A Time of Poetry

Goldfinch60

Presented by

My poetic Side
summary

The Joy of Old Age

You Are What You Are.

My River Awaits

Stealing Mind and Body.

The Old Man

Chet.

Watson and Holmes Went Camping.

Live in Peace - FIBS

Searching for Answers.

Face.

Dementia - Senryu

Morpheus Sings.

Vacancies.

Custer.

The Boat of Pleasant Dreams.

Acromegaly.

Words on This Page.

Protecting Moon.

She.

As You Like It.

Dinner in the Dark.

Music Conquers All.

Golden Girl.
Time No Longer.

Falling Faith.

Towards That Place.

The Unwritten Book.

A Man of Infinite Leisure.

A Man of Infinite Leisure - alternate version.

I Wonder.

The Past is Another Country.

So Alone.

Nelson Went To Battle.

Now.

Aching With Pleasure.

Lost in a Book.

To Infinity and Beyond.

How Did That Happen?

Banquet Places.

Saved By A Robin.

"Where\'s My Stick?"

Infinity.

Lost To Reality.

No Money In Good.

Acts of Kindness and Love.

My Nemesis.

Unexpected Beauty and Dreams.

Neighbour Watching
From the Sun to the Moon - FIBS.
The Last Station of The Cross.
The Roar of Silence.
Finding Words.
Gnossienne.
Feathers.
False Politicians.
Stop and Look Back.
Healing Ourselves.
Fighting for Peace?
Cure the World.
In Sickness and in Health.
Island of Words and Music.
Reaching Perfection.
Home, Love and Family.
Jazz was Born.
Awakening.
Acceptance.
Walking Into The Wood.
Covenant Arc.
Island of Acceptance.
Raindrop.
Remembering Natures Wonder.
Have the Aliens Landed?
The Lily.
Sunset of Life.

Orange and Yellow.

Mozart Acrostic.

Only Remembered.

The Wall.

Let’s Get Lost.

Elusive.

Race for Love.

Reflections in My Life.

The Innocence of Pens.

Knowledge.

Breaking the Code.

Ludwig.

Sunlight - Haiku.

Struggle to Nobility.

The Bubble.

Strengthened by Words.

Nature’s Bounteous World.

But Nothing is There.

On the Nature of Daylight.

Stillness Around Me

The Church of No Thanks.

All Greek To Me.

Which Path?

The Glory of Jazz.
Tomorrow Will Do

The Swan's Diversity.

Nan.

The Cook.

Impossible Conquered.

Max Richter.

Uplifting Sounds.

Scary Night.

Broken Country.

Storm - Haiku.

Words of Life.

Know Alls.

Every Morning.

Dementia - Acrostic.

Solution or Truth.

'Escaping from Life's Prison.

Time - Acrostic.

Each of My Days.

Grenfell Tower.

God's Words.

Lost Mum.

Trust in Nature.

Parliamentary Truth.

From Here to There.

Frustration to Love.
Picture of My Spirit.

That Tune.

Whose Problem.

Back in the Sixties.

Little Joys.

Summer is Alive - Haiku.

Beyond Existence.

What is Death?

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Better Days.

Clairvoyancy.

That Sound.

Nature's Wondrous World.

Dancing Like an Idiot.

PEACE? - Acrostic.

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Why Her, Why?

Task Achieved.

Parallel Universes.

Wall of Power.

Coffee First!

Life's Aims.

Vanishing Fears.

Kestrel - Haiku.

Seeing the Light.
The Poem What I Wrote (Sorry Ernie)

Ewig.

Reading Man.

Marriage to Eternity.

Treasure the Moment.

Shredded Life.

Orange Memory.

Over the Hills and Far Away.

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Early Morning Troubles.

A Soldier of the Great War.

Falling into the Night.

Walking in Space.

The Undarkened House.

Cleansing Rain.

Sitting at Heavens Door.

Harmony in Our Minds - Scionating.

Man in Orange.

Melancholy.

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Rioja - Acrostic.

Music - FIBS.

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Test of Faith?

Do You Take Sugar?
Quiet City.

Dancing with Shadows.

Reaching Nirvana.

Struck Down.

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Panic Over.

Insignificance.

Stumbling Service.

The Prism of Life.

Art is Feeling.

The Lone Tree.

Said and Unsaid.

Is there no hope?

The Theatre of Dreams.

Hilary's Passing Year.

The Lone Poppy.

FIBS.

Ignorance in Age.

Two into One.

Jigsaw of Life.

She Fever Too.

My Tomorrows.

View of God.

Star Trek Now.

The Artist Within.
The Rules of Cricket.
From Corncrake to God.
What is the Time?
What is Time?
Endless Love.
Hungry Ghosts
I'll Be Seeing You.
Singing.
Followed in the Night.
Rainbow of Life.
Throat Cutting.
Goldie and Orchi at Hastings.
Seeing the World Differently
The Man at the Door.
Beauty Revealed.
Dark Comfort.
The Tandem of Love.
My Mentor.
Calliope.
Missed Opportunities.
Clever or Wise.
To Fun or Not To Fun
Ode to Music.
The Late Muse.
Imagination.
Once More Her Hero.

The Best Opera in the World.

Is Opera For Me?

But Still We Laugh.

God’s Sense of Humour.

Perception.

Hill of Life.

New Day - Haiku.

The Magic of Mozart.

Narrow Escape.

Orchil’s Travels.

Dancing to the Music.

Against the Flow

From Darkness to Light.

Pens Drawn Ready.

The Beckoning.

Poets Touch. Senryu.

One of Those Days.

Where’s Mum?

Why Don’t Mornings Last All Day.

Hope in the Dark.

Water is Life.

Stopped By Music.

Avoidance Failed.

Positive Thought.
Can You Hear It??
KP And Orchi Got Married.

Straight to Arrears.

Body Clock.

Clarity of Mind.

Life Within Me.

Satisfied?

My Forever After.

Thirty Six Years.

Back With My River.

Stepping Off.

My Life is Nearly Led.

Remembrance Day Acrostic.

Herosim

Towards Infinity.

How Could I Drive It?

Unexpected Moments.

In The Moonlight.

In the Beginning.

Salvator Mundi.

Lifes Highway.

A New Ending.

Cupboard Love.

Morpheus, Where Did You Go?

Prison Walls
Build Bridges - Senryu.

The Game Is Back.

Finding Serenity.

Walk To Eternity.

What! No Yorkshire!!

Fevered Sea.

Jazz Without Sparkle.

Leucistic Bird.

Count Rainbows.

The Glory of Mozart.

Supermoon.

Thinking of Nothing.

The Poem We Did Not Understand.

Umbrella or Parasol.

The Man From The Seventies.

The Beat of the Drum.

Poetry is....

Infectious Joy.

Lost In A Book.

Goldie Christmas.

Light From Dark.

The Piano.

Light On.

Multicultural Meal.

Light in Death.
The Concert.

Six For Gold.

Through My Eyes.

The Challenge of Dreams.

Chet Is Alive.

For Hilary and Mike.

Happy Christmas MPS.

Shakespeare verses Conan Doyle.

Who Is That?

Snow Stopped Play.

Specsavers Here I Come.

It is Here!

The New Year.

New Year Shower.

Smile at a Stranger.

Contented Wealth.

Eternity Calls - FIB.

New Facts.

Sailing into the Light.

Realising Belief.

Feeling Poetry.

The Moon - Senryu.

Climbing to Eternity.

Ravishing Rioja.

Edge - Co-Written by Goldfinch and Hood.
Into Sleep.

Visions of Hope.

Am I There Yet?

Artists.

The Key of Life.

"Where Are My Glasses?"

Words.

Unending Light?

Tell of Your Faith.

I Am Here.

Whale Meat Again.

Alone Or With God.

Watta Lotta Excrement.

Look at the Stars.

Help Me Lord.

Path of Love.

Music In My Soul.

My Artist.

Better World.

Baffled.

Missing Nature.

Light in Chaos.

The Book.

What is Life?

Growing Love.
My World of Age.
God and Religion.
I Awoke Today
Waiting Words.
Less and More.
Respect for All.
What Valentine's Card?
Tito Gobbi
Bridges.
Doors.
Laptop Man.
Skiing for Life.
God's Humour.
Reflections.
Time For Battle.
The Man in the Mirror.
Dancing to Eternity.
The Intensity of Silence.
The Painting of Love
Communication.
Circles in the Pool.
New Car.
The Kids They 'Phone.
The Conquest of Time.
Moments.
Dementia Sea.

The Angels are There.

House of Canvas

Two Cats Fighting - For Orchi

Sun and Moon.

Tapped Conversation.

Elusive Time.

Ken Dodd

Wake Up Song.

Wolfgang Amadeus.

Spring Haiku. For Christina S

Loves Metamorphosis.

Gibberish?

Distractions.

Tripping Through Life.

The Scrum.

Intrigue.

Death Has No Sting.

Never Far Away.

Eternal Light.

Bridge.

Gethsemane.

Trial.

Journey to Golgotha.

Repentance and Forgiveness.
The Cross.
Mañana.
Euphoria.
Jealousy.
The Wonder of Music.
In the Doghouse.
This Wonderful Day.
The Evening of My Life.
Stopping the Superfluous.
Seeing My Dreams.
Flowers and Souls.
Not a Word.
Calliope Asks.
Clouds in My Life.
In The Stillness Of The Morning.
Retribution.
Calligraphy.
Church Meeting.
The Return of the Dove.
Oh What a Beautiful Morning.
Walking with Nature.
Missed Pint.
Silence with Somebody.
The Storm's Bass
Does She Ever Stop?
The Cost of Nature.

Changing Clouds.

Rare Day.

Soul Centre.

Contentment in Wine.

Diamonds of Life.

Towards Eternity.

The Sea of Life.

Missing Conversation.

At One With Nature.

Quartet for the End of Time.

Impossible Tamed.

The Old Man by the River.

Garden Love.

Love to Eternity.

Birds Now Fed - FIBS

The Cards of Life.

Tablet Trouble.

Peg's Mini.

Chet Lives in Me.

Just a Book.

A Gesture Against Time.

Unbearable Bearable.

Wheeled Freedom.

The Office.
Ragtime Trovatore.

Coffee Meetings

Lost Decade.

Tilly.

The Blue Canvas.

Life Stopped.

From House to Home.

Three Score Years and Ten

Nature's Future.

China Beware.

The Moon of Peace.

The Man in Black

New Days.

Want or Need

Childhood Innocence.

This Old Codger.

Pre-Technology.

Love Unknown.

Shrinking World

Wondrous Enchantment.

A Question of Life.

That Old Boy Down the Road.

Music is Life.

Blocked Aisles.

Finding Peace.
New Studies.
Lifes Tanka.
Amazing World.
Problems.
The Pipes! The Pipes!
Doing Nothing.
Cat Wars.
Kneading Emotions.
Fitness Holiday.
This Day - Haiku.
Still Flight.
The Man in the Way.
The Old Man in the Pub.
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Endeavour Imagination.
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All is Well.
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Live Now
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The Remains of the Day.
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To Shake or Not to Shake

Your Path.

Caving Together.

That Will Be Me.

No Flying Tonight.

Symbols for Words.

Preying in the Choir.

Escape.

Unbroken Love.

Perfection Failed.

Nature's Canvas of Majesty

Threshold of Your Mind.

The Car of My Dreams.

Barge Life.

Changing Days.

Time After Time.

Who Could Ask For More.

Failing Faith.

Playing with Clouds.

Ultimate Chastisement.

Intelligent Conversation.

Hearing The Lone Ranger.

Anonymosity

Blissful Quiet.
My Everlasting Friend.

Forward With Knowledge.

Encroachment in Life.

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What is Love?

Sunday Afternoon.

Cropped Tops

To the End and Beyond.

Wonderful Lady.

Getting the Paper.

Moments Senryu.

The Lost Words.

God Only Knows.

Awakening Days.

The Start of the Day.

Apocalypse Now?

What Day is it Today?

O\'Reilly\'s Genius.

Enjoyment for All.

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Opportunity.

Running Late.

Speak to One Another

Miserable Man.
Machined Lives.

Abstract. For Michael Edwards.

Lateness Prevailed.

Apollo Eleven.

What an Amazing Hour.

Days of Future Passed.

Into the Light

Morecombe.

Autumns Wonder.

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Is Christmas Early?

Lightness Abounds.

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The Idiot Walks.

Our Love Shows.

Doctor Who.

Natures Power - Senryu.

Time Giver.

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Centrality.

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Life's Ocean.

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Carefree?

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Jester from Leicester. Limerick.

Moonlife.

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Modern Business.

Birthday Poem.

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She Looks to the Sea - Haiku and Senryu

Indispensable.

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Coffee Stitch.
Cloud Sitting.

Stuff.

Mini Hibernation.

Always With Love.

Music is Calm.

Rap Man, Rap.

How Strange!

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Back into My World

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Usual Day.

Duvet Cover.

River to Eternity.

Catch a Falling Leaf Two Ways.

One Dark Night.

Knowledge's Frontier.

Sunday Lunch to Prepare.

Treats From Kay.

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Orchi and Guy Fawkes.

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The Guns Stopped.

The Sea of Harmony.

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The Fairy on the Tree.
Simply Difficult.

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The Other Side of Fear.

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Autumn Acrostic.

Together in Paradise.

Their Lips Move.

Love Hate.

The Day After the Night Before.

The Experts Opinion.

The Glue of Life.

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Travel in Hope.

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New Day - Haiku to Senryu.
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*The Privilege of Age.*

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Goldie and Orchi Seven Hundred.
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No, There Will be no Hurricane Tonight.
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Her Beautiful Smile - Senryu.

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Bin Man.

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The Foggy, Foggy Dew.

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For What More Could I Ask?

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Faithless.

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Obscurity Goldiku.
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Does Size Matter.

Michael's Artistic World

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Croquet Prize.
The Hastings Wake.
Her Love For Me.
Gift of Time.
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Stay Weird.

My River of Joy.

What Shall I do?

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Guilty Acrostic.

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"'Ello Andy".

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The Gaz Hughes Sextet.
The Croquet Myth.
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And the Sun Rises.
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Unused Words From dusk arising.
Tears in Music.
Peaceful Buzzard.
Morning Stranger.
Pot of Gold.
Wishing for More.
The Force of Destiny.
The Glory of Life Acrostic
Status Quo.
Saturday Meal.
Hair Dyed.
Wonder and Delight.
No Regrets.
What Happened to Yesterday?
Released From Despair.
All Was Well.
Every Time I Walk.
The Good Life Acrostic.
Unique Nature.
Chet.

Beauty.

Golden Girl.

Live to Die.

Stars Shine.

Cheating Exercise.

Star Trek Lives.

Garden Boundary.

Music and Lyrics.

Respect.

Mr Myers.

Touching 2.

Arguing with Myself.

Starlight Acrostic.

Starry Eyed and Laughing.

Clothes Flattener.

Music is My Life.

Do Not Look Back.

Kathleen.

Hello Gorgeous.

If Only.

The Two Ladies.

Wandering in the Wood.

Each New Day.

Listening to Ella.
Extended Life.
The New Day - Senryu.
Star Spangled Soul.
Shown the Way.
Out Beyond the Ideas.
Andy\'s Tin.
Hothouse Plant.
Such a Wonderful Day.
Solace of Time.
My Valentine.
Nature\'s Glory for Me.
What is in Your Life?
No, There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.
Do You Tread the New Path?
Sixty Nine Acrostic.
Birthday Drive.
Handels Music Flows Senryu.
Beauty Within.
Where Music Takes Me
Day Wonder.
Acrostic for Helena.
Just For Me.
Is She a Bad Mother.
Waiting at the Tip.
Being Bilingual.
Lost in Words.

Stoicism Acrostic.

Whose Round Is It?

Art Where No Men Tread

Ennio Morricone.

Not a Bad House.

Guilty People.

Poet's Day.

It's Your Road.

My Grandchildren.

Got That.

Coded Haiku.

Towards My Lover. Senryu. (Plus answer to coded Haiku)

In These Strange Times.

In My Long Life.

No Separation.

Steaming Entitlement.

Adrift With Nature.

I Love You

Refilled.

I Was There.

A Moment in Nature.

A Happier Place.

Thinking Back.

So Many Happy Times.
Struck Down.

Imagination and Dreams.

What Else Would I Want?

Guilt Trip.

In Life FIB

Star of Eternity.

Smile For All.

From There to Here.

Two Way Clouds.

I Hear Music FIB.

The Sixties, Was I There.

MSM

Is History Right?

Bottles of Pandemic.

Back to School.

It Rained.

Times of Youth.

Steph at Thirty.

New Consideration.

No Edgeways.

One Heart.

Natures Glory.

Driving in the Rain.

Experiences Enjoyment.

Carol\'s Autumn.
That Smile.

Tosca Acrostic.

Bohemian Rhapsody.

Stop Washing.

Behind Their Peers!

Twice Taken.

Mine to Enjoy.

Hiss Undone.

I Walk Onto the Lawn.

Still in Love.

Pictures at an Exhibition.

No Return.

Driving the Other Way.
The Joy of Old Age

The one thing that we cannot stop
Is time, and getting older.
I have seen many things in my life,
Been on life's journey.
Laughed through childhood,
Lusted through teenage years,
Matured with marriage when I found love.
Enthralled by children,
Laughed with grandchildren.
Worked all my life
Until the day of retirement came.
As I now progress towards my end
I realise that I am a lucky man.
I have had a good life,
The ups and downs have been there,
But many more ups than downs.
In this latter time of my life
I realise that many responsibilities
And worries have decreased.
So I go towards my end,
Cherishing the freedoms
And the rewards of old age.
In this life you see others,
Others who you want to be.
They may be better looking
And you wish to look like them,
They may be able to solve impossible problems
Problems that you don't understand,
Their art work may be sublime
Where you find it impossible
To draw anything recognisable,
They play music that tears the emotions from you,
But all you can do is make a strange noise,
They can write words of wonder and passion on a page
Instead of the ramblings that you create.
This state of mind is normal,
You may have something that others would like,
Compassion, kindness, generosity and love.
You cannot be anyone else,
You are what you are,
Everybody else is taken.
My River Awaits

I cross the road,
Walk down the familiar path
And there to greet me like a long lost friend
Are the Swans, gliding towards me,
They sail in silence
On My Friend, My River.
It is such a long time since the last time,
The time has been hard
With no time to walk by My River's side,
But I am back
It may even be just the once for a while.
As I walk along by its side
I can feel the smile growing,
And the peace starts to swell
Inside my body and mind.

"Teacher! Teacher!" I hear
As the Great Tit calls through the canopy,
The canopy of sycamore awaiting new buds
As Spring comes upon them, to bring new life,
To bring new life to all Nature.
Overhead I hear the Geese fly noisily
Towards the water,
The sound of their raucous voices
So noisy, so wonderful,
As I walk towards the bridge
The sound of the traffic seems muffled
In comparison.
Then over the traffics growl I hear children,
Children shouting and laughing,
Laughing on their way to school.

The bridge is above me,
Then behind me,
And now I am back with Nature.
The noise receding into the distance,
Leaving just Natures Symphony
Surrounding my being.
The Symphony having a moment of silence,
The silence that surrounds a Buzzard
As its gentle flight takes it above My River.
The silence is broken by the slap of wings
As the Woodpigeon take flight.
I look across the field and see a Magpie,
So beautiful in its white and blue iridescence.
I am pulled back to My River,
I hear and see ducks
Quacking in their flight
Just skimming above its surface.

As I move further into Natures realm
I see a cygnet slowly sliding by
Still exploring its new and wonderful world,
That world of absolute beauty and joy,
That world of which I am now part.
My River at my side,
My Mind clearing for a moment
As I see My river and My Spirit combine,
Both leading me to infinity,
One day I will follow its path to the end,
And be with it forever

I come to the paths end and turn back,
Back towards the life awaiting me,
Back to my love who needs me.
Needs me more and more each day
As she slowly glides into her own world,
The world where her mind is closing,
Closing inside a bubble of her own,
That bubble becoming stronger
And harder for me to penetrate.

I near the end of my walk and see the road
But as I reach the gate a blackbird is beside me,
Looking at me and seeming to say,
"Good bye, come back soon".

I know that I will be back,
My River awaits me
And is calling me,
To walk again by its side.
Every morning I come down the stairs,
And every morning I get lost,
Lost in a world of music and words.
I listen to the works of the great composers,
As I write these words Beethoven plays for me,
Taking me into his world of musical wonder.
Words flow onto the page with a stutter
As the music steals my soul,
I have to listen to those beautiful sounds.
The words then come back into my mind,
And they seem to write themselves
Onto this page,
And on many other pages.
Every morning I get lost,
Lost in a world of music and words,
Until that time the real world
Interrupts my glory,
And its reality steals my mind and body.
The Old Man

There he sat,
A man of many years,
Sitting quietly by My River,
Looking around
At the natural world
That surrounded him.
He would pause,
And a smile came upon his face.
I wonder what he was thinking?
Was he thinking of a happy time
Back in his long life,
Or was he smiling
On the joy of nature,
As it unfolded around him.
A look of sadness was seen,
Some memory of times gone by.
The smile returned,
And a look of contentment
Pervaded his face and his body.
As I looked at the old man once more
I recognised him.
That old man,
Was me.
Yes, I was there when it happened;
The day he died.
I was always there, he depended on me,
And I didn't ever fail him; did I?
This man chosen by The Bird to play in his band;
Dizzy wanted him, and bebop rang out,
Loud and long, until that day
When he was joined with Gerry,
And the Quartet struck gold.
And that is when I joined him, this man
Who could play like a nightingale,
And sing like an angel.
All the time I was there, supporting this man,
Never left him, followed him all over the world.
He played those gentle tunes that we know
With a sound so mellow, that the birds stopped to listen.
That day when he went looking for me,
The saddest of all, beaten to a pulp;
No longer able to play for months but he found me,
I wasn't far away that day but not close enough
To protect him.
But he came back and the music swelled again
From this genius of Jazz.
Then came that day in Amsterdam;
Just the two of us in the hotel room.
I as ever supporting him
As he injected me into his arm.
He got up and stumbled, and as he fell from the window,
I was still there, when his eyes closed forever.
Watson and Holmes went camping,
One fine, clear summer's day,
They pitched their tent in a large, green field,
Surrounded by high, bright, hay.

They sat round the campfire.
Holmes smoking on his pipe,
And Watson writing in his diary,
Which later he would type.

When at last they went in the tent,
As tiredness upon them crept,
They slid upon their camp beds,
And on them they just slept.

At three o'clock that morning,
Or maybe there about,
Holmes awoke with quite a start,
And to Watson gave a shout.

"Watson, wake and look, what do you see?"
"I see a clear sky full of stars,
With the bright moon shining over us,
And above me there is Mars"

"Your vision of the stars above
Dear Watson is not tricked
But all that I can now deduce
Is that our tent has just been nicked"
I
Climb
The hill,
The green sward
Flows all around me
As I commune with the glory
That the beauty of nature has allowed me to join.
I reach the top and see the light,
The light that guides me
In my life,
To live
In
Peace.
Searching for Answers.

In life you are always searching,
Searching for answers to unanswerable questions.
How can I make my life better?
How can I become a better person?
How can I help others?
You ask people what to do,
Can they help you in your search?
Always looking for that one person
Who can lead you to a better life.
There is only one person who can answer the questions
To get your life to the place you want it to be,
This person is always with you,
So to see this person,
All you need to do,
Is look in the mirror.
Face.

Looking at someone face
You see the normal things.
Ears, eyes, nose and mouth.
The chin, or maybe two,
Eyebrows, hair or none.
But all faces can show so much more,
Hate, despair, anger, jealousy, loathing;
Love, hope, calm, mercy, admiration.
So much to show, so many emotions.
Remember this though above all others,
If you fill your face with laughter,
There will be no room for crying.
Dementia - Senryu

It's so sad to see
My love full further into
Dementia's cruel world
Morpheus Sings.

The tune just would not go from my mind,
I came home from rehearsal
With the tune dancing with the endorphins
As they both raced around my head,
This wonderful tune had taken over my body.
The choir sang so well this night,
The enjoyment was almost tangible.
Then came this song,
New to the choir to sing,
But the tune so well known.
From the start the smile
On the faces of the singers broadened,
As they learned the four parts.
When the rehearsal ended,
The song was beginning to come;
The pleasure was already there
I reached home on a cloud of music
As the song still ran through me;
My beautiful wife was there,
Awaiting my return.
We had a drink and chatted
Until it was time for bed,
Into bed we went, to sleep.
Morpheus arrived,
But his arrival did not bring rest,
As all through the night
He was singing this glorious song to me;
"She was beautiful,
Beautiful to my eyes"
Vacancies.

I got off the train,
The new town,
Where my first job was found,
A new man in the world of work.

I have a room ready,
All I want is a young man,
Looking for lodgings,
I shall put up the sign, VACANCIES.

I need to find some digs,
I look up the street,
And there in one window,
I see the sign, VACANCIES.

There he is, coming up the path,
The young man, my new lodger,
He will stay for a long time,
I will make him so comfortable.

The door opens,
There stands a lady,
Not old but not young,
A welcoming smile, for me.

"I've been waiting for you,
Your room is already,
My name is Mrs Shaw
You will like it here."

"Hello Mrs Shaw,
My name is Mr Weaver,
I am sure I will like it,
It is a big house.

I take him up the stairs,
Passed the closed doors,
To the open door at the end,
This is his room.

I walk into my room,
Clean and tidy it is,
The bed looking comfortable,
I will enjoy living hear.

"Once you have unpacked
Come down to the sitting room,
I will have a cup of tea for you,
And some cake as well"

I put my clothes away,
Make sure I look tidy,
Go passed the closed doors,
Downstairs to the lounge.

I can hear him coming,
The tea is ready,
I am sure that he will like it,
My special brew.

There is quite a sight,
Around the room are animals,
Dogs, cats and parrots,
So still, all stuffed.

"How do you like your tea Mr Wilson?"
"My name is Weaver Mrs Shaw"
"Sorry Mr Wilson was here before"
"That is alright, milk no sugar please"
"Do you collect stuffed animals?"
"After a fashion,
Taxidermy is my hobby,
Been doing it for years"

I give him his tea,
He seems to enjoy it,
I do hope so,
I prepared it well.

As I sip the tea,
There is a unique taste to it,
It seems to taste of almonds,
I have never tasted that in tea.

Good he has drunk it all,
The will do him good,
I will keep this young man,
Here in my house.

That is odd,
I feel quite strange,
As if I am going to sleep,
I must be very tired.

It is working,
His eyes are drooping,
My work is at hand,
I will soon get started.

"You look very tired Mr Watson"
"The name is Weaver"
"Why don't you go to your room
And have a rest?"
I go upstairs,  
Getting more and more drowsy,  
I lay on the bed,  
I fall asleep, and remember no more.

I go into his room,  
He is still on the bed,  
Ready for me,  
To keep him forever.

I go into each room  
As I go for my tools,  
"Hello Mr Wilson,  
You look well Mr Watson".

"Mr Weaver will soon be here,  
Such a nice young man"  
I get my tools, go to his room,  
My hobby to start.

It is finished,  
Three young men with me forever,  
I must put the sign back,  
And await the next.

I pass down the street and see the sign.  
VACANCIES.
Custer.

A man of such vast riches,  
We could never count his wealth.  
Was going away on holiday,  
To indulge his selfless self.

Before he went on travelling,  
He asked an artist proud,  
To paint a vast, large mural,  
That would attract a stunning crowd.

He wanted a special type of work,  
To depict the words of Custer,  
As at the Little Big Horn fight  
He and his troops did muster.

The man went on his sojourn,  
To places far and wide.  
Spending great sums of money,  
With all those at his side.

Some weeks later he came home,  
Fit and bronzed and tanned.  
Still with loads of money,  
Always close to hand.

He came into the room,  
To see the artist's work.  
And stood in shock and anger,  
And called the man a burke.

A fish was standing upright,  
With a halo up above.  
And at its side were Indians,
Making wild and furious love.

As he turned with red-face anger
Towards the cowered man;
He said "Just what is this?
This was not the plan!

The man said, "It is what you asked for,
To show what Custer said.
And that's what I've depicted,
Just get it in your head!"

"With all those braves approaching,
Some several hundred millions,
He turned and shouted loudly
Holy Mackerel, Fucking Indians!"
The Boat of Pleasant Dreams.

I gaze into the night sky and see the moon,
The moon bathes me with subtle light
And brings peace to my soul.
I look further into the night
And the stars look back at me,
The stars so wonderful,
So mysterious.
One day I will be with the stars
As My Spirit moves from this body,
Travelling the Universe,
Transporting me into its never ending love.
The love that gives us all peace,
The peace of love,
As I sail to infinity
In the boat of pleasant dreams.
Acromegaly.

I wonder if......?
Those were the glorious words
That stopped me sliding ever downward
To that black hole that was pulling
Me to the end of this existence.

Four in a million....
Were the odds of developing
This debilitating condition that was
So difficult to diagnose
I wonder if......?

The registrar, newly qualified?
In discussions with her mentor
About my lack of sleep, never-ending
Headaches and absolute fatigue said:
"I wonder if.....?"

So then I was tested.
The blood so freely taken by anyone
Who seemed to want it.
Almost dragged from the street
As I passed any Doctors' surgery.

Then that day when the diagnosis
Was confirmed, the Doctor said
"Yes,This is what you have!"
"We will now need to operate,
Deep within your head!"

The surgeon, dressed in white,
All powerful to his pupils,
Full of confidence that relayed to me
The complete certainty,
That all would be right!

The surgeon came onto the ward
He told me that the operation may result
In my awaking with a headache!
I smiled as I told him that,
I was used to them by now!

Where does the time go?
I was talking to a Doctor as he
Anaesthetised me when, he changed,
Into a nurse asking me,
"Was I alright?"

Having lost four hours of my life.
Not knowing where the time went
Puzzles me.
Asleep you are aware of time passing
But not when drugged. Strange!

Where was the headache I was promised.
The old "friend?" gone at last!
Free from pain after so many years,
Was all going to be fine now, after,
Thirteen years of suffering!

God was back in my mind!
My faith lost; the last thing to go
As I fell into the pit of despair, that was
So hard for loved ones to cope with.
But God came back!

The ward, full of humour became
My home for a week, I laughed,
And I cried, although not of despair.
The staff also joking, laughing with me.
But the air professionalism, paramount!

I listened to music on the miniature player
That held much of the music that was important to me
So my thanks go to God and all of the staff,
To Johan Sebastian, Wolfgang Amadeus and
Ol' Satchelmouth himself!

Since leaving the hospital totally cured,
A second chance at life changed me!
I see things in a positive way, always looking for
The good, in both people and situations, despite
The pessimism of most!

So my thanks to the registrar who,
When discussing my case with her
Professorial mentor, that time back when she,
Uttered those words of such value to me
I wonder if......?

(This poem has been both long in coming and in writing but I needed to write this, it is important to me? AndyB)
As I lay in bed my mind cleared
And into it flowed words,
Words to write on this page.
Each one so meaningful,
They were of love,
Love for all around me.
My wife and family,
Always there for me,
As I am for them.
The glory of nature,
As I walk with it in its realm
Can be written
With the words in my mind.
Words that can bring bad and good to all,
But which must be used to bring good,
To this broken world.
The words are there to bring peace
To end the suffering of others,
To end all the tragedy around us.
The words are there,
All those in power need to do,
Is use the right ones,
And maybe the world will be saved.
Protecting Moon.

I awake with the dawn,
Look out into the pale blue sky,
And there shining on my life
I see the full moon shining brightly,
Heading towards the horizon.
Its job of keeping us safe,
Keeping us safe for another night,
Now at an end.
An end for us as it rises on others,
Keeping them safe in their night,
Looking down on them,
As it looked down on me.
She.

She is leaving this world,
She knows that death is calling her.
She has had a good life,
She has a loving husband,
She has a loving family,
She knows they will miss her.

She wants to come to peace
In the place that she loves,
That cottage on the beach
Where the sun always shines,
That place far away,
With her husband at her side.

They arrive at her heaven on earth,
Their last days together full of joy,
Full of love, and full of laughter,
Until that day when she knew,
She knew her end was near,
And her life on this world was ended.

She lay on the beach with her lover,
His arms around her,
Looking out to the setting sun.
She slowly rose and walked to the sea.
As she walked into the sunset
She looked back and saw herself
Laying there, as if asleep,
In her loving husband's arms.
As You Like It.

If 'All the world's a stage'
And "All the men and women are merely players"
Why do so many of them play bad people?
This stage that we live on could be glorious.
So much is in this world,
Enough for all,
But no, some want more,
Want to keep it for themselves,
No thought of helping others,
Only thinking of themselves
And not the starving or the dying,
That are leaving our world in droves.
One day I would like the world to be saved,
To be the place where all are at peace,
All are safe,
All are fed,
And love abounds around us.
The world would become a stage,
'As you like it'.
In the dark of night I wander the streets;  
Keeping to the shadows.  
Waiting for that person  
On whom I can perform my charm.  
Women will be unable to resist me.  
Men will want to be with me.  
I wander on, and there they are,  
That first unsuspecting person!  
We walk together, talk together.  
And as we go down an alley  
To consummate the friendship,  
I pounce!  
Our lips start to come together  
For that first wondrous, expectant kiss.  
My lips move down to their neck.  
My teeth stab into them  
And I suck the blood from their body  
Through the vein standing out before me.  
I wander through the night,  
Finding different victims,  
Until at last I am sated.  
I return to my coffin  
Until the sun falls from the sky this evening.  
Will you be out tonight?
Music Conquers All.

The lights go out
And there I am in the dark,
Just music as my companion.
The beautiful sounds,
Sounds of the orchestra
Playing the beauty,
The beauty and the wonder,
The wonder that is Mozart.
This glorious sound
Flowing around me,
Flowing in me,
Flowing through me
As I sit in the dark
Within the music.
My life is wondrous,
Mozart and I sharing the moment,
This moment of heaven,
This moment of Joy,
This moment where music conquers,
Conquers all the ills in the world.
Golden Girl.

The Golden Girl walks as though gliding on ice,
In a world of her own, where no others intrude
On the thoughts of her loves, that have long flown past.
She smiles serenely, at a moment remembered,
In a time, almost forgotten.

Others just watch the gentle sway of her hips
As she smoothly goes past them, ignoring their stares.
She's deep in her thoughts, for those whom she cares,
Only seen by the light formed by her blue shining eyes,
Of a time, just recalled.

The swing of her long blonde hair moves in time
With the gentle glide of her steps, that transport her,
Away from your view, into her past, that only she
Can unlock, with a key to a box recently found,
To a time, thought lost.
Time No Longer.

