
the direst results, face thy conscience
and beside me do stay.

I remain heavy with agitation lest thy reply
dashes trust so quill thee therefore
to think my Lord on resolving such trouble
as of utmost importance.

Sent in the month of September 1709.
From Mary Elizabeth, distraughtedly thine.

TROUBLE.

Trouble.

Macaroon sky,
white-ruffled and fluffed
like meringue pie
stirred to spoilt crumble.

Piebald twilight
mauve-caught and greying
like grains of rye
simmered in storm paint.

Mottled bleak shore
dun-dry and sleet-slaked
like stew over-stored
gale brews, trouble-laden

Trouble.

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Trust.

Trust.

The suchness of love's fragrant devotion
lies in ways
its needed sweet potion is made.
Being tenderly constant wears well with
most couples
without which contentment can fade.

Distrust often sucks strength from good
intentions
for doubt renders efforts inactive.
Thru' constant negligence love will stale
if it counts
much cost in the tolerance factor.

Yes love's future success lies in the way
truth brews trust,
then enduring solutions are made.

Truth's Trust.....

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of truth's trust,
then enduring solutions are made.

Tudor Love Note.

Tudor Love Note.

Dearest
absented Knight,
lovelorn and ageing thy Lady's heart
in dire isolation awaits the one
who holds it in thrall.
Undeclared,
pledge of thy
care remains stonily silent in coldness
of granite which surrounds me
each tiresome day.
Write thee thy thoughts kind Sire.
Sendest
a message post haste
stating the day for expecting affection,
or swooning I mayest regret
thy part in delay.
Keep not
I pray thee more heartbreak at bay
else all my favours wilt wither
and die so do thou make
a ready reply.
Signed with
mine own discreet heart and boldly
writ for thine eyes only.

Tudor Love-Note.

Tudor Love-Note

Dearest,
my gallant Knight,
lovelorn and paining this Lady's heart
in strained isolation that awaiteth
scroll of plight from thee.
Undeclared,
thine suitor-pledge
remains hid in silent languor of wait
which surrounds me in anguish
each tiresome day.
Write thee forthwith Sire of thine intent.
Sendest
a signal post haste
stating the case for furthering affection
or I mayest sincerely question
thy wish for delay.
Keep sustained
I now pray hope's hold and pretension
at bay else past favours wilt fester
and hand withheld hence do I
ask a ready reply.
Writ with sole intent for thine eyes only.

Turbulence

Turbulence.

Shallow drapes of soft-lit cirrus
billowed and barred like wind in silk hems
vertically swaying.

Glimpses of cracks in blackness
grew into Gods dancing at whim with satin
streamers waving.

The greenish-white curves
in pre-dawn sky were at once unnerving
and yet exciting.
Northern Lights in a modest
display made the heart leap when lit darts
cue to start colliding.

Firmament turbulence produces
fluorescence which leaves viewers gasping
with plans to come back
again and again
and
again.

Turbulence.

Turbulence.

The great breast of sea swells tonight
and her efforts to rise are heightened
when heaving breaths inflate her skin
to swollen balloons that topped thinly
in spume burst for the sea is in labour
intent on birthing convulsive breakers.

Wild she roars with timely pitch to get
to shore, finds her efforts are checked
then sweeps out once more to tumble
somersaults over spilt foam grumbling
in turbulence and submarine pounding
as waves explode with ferocious sound.

Face bloated yet movement no slower
her bellows ignored white saline flows
down liquid cheeks as rollers navigate
beach for this sea must deliver hastily,
she needs to abort and bare all tonight
in tortuous embrace with a Neap~Tide.

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display made the heart leap when lit darts
queue to start colliding.

Firmament turbulence produces
flourescence which leaves viewers gasping
with plans to come back
again and again
and
again.

Twice Stirred.

Twice Stirred.

Suspended at doors of rigid, well-defined
thought ineptly hangs Whimsey,
which poets unlatch to employ Muse-flight
in releasing imprisoned minds.

Scribes like to delight in beguiling imagery
not caring where reality ends
and fancy begins as wonder sews gossamer
alongside truth, awe takes music
as canvas and paints make-believe dreams
from its surges of beauty,
pen catches sunset in assonance and invests
raindrops with sparkling gems.

Writers see colour in extra dimensions that
sings of excitement for romantics
who cling to the ethereal give idealized zeal
from their lateral view with
passion's inventions which win reader-fame
so Utopia being twice stirred
seems authentic and Eden itself no illusion.

Twice Stirred.

Twice Stirred.

Suspended at doors of rigid, well-defined
thought ineptly hangs whimsy,
which poets unlatch and employ to instil
flight from imprisoned minds.

Scribes delight in beguile with the imagined
indifference to where reality ends
for fancy begins as wonder sews metaphor
alongside truth while awed muse
captures and paints make-believe dreams
from perceived evidence for pen
can catch assonance in sunsets and invest
every dawn with imagery-gems.

Writers see notions in extra dimensions that
bolster excitement for romantics
who cling to ethereal and give idealized zeal
to lateral views with beauty
suffusing surreal through word-spontaneity
so Utopia, being twice stirred
appears authentic and Eden itself no illusion.

Praise for all scribes who invest much time
by painstakingly guiding those poetic minds
who will delight in transcending normal life.

Twin-Flamed

Twin-Flamed

There exists silence not needing sound.

.....

In the heart of a desert or deep
under ground
stillness itself holds live awareness
where, mutely profound,
voiceless vibrations spread news full
of knowing for
destined truth with power abounds.

.....

The same when two human souls
meet fate and
exchange first rapt greetings where
hearts unite not aloud
but commit to kismet revealing
twin-flamed feelings
as unwhispered closeness is found.

.....

Love's secret silence needs no sound.

Two-Faced.

Two-Faced.

Festooned round
 skilfully sentenced evasion
never deeper
than experienced phrasing,
lies counterfeit.
Cunning the methods used for
unmeant affection.
Playing at love
is a divisive two-faced game
based on
using arrant deception.
Fake vows never stand time's
scrutiny, real
care knows trust can break
when misled.
Better to give thought first
before begins stress
of naught but false words.

Un-Vocal

Un-Vocal.

A little silence mothers the truth for folk
who dare seek and embrace
the almost heard,
for if not smothered stillness comes close
to beauty of wisdom waiting
underneath sound
to beget more learning than before known.

Only to those who seek calm in un-vocal
can notes of non-sonance
compose relief
and produce mind's needful inner coping
as quietness births alchemy's
halcyon-balm
for healing the core of both heart and soul.

UNANSWERABLE.

Unanswerable.

Is it love or obsession
which takes an affair into the realms
of unconventional ?
Steamy with untellable
dreams sensual secrets may achieve
extra dimensions.

By tossing objections
into ether's vast furnace as it heats
to melting
and destroys any sense may we then
name it obsession ?

Or would real love
yield to the inaudible call of sexually
high-charged atmospheres ?

Could it stay sane
yet intoxicated if sipping allure from
the veins of surreal ?

When a sensation
races to sample stimulation again and
is hypnotically drawn
to lust's famous narcotic is that which
remains just frustration ?
Is it merely obsession
or could love be labelled unanswerable
and bliss masquerading ?

Is this I have phrased

quite understandable, or shall I write
it a clearer way ?

UNANSWERED.

UNANSWERED.

Walking the dunes where dry loose sand riddles my shoes
with sharp motes and abandoned shells
I skirt the same soft beach that imprisoned the dolphins.

Collapsed and gasping , carcasses flapping and flipping
into pale suds of an incoming tide
they fought martyrdom's destiny yet slipped into death.

Tragedy hoarded our midsummer shoreline
and no one knew why sand's high shelves drew thickly
oiled bodies to join shell-fish in dehydration
and where beached whale and turtle take the same risk.
Tonight shadowy sinews of leviathan life
stir deep fathoms safely and I celebrate remaining giants
who parade no parched arenas
between liquid freedom and danger's ethered temptation.

As memory's vision invades my wading
I cry for those intelligent skull-shapes now sunk in debris
and feel flailing pall of frantic stress
when waterless sea-life gets helplessly stranded and me
left to puzzle on unanswered questions.

UNANSWERED.

UNANSWERED.

Walking where dry loose sand riddled my footwear
with glassy fragments and abandoned shells
I remember the dolphins.
Collapsed and gasping, fins flapping in destiny
of pale suds' incoming froth they fought
yet slipped into puzzling death

Tragedy lay hoarded on this mid-August shoreline
of gentler water and no one knew why,
tide drew living bodies to join
blanched jackets of cockle and crab as unbaited
they to strange air gave way, quietly.

Tonight finned sinews move leviathan-sized life
to deeper survival while I celebrate
they parade not dangerous arenas between sea
and land's fateful temptation.

Yet as memory invades I still shed a sad tear
over intelligent creatures now debris,
foundering helpless sea-life's beached distress
when stranded leaves
me with unanswered questions.

Unbeatable

Unbeatable.

The breath of morning glistened
as blue ice wept wet over sunrise.
Cold fought movement and froze
fingers to rigid equipment.

Bivouac packed they began climb
keeping eyes on the summit.
But mountain thought otherwise
by its clawing crevasses.

They tackled first heights with
wary experience and reaching
a ledge saw the ice-cap ahead.
Granite-blockade bared teeth
of frozen resistance with black
scree wrapping sheeted maws
round frozen lines of defense
Avid hill climbers though awed
with vast views know overhang
of icicle cliffs laughs at pickaxes
and they back-track before real
danger of darkness descends

Majestic force of unbeatable peaks
means mountains breed auras that
warn they are invincible.

Unbeaten.

Unbeaten.

I watched dawn erase ink-black as today appeared
trailing a blaze of brave spirit over waking Fowey.
From my window in Old Ferry Inn I saw light break
cover and flood all inlets in morning's liquid glow.
Awash under sun-rise the estuary fisher-folk button
up jackets and gulping breakfast unshackle boats.
Sewn nets at the ready, fresh catch takes effort for
this menu-proud village showing seafood devotion.
Granite-thick cottage walls give unbeaten defiance
at nearness to thrash from wild waves of ocean.
River's flat ripple belies next tidal change for rage
of invasion can hole slate as gale rips out stone.
Tenacious the hold by a seafaring people to cope
with an ocean's precociously moody explosions.
Earned is my meant admiration that urges return
to this place of bravery intent on saving homes.

Unbroken

Unbroken.

*During the quiet at douse of day
where solitude lies in sandy lines
gone summer footprints of yours and my
making regain poignant meaning
in dusk-covered evening.*

*The beautiful secret of us still unbroken
can never be washed away
or be sunk into non-existence again
by tide or time nor can need once roused
belong to other than ours.*

Uncivilized.

Uncivilized.

Night has arrived now from other places
with uncivilized black crouched in silence.
Fox interrupts with shrieks of impatience
as some crafty victim out-paces his guile.
Hungry owl sits on window ledge, staring
and screams at phantoms as his prey drops.
An un-dead sprite whines, as if preparing
to raise dread before my heartbeat stops.
Fearful this feeling without much of candle
near lightless I pan to catch rustling shapes.
As day succumbs and chamber left lampless
From dreaming I rouse and make my escape.

Unconfined

Unconfined.

Unleashed from restraint the falcon lances
through cloud to clear sky.

Hood-free and tetherless wide wings tackle
ground-to-air steady rise.

Pinned to blind state bejeweled eyes strain
to reconstruct sight.

Leathered in predator fashion claws disdain
gloved hold on natural flight.

Thrown into freedom's space massive eagle
dignifies ascent with style.

Casting off shackles mean pinions can wheel
toward liberty's height.

Unconfined feathers enter each sky-stream
with pure working delight.

Oh to release every caged captive, then see
birds enjoy true birthright.

UNCOVERED.

UNCOVERED.

Iron-cold stones
stride atop a sparkling sea across
from a wild-wood
and come to a stop where the tree
outcrop ceases
and naught but the wind resides.

Quieter than things
alive is granite in half-walled ruins
that demonstrates
age-old silence on plight of keepers'
trying to shepherd
with rockhard tough will to survive.

Olden-day workers
built around cliff-top homesteads
of rock-cottage strength
meant to hedge sheep but fallen
now to ferny sheets
beweeded by mossy eons of years

Insides akimbo
meant stones had rolled into fields
where streams now hide
one-time house boulders as proof
of failed labour bent
on success, still dressed as in life.

Small every holding
rotted in weathered mould leaves
searchers like me
yearning to find out more about all
those given to hope
of a cliff-top shepherding industry.

Slipped away to death's
soul-flight their schemes still rise
from moorland mound's
uncovered token-find surprises
as fight's remains turn
slowly into finality's stony debris

Underprized.

Underprized.

Love, the underprized eternal God-word
has become today
mostly outmoded.

Alteration stains its disguised state, for
love, absurdly changed to shadows
has become pretence
and been corroded.

Masquerading as some trait of worth,
love lies weakened and is nowhere
special, seen by some
as almost inept.

Left unnurtured, this thing called love
just withers further, doubt invades,
and its power fades
to mere senselessness.

Desecration of a word turned usurper,
love so deteriorates that users
agree this love is of
no consequence,
just an emotion,
unfelt thus demeaned.

Once confessed love needs constancy,
otherwise as with any mistook
God-word, compromised
love may become
seen as surreal.

Yet who believes needs to look closer
to view its deep meaning.

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Masquerading as depth with no worth
love lies weakened and is nothing
special, seen by some
as almost inept.

Left un-nurtured, this gift called love
withers when carnal lust invades
and fades its force to
rating mere second.

Desecration of words begets usurpers,
and non-use deteriorates power
love is viewed as
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UNDERSTANDING.

UNDERSTANDING.

Being a positive force in the lives of others
Takes understanding of who we ourselves
Really are.
As an experiment
Say this out loud.
I am a star,
- - - important,
- - - - - and special,
- - - - - worth much more
- - - - - than I ever thought.
I came here from afar to help heal emotional scars
- - - - - with naught but love.
Now that is confessed
We will become ready.
There are vital roles for each and all in this drama
Of life and the Cosmos pledges great support once
We can start.

Understanding.

UNDERSTANDING.

Being a positive force in the lives of every
worldling takes understanding of our self.

As an experiment to find out
who we really are say aloud.

I am a star,

- - - important,

- - - - - and special,

- - - - - worth much more

- - - - - than I ever thought.

I came here from afar to help heal scars
of other earthlings with naught but love.

With this confessed

Minds will be ready.

