

Anthology of 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.

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YOU.

YOU.

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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.

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.

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 well-known Cornish lady would often say
when looking at winter's blue-doming sky
and pointing to seascape- - "A given day
this be an' oh what a gift for we to try
understandin' the why this day be not
a usual winter-clad, an', be we glad
me dear Cornish lassie that Heaven forgot
to set our hearts today on anything sad ?"
Kind gentle Rosie would smile and for fun
wink an eye bred to know how beguiling
is simple belief that God sends gifts of love
daily in ways hidden but there for the finding.
She would bend to pick an opening bloom
and say as she twirled it slowly - " God's sun
be caught in this whirl of colourful jewels
given today so look girl before they be gone."
Words wise old Rosie uttered in memory stay
as reminders to appreciate nature.

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.

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.

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 minion 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.

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.

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 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.

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,
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 wordless I
thank God who such
order maintains
as afterglow merges
to mystical beauty
of twilight's creating.

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.

All But Erased.

All But Erased

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,
ineffaceably signed in 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 an end to continual
tough farm-husbanding trials.

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.

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.

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
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.

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 ?

## 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 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.

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

Then we had to lose life's  
much loved tie  
with you beneath earth as  
I ask why.

## 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.  
~ ~ ~

**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.

## **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.

## AWAKENING.

### AWAKENING .

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

Rousing from sleep he stretches extending 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. .



## 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.

**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.

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.

**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 dew pooled 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 in scurrying crowd.

I see a large tree shaking prior to

the strike,

speedy

zig-zag

hot lines

decapitate,

slashing at

old spalted

oaken core,

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.

**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 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.

## Battle Lines.

Battle Lines.

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 each vestige of grey.  
And wanting to taste this defiant  
spread of victorious  
Display as empty beach beckons  
I drink shades of linked  
Battle between daylight and dark  
then dome winks first star  
To bid blue apt goodbye in finalé  
as old Sol sinks.

## 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.

**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

## 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"

**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.

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.

**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.

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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.

## 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 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.

**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

## Betweenness.

Betweenness.

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.

## 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.



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But

beware

its

hating

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.

## 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 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.



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Fiercesomely gaunt like some surprised  
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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.

**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  
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.

**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.



**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.

**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.

**BREAKOUT.**

Breakout.

Reared underneath Night Princess Dawn now  
emerges milk-faced,  
yawning and fighting for freedom, over-slept  
babyness shows hasty  
appearance of 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 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.

## 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 Verse.

By Verse.

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.

## **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.

## 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.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## 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.

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 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.



## 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 champion 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.

## 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.

**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.

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.

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.

## 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 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.



**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.

**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 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.

## 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.

## 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.

**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.

## 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.

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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.

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.

## 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.

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.

## 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.

**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.

**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.

## 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.



## 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.

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**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 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.



**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.

## 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.

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## 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 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.



## 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.

## 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 ?

## 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.

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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.

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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.

## 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  
d 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.

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.



## 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.

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scribes courage on each weathered face.

**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.

## 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.

## 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 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## Cresceted Magic.

Cresceted Magic.

Hello shiny loop of post-shower Rainbow,  
you of mosaic-powered striated halo,  
and, so sages tell, a sign of faith.

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cresceted 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 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.



**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.

## 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 ?

## 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 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.

## Day's Edge.

Day's Edge.

Stars like sparks splutter to bed  
as clouds catch fire.

Smut-red lips of sultry sun kiss  
mouldering night  
and in dawn's shimmering glow  
wakes morning sky.

Day's edge sets in motion light  
re-filling its time.



## 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,  
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.

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.

## 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.

**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 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.



## Decisive.

Decisive.

Dark fast errupts 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.

**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 riffing 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.

## 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.

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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.

**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 ?



## **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.

## 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.

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

## 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.

## 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

**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.

## 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-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 ?

**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.





## 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 vermilion 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.

## 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 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.

## 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 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 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.



**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.

## 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 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.

**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.



**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.

## 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 beavies 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  
blessed.

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 fragrance could lift each  
dull day  
if best sunrising mem'ries in minds  
would stay.



## 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.

## Far More.

Far More.

Rain, wringing out great drops on sodden yards  
wetting Sunday-faced parents  
plus ripple of following offspring who all shiver  
while mincing slowly upwards  
to mud-spattered salvation of weekly worship  
and damply pewed wait for the sermon.