It is the one thing that is always there,
Always there in our lives,
It is both consistent and inconsistent.
Sometimes when things go badly
It just does not seem to move at all,
But when things are going well
It moves so quickly as if flying.
Time never stops,
It measures the length of our lives.
Those lives may have many years,
Or few seconds,
Each life is timed.
Flowing through our time,
Our time on this earth is our Spirit.
Our Spirit is always with us,
Never stops being with us,
Has always been there,
As it was before our birth.
As our earthly body ceases to exist
Our Spirit goes forward to infinity,
And as our Spirit goes on
We come to know
That time is irrelevant,
As there will be time no longer.
Faith!
Why should I have Faith?
Most of my life I have followed,
Tried to follow the Christian way,
The way of forgiveness,
That Jesus has shown us,
My wife more so.
But what happens?
Her voice is taken from her,
That voice which has sung your praises,
Sung them for over seventy years!
Now you take her body from her,
So she struggles to get to Church,
But still goes as her Faith is still strong!
And now you take her mind,
Can no longer remember,
Always repeating.
Even now losing her Faith,
Even she questions it,
As do I.
Is this a punishment to me?
What have I done?
Now she suffers
And now I suffer as well,
As my life is spent
Caring for the one I love.
Caring for her,
To keep her safe.
My Faith is going,
Hers is increasing,
But it is changing,
To have Faith in me.
But I am only human
And can only help
Until I fall,
Fall into a chasm of despair.
Towards That Place.

You enter life not knowing where you will go,
Or where you will end.
You see that path you want to follow,
The one that will lead you through life,
To the conclusion that you want.
Off you go following the way,
Suddenly there is a barrier,
And another path is needed.
Life is like that.
It has barriers and choices,
Choices that take you
From your chosen way.
When you reach the place,
The place where life has put you
You then realise
That you may not be
Where you intended to go,
But you may well have ended
At the place you needed to be.
The Unwritten Book.

When you read you are transformed,
Transformed into an unknown world,
A world where reality ceases to exist,
Only to exist in your mind,
And the mind of the author.
Throughout our lives we read continuously,
Reading good books,
And bad ones.
Always searching for that one book,
That one book that you want to read,
But it always seems to allude you.
Maybe then that book you want to read
And cannot be found,
Has not been written yet,
If that is the case, then,
You must write it.
The eyes open from a deep, dream filled sleep,
Dreams of joys and wonders that had filled his life.
His life's work, now at an end, work he had enjoyed,
But now completed, leaving time for complete relaxation.
Time to do the things he wants and wanted.
The things that became rushed while at work,
Now able to be done with ease, and time to spare.
That time for a gentle stroll in the park,
Enjoying the open space but filled with children's laughter.
The café by the River where he stops for coffee,
Looking at the water, gently gliding by.
The slow walk around the town,
Looking in shops, talking to friends he meets on the way,
No hurry to get away, no pressure.
Lunch beckons, so into the pub he goes,
A place where he is known as a gentle soul
Who has time for everybody, and his company enjoyed by all.
A pint, maybe two, to wash down a simple repast.
Chatting to and laughing with friends.
Lunch over so back home for a rest.
Changed into comfortable relaxing clothes
Music fills the air as he settles down to read.
The rest changes to a short nap.
Awaking again the music still a joy,
He listens to the notes entering his mind,
So relaxed, so happy.
Unhurriedly, he gets himself ready;
Tonight, dinner and the Opera,
With a lady friend, no ties
Just pure unalloyed friendship of many years.
An evening of good food, friendship and Verdi.
He parts from her at her door and slowly walks home;
Enjoying the stars shining down on this happy man.
A man of infinite leisure.
A Man of Infinite Leisure - alternate version.

The eyes open from a deep dream filled sleep,
Dreams of joys and wonders that had filled his life.

His life’s work, now at an end, work he had enjoyed
But now completed, leaving time for complete relaxation.

Time to do the things he wants and wanted.
The things that became rushed while at work

Now able to be done with ease, and time to spare.

That time for a gentle stroll in the park,
Enjoying the open space but filled with children's laughter.
The café by the River where he stops for coffee

Looking at the water, gently gliding by.
The slow walk around the town,
Looking in shops, talking to friends he meets on the way,

No hurry to get away, no pressure.

Lunch beckons, so into the pub he goes
A place where he is known as a gentle soul

Who has time for everybody, and his company enjoyed by all.
A pint, maybe two to wash down a simple repast.
Chatting to and laughing with friends.

Lunch over so back home for a rest.
Changed into comfortable relaxing clothes

Music fills the air as he settles down to read.
The rest changes to a short nap.

Awaking again the music still a joy,
He listens to the notes entering his mind,
So relaxed, so happy? So alone!

His wife now the angel seen in his dreams.

Their life so happy together,
But now he is on his own.

He must move on though
Until he at last comes to her again,

In that place where loved ones meet forever.
But at the moment he is doomed to be:
A man of infinite leisure.
I Wonder.

Most of us go through life
Following rules.
The supposedly correct way
To do those things
That living puts in front of us.
But as I age I look back,
Look back at those rules
And wonder.

They seemed to suit me,
Made my life happy,
Contented,
Free.
Free to come to old age
Feeling a life well spent,
But I wonder.

I wonder what I had lost,
Losing things in my life
Doing those things
That were expected of me,
Instead of doing those things
That I had wanted to do,
I wonder.
The Past is Another Country.

Through our lives we do many things,
Some are good, some are bad,
But each one adds to our experience.
That experience we take forward
Into our life ahead.
Each new day is an adventure,
An adventure into a new world,
Into a new place in our lives.
So as we go forward
We must remember
That the Past has brought us
To where we now are,
And that you must always go forward,
As the Past is another Country.
So Alone.

We met in supermarket,  
Joe and I,  
We meet every Saturday morning  
And chat.  
It started long ago  
With just a nod of recognition  
As we shopped early  
On a Saturday morning.  
It changed to a "Morning"  
And then the odd word,  
We found that we both loved rugby  
And so our meetings became longer  
Until at last we spent several minutes  
Just chatting, always starting with rugby  
But now we talk of many things.  
This morning was different,  
Joe said that he had gone to a local arboretum  
And this saddened him.  
He saw couples walking round  
Holding hands or with linked arms.  
He missed his wife,  
Only gone a year ago,  
He felt so alone,  
In a place where couples roamed.
Nelson Went To Battle.

Nelson went to battle,
Against the French one day,
And saw three ships a coming
Right along his way.

"Fetch my Red Coat Hardy,
So that if I get a wound,
The blood won't show upon me
And ship's company will stay sound".

He beat those damned bad Frenchies
And sent his coat below,
Then sailed across the sea
In wind and rain and snow.

Another group of French ships,
Total thirty so it seemed,
And Hardy brought the coat again
Duly pressed and smart and cleaned.

Once more he saw the Frenchies off
With cunning, guile and power,
To him there's no way he'd give in
To that Gallic speaking shower.

Then across the horizon did he see
Three hundred ships bear down.
So again he called to Hardy;
"Fetch my trousers coloured brown!"
Each day passes too quickly,
We look back at all those days,
Those days we seem to have lost.
We then look towards tomorrow
Wondering what it may bring.
Will it bring joy?
Will it bring sorrow?
We may never know.
We must live for the now,
The now is always with us,
We can do something about it,
Now is our future,
Live it and be strong,
As tomorrow may be too late.
Aching With Pleasure.

I ache.
My legs ache from tapping my feet,
My arms ache from beating my knees,
My neck aches from nodding my head,
But it was all self inflicted.
All I was doing was sitting in a room,
Sitting in a room of over a hundred people,
Listening to music,
Listening to a band.
Not just any band,
But a Jazz band,
They were so good,
So very good.
I was in heaven,
The music they played spoke to me.
I could hear Chet playing,
Playing as though he was there,
And I was there with him,
And he was playing just for me.
Shades of The Bird came through,
Sailing up and down the saxophone.
All were supreme,
And they spoke to me,
Spoke through brilliance,
The brilliance of their playing.
The time went so fast,
So very fast.
I like and listen to Jazz of all types,
But if all Jazz were a dartboard,
And I was that dartboard,
They hit my bullseye.
Lost in a Book.

I picked up a book,
I opened it,
In I strode.
Now,
Nobody can find me.
To Infinity and Beyond.

I sit on the hill looking at all below,
The fields of green
So many shades,
More than my mind can count,
Each one distinct.
Each one separated from each other
By lines of stone walls,
Walls that go for miles.
Crossing each other,
Crossing in a myriad of angles.
The occasional space where gates stand,
Gates upright and closed,
Gates slanted and broken,
Gates on the ground,
Acting as a path or bridge.
Within this land stand trees,
Only here and there,
Windswept and alone,
Alone with nature,
Alone in its own world
As I am, as I survey my world.
Alone with nature,
At one with its glory,
And wonder.
I wonder at its beauty,
And know that It will be with me,
Be with me as my Spirit rises,
Rises above my life,
And continues,
Continues to infinity,
To infinity and beyond.
How Did That Happen?

How did that happen?
I was cleaning my glasses,
Listening to the Radio,
When the announcer said
That the Orchestra,
An Orchestra that I do not know well,
Were playing this, their last ever performance
At the Proms.
And this, their final encore, they played
In memory of their times together.
As the glorious sounds of Nimrod
Came through my ears, into my mind,
Tears just streamed down my face.
Why did that happen?
Banquet Places.

The banquet was about to be laid,
The great and the good,
The rich and the bad,
Would all be there.
The great and the good,
Confidant in their goodness,
Saying nothing.
The rich and the bad,
Money their only God,
Bragging about their power.

The table was ready
The place names to be set,
The young waiter
Approached the Maitre'd
And asked "Who goes where?"
The Maitre'd replied:
"Those that care don't matter,
Those that matter don't care."
Saved By A Robin.

I was saved from death!
A herd of horses were charging at me
When suddenly the glorious sound of a robin
Woke me from my dream.
I lay there listening to the song,
The beautiful song of the bird.
Such a small creature
But such a loud sound,
Whose voice showed me the Glory,
The Glory of this world,
Where even horses are gentle.
"Where's my stick?"
A question often asked
In our house,
"Where's my stick?"
My wife needs a walking stick
To get around in safety.
She walks from room to room,
Puts her stick down to do a job,
Walks off,
Forgets to use her stick
And then the shout comes,
"Where's my stick?"
And off we go searching,
Going from room to room,
Until the stick is found.
It had become a joke between us
"Where's my stick?"
We both now say it
"Where's my stick?"
And now we have decided
That on her gravestone
Must be the words,
"Where's my stick?"
Infinity.

I look into the void
And flow with the colours,
Flow into the mystery within,
The mystery within the art,
The art from the imagination,
The imagination of the artist.
The artist whose mind is full of colours,
Full of colours and words,
Both of which pull me into the ether,
The ether where I see the void.
The void which leads to immortality
The immortality of My Spirit.
My Spirit who comes from,
And goes to,
Infinity.

Dedicated to Michael Edwards. Thank you Michael for the inspiration.
Lost To Reality.

I sit here in my world,
My world of words,
My world of music,
Lost to reality,
Lost for so short a time.

Reality will soon come upon me
As I need to be there once more,
Be there for my wife
As she falls further into her own world,
Her world of forgetfulness,
Forgetfulness and repetition.
It is so very hard for me,
For me to see her fall.
This lady, my love, my soulmate,
This lady who brought love and joy,
Brought love and joy to all,
To all who knew her,
Now becoming surrounded,
Surrounded by a bubble,
A bubble of dementia,
A bubble that gets stronger,
Stronger and harder,
Harder for me to penetrate,
But I am here for her,
And will always be so.

My love for her always there,
A love that has never dimmed,
A love that is so strong,
And has strengthened,
Strengthened each moment,
Each moment of our lives,
Our long lives together.

So I value so much
My world of words,
My world of music,
Lost to reality.
These are my lifeline,
In my world of reality.
There is so much wrong with this world,
So many people suffering.
Suffering through lack of food,
Suffering through lack of water,
Suffering through abuse,
Suffering through war.
All these things can be stopped,
The world can be a good place for all,
The means and the money are out there,
Out the to protect our world.
But the bigger problem is the money,
As those who have the money
Want to keep it
Want to keep it and increase their wealth.
When faced with the ills in the world
All they look for is profit,
What is in it for them.
They realise that there is no money for them
If they do the right thing.
The right thing done in this world
Is just not profitable.
There is no money in good!
Acts of Kindness and Love.

As we go through our lives
We do many different things,
Others see us grow through experience.
Grow from the youngsters we once were,
Through the teenage years,
Into maturity and into old age.
During that time we are seen to do many things,
Some bad but hopefully mainly good.
There are many good people in our life,
And when you look into their lives
Some parts are unseen.
The best part of their lives are the little things,
Those little nameless unremembered things,
Those acts of kindness and love.
My Nemesis.

I look out of the window and see it,
See it standing there, innocent and still,
But I know it is dangerous.
My Nemesis and I have battled,
Battled over many years.
I normally triumph
But have never been left unscarred.
Today is the day,
The day when battle recommences,
The first time this year.
I clad myself in armour,
That armour covers all of me.
So weapon in hand I approach it,
I take a gentle swipe with my weapon,
My weapon of choice.
There is no reaction,
So another cut goes into my Nemesis,
And once more no reaction,
So bolder I go and swipe deeper,
Deeper through it,
Until at last I have won.
My Nemesis is defeated once more,
And I being left without a scar,
Makes the victory so much sweeter.
As I walk away it is watching me,
It will always watch me.
But now I have won
It will be planning its revenge,
Knowing full well that another day will come
And we will battle again.
I am under no illusions
It is planning its revenge,
That revenge will take its toll,
Take its toll on me,
When I fight my Nemesis,
And prune the Pyrocantha once more.
Unexpected Beauty and Dreams.

Once more My River called;
By its side I walked and dreamed.
The pigeons were there,
There in abundance.
Watching me walk,
Walk through their domain,
Flying up to the trees
As I approached them.
Then the dream struck me,
What if I could fly with them
And fly into the sky,
Away from the ills of this earth,
Dreaming of places of peace and wonder.
I was pulled back,
Realising that at this moment there was peace,
Peace and wonder in my life
As I walked with My River.
Gently, quietly, in harmony
In harmony with both My River
And My Spirit.
My Spirit that was always with me,
But so much more apparent
As I walked by My River.
I passed a large growth of nettles
But there in their centre,
The wonder of Nature was shown
Three beautiful daffodils shone,
Shone in the sunlight,
Showing me that even in tragedy
Wonder and beauty can shine through.
Neighbour Watching

It was a beautiful Summers day,
It had arrived early in Spring.
Our neighbours came out,
The table came out from the shed,
The chairs likewise.
The parasol was opened,
Created a beautiful shade
In which they could sit out of the sun,
Sit in relative comfort.
The cups of coffee came out
And there they both sat.
This wonderful weather,
So glorious all around them,
And there they were,
Sat there in silence,
Ignoring all and everything,
All and everything of this beautiful day,
Playing with their mobile 'phones!
From the Sun to the Moon - FIBS.

The
Sun
Arose
Shone on us
And our day ahead
That day so full of joy and love
As my lover and I head towards our horizon
Knowing that our day together
Will be full of love
As our day
Leads to
The
Moon
The Last Station of The Cross.

The nails pierced the flesh,
Struck the wood
With a resounding thud,
As the crowd watched.
The Cross was raised
And He hung there,
His head bowed.
Looking at last up to heaven
He shouted to God,
"Father forgive them,
They know not what they have done".
As these words rose from his lips
All the sins of the world were lifted
Into a darkness
That covered the world.
The head bowed once more,
Saying "It is finished",
Jesus died for us.
"Surely this man
Was the son of God"?
Said the stranger,
Standing before the Cross.
The Cross that means so much
To you,
To me,
To the world.
The Roar of Silence.

The pianist walks onto the stage
Dressed in all his finery.
White shirt, with white bow tie,
Shoes glistening under the lights,
Black trousers and tailed jacket,
Hair neatly combed.
He approaches the piano,
A grand piano of course.
He sits down,
Gets comfortable,
And moves his hands to the keys.
He starts the first movement,
Starts by starting a watch,
And closing the lid.
His hands stay above the piano.
The first movement ends,
The watch is stopped,
The piano lid is raised,
The keys can be seen again.
The pianist settles once more,
Starts the watch,
Closes the piano,
Holds his hands aloft.
At the end of this movement
He stops the watch,
Raises the lid of the piano,
Adjusts his position,
Starts the watch
Closes the lid,
Holds his hands at his side,
Until the finale is reached.
 Stops the watch,
Opens the lid,
Stands up and bows.
Bows to the thunderous applause
Of the assembled throng,
As once more the music ends,
And the four minutes thirty three seconds
Of John Cage's masterpiece comes to its end.
Finding Words.

We are always looking to find the way,  
Find the way ahead in our lives.  
Sometimes we stumble  
And come to a halt,  
We need to think,  
To find a way to go further,  
That's where words can help.  
So many words are out there,  
Sometimes they elude us,  
But when they come  
We know that if the words are found  
We have a chance,  
A chance to find the way.

*If you have the words, there is always a chance that you will find the way?*  
Seamus Heaney
Gnossienne.

I came quietly down the stairs,
Sat down with dawn’s early light,
Put on the radio
And the almost silent sound greeted me,
The almost silent sound of Satie.
The piano gently playing
Bringing my day to a gentle start.
I sit here writing these words
In the hope that peace and tranquillity
Will stay with me this day

*The music was by Eric Satie, Gnossienne No 1.*
Feathers.

We talk often of feathers in our caps
When we have achieved something,
But I now have a feather in my hand,
A quill to write down those achievements.
False Politicians.

There will be no General Election she said!
She insisted, really insisted that it will not happen!
Then she said it again!
And again!
And again!
And again!
Then once more!
Six times she said it,
There will be no snap election!
So what does she do?
She calls an election!
Where is the trust in this woman?
Where is the trust in any politician?
It all comes back to a question,
A question I often ask:
"How do you know when a politician is lying?"
"Their lips move!"
Stop and Look Back.

Every day you strive,
Strive to climb further,
Further up the ladder,
The ladder of life,
That life which is yours.

You are always striving,
Striving towards your dreams,
Those dreams to which you aim
May be unattainable,
But always work towards them.

Sometimes though just stop,
It can be good to stop climbing
Stop climbing and look back
Look back at the view
Appreciate that view
The view from right where you are.
Healing Ourselves.

Within each of us there are three things,
Three things that make us what we are.
Sometimes they may become ill,
But in our lives there are ways,
Ways in which to heal ourselves.

The body heals with play,
The mind heals with laughter,
The spirit heals with joy,
And all can be healed with love.
Fighting for Peace?

We hear them so often
Those words to try and stop wars,
To fight for peace.
The Hippies had it right,
Make Love Not War,
Or Lennon when he said
Give peace a chance,
As fighting for peace
Is like fucking for chastity!
Cure the World.

There are many of them out there
But they are never seen,
Little pebbles of kindness,
Kindnesses given each day to others.
Could it happen one day
That one of these pebbles
Could be tossed in a pond
And the ripples of kindness flow,
Flow out to all in the world
So that the pond of our lives
Becomes smooth and calm,
And our world finds peace for all.
In Sickness and in Health.

In sickness and in health I made my vow,
Made my vow before God.
That vow I shall keep,
Shall keep it at all times,
Shall keep it while my wife drowns,
Drowns in dementia.
The thoughts now lost,
Or repeated constantly,
The intensity spent on insignicance,
Minutes, maybe hours looking,
Looking at a page,
A page in her diary,
Not wanting to miss anything,
Anything that is weeks away.
It is so hard to see her like this,
This woman who is the light of my life,
That light so dimmed now
Occasionally the spark shines
And the woman I married is back.
Those sparks are becoming infrequent,
But for her I will be there,
I will always be there,
Be there in the knowledge,
The knowledge that when we leave,
When we leave this human existence
We will be together,
Together as our unaging Spirits join,
Join with God and fly,
Fly in joy and love,
Fly together towards infinity,
Knowing that our life together
Will be eternal.
Island of Words and Music.

Every morning I sail to my Island,
My Island where reality is different.
There is peace and love,
Laughter and joy,
It never fails to enthrall me.
I step onto the shore knowing
Knowing that all is well
As the sound of Music enthrals me,
Enthrals my body, mind and soul.
It could be the beauty of Brahms,
The melancholy of Chet,
The glory of Mozart,
The power of The Bird.
It could be Johnny,
Johnny Walkin' the Line,
But I know it will be there,
All the Music I enjoy
As I sit down to read,
To read and write Poetry
On My Island,
My Island of Words and Music
Reaching Perfection.

Throughout your life you are striving,
Striving to get better,
Get better in things you enjoy.
Some may play sport,
Some play music,
Some paint pictures,
Some write words.,
The choice is almost infinite
But no matter which is your choice
You have an aim,
The aim to perfect whatever you do.
Always strive towards it
But it is impossible,
As if you reach perfection,
Where, in your life, do you go?
For what do you aim?
Home, Love and Family.

In our lives, if we are lucky
We have somewhere to go,
Somewhere we call home.

In our lives, if we are lucky
We have somebody to love,
Someone we call family.

In our lives, if we are lucky
We have both home and family,
Some of us have a blessing.

In my life
I have a home.
In my life
I have a family.
In my life
I am blessed.
In my life,
I am a very lucky man.
Jazz was Born.

The room was awash,
Awash with people.
They had come to hear,
To hear the band,
And here they were,
Just the three of them.
Only three!
They started and my smile came,
The smile that stayed with me,
With me all the evening.
Their music sent rapture,
Rapture to all.
Their playing enthralled us,
The applause rang out,
Rang out time and time again.
A fourth joined them,
The lady sang the blues,
Her voice so easy on the ear,
No effort did she show.
As with all of them
Playing and singing was their life.
We were amazed,
Where did the time go?
They were walking off stage,
It seemed they had just started,
But no two hours of jazz,
Jazz of the twenties and thirties,
Had transported me back,
Back to that time,
That time when jazz was born.
Awakening.

I awake from the night,
Taken away from Morpheus' arms,
The new day calls.
I gently arise from my bed,
Stand up straight.
This is a good start,
I am still in this world.
I walk downstairs,
Walk slowly but not stumbling,
That too is good,
I am mobile,
I feel good,
Feel ready to face the day ahead.
I may not be full of vim and vigour
But I am full of words,
Those words come onto this page
And as long as I can write them,
All is well in my world.
Acceptance.

Well the results are in, 
And what we knew was true, 
Dementia has come to her. 
The bubble that has been growing, 
Growing around her is real. 
That bubble hardening, 
Hardening as the weeks go by, 
But I will still find ways, 
Ways to penetrate it. 
My love for her is stronger, 
Stronger than any armour, 
Any armour that may surround her. 
Those at Church have been told, 
And as she arose this morning 
She said to me, 
"I will go to Church this morning, 
Stand up straight and be proud". 
At her side I will be with her, 
With her as we walk into Church, 
And I too will be proud, 
Proud of her, 
Of her acceptance of her life.
Walking Into The Wood.

Taking careful steps,  
Watching as I should,  
And careful not to slip,  
I stepped into a world  
Where troubles disappeared.  
The trees around me  
Protecting me from the evil  
That pervades our own world.  
The rustling leaves the backdrop  
For the symphony  
That only nature can write,  
The birds above singing away,  
A chorus of beauty  
Embellishing the music with their song,  
And then above it all  
The wonderful sound of a blackbird,  
Accompanied by a robin,  
Their delightful duet  
Showing the wonder that this world can have.

I walk into a clearing  
And there before me is a lake,  
Its mirrored surface reflecting the clouds,  
The white clouds flowing above me,  
Bringing peace to my soul.

The animals around me just look,  
No aggression in their eyes  
As they lap the water,  
The water that brings life,  
Life and hope into the world.  
They accept me for what I am,  
Another member of the natural world,
A world that is alive with wonder.

I start to walk to the edge of the wood,
Back into my life,
My real life where war, drought and famine
Bring horror to us all.
I stop,
I stop and look back.
I turn,
I turn and go back into the wood.
Covenant Arc.

I stood in the garden and looked up
And there before me shone God's Covenant,
Stretching from horizon to horizon.
That wonderful arc of colour,
Its absolute beauty reminding me,
Reminding me that My Spirit is with me,
With me all the time,
It never leaves me
And will stay with me for eternity.
My Spirit has always been with me,
The Rainbow reminded me of this,
As it too went from infinity to infinity.
There it is!
I can see it
Waiting for me!
It seems forever
That I have been searching,
Searching the seas,
For somewhere to land.
I can see it,
My saving grace.
There must be food,
There must be water,
There must be hope.
I get nearer and nearer
And then see what it is,
It is a castle in the air,
And those with no money
Cannot land.
So once more I am left,
Left sailing the void
Looking for an island,
An island of acceptance
Where all are equal
And all live in harmony.
My life starts so high above your world,
Born by vapour coming together
Forming my droplet within the cloud.
I am not alone, my siblings born as well.

At last we are big enough to be set free
And fall down to your earth in gentle harmony;
I fall and am stopped by the leaves of a willow
Waving gently by the water's edge.

I slide down the leaves and caress the ground,
And again I am with my brother and sisters
Gathering together, trickling into a stream,
Where we flow together in ripples of laughter.

We come to the river where we meet others,
And together in a huge silent body
We join ourselves into this mass,
Drifting slowly to our death and rebirth.

We come at last to the sea,
Where we are caressed by waves and the sun.
Once again I am lifted from your world
Into the vapour, to become reborn.
Remembering Natures Wonder.

I remember that day so well.
The summit of the hill was behind us,
That hill so full of beauty and memories.
Our love had carried us up
And now it was taking us down.
We both stopped and looked,
Looked towards the valley,
The valley below us.
There it sat in all its beauty,
The multifarious greens seemed to call,
Call us into natures realm.
The greens spotted with white specks,
The specks of sheep
Grazing away in absolute calm.
That calm was all around us
As we just sat and glorified,
Glorified in the beauty of nature,
That beauty laid out before us.
That image will always be with me
Even after all the years that have passed,
We still talk of that sight,
Even in our old age.
That site that showed us nature
And the beauty that God's love
Brought to us,
And can bring to all.
Have the Aliens Landed?

Have the aliens landed?
You see them all around,
Walking down the street
They are there,
Walking with nature
They are there.
They walk along talking,
Seemingly talking to themselves.
Then you see it,
The wire coming out,
Coming from their heads.
They are obviously in contact,
In contact with another world,
Certainly a different world
From the one on which I live.
Have the aliens landed?
The Lily.

There it glows in all its glory,
It never fails.
The blue highlights the yellow
Of this beautiful flower.
Every year it is with us,
It greeted us in the first spring,
That first spring in our house,
Many years ago,
And here it is again,
Showing us the glory of its beauty.
Our lily of delight.
Sunset of Life.

The clouds in my life have always been there,
They brought the sadness that sometimes came into it,
The tears they brought mingled with the rain.

I look back at those clouds in my aging life,
Those clouds have changed,
Changed the way that my life is now.

Those clouds who once brought me rain,
Now just add colour to my sky
As they and I go towards the sunset of my life.
Orange and Yellow.

There it hangs on the wall
This vast canvas,
This vast canvas drawing me in,
Drawing me in,
Into the mind of the artist.
Or is it my impression of the artist?
What thoughts of his went into this work?
What thoughts of mine come out of it?
I sit in front of it and lose myself,
Lose myself into his mind,
Wondering what he was thinking.
My mind reaches out into his world,
His world of colour,
The colours that paint my mind.
Or is it that all I see in this work
Are the colours?
The colours of Orange and Yellow.
Mozart Acrostic.

Music flows from his soul into mine,
Often bringing me to tears as the
Zeal that pervades the ether
Approaches infinity, and beyond.
Raining beauty, joy and love as
Together we meet in its sound.
Only Remembered.

Only Remembered,
A song that came into my life
So many years ago.
A song of sorrow,
The sorrow of death in war.
A song that came to mean so much,
Mean so much to me.

Those three voices in harmony
Pervading My Spirit
With so much emotion.
Three men whose songs called to me,
 Called to me with passion.

At last I was going to see them,
And there they were,
Singing to the audience,
Singing to me,
Singing to me for the first,
And for the last time,
They would sing together no more.

There work done they walked off the stage
But the roar from the crowd pulled them back,
And then they sang it,
The first song that I had heard from them
Became their last,
As they too drifted away to become,
Only Remembered.
The Wall.

Were they there back then In The Flesh?
This group of musicians coming together
Seemingly skating on The Thin Ice
Of a new musical genre.
They started Part One
With Another Brick In The Wall,
And to me they created
The Happiest Days Of Our Lives.
To confirm it they went to Part Two,
And laid Another Brick In The Wall.

They saw a Mother with a Child
Looking up into the void
As if to say Goodbye Blue Sky,
All they saw were Empty Spaces.

They were of an age where Young Lust
Just seemed to be One Of My Turns,
They wanted to move away
But I begged them,
"Don't Leave Me Now"
But they just went on to Part Three,
And just put Another Brick In The Wall.

They went off to another place
Saying Goodbye Cruel World,
They called over the wall,
"Hey You, Is There Anybody Out There?"
But there was Nobody Home.

Has the sunny day gone
That Vera sang about so long ago,
Did she help us all,
Bring The Boys Back Home.

We sit her in our freedom
Feeling so Comfortably Numb,
The Show Must Go On,
And we must go on In The Flesh.

If we are wrong
We must Run Like Hell,
Or we may just be Waiting For The Worms
But then we may have to Stop,
And end up at The Trial,
Outside The Wall.
**Let's Get Lost.**

The music sails through me  
Like a Spirit from the world,  
That world of Jazz,  
That world where Chet was found.

A troubled man,  
A man whose music speaks to me  
Takes me into ‘The Cool’.  
His smooth trumpet calls me,  
The sounds sibilantly slides though me,  
Bringing me to peace.

He did get lost,  
Lost to that world of heroin,  
But came back,  
Came back better, stronger.

The world was at his feet  
And his sounds ruled the world.  
Then he played "Lets Get Lost" once more,  
That final time,  
That day he fell,  
Fell and was taken from us,  
Taken from me.  
His legacy lives on,  
Lives on in his music.

That music that seems to talk,  
Talk to me,  
Showing me he is there.  
He is alive in his music,  
And he is still there for me,  
As he always will be.
Chet Baker, December 23, 1929 – May 13, 1988
Elusive.

It is always there,
It just cannot be avoided,
But sometimes it can be so elusive.
Why does it happen
When we need to do something,
We cannot do it
Because we do not have enough of it,
That elusive thing that surrounds us,
Is always with us,
Time!
Race for Love.

Our life together goes on,
Together all these many years,
That love we found so very long ago
Was so strong,
And through our life together
Has got so much stronger.
We have been through many things,
The good has always outweighed the bad,
And our love has never failed us.

I look back from old age and wonder,
Would we have done anything different?
Would we have run our life in the same way?
Then as I sit here in contentment,
I sit and realise,
Realise that the race for life
Through which we have come,
Is a race that we have already won.
Reflections in My Life.

As I look into the brightening sky
I reflect on my life,
A life nearer its end than its beginning,
A life that has been filled with joy and love.
The joy and love that family can bring,
From parents and siblings.
Parents now on their celestial voyage
Sailing down the Rhine forever,
As they often did in life.
My younger brother
So happy in his life
Now that the shackles of work
Are no longer pulling him down,
As his wife and he travel the world
In their new-found freedom.

The wonder of life with my loved one
Together now for so many years,
Our lives so wonderful as our souls combine
Going together as one towards our destiny.
The joy of children and grandchildren
All so talented in their given sphere of life,
Their gifts giving so much pleasure to me,
As they have always done.

My life with music.
Music has always been with me,
I cannot remember a time when it was not there.
The glory that the great composers give me,
The emotions they have created within me,
Within my Spirit,
Knowing that their music will be with me,
Be with me to infinity and beyond.
The wonder that is Jazz,
So profound in so many ways,
Bringing trad and modern,
Mainstream and swing in all its guises,
And of course that glory of Jazz,
Cool Jazz,
born that day in forty nine,
When Miles and Chet found that sound,
That sound that talks to me,
That brings calm my life each time I listen to it.

These words that I write on the page,
Taking me to a world where troubles cease.
Writing takes me over and reality stops
As words flow from my mind, my soul, my Spirit
Sometimes without thought,
Into the world around me,
This broken world in which we live.
But words and music can cure this world,
All it takes is for people to listen,
To listen not just hear.
Then one day when I look down on the world
From My Spirit travelling the ether,
I will look down
And see all will be good,
All people will be helping each other
The ills of the world perished
And the world will be full of love,
Full of love, laughter and joy.
The Innocence of Pens.

The pen dips in the ink,
The nib approaches the paper.
What word will it write?
Will that word start words of wisdom?
Words of humour?
Words of love?
The pen will never know
Until the person who wields it
Writes that word.
The pen can be dangerous,
But the danger comes from the writer,
Comes from the words,
The words they force,
Force the pen to write.
The pen is always innocent.
Knowledge.

Going through life it increases,
Knowledge.
You cannot avoid it,
Each thing you see or do increases it.
That knowledge that you gain
Is always getting bigger,
And it is something that cannot be stolen,
As no thief, however skilful can rob you of it,
That is why knowledge is the safest
And the best treasure to acquire.
Breaking the Code.

You look at the page and are baffled,
All you see are straight lines
And on these lines are dots and circles.
What is it?
What does it mean?
Is it a code that needs to be broken?
Some secret message that needs translating?
The one who can translate it appears
And then all is revealed
As the dots on the page are transformed,
Transformed into the sound of the masters.
It could be Bach or Beethoven,
Mozart or Glass,
But this code is transformed
Into the glory and wonder of music.
Ludwig.

He composed so many works,
His compositions are renowned,
Loved by all.
The nine symphonies live on,
Live on in concert halls around the world,
Their sound embedded in the fabric,
The fabric of the building.
The piano concertos and sonatas are the same,
Sounds so wonderful, so joyous.

I had to visit his graveside
And sit with this man of music.
As I sat there in humble contemplation,
I heard this strange sound,
The sound of his music,
But it was being played backwards.
I just did not understand,
Then I realised what was happening,
Beethoven was laying there,
Decomposing!
Sunlight - Haiku.

As the sun rises
The light of my world brightens,
Shadows grow darker.
There are many struggles in your life,
Some bring you glory,
Some bring you failure.
Some bring you laughter,
Some bring you tears.
Some bring you love,
Some bring you hate.
But in any struggle
You will find nobility,
As in any struggle
You do not have to win.
You need to be able to try,
To try and do your best.
The Bubble.