There are vital roles for all in life's great drama
and the Cosmos pledges support, once we start.

Undertow

Undertow.

Whispers from wine-coloured moonlight have now
blighted old river grass.

No-one will pass by this flood's blistering chorus of
frustrated past outcry.

The waters stay silted with years-long, war seared
bitterness as each ill-timed

Peace-talk crumbled to finish killed by conclusions
of coated top-brass.

Dreams of those tortoise-shell butterfly days faded
long before turbulent rapids

Drew young men and women toward battles over
naught but misapplied fears.

Lifetimes float hormonally by in riverside history of
pride's facade of need for action

Forces, press-mustered are taught blind allegiance
to naught but mindless leads.

Listening I hear victims' bubbling exits still weeping
regrets for conceding to hate.

Wisps of blood-to-come days surface from tainted
mud as no war moulders easily.

What happens when, hit by flows of violence peace
can no longer struggle for gain ?

In reddened undertow of river-mud foes arise from
those caught up in sightless obedience.

Undertow.

Undertow.

Whispers from wine-coloured moonlight have now
blighted old river grass.

No-one will pass by this flood's blistering chorus of
frustrated past outcry.

The waters stay silted with years-long, war seared
bitterness as each ill-timed

Peace-talk crumbled to finish killed by conclusions
of coated top-brass.

Dreams of those tortoise-shell butterfly days faded
long before turbulent rapids

Drew young men and women toward battles over
naught but misapplied fears.

Lifetimes float hormonally by in riverside history of
pride's facade of need for action

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What happens when, hit by flows of violence peace
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In reddened undertow of river-mud foes arise from
those caught up in sightless obedience.

UNDETERRED.

UNDETERRED.

Let's overturn hurts by feeding them mirth.
Reverse tearful outbursts by reaching for tools
of lost humour.
Let's accost black moods by adopting grins.
Staple thick skin to thinning endurance by use
of de-fusing.
Let's make naught of wise-cracks by laughing
away sinking self-worth.
The curse of depression melts when giggles
set fire to reactive rafts.
Let's cock a snoop at brooding revenge
and brew no concoctions to aid offence.
Life's knocks need smiles of dispersion
not stirrings of locked up non-coercion.
Fashion no birth of lasting depression
over hard words nor concede to pay back
with any worse ferment.
Me-First conclusions mis-use understanding
and to wrestle with mercy brings confusion.
Handling bouts of offence meant to unhinge
friendship's resillience roust disaster.
Fate can be changed with the habit of shunning
resentment to hurtful affronts.
Let's be undetered in working love's essence
of peace into means of survival.
Relationships thrive when leaving momentary
need for contest behind.

UNDETERRED.

Undeterred.

Let's overturn hurts by feeding them mirth.
Reverse tearful outbursts by reaching for
tools of discarded humour.
Let's accost black moods by adopting grins.
Then staple thick skin to thinning endurance
by use of de-fusion.
Let's make naught of insults by unearthing
laughter that whips away sinking self-worth.
The curse of depression melts when giggles
set fire to reactive rafts of past indifference.

Let's cock a snoop at brooding revenge
and brew no concoctions to aid offence.
Life's knocks require acts of dispersion
not stirrings of rancorous non-coercion.

Fashion no birth of lasting depression
over harsh words nor concede to pay
back with worsened ferment.
Me-First conclusions atonements mis-use
for wrestling with mercy births confusion.

Bouts of healing offence meant to unhinge
routs out disaster to friendship's resilience.
Much gets changed by decisions to shun
resentment of carelessly uttered affronts.

Let's be undeterred in re-gaining revival
of amable ways that deserves to survive.

Partnership love shall much better thrive
when leaving the need for contest behind.

Undiluted

Undiluted.

Midnight, sipping on anger uncorks feelings.
Hours of relentless quiet allows unwatered truth
of rancour revealed.
Alone, daunting solitude enlivens nostalgia.
Caught in mind-clasp of blighted self pity I writhe
in abject unbalance.
Choked, distressing fear of failure threatens.
Ready for progress and apathy ousted my memory
owns to housing regrets.
Blinded, growing perception of life berates.
Choices however gear ways to better dimensions
when sense reawakens.
Fruited, maturing outlook reaps candour.
Seeds that tear-sieved show nurtured acceptance
as belief over-plants.
Powered, hoarding mistrust will recede.
With ego's demise warmth felt for others defines
what is to be.
Midnight, sipping on Now uncorks links.
Hours of relentless quiet let light seep undiluted
into my thinking.

Undiluted.

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of rancour revealed.
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what is to be.
Midnight, sipping on Now uncorks links.
Hours of relentless quiet let light seep undiluted
into my thinking.

Undisturbed.

Undisturbed.

Diamonds of pure clear..... dew-misted pearls
hang in the dank air.
Thick soundless magic..... becalms and unfurls
such hidden peace there.

Woodland's balm bathes.....with quieting hush
my anxious mood clean
Fanciful shadows inspire thought enough
for poets like me.

A child perceives awe..... in growth undisturbed
and so does the scribe
Soothing seeps inward..... from each leaf and bird
to teach and re-wire.

Green dapple-light haunts..... transform and renew
dark minds with healing.
Amid placid places..... busyness loses
to tree-given peace.

It has been good.....for me to de-stress
in this ancient wood.

Undressed.

Undressed.

Such a beautiful thing is a shell,
floating it sings, 'tho half-empty
salt-ocean's music expressively,
a sculptured strength rendered
for sea-survival, now undressed
ends close-tuned togetherness.

** **

Oh shell of beauty, gone forever
such wholeness but in liquid bed
your glistening retains measured
pace with the breakers in restless
dance of sheer abandon even yet.

Undressed.

Undressed.

A mysterious thing is a shell,
singing it floats core half-emptied
to ocean's music with simple zest
yet this sculptured gem rendered
tough for storm survival will end
its tumbled life roughly undressed.

Armour-coated and hardened vest
broken the shell must follow bent
of the current's forceful intention
by racing high breakers in restless
dance of abandon at water's behest.
An extraordinary thing is a shell.

Unexplained.

Unexplained.

I looked for the good life but see
in late summer
a yearning for time to spin back
to the spring
where plans stood pine-tall and
future cajoled us
to exercise patience with hope's
grip held closer.

We laughed at inordinate hurry
of moments and
made fun of those cross-roads
looming ahead,
now tho' with loneliness pared
down to the bone
I know that time's shadow was
destined to flow.

Days weep for the nights when
moonglow lit hearts
yearning for paradise but 'tho
winter approached we
wisely coped, so why was one
star made to fly in
unexplained orbit yet its mate
may not follow ?

Unfathomed

Unfathomed.

*Undousable light starts with chorused
outburst announcing through water
dark's first penetration.*

*Searching for force morning's order
means night-time's withdrawal
from dawn orchestration.*

*Arises now wonder when warmth
striates colour over horizon for
sun infiltration.*

*Awed by nature's unfathomed control
earthlings think laws, tho' unknown,
deserve admiration.*

Unfettered.

Unfettered.

Near as we vote it, yesterday is, in reality remote
for that time is over.

Those bent on resurrecting painful events evoke
only heartache's shadow.

Fantasy drawn in wet sand is, by tide's turning,
washed clean and swept away.

Yesteryear dreamers who weave only for ghosts
will bury the best of today.

If instead of time-veiling we allow memory into
senses of Now it freshens.

Facing tomorrows without need of phantoms we
free Self for unfettered success.

UNFETTERED.

Unfettered.

Walking the cliff-path toward unfettered love-grounds
and dreaming of rights
I saunter alongside the edge for a look down.
After too long on the level the height makes me heady.
and now I wonder if I go ahead will I regret ?

Hearing the sound of excitement approaching I duck
under worn threads of my
cell-quiet past, yet find I welcome the thunder.
As late-love's storm approaches I look round to catch
my long-ago shadow with
romantic pigtailed and laugh but with me, not at.

"Go for it lady" my former girl says "You have been
too long under cover" we
agreed then to act, my alter-ego-other and me .
A curtain was lifted on things that I need to digest
about life and opinions but
of one thing I'm certain, from now I say "Yes."

Unflowered

Unflowered.

*Sunk in the drifts of gross need
she sits clothed
with mud in a winter-raw bed.*

*Cradled in wait her thin coat
drenched with rain
shrinks in the cell of neglect.*

*Poor little un-flowered seed
needs to feel
the lift of warm attention.*

*One lost sweet-pea pod knows
life can grow
if from frost she is rescued.*

*I finger her miniature frame
then shelve her
until Spring says she is ready.*

Unfolding

Unfolding.

*Spring speaks to granite chill
as rocks warm to changing sunrise
above glistening curls of unfolding life.*

*Spring's tongue savours the heaps
of frosty-haired weed left by high tide
and licks new buds adorning the roadside.*

*Spring's time being short seeks out
empty hedgerows and nudges white
roots to crawl towards lengthening light.*

*Spring creeps in after winter leaves
to kiss growth awake with eager desire
for bountiful blossoms to please our eyes.*

*Praise for the yearly welcome gifts
in the burgeoning season of Springtime.*

Unforgettable.

Unforgettable.

We pair of home-comers
built from painful baggage a water-tight dream,
we painted an idyll of walled delight.
A bright corner where care could cover old scars.

Oh that happy hand-in-glove fit
of regenerative pleasure which we dared admit
into the picture of autumnal love.

Such easy laughter sparked need
to spend more new-found treasure in bounteous
tending our moments of bloom.
Fresh as youth the dreams we wove from aridity.

Your tenderness stoked heat
in forgotten feelings, blazed pathways to places
I had never been and seared
heaven into my wasteland of solo existence.

So gentle our mounting to like
desire for unleashing freedom, exciting steps
waited with chance to climb untasted sheer heights
where I thrived in sweet air of acceptability.

You re-sculpted sallow composure,
restructured palid future, accessed the girl inside
and unfastened this latched-up former
dry conformist, your tactile spirit let loose
love's abandon and I did not refuse.

Beautiful man your love smeared
warmth on every cold fold of denial's insistence,
toned any slack in compatible essence
and de-misted my short-sighted myopic signals.

Oil of duo-romance honed compatibility,
our joinings were something greater than flesh,
yield reached unbelievable bliss.
and that better otherness I shall ever remember.

No ocean of parting can break deep devotion's
integrity and I know for certain
our souls remain tied and we shall meet again.

Oh unforgettable man you stole
into destiny, led me to love, captured my soul,
and now you hold it forever.

Unforgettable.

Unforgettable.

We pair of home-comers
built water-tight daring from lonely tears,
we painted an idyll of caught bubbles
in leaky trust where care would cover old fears.

Oh that happy hand-in-glove fit
that we dared admit as regenerative pleasure
when autumn relaxed to abnormal finish
while I untangled lost years of regret.

Such easy laughter sparked need
to spend newly-found treasure on richer
moments of tending completeness
as youth-fresh growth we wove from aridity.

Your tenderness stoked heat
of forgotten furnace, blazed pathways to places
I never had been, lit fires that seared
heaven into dreary existence without dire haste.

Such welcome release to taste desire,
freedom unleashed exciting steps
as waiting the chance to climb ardour's height
I thrived in sweet air of acceptability.

You sculpted my pallid composure,
restructured a future, accessed the girl inside
and unfastened this latched-up conformer
to match your own extra tactile

spirit which let loose abandon I did not refuse.

Beautiful man your love smeared
warmth on every cold fold of denial's insistence,
toned any slack in compatible essence
and de-misted my near-sighted myopic signals.

Oiled romance honed compatibility,
our duo-joining owned bonds more than flesh,
feelings reached otherness bliss
and coupled yield I shall ever remember.

No ocean of parting can break
hearts' devotion and I know for a certainty
our souls remain tied and we shall meet again.

Oh unforgettable man you stole
into destiny, led me to love, captured my soul,
and now you hold it forever.

UNLATCHED.

Unlatched.

The thin blue flame of my night-burnt fire
grows dim as dawn un-quiets
another day's numberless happenings,
culls light from dark and carries
life forward while I in excited mood watch
first flaps of sparrowed pools lost
on those still bedded and fastened to sleep.

The voice of late-born lambs' fully-grown
bleats thru' cooling moorland
dewed by keen morning and as I catch first
breeze stirring shored boats
as clifftop world yawns above pebbly coves.

My window unlatched wafts woken snatches
of sonance to day's approach
as closeted light opens blue dome
for me to see rising old
Sol's winking invite to seize early moments
and take an inspiring
look at nature's "Carp Diem" all on my own.

Unlock

Unlock.

Key-stone of much conformity
hides in banality while
trite persuasion phrases straight
formalized lines.

Break with staid and let oddity
strip tightly laced
then unrestraint is able to better
stretch credulity.

Twist to catch lateral sidedness
fly into new ground
think more about quirky and less
on the accepted.
Keeping an ear close to authentic
will norm. respect
yet the less trodden adds flavour
to what is poetic.

Sail out of usual, bathe in oddity
find rarer anomaly,
peruse free-style then decide on
being less ordinary.
Leave safe-shore solidity, sound
down the lateral,
adopt mind-set of dissimilarity,
and try fresh ground.

Breach convention, invite insight,
turn mental somersaults,
violate customary,

peer squint-eyed, allow curiosity
when Muse takes over,
original will then seek to unlock
lines for aspiring poets.

Unmatched.

Unmatched.

Shallower sages would never permit streams of
night's glittering stardust to detract them from
edging their message with ego's silk sound.

Meanwhile a poetic dreamer reveals
his penchant for embroidering
that which cannot be sewn,
writes to im-passion

every sunrise,

adds vision

to twilight

Scribes

quill

silence

unmatched

beside verbose

lyrical phrasings,

a dreamy romantic

will drop guilt moondust

around every line enhancing

the ordinary to outshine with art.

Coping with life poets slip outside reality,

spin cotton-wool stories then, mind-flying

between lines steal moments to adorn words

Unmatched.

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around every line enhancing

the ordinary to outshine with art.

Coping with life poets slip outside reality,

spin cotton-wool stories then, mind-flying

between lines steal moments to adorn words

Unmistakable

Unmistakable.

I remain here perusing a stranger
in this most really unsuitable space
and whisper what seems inescapable,

converging on "maybes" but changing
to thought that is stripping me naked
and yearning yet still ought to hesitate,

when as "yes" rears itself into view may
the loom of long-woven compliance fray
while a new "you and me" I contemplate.