Built of stone-hard resign, staunch parson ruled  
moor-top portals offer no finery,  
blackened by seasonal saline its sea-raged walls  
where maids and protective matrons  
enter and kneel for penance with due repentance  
feel inbuilt sin-ache burgeon anew.

All hatted heads bow as pitching storm clouds  
fling windowed reminders to men  
reverently bent but seeing gale-flattened grain  
awaiting redemption from  
sudden batter, cattle-full shed needing spades  
of attention and gates reeling  
on torn hinges farmers believe time is wasted  
in best attire when dire demands  
out-pitch the rattle of plated coins so scramble  
for doors as the morning service ends.

Smallholding labour will ever take precedence  
but for one holy-hour, then chapel  
appetite again quenched, Sunday skirts lifted  
laced boots quickly skid home-wards



to kitcheney heaven of ready smells and fired  
with roast welcome hands  
close in thanks before venturing, sin-cleansed  
and full of rude health can smile  
at meeting continual hazards of living off land  
that demands far more than Sunday-best .

## Fate Waits.

Fate Waits.

Rose coloured spectacles have to be grown  
to see the pacing of time.

Looking backward un-earths spectred races  
and ghosts evoke riotous lines.

Tunes may be played on manifold strings  
when special glasses are worn.

Fate waits for scribes who shades donned  
reinvent life before they were born.

Covered with bloom of imagined events  
the past can glow like a rose.

Poets embroider the loosely remembered  
to capture what nobody knows.

**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.

## 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



**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 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.

## 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.

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,  
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.

**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 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.

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.

## 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 never regrets and knows no guilt.

Love has forgiveness in-built.

Love's demonstration never wears thin.

Love creates love for more than kin.

Love believes what it begins it can end.

Love treats a stranger as a friend.

Love showers balm on hearts bled raw.

Love is the foremost power 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 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.

## 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.

## 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 extra tasty grains  
of nutrition for birds whose chicks ever gorge.  
Praise for such diligence bred in nature.

## FRESH..

FRESH.

Pasts were not remembered.  
No more were they strangers  
to each other, yet  
unknown now to themselves.  
they stood in awe  
of what they knew had begun,  
for without stress  
they learnt nothing but new.  
Good sense felt numb  
until they discerned kind fate  
meant to open love's  
tollgate for ageless payment.  
Beyond life's fixed  
boundary begins destiny's  
chance for romance  
and there two lovers waited,  
fresh with reality.

## 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.



## 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.

## From Abroad.

From Abroad.

Oh for those hills of my homeland  
greening their fall  
to the sea, oh for the warm sheen  
topping flat waters of  
sandy coves, dreams from abroad  
hear calling of gulls  
hungry for gorging on bounty's rich  
beauty as they, like  
me, scream for another small dish  
of home hospitality.

Oh how I wish for each morning's  
wake to inspiration,  
where coastline invites in granite  
allure and valleys  
hide hamlets of fish-busy activity  
where home-comers  
re-live its remembered security.

Oh to race rolling  
breakers onto white beaches, to  
be kissed at the door  
by motherland air and then rest  
in home's verdant fold  
of an ample breasted welcome.

Oh to be there once more.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.



## 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.

**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

## 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  
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-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 squawks  
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 ?

**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'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 which takes place  
in normal 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 all other 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 so carefully tread.

May we ever treat gently the heaven held

in our wondrous vessel.

## 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.

## 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 conditions 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.

**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 ?

## 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.



## 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 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  
wiggled 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 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 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 Desire.

I am Desire,  
that strenuous jailor whose nightly  
visits leave victims  
guilty 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 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.



## 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.**

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.

**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.

**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 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.



## 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.

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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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.





**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  
afame 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.



## 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 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.

## 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.

## 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

## 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 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"



## 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..

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.

**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.

**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 sparrows 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 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.



**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.

## 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

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.



**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.

## 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.

## 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.

**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 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.

**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 ?

## 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.



## 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.

## 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,  
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 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.

## 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.



**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.

**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-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 Word,  
whose love-tongue becomes 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.



## 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.

## 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 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  
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 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 to high heated

flame that which once taken hold will never  
again allow frosty

defeat to choke 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 wintery shock

as they roast away any petrified heart-chill.

## 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 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 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 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.