The bubble surrounding her gets stronger,
Gets stronger each passing day.
There are many moments each day
Where I find a hole in the bubble,
And my loved one is back with me,
But as each day goes on those holes get smaller
And I cannot break through.
It is so sad to see this once vibrant lady
Fall into the world of dementia,
A world where she is alone
Although I am by her side,
As I always have been,
And I always will.
All I can do is help as I can,
Be with her constantly,
And love her more each day,
As each day the bubble closes.
I sit with the paper in front of me,
The pen in my hand,
And I write.

I write words that take me away,
Take me away from my life
Into a world of joy and love,
Where the sadness of my world disappears.

The pen writes so many thoughts
Some meaningless,
But more are meaningful.

As I sit and write I start to rise
Like the Phoenix from the ashes,
The words raise me to the day,
To the real world
And all its struggles.

Those words keep me strong,
Strong enough to face reality,
The reality in my life.
Nature's Bounteous World.

They arrive in droves
The parents and their young.
The young with their beaks wide open,
Shrilling with a piercing scream,
Saying "FEED ME! FEED ME!"
The parents pecking and picking
At the food on the table,
Forcing it a speed
Down the gaping hole
That the young present
To their non-stop parents.
We just look on in wonder
At the beauty of nature
Regenerated for another year,
As we do every year,
Just gloriing in the beauty
And rejuvenation that comes
To us each year,
Every year,
And every day,
We share the wonder,
Of nature’s bounteous world.
But Nothing is There.

You walk down the street
The darkness surrounds you,
A sound is heard!
You look around,
But nothing is there.
Was that a movement
In the shadows?
You look intently!
But nothing is there.
Your footsteps get faster,
Someone is following you!
You look round!
But nobody is there.
Another sound!
Another movement!
Another follower!
You look for them all,
But nothing is there.
As you enter the safety,
The safety of home,
You look back,
But nothing is there,
Except your imagination.
On the Nature of Daylight.

The long slow notes of the cello
Draw me into the mind of the composer,
My soul relaxes and I am drawn
Into world of peace and harmony.

A viola sings a song of contentment
Flying above the cellos,
In a melody of sublime music
Each complementing each other.

The low sound of the music
Rising into a dawn on the horizon
As the violin sails above all,
Like the sun bringing the day
Sailing high in the ether.

I am rising with this day
As the music brings light,
Brings light into my life,
With calm and harmony
Created by the beauty of the sound
As My Spirit rises into the wonder,
The wonder of this music.
I sit quietly in the garden,
The day drawing to a close,
The stillness around me,
The soft sounds of Debussy
In the background,
Accompanying the orchestra of birds
As they settle for the evening.

I look up from my book
And listen,
Listen to the music,
Listen to nature,
Transported to ecstasy.

The stillness still surrounds me,
Protecting me from the rigours of haste.
I quietly calm down from the day,
With reading, music and nature,
Preparing me for the night,
Where sleep will strengthen me,
To be ready for another day.
The Church of No Thanks.

For five years I have done it,
Five years a Steward at my Church.
So much time given to help,
Help people, ministers and everyone.
I had to stop
As my loved one needed me,
Needed me more as her health was lost,
Lost to the world of dementia.
So the annual meeting was held,
They said that I and another were retiring,
Both of us having carried out five years,
Five years of a four year assignment.
We had given so much to the Church,
So much of our lives given,
No reward was expected,
But a thank you would have been nice.

It had happened before,
The thank you that was never given.
I wrote and ran the Church website,
Ran it for twelve years
And when I gave that up it was the same
Not one word of thanks.
Is thank you from my Church banned,
Banned to those who work so hard,
To help the Church.
All Greek To Me.

Into the restaurant we walked,
Me the old Grandad,
She the young granddaughter,
As we have numerous times before.
We were taken to our table,
The menus presented in front of us.
The waiter approached,
A man of middle age,
A man of good humour.
"Kalo apogevma, Good evening " He said,
"What would you like to drink?"
We gave him our orders,
Followed by "Thank you"
"No" he said "it is efcharisto",
So we said "efcharisto".
We ordered our food,
And said "efcharisto".
The drinks came,
"Efcharisto" we said,
And he smiled as he replied
"Parakalo, you are welcome".
The starters came,
The mains came,
And after each course we said
"Efcharisto",
He replied "Parakalo".

We had a beautiful meal,
A wonderful evening together
In each others company.
We got up to go
And as we left the waiter said,
"Antio sas, good bye", 
I replied "Au revoir",
My granddaughter replied "Adios".
I haven't a clue what was happening,
It was all Greek to me!
Which Path?

The path of our life lies ahead,  
The way is straight and the end is in sight.  
It is a long way away at our beginning  
But walking our lives in a straight line  
Gets us nearer to that end,  
Just taking the right road.

Sometimes though we look in another direction  
And see another path.  
A path with bends and hills and valleys,  
Where it's end cannot be seen.  
What if we took that path?  
What would it bring to our life?  
Where the unknown was before us?

That is the choice in our lives,  
The straight and narrow and boring,  
Or the bent and wide and adventurous.  
Which one would you travel?
The Glory of Jazz.

The assembled throng gathered,
Gathered in anticipation,
In anticipation of the band.
They arrived on stage
And they played,
And the glory of Jazz
Once more brought smiles,
Smiles to our faces and our hearts.
Looking round at the people
The heads were nodding,
Feet were tapping,
Fingers were drumming.
The happiness that jazz can bring
Was all around,
Music both fast and slow abounded.

That moment then came
When only clarinet and piano
Were heard.
That moment when the atmosphere changed
And a slow blues glided into our souls.
The tapping stopped.
The nodding stopped.
Replaced by a gentle sway,
Or absolute stillness.
The soft slow tune reached us all.
Its beauty filled us all with such emotion,
An emotion that took us to another place,
A place where peace, joy and love existed.
As the song drifted into silence
The assembled throng were in raptures,
The applause rang out like tears,
Tears of emotion,
Brought to us all,
By the glory of Jazz.
Tomorrow Will Do

"I'll do it tomorrow" comes the call,
There may be many tomorrows,
But tomorrow may never come.
So if it needs to be done
Do it now,
As sometimes doing it tomorrow,
Becomes doing it never.
The Swan's Diversity.

Sitting beside the lake I look up
There coming towards me are three swans
Flying gently down to the water,
Elegance personified.
Suddenly their wings pull back,
Their legs stretch forward,
And the silence is broken
As they drop into the lake,
Trying hard to stop
As their webbed feet
Create tidal waves as they hit the water.
They land safely and sail away,
Sail away in the sibilance of silence
With barely a ruffle on the still water.
As the pass me in quiet beauty
I watch as they wind their way round the lake,
A joy to behold in their pure white grandeur.

I look at them once more
And they are getting faster,
Their wings stretch out
They lift from the water
Their feet start running
Splashing all and sundry,
The noise waking all around.
Suddenly they take to the air
And their elegance is once more with them.
A bird of such beauty giving me a show
A show of such opposites
Of quiet elegance,
And noisy unsophistication.
Nan.

The tears fall down my face
As the memory comes to my mind
When I pick up the 'phone,
She is no longer there,
No longer with us,
But as the tears flow
I look around and see her,
See her in the flowers,
The flowers that were hers.
The white lily standing tall
Showing me her love,
The amaryllis flowering in June
Reminding me of her,
And showing me she is there.
She will always be with me,
In my mind and in my soul,
As I remember her
And the wonderful times we had,
Those times we had together.
I look at the flowers
And remember my Nan,
Remember her with love.
The Cook.

The oil goes in the pan,
And my love goes in with it.
As I prepare the meal I wonder,
I wonder what will it be this time?
Will it be an Italian dish
Full of reds and greens
With tomatoes and basil?
Or will glorious spices
Create the smell of India
With the yellow richness showing through?
I never know,
I never plan until I stand in the kitchen,
But in any dish that I make
It will be always have two things in it,
My passion for cooking,
And as ever,
It will be seasoned with love.
Impossible Conquered.

Things block our paths,
How do we get over them?
There are always ways
Ways to surmount them
As all things are possible,
If you don't believe
They are impossible.
I just don't understand,
Am I listening to nothing?
The notes are there
Softly created by the instruments,
But is there a tune?
I listen and the harmony is there,
Sailing through the ether
Into my body and soul,
Why should I like it?
It is like a drug though,
I just cannot get enough of it.
It stirs my soul,
Takes my Spirit to places,
Places it and I have never been.
So many different types of music
Is mine to enjoy,
But I keep on coming back
To the solace that I get from this composer,
This new composer I have found,
This man called Max Richter.
In the room they sit,
This tribe of gloom ridden people,
Some whispering to each other,
Sitting there as though the troubles
And the cares of the world are on their shoulders.
Suddenly comes a sound,
A wondrous sound that lifts the gloom.
The people smile and laugh and look,
Look for this sound,
They find it,
The most uplifting sound in the world,
The sound of absolute innocence,
Absolute pleasure,
That comes from a young child's laughter.
Scary Night.

Night had fallen,
I was free to come out,
Out into the dark,
The dark that would hide me
As I walked the shadows.
Looking at people,
People laughing and loving.
They passed me by,
I could almost touch them,
But the one I wanted
Was not here yet.
So I passed silently from archway,
To door way in shadows.
Unseen by all.
Until I suddenly saw you,
You were walking towards me,
A smile on your face.
I would wipe that smile away,
You wouldn't smile again.
You were at my side,
I jumped out,
I shouted loudly,

BOO!!

Boy did you jump,
It's your turn next.
Whose to blame?
It was us oldies
Living too long,
Using all the money,
The money we had paid
To live in our retirement.
But no, it was now our fault,
We were living too long,
And those in power,
And those with money,
Wanted more,
Through their greed
For their own gains.

The election was a farce,
She didn't get her way,
Her lead was removed,
And the youngsters were blamed.
They went out and voted,
Voted for the first time.
They voted differently
And it was said that
It was their fault,
Their fault that the election failed.

Cannot those in power see,
It is not the oldies fault,
Or the youngsters fault,
It is theirs!
Their need to give profit,
Give profit and power,
To themselves,
To their party
Is all they can see!
And all they want!
The people don't matter to them!
The country doesn't matter to them!

We live in a broken country!
Changes must be made!
Storm - Haiku.

Lightning cleaves the sky,
Thunderous rain falls to earth,
Cleansing our dark lives.
Words of Life.

When we were young the words were always there,
They were scattered,
Scattered all around us.
As we grew we caught them,
Caught them and brought them into our lives.
The older we got more were being gathered,
Gathered within us.
Each sentence assembled,
Assembled with experience.
As we start to reach old age
We can look at those words,
And find that those words we had gathered,
The sentences that were assembled,
Have written a book,
And that book is the story of our life.
Know Alls.

Throughout your life you see them,
These people of self-importance.
They think that they are the best,
Nobody can do the things they do.
In all spheres of life they are there,
Knowing their knowledge is theirs,
It cannot be shared with anybody,
They alone now how to do these things.
But what they will never understand,
As they are too self-possessed to realise,
That the graveyard is full
Of indispensable people.
Every Morning.

Every morning I have a shower,
Every morning I wash my hair,
Every morning I dry my body,
Every morning I dry my hair,
Every morning I comb my hair,
Every morning I part my hair,
Every morning some goes to the left,
Every morning most goes to the right.
Then the other morning I wondered
How often do the same number of hairs
Go to the left,
And the same number of hairs
Go to the right.
It certainly will not be
Every morning.
Dementia - Acrostic.

Days of forgetfulness,
Every day the same.
Mindless repetition,
Everlasting intensity.
Needless concentration,
To know simplicity.
Intense incapability to
Achieve balance of mind.
Solution or Truth.

In this life obstacles get in the way,
Each one is there to be solved,
And as they are solved
Your experience increases,
And your life moves on.
Sometimes though you have a problem
To which you have no solution.
Perhaps it is not a problem to be solved,
It may be a truth,
A truth which needs to be accepted.
Sometimes in your life you feel trapped,
Cornered into a place that you do not want to be.
It is usually of your own making,
You try to please others all the time,
To do what others expect of you,
Not what you want to do for yourself.
You worry about what others think of you,
And the trap becomes a prison.
But that prison can disappear
The moment you stop worrying,
Stop worrying what others think of you.
Time - Acrostic.

The moments fly through our lives,
Increasing in speed as age comes upon us,
Making each of those moments
Evermore valued in our lives.
Each of My Days.

As the sun rises so do I,
The world is out there
For me to enjoy.
I sit in the garden in the early morn
Listening to nature's symphony,
As it awakes to this fine day.
I look up and see nature's canvas,
Blue with a scattering of white,
The white moving so slowly
Through the blue.
This is the peace of my world,
This peace always is there as the sun rises,
It is always there as the sun sets.
I am there as well, I enjoying the glory
At the beginning and at the end
Of each of my days.
Grenfell Tower.

There it stood,
Twenty four floors
Of burnt blocks.
Blackened holes
Of peoples homes.

They were warned!
The authorities were told
This would happen!
But did not listen.

People have died!
Homes are gone!

This was preventable!
But the option taken,
To refurbish the block
Was the cheapest.

The lives lost meant nothing,
Meant nothing,
To those who had the power,
The power and the money
To prevent this disaster.

As I look
I see the blackened windows
And realise
That I am looking,
At open graves.
God’s Words.

In the beginning was the Word.
This Word lead to other Words,
The Words that are written on this page.

And the Word was with God.
My hand writes each Word,
From where did those words come?

And the Word was God.
My Spirit guides my hand,
As it guides my life
.

These Words I write
Come from within me,
But within me is My Spirit,
And My Spirit is My God.
So each of my Words,
Come from God,
And my Words are God.
Lost Mum.

I walked our daughter to her car,
She had been with her Mum,
While I had to go out.
As we reached her car
I said "How did you find your Mum?"
She replied with the saddest of words
"I am finding it hard to accept,
That the Mum I knew,
is no longer there"
Trust in Nature.

I looked into the garden and saw it,
Saw it sitting there on the table,
The young blackbird.
I watched it for a while
This beautiful young soul
Not long into this world.
Some time later I came back
And there he was, still sitting there,
Sitting there so contented.
I went out to him,
He looked at me,
I looked at him.
I walked closer towards him
And he just stayed there
Looking at me,
Not a care in the world.
We conversed in looks
As I got closer,
He just stayed there,
No fear, no fright.
Just two beings of this world
Being together.
The trust he had in me was wonderful
In this beauteous world of nature.
Parliamentary Truth.

Over two hundred years ago
It happened,
A Prime Minister was shot,
Assassinated in the Houses of Parliament.
Spencer Perceval went down in history,
Two things put him there.
He was the only assassinated
Prime Minister ever in the United Kingdom.
As he lay at deaths door
He said "I am dying".
Those words are thought to be
The only true words ever said in Parliament
For over two hundred years.
From Here to There.

They come into your life,
People who want to help,
But have no idea what the problem is,
Or how it affects you,
But they need to show you
How to do it their way,
Where their way makes it worse.
These people just do not understand,
So please God, please save us,
From people who mean well
But have no understanding.

------------------------------------------------

They come into your life,
People who want to help,
They can see the problem,
And how it affects you.
They are just there,
They have no answer,
They could make it worse.
They do understand,
So please God, thank you for friends,
Friends who are just there for us
And do understand.
Frustration to Love.

In goes the flour,
In goes the yeast,
In goes the salt,
In goes the olive oil,
In goes the water.
All mixed vigorously
Until the dough is formed.
Out onto the surface it goes,
And pummelled with vigour,
All the frustrations of my life,
Get pounded into the dough,
All my troubles are there,
All dispersed as the dough smooths out.
All those who have upset me,
All beaten to a pulp,
Until the dough has had enough.
Into a dish it is put,
Covered and warmed,
Left to rise.
Once risen,
Back onto the surface it goes
And kneaded gently with love.
The love of all around me,
Those things important in my life,
Wife, family, friends,
The love for them all,
Is gently woven into the dough,
Until it is ready,
Ready to be shaped,
Shaped into bread.
Left to rise
And cooked with care,
In every loaf I make
The love in my life,
Always takes away,
The bad in my life.
I look at the picture before me
And enter into a world of the unknown.
But is it unknown?
So many things I see,
And the more I look,
The more intrigued I become.
Whose world am I in?
Is it the world of the artist?
Or the world I am creating
Within my own mind?
Each speck on the canvas
Gives me new insights,
New thoughts,
New feelings,
Entering into my soul.
Am I looking at my life
Spread out before me?
Or is it a picture of My Spirit
As it flows from infinity,
To eternity.
That Tune.

That tune is there again,
That tune which takes me away from here,
Into another place, where all is well,
And I am at peace with myself.
Music has that ability,
That ability to bring peace to My Spirit,
And that tune that took me away,
Took me to my Utopia,
Is whatever one I am listening to,
Listening to at that moment.
Whose Problem.

Each of us is unique,
We each see things in different ways.
Some may be acceptable to all,
But sometimes we may be so different
That others do not understand,
Or they disagree with you.
If that is so just remember this,
That it is THEIR problem,
Not Yours!
I was there, back in the day,
Those days in the sixties,
Those days before discos,
When groups played on stage
And we all danced.
Danced to songs of the time.
That time when music changed,
And the music changed our lives,
Changed our attitudes,
And led us into a new way,
A new way of enjoyment.
Yes I was there
Dancing the night away,
Until at least ten thirty,
When the last dance was played,
The slow one and I danced close,
Close to the girl I was with.
I would slowly walk her home,
Not wishing to break the spell
Of our time together.
A sweet kiss as we parted,
Complete innocence
Yes I remember the sixties.

Some say that if you remember the sixties
You were not there,
But I was there looking for life,
Not war, not drugs.
I was looking for and found happiness,
Happiness in those times,
When the young people took the country by storm.
The dowdiness of the fifties dispelled,
And changed into the glory of the sixties.
Here I am looking back,
Looking back at those times,
And I find that during that time
I have one thing that has not changed.
On the very rare occasions that I dance
Some fifty plus years later,
I still step to one side,
And then step to the other side,
As I did back in the sixties.
Little Joys.

We go through our lives looking for it,
Looking for that time of absolute pleasure,
But as we search for it
We use our precious time
Looking for that big goal,
That big goal of happiness.

In our search for it
We can miss many things,
And there are so many of them.
We may miss the little joys,
Those many joys that are there,
There all around us,
Around us all the time.
Summer is Alive - Haiku.

The buds are open
Glorious colour abounds.
Summer is alive.
Beyond Existence.

Into space you look,
You know they are out there
But can you see them.
Can you see the darkness of them?
Or are they so dark
That they are invisible.
All that reach their boundaries
Disappear without trace.
So could it be true,
That Black Holes
Crush all life,
All thoughts,
And all memories,
Beyond existence?
What is Death?

We know it is waiting for us,
It cannot be avoided.
It could happen quickly,
It could happen slowly.
But what is it?
What is death?
We know that the body stops,
Stops breathing,
Stops working,
Stops existing.
But what else is there?
Does anything else exist?
Is there a Spirit,
Or a Soul,
Within us?
Many say they know,
They know that our Spirit,
That Spirit within us,
Goes on and never dies.
But are we right?
We just do not know.
Death is a vast mystery
That we may never solve,
Except for those who believe.

And I believe with all My Spirit
That My Spirit will go on,
Go on to infinity,
Go on to eternity.

"What we don't know about death is far, far greater than what we do know." Captain Janeway,
Bouncy Clouds.

There they were at the top of the building
Looking down on the city obscured by clouds.
One looked down and said "Those Clouds look so solid,
As though you could bounce on them".
"Surely not" said another, "You'd just fall through".
"I'll try it" said the first,
So off he jumped, he hit the cloud
And bounce straight back.
"Wow!" said the second, "I don't believe that!"
So the first jumped off once more,
And bounced back again.
The second said "I must try that!"
So he jumps off the building
And passes straight through the cloud,
To meet his death on the path below.
The third man turned to the first and said
"You can be a right swine sometimes, Superman!"
We live each day of our lives,
And each day we try to do our best.
Sometimes we make mistakes,
And do things we regret.
We must realise within ourselves
That life doesn't allow us to go back,
Go back and fix things,
To fix that we have done wrong,
Done wrong in the past.
But those errors of life
Gives us experience,
That experience is important
As it allows us to live better,
To live better each day,
To make fewer mistakes,
And to make each day,
Better than our last.
Clairvoyancy.

Can you see it?
Are you aware of it?
Can you answer questions
Before they are asked?
Can you see what will happen
Before it happens?
Many say they can.
Can you?
Can I?
Do you have feelings of dread,
Or feelings of joy,
Of events
That are about to happen?
If you do,
Or if I do,
Why can't we change our world
So that we will be able to see it,
At peace,
And full of love,
Or cannot peace and love
Ever be foreseen.
That Sound.

Sitting in the café,
Just drinking our coffee,
And there it came,
That sound,
That sound that brings pleasure,
Brings so much pleasure to all.
You just can't help smiling
As the sound abounds,
The sound of young children,
Young children laughing.
The day was nearly over,  
A day where its heat drowned me.

At last the evening came  
And the oven of the day receded.

Into the garden I went,  
Book and drink in hand.

I sat in the peace of the evening,  
That peace interrupted by the calls.

The beautiful song of blackbird,  
And the glorious voice of the robin.

I tried to read my book,  
But natures wonder pulled me from it.

So I sat and listened,  
And peace came over me,  
The peace that I find in nature,  
That I find in natures wondrous world.

Nature’s Wondrous World.
Dancing Like an Idiot.

It can always be with you,
The power that music has.
The soothing gentle sounds
Can calm the soul and body.
The melancholy of it
Can bring tears to the eyes.
But in those times when stressed,
Music can be there for you.
And never underestimate
How it can heal you.
Playing some wild rock music
On full blast,
Dancing around the house
Like a demented idiot
Brings joy and laughter
Back into your life.
Perhaps it is a myth
Expecting that the earth will be calm
As tensions rise within the world
Causing distrust and enmity
Ever has it been thus
Words on a Page.

The words go onto the page.

They may be of love,
They may be of despair.

They may be of good,
They may be of bad.

They may be of music,
They may be of writing.

They may be of nature,
They may be of science.

They may be meaningful,
They may be meaningless.

They may be understood,
They may be misunderstood.

They may be of truth,
They may be of politics.

But as each word is written,
Part of our life is written onto that page.
Why Her, Why?

Why does it have to be this way?
Why is she drifting from me?
This woman who I love so much
Is changing.
She is not the woman I knew,
She lives in a confined world,
A world of her own thoughts.
Those thoughts creating contexts,
Contexts that bear no relation to reality.
I try to make her see
But she is so convinced she is right.
So I just accept her way,
She will soon forget,
Until another context forms
In her much confused mind.
Task Achieved.

Once more I have achieved it,
That seemingly impossible of tasks.
I was determined though,
Today would be the day
When I would get it done.
My wife cannot do it
Due to her ill health,
So it was down to me,
That task that never bore any pleasure,
But now I have succeeded,
And pride emanates through me.
Once more I took up my iron
And ironed,
Ironed all that was in it,
In that basket.
I emptied the ironing basket,
So proving that it does have a bottom.
Parallel Universes.

We have them every day,
Every day we have a choice to make.
That choice may be of no import,
Or it could be life changing,
Which choice do we take?

The choice does not matter,
We do take all the choices.
All are out there in this Universe,
And in the other Universes.
That infinite number of Universes
That lie parallel with the one,
The one we are in at this moment.

So don't worry about choices,
As if we take every choice
Somewhere in one of the Universes,
That choice will be taken.

All the choices in our lives are out there,
They are found in an infinite number of universes,
That run parallel to that life we are now in
As we are reading these words.
Wall of Power.

The ball was struck,
Struck with such power,
But it just came back,
Came back faster.
What skill was shown,
Shown by these ladies,
Hitting a yellow ball,
Over the green sward.
The ball kept coming back,
Like it had hit a wall,
A wall that had power,
That sent it back faster,
That wall of skill.

"I'll bet that that is the fastest wall she has ever hit a ball against" John McInroe said this when Joanna Konta played against Simona Halop at Wimbledon.
Coffee First!

Off we go into town,
Doing what we need to do,
Or not as the case may be,
But it always starts the same.
My wife says I sound like a parrot,
As "Coffee first" I say,
"Coffee first".
Into the café we go,
I order the coffee
Mines and americano,
Without milk!
Hers is a cappuccino
With chocolate on the top.
We sit there drinking,
Chatting and laughing,
Watching the world go by.
Watching people
Is so entertaining.
My coffee is finished
So I am ready to face the world,
As the caffeine does its work.
She is still drinking hers,
So I employ another saying,
Hoping to hurry her up.
I say "Come on dear,
Places to go,
People to see."
She replies,
"Don't call me Dear!"
I assemble with the Choir,
Ready to sing our songs.
The notes start to form within us
And this wonderful sound emanates.
It could be any type of music,
From classical to pop,
We will sing anything.
And as I sing I always try my best,
Sometimes I get it wrong,
But all life is like that.
If my life,
Or my singing,
Were perfect,
For what would I aim.
Vanishing Fears.

In this life you learn.
As you learn you progress,
Feel more confident.
But sometimes you do not know,
Do not know what the answer is.
The answer has not been given,
This frightens you,
And a void opens up before you.
This gap become filled,
Filled with your fears.
They pour into it
Because you do not know,
Do not know
Until the answer has been found,
When your fears vanish.
Kestrel - Haiku.

So still in the air
The kestrel hovers above,
Searching for its prey.
I stand by the shores of the lake,
The mist laying silently over it
Hiding its surface from my sight.
I look out into this grey world,
Wondering what is out there,
What maybe floating into my life.
The fog starts to lift,
Lift from the lake,
Lift from my mind,
And I see it.
I see the reason I am here,
The reason for my being,
I see the light.
I said I'd tell a poem
To this august crowd,
Then I had to find one,
And say it right out loud.

Would it be by Shakespeare,
Milton, Poe or Keats.
It had to by someone
To keep you in your seats.

Words of yellow daffodils,
Or maybe love or war,
Of youth or age or beauty;
I hope I'm not a bore.

The modern type of poem?
That doesn't ever rhyme.
That seems to go on for ever,
With no punctuation or break for breath or sense of rhythm but drones on in a monotonous way that is only understandable in the strange mind of the author.

But no, you're stuck with this one,
Not a massive work of art.
But it's good enough for you lot!
So with that, I'll now depart.
"What is life to me without thee?"
Those words sail from her soul,
From her soul and into my heart.
This Lady of Song, taken from us,
Taken from us in her prime.
Kathleen's wonderful voice is still there,
Still there sailing through the ether,
Sailing forever.
"Ewig, - Ewig, - Ewig"
Reading Man.

In the café once more,
Sitting drinking our coffee,
I saw him
Just sitting in the corner,
That man.
He was reading,
Minding his own business,
But he was obviously lost,
Lost in that book.
Marriage to Eternity.

Their love shines through their eyes
As they join their lives together.
Loving and honouring each other,
In sickness and in health,
For all their lives.

Adele and Simon join their Spirits forever
Into their new adventure,
In marriage and in life.
A life together filled with love,
Filled with harmony.

May your lives together go on forever,
And at the end of each day
As sleep comes over you
Just turn and look into each other's eyes,
And say to each other,
I love you.
Treasure the Moment.

There twenty four of them
In every one of them;
There are sixty of them
In every one of them;
There are another sixty
In each one of them.
But how many moments are there
In each second?
Moments are precious
And should be appreciated,
They will not come again.
Each second, hour and day
Should be treasured,
But you live in the moment,
You die in the moment,
So treasure each and every one of them.
“Dad, do you still have a shredder?” She asked,  
“Yes” I said.  
“If I bring some documents over,  
Can you please shred them for me?”  
So over they came,  
A huge bagful.

I started shredding,  
Just shredding, not reading,  
But as I was doing it  
I saw the odd title to letters.  
'Separation agreement',  
'Divorce Settlement'.  
The thought struck me  
As each sheet became pieces  
That it was like her life was being broken,  
Her life was being shredded,  
As each page of her life  
Went through the shredder.
Orange Memory.

Every year they are there,
These wondrous orange flowers.
I don't remember planting them,
But in every home I have had
They have been there.
Their multi-headed orange blooms
Shining above the green.
A plant that reminds me,
Reminds me of a special person.
That person who taught me,
Taught me my life.
He is no longer with me
Except in my thoughts,
So when the montbretia bloom
Dad is back with me.
He is always in my mind
But when I see these flowers
My thoughts always turn to him.
The man who showed me calmness.
The man who showed me music.
The man who is still with me
In my mind and soul,
So when the montbretia bloom,
Dad is all around me.
Over the Hills and Far Away.

That sound comes
And I wonder who it is!
Who is screaming!
Or who is attacking me!
But no it is the pipes.
The Scottish bagpipes!!
I can understand
Their use in war and in battle,
As they are an offensive weapon
And enemies would run from them.
Whenever I hear them
I would like them to play
"Over the hills and far away",
And the further away the better!!
Books?

So sad, what the young lad said to me;
"I have never read a book."
How could I explain to him the pleasure,
That can be found in reading,
   Stories that can thrill; can make you laugh;
Can make you cry.

Books to me have always been there,
The total range of emotions can be felt;
Love, anger, hate, sadness, happiness.
Not to know these feelings that are given
By the skill and imagination of authors,
Is alien to me.

Listening and looking can produce emotion,
But reading allows you to use, your own imagination,
To create those characters, brought to life on the page.
To imagine the look of the villains and heroes is something
So personal, that if recreated on screen,
Mostly lets you down.
Early Morning Troubles.

There I am once more,
Lost in words,
Writing them on the page.
I look up,
See the time,
And realise I am in trouble!
In trouble again!
Once more I am late,
Late with the wife's,
Morning cup of tea.
A Soldier of the Great War.

One hundred years ago it happened;
So much blood,
So much mud.

"I died in hell,
They called in Passchendaele".

So many died,
So many remembered,
But many unknown,
So on the stone
The inscription read
"A Soldier of the Great War".

We may not know who they are
But each and every one of them
Is known to God.

"I died in hell
They called in Passchendaele". Siegfried Sassoon.
Falling into the Night.

I was sitting in the garden,
Sitting and pondering,
Pondering over nothing,
When I came to that time,
That time when it happened,
When the Summer evening
Was closing its bright eye,
It's eye slowly falling,
Falling into the night.
Walking in Space.

There before us stood the moor,
So many colours adorned this green sward.
Natures colours, all around us,
As we trod her path up the hill.
The flowers of yellow abound,
The brown twigs of heather,
Too early for their purple haze.
The white of the sheep,
Grazing gently.
The young, their tails wagging,
As they feed from their mothers,
Then bounding away,
Skipping and jumping in gay abandon.
On we walk and nearing the top,
We look down at the water,
Cutting a gentle path through the valley,
The reeds gently moving
To the time of the river's flow.
We look all around,
This beauty is surrounding us.
We are alone in natures world,
Nobody else to be seen,
Just us and nature.
The silence occasionally broken
By the plaintiff cry of a curlew,
Or the sound of a buzzard
Circling way above us.
So much space,
Our private world,
Where we will walk on together,
Over the hill,
Towards eternity.
I rise before dawn,
The new day to start.
I creep downstairs silently,
Trying not to disturb the wife,
Counting each stair
Until I reach thirteen,
And know I am at the bottom.
No lights do I switch on,
The dark surrounds me,
And I know my way.
I open the living room door
The brightness attacks me
From every corner!
The brightest being the laser blue light
Coming from the telephone,
Then there is the light from the stereo,
Showing me the time and the way
Into the dining room and kitchen.
Where the light from cooker
Microwave and coffee maker
And another beam from another ‘phone
Allow me to see.
The light from the radio
Again telling me the time.
My laptop on the table
With lights shining from the switch.
I turn the laptop on
And am bombarded with brightness
From the screen.
I click on my iPhone
To check for messages
And the brightness is so intense
That the sunglasses have go on.
So I sit here writing these words,
Able to see my way through them,
Without turning on the lights.
Cleansing Rain.

I stand in the rain,
It's drops falling onto my skin,
Sliding down my body.
As each drop reaches the ground
A worry is washed away,
Washed onto the ground
Creating rivulets of water,
Forming into streams
That slide into rivers,
That get cleansed in the sea.
The purity of its vapour
Rises into the sky.
The clouds gather,
The rain falls,
Cleansing the worries
Once more from our souls.
Sitting at Heavens Door.

There I was in my heaven,
Just sitting in my chair,
The wonder of jazz
Playing from the radio,
Reading a book
By my favourite author,
A glass of red wine by my side.
What else could I ask for?
I WAS in heaven.
Harmony in Our Minds - Scionating.

These words fell onto the paper,
The paint dropped onto the canvas,
So meaningful in their own way.
Sometime seeming meaningless,
But the words and the paint intertwine,
Leaving an aura of wonder
In the minds of all.
The words falling from the mind of the poet,
The paint laid down from the visualisation of the artist,
Both mind and visualisation so creative,
Creating harmony.
Harmony on the page,
Harmony on the canvas,
Harmony in our minds.
Man in Orange.

I raised my head from my slumber,
Kissed my darling wife,
And got up.
I poked my head through the curtains
To see the outside world
When I saw him,
This man walking,
Walking down the middle of the road.
Orange coat,
Orange trousers,
Orange bag,
Black boots,
Balding head.
Not a sight I have seen before,
Not at six in the morning,
This man in orange.
Melancholy.

Through our lives
We have many moods.
They may bring us happiness.
They may make us sad.
But sometimes thoughts return,
Thoughts that at one time were sad,
But now feel melancholic,
And do not feel so sad.
This shows us that melancholy is sadness,
Sadness that has taken on lightness.
My Time.

This is my time,
A time when words are read,
A time when words are written,
And the realities of life do not exist.
These first two hours are special,
So special to me.
The worries in my world are forgotten,
For such a brief time.
I am lost in a world of music,
I am lost in a world of words.
This time is so precious
But all too soon it is over
And the reality of my world
Drags me into the day.
But my time will return,
Return tomorrow,
Return every morning.
Rioja - Acrostic.

Red grapes create this wonder,
Infused with the Spanish sun.
Out from the bottle it flows,
Joy pours into a glass,
A pure pleasure for my delight.
Music - FIBS.

It
Has
Been there
All my life,
These wonderful sounds.
It may be classical or jazz,
Or even country, folk, rock, blues or progressive rock.
I listen to all of it's styles,
And enjoy it all.
It's music,
It's love,
It's,
All.
New Generations.

I know it is nature’s way,
Each generation changes,
Each generation gets taller.
To me this was not a problem,
Being quite tall.
But now when I walk in the town,
The two generations below me,
Are now above me.
One day they went out fishing.
The three Preachers left the cabin
Out onto the water was their mission.
They rowed the boat out a short way
And cast their lines in the water
Hoping to catch some lunch
And maybe some wayward souls.
The Anglican need to go ashore,
So he jumped out of the boat
And strode purposely and with Faith
On the surface of the water.
He came back with his flask,
And hopped back into the boat.
The Methodist need to go ashore,
So he too strode the water and back.
The Roman Catholic looked on,
Looked on in wonder,
As he saw these two Ministers
Walking on water,
Such a show and reality
Of their Faith.
He thought if they can do it,
My Faith is just as strong,
So I can do it just as well,
I too will go to the cabin.
He jumped off the boat
And sank straight into the depths.
The other two just looked on in horror,
And in guilt,
As one said to the other,
"We should have told him,
The stepping stones
Were on our side of the boat"
Do You Take Sugar?