Unreal

Unreal.

Shadowy movements of ethereal
music play nebulous games
with light's lacy fingers, weaving
watery lines on sleepy lake.
Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy
grey smoke whispers its
 liquid journey along growing dim
with fervent limpidity.
Time holds breath as stars stack
essence of tiffany dew
on blackening trout's shiny back
in twilight's translucence.
Mist covers sky but above hangs
the gauzy sickle-shaped
glow of shade-blinkered lantern
trying to flicker again.
Clouds part and dome entrances
as the beautiful ghost
of a fading rainbow dances its last
and night closes the show.

Unreal.

Unreal.

Shadowy movements of ethereal
music play nebulous games
with light's lacy fingers, weaving
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glow of shade-blinkered lantern
trying to flicker again.

Clouds part and dome entrances
as the beautiful ghost
of a fading rainbow dances its last
and night closes the show.

Unreal.

Unreal.

Shadowy movements of ethereal
music play nebulous games
with the moonlight's white fingers
atop an unreal lake-scape .

Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy
grey smoke whispers its
journey along water's dark face in
slow-paced limpidity.

Time stands still while stars dance
like tiffany dew
on a blackening trout's fishy back
with myriad translucence.

Dappling water mistily pictures
the sickle's glowing shape
of half-seen gauzy luna lantern
trying to flicker again.

Clouds melt and I gaze entranced
as the yellowy ghost
of a flimsy late butterfly passes
in silence so closely.

Unreal.

Unreal.

Shadowy movements of ethereal
music play nebulous games
with light's lacy fingers, weaving
watery lines on sleepy lake.
Tonight diaphanous curl of filmy
grey smoke whispers its
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essence of tiffany dew
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Mist covers sky but above hangs
the gauzy sickle-shaped
glow of shade-blinkered lantern
trying to flicker again.
Clouds part and dome entrances
as the beautiful ghost
of a fading rainbow dances its last
and night closes the show.

Unrivaled

Unrivaled.

On sun-honeyed cottage walls another day
knocks and ousts from bed every duty-clad
mother to wake snoring offspring and move
bread-winning others.

As winny of sea-breeze shakes bud-drop
on nearby trees gallop of bed-sheets leave
sweating bodies, crumple floor-wards and
stretching offspring wriggle while yawning
at quitting warm covers.

Kitchened in throb of breakfast-sizzle old
dog squints at dawn and whimpers when
called from white-aproned bustle to leave
inside and chatter of hob-blackened kettle
as brown tea rouses its cobbled-clog rush
to scoop buttered bread for deep pockets
needing crust later.

Day offers no wind as man-feet splash mud
in pooling gait along early streets, stopping
to rub bleary eyes and tighten a coat string
before reaching tar-skewered beached craft
close-keened for action its swab-clean deck
in bobbing-boat wait.

Olden-day clippered sails, ocean harboured
held filled holds of battened-down business
for woman-fed boatmen, ready-sluiced and

home-muffled handled hauled cargoes best
in unruffled water.

Decades ago all hard pressed mothers held
home-ropes together and giving no heed to
fine-weather seekers they set zealous flame
under all lazy dalliance whether on husband
father, son or daughter.

Praise be for unrivaled female dedication to
successful survival of the closely knit family
whether working on moorings or out at sea.

Unsaid.

Unsaid.

*And he only appeared in her dreams
to whisper discretely of things
better unsaid
yet her lonely heart always listened.*

UNSATED.

Unsated.

Sheer raw need is no less
than gross unfed
internal hunger.
It eats calm alive, knives
holes in pride with no
aiding balm.

Gut-hurt pains and never
subsides.
It rides emotions like wild
untameable
and tireless steeds.

Nostalgia cannot succeed
in relieving this kind
of loneliness.
Thorned thoughts sting every
corner of grieving
minds and
betrayed cores.
Open, scarred yet unspoken
feelings stick tightly
to throats
exposed to solo.
Sighs turn septic, throw
fuses on tears
which bleed frustration
almost incessantly.
Best is closure so hunger

can then turn
elsewhere for comfort

of care's desserts
for it knows how much
unsated love hurts.

Unspooled

Unspooled.

Silence stewed
memory that sat between
bouts of lucidity
like a third person,
as certain proof.

*Living life backwards
she thought
of but good days
when laughter
lightened each room
in the house.*

*A stranger than real
mood persisted
curling old dreams
into curious
meanings as past
now became
fused to in-action.*

*Hair like unspooled
threads above
a lined forehead
drooped
in dry tangles
as she tied strings
of kept dignity
continually
round swollen fingers.*

Time's passing
turns cotton to satin
when locked into
dementia.

Unsung

Unsung.

Each season bequeaths measured remembrance as landscape
slides from sleep to resurgence.

Winter's kiss does not leave the white throat of rooted fingers
death-locked beneath frozen earth.

Spring never neglects to coat earth with flowered embraces of
paler courtship's poppy touches.

Summer's fierce arms heat to a crisp with frenetic passion for
blitzing neglect of grave-marked hush.

Autumn's relief calms as colourful carpets spread with leaf-fall
bidding the brave to rest again.

Former lost unions bestow no relief until love discloses diverse
seasons of unsung vibrations.

Unsung

Unsung.

A little silence mothers more truth for those
who dare seek and embrace
unsung whispers
for if not smothered stillness guides minds
to find in heard quiet
something of beauty waiting behind sound
that to listeners
is more than fanciful dreaming of antidotes.

Mysterious how halcyon balm reaches
the core of healing,
for is seems only at rest can stillness
stifle noise-stress wholly.

Unsung Whispers.

Unsung Whispers.

A little silence mothers more truth for those
who dare seek and embrace
the unheard,
and if not smothered, stillness guides minds
to find in quiet
something of beauty waiting behind sound
to become to the listener
more than an antidote.
Only to those who see unsung whispers grow
quietude can, soundless,
escape to peace and
compose a useful calmness, lightening days
where mysterious
halcyon balm reaches the core of healing,
for only at rest can stillness
stifle noise-stress wholly.

Untamed

Untamed.

Shot through with wild beauty here
a nearly-island cossets its freedom.

Sun coats all seasons inviting the hardy
or weak to try
May in December and June in March.

Three sided by water a walk
round headlands breathing in drama
cannot be bettered.

Tide running low or storm
exploding this coastline lends magic
to each adventure.

Remote enough to cause
near claustrophobia to those prone,
cliff-top allure whispers
to but few as granite tilts doom
over fearful drops
and night has no neon only a moon.

Seawards and changing her nature
surprises with blue-grey
performance and wind-torn horizon
awes even the bravest.

Mesmeric the ancient beauty and call
to modernist visitors
is this untamed inland and shore

Who dares test Cornish alchemy will
feel its seduction and
must taste its wild fare the more.

UNTELLABLE.

Untellable.

Is it love or obsession
which takes an affair into the realms
of delirium ?

Steamy with untellable
dreams this feeling may reach extra
sensual dimensions.

By tossing objections
into ether's great distance as it heats
convention
to melting point may we then name it
obsession ?

Or would real love
not yield to the highly inaudible crackle
of charged atmospheres ?

Could it stay sane
yet intoxicated when flying for morsels
of the tasty surreal ?

When a sensation
races to sample stimulation again and
is hypnotically drawn
to lust's drugless narcotic is that which
remains frustration ?

Is it merely fixation
or could love be labelled a fraud while
acting as masquerade ?

Is this I have written
quite understandable or have I to put

it an easier way ?

Untenable.

Untenable.

Is it love or obsession
which takes an affair into the realms
of ultra delirium ?
Could thinking stay sane
yet sip intoxication as it drinks folly
from untasted surreal ?
Rife with the untenable
night's dreamy adventures reach for
extra dimensions.
As sensation starts racing
to sample more stimulation will love
depend on such hypnotics ?
Is it merely obsession
or could lust be justly labelled as thief
for masquerading ?
Does this I have written
seem feasible or has my lost mentality
flipped and gone astray ?

UNTIED.

Untied.

Unleashed from restraint the falcon lances
through cloud to clear sky.

Hood-free and tetherless wide wings tackle
ground-to-air steady rise.

Pinned to blind state bejeweled eyes strain
to reconstruct sight.

Leathered claws in predator fashion disdain
gloved hold on natural flight.

Thrown into freedom's space massive eagle
dignifies ascent with style.

Cast off shackles mean pinnions now wheel
toward liberty's height.

Tetherless captives enter each sky-stream
with untied delight.

Oh to release every caged bird to cell-free
dynamic's real birthright.

Untied..

Untied.

Poets like me often hitch
a slow ride
on a passing ideal where
behind screens
another reality is hiding
rainy-day-grey
yet beaconing light from
fantasy guides
who search for the willing.

*

*

Dreamland begins
where visions of moonstone
begin to call and
nothing shades eager ears
from mystic demands
of potential when unknown
appears just before
waking from sleep's control.
Nostalgic scenes
appear wonder- scented as
yield dissolves fears
to open access while ideas
take wing beneath
raining of letters on canvas
linking lined spaces
with mystic-sown viewing
for alchemy moves
thinking in curious minds.

*

*

Mood rides high
as untied linguistic phrases
dance into being and
infuse inspiration, prose or
rhyme sentence the
indescribable when a Muse
invites awed writers
like me to enter that space
and learn the secret
of scribing extra-dimension

Until Day

Until Day.

Oh Sleep, blessed eraser
of anything
painful, hard or serrated,
you smoother
of all things feeling rough,
cover me over
in enough soothing cream
to remind me
that troubles can melt into
dreams, for
lightning found and hit me
tonight like
a frightful assassin, attack
from behind
stabbed me in my back now
to my knees,
and feeling near to stressful
despair it
has produced an ill-at-ease.
Sleep, be my
ally, please lie with me until
day, embrace me
in hazy unconscious relief
then release
me when better able to fight.
Sleep, keep
me with you until I see clearer
what is the

wisest to do, float by me your
boatful of lullabies,
Oh Morpheus I know your aim
to see drowse
join deeper repose will take all
my ennui away.

Until Day

Until Day.

Oh Sleep, blesséd eraser
of anything
painful, hard or serrated,
you smoother
of all things feeling rough,
cover me over
in enough soothing cream
to remind me
that troubles can melt into
dreams, for
lightning found and hit me
tonight like
a frightful assassin, attack
from behind
stabbed me in my back now
to my knees,
shiveringly near to fear and
desperation it
has produced an ill-at-ease.
Sleep, be my
ally, please lie with me until
day, embrace me
in hazy unconscious relief
then release
me when better able to fight.
Right now I
am tired, such bad news has
confused freedom
of thought, faith abused, now
I need time

for re-alignment, so sink me
Sleep into your
blankness, reduce my anxiety
douse the fire
of resentment, relax the intent
of any revenge
and kill my recent insensibility.
Sleep, keep my
mind with you til' I see clearer
what is the
wisest to do, float by me your
boatful of lullabies,
Oh Phantom I know your most
welcome land
awaits so take my hand then
float me away.

Until Day.

Until Day.

Oh Sleep, blessed eraser
of anything
painful, hard or serrated,
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of all things feeling rough,
cover me over
in enough soothing cream
to remind me
that troubles can melt into
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awaits so take my hand, then
float me away

Untying Yes.

Untying Yes.

Threaded up tightly with strong mesh of steel
Life knots itself into into troublesome streams.
Romance arrives then brings endless feelings
And finite seems time when rush is unleashed.
Haste stifles emotion and crushes dreams.

Safe in much waiting, I have found methods
Of sailing to wanting where, need refreshed,
Love's patient anchor lowers then dredges
New destiny's whys to bolster the whens.
Then untying yes is easy, not knife-edged.

As decision's guide opens Paradise-gates
I enter and know that he is there waiting.

UNWRAPPED.

Unwrapped.

Happiness

was a romantic poem meant

Only For You.

A red rose on the pillow

of a four-poster and

sheets nectared with passion.

Happiness

was a taste of love's juices

on pursed lips.

A first drink of champagne

between bubbly kisses and

sweet coffee the morning after.

Happiness

was racing rain, naked swims

and wet massage.

A warm duo-bath at sunrise,

darkly decadent chocs and

soap fought for by splashing.

Happiness

now unwrapped breathes scent

on treasured thrills.

A captured event means time

back then stood still and

sent two the gems of rapture

UNWRAPPED.

Unwrapped.

Happiness

was a prized poem headed

Only for You.

A red rose laid on the pillow
of an ancient four-poster and
blankets nectared with passion.

Happiness

was a taste of love's juices

on virgin lips.

A first drink of champagne
between searing kisses and
hot coffee the morning after.

Happiness

was racing rain, skinny dips
and beach massage.

A warm bath for two at sunset,
darkly decadent chocolates and
the fun of tickle-raised laughter.

Happiness

now unwrapped exudes scent
of covert thrills.

A captured event adorned time
with duly undressed camera and
wove gems into memory's rapture.

Unwrapped.

Unwrapped.

Happiness

was a surprise ode, signed

Only for You.

A red rose on the pillow

of a four-poster and

sheets nectared in passion.

Happiness

was the taste of love's juice

on virgin lips.

A first drink of champagne

between kisses and

coffee the morning after.

Happiness

was racing rain, skinny dips

and beach frolics.

A warm duo-bath at sunset,

decadent chocs and

the fun of silly laughter.

Happiness

now unwrapped oozes scent

of treasured thrills.

A captured event caught on

videoed film and

dredged in covert rapture.

UP CLOSE.

Up Close.

Armchair explorers just like me,
Would like no better destiny
Than meeting creatures constantly
In close encounter naturally.
Akin to paradise would be
To stroke a full-grown lion maybe,
And then invite some chimps to tea.
If angry bulls had been set free
I would not broach them warily
Up close and friendly I would be.
I'd hug a warthog on my knee
And rub his snout with utmost glee,
My fearless smile is all you'd see
But to take the safest remedy
I would need teams from T.V.,
And like the documentary
Weaponed men to cover me.

Urges

Urges.

Winter's knife now lying buried
in burgeoning earth
means naked retreats as leafy
trees bud and life readies.

Wakeful urges reveal the breast
of sleeping nature
as Spring-timed faces peer daily
at neighbour's new petals.

Frozen ground beaten by trying
for early growth keeps
freeing root-fingers as clod splits
to cope with heat's arrival.

Yes season's rush ever battles
as yellow trumpets
its best to make winter relent
and let in Spring's attractions.

Us

Us.