# 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.  
----- - !!! -----

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.  
----- ! -----

Planet's oxygenation lopped by greed.  
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.

## 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.

.

## 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"



## 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.

## 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  
..... 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.

## 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.

## 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 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.

## 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

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\*

\*

and logic confirms - - - you have fallen in love.

## 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.

**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.



## 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.

**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.



## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 ?

## 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.

## 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  
stirs wings, crabs  
stretch in watery beds and  
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  
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  
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.

**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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## Mutual Pleasure.

Mutual Pleasure.

Wet as brown pebbles elderly faces  
parade every day,  
jackets held tightly to capped heads,  
leading dogs lifting legs  
or stooping in course of nature taken,  
ready bags, backs bent  
painfully, retrieve to appropriate bins  
passing owners en route  
exchange nods in wind or cold drizzle,  
bedraggled but usually  
rain-walking oldsters are glad despite  
weather to find exercise  
daily in canine care provides outings  
never otherwise taken.  
Sharing life with a four-pawed friend  
shows tail-wagging prone  
to rain-walking gives mutual pleasure  
so those living out remains  
of their days might not feel so alone,  
meeting familiar faces.

**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 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 languor  
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 ?



## 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.

## 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.

## 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 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.

## 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.

## 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.



## 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 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 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 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.

## 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.

News-worthy.

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.

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.

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pervades the horizon  
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as night creeps from hiding.  
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## 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.

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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.

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 and 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 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 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 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.

## 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 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 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 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.

## 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.

## 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 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 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-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.

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.



## 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

## 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 rumped 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 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.

## 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 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 something written in much lighter tone.

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 and respect in full 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.



## 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.

## 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.

**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.



**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.

## 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.

## 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.

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.

## 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.

## 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.



## 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.

## 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."

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 ?

**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.

## 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 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.

## 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.

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.

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.

## 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.

**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.

## 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 brown-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 liquidy-redness  
still singing our tune.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

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## 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, daisying 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.

## 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.

## Scaled By Love.

Scaled By Love.

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 scorn or frown.

Fierce ramparts built high maintain independence  
but scaled by love pride falls down.

It will smash with sweet blows walls stronger than  
steel by slow chipping away

With calls of the heart no mighty rampart will ever  
be able to stand in love's 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 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



**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 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.

## Seduction.

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Try my artful seduction and feel replete.

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Sip my abundance that sets blood afire.

Taste love that's flawless.

Then escape if you can.

## 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

## 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  
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## SEIZE AND SEE.

Seize and See.

Let us  
leap into the Moment  
and free  
its passing unnoticed.

Let us  
change human fragility  
lest we  
mislaid thinking ability.

Let us  
see Now's truth further  
and seize  
the Present as eternal.

## 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.

## 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.

## SENSUALITY.

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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.



## 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.

## 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-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.

## Shyless.

Shyless.

Rose, thou art a sea of hidden serenity.  
Thy gown over-sewn with velvet redolence  
sweetens this favour of petal-through nectar  
in waves of covert message.

Essence pervades like unction's therapy.  
May the morrow's wed oils regale my bedding  
as this maid in finery waits shyless and scented  
with rosy aroma drenched.

Thus I sit readied for marriage smelling of love  
So come Sir Knight with thine ardour uncovered.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 to late to define success.

Go buy yourself the starter-kit set.  
You most likely will never regret it.

## 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 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 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.

## 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 passes, this small blip  
in my timing,  
and let me explain.

Excuse my embarrassment, I had used  
all my lines,  
so am starting again.

I have an obsession, do you know what  
has bitten  
my heart, causing pain ?

And when I get this condition I require  
a love-session  
to keep me quite sane.

Well, has my open confession to being  
so smitten  
seeped yet to your brain ?

Now will you please listen while I put  
my bold question.

Do you feel the same ?

## 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 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.

## 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.

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  
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.

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## Soothingly Good.

Soothingly Good.

Repetitive cooing of new-morning wood pigeon,  
to me seems quietly moving.

An amalgam of voices creating dinner-time buzz  
sounds soothingly good.

Surprisingly restful the swishing of in-coming tides  
on pebbly beaches.

Agreeably pleasant the motorised greeting of blooms  
by afternoon bees.

That rhythmical rocking of rails on fast trains can be  
quite hypnotizing.