"Do you take sugar?"
The four words she said
That felt like a dagger to my heart.
My loved one has gone,
Gone into her own world,
Her own world of dementia,
Where I am becoming forgotten.
Four simple words
That showed how lost she was,
"Do you take sugar?"
I sit with the blank paper before me,
The words still to come.
And then it happens,
This sound pervades my mind,
Each note slowly meandering into another.
The words flow onto the page
As the music slowly travels through the ether,
Each note so perfect,
And in harmony with each other.
The music ends and silence fall,
And there on the paper
Sit these words,
Written by the music,
The music that flowed through my mind.
Dancing with Shadows.

I lay in the darkened room,
Just my thoughts for company.
The moon rises,
Its light pervades my thoughts.
The breeze stirs the trees
And their shadows
Dance on the walls,
And I dance with them,
Dance with Nature's shadows.
Reaching Nirvana.

Into the woods I walk
Walking familiar paths.
I look to the side and see a path
Almost non-existent,
The thought comes to me,
Could this be Frost's
Road less travelled.
I start along it,
As I walk the path gets wider,
The sky gets brighter,
Life becomes freer.
And with that new-found freedom
Love of life is found,
A new love where peace is everything,
No conflicts to be seen,
Just all helping each other,
Laughter and love abound,
People talk to each other,
All have smiles on their faces.

Have I passed beyond this Earth,
And at last reached Nirvana.
Struck Down.

On the tee they stood,
The man and the good priest,
To hit the ball round the course,
To see who could hit the least.

The man hit his ball,
And landed on the green,
The priest struck his too,
And broke the waters sheen.

The priest waded in the water,
And struck his ball to grass,
The man putted his ball,
But the hole it did pass.

The man just stood and swore,
"Sod it, missed the bugger" he uttered,
The priest just looked at him,
And "Do not swear!" he uttered.

The next hole was the same,
The man just missed the putt,
"Sod it, missed the bugger",
Every time he did tutt.

The priest then said,
"If your swearing doesn't cease
God will strike you down,
And take away your peace"

The last hole came at last,
And both were on the green,
The man missed the putt,
And was once more obscene.

Lightening flashed towards them,
The priest was looking smugger,
But the words he heard when he got struck,
Were "Sod it, missed the bugger!".
New Times.

The slither of the moon in the sky  
Showing its rebirth,  
The renewing of the time,  
That time that always returns.  
That time which gives us the chance  
Gives us the chance to start again,  
To start again in peaceful harmony,  
Giving a sign of new times ahead.

Sometime in the future  
My dream of peace will come true,  
And the slither of moon  
Will herald a new dawning,  
Dawning into peaceful harmony.
"Andy! Andy! Come quick!!" the wife yelled.
I raced to her, thinking she was hurt!
"Is that a dead bird in the garden?" she shouted,
I looked out and saw it,
A large brown bird lying still on the ground.
A smile came to my face,
I knew what it was.
I walked gently into the garden
Down to the bird.
Gently picked it up,
And replaced the metal heron
Back into its place
From whence it had fallen.
Insignificance.

I reach the top of the hill and stop,
Bringing my life to rest.
I look down at the vastness of nature
Stretching to my life's horizon.
I look up at the infinite universe
Stretching towards my eternity.
The feeling comes to my mind,
That in all this eternal space around me,
Am I so insignificant?
Stumbling Service.

It was a strange service.
The Choir traipsed in,
And sang the Introit.
Yes I was there,
Groaning out the bass line.
The Preacher welcomed all
And announced the first hymn,
He said to all,
"You may not know this hymn
The choir did not!"
The Choir had gone through it
Before the service started,
And had an idea.
The hymn started,
The choir sang,
The congregation slowly joined,
And when it was over
We very nearly knew it.
The first reader stood up,
Came to the lectern,
And started to read the lesson.
At almost every other word,
She hesitated,
Trying to form their sounds.
She got through it and sat down.
The second reader got up,
And seemed to keep stumbling
Over easy words.
The hymns were sung
And then came the Sermon,
But the Preacher kept getting lost,
Kept hesitating.
The Service was over
And the last hymn was sung,
One we all knew.
So we left the Church uplifted,
After such a stumbling service.
The Prism of Life.

Life can be so different,
So changeable.
We just do not know
What is going to happen.
Each moment can change.
It is what makes life so wonderful,
So exciting.
It is like a prism,
Whatever you do,
Depends on how the glass is turned.
"Painting is but another word for feeling"
Constable said,
His paintings are sublime.
But where he put his feelings on canvas with paint,
I use paper and ink
To put my feelings into words.
Mozart put his feelings in music,
Rodin in sculpture.
Throughout art,
All types of art,
Feelings are seen.
So whether artist, poet, composer or sculptor,
All show their feelings in their works.
So I paraphrase Constable,
"ALL art is but another word for feeling".
The Lone Tree.

I look up the hill
And see it,
That lone tree,
With no leaves for company.
Just the boughs
Reaching up
As if searching,
Searching for life.
Reaching out,
Reaching for existence.
I sit by it and listen,
Listen for its story,
But all I hear
Is silence.
I wonder
Why so alone?
Why so naked?
Is its life so unhappy
That all it waits for
Is its end?
The thought comes to me
That unlike this tree
My life towards my end
Will be filled with hope,
Filled with love,
As My Spirit goes on.
The thought then comes
That My Spirit
Will be joined
With the Spirit
Of the tree,
That not so lone tree.
Said and Unsaid.

Going through life
We hear people talk.
Some we understand,
Some we don't,
But much of what is said
Does not really matter.
There is also much
That is not said,
And therein lies the problem,
As much that matters in our lives,
Remains unsaid.
Is there no hope?

The man looks out from where he lay,
Into the distance from whence came,
The horror that had caused
the forlorn look upon his twisted face.

The tears run down the cheek
Of the other, looking on from outside,
At the anguish reproduced
By the skill of the artist.

The hope of the soldier has gone
From his fearful face.
The hope of the onlooker fortified
By the skill of the artist.
The Theatre of Dreams.

In life there are always choices,
Those choices lead us to what we become.
We may go through the door we chose
And enter our Theatre of Dreams
Where life is wonderful,
Full of happiness,
Full of love.
But sometimes along the way
We enter another door,
And walk on to the Stage of Nightmares
Where life pulls us into the darkness,
Full of sadness,
Full of hate.
When we enter that door be assured
That the light will be there,
Head to the light and you will find the door,
The door back into The Theatre of Dreams.
Hilary's Passing Year.

Another year has passed in your life,
Another year of experience and love.
But this year it is special,
As the number sixty is reached.
But sixty is just a number,
Your life will go on the same,
The time you spend with loved ones
Will still be there.
It will not change,
Age is inevitable,
But it is not a hindrance,
It is a spur to move forward.
Move forward in your life,
In the knowledge
That life will always be there,
And will go on,
Go on to infinity.
The Lone Poppy.

There it grew,
All by itself.
Why was it there?
Was it trying to escape
The horrors of this world?
Was it showing me the way
That loneliness can be good?
Was this poppy leading me,
Leading me to something new?
I may never know
But that lone poppy called to me,
And made me think.
One,
Two,
Then three,
Make up five,
But now there are eight in this line.
What is going on,
Creating,
This thing,
Called
FIBS.
Ignorance in Age.

All my life it has been there,
Music.
I listen to it,
I play it,
I sing it.
I think I know a lot about it,
But like life,
I realise
The more I get to know about it,
The more ignorant
I realise I am.
Two into One.

I walk down the street
On these fine days,
A smile on my face,
Greeting all,
with joy and happiness.

I creep down the street
In the dark of night,
A sinister look on my face,
Hiding from all,
Getting ready to pounce.

Into work I go,
Where all greet me
With fun, happiness,
And dare I say, love,
For my helpful, happy ways.

I slink down the alleys,
Keeping to the dark,
Keeping to the shadows,
Looking for a victim,
To satisfy my blood lusting ways.

The day goes on,
The work gets done,
With joyous banter
Pervading the room,
A life of fun and companionship.

There he is!
My victim!
I pounce!
Drag him to my den!
Destroy his precious life!

Looking around the office
I see James is not there,
Where is he I ask?
Oh he was found last night,
With his throat ripped out.
Jigsaw of Life.

The pieces lay before you,
Scattered all around.
How can sense be made of it?
Suddenly you see two pieces,
Two pieces that look alike.
You try to fit them together,
It works,
It is a start,
The future seems endless.
Ever so slowly pieces come together
Until that time you have a frame,
That frame needs to be filled.
In time more pieces come together
Until a picture starts to become visible.
Some pieces fit so easily to bring happiness,
Others are a struggle to put together
And sadness and rancour come over you.
At last you can see it,
You can see a goal,
Somewhere to aim.
As each piece is found
Life becomes clearer,
Until that time when the end is in sight,
And as the last piece of the jigsaw is placed
Your life is complete,
And moves on to that infinite jigsaw,
That is Your Spirit.
She Fever Too.

I must go and see she again, to the lovely she and her pie,
And all I ask is a big plate with a fork to eat it by,
And the sauce is thick and meats cooked in her so fine baking,
And the red wine in the large glass, and my thirst there for slaking.
My Tomorrows.

The light comes into my life  
As my morning starts.  
Just me, the dawn,  
Music and poetry.  
A time where my passions  
Are all around me.  
The wonder of nature awakening  
In this new day of my life,  
The glory of fine music  
Flowing into my Spirit,  
These words on this page  
Just flowing  
From deep within me.  
My new dawn is here,  
And throughout each day,  
No matter what life throws at me,  
I always have the joy of knowing  
That my new dawn  
Will always be with me,  
At each of my tomorrows.
View of God.

The class was in session,
The subject was art.
The paint went everywhere
As the children splashed it,
All over the paper, walls ceiling, floor.
The teacher walked round
Looking at each creation,
A house here,
Countryside there.
Pets and parents,
Friends and toys.
All manner of things,
Subjected to the rigours
Of the children's creative minds.
Then she came to the last one,
The teacher had no idea
What this creation was.
So the artist was asked,
"What are you painting?"
"God" the young lady replied,
"But nobody knows what God looks like"
Said the teacher.
"You will when I have finished this!!"
Said the girl.
"Beam up Scotty", came the order.
There he was on his handset,
Talking to others throughout the Universe.
That handheld device,
That seemed so alien,
Back then.
But now they are everywhere,
You cannot go down the street
Without seeing people on them,
Talking to others,
Ignoring where they are,
Ignoring the world around them.

"Bones, I've hurt my arm",
Came the plea.
So out comes a probe
And a ray goes over the hurt,
All is well again.
Again, such an alien device,
Back then,
But now it can be done,
That probe is here.

Had Roddenberry seen the future?
Seen the Universe as it was to become,
Seen technology at its best,
And at its worst.
Was he in the future on Enterprise?
Did he boldly go
To where no man
Had gone before?
The Artist Within.

It can happen to you,
It can happen to us.
The artist can stand before the canvas
But the strokes do not come.
The composer can sit before the manuscript
But the notes just will not form.
The poet can have a blank sheet on the desk
But the words cannot be written.
This lack will not last,
The muse will return.
All you need to remember
Is that the Artist,
Or the Composer,
Or the Poet,
That is within you,
That is within us,
Will never die.
The Rules of Cricket.

They walk to the wicket with confidence,
The first two of the side,
Who is in.
Surrounded by the eleven in the field,
Who are out.
The two carry bats,
The men are covered in pads and masks,
Because once they are in,
They don't want to be out.
The first batter in faces a ball from the bowler,
Who is out.
The batter who is in,
Misses the ball,
Which hits the stumps;
So he is no longer in,
He is out.
He walks from the field
And is passed by another man,
Who is now in.
Once the team that come in,
Have ten men come in,
And go out,
They then become
The team that is out.
And the team that was out,
Become the team
That is now in.
The game then restarts
With the team that was in,
Out.
And the team that was out,
In.
Until ten of the men
From the team that were out,
And are now in,
Are both in and out.
Then the team that was in,
And became out,
Are now in again.
And the team that was out,
And then came in,
Are now out again.
The team that were out,
And then in,
And then out again,
Now become the team,
That is in again.
And the team that was in.
And then out,
Then in again,
Now become the team
That is out.
Then the team that is in,
Become the team that is out,
Both teams are then out.
Simples!
From Corncrake to God.

There it was, that sound, like a stick dragged down a comb ? twice,
Would it be that I would see my quarry ? I had four days so to do.
It had sounded so close, crreek-crreek , there it was again,
Look! over there, the sound came from there ? nothing.

The evening was bright so I went for a walk, bins to hand.
Passing a field the sound exploded from the grass ?crreek-crreek;
Quick look there, no only the movement of the grass in the wind
Hiding any movement of this elusive creature.

The boat went up and down, would we be able to land
On Staffa's shore near the cave where Fingal reigned .
Yes we could so off I went in search of the clowns
That fly across the sea with rapid beat of wings.

Yet there again came this sound that was haunting me
This time some way away, but even here on this deserted land.
Up I climbed to the top of the cliff and sat on the grass
Hoping my silence would allow the clowns to come close.

Here they come wings all a flutter and land at my feet
Without any care, carrying fish in their widened beaks
So trusting these little black and white auks
With multicoloured coloured bills that bring a smile to your face.

I leave my new found friends to their precarious lives
The sandeels are now hard to find due to the greed of this world
So these friendly small birds so trusting of me
May one day not return from the sea.

Back we go to Iona's beach, the Abbey looking on as we land.
Tomorrow we are to pilgrimage around this heavenly island.
So once more this evening when dinner is done
I'll go and look for this creature, that mocks me from all over.

Back went I to the field where I heard them before
There's the sound of, one, two, three even four
Rasping their call from all over this place but not to be seen
Even though they sound so close to my ears.

There! What's that out in the middle? Is that a head
That I can just perceive of the bird that has mocked me
Throughout these last few days of my trip to this Isle.
No can't be sure, so can't be a tick on my list ever growing.

Off on the pilgrimage round this blessed land
   With a song to Our Lord sung by all who attend
We stop on occasion to mark each place
   With readings and prayer so full of Grace

After many an hour travailing this land
We come to the Chapel of St Oran
And here mid this dark and the prayer filled Church
I am struck by my God. Have I ended my search?

This feeling of power just overwhelms me
Although the Corncrake I have still yet to see
My God has taken me straight to his heart
And I am aware of his magnificent power.

I came to Iona with others who felt that they knew their God
   and needed solace in this spiritual place
I came feeling the same until I heard that sound? crreek-crreek
So I started a different journey from the one I had started.

The Journey was stopped in no uncertain way
In that tiny Chapel on that glorious day when God came to me
To show he was with me and always would be
Thank you Lord for reminding me of you

It is said that the veil between Heaven and Earth
   On Iona’s land is spread very thin;
I say that the veil does not even begin
Iona and Heaven have shown me their worth.

So the Corncrake eluded me again this time
But I found my God with a feeling so powerful
That it changed my life, I now know for the better.
Now all I need to find is the work God wants me for.
What is the Time?

We often ask the question
"What is the time?"
But do we need to know the time?
Surely all we want to know
When we ask the time,
Is how close it is,
To another time.
What is Time?

What is time?
Do we need time?
Time for what?
Time to work?
Time to play?
Time to love?
Time to hate?
Time to write?
Time to paint?
Time to create?
Time on our hands.
Time,
That never-ending
Line of moments,
Moments in our life.
Each moment different,
Each moment wonderful,
Time is moments,
Time is wonderful.
"I am useless!" she said,
The tears flowing down her face.
"I can't do anything, can't do anything for you"
She shouted through the tears.
These were the words that came to me
As I came into the room.
My wonderful wife
Sitting there in abject misery,
Her body was so weakened
That walking across the room
Was an effort.
Whose mind was losing to dementia.
These times of clarity brought home to her
An awful truth,
"Do you still love me?
Are you going to leave me?"
Were the questions
That kept hurting me.
I tell her I love her,
I tell her I will always be with her,
But her mind cannot accept this.
She is scared,
Scared that I may go,
But in my mind
There is only one thing that I can do,
All I can do,
Is love her more.
Hungry Ghosts

My wonderful wife,
Just sits there so innocent.
She does not over eat,
Is careful what she does eat.
I do not see her eat between meals,
So the conclusion I have come to
Is that we must have ghosts in the house,
Otherwise why is it,
That when I go to the biscuit barrel,
It is always empty!
I'll Be Seeing You.

Once more it happened,
The power that music has over me
Found me out again.
Just sitting listening
To some Jazz on the radio,
When on came a song,
A song that I had heard
So many times before.
But as the tune flowed
From that heart rending voice,
I felt the tears
Slowly forming in my eyes,
As the song moved me.
Why this time?
Why not other times?
Was it that those other times
I heard it,
But this time,
I listened to it.
Singing.

The Choir assembles,
And I am there,
Singing my heart out,
With hardly a care.

I sing as I can,
And sometimes I'm wrong,
But my cares disappear,
As I sing each song.
I walk along the street,
The night is dark and foreboding,
There is somebody behind me.
I walk faster,
So do they.
I turn to confront them,
But they are gone.
I continue my journey,
Walking ever faster,
Turning suddenly,
But they are still not there.
I reach home safely,
My breathing returns to normal,
My mind calms,
And in that moment I realise,
I realise that all that was following me
On that dark foreboding night,
Were the words on this page.
Rainbow of Life.

The Rainbow entered my life
So many years ago,
She brightened my soul
With the astounding colours
That she brought to me.

As the years passed
The colours varied,
Sometimes barely there,
As the clouds of life gathered.

But the light always came back
And the brightness shone in glory,
The glory that my loved one,
Shines on me.

Together we will travel,
Travel to the end of the Rainbow.
Throat Cutting.

I placed the razor
To the edge of my throat
And slid it gently to the other side,
No feeling was felt.
So I slid it again,
Only harder,
And still all my skin was whole.
Why do they say
It is so easy to cut your throat,
With a razor,
When I struggled.

Perhaps the electric razor,
Needs sharpening.
Goldie and Orchi at Hastings.

Nine hundred and fifty years ago,
On this very day,
There we were, Orchi and I,
Sitting on Hastings beach,
Minding our own business,
Just eating some pork pies.
Me drinking my whisky,
WITHOUT WATER!
Orchi drinking his sherry.
I was trying to explain to Orchi
The meaning of
Hippopotomonstrosesquipediophobia,
While He was trying to say
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
We looked out to sea,
There approaching were these boats
Loaded with men,
All had swords and spears,
And one had a bow and arrow.
Behind us horses were galloping,
They came to us on the beach.
Harold was there,
He asked if he could have a pie,
Orchi declined,
Saying "Pigs will fly
Before I release a pie!"
He pointed into the sky
And said to Harold,
"See that flying pig!"
I had always told Orchi
That pointing was rude,
And in this case,
It was dangerous!
As Harold fell from his horse
An arrow in his eye.
And that was the day
That Orchi said to me
"Give me a scotch, without water!"
Out of the kindness of my heart
I gave Orchi a SMALL scotch.
He fell to the ground
Shouting "Alas poor Yorick
I knew him well, fill up the walls
With your English dead Romeo"
From that day Orchi and context
Have never been the same,
And water always goes in his scotch.
Seeing the World Differently

They are all around you,
These strange people,
You just don't understand them.

They could be artists
Who see the world in colours.

They could be poets
Who see the world in rhyme.

They could be writers
Who see it in words.

They could be mystics
Who see a completely
Different way of life.

But each of them can teach us,
They can teach us to see the world,
To see the world through different eyes.
The bell rung,
I answered the door,
There stood a man
With his proof of identity
Which he insisted I read.
So read it I did,
Yes, he was who I was expecting,
But there was no real doubt
As a thief would not come in,
With an eight-foot-long rail,
That he was going to fix
Up the stairs.
You go through each day
Meeting people,
Talking to people,
But do you see them?
If you really see them
And see beauty within them
Don't be afraid to tell them.
It only takes a second of your life,
But for them,
It could last a lifetime.
Dark Comfort.

The dark mornings are here,
I creep slowly down stairs
In the morning of night,
Artificial light ignored.
I sit here in the dark,
Only the light of this page
Showing me the way,
The way to words,
To read them,
And to write them.
The darkness surrounds me,
Comferts me like a friend.
The dawn slowly rises behind me
And once more I can see,
See beyond this page,
But I keep on being drawn back,
Back to this page,
Until the words stop.
The Tandem of Love.

Down the aisle I walked,  
Down the aisle she walked,  
Joined at the altar,  
Together we walk back up the aisle.  
At the door we climbed on our tandem,  
Our tandem of love,  
Never to be apart again.  
We rode that tandem,  
Down the hills of life's beauty,  
Up the hills of life's struggle,  
But always pedalling together.  
Sometimes one had to peddle harder  
To help the other,  
But we both shared the journey.  
The tandem is old now,  
But still it will take us,  
Take us together,  
On the road of life,  
Towards eternity,  
Always riding together.
I sit at the table eating dinner,
Looking up from my plate
I see my wonderful wife.
We smile at each other,
Our never-ending love so secure.

I glance above her to the wall,
Hanging there is a picture,
A photograph of a man,
A man for whom my love has no bounds.
He was there when I came into this world,
He was there all the time.
He showed me the world of music,
That world that is embedded in my soul.
He showed me the world of art.
He advised me gently through all our time together.
A gentle man,
And a gentleman,
His voice never raised in anger.
He was with me always
Up until my forty seventh year,
When he left for Heaven’s Concert Hall.

Now over twenty years later
I can still see him looking at me,
Waiting for me to join him,
Join him in that time,
That time when Dad and I will wander,
Wander around the heavenly jazz clubs
And all those concert halls,
Amongst the wonderful music
And great musicians
That thrilled our lives,
And will thrill us for eternity.
Calliope.

I sit at my desk,
The blank sheet before me.
I look up and see her,
See this lady
Who has come into my life,
Of whom I have just became aware.
She has been there forever,
Guiding my thoughts onto paper.
I have been aware of somebody,
Somebody who guides my hand,
As the words flow into my mind,
Through my pen,
Onto the page.
As I walk down the street,
Sit in the park,
Walk with nature,
She is always at my side,
Prompting me with words,
Prompting me with ideas,
That can be put into words.
I can now call her by name,
As I know that my life
Would be unfulfilled,
If it was not for my muse,
Calliope.
All through our life
We try to find them,
Those wonderful opportunities
That are so big
That they can change our lives;
If only we could find them.

But as we look for them in hope,
We miss many things.
Miss so many smaller opportunities
That surround us all the time.
They could bring so much joy
To our lives,
If only we could see them.
We appear to be blind to them,
As we look for something bigger.
Clever or Wise.

I thought that I was clever,  
Thought I knew it all.  
I wanted to change everything  
So that it suited my life,  
In the way I wanted it to be.  

Then the revelation struck me,  
Wisdom came my way.  
Wisdom showed me  
That to satisfy my life  
I could not change anything,  
Could not change anything around me.  
I must change myself,  
Change the way I think.
To Fun or Not To Fun

Looking back you see your childhood,
Those times when the fun of life
Was always with you,
Laughter never far away.

With age comes more responsibilities,
And the fun that you had becomes harder.
As life goes on fun decreases,
Until it seems to become a rarity.

What you need to realise though
Is that you don't stop having fun
Because you're are getting old,
You are getting old,
Because you stopped having fun.
Ode to Music.

There it is again,
That sound,
That sound that surrounds me,
Brings me so much pleasure.
Without it my life would have no meaning.
It has always been with me
In its various guises,
I cannot remember it not being there.
All emotions it gives me
As it surrounds my life,
Invades my soul.
It will always be with me,
Be with me for eternity,
As music and I,
Go towards infinity.
The Late Muse.

The muse was late this morning,
It normally wakes me at three,
Three in the morning.
This morning
It was ten passed four,
Perhaps it overlaid.
I sit in front of the blank page
Wondering what words
Will come from my imagination,
I have the knowledge to write those words,
But knowledge is what I have learned
It can be so limiting.
Imagination is the unknown,
It is the thoughts of what might be.
Imagination has no boundaries,
And will always surprise me.
Once More Her Hero.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
Came the noise from above.
Had my wife fallen again?
I raced up the stairs,
"Are you alright?"
I shouted.
"No I am not!"
She replied!
"Come here quickly!"
So I raced into the room,
"It was coming at me!
Coming straight at me!
Make it go!"
I looked down
And saw my wife's monster
Just sitting there,
Doing no harm.
I just picked up the spider
And gently put it out of the window.
Panic over,
I was once more her hero.
The Best Opera in the World.

We sat in front of the empty stage,
Just a piano sitting on it,
And a table with tea and biscuits.
Where was everyone?
Then from behind us came a voice
Asking if this was the place,
And was the man he came to meet here?
He walked to the stage,
Saw the piano and sat at it,
He said he loved the piano
And would we mind if he played.
He played with absolute ease,
And then his voice sailed,
Sailed around the room
Delighting all.
Another voice came from behind
And a beautiful lady walked in,
Walked to the stage.
They knew each other,
Kissed cheeks,
And asked if they had seen the man,
The man that had called them there.
The pianist asked her to sing,
And sing she did.
This wonderful soprano voice
Filled the theatre,
Bringing us to our feet.
Two more voices were heard from behind,
Another wondrous lady
And a big bearded bass,
All were searching for the man.
All had been asked,
Asked to come and sing,
Sing the best opera in the world.
That is when the bickering started,
What was the best opera in the world?
The bickering stopped
When a loud tenor voice
Came from behind,
They knew who it was
Knew his poor reputation.
The voice approached,
Followed by this handsome man.
He too had been asked,
Asked the same question
To attend to sing,
Sing the best opera in the world.

They each had their favourite,
Each thought theirs was the best.
We were in raptures,
As arias and choruses
Rose from these singers,
These superb singers,
Who treated us to the glory,
The glory that is opera.
In the midst of their climax
A letter was found,
Saying that the person
The person they were to meet
Had died,
And would not be with them
Except in Spirit.
They went silent
Four of the singers sat down in sadness.
The pianist played and sung,
One of the saddest of all songs
Came from his lips,
Tom Bowling floated round the room,
We, I, was in tears,
As were we all.
The audience went silent
Not a sound was heard,
Except this plaintiff singing
And the occasional sob,
Absolute silence reigned
As the song closed.
The singers rose from their sadness
And sang for us again,
Dispelling the torpor
With the glory of opera once more.
We cheered,
We applauded as these five musicians ended,
Ended a marvellous afternoon,
An afternoon of humour and sadness,
But most of all an afternoon
Of such wonderful singing.
Singing for us,
Singing for all,
Singing the best opera in the world.
Is Opera For Me?

No, opera's not for me!
Why should I be forced
To sit and listen
to those people caterwauling
in a language I don't understand,
But I must join the others,
Probably listen to them moaning,
Such a miserable lot.

Hello, what's this?
It's a YOUNG man
Sitting at the piano,
I don't know that song,
I said I wouldn't enjoy it!

What's that?
Wow a beautiful YOUNG girl
She is going to sing to us
I don't know...,
Yes, I have heard that song,
Heard it before
But I don't know where.
Her voice is mesmerising,
How could I not enjoy it?

Is this opera?
Have I been so blinded
And missed all this wonder?
There are three more
Singing another song,
A song I have heard.
Look, there is Agnes,
She has never smiled
But she is beaming.  
And Jane, forever asleep,  
Looking up, her eyes wide open.  
I know this song very well,  
They want us to join.  
Look even Fred is joining in,  
Mouth open,  
Eyes shining,  
Arms waving.  
Even I am doing it!  
Singing!  
Singing opera!  

Those voices before us  
Are inspiring,  
Awe inspiring.  
All around me are happy,  
Even Joe in the corner,  
Never smiled to my knowledge,  
He is almost laughing.  
Can opera really be so powerful,  
Powerful enough,  
To get a bunch of miserable old people  
To become happy,  
Happy and cheerful,  
Listening to songs,  
Songs of such passion  
That the passion that we once had  
Stirs within us once more?  
Yes, it can.  

Days later we can still hear it,  
Still sing it.  
As we walk along the corridor  
Greeting each other with a song,  "Toreador! La la laa la laaa";
The beams on our faces
As the wonder of that afternoon
Brings smiles to us all.
Yes, opera is for me!
But Still We Laugh.

In all our life together it has been there.
The good times gave us laughter,
The funny times gave us laughter,
Even some bad times gave us laughter.
Now as our journey goes into old age
We still laugh.
Her ills are increasing
But still we laugh.
Her dementia is sad
But still we laugh.
Her problems do silly things
But still we laugh.
We laugh at each other,
We laugh with each other,
But still we laugh,
But still we laugh,
But still we laugh.
God's Sense of Humour.

I was sitting on my cloud,
Minding my own business.
Just contemplating,
Just contemplating contemplation,
When God arrived.
"Can I sit on the cloud next to you?" he asked,
"Of course you can" I said,
"It's a free Universe",
"That's profound" he said,
"No not profound, just a bit of fun" I replied.
"I gave you that" he said,
"Gave me what?"
"Fun" he said.
"How come if you gave us fun", I replied
"I don't see many laughing in that world"
"You are not looking hard enough" he said,
"All you can see is the bad and the sad"
"But that is all I hear about!" I shouted.
"Ah" he said, "You are looking at the news",
"All the news does is show the bad and the sad"
"But it must be right" I replied,
"It says so on the news!"
"Look passed the news" He said,
"There are so many happy people"
"So many having fun, many more than you see on the news",
"But why is there so much sorrow" I replied,
"Because people forget what I gave them" He said,
"So what have they forgotten?" I asked,
"They have forgotten I gave them a sense of humour" He replied,
"Don't be daft I said, we all know that you do not have a sense of humour",
"Of course I do." He replied,
"I have accepted you!"
Perception.

In this world you are always looking,
Seeking something that eludes you.
What is it?
Is it understanding?
Understanding how you are perceived?
Perceived by acquaintances?
Perceived by enemies?
Perceived by friends?
That perception always alludes you
Until that time when you realise,
Realise that it is within you.
And until your own perception is seen,
Seen by yourself,
Others will never see it.
Hill of Life.

I came into this world and looked up,
Looked up at the Hill of Life before me,
I crawled towards it as I began the ascent.
The shallow foot hills were full of fun,
Just playing with friends,
Parents to protect me.
As age progressed the hill got steeper,
And I had problems to solve.
I solved them all,
Solved them until the hill rose up.
I climbed steadily until I reached a plain,
A plain where the love of my life was found.
Together we traversed the flat ground.
Crossing each hillock together,
Walking together into old age.
Suddenly a mountain stood before me
And I had to help my loved one
To reach the footholds,
That she could not find herself.

As we travelled on the clouds descended,
And darkened our way,
A storm approached us,
But we fought it and battled upwards.
We came out into the light
And travelled upwards towards it.
I looked up as we neared the top.
I saw the top and our reward
Saw the steps,
The steps on the top of My Hill of Life
That would take us,
Take us from this world
Into our eternal lives together.
New Day - Haiku.

The morning light dawns
As day replaces the night.
Life exists once more.
The Magic of Mozart.

It happened again
Once more I stopped,
Stopped writing,
Stopped reading,
Stopped as this music
Sailed into my soul.
The Queen of the Night
Came into the light of my day.
Her glorious notes
Sailing through me.
The beauty so wondrous,
All I could do was listen in wonder
As this rapturous song assailed me,
Yet again he overwhelmed me
As once more his magic took me,
Took me to that heaven,
That heaven that is,
The magic of Mozart.
MPS has lot to answer for,
It nearly put me in the doghouse.
So involved in reading the poems
Had I become
That the time just flew by.
I looked up
And saw the time,
I was five minutes late,
An absolute tragedy.
I was late with my wife's morning tea!
I made the brew
And with great trepidation
Took it up to her,
But all was well,
She was still asleep.
Orchi's Travels.

I remember it well.
I was sitting in the Blue Boar
Drinking my ale,
Talking to Robin
And to Little John.
Alan-a-Dale was playing,
Playing his lute and singing.
Then from behind me
Came the sound of a cat,
A cat screeching,
Trying to keep in time,
In time with the music.
I looked round in horror
And saw him,
Saw that person
That person who changed history.

He saw me!
"Cooee!!" shouted Orchi
"COOEE!!"
I tried to hide behind John
But it was too late.
"HELLO GOLDIE!!" he shouted
"Shall I get some water for you?"

Over he came,
Sat down, got up swiftly,
He had sat on and broken Robin's arrows,
Didn't even apologise, which was normal.

"Shall I tell them the story Goldie?
You now about ten sixty-six
When Harold looked up!"
"No" I said,
"Tell them about the time
The time you lost your dinosaur
And we went through those times,
The Jurassic and Cretaceous eras
Looking for it,
Not knowing it had changed
Changed into a guinea pig!"

I remember it well,
That wonderful time
When Magna Carta was signed,
Giving freedom to all in the Kingdom.
The King, with quill in his hand, paused
As there was a crash at the door,
Orchi came through,
And as his "Cooee!" rang out.
"Has anyone seen my dinosaur" he shouted
As he ran across the room,
He fell against the table
Knocked the ink all over the manuscript,
Thus causing it to be signed in twelve fifteen
Instead of twelve fourteen,
It took the monks another year
To write it once more.

I remember it well,
That day on the beach.
I was sitting the watching the ships
When behind me came the sound,
"Cooee!, I made it!
Is it time yet?"
"Time for what?" I replied.
"Time for the Battle"
"What Battle?"
"The Battle of Hastings!"
"I hope not, that is next year,
It is only 1065 this year" I said,
"But what are all those ships doing,
And why is Harold behind us?"
"You haven't been changing the calendar again?"
I asked him.
"I only put it back a year" he remorsefully replied,
Then he pointed up,
Pointed to the flying dinosaur,
The one we had been searching for.
Harold looked up as well,
And that, as they say, is now history,
I remember it well.
Dancing to the Music.

It is there all the time,
The music of our life.
From the first few notes
That are there at birth,
Growing into sonatas,
Which transform into quartets.
As we grow the concertos
Become the symphonies within us.
The wonder of opera travels with us.
Until at the end the mighty masses
Take us into eternity.