Stars in crocus clusters
wink wide heavenly eyes
at us while moon's lustrous
belly bends earthward to spy
covert at naked peace, lying,
after unfettered yield happily
sated with hands wrapped
around fingers and listening
to tidal-lap's gentle singing.

When desire bridges time
ageless rivers float smiles
to those seeking who find.

Valentine Moon.

Valentine Moon.

So many hearts now peering towards you,
pleading you hear as you grace each night sky.
Tis time now for speaking of love perhaps new
yet unspoken for Valentine's Day draws nigh.

Wondrous white Queen you see the longing
and witness yearnings for Valentine hope
that declared love be vocal so give tongue
to tongues tied by your mystically copious
moonlight tonight, assist shy lovers to voice
passionate feelings and bolster shy ardour
before you sweep onward help hearts rejoice.
Do favour earthlings and power us from afar.

Reward waiting souls while bestowing on all
Valentine love with a card through the door.
P.S. As I have a crush like I've not had before
can you Love Goddess make me your first call ?

Valentine's Call

Valentine's Call

When I, sleep-less through uneasy dark,

when moon hides need in its sickled arc

and heart feels cold on a Valentine's eve,

when life's indifference busily dims hope

and time dulls dreams of replacing solo

I long but for thee.

When I, awaking un-fresh before dawn,

when Valentine's morning ardently calls

and desire sends kisses over bland sea,

when distance between taxes two hearts

and consistent duty keeps lovers apart

I yearn but for thee.

VALENTINE'S MESSAGE.

VALENTINE'S MESSAGE.

When I, sleep-less through uneasy dark
sigh lonely for thee,
when moon rides high in its sickled arc
and cold falls crisp on flower and tree,
when sun bids farewell to skyline's blue
and mist covers first starlight with dew
how I long but for thee.

When I, dreaming walk lone tidal waves
again sigh for thee,
when wind rides high the sea's briny lace
and a storm turns pale its filters on me,
when Neptune saddles wild-white horses
and foaming indifference rises and falls
how I ask but for thee.

When I, awaking un-fresh before dawn
sigh weary for thee,
when Valentine's message clearly calls
and desire sends kisses over bland sea,
when distance between us taxes hearts
with commitments keeping lovers apart
how I yearn but for thee.

VEILS.

Veils.

Through the thinnest of veils there exists
worlds behind and between.

Mind-tides of seeming reality, semblance
of things intentionally pale.

What is seen as experience or its effects
gells well with lateral senses.

Not dreams but live essences divined as
surreal appear half-earthly.

Creature-full ether holding

shape shifter faces

bides in every known mold

as spectres shadily

take up half-ghostly forms

calling the bold.

Un-voiced speech conveys

true harmony set

on dim dimensional planes,

awareness felt

as living force reverberates

ever with presence

of Love's non-visible beauty.

To those who use viewing beyond things

seen as given truth reason

dictates that if unafraid to receive spirit

aid toward gaining infinity

reward appears through thinnest of veils

lying behind and between
vague walls existing to all other worlds.

VIBES.

Vibes.

Inert minions long passed away
rivering subtly each
potentised remnant of dwellers
living before, now
stored and suspendidly waiting,
minutely unseen, call
those alive to feel both lament
or joy in cellular motes.
Sensitive ears might catch low
sighs as lived lives now
gone leave chromosome vibes
residing in river-beds
which tho' liquidized still float
appeals to be noticed.
Winging birds while aloft glance
and pause as if aware,
a kingfisher stares, wrens bend
for something more than
thirst-slake as miniscule essence
causes trilling to halt.
And furry bodies busily swimming
through pools stop to
hear memory's chorus, stoat, vole
and speedy otter detect
in water's un-dead breath echoed
experience telling more.
Why then can we not tune an ear,
listen for liquid speech,
focus on unlinguistic but felt fare

streaming from cells
of yesteryear's water-side folk,
pick up their token
of missives and learn if we dare.

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VIBRATIONS.

Vibrations.

I sat one morning in leafy-green oceans
of growing corn
and felt the unknowable alter my senses.
A song of immeasurable beauty caught
my inner core
as stalks shouldered sighs up from depth.

Gowns of fragile filigree silently curled
as tassels crooned
while through silver fringes hums crept.
Bodies of spider-blown veins muscled
whispers of lure
in rustling dew-spotted bulges of webs.

Leaves flicked, bees buzzed a symphony
and air listened
for dawn's winged orchestration to begin
its tribute to Spring
as morn's breezeless hush started to sing.

With hearable ticks the chorus of nature
birthing growth's acres
in speechless glory became so intense.
I stayed convinced one morn after proof
that mute vibrations
become tuned into ears on wonder bent.

Victorious.

Victorious.

Once installed Love arranges
a station,
becoming invasive
its action pours into every
emotion,
and objections despised
it streams
between parts hidden
and dried by fear.

Once Love impregnates
it raids
every blue-day,
negates stress, alleviates
anxiety
penetrates moods
and all tainted memories
it's force removes.

Once in, Love decapitates
reasons
for feeling frustration,
permeates
dullness, resurrects
inner needs,
it invigorates weariness
and libido reveals.

Once here Love invalidates
distance,
takes no prisoners, ravages

aloneness,
rouses vivaciousness
and exudes
bliss into each pore because
Love never loses

VICTORIOUS.

Victorious.

Once caught Love dispenses
its potions,
becoming victorious
by invasively pouring itself
into emotions,
objections de-throned
it speaks between heartbeats
and overthrows fear.

Once within Love impregnates
by raiding
all moody defences,
negates objections, alleviates
anxiety's stress
and by repainting memories
past failures defeats.

Once struck Love decapitates
mind's doubting reasons
by frustrating unhappiness,
permeates stored
frustration and resurrects
hidden needs.
Love invigorates weariness
to reveal lost libido.

Once begun Love invalidates
coined vicissitudes,

ravages sadness, purloins
cursed prisoners
as it rouses vivaciousness
and exudes bliss
into thirsty pores because
Love always wins.

Voiceless

Voiceless.

There exists silence not found by sound,

.....

in the heart of a desert or deep
within oceans

.....

where, mutely profound,
voiceless vibrations transmigrate
intentions that destined
for sharing gyrate with use,

.....

thus when two
human souls meet fate and exchange
first rapt greetings
they commit, tho' not aloud
but by silent speaking a transfer
of twin-flamed feelings

.....

knowing love's
secret whispers never need sound. LIKE 0

Voiceless

Voiceless.

There exists silence not found by sound,
like the heart of a desert or deep
below ground
where, mutely profound
voiceless vibrations share feelings
without need for words
is true of human souls too when
facing strange feelings
know an exchanged deja vu then
transfers, tho' not aloud,
fate's silent speech that, if doubly felt,
love never needs sound.

Voiceless.

Voiceless.

There exists silence not found by sound,

.....

in the heart of a desert or deep
under oceans

.....

where, mutely profound,
voiceless vibrations intend to be given
full hearing for
destined truth their presence propounds

.....

thus when two
human souls meet fate and exchange
first rapt greetings
they commit by belief, tho' not aloud,
in silent speaking
to transfer desire of twin-flame feelings

.....

knowing love's
secret whispers never need sound.

Voiceless.

Voiceless.

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Waiting Existence

Waiting Existence.

Inside the roar where water meets land,
where sound supplants all but the tumble
of pebbles on sand there exits troubles of
ongoing concerns, leaving only beginning
or ending with any distinction.

This mysterious boundary of frenzy and
clash with sting of saline drying my face
waves crash their fury against lying past
for within screaming winds lies changed
conception of waiting existence.

By the time breakers are silenced having
suffused their force onto the broad lap of
shore there appears on the brink of rising
confusion more promise of ship's return
with no more sea resistance.

Perhaps the tumultuous love we shared
before will be resumed breaking months
of lonely into bubbling excitement as fate
becomes drenched in emotional rises for
ebbs die with fervent persistence.

Spliced together at last our vows made in
deepest of feelings leaves shallows to find
relief with tighter union, binding our sight
to sound of sea we should live best a life
without constant heaving.

WAITING.....

Waiting.....

If this place in which I write is owned as real
it seems odes and myself are two
sides of three faces.

Each word has its meaning and is part of a tale
which might well be translated as
trio-parsed phrases.

Out from my core I catch first breath of Muse
who since noting reaction warns
intent to relate.

Lipless the language that fills a blank canvas
as she bequeathes me semantics
before they escape.

Fancy, in guiding to other dimensions takes
poetic minds as She knows the value
of space made for waiting.

Wake-Up Call.

Wake-Up Call.

The comforting warmth of another
breathing alongside,
closed eyes,
drowsily gliding
over waves
of sensuous dreams,
untidy covers
askew with contented
sonorous sighs.

Competing with birdsong at dawn
palls a little
when wet lips and cold nose
lather your ears
in a pawing ecstatic four-footed
wake-up call.
Pets never sleep where they should.

Wakening

Wakening.

New events can at times mystify
even the tidiest mind,
turn topsy-turvy accepted norms,
toss sky-high
respectable long held conclusions
then jumble
normal routine until, irretrievably,
balance tumbles.

Change in events scramble a crazy
unprepared brain,
life appears altered, time patterns
never seem sane,
confusion reigns until answers start
making more sense
of the questioning "whys" that now
battle relentlessly
over unsought-for acceptance and
suddenly blast
the reliance on ordered convention
abnormally fast.

Then murk clears head and heart shows above
any doubt as wakening happens
and logic confirms ~ ~ you have fallen in love.

Waking.

Waking.

Dawn hangs on September trees, wake slithers
forward into sleep's acres,
turns shade to tailgates of light over which rays
snipe at quiescence
before sunrise leaps in to move bleary dreamers
like me to bright-eyed doers.

Day breaks to bathe passive sight in forewarning
as blind patches precede
flashes of conscious surrender to oust inertia and
its sweet stupor,
dark casts veils around seeing but breath catches
on when still becomes movement.

Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality
when shaken sense rouses
to feel Heaven's infinity ticking away rested hours
making the richer
seconds remaining for flight's drowsy treasure as
night hooks day to its use.

"Time to get up Dreamyhead I suggest to myself
but please let the alarm clock
try waking me
~ ~ ~ softly. ~ ~ ~

WALK EASY.

Walk Easy.

Bend to pick pleasantness buried
among memory's hills,
walk easy dear pilgrim
 when collecting gone specimens.

Miss not in seeking ways forward,
smooth is a path which,
if not distorted,
produces past truths unaltered.

Step past upsetting road signs,
dismiss without looking
at what often lies
hidden from distressing times.

Tread lightly over raw re-calls
bygone aches will hurt
by mis-notions so
take care in exposing the flaws.

Memory's mountain, perhaps
reveals dross before
real gold, dig deeper and
keep only gems of happiness.

WALLS.

Walls.

Bulwarking their message to keep out, or in, wall
shouts it's menace to wall.

Herald of fear in days of yore a fortress brooked
no real breaching at all.

Yet defences of mind hold no less terror erecting
exclusion with look or frown.

Pride's ramparts built high maintain separation
but scaled by love they fall down.

Smashed with tender blows walls stronger than
steel fall to care's rearrangement.

When the heart calls no granite parapet is ever
able to stand in love's way.

WAR CRY.

War Cry.

Fortune or choice deemed as soldiers brave lads,
who from some woman's
love went willingly blind into war.
Regard for orders meant coping with raucous
battleground noise
no quiet youngster encountered before.

Taught self respect as important first-need still
wet behind ears boys
wore their badge with uniformed pride.
Esteem left ranks when hell-stained shell shock
saw gunned youth stumble,
as zeal keeled over and myriads died.

Many were mothers or sweethearts lamenting
the smiling good-byes
female hands of devotion had waved.
Into inferno their willing lads eagerly walked
to meet burnt fields that
caught and never returned them again.

May we remember lest we forget.

War-Usage

War-Usage.

Let us remember
all imprisoned birds, in order to sing
must first visualize
winging to learn freedom's reception
from refused peace so
into war's din young marchers strode
whistling then sang
as loaded missiles whined over-head.

Without prior warning a boy started
quietly, others
joined in and soon a tunelessly loud
number brave lads
bellowed refrains into shell's flak-fire
at going down
behind black hills in yellow dust ring
the day's dying
sun, soiled by guns' aftermath gloom.

Their singing lifted to smoky horizons
with young undaunted
courage and when nearing gun-blast
those bawled explosions
yelled dare and challenge to bedlam's
fire-drenched trenches
as defiance met Godless battle intent.

Youth's face told when death screams
wept for help finer
resistance by fighting tears with wails
of loud vocalizing,
lads' fearless chorus of bawdy ballads
went on to defy
battleground rattles until breath failed
and young songbirds
when in last thoughts of home-land at
some closing moment
let fight cease with throe's final breath.

Freedom's fight over
for immature fallen meant willing effort
by out-singing was done.
Red as fresh poppies was lifeblood then
and in all war-usage to come.

Let us remember..... and never forget.

WAR..

War.

Dark fast erupts with decisive lust,
locks in light's retaliation
between banks of cloud.
and blocks all sight of the sun.

Dusk folds close twilight's early hold,
attacks any last view
of homecoming bird flight
and wraps shadows in black gold.

Night awakens and strikes daylight,
cuts late evening rays from
sunset's victorious edge
and shuts in captives tightly.

War lost in duo's push, what wins
then is descending blackness
but when daylight comes back
sun's battle again begins.

Was It He ?

Was It He ?

Tonight began with the colours of bruise.
Sleep spilt grit on tears as intent crumbled.
Ears listened awake to a dreamy confusion.
Sorrow's mind questioned what lay undone.

Was it he
who, now timeless, caught my numbness
and lit again love's liquid windows
before grief's descent froze my dreaming ?

Was it he
healed disillusion and showed me ways
to the blaze of a waiting Eternity
and its help with fickle fate's unexpected ?

Eyes opened to answers of no surprise.
Purple mood faded as thinking reversed.
Smiles of knowing threw dry on wet saline.
Tonight will not end before death-cell bursts.

It was he
and the contact still sings to my spirit.

Waste Not.

Waste Not.

*The scent of words gilds barren agendas
with unique notions of taste.*

*Pens open cages of unfaced mind-sets
to reveal scintillation.*

*The hues of poetry colour life's rawness
with fantasy's rainbow creations
Verse shuts in warm against boredom
as its spells inscribe lettered lace.*

*Let's waste not then a jot of perception
for hidden inside novel reflection
are perfumed bouquets of word-nectar
for inhalation and readers' pleasure.*

Watching.