And what of those  
somnolent tocks after the ticks in my  
grandfather clock

as that continuous sizzle of near-boiling  
kettle sits on the hob

or crackles from wood on our after-work  
fires so warmly relaxing

as is the swish of slow-winged birds flying  
home by twilight

on the light murmur of Spring's night-wind  
in evening trees.

Yet none of these cosily welcome happenings  
is for me the ultimate best.

The gentlest of sounds I will ever express  
are the whispers of sleeping contentment  
in your peaceful breath next to my breast

## 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.

## 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.



## 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.

## Specialness.

Specialness.

Ten buttercup summers ago  
woven- gilt strands spiraled above  
dual attraction,  
moments fanned friendship  
into smoke of commitment and  
passion strewed  
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.

## SPIN-BACK

Spin-Back.

Numbed by first trickle of unbelief'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.



## 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 ?

## 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.

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forces entry, flails and quenches  
a taste for forgiveness.

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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  
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safer ground, well-shaken  
but wiser and still climbing from  
such bitter betrayal.

## 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.

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beckons to sense held inside  
hurtful failures  
and as mind clears re-action  
creates conversion,  
shows rabid despair to have  
lasting reversal.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 as this ebony hour  
re-paints their sweet bower of bliss.  
Night's satin sheet rises  
to awaken passion's escaping sighs.  
But bright day over  
finds darkness demands high risks.  
Fugitive love plays  
alluring games when two crave fire.  
Re-created are thrills  
yet hidden in twilight's stolen kisses.  
Double-coupled desire  
keeps alive need 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.



## 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  
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.

## 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.

## 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 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.

## 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.

## 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.

**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.





## 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  
need of 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  
now looking as late  
summer advances to gather again.

~^ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~^ ~

~^ ~ ~ ~^

## Swift Magic.

Swift Magic.

^ ^ ^ ~ ~ ^^ ~ ^ > ~ ~ ~ ^^

^ ~ ~ > ~ > > ^ ~ > > ~

~ ^ ~ ~ ~ ~

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swiftly gliding collections of birds.

~ ^ ~ ~ ~ ^ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ^ ~ ~ ~ ~ ^ ~ ~ ~ ~

~ ^ ~ ~ ~ ^

## 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 unkissed and distress climbs.

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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 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 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 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 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 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.

## 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 shadows .....reveal 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.



## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

**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 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 the sea'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 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 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 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 Who Win.

Those Who Win.

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.

## 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.

## 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 ?



## 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 ?

## 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,  
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 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 and  
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Ears mistake sleepy whispers for proactive reality  
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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.

## 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-songs to deep breathing.

Silvered surface shivers with night-eyes as glittery dust  
follows with dart-swift  
flight each soul's winged journey while murmuring such  
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 to more hours won.

## 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.

## 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.



## 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'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.

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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  
..... this planet a place where love rules.

There are those  
who on whom would destroy a whole nation.  
Bring to quick  
end tried remedies known for re-generation.  
You friend are  
one who could alter history's course of evil.  
I am me who  
tho' weak can support peace to war's finish.

We as individuals will make the difference  
in earth's survival.  
Together humanity can franchise Freedom  
and watch love revive.

## 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.

## 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.

**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 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.

## Transformation.

### Transformation

Contoured, white-contained and secreted  
colour glides imperceptively  
as light mutates.

It fluctuates sways and flickers, unseen  
until viewed, ether-screened  
until split.

Dancing with filtered hues dye materializes,  
clarifies shimmering change,  
spices with glamour our monotone sight.

Powered with red, curried in carmine rose  
pink rides alongside  
beautifully ripeneing aquamarine, streaks  
of gold tinge yellow's eye.

Lavender superimposes itself on tangerine,  
coppery ginger  
sheens in indigo blue  
to become plum, meeting azure as mixed  
spectrum of resplendent rainbow.

Transluscent stain cuts through pastel's pale  
edge to vibrate  
in light's prised mystery  
as movement tints auras in psychic invasion,  
resplendent each sunset trembles  
with chromatic resonance.  
to those who can by perception see change.

Releasing vision to observe alchemy's live  
light transformation  
unfurling in sunrise or bubbles  
of rain surprises with colour at every turn

in humanity's black-and-white life  
should we unglue 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 spectroscopy

brings variation to a black-and-white life.