All the time we are dancing,
Dancing to the music,
Dancing in our minds,
Dancing in our bodies.
Others see us,
They think we are insane,
But they cannot hear the music
Against the Flow

I used to see him at the station
Waiting alone on the platform.
He on the other side,
While I was surrounded by the crowd,
Hustling and bustling, waiting for the train.
He would sit quietly reading the paper,
A gentle smile on his face,
As if he were laughing at us.
We pushed and shoved one another,
Trying to get the best spot
To get on the train.
His train arrived and he gently stepped on,
Took the seat of his choice
From the many of which he could pick.
My train arrived and the scrum would start
To try and find a space, let alone a seat.
The train would move,
I would be on my way with the crowd,
This crowd of people,
All going with the flow,
To our day of drudgery.

The day I retired that all ceased,
And I like that man I used to see
Would walk with a smile on my face,
As peace and harmony came to me,
As I then became,
The man going the other way.
From Darkness to Light.

They seem to be with you,
With you all the time,
The weight of problems.

Those problems seem to increase,
They start to push you,
Push you into a life of work and stress.

Just stop and think though.
Why do you let your problems push you
Into a lifetime of darkness?
When your dreams can lead you,
Into a lifetime of light.
There they sat,
Pens drawn like swords,
Prodding the paper between them.
Their swords sometimes crossed
As they saw a word,
Or a letter on the other side
Of the crossword they were doing.
Every day they are there,
Pens drawn,
Ready for battle,
The battle of the crossword.
Filling in the words
Until they had conquered the enemy,
The enemy of the crossword,
While enjoying their coffee and toast.
I reach the middle of the bridge and look down,
There flowing beneath me is My River.
Such a long time since I have walked
Along its beautiful side.
My life has changed,
Free time is sparse,
The love of my life is struggling,
I have to be with her and always will be,
The vow in sickness and in health was sworn
And is so meaningful,
Even more so now.

As I look at My River I remember,
Remember those times
When I was with it every morning.
Those beautiful times,
When nature spoke to me
And My Spirit joined me.
We walked together in awe,
In awe of the life that I had.
The glory of art,
The beauty of words,
The wonder of music,
They are all about me
As nature comforts me
Even in my troubled times.

I will return to My River
And will walk by it once more,
Walk once more with My Spirit,
As eternity beckons me
Towards my Eternal Life.
We all deny it,
But all become a poet,
At the touch of love.
One of Those Days.

They don't happen very often,
But I am having had one of those days.
My hands are normally secure,
And I can catch most things.
Today is different,
Almost anything I picked up
I dropped on the floor.
The myriad of tablets
That I sort in order
For my loved one
Seemed to have a life of their own
As so many just jumped out of my hand,
Onto the floor,
Under the cooker,
Under the 'fridge,
I found them all,
And then dropped some again!

I went round with the vacuum cleaner,
And even that ended up on the deck
When I dropped the handle,
How can you drop a vacuum cleaner!!
Even as I write these words
One of them

Fell
To the ground.
The best idea I can think of for today
Is to go back to bed,
But knowing my luck
I would probably fall out of that as well.
Where's Mum?

She just won't accept it,
Or is it she doesn't want to accept it.
She doesn't like the way
Her Mum has changed.
The cruel world of dementia
Has turned her Mum
Into a different person,
And she just will not accept it.
She knows about it,
Knows the way her Mum is,
But is waiting for the other Mum,
The other Mum to come back,
The Mum she used to know.
Why Don't Mornings Last All Day.

I arise in the morning
Full of life,
Full of energy,
I can achieve anything.
As the day progresses
The energy wanes,
The trials of the day
Pull me down,
Until that time at last
When the bed calls
And I go to sleep
Knowing that my good morning
Will be there when I awake.
Why can't my mornings
Last all day long?
In our lives many just see darkness,
This darkness causes so much sorrow.
Each day seems endless
As they fall into the dark pit of despair.
But if you just look up,
Lookup with hope,
The light is there.
Hope is being able to see the light,
In spite of the darkness around you.
We turn on a tap,  
And it is there.  
We look to the skies,  
And it is there.  

They walk for miles,  
And it may be there.  
They look into the skies,  
Not a cloud to be seen.  

We take it for granted,  
It is always there.  
We don't think about it,  
As it is always there.  

They treasure it,  
When it is there.  
Always worrying,  
That it will be there.  

Whether it is there,  
Or whether it is not,  
We would be dead without it,  
Water is life.
Stopped By Music.

It has happened once more!
There I sat writing some poetry
When it infused itself,
Through my ears,
Into my mind.
The pen was raised from the page
As this glorious sound
Entered my soul.
Music is so powerful to me
It can just stop me,
Stop me doing other things,
Other things that I enjoy doing.
I have to stop and listen,
Listen and absorb those notes
As they pervade my mind,
And enter the ether,
Heading towards infinity,
Where I will find them once more,
When my time comes to follow them.
Avoidance Failed.

I was walking down the street,
Shopping in hand,
When I saw her,
Saw her with two,
Two not one,
Collection tins!
There was no way I could avoid her,
I rapidly moved towards her,
Tried to avoid her eyes.
But then I looked again,
They were not tins,
They were mugs of coffee.
Luckily she was standing outside Specsavers,
So I went in
Positive Thought.

The ups and downs of each day
Are there throughout our lives.
At the end of each day
Look back at it,
Look for the positives that were there,
They will be there.
And at the end of each day
Remember that positive thought.
That thought will then be with you
As you start the next day,
And that day will be better for it.
Can You Hear It??

It can be so wonderful.
It can clear the mind.
It can bring all emotions.
Love is always in it.
The beauty it can show
Is awe inspiring,
The calmness it gives
Brings healing to the soul.
Can you hear it?
Can you hear the silence?
KP And Orchi Got Married.

He stands nervously at the alter,
Awaiting his bride to be.
He looks round,
Nobody is watching,
So he sips his sherry,
Wishing he had brought Goldies scotch,
But Goldie knew he would ruin it with water.

The organ came to life
And played the brides song;
"Another one bites the dust!" *
Orchi stood up straight
And looked forward,
Suddenly there next to him
Her frontage went passed,
Orchi swooned at the sight,
And then KP was next to him.
The priest stood in front of them,
His prayer book laying
On KP’s breasts, as they were to hand.
"We are Gathered here today
To join this man
And this woman
With enormous boobs!
Sorry Lord!
And this woman
In some short term of matrimony"
(She had already seen her next victim)

"Who has the rings"
"I do!" I replied,
I laid the rings on the breasts,
Oops, prayer book.
Orchi took one,
Put it on KP's finger
"With this ring I thee wed" He mumbled
KP took the other one,
Fastened around Orchi's neck,
"With this ring
I thee own" She shouted!
The priest concluded
"I now pronounce you
Man, boobs and wife.
Sorry again Lord."
As Orchi and KP walked back
Back down the aisle
The music was played
The notes from Chopin
Filled the Church
As Orchi was led away
Chain attached to the ring
The wedding ring around his neck.

The day was coming to an end,
The married couple still together.
They went to the marital bed.
KP removed her coat,
Orchi swooned,
But could not fall
The chain was attached to a hook.
He came too and KP was in bed,
Two mountains pushing up the bedclothes.
Orchi went to the bed
Removed the covers,
And just glimpsed his new wife
Before he swooned once more.
As he came too words came to his mind
Words of what he must do,
So he stood up and howled
In his catlike voice
"Fight the Good Fight
With all thy might!" **
And with eyes closed
He went to the marital bed,
Drank his sherry,
Ate his pork pies,
Looked at KP from the neck up,
He daren't look lower,
Said good night,
And went over to his guinea pigs,
Said "Cooee!" to them
And slept with them
In peaceful harmony.
There I was
On my round,
Collecting rent,
From all around.
Knocking on doors,
A smile,
A 'Good Morning'
A "Where's your rent?"
Most paid happily,
Some offered me tea,
One offered cake.
Then came the day
As I approached a door
A coffin was carried out,
I knocked on the coffin,
But no answer
Came the stern reply,
So I immediately
Put him into arrears.
Body Clock.

I cannot remember not getting up at that time,
The same time every morning.
My body clock is rarely late,
So why do they change the time,
Change the time in the world
In which I live.
It is alright they say,
You will gain an hour
When the clocks go back.
How can I gain an hour?
I am up at five now
Not six o’clock!
My body clock is right!
Why do I have to convene
With the man made,
Or man destroyed,
Passage of time?
"I blame God for this you know!"
She said,
This coming from my wife,
A lady who has sung Gods Praises,
Sung them throughout her life.
Followed the Christian Faith
In a devout but humble way.
Helped in the Church
Helped to spread God's word.
And here she is now,
Her fine singing voice taken from her,
Her body no longer able to walk unaided,
Her mind being lost to the world of dementia.
This morning as she struggled back from the toilet,
She looked at me,
Her mind seemed to clear
And she hit me with the words
That I would never thought she would say,
"I blame God for this you know!"
Life Within Me.

The blank sheet is there before me,
It stares back and challenges me,
Challenges me to write.
This battle happens every time,
It is a battle I can always win,
As when the pen touches the page
And the first word is written
I know I have won,
I know that my life
Is still within me.
Satisfied?

I walk down the street
The darkness surrounds me;
I creep into the shadows
Unseen by all around,
Just hidden,
Awaiting my moment.
I slither across the path
In a sibilant silence,
Back into the shadows.
There before me, I see it,
   I see the way,
The way back.
Through the gate I slide,
Silence is all around.
The cemetery is there,
I see my home,
Hidden from all.
I creep into my coffin
Just as daylight breaks,
I lay there at peace
Awaiting the darkness once more,
Where maybe tonight,
My hunger will be satisfied.
My Forever After.

The wedding was over,
The vows given and received,
All were happy.
The love of the couple
Shining like the silken moon
In their eyes.

Sometime later
A drink in our hands
The groom and I stood together,
Just chatting,
"Are you happy?" I asked,
And his reply astounded me,
"This day I have found my forever after"
Thirty Six Years.

Was it only thirty-six years ago?
Thirty-six years since she walked down the aisle,
Walked towards me.
We walked back up the aisle as one,
That day when our love shone,
And has become brighter every day.

Was it only thirty-six years ago?
Time has been non-existent,
Our love has conquered time.
Together our Spirits travel
Where time does not exist,
As our love takes us to eternity.
Back With My River.

Once more I reach My River,
There to greet me are my friends.
The swans so serene
As they sail quietly through the water,
Old friends are there,
New ones still to be known,
Their life continuing,
Expanding in nature's wonder.
The geese greet me noisily
Like a long lost friend
Returning from a journey,
They paddle among the gulls
Interspersed by the ducks.
I move further along my path
Away from my friends
To be a one with My River,
Its silent sound speaking to me
In ways that others do not hear.
The leaves fall from the trees
Creating a carpet of reds and yellows
Which soften my footsteps.
As I walk further by My River
I stop and pause,
Pause to look across the water
And see where my friend lays,
Lays in his peaceful sleep,
I can see him walking with Hardy
As they transverse heavens paths
Creating ever more poems
To their absolute delight.
I move on once more,
Becoming ever more at one
With My River,
With My River and My Spirit.
I turn to return
And there across the water
Standing upright and proud
I see a heron,
We stare at each other.
It leaves the ground
And flies majestically over my head,
Once more we look into each others eyes,
And I know that I will meet it again
As My Spirit with My River,
Will follow it to eternity.
Stepping Off.

Each day we live our life
Knowing what to expect,
Our lives are always the same.
We know what to expect from others
And what is to be expected from ourselves.
Our life never changes,
Our life is comfortable,
Our life can be boring.
But what if?
What if you step out of the norm?
What happens?
Well your life begins,
Life changes,
Changes for the better
When you step off the end,
Step off the end of your comfort zone.
My Life is Nearly Led.

My life is nearly led,
But I look back and see
The life behind me,
I see how rich I am,
Rich with the glories
That came into my life.

The wonder of music,
With me from the start,
Always in my mind,
Will be with me forever.

The power of art,
The imagination of artists,
Showing My Spirit the glory,
The glory of their worlds.

The words on a page,
Written for me,
Touching my heart,
Pulling me forward.

The symphony of nature,
Painted in my world,
Written in colours,
Written in sound.

My world,
My life,
My wonder,
My glory,
There forever.
Remembrance Day Acrostic.

Remember them all today
Ever present in people's lives,
Men and women who died
Even though they knew not why.
Made to fight by others,
But they did their duty,
Reached out to do good,
As told by those in power.
Never being told the truth,
Cut down in their prime,
Ever in our thoughts now they have gone.

Do lets us build bridges
And stop conflict in the world.
Yearn for Peace in our Time.
Herosim

Throughout our lives we do it,
We go into the unknown.
Each new problem
We tackle with trepidation
Until it is behind us.
It may just be a little thing,
A thing of no significance,
But if unknown it grows in our mind.
It may be of importance,
But until it is overcome,
We may not know.
Life is like that,
The older you become
You look back on your problems
And see that they have gone.
There will be more ahead,
But your experience will help,
Will help you to deal with them.
Once all your problems are solved
You will realise that in your life
You have been a hero.
I look up into the sky
And see the vastness of the Universe
Spreading to eternity,
And I am merely a speck
Barely seen in the scheme of life,
But I know that I am part of it all
And My Spirit will travel forever,
Travelling the Universe towards Infinity.
How Could I Drive It?

There it sits on the drive
Just looking at me,
Looking at me in its broken state.
How could it happen?
The car of my dreams,
Sitting there,
Useless.
So long in my life
I have waited for the moment
When I got in it,
Saved for all those years,
And at last
It was mine,
My beautiful Jaguar.

I was cruising around
Acknowledging all,
All those who were jealous,
Jealous of my wonderful car.
When it happened,
It broke!
What could I do?
I couldn't drive it like this,
It was impossible.

I called the garage,
And in a sorrowful state
Told them the problem.
They were so sympathetic,
Said they would fix it
In as short a time as possible.
They came,
And as they took it away
The tears ran down my face,
My beautiful car,
Being taken away,
But how could I drive it
With the driver's seat
Not getting warm?
Unexpected Moments.

There is that song again,
A song so beautiful
Its tune reaches straight into my heart.
Once unknown,
But I remember when,
So many, many years ago,
That I first heard it.
It spoke to me then,
As it does now,
And yet I forget about it
Until those times it comes back,
To remind me of its beauty.
Of its wonder,
Of its sadness,
Of its melancholy,
Such a special song,
That comes to me,
In unexpected moments.
In The Moonlight.

I looked up into dawn's lightening sky
And I saw that sliver of light
Showing me the waning moon,
Its life going into the darkness
At the end of its present life.
As I looked with sadness
The thought came to me,
That no matter how dark it became
The light of life will arise once more
And life will continue in joy,
As the moon will again shine upon us.
In the beginning
Was the page
Bereft of words,
Bereft of words
Until the first word
Was written.
That word
Had no meaning,
But it was joined,
Joined by others
Until it became
A phrase.
That phrase
Which gave an idea,
That idea
Became a sentence,
Which seemed
To make sense.
Other sentences
Were constructed
Until a paragraph
Was formed,
Those paragraphs
Became a chapter,
A chapter in a book,
Or a chapter
In our lives.
Each word,
Each phrase,
Each sentence,
Each paragraph,
Each chapter,
Became that book,
That book grew old,
Until that book,
That book of life,
Came towards its end,
And could be read,
Read back to all
To show life,
Life in all its glories,
And in all its vagaries.
I told her not to do it!
But this dementia
Has a lot to answer for,
And can be costly!
I know it's a good picture,
And it was painted by Da Vinci,
But how could she spend
Over three hundred million pounds
For some paint,
On a canvas,
Surrounded,
By a bit of wood.
Lifes Highway.

We travel along life's highway
Reaching for its absolute wonder,
And as we travel we rest,
Rest at places of satisfaction.
On our journey we are stopped,
Stopped by problems in our way.
Those problems will be solved
And our journey will continue.
That journey through life
Could be taken quickly,
Or it could be taken slowly,
But no matter how we journey
Make sure that journey never stops.
A New Ending.

Our lives are what they are,
We live them with what we are given,
Or with what we have learnt.
Sometimes when looking back
We see things that are regretted,
We wish we could start again,
Start a different life,
And not do those regrettable things.

We cannot go back and start again,
What we can do is look back
And use those regrets as experiences,
Experiences to start once more,
Start once more from where we are
And in our lives,
Make a new ending.
Cupboard Love.

There it is,
A cupboard.
I wonder what's in it?
I'll crawl over and look,
Ooh! Its full of things!
Shall I get some things out
Just in case Mummy wants them.
There they are all out,
The things that Mummy may need,
I have put them all over the floor,
She will find them easier now.
Hello, there's another cupboard,
I'd better see what's in that one as well.
Morpheus, Where Did You Go?

Morpheus, where did you go?
Why did you desert me last night?
Instead of wondrous dreams
I was left with the thoughts in my mind,
The worries of my soul,
That kept sleep from me.
Morpheus, where did you go?
Prison Walls

As each day passes life gets harder
As I get drawn into her world,
Drawn into my lover's world of dementia,
That hideous disease
That pulls her into a world of her own,
A world that is becoming harder for me to enter,
And even harder for me to escape from.
My time is no longer my own,
Family, although not forgotten,
Is becoming remote
As my lover needs me more.
I have foregone many things,
Many things where I have helped others,
The time is no longer there
As my lover comes first,
And I am second
But a very long way behind,
As her world closes around her.
There are two saviours in my life,
Music is always there around me,
Showing me the beauty and pleasure
That its notes can bring to me.
Poetry is also there for me,
As I write these words
My escape from my prison is complete,
Until once more I have to climb the walls
And go back into my wife's strange world.
Build Bridges - Senryu.

Argue with others
And walls between us are made,
Build bridges not walls.
The Game Is Back.

It is back in my life once more,
That game I used to watch for days at a time,
Stolen from me so many years ago,
Taken to a channel I would not use,
Years and years of this void in my life,
Only seeing highlights,
But it is back.
I can watch its beauty,
I can watch its subtleties,
The wonder of the game,
The game that can last for five days,
That glorious game of cricket.

But to my mind it has changed,
The players are all so slim,
And the biggest change
That I see now,
So many years later,
Is that they are all SO YOUNG!
Finding Serenity.

It is always there,
But finding it can become a task,
As we look in all the wrong places.

To find serenity,
All that is needed,
Is to look within ourselves.
Walk To Eternity.

I know that I will never die,
My Spirit will go on,
Go on for eternity;
But the thought struck me
As I walk eternities path,
Where does it lead?
What will I see?
I know I will always be on it,
But will I return
To where I am now.
The path looks straight,
But is it?
Is it a circle
Of infinite diameter?
And if eternity is a circle
How long will it take,
To return from where I am?
Will it take longer,
Longer than eternity?
So many times I have prepared it,
That typical British Sunday lunch.
Roast beef, roast potatoes,
Cabbage and Carrots
With the wondrous Yorkshire Pudding,
All covered in a rich beef and onion sauce.
It was nearly ready,
The beef cooked to perfection
On top of the onions,
Just a trace of red oozing from it,
Left to rest while the veg was cooked.
The oven on full to cook the Yorkshire.
It was time to put it all on the plate,
The veg again cooked perfectly,
The roast potatoes
Crisp outside a soft inside,
The meat gently sliced with respect
And a sharp carving knife,
The gravy prepared from the meat juices
And the onions,
Thickened and flavoured
Was ready.
All was ready
Awaiting the crowning glory,
I opened the oven door
To remove the Yorkshire,
And there it sat
Sagging in the bottom of the dish!
Ruined!!
First time ever!
Why did it not rise?
Then it struck me
I had used the wrong flour,
So it couldn't rise!
There I was with the Sunday lunch before me,
The meat, the potatoes and veg all perfect,
Covered with the beautiful gravy,
But tears were streaming down my eyes,
As this idiot had failed,
Failed to cook his signature dish,
The Yorkshire Pudding.
Fevered Sea.

I shan’t go down to the sea again, to the crowded sea and the sky,  
As all I see are brown-topped waves with humans asking why.  
The wheel is turned to left and right to avoid the gathering throng,  
And the mist upon the polluted waves, where we have got it wrong.

I shan’t go down to the seas again, for the cry of the dying tide,  
Is a sad call and a muffled call, is nowadays left denied.  
All I see is a wind-swept day with dark clouds dying,  
And the black spray thrown, at the seagulls crying.

I shan’t go down to the seas again, to the vastly crowded strife,  
To the polluted way and the dying way where the wind just poisons life.  
And all I ask is for man to mend, his greedy, selfish ways,  
So I can sleep in peace and love, for all my future days.
Jazz Without Sparkle.

They came onto the stage,
These three renowned musicians,
And they played,
They played with absolute brilliance,
Their instruments part of their life,
Part of their being.
They had been playing for many, many years,
Their interpretation of jazz was superb,
Superb to most;
But for me something was missing,
The spark that most bands strike in me
Was not there.
Perhaps in age their spark had gone,
The spark they must have had,
Many years ago.
I left the venue feeling sad,
The glory of jazz escaped me this night,
Perhaps they were playing by rote,
And this saddened me.
The evening for me,
Was jazz without sparkle.
Leucistic Bird.

What was it,
That strange bird
Sitting in the tree?
It was like a blackbird
But a little bigger,
It was black and white,
A beautiful bird,
But not one I had seen
Not in over sixty years
Of watching birds.
I needed to know,
I found it,
I was almost right,
It was a blackbird,
A leucistic blackbird.
So now I know.
What I did know
Was how elegant this bird was,
And it had came to me,
Came into my garden,
For my wonder to astound.
Count Rainbows.

We go through our lives each day,
We have good days,
We have bad days.
As you go through them
We need to remember that this is life,
This is what life is.
But do not dwell on the bad days,
They will become storms
And drag us down into despair.
So look up to the light
And always remember
To count your Rainbows,
Not your thunderstorms.
The Glory of Mozart.

Can anything be better?
My wife and I at dinner,
Our favourite food before us,
And Mozart in our ears.
The wonder of love,
The wonder of food,
And the glory of Mozart.
I looked out and saw it,
Yes, they were right.
It was so large,
So beautiful,
That bright light
That looks over us.
It brings lovers together
And this night
That love would grow
As it looks down
On all in love.
Protecting them,
Reminding them,
That love is forever,
And is always growing.
Yes I looked out
And I saw it,
That beautiful,
That wondrous sight,
Of that supermoon
Bringing love to all.
Thinking of Nothing.

I was sitting on my cloud
Happily contemplating nothingness
When God arrived
"Can I sit on the cloud next to you?"
He said
"It's a free heaven," I said
"You can sit where you like"
"Thanks" he said
"What are you doing?" he asked
"Thinking" I said
"Thinking of what"
"Nothing"
"What do you mean nothing?" he asked
"You must be thinking of something!"
"There is nothing for me to think about"
I answered,
"The only thing that is in my mind
Is that if I think of nothing
I have nothing to worry about",
"That's a very negative approach" He said,
"What should I think about?" I asked,
"You are supposed to look after us
So if I think and do nothing all will be well".
"What a load of drivel!" he said,
"If you do nothing, nothing will change,
You were brought into the world to make it better".
"But if we weren't here it would be perfect" I replied,
"Man would not make a hash of it".
"You are not making a hash of it,
You are getting some things wrong
But you are learning,
Learning from your mistakes".
"Why should we make mistakes,
You are perfect and you made us in your image,
So why aren't we perfect!" I shouted.
"If you were perfect," he said
"You would never learn,
And learning the right way
Is what I created you for".
"But we make so many mistakes
This world could soon be dead!"
"So learn a different way" he said.
The Poetry Group gathered as usual,  
The subject of the meeting was 'Sea'.  
Poems were read,  
Published poems,  
Poems written by the members.  
Each one was discussed,  
As to what they meant to each of us.  
Another one was read,  
Yes it was about the sea,  
He finished reading it,  
And absolute silence ensued.  
"What was that about?"  
Was the question on our minds.  
All had different views,  
All were confused about it,  
But then we all agreed,  
This is what poetry can do,  
It can confuse,  
It can create discussions  
Into a deeper meaning of life,  
That is what is so glorious  
About the wonder of poetry.
Umbrella or Parasol.

We go through our lives
Avoiding those dark moments
That may lead to ways of sadness,
The tears of the rain washing away our joy.
Those tears may have another purpose,
To wash away the sadness,
So that joy once more pervades our lives.

The black umbrella we used,
Used to save us from the rain
May become a fine white parasol
That is used within the light,
The light of our souls,
That shines around us in all its glory,
In all its glory and wonder.
The Man From The Seventies.

I looked in the mirror,
And he just looked back at me,
This man in his seventieth year.
But what else did I see,
I saw the man from the seventies.
The time when I wore kipper ties,
When I wore bell bottomed trousers,
And those wonderful white platform shoes.
I looked again and wondered why
These visions of my past came to me;
Then I saw it.
I also had long hair,
And the image had reminded me of that time,
And the resolution was found,
I had to go and get my hair cut.
The Beat of the Drum.

Dum, da da dum,
Da da dum dum dum.
Dum, da da dum,
Da dum dum dum.

The beat on the drum plays
In time to the music,
The sound of the guitar
Twangs with the tune,
Until music is around me.
The music in my life,
The music of my life,
Going on forever,
The beat never stopping.

Dum, da da dum,
Da da dum dum dum.
Dum, da da dum,
Da dum dum dum.
Poetry is,
The words from my soul leaving my body
Floating through the ether,
Free for all to see,
Free for all to read.
Showing that peace in the Universe
Can be there for all.

Poetry is,
Finding peace within my escape from reality.
Infectious Joy.

There we were sitting at the table,  
My wife and I,  
Just chatting drinking our coffee,  
When suddenly applause rang out.  
I looked across at another table  
And a young couple sat there,  
The smile from the young lady was infectious.  
She was clapping,  
Happiness shone from her face,  
And all around her.  
I smiled at her,  
She smiled back, so happy,  
So obviously in love  
With the man sitting across from her.  
I wonder what he said to her  
That created such a wondrous reaction,  
It was a joy to behold.

The thought did come to me though  
It was the first time that I had been applauded,  
Just for drinking my coffee.
I picked up a book,
I opened it,
In I strode.
Now,
Nobody can find me.
Goldie Christmas.

HO! HO! HO!
There I was in my red robe,
White hair,
White beard,
Bringing smiles on the children's faces
As I walked in the room
With a big sack over my shoulder,
The youngsters all cheered.
I sat before them,
Delved into my bag,
Found the first present,
Called out the name
And a little girl came towards me,
She was very shy,
But took the present.
I called each name
And the youngsters came to me.
Some came on their own,
Some with their mum,
Some were so shy
As I wished them Merry Christmas,
One was in tears,
But most smiled at me
And said "Thank you Santa."
All the presents had gone,
The sack was empty,
And as we sat there,
Smiles on all their faces,
They sang to me,
Sang "Jingle Bells"
Then "The wheels on the bus"
Laughter all over their face.
As I looked at them
The joy of life was within me,
The beauty and innocence
Of young children shone everywhere;
If only it could stay this way.
Light From Dark.

Darkness surrounds me as I walk,
The further I walk along the path
The darker it becomes.
The path starts to rise,
Each step becomes harder
As the hill becomes steeper.
I fall on my hands and knees,
Continuing the climb
Until I reach the top.

A plateau lays before me,
Shining in the dark
From the light I see,
The light I see when I look up.
There I see the stars,
And the light that is within me,
Within my life,
As I travel life’s journey,
Guided by the light.
I sit on the seat in front of it,
Lift the lid and there they are,
Eighty-eight of them
Looking at me expectantly.
There are white ones,
Fifty-six of them,
Black ones,
Thirty-two of them.
They all stare at me,
Wanting me to touch them,
To press them down.
I press one,
And a note sounds,
That is fine.
I press another one,
A little harder,
And a louder note sounds
But it is not music.
Music comes from the soul,
Through the fingers,
To create wonderful sounds,
On this mechanical instrument
Of hammers and strings.
I try and play it,
And can get tunes from it,
But they fall into insignificance
When the masters play,
The Piano.
Light On.

Light On
By Goldfinch

Once more I stir,
Always knowing that I would come through.
A steady rising
Pulling me up to my new life.
Facing all around me
Those boundaries no longer existent,
The lightness pulling me up,
Standing my ground with my strength,
Mended I go forward.

Engulfed by the purity of light,
High into the beautiful world,
Into the heights of wonder.

*Light on; always there,*
*Light on; never failing,*
*Light on; within my life.*

Here is the rise,
Always going to be there in my mind,
Growing at its own pace,
Slowly giving me sure footing.
As I rise towards the light.
My life growing into wonder,
Lifting me to the heights.
I ran faster and faster, free from pain.
Mended, I was with the light.

*Rising, straightening, in control,*
*Flattening, flying,*
Upright, forthright,
Climbing, pulling.
Ever upward, higher and higher,
There is no top,
Nothing to stop me,
Nothing to stop me reach my heights

Opened by the light of life,
Higher into the glory beyond,
Into the arms of My Spirit.

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Blackout
By Hood

Here comes the collapse
Never knew it was coming until it was too late
It was so fast & hard
The strike took me clean off my feet
Smacked the ground face first
Then my boundaries came tumbling down
Rubble rained down on me
I tried to stand but the weight was too heavy
Broken; I curled into a ball

Engulfed by the relentless darkness
Deep into the void beyond the abyss
Into the arms of unconsciousness

Blackout; no warning
Blackout; no control
Blackout; consume me whole

Here comes the collapse
Never knew it was coming until it was too late
It was so quick & harsh
The impact knocked me off my feet
Face first I smacked the ground
Then my defences began to cave in
Burying me in a pile of stone
I tried to crawl but the pain was too intense
Broken; I curled into a ball

Falling, spiralling, out of control
Twisting, tumbling
Upside down, inside out
Plunging, plummeting
Descending, down, deeper & deeper
There is no bottom
Nothing to break this fall
Nothing, nothing below me at all

Engulfed by the relentless darkness
Deep into the void beyond the abyss
Into the arms of unconsciousness
Multicultural Meal.

We sat at the table
Not knowing what to expect,
Our first time in the restaurant
That cooked West Indian food.
The blonde lady came to us
To take our order,
Her accent neither British
Or West Indian,
But there was laughter within her
As she took our orders.
Then we started talking,
My Granddaughter and I.
So long since we had sat down,
Sat down at table together.
And talk we did,
About family,
About life,
About hopes,
About goals.
The food came to us
And each dish was wonderful,
But still we talked.
We laughed,
We had moments of sadness,
But throughout it all
Our friendship pervaded.
Family is good,
But this friendship is so deep,
This friendship between us,
Between Grandfather and Granddaughter,
May seem odd,
But not to us as we can talk from our hearts,
Talk without constraint.
The meal came too quickly to an end,
A great evening,
One that will be repeated before very long.
The one thing that may seem strange
When looking back may be
These two people,
A generation between them,
These two English people,
In a West Indian restaurant,
Being served by a Latvian waitress.
Light in Death.

I travel through the ether
Bringing light to all.
The darkest of moments I see
And their sadness comes to me,
But that sadness is dispelled
With the brightness
I bring into their lives.
I see people when they are so low,
Contemplating death,
That final blow to their lives,
But I reassure them
And switch on a light
For them to follow,
To follow out of their darkness,
But they should know
That even if their body dies
I will be with them,
The Spirit of Life
Goes on for Eternity.

That even in death,
There will be light.
The Concert.

The day was over,
I sat relaxing in my chair,
The aches and pains of a hard day
Being refreshed
As I sat and listened,
Listened to the Nocturnes of Field,
So calming,
So beautiful.
A glass of good malt in my hand,
The occasional sips,
Dispelling the tension in my soul.

I looked back on the day,
The hard work of the afternoon
Rehearsing for the performance.
The performance,
All dressed in our finery
As the Choir sang,
Sang to a receptive audience.
We sang our final song,
And the applause astounded us,
We had sung well,
And all enjoyed it.

We all went home happy,
And as I sit relaxing
Soft music wafting over me
And good malt sliding within me
I look back at the day and wondered,
And in that wondering I realised,
I realised that despite the tiredness,
The tiredness that is overcoming me,
I had had a very good day.
Six For Gold.

So is gold coming my way,
It should do
Sorrow had gone,
Joy was always with me,
We already had two girls,
And also a boy.
The silver had been used,
But there we saw them,
Six of them on the roof,
Six magpies,
Six for gold.
So where is it?
But then I realised
Gold has always been with me,
The life I have lead has been wonderful
With so many golden moments,
And many more to come,
Who needs gold,
When my life is so glorious.
Through My Eyes.

Such a long time ago he saw her,
This wonderful woman of song.
He fell under her beautiful spell,
And remembered her all life long.

They went their separate ways in life,
She into the wonderful world of music,
And he into his commercial world,
Never to meet for many years.

Then it happened
They met by chance,
Her career had bloomed,
But now was towards its end.

They talked of their lives
He looking at her in rapture
While they spoke,
Still absolutely entranced.

She said that age had hurt her,
She was not the girl she was,
The vigour and beauty had diminished,
In the life she had led.

He just looked at her,
Looked into her eyes,
Saw this beautiful woman
As he said,
"You say that your beauty
Is no longer there
But it will always remain
If you looked at yourself,
Through my eyes".
The Challenge of Dreams.

Into the lecture hall went the camera,
The hall was full,
All were listening intently
To this balding man in his wheelchair.
Looking around others were wheelchair bound,
Or disabled in some other way.
The lecturer was so positive about life,
No matter what problems it had thrown at you.
This man who had been so fit and healthy
Had recreated his life,
From a two-legged physical trainer
Into a wheel chair bound skier.
A skier on both snow and water,
World champion at both.
As he spoke, and the others listened
He came up with these words
That blew my mind.
"If your dreams do not scare you,
They are not big enough!"
Chet Is Alive.

That wonderful sound pervades the room,
Pervades my heart and soul,
Played by that man who reaches out to me.
His life filled with music,
Music that reaches me so beautifully.
The sound of his trumpet
Sounding like no other,
That smooth sound so unique,
So beautiful, so Chet.
No longer with us in body
But he is always with me,
With me in my body
With me in my heart
With me in my Spirit.
For Hilary and Mike.

In life, each has things to do,
Things that are important,
Or seem so.
Now your life has changed,
Each day you will be together.
The time you needed for others
Is now needed elsewhere.
When together in love
There is only one thing
For which time is always needed,
And that time is priceless,
For when love is there,
All that is needed,
Is time for each other.
Happy Christmas MPS.

To all you super poets,
Who grace this wondrous site,
I wish you Happy Christmas,
All day and through the night.

And when the day is over,
May your words spill on the page,
From now until eternity,
From birth 'til grand old age.
It was Christmas Day,
The girls arrived.
One daughter,
Two granddaughters,
Joined my wife and I
For that special day.
The presents were given,
And at the end
There before me were three books.
One a book of haiku,
A slim volume with beautiful words.
The second was a wonderful tome,
The Shakespeare Sonnets
With beautiful artwork
Adorning each page.
The third was a bigger tome,
The Complete Sherlock Holmes
The gilded edges gleamed in the light.
Wonderful presents
From wonderful granddaughters.
The love from all of us
Pervaded the room.
The family at peace
As we join together in love,
Join together in joy,
Join together as family.