Watching.

Sunny sails clutter the bay.
Storm-beaten seagulls shriek shored lament.
Calm, now windless, covers the distance
between shore and ship in misty-grey haze
and she in her Sunday-best
waves to the horizon and incoming kin.
Innocence kicking the sand.
Anxious girl watching as boats haul home.
High-tide laps quiet against harbour wall
and after prayerful pleas for his safe landing
she in her foam-soaked dress
wades in further to welcome him she adores.

Water-Attuned.

Fey-Song.

Those whose lives come sprung
from the cadence of waves
will understand shanties related
by mariners began as fey-song.

Those whose respect the vast ocean
accepts speak its tongue, sense
vagaries known to eyes weathered
by swells and fanciful motion.

Those whose life is water-attuned
gather from storm's precocious
mood submarine magic floating
in diverse sea-story music.

Those whose voyage grows safer
by seeking moon-glow picture
ocean-decorum as rabid liquid
molding unpredictable breakers.

Those whose signals use tides
before sky turns to puce get
wisdom to envision granite-bed
wrothing as storm-force rises.

Those whose metal must face
Neptune's irresistible strength
will apply mermaid resistance
to keep afloat in high gales.

Watery Secrets.

Watery Secrets.

Watery messenger flows in full spate
still rivering subtly,
each potentized remnant of dwellers
living before, now
stored, patiently suspended, waiting,
minutely and unseen,
for minds to decipher notes of lament
or joy in cellular float.
Deep-level hearers catch each hidden
sigh as those deceased
leave chromosomed a further essence
residing in river-beds
which 'though liquidized still calls with
need to be discerned.
Passing birds glance whilst wheeling
and pause as if aware,
a kingfisher stares, wren lowers head
for something more than
food -satisfaction as whispering depth
demands trills in reply.
And furrier travellers busily speeding
through sidings halt
to hear memory's chorus, stoat, vole
and clever otter detect
in watery breath symphonic echoes
of lives departed
and dive to grasp more the secreted
missives left below.

Why then can we not turn our ears,
listen for sunken lessons,

take heed and digest wisdom's fare
streaming from cells
of a yester-year's river-side people,
pick up vital experience
sunken in time and learn if we dare.

WAVERING.

Wavering.

Who, I ask, at this present
moment am I ?
fleetingly instantaneous or
immortally irreplaceable ?

My wavering thoughts on
perception seem
utterly compromised by
trust's unwieldy sacrifice.

Yesterday's doubts render
my psyche tired,
unquestionably weakened
and frustratedly weary.

Will I ever again beat this
depression while
unashamedly fervent
for anxious uncertainty ?

Regret when did you learn
pseudo contrition ?
Faith where is your earned
former conviction ?

We Deserve It.

We Deserve It.

Yes let's colour our hair.
Choose clothes with care.
Eat the right food.
We deserve to look good.
Let's be young for our age.
Get to like central stage.
Fix on a wide smile.
We deserve all this style.
But let's venture inside.
Look at hurt we all hide.
Sad minds need some aid.
We deserve these re-made.
Let's look deeper and start.
View our make-over heart.
Let's not settle for show.
We are worth it you know.
It makes sense to forgive.
To live - - and let live,
Pride we need re-defined.
We deserve hearts that shine.
Let us work inside-out.
Learn what freedom's about.
Facing self creates change.
And we deserve to feel great.

We Deserve It.

We Deserve It.

Yes, let's colour our hair.
Choose clothes with care.
Eat the right food.
We deserve to look good.
Let's look young for our age.
We're all at that stage.
Fix on that smile.
We deserve all this style.
But let's look inside
At the hurt we all hide.
Does our mind need some aid?
We deserve that re-made.
Let's look deeper, and start
With our 'make-over' heart.
Let's just not settle for 'show'.
We're worth it you know !

If we begin to forgive.
To live - - - and let live.
Calm will beauty refine.
We need personality-shine.
So let's work inside-out.
Learn what real life's about
Before it's too late.
We deserve to FEEL great

We There.

We There.

In a land of See-Again appears
our old trysting tree.
Falling thru' time I see the place
where my lover waits.
Wrapped in immortality's folds
gleam priceless moments.
We there have not been parted
and youth owns our hearts.
Memory like the muse still plays
transmutation games.
Ageless are unmoveable dreams
where new is ceaseless.
Vision creates again Love's time
that once known cannot decline.

WE.

We.

Unsettled my sleep
yet were I with thee
each night would be
 ecstasy we could repeat.

Unrested my soul,
yet were I to hold
thee as mine alone
destiny we would unfold.

Uneasy my mind,
yet were I now thine
ceased would be time
and we could paradise find.

.

Weaponry

Weaponry.

The falcon's wings spell feathered death
as diving he asks
no creature's permission to kill.

A floating shadow of nature's extended
claws makes cameras
shiver at sudden curled flash.

Weaponry dashes its primeval message
of mastery while
humans just bow in acceptance.

Weight

Weight.

The weight of dying relationships
discolours blue skies,
pulls plugs on regretful mistakes,
treads mud over smiles,
turns togetherness to irritation,
makes hugs into ice,
and drops lead on signs of abating.

The air of dead passion penetrates
need's former close ties,
it kills fresh attempts and suffocates
with no compromise
the lack then felt in communication.

How complete becomes isolation
when love disintegrates.

Wells of Summer.

Nostalgia

Sun-honied the cobbles of dew-wet round
shine with past hurry of hobnail haste.

Hot glare of noondays shed need for shade
while remembered labourers drowsed.

Ticks of antique kitchen clocks still sound
hectic times of committed engagement.

Deep the nostalgia of wells as youth faced
work yet willingly drunk for long hours.

Were I.

Were I.

Unsettled my sleep,
yet were I with thee
each night would be
bedded in sated need.

Uneasy my soul,
yet were I to hold
thee as mine alone
would feelings unfold.

Unrested my mind,
yet were I now thine
on fire would be night
while we Paradise find.

Whale Play

Whale Play.

A whale severed the surface,
cut through top with enormous head
and eyed our awe with a watery gaze.

Yet Leviathan knows how to play.

And with an almighty swish
he ventured nearer and turned
circle slowly with gentle grace.

Then gigantic mammoth dived again.

And with another great crash
he emerged head high, floated awhile
as great blow-hole sliced more spray.

Yet massive Goliath nearer came.

And swirling in unbroken symmetry
his skill avoiding upturning the boat,
thrilled us folk by friendly behaviour.

Then the Humpback went on his way.

Whale-Play.

Whale-Play.

The whale severed the sea-surface,
cut through the water with enormous head,
then he eyed us in such a wise way
by meeting our facing gaze.

Another almighty swish of his tail
and he submerged momentarily, only to
glide nearer the boat, then floated
to show us his underside.

Gigantic leviathan tied to girth circled
until with another great crash he emerged
head high and sliced spray dramatically,
this Humpback was playing.

Massive goliath blow-holed us a sign,
a whale-like Hello, then with unbelievable
skill he avoided upturning the boat,
thrilling us wildly meanwhile.

Swirling with unbroken symmetry
he rose once again before going his way
and I swear he was mouthing goodbye
as with hands high we waved.

Astounded that we had been hailed
by a folk-friendly mammoth out for a whale
play on centre stage we felt out-sized but
so thrilled at his timing.

What Happened ?

What Happened ?

When

night's grizzly black crown falls
to the rite of Light's way
and servant Sun unlocks doors
to Dawn's turreted gable
azure disposes of clinging shawls
as warmth augments rays
to pierce the prism of jet's vault

Yet

soon precocious grey mist-veil
shrouds my cottage walls
to shut shine thru' windowpane
deflecting the morning
in shadowy swirls of sky-change
so replacing bats and balls
a family picnic I now stow away.

What happened to the autumn Sunday
of promised blue I thought would stay ?

WHAT IS

WHAT IS.

What is deep I want fiercely.
What is heart-moving I need to feel.
In what is adventure I wish to partake
and live to fulfillment.
If time and chance allow me to dive
into experience I shall leave the shallows.
With wings boldly grown
what is known as free flight I want to try.
I intend learning the meaning of life's
hidden music.
If there are tunes sweeter dreams feed on
these I will start to sing.
So come forward potential.
I have mantra's mystique to re-invent inner
sensory limitations.
With what are catalysts for energy change
I want a positive avalanche.
If love means completion I shall barter no
more and surrender willingly.
What is bliss I want to fill with and give
my best to the saga of living.

What We Had.

What We Had

.

A moment in time.

is all it takes to create

a closure

to something that lasted

for so very long.

One moment arrives

to abdicate, fold

away in practised phrases

of chosen style,

a lifetime's duo, smeared

with abrasive

short quick goodbyes.

Why is it not seen

that a much treasured affair

can slowly change,

become cracked, out-worn,

a broken has-been

in which two unhappy souls

are now ready for war.

For one more moment,

show me again, dear love

of my heart

what we had before

What We Had.

What We Had

.

A moment in time.

is all it takes to create

a closure

to something that lasted

for so very long.

One moment arrives

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that a much treasured affair

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become cracked, out-worn,

a broken has-been

in which two unhappy souls

are now ready for war.

For one more moment,

show me again, dear love

of my heart

what we had before

What We Were

What We Were.

A bunch of dried heather
now faded,
long dead
yet still sits in a jar on the table
and my bed faces its spell.

Surely now I should obey
time's message,
love changed
but no witchcraft discards
or throws away,
used completeness
so what we were will remain.

WHAT WORTH.

What Worth.

Light

early greets day by dew massaging dawn.

Heat

boldly soothes lassitude's mood of forlorn.

Dusk

loves the blush sundown brings to a cheek.

Yet what

counteth greetings if thou need not me ?

Stars

exchange winks with moon on lake's face.

Breeze

strokes each leaf in Springtime's embrace.

Clouds

brew desire when a storm mounts the sea.

What tho'

meaneth wooing if thou court not me ?

Rain

showers refreshment on that which is dry

Mist

melts as attention warms unclearing sky

Earth

blooms with kissed mouths Flora to please

But what

worth all that bounty if thou kiss not me ?

Where Went Love ?

Where Went Love ?

Where went that secret Spring of love ?

Those falling torrents of sudden
laughter when Summer-dry scuffles left
sand in ham sandwiches and shy toes
touched toes with coupled intention,

*

where twilight saw exciting dares,
like racing to be first in ocean cover
stripped for skinny-dip kissing
and more made our Autumn such fun.

Where went those vows never to part ?

We aimed to make love forever
before cold Winter goodbyes started
an unforeseeable chain of events
that broke belief in faithful hearts.

Whisperings.

Whisperings.

Come my dearling cushion your present
discomfort in my flexibility.

Dive into love's dulcet whisperings while
you experience bliss.

Let words unseal lips, reveal receptors
that pleasure your ears.

Break the closed seal on low pianissimo,
come, treadle harmony.

Float in the gentle mellifluous rustle of
almost inaudible lullaby.

Lubricate dried-out withered libido and
into my care give your mind.

Slide down to hear the virtual purring
of fervour's desire.

In an undertone I will support you with
murmurs of tenderness.

Allow yourself to be malleable and flow
with sweet tones of honey.

Out of earshot imbibe gentle overtures,
expose your heart to proof.

Bedew yourself all over in my pliability
which stays unconditional.

So yield yourself today, dearly beloved.

WHISPERINGS.

Whisperings.

Come my dearling cushion your present
discomfort in my flexibility.
Dive into love's dulcet whisperings while
you experience bliss.

Let words be unsealed, reveal receptors
that pleasure your ears.
Break the closedness on low pianissimo,
and my harmony read.

Float in the gentle mellifluous rustle of
almost inaudible lullaby.
Lubricate dried-out withered libido and
into my hand give your mind.

Slide down to hear the virtual purring
of fervour's desire.
In an undertone I will murmur sweet
reams of amorous lines

Drink affection, imbibe silky overtures,
taste the music of proof.
Be-dew yourself with my soft pliability,
try unconditional lure.

Pleasure yourself, yield to the amicable
then put my suggestions to use.

Whisperings.

Whisperings.

Come my dearling cushion your present
discomfort in my flexibility.

Dive into my dulcet whisperings and let
me conjure you bliss.

My words will unseal lips with receptors
that pleasure your ears.

Break your closed seal with pianissimo,
and treadle real freedom.

Float in the gentle mellifluous rustle of
seduction's lullaby-sighs.

Lubricate dried-out withered libido as
into my care you slide.

Bend to hear my virtual purring while
desire builds more fervour

In an undertone I will allure you with
solicitous murmurs.

Allow yourself to be malleable, listen
to my ballad of love.

Imbibe gentle overtures then expose
acceptance of proof.

Bedew yourself all over with pliability
and yield, lover, to me.

WHISPERS.

Whispers.

Walking old tight-rope
Night falls as Morning
adjusts lusty dreams while show opens.

Bold movement occurs
when Day-shards invade
and take Dark to behold Dawn's fervour.

Foreplay-beams centre
round stage set for change
then luminous rays brace birth's attempt.

Glint of first ardour
coats trees' dim shadows
as wind stirs oaks to expose bare arms.

Ready and willing
brightness woos sombre
and unwanted black presence is stilled.

Beaten night's terror
by clarity's fight
when day's radiant rise makes an ascent.

Listen to whispers
Of Dawn's waking yawns
as she sits at Sun's door as yet unkissed.

White Icing

White Icing.

As scarlet and gold start fading faster
precocious December
turns autumn to mash.

Binned is all colour while brassy December
nakedly captures
a chill to remember

December likes cake thick with white icing
topped high in lashings
and flake-decorated.

Christmas may melt her with warm regalia
of tree-festive air

yet freezing she favours.

Raw is December and before long unless
rain thawed her ice-bite
caress stays relentless.

White Nectar.

White Nectar.

She whistles her charges with shrill treble then in distant field
flicking ears hear, long legs flex,
tongues slick thirsty lips while giant heads, raising from dozes
among marigolds skyward stretch.

Flanks heave upward and as un-gainly frames meander home
wide vacant eyes gaze round gently.

Mooing with milk-weight cows move toward barn where waits
feed of hay and as cooling hands calm
hot udders by maid's soft touch care dis-arms taut nerves and
cream spurts wet heat into parlour.

Stirring smells of ate meadow-grass drench girls who aproned
with strength have the will to work hard.