## 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.

## 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  
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.

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.



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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.

## Truth\'s Trust.....

Truth's 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  
of truth's trust,  
then enduring solutions are made.

## 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  
flourescence 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.

## 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.

## 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 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 sprites as his prey drops.  
An un-dead ghost 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  
Oh why must I battle this castle of wraithes.

**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,  
is merely pretence  
and seems corroded.

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  
emotion demeaned.

Once confessed love needs constancy,  
otherwise as with any mistook  
God-word, compromised  
love becomes surreal.



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Love, the underprized eternal God-word  
has become today  
mostly outmoded.

Alteration stains its disguised state, for  
love, absurdly changed to shadows  
is merely pretence  
and been coroded.

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 being senseless.

Desecration of a word turned usurper,  
love so deteriorates that users  
agree this love is of  
no consequence,  
just an emotion,  
demeaned.

Once confessed love needs constancy,  
otherwise as with any mistook  
God-word, compromised  
love may become  
seen as surreal.

We who believe need to look closer  
at Easter's meaning.

## Underprized..

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Once confessed love needs constancy,  
otherwise as with any mistook  
God-word, compromised  
love becomes surreal.

## 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.

## 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 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 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 woes rise 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 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.

## 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 resilience roust disaster.

Fate can be changed with the habit of shunning  
resentment to hurtful affronts.

Let's be undeterred in working love's essence  
of peace into means of survival.

Relationships thrive when leaving momentary  
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.



## 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.

## 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 ?

## 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 pigtails 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."

## 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.

## 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 sparrows 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.

## 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

## 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

    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.



**UNSATATED.**

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.

## 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.

## 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 ?

## 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.

## 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  
for dire revenge  
and kill my recent insensibility,  
Sleep, keep  
me with you until I see clearer  
what is the  
wisest to do, float by me your  
boatful of lullabies,  
Oh Phantom I know that most  
welcome land  
awaits so take my hand, then  
float me away



## 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.



## 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.



**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.

## 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  
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.

**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.

## 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..

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.

## Water-Attuned.

Water-Attuned.

Those whose mind-set is not sprung  
from the cadence of waves  
will never know shanties related  
to mariners when seeking a seasong.

Those whose respect the vast ocean  
accepts speak its tongue, sense  
vagaries known only to weathered  
eyes catching swell's telling motion.

Those whose life is water-attuned  
gather from storm's precocious  
mood submarine wealth as it floats  
in live crustaceous fresh food.

Those whose voyage grows safer  
by using wave-signs picture  
sea's behaviour in liquid whispers  
of sound-change in breakers.

Those whose signals tune to wind  
before sky turns to puce get  
wisdom's eye to envision sea-bed  
writhing in movement's rhythm.

Those whose courage has to face  
open sea's lashing tongue  
battle boats' gale-strong under-  
pull and deserve our praise.

## 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.

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.

.



## 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.

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 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 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 ?

## 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.

## 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.



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come, treadle harmony.

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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.

## 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 unknissed.

## 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 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  
heartrug once more.

;;; ; ;

:: ;

Cold-weather unordered  
my Tessa prefers fireside roars  
to hugging that icy-white  
stuff now piling up outdoors.

::: :: ;

:: ;

;

## 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

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## 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.  
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  
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.

## 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 heaves  
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.

## 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.

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.  
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, lookng to "now"  
.....may see icy goodbyes.  
Cold can scribe lonely,  
.....but for only a while.

The " now " has no  
.....special seasonal timing.  
Winter sounds saddest  
.....when seen from behind.

Tho' drifts of bleak past  
.....still mist windowpanes  
Sun melts the quicker  
.....on frost-written names.

Fine dawns ahead will  
.....break warmer before  
Future birdsong begins  
.....and wings spring-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.

## 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.

**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.

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.

## Woman-Fed.

Woman-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 petal-drop  
on frothy trees ravelled bed-sheets leave  
sweating bodies, crumple floor-wards and  
stretching sons wriggle toes before 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 the cobbled-clog rush  
to scoop buttered bread chunks in pockets  
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.



## 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,  
wooded 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 seemingly 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 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 ?

## 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.

## 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.

## 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 ?

**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.

## 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 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.

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.

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 voice, Oh Alchemist, draws all  
who look, bares  
to raw bone the true metal of nature  
for You ring the changes.

## 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 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