I may be lost for the next year,
I have reading to do!
Who Is That?

Yes, it is getting worse,
The photos I took for her,
Printed and handed to her.
She loved them,
Then it shocked me
When she said,
"Who is that?"
"That!" was her elder Granddaughter,
Then she picked out the younger one
And gave her the wrong name.
This dementia is a pain in the arse,
And is getting worse day by day.
I wonder when the day will come,
When she doesn't recognise me.
Snow Stopped Play.

It was a beautiful June day,
The crowd had come
To hear the glorious sound,
The sound of leather on willow,
As the glorious game of cricket
Was played in the shining sun.
The game was over for the day,
Back tomorrow for another day
Of bat on ball.
Then it happened,
The clouds did gather,
The wind did howl,
The rain did fall,
The rain turned to snow.
The beautiful green sward
Now covered in deep white snow.
The umpire put on his boots,
Dug his way to the centre of the pitch,
Looked around and declared,
"There will be no play today!"
There we were sitting in the coffee bar,
Drinking and chatting.
I looked out of the window
And there strung from a lamppost
To the roof were strands and strands
Of barbed wire.
Why was this?
This barbed wire looked lethal,
I thought it was illegal.
What was it there for?
Was it to stop Father Christmas
Climbing on the roof?
Was it to stop robbers
From stealing the coffee?
Why was it there?
As we left I passed the manager,
Who we knew very well,
And asked, "Why the barbed wire",
She said, "What barbed wire?"
I told her where it was
She looked at me and laughed
"That's not barbed wire,
That's some Christmas lights!"
Specsavers ? here I come!
It is Here!

It is here!
I wonder what I will do with it?
Will the worries I had about it happen?
Or will it be as good as the last one?
I shall see as it progresses.
Will the next one have problems?
I will deal with this one first though,
I will deal with this day,
As this day is the tomorrow,
The tomorrow that I worried about,
That I worried about, yesterday.
The New Year.

Well it is here,
That last day of the year,
The day when I look back,
Look back at the year I have had.
It's been a funny year,
A year in which my wife disappeared,
Disappeared into her own world,
Her world of dementia.
So I now live in two worlds,
The one in which I live MY life,
And when I can get in,
The one in which SHE lives.
Her world is getting harder to break into
Where my world is shrinking,
shrinking to accommodate hers.
It is not all bad though,
The love between us is strong,
And always will be.

Although the year has been hard
It has its compensations,
I am still singing in the choirs,
And that brings me much joy.
I still write these words,
And these words are important to me,
Almost as important as the music,
The music I have in my life,
Be it Classical or Jazz,
Opera or Country,
Folk or Modern,
It has always been in my life,
And always will be.
So like each year
It has its ups and downs,
But I am here,
And I go into the New Year with Joy,
With Joy and Expectation,
With Expectation and Anticipation,
Anticipation that the New Year,
Will be good to me once more,
Because?
Because I am here!
New Year Shower.

I step into the shower this New Year's Day,
The water washes over me,
Cleansing me,
Cleansing me of the old year,
Removing my worries,
Removing my troubles.
As I step out
I step into the New Year,
A year that will be good to me.
I have my lover still with me,
I have family around me,
I have My Spirit going through me.
My Spirit will carry me through,
Through the year,
But most of all,
I have me.
I step out of the shower
Knowing that I am still here,
Still here for another year,
Another year to enjoy,
To enjoy and move forward,
Move forward into Life,
Into a Good Life.
Smile at a Stranger.

We go through each day in our own world,
Sometimes it could be better
But we are here and that is always good.
We can see the good inside us
As long as we head towards the light,
The light that is always there in our lives.

There are people whose life may be in darkness
And they can be helped.
So when you go out today
Give a stranger one of your smiles,
It might be the only sunshine they see all day.
Contented Wealth.

Many go through their lives wanting more,
More of what though?
Will more money,
Or more power make them content?
The struggle will never stop,
Once it is inside you
You will always want more,
Contentment will never be found.

There are those who have found contentment,
They are pleased with what little they have,
And find that the greatest wealth,
Is to live content with little.
Eternity Calls - FIB,

Each
Day
Our life
Increases,
Increases in time
Increases in the joy of it.
Our lives always move on, move on to eternity,
To eternity and beyond,
Always within us,
Infinite,
At one
With
All
New Facts.

Every day you learn something new
And this must be so,
It increases your experience.
It might be of interest,
Or maybe not.
But all these new facts
Are consigned to your memory.
The downside at my age
Is that my brain is so full of facts
That when a new one is stored afresh
An older one falls off the other end.
So when I am then asked about it,
The memory is gone.
Age has many benefits,
But it also has many drawbacks,
Many of which I've forgotten.
Sailing into the Light.

As I sail through the fog
I hear the lonely bell,
It's sound so desperate,
Warning of danger ahead.

The sound to me
Was welcoming,
It meant I was not alone,
Others had been here.

As I go through my life,
Surrounded by the fog,
The fog of the unknown,
I hear the bell.
It shows me the way,
The way that others have been.

I go passed it,
And as it's sound
Fades silently in the unseen way,
I move on,
Move on to another place,
Where the light is calling me.

The bell has led me towards the light,
The light that I had lost,
Lost in the fog of my life,
But once more
I can see the clarity,
The clarity within me.

As I go towards the light
The brightness is there.
My life has left the fog,
Clarity is before me.

The bell stays behind,
Calling others into the light.
Realising Belief.

There I was sitting on my cloud,
Just contemplating,
When God turns up.
"Can I sit on the cloud next to you?"
He asked.

"it's a free heaven" I replied,

"My, my" he said
"Whose upset you?"

"Nobody" I said "I am just thinking
Thinking about my belief",

He looked at me and smiled.
"Now that is a big journey,
One that is so long to travel,
But so easy once it is made"

"What do you mean easy?"
I shouted.

"Tell me about your belief?" he asked,

"Well I think I have always known,
Known that there was a God,
I used to go to Church
Until I realised,
Realised that many went to Church
Just to be seen to be going to Church,
There was no belief there,
Only the illusion of 'Doing the right thing'.
Then the scientist in me kicked in,
And I realised what God was.
The 'Big Bang' had occurred,
The Universe was created,
And it still being created.
Many say that the Big Bang
Was the start of it all,
But I realised that the 'Big Bang'
Needed a trigger, a force,
That force I call God,
You are that force."

"I may well be that belief" he said,
"But there must be more",
"Yes you are right,
You always are.
When we moved
I started going to Church,
Only occasionally
When they needed my trumpet
In the band.
But it happened
Every time I went to Church,
Something called me,
So I became a member,
And have been ever since"

"Yes I have noticed you there,
Seen your ups and downs,
Seen your doubts,
But you still come back"

"Well that is your fault!"

"What do you mean? My fault!"
"Well you suggested I go,  
Go to Iona.  
While I was there you got me  
In that tiny little Chapel  
You overwhelmed me,  
Overwhelmed me with your presence,  
You touched my soul,  
That touch changed me"

"I only came to say hello,  
Just to show that I was there,  
And I was your friend".

"I know that,  
But what an affect that had,  
Turned me into a blubbery idiot,  
Showed that you were real,  
Made my belief so secure"

"See, I told you it was easy"

"I did nearly lose you though,  
I became ill,  
So ill they said that I needed an operation,  
And if I did not have that operation  
I would die.  
You were then again  
Protecting,  
Ensuring that you could still be with me.  
But it changed my life.  
No more doubts,  
No more sorrows,  
Everything was good,  
Nothing was bad"

"See, I told you it was easy,"
But sometimes you need to see,
To see from a different angle,
A different point of view.
You faced death and survived,
Now just move forward,
I will see you again"

He just moved away,
Leaving me in the knowledge
That God is real,
And is always with me,
And will never let me down.

So come on,
Come on and pull up a cloud,
And tell me your story.
Feeling Poetry.

Why do these words come onto this page?
They come from emotions,
The emotions laid out before you.
They may be sad,
They may be happy.
The love you have for others
Is always there,
And maybe hate.
But from where do these words come?

They come from when your mind stops,
Even for a moment.
For in that moment
All you do is feel,
And from those feelings
No thought is required
For poetry to be written,
Written on this page.
The Moon - Senryu.

The Moon brings me light
Its beauty shines all around
Lighting up my life
Climbing to Eternity.

The top of the hill is in our sight;
We have been climbing it for so long.
Looking back, we see the path,
The path which we have walked.
We see the barriers we have climbed,
The places where we have stumbled,
But most of the path has been smooth.

We look above, and the path is clear,
Clear all the way to the top.
My lover may reach it first,
Or I might be first,
But it does not matter
As we will both meet at the top,
The top of our hill,
Our hill of life,
And from there our Spirit will be one,
And together we will travel to infinity,
With our infinitesimal love guiding us,
Guiding us for eternity.
Dinner was due,
So into the kitchen I went.
"What shall we have tonight?" I thought,
I know, we shall have risotto,
I will do a beef and mushroom one.
So all the ingredients were found,
Prepared,
All was nearly ready.
Some wine was needed,
The most important of ingredients,
As I never use water
Where wine will do.
So I go to the cellar,
(What a laugh, the cellar,
It is a rack in the garage!).
That will be the one,
One of my favourite Riojas.
So I take it back to the kitchen,
Open it,
Let it breathe.
Of course I need to taste it,
To see if it is good enough,
Good enough to cook with.
I put my nose to the glass
And smell this delightful smell,
The glass goes to my lips
And I trickle some of the nectar,
Trickle it into my mouth.
I am blown away!
It is wonderful!
I take a few sips,
And start to cook.
The ingredients are cooking,
So I add some of the wine,
This ravishing Rioja.
The smell rises from the pot,
I know this will be special,
This combination of Italy and Spain
Will be wondrous,
And it was,
As the clean plates showed,
And as the empty bottle showed.
A wonderful meal,
For my lover,
And for me.
Edge - Co-Written by Goldfinch and Hood.

As the light of dawn breaks
The dark of the night is repelled
And once more the beauty of the day
Starts to shine before us
Light winning over darkness

Bereft of illumination
I cower in the shadow
The sun's glare long receded
The cold of night reverberates
Stirring life into my aching body
Darkness consumes me whole

The noon day is with us
And once more light has conquered all
That light which shows us the way
To a life of bright harmony
Light winning over darkness

Rain clouds deprive the moonlight
Bringing a shower of pain
I stand releasing my agony
Silence comforts me with skeletal fingers
Slowly suffocating my existence
Darkness consumes me whole

This world is so full of strife
It stands on the edge of a knife
The dark and the light
Continue their fight
To see what becomes of this life

This world is so full of shade
It stands on the edge of a blade
The light & the dark
Continue to fight
To see what becomes of this charade

The end of the day is near
As the light slowly dims
The memories of the daylight
Will never leave us
Light winning over darkness

I smile a grimace of pessimism
Blinking as the downpour graces my façade
Inside my heart beats with regret
My hollow orbs sink to a new depth
I savour the moment in the pitch
 Darkness consumes me whole

The night and darkness descends
But look up into the sky
The light shines through
The holes in Heaven's floor
Light winning over darkness

As the sun returns to haunt my world
I hide; hooded & cloaked
I no longer belong in this creation
Withdrawing to the gloom I tremble
Eagerly awaiting the return of shadowy bliss
Awaiting darkness to consume me whole
Into Sleep.

The sounds slides silently,
Slides through my ears to my soul.
Peace comes upon me
And silence pervades my body.
The sound so profound
Slips serenity within my mind,
Serenity within my body,
And lifts My Spirit to state of Euphoria,
A place where peace and love
Send me into sibilant, sorrowless sleep.
Visions of Hope.

Have we lost it?
It always used to be there,
We always looked forward
To the time that it would happen,
But it seems to have been lost.
All we see are visions of it.
We no longer have the real thing,
Is it so true that all we have are visions,
Visions of hope,
Visions of hope in a hope hungry world?
Am I There Yet?

There am I,
Just laying on a bed,
The tests and scans all done,
Blood taken,
And now I wait,
Wait for the blood test results,
To see if I am dead or alive.

Of course you're alive
You daft bugger,
If you were dead
How could you write these words?

Of course that is one way of looking at it,
But what if it is My Spirit
Who is writing these words?
As far as I am concerned
My Body and My Spirit
Are one and the same!

So all who read these words
Just ponder,
Is he still with us?
There it sits in front of the artist;
It could be a blank canvas,
It could be a lump of stone,
But with me
It is a blank sheet of paper.
Where do we start?
That first brushstroke sets the scene,
The first tap of chisel on stone
Can create the work,
The first word I write
Leads me into a new world.
Each artist, sculptor or poet
Releases their hearts
Into their creations,
All are different
But they all come from the same place,
They all come from within,
Within the mind,
Within the heart,
Within the soul,
From within the artist.
The Key of Life.

She is still there,
The woman I have loved
For most of my life,
But she is not the woman I knew,
That woman has been taken,
Taken from me,
Taken from family,
Taken from friends,
By her new friend,
Dementia.
This friend has put her mind
Into a place that cannot be found,
Each day the hiding place is deeper,
Her world is her own,
And cannot be reached by anyone.
Even I cannot reach her
But occasionally she comes out,
Out of her world into mine,
But those occasions are so rare,
So rare
And so swift,
That I treasure them more,
They are so quickly gone,
And the door opens into her own mind,
A door for which
I do not have the key,
The key to her life.
"Where Are My Glasses?"

"I can't find my glasses!" she said,
"I've looked everywhere".
So the hunt started.
"Where were you?" I asked,
"I was in the kitchen, tidying up".
So into the kitchen I went,
Looked in cupboards,
Looked in drawers,
Looked in pots,
Looked pans
I even looked in the 'fridge,
And in the oven,
But no even I could not find them.
Extended the search to dining room,
Into the lounge and conservatory.
"Have you looked in your handbag?"
"Yes", she said, "Several times"
So I looked as well,
But no they weren't there.
All evening I kept on looking
As I moved around the house.
Looking in all the places I'd looked,
All to no avail,
I even looked through the handbag again
But no, they weren't there.
So off to bed we went,
Slept soundly,
And then arose.
As I walked into the kitchen
The search started once more,
Again, to no avail.
I made my darling her tea,
Took it up to her
Still without her glasses.
We had looked everywhere,
Several times.
Once more I went back to her handbag,
And there hiding in the bottom were her glasses,
The ghost in our house must have put them back!
We had been to Specsavers to get the glasses,
So it could not be said this time,
That we need to go to Specsavers.
I just do not understand it,
Why is it that I can write these words?
They just seem to pour out of me,
Not like a dripping tap,
But like a torrent rushing to the sea.
They could be words on any subject,
The list is endless,
But from where do they come?
Everyday there are more words,
They are inexhaustible,
Or seem to be.
I know when the words started,
They were started when I saw
An unfinished painting,
I just had to write about it,
Write about it in verse.
It was like removing a boulder
Which let the torrent out,
This torrent of words.
Still I do not understand,
Do not understand why all these words
Get written on the page,
And are so important,
So important in my life.
Unending Light?

There it is,
The light shining in my life.
As I look into the darkness
The light is all around me,
I look out from the window,
And the light is still there.
I climb into bed
Thinking of the light,
This wonderful sight
That is always with me,
Always within me.
I sleep a dream-filled sleep,
Glorying in the light of my mind.
I awake before dawn,
Look out,
And the light is still with me,
As I come down the stairs
The light gets stronger,
And then it stops!
Darkness is upon me!
As I switch off the outside light!
Tell of Your Faith.

Tell of your journey came the request,
Your journey of Faith.
So I got up in Church
And I told them,
Told them about my beginnings,
My beginnings with The Lord
That lead to my belief.
My doubts were there,
Questions were asked,
But throughout my Journey
My Spirit was always with me.
The day that My Spirit touched me
Was the most momentous day.
In that small Chapel on Iona
My Spirit, God, touched me,
Touched my soul.
My belief has never since
Been in doubt,
My Spirit is in me,
And will take me to eternity.
I Am Here.

What will today bring?
Will bring sorrow?
Will it bring joy?
It may bring both,
But I am here.

It may be a busy day,
Doing odd jobs,
Cleaning the house,
Doing the garden,
But I am here.

I may be so relaxed,
Reading my books,
Listening to music,
Writing these words,
But I am here.

Each day is special,
Be it good,
Be it bad.
Each day is special,
Because I am here.
"Call me Ishmael"
"But your name is Fred!"
"Yes but for this poem,
Call me Ishmael"
"OK, so what does Ishmael do?"
"You're the Captain, you tell me!"
"OK then, go down to the Chippie,
Get some fish and chips for the crew"
"Have you got a barrow,
Its a lot of fish and chips"
"OK then, just get the chips!"
"But what about the fish?"
"its OK, I have some in stock"
"Oh no! Not Whale Meat Again!"
Alone Or With God.

Sitting on my cloud,
Not a care in my mind,
God appears.
"Can I sit next to you?" he said,
"If you want" I replied,
"The clouds are free"
"You look happy" he said,
"Are you OK?"
"Yes I am fine" I replied
"But surely you know that!"
"Well yes I did
I was just making conversation"
"Making conversation! Why?"
"It seemed the thing to do",
"Here I am sitting here quite happily"
I said "Relaxed and thought free,
Then you turn up, enquiring about me"
"Yes" he said, "I thought you were lonely"
"Alone, yes" I said, "But not lonely".
"What do you mean, not lonely?" he asked
"You are alone!"
"I need to be alone sometimes" I replied,
"To come to terms with my life".
"But I am always here for you",
"Yes you are, but sometimes
You get in the way,
Or you do not answer my questions".
"I always answer your questions" He said,
"If you always answer my questions" I replied
"Why do I not here the answers?"
"Because sometimes the answer is 'No',
And that is an answer you never want to hear".

With that he got up and left,
Leaving me alone on my cloud.
My once care free mind
Now filled with questions.
Watta Lotta Excrement.

Walking down the forest lane
In between the trees,
I turned around the corner,
And got covered all in fleas.

They stung and bit and scratched me
'Til I could stand no more;
So ran into the river;
And found a sunken door!

The passage that I found there
Led me round and round and round,
'Til I saw my bum in front of me,
Dragging on the ground.

The trail it made I followed
'Til another door stood there,
It opened of its own accord,
And before me stood a bear

The bear was red and green and blue,
And tall as any tree,
And pulled my bum into it's lair,
Followed soon by me!

It took me to his bedroom,
And threw me on the bed!
Then placed its arms around me;
And scratched me on the head.

When at last asleep it fell.
The plug hole I went down;
And came out in a squirrels dray,
Which cost me half a crown!

Down the tree I climbed and fell,
Until I hit the ground;
And there I stood dazed and amazed,
With fairies all around!

They said that they should thank me
From their elbows to their knees,
For saving each and all of them,
When blessing every sneeze!

A goblin chased me out from them
And sent me on my way;
Straight into a water fall,
Where I was splashed with spray.

The water washed me down and down
And set me on a beach;
Where a sealion gave me comfort,
That was still just out of reach!

I stretched and stretched until at last
I found a hook to grip,
And found myself upon the sea;
Aboard a sinking ship!

The ship went down and hit the floor
Of this gigantic sea;
And there before me was another door,
And through it I could see.

I saw the wood from whence I came
And hurried straight on through;
And ended up with you lot,
A strange and motley crew!

I tried to stop this poem
Far earlier in its flight;
But it just kept on going,
This awful load of excrement.
Look at the Stars.

In life we all start the same,
Where we will go is unknown,
But some of us will rise,
Rise into a world of love.

Although we know not
Where we will be going,
That way will always be upwards,
If you look at the stars
Help Me Lord.

My heartache is unceasing,
My loved one is with me in body,
But not in mind.
Why do you do this Lord?
All her life she has been here for you,
Praising you with her prayers,
Praising you with her singing,
But now she is different.
You have taken her life from her,
Is this a punishment?
If so, for what?
Not an unkind thought in her,
But now her thoughts are confused.
The smile is still there,
The love for me is still there,
But the woman and lover that I knew
Has disappeared,
Disappeared into her own world.
Why Lord, why?
I pray all the time for her
But she is still the same.
My Faith is strong but being tried,
Am I right in being Faithful?
Help me Lord,
Please help me.
Path of Love.

We walk many paths in our lives,
Some are short,
Some are long,
Some are dark,
But we often find
That the longest paths we walk
Lead us into sunlight,
When they are paved with love.
Music In My Soul.

It never fails me,
It is always there,
Always there in my mind,
Always there in my heart,
Always there in my soul.
All emotions come to me
As I sit and listen,
Sit and listen to music.
My Artist.

There I was transported,
Transported by a magnificent painting,
A painting by my favourite artist,
The actual painting.
It was real,
Or was I dreaming?
No it was real!
I looked and was drawn into it,
Such detail,
Such life,
Such beauty.
The more I looked,
The more I saw.
I became part of the image,
And there I was,
I was with my artist,
I was with William Holman Hunt.
Once more it happened,  
That grin came to me  
As the first notes flowed.  
This man with his instrument,  
He played notes of such power,  
Notes of such gentleness,  
That I was in his world,  
His world of Jazz.  
Within moments  
The evening had gone,  
As time became non-existent,  
The man with his clarinet  
Took me to the place,  
The place where time had disappeared,  
All I had was the memory,  
The memory of the sounds,  
The sounds that glorified my soul  
And took me to a better world.
Baffled.

It is a question that has baffled me,
Baffled me for so many years.
Perhaps the philosophers had the answer,
But that answer escapes me.
It is part of my life,
I see it so many times.
Is it part of life's great journey?
But a part that has no answer.
I may remain in ignorance forever,
But why does it happen,
That every time they are washed,
Short-sleeved shirts,
End up,
With their sleeves inside out?
Missing Nature.

Why do people not see?
They are there in the glory of nature,
But all they do is look down.
The world is around them,
Above them,
But they cannot see.

Why do people refuse to hear?
They are there in natures symphony,
With earphones and their 'phones.
Music is around them,
Above them,
But they refuse to hear.

I see the world of nature.
I hear its wonderful symphony.
I know that wonder,
That wonder of what they are missing.
Chaos is all around us,
Darkness hides the way,
But I know that all is well,
As I can see the light.
The light dismisses chaos,
And makes the dark flee.
I look along the shelf,
So many books,
Which one shall I read?
There in the far corner,
That one looks good.
I take it down,
Such an old tome,
Covered with dust.
Seemingly neglected
I lay it on the table,
And open it.
It tells the story of a man,
His life as a small boy,
Through his teenage years.
He moves into adulthood,
Middle age,
And into his twilight.
As I read I remember,
Remember parts of the story,
And as I get towards the end
All is familiar
As I read the book,
The book of my life.
What is Life?

What is life?
I sit and wonder,
Wonder what it means.
I have lived it for many years,
What have I done with it?
Have I used it well,
Or paved my path with mistakes?
I look back and ponder,
I am at this moment,
Happy with my lot,
With the occasional sadness.
Could I have been different?
Of course I could,
I had choices,
And am happy with the ones I chose.
What if?
The most profound question,
We all say it
But what if, does not apply,
As this is where I am,
And can do nothing about it.
So I just sit and wonder,
Wonder what it means,
What is life.
Growing Love.

I silently enter the bedroom,
The light is on
But she is asleep,
Her breathing so relaxed.
I stand over her
And see the love of my life
At peace with herself,
At peace in her dementia driven world.
I see the woman she was,
So relaxed, so beautiful.
I also feel my love for her,
That love strengthens each day,
And always will
As our journey together continues,
Continues into eternity,
And our love growing ever stronger.
My World of Age.

My life continues into its evening,
The night time is drawing me towards it.
The body feels its age,
And some things cannot be done
But the mind is still active.
The eyes can see the glory of nature,
The wonder of art.
The ears can hear the music,
The music that touches my soul.
And the fingers can write these words.
So in my world of age,
All is well.
God and Religion.

I was sitting on my cloud
Thinking about religion
When God passed by.
"Hello God" I said, "Can I have a word?"
"Of course you can" he said,
"Let me pull up a cloud and sit down"
"What seems to be the problem?" he asked,
"Religion" I replied.
"Ah, now there is a problem" he replied,
"So you know about it then!"
"Yes of course I do,
I don't just drift around aimlessly!" he said.
"So why don't you do something about it?"
"What should I do, you started religion"
"I realise that, but why so many types?" I asked
"People see me differently,
So they come to me in different ways"
"But why can they not see that,
See that you are the one God,
They think they have their own God
And each one is different
And that their personal religion is the only way?"
"That is up to them, it is their free will to do what they want"
"But why do they argue with each other,
Fight each other,
Kill each other, in the name of their religion.
You are their God, do something about it!"
"What can I do, they all ask me to do something,
But they all ask different questions,
Want different results" He replied.
"You are omnipotent though, you can fix this" I said.
"I know that but if I fix it they will still argue,
They will say that their religion is the way."
The way is for them to come together  
To realise that I am here for them,  
Here for them all"

"So your saying religion is wrong?"

"No, it is not wrong, but they just cannot see,  
Cannot see that there is only one God,  
And I am here,  
I always will be here,  
Here for them all"
I Awoke Today

I awoke today.
Awoke into a world of adventure,
Into a world of the unknown.
What was going to happen?
I didn't know,
I never know.
Plans may be made
But this day may be changed,
Changed by chance,
Changed by circumstances,
But this is what makes life so wonderful.
Although the unknown may be frightening,
It can also be exciting.
The day may be fraught with danger,
But it is more likely
To be filled with wonder,
With wonder, beauty and love.
So each day I awake
I am filled with wonder,
Wonder and curiosity.
I awoke today.
Waiting Words.

There are so many within me,
Waiting, pushing,
Pushing to be put on the page.
So many different meanings,
So many emotions to be expressed,
But they seem to be constricted,
Constricted by time.
So many words,
So little time.
Less and More.

People say
That less
Is more,
This is less,
Is it more?
Respect for All.

We are all different,
That is the way it should be.
If we were all the same
Life would be boring.
We have discussions,
We have arguments.
Arguments can lead to fighting,
Can lead to war.
Homes are ruined,
Towns are demolished,
People are homeless,
People die,
Children lose parents.
All because of one thing,
All because of that one thing
That is missing in many lives,
That thing that can ease such pain,
And make the world better.
Such a simple word,
A word with such power.
If only we all had it,
Had it for each other;
Respect!
What Valentine's Card?

Once more that day of love has come,
That day when cards are exchanged,
When the red roses are given.
The saintly Valentine,
The saint of card shops,
The saint of florists,
When money flows towards them.
But true love is free,
It needs no reminder.
My love for you will always be true,
Will be with you for eternity,
And with these words I say
I forgot to get your card today.
Tito Gobbi

I have never heard a voice
With so much expression,
So much love,
So much sorrow,
Transported to my ears
In the opera he sings.
He can convey hate,
And anger,
In ways that make me feel
The way he is.
He can convey absolute love
And heart-breaking sadness,
With the way he sings.
No longer with us,
But Tito Gobbi is with me,
With me in my mind and soul,
One of the greatest singers I have heard.
I stand on the old stone bridge looking down,
Looking through the green depths,
As if my soul is beneath me.
I look up and there before me is My River,
That place where I walk with My Spirit.
Stepping off the bridge,
I become one with My River,
I walk silently by its side,
The green waters
Slowly sliding with me.
Coming to the new bridge I walk beneath it,
The roar of life's traffic above me.
The rush of life is left behind me
As I move further with My Spirit,
Moving with Natures Joy beside me.
The time comes when I am at peace,
At peace within myself.
Once more My River has cleansed me,
Cleansed me from the trials of life,
And here in the peace I am at one,
At one with My Spirit and My River,
Where all is one within My Soul.
I stop,
At the end of my current Journey,
I look ahead and see another bridge,
That bridge that I will not cross,
That bridge where My Spirit leaves,
Leaves my body,
And flows with My River,
Flows towards Eternity.
Going through our lives
We come to many doors,
Some open for us
And lead us through our lives
Along the path prepared for us.
Some are closed,
Blocking that path,
But another way is found.
As we travel a different road
That way is always before us.
Sometimes though we just look,
Look at the closed door,
So get stuck in our lives,
Unable to see the other door,
The door that has opened for us.
Always look for the open door,
It is always there.

“When one door closes, another opens. But we often look so regretfully upon the closed door that we don’t see the one that has opened for us.” Helen Keller.
Laptop Man.

There we were once more,
Sitting in the coffee house,
My wife and I,
Just drinking, chatting and laughing.
I was watching the world go by
When I saw him,
A young man sitting at the table,
The table in the corner,
Tapping away at his laptop.
It could have been business,
It could have been pleasure.
He finished his coffee,
As he got up he made me think,
Because he did something so alien,
So alien to me,
He wiped over his laptop.
That seemed so very strange,
Very strange to me,
I haave know truble
Tiping on a durty screne.
Skiing for Life.

Stepping off the lift
At the top of the mountain,
Skis over my shoulder,
Happiness in my heart,
I stand at the top,
The top of the mountain.
There beneath me
Lays the untrodden snow,
Not a mark upon it.
I prepare myself for the journey,
The journey down the hill,
Going where none have gone before.
The start is slow and gentle,
The sibilance of the snow
Sliding silently beneath my skis.
The speed increases,
As the adrenalin flows.
Then it comes to me,
The wonder of my world
As my journey continues,
Not just down this hill,
That has become my life,
My journey of life.
The thrill of living,
The thrill of My Spirit,
Flowing in me,
Flowing with me.
I ski down this path,
This untrodden path
Which my life is following.
The tracks left behind me,
Where I have been,
The unknown ahead of me,
But the Faith of knowing
All will be well.
The slope eases,
My way slows,
I come to stillness,
Knowing that my journey
Will never end,
And that snow-covered slope,
Will always show me the way.
God's Humour.

I was sitting on my cloud
Looking down at the world,
God came by.
"You look miserable" he said,
"Would you like to chat"
"Yes" I said. "Pull up a cloud".
"Well, what's the problem?" he asked,
I looked at him and replied
"It is the world, all seems to be bad,
On the news all you hear is tragedy"
"Well that's what you want to hear about,
Isn't it?", He said.
"Surely there must be good news!" I replied,
"There is, but nobody wants that".
"I do, my friends do, surely most people do".
"Ah yes, they do, but that does not sell,
Good news does not sell papers".
"What about being happy then,
If you look most people are happy,
It is only the few that bring the bad,
Yet they get all the headlines!"
"I know that, but that is what they want,
Those in power want you worried,
Want you to depend on them,
So keeping you happy does not work,
Does not work for them".
"Surely they must have some fun,
They must have some sense of humour".
"They do, they laugh at you, you are their fun!"

God got up to go so I asked him,
"Do you have a sense of humour?
Many people think that you are serious all the time",
As he moved away, he stopped and looked at me.
A smile made his face beam,
"Of course I have a sense of humour,
After all I accept you!"
Reflections.

I walk slowly and silently through the wood
The trees around me,
Each with their own story to tell.
I come to the great oak,
Look up through its branches,
Its leaves almost hiding the sky
But the light shone though,
Lighting the way through the wood,
Lighting the way through life.
I leave the oak behind and moved forward,
The trees parted into a clearing
Where a lake was living,
Living to give life to others.
I sat and looked,
The surface was like a mirror,
The occasional ring of circles
Flowing ever outward,
Ever outward into nothingness,
The water still once more.
I looked at this mirror,
Saw images of white,
As the occasional cloud drifted by.
The reflections of the trees
Undistinguishable from the real,
So still in their beauty.
In my quietness I heard nature
Increasing the light within me
As the symphony played around me.
The animals came to refresh their lives,
The life-giving water there for them.
Their reflections mirror images
As they drank from the water,
Accepting me as part of nature’s realm
As I sat their peacefully,
Reflecting on the beauty of my life,
The beauty of my life all around me.
Well the time had come  
As it does every year,
But this year it would be different.  
A full bloodied assault was needed,  
Needed to defeat my nemesis.  
The first thing was to put on my armour,  
As my enemy was so dangerous,  
It always fought back  
And over the years  
Has drawn my blood,  
But experience has taught me  
That full body armour is required,  
Especially this time,  
As my battle will be strong.  
I intend that my foe  
Will be brought to its knees.  
Armour on I chose my weapons,  
Choose those which will guarantee  
That I will win this day,  
And drive my enemy into defeat.  
Right I am ready!  
I start at the flanks  
Where the guards are posted,  
I cut them down easily,  
They were not looking.  
The further I get into the might,  
The might of my enemy,  
It starts fighting back  
With vigour and strength,  
But my weapons are strong.  
My blood is drawn  
As it sneaks past my armour,  
But I am winning.
I come to the final battle
And win with ease.
I stand there victorious,
Although I am blood stained
I am the Conqueror,
Conqueror of my nemesis,
As once more,
The pyracantha succumbs,
Succumbs to my strength in battle.
The Man in the Mirror.

Occasionally when I glimpse in a mirror
I see him,
I see that man that gave me my foundations,
The foundations of my life.

That man that gave me the love of music,
Music in all its different forms.
He listened to them all,
Some were not for him,
But with his open mind
He would listen.
That open mind came to me,
And I will listen to all,
But like him, some are not for me,
But his foundation in music
Became mine.
His and my love
For classical and jazz
Have no boundaries.

That man introduced me to nature,
As we walked together in natures realm,
Listening, looking and smelling
The joys that abound in the countryside
Were his,
And are now mine.

That man showed me tolerance,
He never got angry,
He was always fair,
Would always listen
To other points of view,
Would discuss,
But never argue,
Would just accept the differences,
Then move on.
This is now me,
Carrying on his work.

This man was, is, my inspiration,
This man now passed into eternity,
Passed over twenty years ago,
I know I will be with him,
As Our Spirits join
And we will walk again together,
Listening to music,
Walking with nature.
Both in absolute harmony
Harmony with life.
Yes I still see him today
As I glance in the mirror,
I see my Dad.
Dancing to Eternity.

We were just standing,
Standing in the dining room,
My lover and I.
Nat King Cole was singing,
I was singing with him.
My wife looked at me and said,
"Shall we dance?"
I took her in my arms
And we swayed to the music,
To the wonderfully romantic song,
Being sung to us,
Being sung for us.
It brought back those so long ago
When we danced long into the night
In each other's arms.
The dancing may have stopped
But we are still in each other's arms,
And that will never cease,
As we dance together to eternity.
The Intensity of Silence.

The silence comes,
The silence goes,
But with each silence
The intensity
Becomes so loud.
The Painting of Love

Her life was rising,
Rising from the depths,
The depths of despair,
Into a new world,
A world of love and beauty,
That love had returned.