Chewing late cud inmates take patient mooing turns in gaining
relief and while the gurgle of milk-pail
fills and spills pearls at each twirl of long tail her supper waits
for liquid cream cannot be wasted.

Bovines train by responding to kindness while able husbandry
when taught from the family cradle
knows founts, brimming with milk require labour so every day
her head bows while mealtime is graced.
Praise for all workers who daily deliver white nectar to tables.

White Stuff

WHITE STUFF.

Silently falling
snow covers windows,
clouds fill with iced white stuff
to drift over borders
until it starts thawing.

;; ;

;; ;

Unknown in Cornwall
for coast to see snowflakes
but if my weeny Tessa-dog
spends too long indoors
she gets restless when bored.

;; ;

;; ;

Walking still calls
tho' short trip is welcome
so donning coats needed
we both dress for warmth
and promise no dawdling.

;; ;

;; ;

Unlatched back door
sees Tess rushing outward
but yapping soon stops as sliding
this canine falters
to shake four frost-laden paws.

;; ;

;; ;

Enough of forced

outings sniffs my ruffled lady
and flops down by fire-side
to hog hearth's warmth
while lazily yawning.

;; ; ;

;; ;

;
;

WHITE STUFF.

WHITE STUFF.

Silently falling,
snow covers windows,
clouds frown in angry accord
and I look forward
to the time when it thaws.

*** ** ;
*** ** ;

** ;
** ;

Rare in Cornwall
when grass becomes hoared
with frost and Tessa-dog
cannot run madly outdoors
like me she gets bored.

*** ** ;
*** ** ;

** ;
** ;

Today's walk calling
I welcome the forecast that
cold will soon warm
so coated and ready in hall
we do not dawdle.

*** ** ;
*** ** ;

** ;
** ;

Yet when opened is door
and Tess rushes snow-ward
her racing falters
as slipping and sliding canine
excitement stalls
in surprise at ice-coated paws
and slyly creeps towards
hearthrug once more.

*** ** ;
*** ** ;

.. .
,, ,

Cold-weather unordered
my Tessa prefers fireside roars
to hugging that icy-white
stuff now piling up outdoors.

... ..
,,, , ,

.. .
,, ,

.
,

Who

Who.

Who visits this seductive peninsula
where birds circle un-climbable cliffs
can gasp at waves holing hard granite
yet seeing field stock shiver in batter
of wind will yield to its native history.

Who covets this ocean-coved wilderness
and imagines caverns where lies hidden
the pastness of gale-sunken ship wrecks
when high-tide gatherings came readied
for in-drifts might find salient mystery.

Who values this storm-shaken corner
will reason its mere isolation affords
an adventure in sky-scraper freedom
where nature, with non-interference
invites experience of kept simplicity.

Who tastes raw beauty could remain
resistant to more of the same ?

Who Dares

Who Dares.

Hushed and hydrated,
Water-wet otters,
Fearsome attackers
Starvation dislike.

Hostile approaches,
Detract offensives
Fury shocks victims
Whose enemy fights.

Fins caught in frenzy
Endurance begins,
Wildness in warfare
Means he who dares
..... WINS

Who Dares.

Who Dares.

Hushed and hydrated,
Water-wet otters,
Timorous creatures,
Pretensions dislike.

Hostile approaches,
Beget brave reactions,
Courageous offensives,
Preparing for fight.

Audacious behaviour,
Retribution begins,
Endurance in warfare
Means he who dares
..... WINS

Who Dares.

Who Dares.

Hushed and hydrated,
Water-wet otters,
Timorous creatures,
Pretensions dislike.

Hostile approaches,
Beget brave reactions,
Courageous offensives,
Preparing for fight.

Audacious behaviour,
Retribution begins,
Endurance in warfare
Means he who dares

***** WINS *****

Who I Am.

Who I Am.

Liberation-discharge has a loud call, need
to unwind shouts boldly,
as the fettered heart feels no better until
it is de-controlled.

Caged, a muzzled soul will unravel slowly
wanting freedom, believing,
when turned adrift emancipation widens
as it homes for relief.

So unhand my heart, release me, disband
this neglected affair
and leave hold of erroneous persuasion
that shackled means care.

Who I am is unique and of late I begin
again to celebrate
life for my own pleasure, and not for what
others think is my state

WHO I AM.

Who I Am.

Liberation discharge has a loud call, need
to unwind shouts boldly,
as the fettered heart feels no better until
it is de-controlled.

Caged, muzzled souls will unravel slowly
toward freedom, believing,
when turned adrift emancipation widens
as it calls for relief.

So unhand my heart release and disband
this neglected affair
and leave hold of erroneous persuasion
that shackled means care.

Who I am is unique and of late I begin
again to celebrate
life for my own sake and not for what
others think is my state.

Who I Am.

Who I Am.

Liberation-discharge has a loud call, need
to unwind shouts boldly
as the fettered mind feels no better until
it achieves de-control.

Caged, a muzzled soul will unravel slowly
wanting freedom concealed
in convention yet struggle slowly widens
bars of stress for relief.

So release me, unhand my heart disband
this neglected affair
and leave hold of erroneous persuasion
that shackled stands for care.

Who I am is unique and meant to flap
dried wings then celebrate
life as a personal journey, not letting
others dictate my state.

Who Knows ?

Dedicated to all those living in September 1939.

Who Knows ?

And September-3rd rain dims
won peace disarming the patience
of now-disturbed people
as the world unbelievably waits
uncertain but hopes expire
when as that third day emerges
from neutral air, war arrives.

Faces exchange fear in waves
of anger while many agree that
the international mantra
"Those to whom evil is done do
the same in return" seems
insane but who knows even now
how to adjust that falsified
bit of the formerly useful idiom ?

Let us never make progress forward
to historically backward windows
where when shut by sacrificed lives
deserve to stay peacefully closed.

Who Said !

Who Said !

Sky the shade of love beckoned
with sultry rapture
as our two night-driven ships
that crossed briefly
exchanged new fun of attraction.

Let who will condemn
but desire repaired aging helms
and put passion in sails
drooping with fade
while release flooded both decks.

Who said mature is too late !

WHY ?

WHY ?

She shone and delight
revitalized her faded outlook on life.
Mind felt alive, days
daily danced by after defeating any
attempt to hide
the event of love's lightning strike.
Yet time cut the vision
in sudden slices until fate, resenting
the change, stifled
her hope which curled up and died.
She had a dream
adorned with new passion's vitality.
Why did she not see
its fruition could never have been ?

WHY NOT ?.

Why Not ?.

If first light that follows night's release
seizes every day's dawning
to increase
the force of nature's fresh-air feast
which overrides
residues of human sleep-recourse
and provides
new meaning to deep-breath revival
then why not breathe it in ?

If delight upon which one stumbles
at first light gives the urge
contained in that
humbling moment as dawn takes
up reigns cleansed by
dark silence to draw in morning air
and purge dream-dried
remains in lungs, heart and mind
then why not breathe it in ?

If blessings of waking at first light
outweigh last cosy moments in bed
and help gather fresh stores of life
then why not breathe it in ?

Wild Beauty

Wild Beauty.

Shot through with wild beauty
this almost-island is so hard to leave.
Three sided by water a walk
round headlands breathing in drama
will not be regretted.

Remote enough to cause
near claustrophobia to those prone,
isolation's allure whispers
not to all when granite tilts finger of
stationery all-sided height
Skywards and changing
her dome's rugged mood greys and
force-torn then clifftop
performance awes even the bravest
when night has no moon.
Who dares test tameless
feels seductive alchemy and ought
partake of ancient psyche
for more mesmeric its mystical call
on moorland and shore.

Tide running low or storm
exploding draws on adventure and
lends awe to mined coast.
Tales coat pit-relics with
visitor invite to define Cornish gold.

Wild Beauty..

Wild Beauty.

Shot through with wild beauty
this almost-island is so hard to leave.
Sun coats all seasons inviting those
hardy or weak to try
May in December and June in March.

Three sided by water a walk
round headlands breathing in drama
will not be regretted.

Tide running low or storm
exploding this coastline lends magic
to rocky adventures.

Remote enough to cause
near claustrophobia to those prone,
isolation's allure whispers
not to all when granite tilts finger of
stationery all-sided height
and night has no neon only a moon.
Skywards and changing her dome's
rugged mood greys and
force-torn then clifftop performance
awes even the bravest.
Who dares test Cornish alchemy feels
its seduction and needs
partake of ancient psyche the more
Mesmeric the beauty and
call of Cornwall's moorland and shore.

Wild Land

Wild Land

Who visits this wild land sees,
in the vision-bright eyes of birds and beasts
where grass, wind-bent
and weather-dried clings to high cliffs
to provide meagre shelter
from hovering feather and where rabbits
stay frozen when death is nigh.
Where bird keeps day-watch in heather
for movement of life
as ears cock in habitual wariness for knife
of forked lightning predators fall.

Fern-fattened fur then leaps in prey-fright
as waiting eyes glaze.

Such is the dictum
of force and order among the creatures
surviving in wilderness
where exists such fierce kind of freedom.

Who seek other behaviour
in those being true to themselves owns
that this wild-land has places
where human-less only nature controls.

Wild Land.

Wild Land.

Who visits this wild land sees,
in the vision-bright eyes of birds and beasts
where grass, wind-bent
and weather-dried clings to high cliffs
for dear life as granite shelters
no more than hovering feather and rabbits
who stay close to their hides.
Where eagles keep day-watch for movement
in heather of bobbed tails, or white
hopping ears in habitual
cocked wariness then like a knife of forked
light the predators fall.
Fern-fattened fur leaps or freezes
in prey-fright,
eyes glaze and stay frozen as falcon attacks.
Such is the dictum
of law and order among the creatures
surviving in wilderness
yet persist in a fierce kind of freedom.
Who seek for behaviour
in those being true to themselves owns
that this island has places
where human-less only nature controls.

WILD LAND.

Wild Land.

Who visits this wild land sees,
in the vision-bright eyes of birds and beasts
where grass, wind-bent
and weather-dried clings to high cliffs
for dear life as granite shelters
no more than hovering feather and rabbits
who stay close to their hides.
Where eagles keep day-watch for movement
in heather of bobbed tails, or white
hopping ears in habitual
cocked wariness then like a knife of forked
light the predators fall.
Fern-fattened fur leaps or freezes
in prey-fright,
eyes glaze and stay frozen as falcon attacks.
Such is the dictum
of law and order among creatures
living in real wilderness
and who persist in a fierce kind of freedom.
Who seeks for behaviour
in those being true to themselves, owns
that this island has places
where, human-less, only nature controls.

WILD.

Wild.

Wild the love
wert thou with me.

Wild the nights
of luxury.

Wild the bliss
slept I with thee.

Wild the cries
of ecstasy.

Wild the joy
wouldst fate agree.

William

William.

A tribute to William Grant one of the
first pioneers of Arctic Photography.

Afternoon light, heavy with whiteness
tightened its grip on
icicles hanging from every branching
pine tree and roof.
The ground under-foot looked crusted
but collapsed when
gaining confidence, so plunged William
knee-deep in part slush.
Happiness surrounded this old beardy
hunter who bent grisly
head back to let out manic laughter as,
fumbling he got one final
camera-shot of that called "Wilderness"
After long-time experience,
taught by arctic conditons amid viscous
unwrinkled cold sea-top
sheltering frost-grey mountainous land
for geese-skein welcome
during migration an aged photographer
laid himself down, waved
farewell breathing his last courageously.

Wind-Demons.

Wind-Demons.

There are times when the sea
is not a blue ocean,
nor even water
but some violent explosion
which can only be summoned by Gods
for, when bursting with
over-keen energy
it wells then hurls itself over the rocks,
biting great pieces off cliffs
like some ravenous
beast whose rage knows no limits,
it's roar never stops.
A deafening storm frights those inside
nearest cottages
who experience disorder of senses
enough for them to hide
when froth hits the chimney tops,
as until more quiet arrives
the night heavens
with zealous wind-demons cavorting
in lace-caps, sandy-socks,
grit-filled ribbons
and the saltiest long seaweed frocks.
Pray that, come light,
the worst of an almighty gale
will have blown out,
to reveal no tragic cost and a new day,
in restoring order again,
shows not a boat or fisherman lost.

Windfalls

Windfalls.

What rounded succulence lies
in the sweet swelling belly
of tree-laden apples.

Every plump sphere of tight
skinned abundance will
redden itself in July's
green-clad ample
of wind-fall consignment
when feather and fur
join with worm
before another jaw bites
clamps and crunches
floored finds from under
full branches.

Who could not like times
of slaked appetite when
wind-shaken bounty
of fruity cascades
drops delight ?

Winding Down

Winding Down.

The last rumbling bus comes to a halt, ejects
it's sole passenger
and as light dies down drizzle begins.

Dry laundry on lines tangles and wets;
well-fed cats doing their rounds
collect damp coats;
and as quiet smoke rises from chimneys
village life trundles home.

A lone owl half-screams and owners wisely
shut all fowl indoors;
the fox often roams hungry in gloaming
looking for supper.

Cottage hearths now cosily lit welcome
with glow those within,
dozing the dogs seek fireside closeness
to dry damp coats
though requests to move over are met
with indifferent snores.

Farmyard's old gate creaks as young Kate
takes last peep at labouring ewes,
and hopes dawn will
break drier on new mothers' bleatings
for all lambs need chill eased
by milky-filled warmth.

Day winding down sees timed benefits
in breaks for most farming folk
whose work rarely ends.

WINDING DOWN.

Winding Down.

The last rumbling tractor halts to eject
village farmhands
and silence greets dusk as day dies in
satisfied yawns

.

Dry laundry on lines tangles and wets
in twilight drizzle
while cats doing their rounds
watch for dinner in hay-ricked barns
as scent of baked bread
mixes roast aroma with pie smells to
welcome fok trundling home.

A hungry owl screams and wives shut
away free-ranging hens
for fox often roams in gloaming's cover
and eyes chicks for supper.

Kitchens now lit with simmering sparks
of aproned activity
wipes red cheeks with floury glance
at hall clock and ticks off baking
done and ready.

Boiling eggs brownly chink in pans for
immediate starters and cream
clots in stirred and hearthed tins to fill
scones for empty returners.

Dozing herders, sheep-folded canines flop

dog-tired nearest fireside warmth
and any commands to move over fall on
ears deafened by well earned snores.