The brush touched the canvas,
Her love of painting was back,
Back from the grave,
That had been dug in her past.
Now resurrected into the light
The brush flowed,
And beauty shone on the canvas,
Shone with the love in her life.
The love of family,
That love nearly lost,
But now stronger than ever.

She stood in front of the canvas
Painting her new life,
In colours of her dreams
Now newly freed from her hell.
Communication.

In this life we hear people speak,
But do we listen?
Many people only hear the words,
They are not interested in the meaning.
Many important words are said,
Said to no avail,
As there is a communication problem.
So many people do not listen to understand,
All they do,
Is listen to reply.
Circles in the Pool.

I look into the pool of water,
So still like a mirror.
I toss a pebble into it
And the circles appear,
The larger ones showing the power,
The power of new life,
So strong moving forward,
Into life's new adventure.
The waves get smaller as life continues,
Continues into childhood,
Where new things of wonder assail us,
These things that are all new to us.
As we move forward in learning
The waves become gentle
And our lives become stable.
Flowing through adulthood
Those new things becoming rarer,
Until the waves can be barely seen,
And nothing new comes into our lives,
We have seen it all before.
Then comes the time
When the circles stop,
And life is only a memory,
A memory of circles in the pool,
Circles in the pool of water.
New Car.

Off I go in my car,
In my car for the last time.
It has served me well,
But is now due for retirement,
And a new one will take over.
As I drive towards the garage
I have checked that they have shovels,
So that my new car,
Can be dug out of the snow.
The Kids They 'Phone.

The kids, they 'phone occasionally,
So on the 'phone we answer thus:

If you are one of our children
And are asking for some money,
Will you please press one.

If you are one of our children
Asking for some help or advice
Will you please press two.

If you are one of our children
Asking about our health or wellbeing,
Please ensure
That you have dialled the correct number.
The Conquest of Time.

They explore new areas,
Where civilisations once lived,
And find wondrous works,
Works of art from so long ago.
They could be carvings stone,
Images painted in caves,
And for millennia
They have been there,
Showing that art is timeless,
Showing us that they were there
Creating beauty from their lives.

It shows those of us today
Who think about these things,
And appreciated what we see,
That all Civilisation wants,
Is the Conquest of Time.
Moments.

All through life they are there,
Those moments that happen.
Every moment is different,
Every moment is special.
Many moments are forgotten,
Many are remembered.
But the even the briefest
Of the most wonderful moments
That happen in our lives,
Can last a lifetime
Dementia Sea.

Her mind is in a whirl,
So mixed up within her world,
This wonderful woman of mine
Sinking in her dementia sea,
Drowning into the depths within her.
I keep on reaching down
And pull her to the surface,
But each time she sinks quicker
And sinks deeper into her strange world.
I am so afraid that one day
I will not be able to reach her,
Until that time when our Spirits join,
Join in our journey to Eternity.
The Angels are There.

Walking through our lives
They are always there
But we never notice them,
Our lives are so busy
That we have no time for them.
They guide us,
They protect us,
But we just don't see them.
We need to stop and think,
And think about those times
When the inexplicable occurred
And we were shown the path,
The right path towards certainty,
Towards certainty and happiness.
That is when we realise
That the Angels are there,
And are always with us,
Protecting our way,
Through life's trials,
And through life's mysteries.
As I opened the screen
To read the poem,
A wondrous site came to my eyes.
A painting of such wonder
That I gasped out loud.
It was just a house,
A tudor house in a street,
But the art that stood before me
Took me there.
I was there,
Back in time,
Transported there by paint,
Paint on canvas.
The door to the house was open,
So in I stepped,
And wrote these words.
Two Cats Fighting - For Orchi

I walked into the empty Church,
So many Churches are now empty.
Is God no longer there?
Do people no longer praise God?
This Church was different,
It was comfortable,
It was warm,
But where were the people?
Then the sound came,
The organ started playing,
Wonderful music surrounded me.
Then came the song,
Or was it?
It had no words,
It had no tune,
It seemed to be a duet,
A screaming song of no meaning.
I looked back from my pew
And saw him,
This strange man
Wailing at the wall,
And the wall wailing back,
Like two cats screaming,
Screaming at each other.
The man stopped his noise
And looked at me,
I then understood all.
There was the man,
The man that told Harold,
Told Harold to look up
When the Normans invaded.
The man that left the stain,
Left the stain on my hand
As he painted the cave,  
Millennia ago.  
He couldn't sing then,  
He can't sing now,  
But Orchi will always be there,  
Be there with me.  
I pray to God,  
Why me Lord?  
Why is it us?  
Me with my attuned ear,  
And Orchi with his wailing,  
Will I never be rid of him?  
Why doesn't he stay with KP,  
Surely she will listen!!
Sun and Moon.

As I look out the sky lightens,
The sun slowly pervades the darkness
And rises in front of me.
It showers me with its glorious light
This great sphere of power,
Giving light and life to all.
It rises high into the sky
Looking down on this earth,
The glory of its light
Showing its power,
And its life giving succour.
Slowly it sinks over the horizon
As the day ends,
The reddened sky darkens.
But looking up the brightness remains
As the moon looks down,
Looks down upon me,
And upon my life.
The light in my life is still there,
It never ceases.
Looking past the moon,
The stars shine in glory,
The stars,
Showing the holes in Heavens floor.
Tapped Conversation.

There they sat in the corner of the café,
This married couple facing each other.
They were young middle-aged
And seemed content in each others company.
They had had their breakfast,
The plates were pushed aside.
Not a word was said
As they both got out their 'phones,
Onto the table they went
And they both started tapping away,
Looking down,
Never looking up at each other.
Is this the way that conversation now happens?
Talking to each other by tapping away,
Tapping away to each other
Across the table.
Elusive Time.

Time that most elusive of realities.
In our most glorious of times
Time seems none existent,
As it seems to disappear in a moment.
In our most horrendous of times
Time seems never ending,
As it seems to last a lifetime.
Why is that time appears inconsistent,
Appears Inconsistent in what happens,
In what happens in our lives.
As we travel in that elusive way,
That elusive way where time leads.
No more will we hear those words
"How tickled I am"
From the man from Knotty Ash.
This man who had kept me laughing,
Laughing all my life.
He had always been there,
His shows lasting hours into the night.
No more banging his drum
Outside his window at night,
Where neighbours shouted
"What are you doing
Banging a drum at three o'clock in the morning?"
"Thank you, I wanted to know the time".
No more songs of "Happiness",
We are left with tears,
"Tears for Souvenirs"
The Diddy Men will be with him
As he makes his journey to eternity
Making all laugh on his way.
Good-bye Ken,
Thank you for the laughter.
Wake Up Song.

I am awakened from my slumber
By a song of such beauty,
I lay in the dark listening to the sound
Pervading my mind,
Pervading my soul,
As the robin sings to me.
A chorus joins,
And the robins soprano voice
Is joined by the altos of the blackbirds.
They slowly disappear
But the robins solo voice is still there
Singing to me,
Showing me that life is good,
And is always worth celebrating
Celebrating with song.
The oboe's sibilant sound slowly rose,
Rose through the depths of the orchestra.
Its sound changed as it morphed into a clarinet,
The beauty of the notes rising into the ether,
Bringing beauty into my world once again.
Music from the man who caresses me,
Caresses me with the wonder of his world.
The sound goes on,
Changing constantly,
As the mind of this wonderful man
Beautified the world with music.
Lost to us early in his life
Yet his music will go on,
Echoing through my life,
And through all life,
Until we meet in eternity.
Spring Haiku. For Christina S

The daffodils bloom,
Their sunshine flowers show us,
That Spring is now here.
Loves Metamorphosis.

Loves metamorphosis
Awakens your repose
It may then move on
And leave you a rose.
"What do you mean?"
"What do you mean? "What do I mean?""
"I asked first!"
"But what was the question?"
"Yes that's right, What? Was the question!"
"But that is meaningless, there is no subject!"
"Why would you want a subject?"
"Now your asking why! Why?"
"What do you mean, Why?"
"It is what you asked"
"Why do you ask "What do you mean?"?"
"What do you mean, "Why do you ask "What do you mean?""?"
"Yes, what do you mean?"
"Now we are back where we started! Why!"
Distractions.

Going through life is complex,
So many things come into it.
Things that we need,
Things that we want,
Things that are interesting.
Things that we do not need,
Things that we do not want,
Things that are boring.
These things in our life
Take us away from the real pleasure,
The real pleasure of life.
All we really want is happiness,
And that can be achieved,
Can be achieved if we free ourselves,
Free ourselves from all other distractions.
Tripping Through Life.

Going through life there are many paths,
Some are flat and wide
Where you travel with normality,
And your life feels good.
Sometimes the path goes down
And your life gets faster
As the highlights in life
Beckon you towards them.
The road suddenly gets steeper,
Or gets narrower,
Where life is hard,
But that road is important
As it gives the experience,
The experience to travel on,
To be stronger in your life.
Then you come to mountains,
Those big obstacles rise before you
But with strength and determination
You climb them,
And once more the wide flat path
Is there and you go on forever.
As with any path you stumble
But they are normally of no import,
Because while you can climb mountains,
It is easy to stumble on molehills.
The Scrum.

The rugby match was in full flow,
Bodies crashing against bodies,
The oval ball moving side to side.
A fast-moving match,
Suddenly it stopped,
A scrum was called.
The rules and their vagaries
Were now to be seen.
The eight crouched,
Binded together
Faced the other eight,
They crashed together and pushed.
The whistle went,
Something was wrong,
But nobody seemed to know.
Why could it not be clear?
It is one of life's paradoxes
That can never be resolved,
The great minds kept trying,
That even Steven Hawking was baffled.
Intrigue.

It is often with us in our life
And can be there in many ways,
But never completely understood.
It can be in music
Where we are pulled into a piece,
But don't know why,
But need to hear it again
To ensure we weren't mistaken.
It is in words on a page,
That need reading again,
And maybe again.
It is that painting
That has no form,
But draws you into it,
You just have to keep looking.
In many facets of our lives
It is there,
And always will be.
That is why intrigue
Is so intriguing.
Death Has No Sting.

The Sun rises in my life,
The day beckons to me,
Showing me the way towards the light,
That light will always be with me.
Even in my darkest moments
The light will guide me towards brightness,
The brightness that is my life.
This glorious earthly life will end,
But Death has no sting,
As My Spirit will continue in life and light.
That life has come from the infinite past,
And will go on for, and to, eternity.
Never Far Away.

I am always here, travelling the world,
Unseen, unknown but never far away.
I see it all; I am here just in case.
There are times when I am so busy,
But my speed is infinite,
So I am never late!
You all know me, but wish you didn't.
I strike fear and sorrow into all;
And you wish I wasn't here.
But here I am, hovering; waiting
For you, for everybody!
I have always been here,
Since time began, never changing;
Just waiting for you to come to me;
As you will in time!

DEATH, where is your sting?
I am right behind you!
I looked up and saw the moon,
Clouds tried to hide it,
But its glory shone down,
Shone down on me
As if to show that the clouds,
And the shadows in my life
Would still have light behind them.
That light was always there,
That light will always be there,
And that light will guide me,
Will guide me forever,
Guide me forever to eternity.
Around the table we sat,
The five regulars,
Ready to play the wonderful game.
The green baize was waiting,
Waiting for the cards.
The cards were spread,
Single cards were selected,
The lowest picked sat out.
The cards were shuffled,
Then dealt,
Silence filled the room
As the brains went into gear.
The dealer spoke,
"No bid"
"No Bid"
"Two clubs" and a knock,
A knock on the table.
The others looked surprised
"No Bid"
"Two diamonds"
"No bid"
"Two no trumps"
"No Bid"
"No Bid"
"No Bid"
The game starts,
The lead is made,
The dealer spreads his cards,
Cards on the table.
The bidder plays a card from table,
The third plays a card,
The bidder takes the trick,
And the next,
Then loses the next eleven,
Six down on the hand.
"Why did you bid two clubs!"
Shouted the dealer,
"Well I had two clubs in my hand",
"But why did you knock?"
"There was a fly on the table",
"Do you know how to play bridge!",
"No I just thought I would try it",
"But you need to know the rules",
"But there are no rules,
Bridges just need crossing".
"Well you crossed me!
The hand was lost!"
"Maybe it is under the bridge,
I'll help you find it"
"Bridge is a game",
"Well if it's a game
Why are you so annoyed?",
"Well it's a serious game!"
"If it is so serious, why do you play it,
Games are meant to be enjoyed",
"I do enjoy it!!!" he shouted,
"Why are you shouting?"
"Because we lost!!!"
"But games can be lost"
"But you lost this one for us"
"Don't include me,
You are the one shouting,
I am quite happy,
Do you want another game?"
Gethsemane.

Walking into the Garden He asked them to sit.
To sit, to wait, to watch over him.
He walked on, alone, to pray.
"Abba, not what I will, but what you will".
He knew what was coming,
And knew that it was right for all.
But they knew nothing,
And fell asleep, could not watch over Him.
But were fully awake
As the kiss from the traitor
Betrayed who He was,
And He was taken from them.
"Crucify Him!"
That was all they could say,
Revenge was all they could see,
Revenge for what?
Their priests could find no guilt,
Pilate could find no guilt
And in washing his hands
Removed his responsibility
As he told the gathered crowd,
"The responsibility is yours".
And still the cry went out,
"Crucify Him!"
Journey to Golgotha.

He trod the path towards the hill,
Each step a journey towards,
His sacrifice.
He stumbled under the weight
He carried.
The weight of the cross?
The weight of the world?
Simon of Cyrene
Shared the weight for us all,
As they went to the place
Where Our Lord
Returned to His Father.
Repentance and Forgiveness.

As Our Lord went towards Crucifixion
Would you have been there,
Hands clasped together
Praying for His life?
Praying for forgiveness
For the wrong done to Him?
Or would you have been
The one with the hammer and nails,
Ready to Crucify Him,
For His innocence?
This innocence
He would take with Him,
Together with all our sins,
To His Father.
The Cross.

The nails pierced the flesh,
Struck the wood
With a resounding thud,
As the crowd watched.
The Cross was raised
And He hung there,
His head bowed.
Looking at last up to heaven
He shouted to God,
"Father forgive them,
They know not what they have done".
As these words rose from his lips
All the sins of the world were lifted
Into a darkness
That covered the world.
The head bowed once more,
Saying "It is finished",
Jesus died for us.
"Surely this man
Was the son of God"?
Said the stranger,
Standing before the Cross.
The Cross that means so much
To you,
To me,
To the world.
Mañana.

Into the bar they wandered
These scholars, numbered three,
And sat with drinks before them
Relaxed and talking free.

They spoke of many subjects
From alpha through to zed,
They all had their opinions
Before they went to bed.

One that troubled them the most
Was when they spoke of time,
The speed at which it travelled
It changed just like a rhyme.

The question that they pondered
Was how to slow it down,
To wait 'til they were ready
Caused all of them to frown.

The English man just told them
What he would always say,
Leave it until tomorrow
Or 'til another day.

The man from Spain then answered
And said they had a word,
That word was called manana
And slowness that incurred.

The Irish man then uttered
That they have slow words placed,
But theirs are somewhat different
And do not show such haste.
The concert had ended in euphoria,
We had sung our hearts out
And the joy of our singing
Was shown in the faces,
The faces of those who came,
Who came to watch,
And came to listen.
As the Choir left the stage
To rapturous applause
That euphoria came over me,
The glory of singing embedded
Embedded in my heart.
All was so well in my world,
Happiness was mine to behold.
That euphoria shone into the next day
As once more I sang,
Sang in Church with gusto.
The power of singing is overwhelming,
Overwhelmingly euphoric.
They sat there at the table
Drinking down their coffee
When the waiter arrived,
He only had two sandwiches
But could barely carry them.
Between the two thick bread slices
Sat four or five sausages,
And on them sat two fried eggs.
On went the salt and pepper
They sank their teeth into them.
They enjoyed them with such relish,
And I just sat there,
Jealous.
The Wonder of Music.

How can they write them?
These notes on a sheet of paper
That can bring such joy and wonder,
Joy and wonder to my soul.
All they are are spots on a page,
But in the hands of musicians
Those spots are transformed,
Transformed into the wonder of music.
That music can bring all emotions,
Bring all emotions to my heart,
Bring all emotions to my mind,
Bring all emotions to my soul.
The wonder of music is boundless
And each time I hear it
I know it is reaching out,
Reaching out to me.
In the Doghouse.

In the doghouse again,
And I blame it all on you!
Reading all your poems,
There is such a lot to view.
I'd forgot to make the tea,
And got in such a stew.
That the wife was not amused,
When I blamed it all on you!
This Wonderful Day.

It was a wonderful day,
My lover was back.
Her bubble of dementia
Became hole ridden for the day.
She still spent much time
Within her bubble,
But the woman I love
Spent more time with me.
These days are so rare
Why can't there be more?
But this was a wonderful day.
In the evening of my life
I reflect back.
I see the time of childhood
Where worries did not exist,
Running over the fields with friends
Laughter in our hearts,
Not a care in the world.
I see the teenage years,
Where a man was being created.
Good times, bad times
But I came through untroubled.
I see the working years
Where times were good,
And after forty seven years
Retired unscathed.
I see my married years
Where my love gets stronger each day
With that wonderful lady who said I do
Nearly forty years ago,
She now has her problems
But our love increases each day.
In the evening of my life
I reflect on the now,
And can say it IS a good life,
But best of all,
I am still here.
I stand and look at her,
The angel of my life.
We speak of our love,
That love so pure
That has been with us,
For many, many years.
The words falter,
We draw each other
Into our arms and kiss,
That kiss stops the words,
Those words are meaningless,
When the kiss shows so much love.
Seeing My Dreams.

I look up into the night sky,
The stars shining down on me.
And as I look at each star,
I see my dreams.
Flowers and Souls.

Walking through the woods,
At one with the Glory of Nature.
The trees standing so proud,
Their leaves rustling in the breeze.
The sounds of nature playing,
In symphonic harmony,
To my mind and heart.
I see the flowers and realise
That every flower is a soul,
A soul blossoming in nature.
Those souls will be with me,
Be with me forever.
Not a Word.

There they sat
This married couple
Of a certain age.
He drinks his coffee
And reads a book,
She drinks her coffee
And taps on her pad,
Not a word passed between them.
Is this what life could be
When you have been married
For so many years.
Calliope Asks.

Calliope looks down upon me,
Asking the question
What are you going to write today?
Will it be of love?
Will it be of hate?
Will it be of art??
Will it be of music
So many subjects to ponder,
But this day will be the same,
As every day I will write them,
I will write these words.
Clouds in My Life.

In my life of age I have seen many clouds.
Some have floated into my life bringing rain,
Some have carried darkness,
Some have been storm clouds.
But I have survived each cloud,
So that now when clouds float,
Float into my life,
All they do is add colour,
Add colour to my sunset sky.
In the stillness of the morning
I see her light,
The light of my life.
Now falling into dementia's clutches
But my love for her getting stronger,
Getting stronger each moment
As she drifts into her own world.
I know that the day will come
When the bubble around her
Will stop me from coming in,
But my love for her
Will never fail.

In the stillness of the morning
I hear the sound,
The sound of my life
As it travels through me.
That life so full of wonder,
The wonder of music,
That has always been there.
Music, the sound that continues
Where the words stop.
That music will be there forever
To help me as my lover drifts,
Drifts into her own world.

In the stillness of the morning
I write these words,
The words that show me,
Show me and what I feel.
Words are always with me,
With me to put on this page.
In the stillness of the morning
What more do I need?
The love for my wife is there.
The music in my life is there.
And the words on this page are there.

In the stillness of the morning,
What more do I need?
Retribution.

"You are wrong!"
"No I am not!"
Words we hear
More and more often.
"If you do not agree with me I will hit you"
Is the next step,
And those steps increase
Into an ever despairing spiral
To despair.
"If you hit me, I will throw a stone at you"
"You do that and I will shoot you"
"I'll get my friends to get you"
"But my friends will beat your friends"
"We have got lots of guns"
"Ours are bigger and more powerful than yours"
"But we have got bombs and will bomb you to hell"
"No Chance, we will bomb you first"
"You reckon, we have an atom bomb"
"Yes but........."

"Hello world, are you there?"
No answer, came the reply.
Calligraphy.

The nib of the pen approaches the paper,
The faintest touch causes a mark.
From this mark the pen is slid
Upwards in a curve.
The beginning of the letter is formed,
The stroke goes down,
Then to the side as the letter is finished.
Another letter is started until a word is formed,
The beauty of each word from the mind,
Is painted onto the page,
Showing the skill of the writer.
As each line of words is formed
The pome is finishned.
The writing has taken so much time,
Such intensity of thought to form each word,
To form each letter,
That the spelling becomes a bit odd.
The service was over,
Good words,
Good hymns,
Good prayers.
We should go home,
Home to Sunday roast dinner,
But today was different.
It was the 'meeting',
The Church's Annual Meeting.
A meeting to see where we are going,
Where we are going forward,
With our decreasing congregation.
So many words said.
Some people speaking well,
But most are so boring.
They drone on and on,
And on,
And on,
And on,
And on.
The meeting was over
And home I went,
The only though I had
"Well that was another hour and a half
That I will not get back in my life."
As I have said before,
I shouldn't go to Church meetings.
The Return of the Dove.

I stood in front of the painting
Entranced by what I saw.
How can it be done?
This artistry,
This love that shines out,
Shines out from the image
And fills my heart with emotion.
The emotion of brilliance
That comes to life in me,
From the soul of the artist.
Oh What a Beautiful Morning.

Yet again it has happened.
Once more I was reading poetry,
The radio was on,
And this song was sung.
This song I have known,
Known all my life.
I can sing all the words,
Heard it sung by many singers,
They all sing it so well,
And yet today it was different.
It was as though I had heard it,
Heard it for the first time.
The voice so wonderful
Gave new meaning to the song.
Such mastery of words,
Of sound,
Of passion.
My world stopped as I listened,
Listened to the wonder,
That was touching my soul.
"Oh what a beautiful morning"
Moved me,
Moved into my day with wonder.
Walking with Nature.

Over the fields we walk,
Those fields of green.
The yellow flowers of spring
Shine through the field,
Filling our souls with beauty.
Natures symphony can be heard
As we walk in its glory,
At one with the natural world.
We are in our heaven,
Just the two of us,
Walking with nature.
Walking up the road to the pub
Looking forward to a chat with mates,
A pint of good ale,
And maybe a game of darts.
Into the bar I walk
And my friends are there,
"What do want to drink" one asks,
I ask for a pint of my favourite ale.
We start talking and laughing,
Friendly friends,
Amusing company,
An evening that will go well.
My pint goes up onto the bar,
As I reach for it
I wake from the dream
And have to get up
And settle for a cup of tea
Instead of that wondrous pint of ale.
Silence with Somebody.

She lived her life in absolute harmony,
Went her own way unhindered by others.
Although on her own she was never lonely,
As her life was full of friendship and laughter.
People wondered why she lived alone,
But she knew what she wanted.
She knew that nothing could be lonelier
Than spending the rest of her life,
Spending the rest of her life with somebody,
Somebody she couldn't talk to.
Or worse,
Somebody she couldn't be silent with.
The Storm's Bass

I look up to the sky
And there on the horizon
Black clouds I see
Coming towards me.
From them streaks of light,
Fire to the ground,
Lighting up all around.
The clouds and fire
Come closer.
The magnificent furore
So beautiful in its power.
The light shows my world
In all its glory.
The thunder like a loud bass drum
Showing the wonder of nature's symphony,
Nature at its most powerful.
Yet its beauty is there,
Is there to behold.
The clouds and light move on,
The storm passes
And once more quietness returns
Where the rest of nature's world
Can be heard in all its harmony.
Does She Ever Stop?

To the supermarket I went
Too get the weekly shop
Walking up and down the aisles
Thinking this would never stop

At last the final item
Into the trolley I put
Then went to pay what's due
Hurrying fleet of foot

I found an empty checkout
Put the shopping on the belt
Then I looked at the cashier
And nearly walked straight out

'Twas the lady full of words
Whose mouth would never stop
I never heard what she said
Though my ears I thought would pop

She talked of many, many things
Which just sailed passed my ears
As I couldn't get a word in
Nor have for several years

At last it all was over
And freedom was my choice
But walking to the car
I could still hear that voice
The Cost of Nature.

We go through life wondering,
Wondering where we will get the money,
The money to make our lives easier,
To make our life happier.

But then I stop,
I stop and think.
Each day is there,
The life-giving water is with me,
The light of the sun in the day,
The beauty of the moon
In the glorious night,
Are always with me,
And for these
I need no money.
Changing Clouds.

Looking up from my world
I see the clouds,
Each one individually formed.
Unique,
Captured in a moment.
How can you capture a moment?
A moment that changes,
Changes as soon as you see it.
I will never see that image again,
But that moment
Will be forever in my memory,
As I go through my life,
Glorying in each moment.
Rare Day.

We sit at the table drinking our coffee,
Talking to each other with love and laughter.
My back is to the wall,
So I look around the coffee bar,
Looking at all the people.
All are talking with each other,
As my wife and I are.
There is a lone lady,
But she smiles as she drinks her coffee
And reads her paper.
Then the reality of this moment hits me,
It is so unusual.
All are looking at each other,
Smiling, laughing and talking,
Talking a skill that seems to be lost,
And there is not a 'phone or pad to be seen.
Such a rare day,
Such a rare day indeed.
There it sat
In the middle of my head,
That special gland,
That gland which controlled all emotions,
That gland where my soul lay.
The good and evil,
The positive and negative,
All held in that gland,
All held in my soul.
Then it happened,
It became diseased,
My soul was being destroyed.
But it could be cured,
I could have an operation,
Or die.

As I awakened
All had changed,
My evil thoughts had disappeared,
There was nothing negative in my life.
Life in all its glory was wonderful,
The disease had been removed,
And in that removal
All negative thoughts had gone.
I had been given a second chance,
A second chance at life,
And that life would be wonderful,
Despite all the ills that come my way.
I always find the bright side,
As I may not have,
A third chance at life.
Contentment in Wine.

Into the wine shop I went,  
A shop I had been in many times.  
The staff knew me  
And we always had a chat,  
Just passing the day in good humour.  
I started looking for my wines  
When a new man approached me,  
"Can I help?" he asked.  
This new man was so young,  
He looked about fourteen,  
Mind you at my age  
Anyone under thirty looks under twenty.  
We started talking about the wines I wanted,  
His enthusiasm was outstanding.  
A young man secure in his own knowledge,  
A young man who was so happy in his work.  
The right man in the right place,  
So contented with his life.
As we go through life
There are ups,
There are downs.
When we are down
We become stressed.
But what we need to remember
Is that a diamond
Is just a piece of charcoal,
A piece of charcoal
That handled stress,
Handled stress exceptionally well.
Towards Eternity.

The droning goes on
As the preacher speaks,
His voice unintelligible.
I look round the Church
And see others equally bemused.
I look out the window
And see My River floating by,
And the glory of My Spirit
Floating just above it.

I return from my dream
But he is still speaking,
In his strange boring way.
I look round the Church
And see others nodding ? asleep.
I look out the window
And see the sky,
The soft white clouds
Floating in their sea of blue.

Once more I return
But the preacher won't stop,
He doesn't seem to care.
I look round the Church
At the boredom on their faces.
I look into myself,
And see My Life within me
As My River and My Spirit
Float with the clouds,
With wondrous pleasure,
Towards that wonderful Eternity.
The Sea of Life.

I sit on the cliff and look out to sea
Watching the smooth water
Reaching towards the horizon.
I see my life
Sailing into the distance
The horizon getting near.
My sea of life has been smooth,
Sailing with the breeze at my back,
Moving me forwards,
Across the waves of my being.
There have been storm clouds,
There have been rough seas,
But so few and far between.
The journey has been long
It has been so wonderful.
As I near my horizon
I look back to the cliff
And see myself,
Looking out to sea.
Missing Conversation.

There we sat
In the coffee house,
My lover,
Our daughter, the artist,
Our Granddaughter,
The English Scholar.
We sat drinking our coffee
Talking of art,
Talking of language.
My dementia laden wife
Just listening,
Not understanding,
As we talked of our worlds.
The world of art,
The world of language,
And the world of poetry.
The time just disappeared
And it was time to leave,
We said our loving goodbyes.
My lover and I returned home
And as I was sitting in thought
It struck me,
That one thing that I missed,
In my wife's world of dementia,
Was intelligent conversation.
At One With Nature.

We walked the green hills,
My lover and I.
The meadows flowing around us
As the path we took
Took us through their beauty,
And their wonder.
At the top of a hillock
We stopped and looked,
Looked at our idea of heaven,
Our arms clasped each other in love,
Feeling so alive,
Our love so strong,
And at one with nature.
The lonely cry of the curlew
Called out as it flew above us,
A sound so sad but it passed
As our happiness abounded,
Abounded about us,
Abounded within us.
We walked on in joy,
We walked on in harmony,
We walked on in love.
A love so strong
That nothing will break its bond,
A bond that makes us one with each other,
And in the green hills,
At one with nature.
Quartet for the End of Time.

There he was captured,
This man of music.
Now a prisoner of war
But music was within his soul,
On scraps of paper he wrote
He wrote his music.

Music that would haunt my mind.

Music for the only instruments that were there,
There in that prisoner of war camp.
So he wrote for piano, clarinet, violin and 'cello.

Wrote a piece that moves me.

The music was finished
And there in the camp, in the rain,
The four musicians played,
Played the music on their decrepit instruments.
The prisoners and guards watched,
Watched with rapt attention,
And rapt comprehension,
As the end of time sank into their souls.

And still sinks into mine.

Such a meaningful piece of music
That moves me every time.
Every time I hear it,
And every time I hear it

It enters my soul.
Impossible Tamed.

A problem arises
And you say to yourself,
"That is impossible!"
But surely the word itself
Tells you it is not so,
Impossible says it,
Says I'm possible.
I was walking by My River,
There ahead of me sat a man,
A man of very many years.
He was looking at My River
A smile on his face,
With happiness showing all over.
I greeted him with a smile
And sat down beside him.
He started to talk to me,
He told me that as he sat there
The River flowing slowly past him
And His Life flowed before him.
A life full of love,
Love of wife and family.
The music in his life never stopped,
It was always there.
The wonder of nature,
Never ceased to amaze him.
He looked at me
And told me he had always been happy,
Happy with his life,
Now nearing its end.
I got up and started to walk away
And I looked back,
But he had gone.
Then I realised
That that man,
Will be me.
Garden Love.

My lover and I sat in the garden,
The heat of the day had mellowed
And we sat reading and listening,
Listening to nature's symphony.
Occasionally a bird would make us look up
As they came to join us.
We looked at each other with love,
A love that has lasted so many years.
We just sat there in silence,
Only the occasional word passed our lips,
We were secure in our love for each other,
So words were not always required,
Except perhaps the words,
That I write on this page.
Love to Eternity.

Calliope looks down upon me,
Calling for me to write some words.
Those words can only be of love,
The love of the woman
That came into my life
So many years ago.
That day when we said 'I do'
Meant the world to us,
That world of ours so full of love,
Full of love for each other.
Now as we come to the evening,
The evening of our life
That love we have always had
Grows ever stronger,
And we know that at our end
Our Spirits will be one,
As we go together in love,
For eternity.
Birds Now Fed - FIBS

I
Glance
Outside,
Blackbirds sing
Looking back at me,
As if to say where is our food.
So into the garden I go with fruit and seed,
The bird table is now covered
With both seed and fruit.
The bird winks
At me.
All's
Well
The Cards of Life.

The cards of life are dealt,
We all have a hand which we can play.
Sometimes the cards are low
And cannot win a way ahead,
Others are middle of the road
And you win some hands,
And lose other.
But some have the top cards
And win much more than they lose,
But in the hand I have been dealt,
I have the best of all,
As in my life,
The life I have nearly led,
I have had love,
I have had music,
I have had art,
I have had nature,
And I have found words,
Because the hand I was dealt,
Was full of trumps.
Tablet Trouble.

My wife's tablets are many,
Each day I arrange them
To be taken at the right time,
But why is it when I drop one
I struggle to find it,
As it is always the one,
That matches the colour of the floor!
Peg's Mini.

Down to the shop I walk
To get the daily paper,
In the shop I see Peg,
A near neighbour,
With whom I'm acquainted.
We chat as we pass,
But today we walk up the road together.
She is a lady of many years
But always good to talk to.
As we pass my neighbour's house
His immaculate old mini is in the drive.
"I remember them" she said,
"The mini is a very special car to me,
Because when I was young
I can remember being in one
With my boyfriend,
And my legs hanging out the windows!"
Chet Lives in Me.

His sound is with me,
That genius of cool jazz,
Now in his heaven,
Weaving his spell in my soul,
But playing for the Angels.
I picked up the book,
A friend said it was good.
It was not the type of book
That I would normally read,
But this book got me hooked.
I laughed,
I cried,
As I read the pages.
It was so good
That I had to slow down,
I didn't want it to end,
I didn't want to finish,
This wonderful book.
A Gesture Against Time.

Time is always with us.
In enjoying life, time flies.
In sad times, time drags.
When we look back
The times that we had
Were always good,
And as we look at them
We let them dwell with us,
As a gesture against time.
Unbearable Bearable.

Many things in our life cause us sorrow,
But in many of these a lighter side can be seen.
So why not look for that light side,
And just laugh at it.
As humour is a great healer,
It can make the unbearable,
Bearable.
Wheeled Freedom.

A new-found freedom was with us,
My love and I could go to more places.
So on that first day we went to the lake.
We looked over the water
That shone like a mirror.
The sun so bright in the sky,
The sky so clear and blue
Except for the streaks of white,
That were painted in it heights.
The green of the trees around us,
Nature at its brand-new ripeness
Surrounded us as we stared,
Stared at the beauty so much missed
In the time of struggle,
Where my lover could not reach this place.
We were now set free
As she sat in her wheelchair,
Delight written all over her,
So relaxed once more,
Now that she, and I,
Were at one with nature.
The Office?
Oh yes, I used to work in an office.
Work? Work?
I remember work,
It was that thing I used to do
To earn some pennies,
But that is long past.
Retirement called,
And now I am so grateful
For all you who work in an office,
And pay your taxes,
Which pay for my pension.
Yes I am so grateful.
Ragtime Trovatore.

The smile came early in the morning.
Listening to the radio,
Reading poetry,
When this tune came over the air.
I knew that tune,
But not played like that.
It is from an opera,
An opera I know so well,
Just excerpts from it.
There is the Anvil Chorus,
It is Il Trovatore,
An opera I know so well
But I have never heard it
Played like this.
I had to smile,
As they played the opera,
In Ragtime!
Coffee Meetings

We sat drinking our coffee
When they came in,
Came in by twos.
The first two sat at a table,
A few minutes later two more joined them.
They shook hands,
Greeted each other with pleasantries,
These men of business.
All in suits,
Only two with ties.
They stood and chatted
When they were joined by two more,
Both in suits and ties.
They sat at a table
And started their discussion,
The first item on the agenda,
Was the most serious of the meeting,
Which coffee would each want!
Lost Decade.