Yard's old gates creak as young maids
take last peeps at labouring ewes
sheltering under nearby
hedgerows and hope morrow's dawn
will break drier on hillsides
for suckling in squally chill can carry off
fragile new-borns and female
hearts bend toward needs in nature.

Day winding down again sees nighttime
make rainy descent
on countryside holdings and those
whose labour rarely ends.

WINDING DOWN.

Winding Down.

The last rumbling tractor halts to eject
village farmhands
and silence greets dusk as day dies in
satisfied yawns.

.

Dry laundry on lines tangles and wets
in twilight drizzle
while cats doing their rounds
watch for dinner in hay-ricked barns
as scent of baked bread
mixes roast's aroma with pie smells to
welcome kin trundling home.

A hungry owl screams and wives shut
away free-ranging hens
for fox often roams in gloaming's cover
and eyes chicks for supper.
Kitchens now lit with simmering sparks
of aproned activity
wipe red cheeks with floury glances
at hall clock and tick off baking
done and ready.

Eggs brownly chink in boiling pans for
immediate starters and cream
clots in stirred and hearthed tins to fill
scones for empty returners.

Dozing herders, sheep-folded canines flop
dog-tired near fireside warmth
and any commands to move over fall on
ears deafened by well earned snores.

Yard's rusty gate creaks as young maids
take a last peep at labouring ewes,
sheltering under nearby
hedgerows and hope morrow's dawn
will break drier on hillsides
for suckling in squally chill can carry off
fragile new-borns and
female hearts bend toward needy nature.

Day winding down again sees nighttime
make rainy descent
on countryside holdings and folk whose
labour rarely ends.

Winged Hearts.

Winged Hearts.

Allowing insides to open
Hearts become winged,
Word-wise, guilt free,
Fearless yet hopeful
While efficiently
Unassailable

WINGED.

Winged.

Allowing love to open cages
hearts become winged,
knot-loose, ageless
and efficiently
unassailable.

Winnow the Wind

Winnow The Wind.

Soft as the cobwebs that dance the vine.
Sweet as the droplets that dew the rose.
Warm as the first taste of fruity red wine
Is love which once relished sturdily grows.

Harsh as raw winds in the willow's branch.
Cold as the mountain stream's winter flow.
Dry as the drought that wilts any romance
Is life when empty of love's felt under-tow.

So winnow the wind divide chaff from grain.
Refine frozen gold then grasp love's flame.

Winnow The Wind.

Winnow The Wind

Soft as the cobwebs that dance the vine.
Moist as the droplets that dew the rose.
Warm as the first taste of ruby red wine
Is love that once planted, sturdily grows.
Harsh as a gale that splits bare branch.
Cold as an ocean that breeds aloneness .
Hard as the silence smothering romance
Is love that once wilted, fun over-throws
Winnow the wind, divide chaff from grain.
Rediscover lost gold, come love me again

Winter Sounds.

Winter Sounds.

We, looking to Now
.....may see icy goodbyes.
Cold can scribe lonely,
.....but for only a while.

The Now fosters no
.....special seasonal timing.
Winter sounds saddest
.....when seen from behind.

Tho' drifts of bleak past
.....still pale teared faces.
Sun melts the quicker
.....frost-bitten heartaches.

Nowness ahead brooks
.....no reason for trauma.
Yielding to Spring-song
.....means wings will sky-soar.

Winter-Clad.

Winter-Clad.

Tell me a winter-clad tale
of lanes ice-coated, pools
with floating fish in grasp
of sudden death, of misty
twilight's snow-blind cold
veiling sheep-dotted hills
and covering food of wind
howling in non-stop blast
on farmland and holdings.
Tell me of frosty-backed
cattle in safety's low stall
chewing cold cud, of fields
thigh-high in drifts, flakes
wildly piled around frozen
seedlings of stiffened rods,
of tough farming breeds at
hard spade-labour digging
in search of buried ewes,
of bleating lambs' hunger,
of calves losing a mother
in the stumble to milking,
of log-ovens kept warmly
heating black potted gruel
when all jobs are finished.
Tell me the story of never
say No when a going gets
tough, of folk whose hold
on tomorrow shines with
faith's star of hope, when
after bad-weather losses

shrugs of wide shoulders
just fastens worn jackets
and hatted steps forward
raw fingered yet willing
and ready despite freeze
of winter to battle again.
Clad in strongest resilience
such men and their women.

WINTER-CLAD.

Winter-Clad.

Tell me a winter-clad tale of ponds
icy coated and
trout belly-up in death's breathless
sad grasp,
of misty twilight's snow-blind glide
through goat-dotted hills
to cottage cowl,
of wind's sudden howling in rafters
when panes rattle.

Tell me of frosty-backed cattle tho'
stalled lowing for cud,
of fields thigh-high in drifts, flakes
piled around hedgerows
shielding stiff sheep,
of frozen greenery,
of tough farming breeds labouring
to dig out and save
lambing ewes,
of new-born bleating hunger,
of calves losing
others in mass stumble for cover,
of hot log-ovens kept heating
heating black potted gruel
when jobs are done.

Tell me the story of never say No
when going gets tough,
of folk whose hold on tomorrow
shines with hope,
when after bad-weather losses

shrugs of wide shoulders
fasten worn jackets and hatted,
trust steps forward
raw fingered yet willingly ready
despite freeze and
struggles to battle winter again.
Clad in strongest resilience
such men and their women.

Winter-Dazed

Winter-Dazed.

Tomorrow's plants curl in frozen patches
as snow-mottled clouds
hang unsmilingly low over cold ground.

Surges of change entered air's passage
as Spring, winter-dazed
sluggishly pushes green things awake.

Stifled and naked ice-stiffened vines
still as stick-statues
dream of red dresses full of grape juice.

Nothing appears to rile nature's mind
no uncertain moves
rule the intent that new will be rooted.

Cold it may be but Spring knows its duty.

Winter's Low Sun.

Winter's Low Sun.

White caps on ocean like thick meringue crystal
coloured when pink broke through cloud cover
while Winter's low sun flooded each gap.

Dusk ran gilt breezes through cliff-top heather,
ruffled white harebells and blushed to russet
the storm-beaten tufts of toughened grass.

Naught hits my ears like eve's dying swan-song,
hearing riled waves crack on granite my eye
catches gull-roost seeking safe passage.

Wind still smacking stone I depart homeward,
sudden spilled gloaming set bleeding Night
sky while twilight draws blinds to relax.

Wintery Sky

Wintery Sky.

Stars like sparks now splutter to bed
as clouds catch fire.

Smut-red lips of late sultry sun kiss
mouldering night.

Morning's shimmer of shivering glow
wakes winter sky.

Year's motion sets a limit to seasons
re-filling their time.

WISELY BOUGHT.

Wisely-Bought.

Who inhabits Love's wisely-bought kingdom
rides life's winds with intended mindfulness
saddles storm's steeds in willing continuum
and mildly floats toward rich enlightenment.

Wished For

Wished For.

Today comes empathy-tinged.

What a dawning as pale sun,
breaking through grey,
about-faces
and allays apprehension.

With a wished-for bit of news
this lovely morning
joins with me
as hope starts racing to you.

Friendship its own healing brings.

Wished-For

Wished-For.

Today comes empathy-tinged.

What a dawning as pale sun,
breaking through grey,
about-faces
and allays apprehension.

What a wished-for bit of news
this lovely morning
joins with me
that hope be coming to you.

Friendship its own comfort brings.

Wishful

Wishful.

*Dogged with mist
a darksome pool.
Froth covered,
dappled with dew.*

*Water pours
over stone loins.
Mud adorned,
moulding coinage.*

*Good-luck pond,
money swollen.
Left behind
in wishful hope.*

WITH YOU.

WITH YOU.

Was it the early-bird flutter,
the before dawning pleasure of waking warmth
that reminds me best of last summer
or was it
those breakfasts with you ?

Was it the burgeoning fruit trees
of well laden apples greening to red which we
constantly shook that reminds me
or was it
those breakfasts with you ?

Was it the sight of colourful blooms,
or the late evening tide's race up quiet coves
or dancing in sand to favourite tunes
or was it
those breakfasts with you ?

Was it the smell of mushrooms fresh
from the field and frizzled with yesterday's
left-over toasted bread,
was it being caught out in the rain
or our sudden peals of laughter or the ideas
on world events we exchanged
was it love's willing refusal to lose
after dual confessions that I most remember
and our passionate displays of proof,
or was it
those breakfasts with you ?

Woman-Fed.

Mother-Fed.

On sun-honeyed cottage walls another day
knocks and ousts from bed every duty-clad
mother to wake snoring offspring and move
bread-winning others.

As whinny of seabreeze shakes budl-drop
on frothy trees ravelled bed-sheets leave
sweating bodies, crumple floor-wards and
stretching offspring wriggle toes as yawns
mist morning's wonders.

Kitchened in throb of breakfast-sizzle old
dog squints at dawn and whimpers at call
from white-aproned bustle, hobbles out
whining at chatter of hob-blackened pot
as brown tea rouses cobbled-clog rush
to scoop buttered bread then pocketed
for hunger's staving.

Day offers no wind as man-feet splash mud
in pooling slop along early streets, stopping
to rub bleary eyes and fasten old coatstrings
before reaching tar-skewered beached craft
close-roped for action, swabbed decks ready
boat sways bobbing in wait.

Olden-day clippered sails, ocean harboured
held filled holds of battened-down business
for woman-fed boat-men, ready-sluiced and
home-muffled, handled a hauled cargo best

in unruffled water.

Decades ago hard living meant mothers held
ropes together at home and gave no heed to
complaint from fine-weather seekers but set
zealous fire under all lazy dalliance whether
it be son, father or daughter.

Praise be for unrivaled female dedication to
successful survival of the closely knit family
whether near warm hearthside or out at sea.

WOMAN-FED.

Woman-Fed.

On sun-honeyed cottage walls another day
knocks and ousts from beds frock-flouncing
mothers to awaken offspringing snores of
bread-winning others.

As whinny of Spring shakes petal-drop on
frothy-green trees unravelled sheets leave
sweaty bodies, crumple floor-wards then
stretching sons wriggle toes before yawns
mist the windowed morning.

Kitchened in throb of breakfast-sizzle old
dog squints at dawn and whimpers when
moved by white-aproned bustle, hobbles
outside for nature's call as whining kettle
chatters for hob-balckened pot and brown
tea rouses a cobble-clogged rush to scoop
buttered bread-chunks in pockets for late
morning mid-labour nibbles.

Day offers no wind as man-feet splash mud
in pooling slop along early streets, stopping
to rub bleary eyes and fasten old coatstrings
before reaching tar-skewered beached craft,
close-roped for action swabbed decks ready
to heave toward big breakers.

Olden-day clippered sails, ocean harboured
held large holds of battened-down business
for woman-fed boat-men, hand-sluiced and
home-made-clad lads handled hauled cargo

best in whisper-tide waters.

Decades ago hard living meant mothers held
ropes together at home and gave no heed to
complaint from fine-weather seekers but set
zealous fire under all lazy dalliance whether
it's son, father or daughter for behind every
morning lay day's vital matters.

Praise be for unrivaled female dedication to
family survival at hearth-side or sea.

Wonder.

Wonder.

Wonder hides in nature's events, she lurks
behind every heard melody,
shares beauty of small things, speaks loud
in quiet or babble of living,
dances in bird trills, shows wisdom to ears
bent to bee-song or wind chorus
as Wonder's bounty stuns those who listen.

Amazement magnifies gems to searchers
for the unexpected, minds tend
to digest marvels from soul-trainers when
each sense opens entry to
joy-struck dimensions of altered concepts
that allow normal to stop as
Wonder bows watchers toward perception.

Wonderment.

In that twilight when sea-foam skittered sand
on bare wet toes,
as sun-down scuppered need for dour grum,
you took me
and we shackled wonderment for a moment.
All rile was left in a yesterday-mire and just
nothing felt slutchy
to our touch of contentment that little while.
In dark's cove we chawed clandestine risps
of stolen kisses, unrolled
tongues of delight and gloried in fetterment
while gyved together.
Those neckled heaves hankled all the asurn
of heaven and earth.
One summer's eve we two for a pretty time,
wooed an alivenesss,
slaked passion and sated sleaved smeddum
as never before.

Hagseed may take tomorrow but we did what
was waited for.

We pierced a rive into infinity on that azured
shore, you and I.

N.B.

Grum = gloomy, morose

Slutchy = mucky

Asurn = vault

Risp = green-leaf branch

Gyve = handcuffed

Sleaved = raw

Smeddum = energy

Wonderment.

Wonderment.

Lost in dense night of idle imaginings when
drowned in false thinking's dark
abyss I find Wonder who restores my intent
to climb from depression and
take comfort in viewing surrounding reality.

Wonder hides in season's events, she lurks
behind every bird-melody,
shares beauty of small things, speaks loudly
in quiet or babble of living,
dances in raindrops, shows wisdom of ears
bent to beesong or leaf-chorus
as Wonder stuns stress in those who listen.

She freckles fish, dapples ponies, shapes
clouds, patterns shells, clothes
sunsets with colour, fringes cobwebs in
dew's diamanté, sculpts snow,
ridges sand as tide ebbs, blankets spring
hedges with tiny blooms and
paints pure sapphire in new-kitten eyes.

Wonderment magnifies gems to watchers
of nature's show as minds bend
to suffuse marvel this trainer of souls, like
fragrant rose-scent can enter
awe-struck dimensions of joy momentarily
that allow attention to end as
Wonder bows us toward Godly perception.

Word Wisdom.

Word Wisdom.

Poets like me at times hitch
a slow ride
on some passing ideal where
behind screens
another reality exists hiding
behind the norm.
glowing in an authentic light
with shadowy guides
 waiting word-wisdom to share.

Dreamland begins
where castles of moonstone
fly starry sign-posts,
naught can shade eager eyes
from mystic wonder
of unseen potential when roads
paved with words appear
between waking and sleeping.

Nostalgic sighs
become agelessly scented with
faith, dissolving fears
and mending bent fingers ideas
take wing steering
waves of letters to blank pages
filling lined spaces
to throw seemly enlightenment
to curious minds.

Mood rides high
as untied linguistic phrases free
pens to delight reading
eyes in seeing imaged horizons
or captured alive
the draw of nature or the crying
sad rhymes release
whenever a poetic Muse inclines
ears toward writers.

Wordless.

Wordless.

What a world of beautiful silence comes to us
in tiny earfuls if we stay aware.
Join a bird for, before singing, beaks practice
warble-vocabulary which delights,
or find awe from hearing the tweaks of grass,
or as the lake gleams with overnight
mist listen as warm steam massages its back.
Eavesdrop on the banter of ants
during frenetic action or hark to non-language
creaks of corn, take note of chatter
as dew hugs lawns, absorb ice talking in cracks,
or bend to the voiceless moans
of sad roses when loved petals die and are cast.
To hear trees shaking leaf-music from patter of
raindrops thrills after quick showers
and stooping to catch granite mutely enjoying
the feel of solidity empowers.

What wordless wonder nature uses
in speechless contact we can hear if we choose.

WORDLESS.

Wordless.

Worldfulls of linguistic wonder is there
in countless murmurs if we stay aware.

Join a bird before trilling, for beak-practice
warbles a magic meant to delight.
Catch awe from hearing the speak of grass,
or when a lake gleams in first light
listen to dawn's steam massaging its back.
Eavesdrop on the banter of ants
laugh at fly mumbles, hark to non-language
creaking of twigs, note the chatter
as rain meets paths, stoop at stalks cracking
without vocabulary, bend to moans
of voiceless roses when fading petals dangle.

Watch bark scrape in annoyance
as wind batters trees during sharp showers,
Gaze to catch granite enjoying
duets as solid feet deflect high-tide power.
Smile at the wordless warm
welcome fish give to sunshine as fins bow
to its rays in surface waters .
Stop to let frog-croak's Spring lust tell how
many mates his call will order
come sundown's twilight if you wait around.
Applaud season's full orchestra,
by receiving its wave-band of talkless sound.

With silentious contact nature's voice uses

codes worth the learning should we choose.

WORDS.

Words.

Poetic words weave
pictures of dreams.

Use them.

Thoughts are the means
used to sculpt all words
into pictures of dreams.

Never abuse them.

Muse-inspired themes
can energize thoughts
to sculpt lines of words
into pictures of dreams.

Why not peruse them.

The best of scribed scenes
are Muse-inspired themes
which energize thoughts
to sculpt better the words
fit to picture all dreams.

Do not lose them.

Would I

Would I

Had I

richly-jewelled crowns
cloaks of silk
and embroidered gowns.

Had I

diamond-set gold rings,
coats of fur
and more for the asking.

Would I

trade life's wealth for spent
nights with thine
heart against mine pressed.

Would I

Would I.

Had I heavy jewelled crowns, cloaks of silk
and embroidered gowns.

Had I diamond ankle rings, coats of fur
and more for the asking.

Would I trade all of this wealth for nights
with thee 'gainst my bosom pressed.

Would We ?

Would We ?

All eyes turned to look for the young maiden.
Who came wearing morning as fresh as May.
As the carriage passed she waved to the crowd.
Her Queen of Day crown sat feted and proud.
Loud clapping continued along festive road
But down in the bomb's sudden explosion.
Someone saw later the Queen of Day crown.
The terror-struck maiden was never found.
Eyes must be turned to look for solutions
And end such horror by new resolutions.
Peace has to grasped when innocents die.
None dare look back and in anger ask why.

...?

.....?

.....?

If we had been clapping for that lovely maiden
Would we seek revenge should we have escaped ?

Would We ?

Would We ?

All eyes turned to look
for the young maiden
who came wearing morning
as new as first Mayday.
As her wooden cart passed
she waved to the crowd.
and the Queen of May stood
heart happy and proud.
Loud applause had begun
along upper town-road
but was drown at grenade's
sudden explosion.
Someone saw later
the Queen of May's crown
mud-caught and torn while
lifeless a girl fell to the ground.
If we had been clapping
for that smiling May-maiden
would we seek revenge
if the sniper escaped ?

WRAITHS

Wraiths.

Bats. small and flying as part of a crowd, sigh-forth
at early twilight
out of their hiding place and
quicker than lightning they can all see
minute food to attack
in night's nearing blackness.

Streaming past me they take on forms of shadowy
wraiths in the sky
mounting to make papery
flutters with drumming of wings as they
explode from sites of roost,
ghostly white and luminous.

Dispersing with faintest of confident squeaks into
dark's vast forest
of insects they swerve to
search for food then not a heartbeat after
they leave, trailing whispers
for those who stay to listen.

Year's Yield.

Year's Yield.

Now dawn is slowly brindling the heavens
with russet striations of honey-tone
cold, painting change of September mellow
on swaying meadows of harvest bonus.

*

*

*

Now I bow to be-whiskering greenness
as autumn starts its downward chorus,
fields growing tawny with ready corn-ears
show time shoulders sything ever forward.

*

*

*

Now cuddles down rootlets double-deep
for freeze urges races for extra cover
while underneath movement curls for sleep
garden-work waits until winter is done.

*

*

*

now I shall lay down my own bent labour,
after nurturing yield will welcome rest
from summer abundance but in savouring
year's produce must start to plan for the next.

Year's Yield.

Year's Yield.

Now dawn breaks
slowly brindling the heavens
with russet striations
of honey-tone cold,
painting change of October
to mellow
on swaying meadows
of harvest bonus.

*

*

*

Now I bow
to be-whiskering greenness
as autumn begins
its downward chorus,
fields grow now tawny
with ready corn-ears
show time shoulders sything
ever forward.

*

*

*

Now cuddles down
all roots double-deep for freeze
urges races for extra cover
while underneath movement
curls for sleep
while garden-work waits until

winter is done.

*

*

*

Now I shall lay
down my own bent labour,
after nurturing yield
I will welcome rest
from summer abundance
but in savouring
year's produce must start
to plan for the next.

Yellowness

Yellowness.

With each advent of sun-showered yellow
there steals
a springing of close-headed gold denseness
in nearby fields.

Daffodil time comes frilly with captured
mass meaning
packed with herald heads and nodding
gilt greetings.

Breathing in sunshine whatever the sky
I bend to eye level
lie down in an ocean of yellowness
and pretend to be floating then drown
in Spring-coloured bliss.

A yearly looked-for experience is this.

Yellowness.

Yellowness.

With each advent of sun-showered lemon
wonderment happens,
a springing of close-coloured denseness
floods valley and field.
Local daffodil time opens frilly with captured
scents of happiness,
jam-packed with massed heads all nodding
welcome gilt greetings.
A yearly looked-for experience is this, so
breathing in sunshine
under blue sky I bend down to eye level,
and lie alongside an ocean
of yellowness wealth to feel floral motion
of therapy's finest.
To be momentarily floating atop fluttering
waves of essence
is like swimming in Spring-coloured bliss.

Yellowness.

Yellowness.

With each advent of sun-showered lemon
wonderment happens,
a springing of close trumpeting denseness
coats valley and field.
Local daffodil time opens frilly in captured
essence of Spring-scent
packed with massed heads all nodding in
gilt-welcome greeting.

A yearly looked-for experience is this, so
breathing in sunshine
under blue sky I bend down to eye level
and lie alongside.
An ocean of yellowness floods dry minds
resurrects senses
with Flora's alchemic potions, acclaimed
as therapy's finest.

To be momentarily floating atop fluttering
waves of vibrations
is like swimming in Spring-powered bliss.

Yellows

Yellows.

*Like a silk-veined yellow scarf
mist hangs today in the harbour.*

*As leaves turn yellows to brown
Autumn chill sends temperature down.*

*As boats load hay's yellow bales
harvest is welcome as summer fades.*

*As sky-yellow catches my eye
the wisdom of elder-forecast applies.*

*Like a yellow mackintosh
fog will cover these clifftops tomorrow.*

YESTERDAY.

Yesterday

Now gone the tainted smell left by yesterday
makes today free to move on.

Scent at this end of morning smothers regret
in bright gleams of sorry.

Last night can remain asleep.

Bruised after we gave it a beating, dark-time
caved in to crazy un-reason.

Right now is behaving but is still a bit bleak.

Dawn broke all records for tearful awareness
when we regretful awoke.

The fire's smoke abated when not stoked for
pity's sake and today is preparing
for prettier moments.

Already replacement net curtains have fallen
over our yesterday-face.

The black and blue words we threw at each
other have faded to pale.

New brooms sweep the cleaner say sages
if used as intended.

Unspoken offence while making whoopee
leaves bad feelings as after effects.

Tainted emotion, kept inside, never does
turn out very well

but now dying that yesterday-smell
rains reasons to freshen love's fragrance.

Are we though ready ?

Yield

Yield.

When hearts have mingled
in clandestine passion,
when lips have surrendered
to whispered asking,
sweet words are remembered
but never forget
that promised dependence
yields place to debt.

YIELDING.

Yielding.

Seeding themselves in first inkling of
notions onto a page
Appear beautiful wordlings, striving to
paint searing white space.

Thru' half-heard guidance human unites
with controlled phrasing
as beautiful Muse dances her will before
moving deeper to infiltrate
faintly heard links that help poets create.

Wine of romance ferments, odes surface
to saline shanties, tender
bouquets of nature's changed splendour
relates fall or lined laments
On lost love grief personify for metaphor
flows from communication.

Exposing raw heart to the eyes of a world
as in open-soul poetry
needs spells of silence yet yielding knows
Muse disdains opposition so
ears bend close as humility starts to grow.

Yonder

Yonder.

Over the borders of everyday dim
lies dreamy Yonder
of potent beyondness which
will cover divides.

Tho' above and apart distance
retreats with mundane
when hearts start igniting
in ache's duo-fires.

Bliss can be found in a trice if
kindled with fancy
where even a wish for a kiss
does not fade or die.

Launched into new bloom with
no more than allure
pleasures of Yonder can be
mesmeric if tried

You

You.

From poplar leaves weeping their
amber on evening
to the silver of rustling ripe wheat
You determine the key.

From the hues in new buds and the
power in grass
to dawn's entrance in saffron sheets
You construct the secret.

From rain-flakes of sheen on watery
lawn to shawls of
fine feathers supporting bird's necks
You establish the text.

From salmon whose submarine life
ends after breeding
to queen bee in eggful resplendence
You remember the spell.

Your word, Oh Alchemist draws from
base pure gold, bares
to each searcher treasures of nature
for You make the changes.

You Are

You Are.

Go gentle today.

Muse a few moments and find
a still space

Tred with care and nurture your
own special grace.

Go gentle today.

Stay and meditate a while on
just who you are.

You are a marvel of beautiful
life, - - you are a star.

Go gentle today

You Are

You Are.

Go gentle today.

Muse a few moments and find
a still space

Tread with care to nurture your
own special grace.

Go gentle today.

Stay and meditate a while on
just who you are.

You are a marvel of beautiful
life, you are a star.

Go gentle today

YOU ARE.

You Are.

Go gentle today.

Muse a few moments and find
a still space

Tread with care to nurture your
own special grace.

Go gentle today.

Stay and meditate a while on
just who you are.

You are a marvel of beautiful
life, you are a star.

Go gentle today

YOU ARE.

You Are.

Go gentle today with self.

Muse a few moments and find
a still space

Tread with care, nurture your
special nature.

Stay and meditate a while on
just who you are.

You are a marvel of beautiful
life, you are a star.

So today - do go gentle.

YOU.

YOU.

From poplar leaves weeping their
amber on evening
to the silver of rustling ripe wheat
You remember the key.

From the heat in new buds and the
power in grass
to dawn's entrance in saffron sheets
You remember the secret.

From rain-flakes of gold on watery
lawn to lakes of
snowwhite feathers on swans' necks
You remember the text.

From the salmon asleep in wavering
green weeds
to a queen bee in egg resplendence
You remember the spell.

Your word, Oh Alchemist, draws all
who look, bares
to raw bone the true metal of nature
for You ring the changes.

YOU.

YOU.

You

bundle of heaven-made cuddly innocence,
my morning ray of waiting ritual,
that looked-for gift of anticipatory smiles
as I open my night-weighted eyes,
you
docile bone-loving mistress of patience
have grown yourself into my days.

You

bouquet of warm canine greeting,
my favoured scent of available sweetness,
model of intelligent compatibility
dressing each rising in mutual attraction,
you
perfecter of dumb communication
make my aloneness so touchingly grateful.

Tessa my friend

by craft of affectionate silence
your dog-sense adds spicy laughter to life.

Young Emotion

Young Emotion.

Happiness

was a romantic poem entitled
To You,
a single red rose
on the pillow of a four-poster,
and when waking
great to remember our passion.

Happiness

was slurps of fresh grape-juice
on pursed lips,
a first taste of champagne and
steamier sips
of nectared thirst shortly after.

Happiness

was racing rain and skinny-dips,
damp towels
round naked limbs ready again
for love's exchange,
decadent the kisses we snatched.

Happiness

though past becomes new again
gives the same thrill,
feels fused with excitement for
in looking back
young emotion needs its match

and with him

I believe we had both found that.

YOUR SONG.

Your Song.

From poplar leaves aptly weeping
amber on evening
to the silver of rustling ripe wheat
You remember the key.

From life in new buds and wind's
fuelled influence
to dawn's entry in cleansed mien
You remember the secret.

From dew's cleansing sheen on wet
lawns to whitest
of feathers on swans' regal necks
You remember the text.

From salmon's last determined leap
as matured breeder
to a queen bee in egg resplendence
You remember the spell.

From seasons' composed abundance
of seed-reproduction
to organized planet maintenance
You ring the changes.

Your song, Oh Alchemist, draws all
together to form
its own echo in the chorus of nature
and You merit praise.

Youth's Blood

Youth's Blood.

Cut locks
fall floor-ward.
Cropped hair
soft lies.
Docked curls
chopped off.
So ends
teenage lives.

Young minds
like glory.
War makes
boys men.
Shaved heads
bend more.
Youth's
blood spills again.

Youth's blood.

Youth's Blood.

Cut locks

fall floorward.

Cropped hair

soft lies.

Docked curls

chopped off.

So ends

young boys' lives.

Bent minds

plan glory.

War needs

cropped men.

Culled hearts

fight more.

Then youth's

blood spills again

Zest.

Zest.

Walking his tight-rope
night falls just when dawn
flutters her eyeshades
and launches first glow.

Glimmers of fervour
force ray-shards to climb
and undress shadows
then zest-halo bursts.

Glinting with shimmer
full-light shakes awake
and gleam stirs desire
for day to wear glitter.

Applauding insistence
I catch dawn's blushing
as she faces Sol's door
with passion unkissed.