He had a drinking problem,
But it became resolved,
And he became reformed,
A reformed alcoholic.
He told his story to me.

"I lost a whole decade
Lost it to cheap whisky.
But luck was with me
As the decade I lost
Was the nineteen-eighties."
Tilly.

Into the world she arrives,
This wonderful world of love
That her parents will give to her.
May all her aims be reached,
May all her dreams be fulfilled,
And may the love that surrounds her,
Show her the wonder
That she will have in her life.
The Blue Canvas.

I look up and see a pale blue canvas,
Just waiting for nature’s brush
To paint a picture.
High, high above a white line
Is slowly stroked in the blue,
So slowly, as the picture builds
And that one brushstroke widens,
As time passes so slowly.
There to the side the canvas is paler blue,
The dusting of cloud painting the sky
With such a gentle touch,
That the colour is almost invisible.
Nature’s canvas,
Showing the beauty
Of a pale blue joyfulness.
Life Stopped.

Sometimes in life
There is a solid wall before you,
It is stopping you moving on.
That wall may be in front of you
But all you need to do is look back,
And go out through the open door
From where you entered,
And walk on another path
To where your life moves forward.
From House to Home.

The house is there,
The house where a new beginning starts.
The furniture arrives
And is distributed around the rooms,
It takes time, but the house is yours.
Once the furniture is in place
And the family sit together, relaxed
The house changes into something special.
It is no longer a house,
It is your home,
And a home is filled with love and laughter,
And as in all things,
That love must come first
Three Score Years and Ten

Well that time has come,
All your life you have worked,
Worked through to retirement.
That day when your life's work
Had now gone.
For five years the easy life was yours,
But no, there was still work to be done.
During this time love has been there,
Love of your wife,
Love of your children,
Love of friends.
But now another milestone is reached
As the three score years and ten has come,
A time to once more reflect,
Reflect on your life
And look back at the good times,
As the good times
Always outweigh the bad.

Reflect on your long life
And look to the future
In hope, in joy and in love,
Always in love.
The time has come again,
That time of the year
When the fledglings have fledged.
They come into the garden
With beaks open wide,
And parents filling them
With food from the table,
That table that is filled
With food for them to eat.
It is a wonderful sight to see new life
Flying into their future,
Strong and healthy.
It so wonderful to watch them,
Knowing that we have played our part,
Providing food for them to eat,
To allow them to fly,
Into natures wonderful future.
China Beware.

Once more she is off,
Travelling the world,
This young lady of adventure,
Fearless as she goes through her life.
A forthright lady who suffers fools
Not at all,
But whose trust is paramount
To all around her.
Into the unknown she now ventures
Firm in the knowledge
That all will be wonderful
In this new old country.
A country of both ancient
And modern times,
To where she will teach the young
And lead them into a broader life.

A young lady of whom I am proud,
No, extremely proud
As she ventures forth.
All I can give her
Is my profound respect,
And all my love,
As her Grandfather.
The Moon of Peace.

The bright summer evening draws on,
The vivid blue of the sky slowly darkening.
I look up and there in all its glory, the moon
Shining with an almost orange glow.
Its glory shining down on me,
Showing the wonder of the Universe
And bringing peace and happiness
Into my wondrous life.
The Man in Black

He sat on his stool,
Guitar in hand,
Dressed in black.
This man who had so much
To tell us;
But was misunderstood
By many.

He Walked the Line
Straight to Folsom Prison,
But escaped and found himself
Surrounded by a Ring of Fire;
Until those Ghost Riders in the Sky
Pulled him back to Jackson
Where his love for June,
Gave him the Peace in the Valley,
That he was seeking.

Starkville City Jail held him overnight;
The crime was picking flowers!
But when released he drove away
In the car he had built One Piece at a Time.
This Boy Named Sue
Drove into San Quentin,
Where the inmates showed him
A Sea of Heartbreak,
And that he wasn't a Wanted Man.

The Bitter Tears that were shed
Over the Vanishing race;
But will survive
As Long as the Grass Shall Grow,
And Drums will beat out to banish
Apache Tears.

This man, dressed in black
To remind all those in their lightening cars
And fancy clothes
Of the others that were held back.

At the end he walked the Streets of Laredo
Picking up a Tear Stained Letter.
He was Hurt, but did not see Sam Hall
Singing Danny Boy.
As he walked the Bridge Over Those Troubled Waters
To Give That Letter to Rose
He Hung His Head, as In his Life
He was such a Desperado.
But He had his Own Personal Jesus.
Without June he was
So Lonesome that He Could Cry.
The First Time Ever he Saw Her Face
The Man Came Around and knew,
That they would Meet Again.
New Days.

Each day we are blessed,
Blessed with a new day.
Yesterday has gone
and whatever happened,
has now gone passed.
Go into the new day,
Knowing that this new day
Will bring new opportunities,
Grab them with both hands.
As with each new day
The start to a new life
Is waiting for you,
Reach out into those new days.
Want or Need

Going through life we see them,
They are all around us,
Tempting us.
They look so wonderful,
We must have them.
But why must we have them,
Must we have them because we want them,
Or must we have them because we need them.
You must always have the ability to choose,
To choose what we need,
Not what we want, but not need.
Need is necessary,
Want is greedy.
Childhood Innocence.

I hear the voice,  
A smile comes to my mind.  
The sound of innocence,  
So wonderful to be heard.  
I look over the fence  
And see him,  
He looks at me, unsure,  
This new man to him.  
Each day he sees me it gets better,  
I wave,  
He waves,  
There is almost a smile.  
But it is the sound of young life  
That gives me so much joy,  
The wonder in his sound  
When he finds something new,  
To intrigue his learning mind.  
The innocence of childhood  
Is so wonderful.  
If only it could go on forever  
The world in which we live  
Would be such a better place.
This Old Codger.

The path of my life has been long,
I look back as I sweep majestically
Into old age.
This old codger has had a good life,
And what is more
He is still here,
There is still much to do
To forego that life now.
There are the books I need to read,
You know that list of them
That gets ever longer.
There is music to listen to,
I have heard most of it before
But good music needs hearing,
Again and again.
There are words to write,
Like these ones going onto this page.

So be warned all
As the seven zero of my life approaches
I will be here,
Reading books,
Listening to music,
Writing words.
When that final day on earth comes
I will still be here,
As My Spirit will never cease to exist,
Going on to infinity,
And beyond.
Pre-Technology.

Before the Service started
The problems came first,
There was no projectionist!
How could we sing the hymns?
How could we read the words?
The problem was vast!
But the thought crossed my mind
How on earth did we have Services
Before the Advent of technology.

The Service started
And there on the screen
Was the Service,
Well some of it!
The words were so small
Many could not read them.
A hymn started,
The organist played,
And the Choir joined in,
The congregation,
Those who could read the words,
Joined in.
Verse one was fine,
Then verse two was sung,
Followed by verse three
Then verse four,
No, where was verse four?
It had become verse five
For no reason.
The organist was confused,
The Choir was confused,
All went quiet.
The Service continued,
The address was given,
The screen showed pictures.
Death by Powerpoint once more,
But so small it could hardly be seen.
Then a statement was made,
We should get youngsters into nature
And away from their screens.
This hit home to me,
As this Service was led by the screen!
So again it came to me,
How on earth did we have Services,
Before the Advent of technology!

Another hymn was sung,
The first and second verse,
Followed by the Chorus.
The third verse was sung,
Then a picture came on the screen,
Not the words to the Chorus!
In the Choir I sang out loud,
The Choir followed.
We sang the Chorus,
The fourth verse,
And the final Chorus.
As we were all old fashioned,
WE had Hymn BOOKS!
How on earth did we have Services,
Before the Advent of technology?
Calliope looks down upon me,
Her eyes searching my heart
For words to put on this page.
Every morning I see her
And feel her presence within me.
I sit before the page
And the words flow,
They turn towards love
The strongest of all emotions.
I think of the love of my life
And the years of passion
That have been with us,
So many years in love,
That love is so strong,
And gets stronger each day.
But each day I know
That I am losing her,
As her mind is being closed
Closed into her bubble,
Her bubble of dementia.
I can penetrate that bubble
And our love shines through,
But that bubble may soon close,
My love for her will stay strong,
But will she know.
Shrinking World

We sat around the table
Drinking our coffee,
Chatting,
Looking at photos'
When our daughter spotted one.
She said to our Granddaughter,
"Is that at the French Restaurant,
The one in Birmingham,
That you went to last week?"
Our Granddaughter said,
"Oh no,
That's the one in Paris".
My wife and I looked on
Astounded,
She had said it as though
Popping out to a restaurant in Paris
Was an everyday happening.
How small the world is,
From when WE were young.
Wondrous Enchantment.

They appear before me,
These works or art
That pull me into their being.
So much to be seen,
So much to be interpreted.
I look and see so many things,
Things that my mind creates
From the colours on the canvas.
The style of the works enthrals me,
Meaningless to some,
But to me they mean so much
As I gaze into their depths
And fall deeper and deeper
Under their spell,
A Question of Life.

Every morning I step into the shower,  
Wash body,  
Wash hair,  
Dry thoroughly.  
I stand in front of the mirror  
Looking at this bedraggled man,  
So I pick up my comb  
And start combing my hair,  
The same way I have been doing it  
For over sixty years.  
Comb most to one side,  
Then the rest to the other side,  
Leaving a parting on the left side.  
But often the thought has struck me,  
One of those deep meaningful thoughts  
That come in life's vagaries,  
I wonder how many times  
The number of hairs,  
On each side of the parting,  
Has been the same,  
As in previous days.  
A mystery that I will never be able to answer,  
But they say that God will know
"That Old boy down the road".
I can remember my Grandad saying it,
I can remember my Mum saying it,
And now even I say it,
But what we always forget
Is that that old boy down the road,
Is younger than us.
Music is Life.

It has been there all my life,
So many different forms.
Has stirred my emotions,
Music can touch my soul,
Creating a euphoria within me.
It can make me cry.
It can make me laugh.
It can make me sad.
It can make me happy.
This media of no words,
Be it classical or folk,
Jazz or country,
Opera or rock.
I listen to them all.
Music is my life,
Comes within me,
It comes from me
As the notes I sing and play
Sail through the ether,
Into eternity.
The question is often asked
"What is your favourite piece?"
To this there is no answer,
Except the one I give,
"The piece of music I am listening to now"
Blocked Aisles.

Into the supermarket I went,
As I do every Saturday morning
To do the weekly shop.
I start my tour up and down the aisles
When I come across them,
Two ladies with large trollies,
Blocking the aisle,
More interested in chatting
Than shopping.
I force my way past them,
But no matter how I tried to avoid them
They always seemed to be in my way,
No matter which aisle I went,
They were there
Talking their heads off,
And blocking the aisle.
Shopping completed, eventually,
I went to the checkout,
And the most redeeming feature
Of my trips up and down the aisles,
Was that I got to the checkout before them.
Finding Peace.

All through his life he has been troubled,
Struggled with his temperament,
Flying into rages,
Hitting out at all and sundry.
The fault was within him,
He knew it was wrong,
But no help was found.
So into the depths of despair he sank,
Each day he fell further down,
Further down to the depths,
Until that day
When his soul left his body,
And all was cured.
I stood over his grave and prayed:
"May your death bring you the peace,
The peace that you never found in life"

"May your death bring you the peace you never found in life."
We were sitting chatting,
My Granddaughter and I,
When she asked a question.
"If you were to study again,
Would you still study science?"
What a profound question.
My life started in science,
It was my dream at school,
I wanted nothing else
And a scientist I became.
It served me well
For many years,
And was the foundation
On which my life was built.
Looking back now
From my elder years
My life has changed.

Although music has been with me
As the years went by,
Music became more meaningful.
Then I found art,
The appreciation of wonderful works
Assailed my soul.
The final change came to me
Late on in my existence,
As I found I could write words,
Words on a page,
These words became so important.
My life was filled
With music,
With art,
With words,
And always with love.
So would I study science again?
Surely the answer would be no
As the arts of the world
Now held such a strong hold
Over my life.
Lifes Tanka.

To life we arrive,
Learning the wonder of all,
Life's experience
Showing us the path we need,
Towards our eternity.
Amazing World.

From my hill I look around,
The glory of nature surrounds me.
The shades of green in infinite numbers,
The dark green and brown of the woods,
Enchanting in the secrets within them.
Yellows are seen as the crops ripen,
White spots are everywhere
As sheep browse the fields.
The blue of the sky
So wide and wonderful,
Enhanced by the gold of the sun
As it brings life,
Brings life to my world,
My amazing world.
Problems.

As we go through our lives
We come across them,
Come across problems,
But each of them can be solved.
If it is a problem
That does not affect you,
Accept it.
If it is a problem
That can be changed,
Change it.
If it is a problem
That cannot be changed,
Leave it,
Leave it and move on,
Move on in your life.
The telephone rang,
I answered it.
The voice said
"Hello Andy, it's Caroline here".
She is one of the choir members
Who I know a little.
She asked the oddest question,
"Do you know any bagpipe players?"
What a strange question to ask me!
Yes, I love music, always have,
But the thing about bagpipes
Is I like to hear them play "Far Away";
And the further away, the better!

*It is said that the Irish invented the bagpipes and gave them to the Scots but the Scots have not seen the joke yet.*
It is so strange,
I feel so relaxed, but I feel so sad.
My loved one is away from me,
She is away for a week,
That week is to help me,
Help me recover from the hell,
The hell of her dementia.
I am living two lives,
Hers and mine.
Hers because she cannot,
Cannot do the things,
The things she always could,
I have to do them.
Each day it gets worse
But this week I am alone,
Alone to recover and not worry,
Not worry about her.
She is safe and cared for
By caring staff in the home.
It is only a week,
But I can live just my life,
Do what I want to do,
Even if it is nothing.
Cat Wars.

There is a new boy in town,
The boss is put out,
As the new boy wants to take over.
But the boss is having none of it,
So they fight and scream and yell,
The battle of the cats is now on;
Or it could be,
That Orchi has found my home
And he is singing
Beneath my window?
Kneading Emotions.

In goes the flour,
Into the bowl,
Followed by the yeast and salt.
The warm water is measured
And Olive Oil added to it,
Virgin Olive Oil of course,
The water is slowly poured
Into the well of flour,
Then mixed and mixed
Until it all binds together.
The pastry is put onto a board
Then kneaded,
Punched and kneaded
As lifes frustrations
Are taken out on the dough,
Harder and harder it is pushed
Until all those frustrations have gone.
It is time to relax,
The dough is left,
And as it sits in the warm
Life comes back from its beating,
As it grows into its new life.
The new life is then put back on the board
And kneaded one more,
But this time so gently
And the love is put into it,
Calmly, joyfully, the best of emotions
Are mixed with the dough,
Then left once more.
The love creates life in the dough
As it rises once more,
Until that time it is ready,
Ready to cook to a golden brown.
This bread is at last before you,
So deliciously full of love
It creates joy in the heart,
As the love it has,
Is absorbed by your soul.
Fitness Holiday.

There it was in the newspaper,
A headline that said,
"Could you handle a fitness holiday?"
Why should I?
A holiday is for relaxing,
Strolling gently amongst the green hills,
By cooling streams,
Or paddling the breaking waves,
The waves on the sandy beach.
I do not want to lose breath
As exercises cause muscle pain.
I want to sit by the pool,
Watching others swimming,
Just sit there,
With something wet and cool to hand.
I don't want to run in circles
Getting more and more tired.
I want to walk gently through wooded glades,
Sharing natures peaceful world.
"Could you handle a fitness holiday"
No, not with all the stress
That it would bring to my soul,
Relaxing is the way to go,
The way to go on holiday.
This Day - Haiku.

I wake with the dawn,
The sun shining in my life,
This wonderful day.
Still Flight.

Sitting in the garden,
The evening light around me
I look up and see a bird
So high in the sky,
Wings outstretched
Just hanging in the air,
Sailing ever upwards,
Without a wingbeat
To break the stillness of it flight.
Up and up it sailed,
Until it disappeared from sight.
I was left in wonder
At the calm and joy
Of its silent, still beauty.
The Man in the Way.

Into the supermarket I went,
To do the weekly shop,
And he was there, that man,
That man that was always in the way.
Wherever he went
He was in the way,
He was in the way of everybody!
It was not a good day,
As that man in the way,
Was me!
The Old Man in the Pub.

Every evening I would walk down the road,  
Walk into my local,  
The Landlord would greet me.  
"Evening Fred, a pint?"  
Without really asking  
The pint would be on the bar  
By my seat,  
My seat in the corner.  
I sat there and watched,  
As I have been for many years.  
They all know me,  
All greet me with a smile,  
And a 'Good evening Fred'.  
Some come and chat  
And pass the time of day,  
Some we talk for hours,  
Putting the world to right,  
Many days I just sit and look,  
Look at the folks in the pub.  
Some playing darts,  
Some playing cards,  
But all with good grace,  
And a smile on their face.  
Many I have seen grow  
From young people,  
Into grown up women and men.  
Each has come to know me,  
The old man in the corner,  
With his pint,  
His wisdom,  
And his wit.  
But many do not know  
As I finish my last pint
And walk out of the door,
I go home to my house,
The house where my lover lived,
But is there no longer.
Taken from me
So many years ago,
But every evening
That first pint in the pub,
I think of her,
And know that I will be with her,
Sooner rather than later.
Finding Freedom.

We get them many times,
Those times where we are trapped.
Cannot move,
Cannot escape.
Until we lay asleep
And fall into our dreams,
As in our dreams,
We find freedom.
The Ayes (Eyes) Have It.

The challenge was set,
Hoping to show them all, and
Ensuring that confusion reigned.

As the thoughts flowed, the
Yelling started within my
Ever confused mind,
Stopping my thoughts.

(Bracketing my thoughts,

Even though I could write words,
Yet today it seemed impossible,
Enduring confusion of thinking
Seemed to be the way.

Did not seem to help).

However, the moment
 Appeared in my soul that
 Vectored my brain into gear,
 Even proved that I could write these words

In that way this acrostic appeared,
To show the challenge could be done.
Endeavour Imagination.

Each day we try,
Try to achieve our goals,
Our goals of life.
Sometimes they are easy,
Sometimes they are hard,
And we believe that
We have reached our limit.
But what we must realise
Is there is only one limit,
One limit to human endeavour,
And that is the limit,
The limit of our imagination.
Minutes Cynicu

Meetings attended,
Minutes are always taken,
But hours are wasted.
Coffee Rapper.

Into the Coffee House we went,
Sat my loved one at the table,
I went to get the coffee.
The young man served me
With his usual smile and politeness,
As we chatted he asked about my day,
I said that I was doing poetry in the afternoon,
I write poetry he said,
And it is on the computer.
I asked for the details.

I found his site
Rapping at me,
His voice with a beat
So great to see.
He danced and he sang
With kind words of love,
Of love for the child
That came from above.

He sang and he danced
Bringing joy to my mind.
His words and his song
So wonderfully kind.
His ended his rap
With a smile very wide.
Almost as wide
As the one in my mind.
All is Well.

I walk beside My river,
The slow deep green of its water
Flows by my side in harmony,
In harmony with my thoughts.
Those thoughts get deeper
The further I walk into the countryside,
Until I am lost in a world of nature,
Where all is well
And the troubles in my life disappear.
A swan sails by my side
His eyes looking at me,
Understanding my thinking.
We move together,
Our minds locked in natures wonder.
He leaves me and slides calmly off
Into his world,
Leaving me with mine.
My River flows ahead of me,
My Spirit flowing with it.
I know that My River
And My Spirit
Will go on to eternity.
So, in spite of my troubles,
I know that all is well,
All is well in My World.
Pure Bliss.

Pure bliss,
Sitting in the coolest part of the house
Away from the increasingly hot summer,
Coffee by my side,
Loved one beside me,
Bach playing gently,
Wafting his wondrous tones
Into our souls.
Sitting there reading,
Reading a good book,
Pure bliss.

Good coffee.
Good woman.
Good music.
Good book.
Pure bliss.
Live Now

We go through our lives
Experiencing each day,
That experience adding to our knowledge,
Knowledge of our lives.
Those experiences become part of us,
They can never be taught.

As we get older we look back,
Look back at what has been.
As age increases we look forward,
Look forward to what might be.

Remember though where we live,
We live in the now.
Now is the most important time,
The most important time in our lives.
So live in the now,
Now will never come again.
Speed.

They race down the road
On their steed made of steel,
Straight through their hair
The wind they do feel.

Going faster and faster
On the road from their past,
Flying further away
From that which had passed.

Into the future of their new life,
Speeding away on their mighty bike,
Going quickly to their wherever,
To their wherever, wherever they like.
Into My Soul.

What an absolute treat,
My loved one sitting opposite me
As we ate our dinner.
Kathleen singing for us on the player,
An absolute joy.
Then came a song,
A song I had heard many times,
But this time the fork stopped
And I was in absolute awe.
How could a voice sing like that?
Absolute perfection.
Absolute emotion.
I could do nothing but listen,
Listen in absolute wonder
At this song.
The sound penetrating my heart,
Reaching my soul.
The tears started to run,
Run down my face,
As her sound enraptured me.
It always has,
And always will,
But tonight it seemed different,
It spoke so powerfully to me.
My world had stopped in those moments,
As Kathleen came into my soul.
The Remains of the Day.

My day started so long ago.
Into this day I was born
From loving parents.
They showed me the way,
The way the day should progress.
Each second of the day
Gave me more to learn,
And learn I did,
Through school and college
Into my working life.
Those seconds turned into minutes
As my work carried me though
The morning and afternoon.
My lover joined me at lunchtime
And we carried on together,
Through the afternoon
Into the early evening and beyond.
Now in the late evening,
I wonder what will happen,
With the remains of the day.
Human.

We go through life doing our best,
Overcoming obstacles before us.
We all make mistakes,
Most mistakes are overcome.
We make those mistakes
Because we are human.
Maybe the word human
Is the word,
The word that best explains us,
Explains what we are,
And why we make mistakes.
The Plan.

We were sat drinking our coffee,
Chatting quite lovingly
With humour and fun.
My wife said
"Do we need anything?"
"Yes" I said, "We need bird food".
And therein lay the problem.
My wife was in a wheelchair,
The bird food needed a trolley,
I couldn't do both together,
So the plan was given.
Joyce from coffee to car,
Me from car to shop,
Collect trolley,
Bird food into trolley,
Trolley to checkout,
Pay for bird food,
Trolley to car,
Unload bird food
Onto back seat,
Boot was full of wheelchair,
Trolley back to shop,
Me to car,
Car to home,
Simples.
To Shake or Not to Shake

So the England team have been stopped,
Been stopped from shaking hands,
It is too dangerous they say.
Surely the fist pump is dangerous,
A fist is a sign of aggression.
An open hand a sign of peace,
A sign of no hidden weapons.
What has happened to politeness?
Mind you I am not surprised,
After all it is football,
And I don't expect politeness,
In this hooligan's game.

Rugby ? a game for hooligans played by gentlemen.
Football ? a game for gentlemen played by hooligans.
The path of your life lies ahead of you,
As you walk along it you may stumble.
Others come to your aid
And walk with you for a while,
They leave and once more you are alone,
Walking the path to your future.

Ahead you see others stumble
And you help them rise,
And walk with them into their future
Until you have to leave,
And move onto a different path.

Along every path you travel
Others may join you,
Or you may join others on their path,
But the path you walk is your path,
And nobody can walk it for you.

"It's your road, and yours alone, others may walk it with you, but no one can walk it for you." Rumi
Caving Together.

Where were they?
They went into the cave
But did not come out!
A search was started
Among the treacherous rocks
And streams within the cave.
For days there was no sign,
Until that day when they were found
In the most difficult place imaginable,
Sitting on a rock,
With water around them.

The call went out,
And from all over the world
The experts came,
Came to try and save the boys.
The world watched on,
Watched on in admiration,
Watched on in anticipation.

Save them they did
Risking their own lives,
One of which was lost,
To bring the boys to safety,
And to safety they came
Thanks to the skill and bravery
Of the experts of the world
Coming together to help,

The world can be wonderful,
When people work together.
That Will Be Me.

In the coffee house I went,
Sat down with my coffee,
Got my book out
And started reading.
I looked up and saw him,
Saw this old man sitting,
Sitting in the corner
Drinking his coffee,
Reading a book.
I read some more of my book,
Drank some coffee,
And looked up once more.
There looking at me
Was that old man.
I nodded and smiled
He did the same.
That was when I knew,
I knew who that old man was,
That old man will be me.
No Flying Tonight.

It was a beautiful summers evening,
The heat of the day had cooled,
So my lover and I sat in the garden,
Sat together,
Our love needing no words.
The swifts raced above us
High in the blue sky,
The blackbirds enthralling us
Enthralling us with their songs.
Beside me was my scotch,
Malt, of course,
I picked it up
And there in it
Was an interloper,
A fly was drinking it!
I wasn't having this
So I hooked it out,
And onto the floor he went.
Not having a clue which way to go
He crashed into the wall,
Fell down a hole in the ground
Tried to fly out but couldn't.
I thought serves you right,
I can't fly either,
After I've had a scotch or three.
Symbols for Words.

I looked round in the coffee house
And there they were,
All ignoring each other.
At the first table
Sat a lady with her laptop,
Typing her life away in rhythm.
At the next table were two ladies,
They too were on laptops,
Not speaking to each other
Just tapping away.
There was another laptop lady
Sitting on the next table,
And then two more tables
Both with men tapping their ‘phones.
The last table had us sitting there,
Talking and laughing,
Enjoyment to the fore.
Nobody else was talking to each other
Like we were.
Are we just old fashioned,
And use spoken words to talk,
Instead of symbols.
Preying in the Choir.

He stands in the Choir
With his voice so loud,
Thinks he can sing bass
but he hasn't a clue,
He sings the tune,
Wouldn't know a bass note
If it bit him on the bum.
If it's a song he doesn't like
He doesn't sing at all,
That's when the Choir sounds better!
He only thinks of himself,
No care for others,
So thick skinned
That he cannot be hurt,
But can use his emotion
To pull others down
So they feel sorry for him.
It is all a farce
To make himself accepted,
But most now know
That he is only after something,
Something, anything,
For his own satisfaction.
Has no feeling for the choir,
But needs to fuel his greed,
And prey upon others.
Escape.

Each day, as we go through life
We may enter a room,
A room where there is no escape.
No matter how we search
We appear to be trapped in a box,
But that box which we are in
Can always be surmounted.
As all we need to do
Is think outside the box,
And an escape from reality awaits us.
Unbroken Love.

Up the stairs I go,
Her cup of tea in my hand.
I see her sitting up in bed,
My lover, looking out of the window,
Completely at ease with the world,
With the world in which she abides.
I look at her with a love so deep
That gets stronger each day.
I walk into the room,
She looks round startled,
Startled from her thoughts.
A smile creases her face
As she looks at me,
And our world of love is complete,
Knowing that our love is so strong,
And will never be broken.
Perfection Failed.

In this life we look for it,  
Look for perfection.  
Strive as we might,  
It is always out of our grasp.  
What we need to realise  
That perfection is impossible,  
And if we ever reached it  
For what would we strive?  
Our lives would be meaningless,  
We would have nothing for which to aim.  
So instead of striving for perfection  
Be satisfied with the good,  
The good in your life,  
The good in your life that can be reached.
Nature's Canvas of Majesty

Looking up to the sky in the early evening light
Nature's palette revealed its wondrous glory,
The canvas of blue streaked with bubbles of grey
Surrounded by fluff balls of pink,
Merging into patterns of orange, yellow and red,
Filling my soul with the glory of nature's wonder,
Painted with the brush strokes of its glorious majesty.
Threshold of Your Mind.

In our lives we have teachers
Who invite you in
To the house of their wisdom,
There you can learn what they know.
But in this world,
There are other teachers,
Teachers who are so wise
Who do not invite you into their house,
But they lead to the place
That is the threshold,
The threshold of your mind.
The Car of My Dreams.

There it sits in front of me,
My Aston Martin,
The Vanquish of course,
The car of my dreams.
It is mine!
I have one!
I slide into it,
Its opulent comfort.
The engine roars
With a deep growl
As start it.
Off I go
Into my travels,
At speeds unknown
Into this rapid world,
Leaving all behind me.
Then I hear a noise,
Somebody is talking,
"Wake up! Wake up!"
Then I realise,
It is still the car of my dreams.
The barge sits there
Waiting for us to board,
The ropes are freed,
And so are we as we move,
Move gently down the canal.
The engine throbbing gently
Moving us past Natures canvas
Painted all around us.
At the side of the water
The birdlife looks at us
In their serene way.
Further and further we glide,
The peace only interrupted
By the soft throb of the engine,
And the wonder of Nature' Symphony.
We glide to a stop for the night,
Sitting on the deck in the evening light
Peace reigns,
Except for the song of the birds.
As darkness encroaches
The birds stop singing,
Silence surrounds us.
Into a dream filled sleep we sail
Until we awake refreshed,
Ready to continue our journey,
The journey of life,
At four miles an hour.
Each day is changing,
Each day she gets worse.
What helped her yesterday,
Does not help today.
I do everything for her,
But she is just not aware,
Not aware of what I am doing,
Not aware of the pain in my heart
As she moves further from me
And into her own world,
That world called dementia.
The system tries to help
But it cannot see the pain
That is dragging me down,
And dragging me away from my life.
Each day I have to give more for her,
And each day, I have less for me.
And each day I am grateful,
Grateful to be able to write,
To write these words,
These word on this page.
Time; 
Chasing us throughout our lives; 
It is always with us!
The need to get things done, 
On time! 
Must be on time! 
Need to get there! 
Quick! 
Must run! 
Got to go! 
To where? 
And why? 
Never enough time! 
Time is moving on! 
Must catch up! 
Time; the predator.

Looking back on my life, towards the end of my span on this world, 
I look upon time from a different point of view. 
Those moments in my life where time doesn't exist. 
That first kiss as a boy with my first girlfriend, 
So innocent and so cherished, where did that moment go? 
It still seems but a moment since I met my love, 
Still with me after so many joyful years, still together 
Enjoying our time with each other, no need to rush now, 
Tomorrow will do; or the day after. 
The time spent strolling along My River, 
No haste, time to get to know myself. 
Time with our children and grandchildren, 
So valuable, give them my time, 
I have plenty to spare, for the important things, 
Time will end for me before long 
But it is a long way off.
Time is an experience to be cherished.

Time; my companion.
Who Could Ask For More.

Down the stairs at dawn's early light,
Turned on the radio,
And the music of Smetana caused me to stop
As the Vltava sailed into my ears.
The River leading me majestically into my new day,
Who could ask for more.

I turned on the computer,
And there before me sat a stunning view,
A view of waves crashing onto the beach.
So there I was stunned,
The music of the River flowing,
Into the picture of the Sea,
Who could ask for more.
Failing Faith.

There I was, sitting on my cloud
God floated by and looked at me
"You look bloody miserable!" He said
He pulled up a cloud and sat next to me
"What's the trouble?" he asked
"You are!" I replied
"Now what have I done?"
"You have taken my lover from me!"
"What do you mean by that?"
"Well her mind is closing.
She is not the person I knew"
"What do you mean by that" he asked
"Well all her life she has worshipped you
Sang your praises.
And what to you do?
You take her voice from her!"
"It was only to protect her" He said
"She could have lost her voice completely!"
"It may well be that way, but singing was her life!"
"She has other things; she has you!"
"But you are even taking that from her!
Her mind is closing into a dementia world
Which is starting to keep me out" I replied
"What has she done to deserve that"
"She is still with you in body" he uttered
"Yes she may well be
But she can hardly walk
I have to take her in a wheelchair now"
"At least you are fit enough to help her" he replied
"But what if I am not, what happens then?"
"There are people who will help her"
"I vowed 'In sickness and in health' in front of you
Are my vows not sacred to you?"
"Of course they are, as they are to you" he said
"So why are you punishing her
Or are you punishing me!!"
"No I a not punishing you
It is a test, to see how strong you are"
"Why are you testing me?
It seems like a punishment"
God got up from his cloud and started to drift away
He looked back and said
"You will see, you will see"
Playing with Clouds.

It could be a tiger moth,
It could be a Wellington
Hurricane or Spitfire.
Seventy-six different 'planes
SHE flew during the war,
This lady of the air.
Her life in the air was wonderful,
"In the air you are on your own
and when I was up there
I could play with the clouds".

Now you are free to fly forever
As your Spirit will be above us,
Flying through the ether,
In joy and wonderment
And in absolute freedom.

*Being an ATA pilot was fantastic,* Mary Ellis recalled.
"*Up in the air on your own. And you can do whatever you like. I flew 400 Spitfires. And occasionally I would take one up and go and play with the clouds.*

*I would like to do it all over again. There was a war on but otherwise it was absolutely wonderful.*"
Ultimate Chastisement.

Walking down the street I passed them,
A mother and her child.
They were arguing,
The child had misbehaved.
The further I walked from them
The louder the voices became,
Until at last the final threat came.
That severest of all chastisement
That a mother can give to her child,
"THAT'S IT! The mother screamed,
"WHEN WE GET HOME
YOU WILL NOT PLAY ON YOUR X-BOX!!"
The girl was in floods of tears,
The agony was etched on her face,
The X-box had been withdrawn,
Life could get no worse,
No worse for the young child,
The ultimate chastisement had been issued.
Intelligent Conversation.

We sit together, our love shining from us,
We talk,
She says something,
We talk about it,
Then she repeats it
As though we had never spoken of it.
I repeat my reply
That she has not remembered.
I say something,
We discuss it,
I mention it again
But she says that I hadn't told her.
This scenario continues,
Continues throughout the day.
We are talking about one thing,
The context changes,
She talks of something else.
We move on,
And she goes back
To that which we were talking about,
Or she goes back in her life,
Talking of things she said happened,
But did not.

My days are filled with this,
So that when I meet friends,
Or family,
Or acquaintances,
And I can have intelligent conversations
It means so much to me,
It means so much
To talk to people who understand,
Who remember the subject,
And have sound opinions,
No matter what the subject.

My life, surrounded by my wife's dementia,
Is so hard,
And the thing that I am realising
That I miss the most,
Is intelligent conversation.

But I still love her.
Hearing The Lone Ranger.

Can you do it?
I can't.
I hear it being played,
The William Tell Overture,
Rossini's famous work,
And all I see is The Lone Ranger
Sitting on his white horse
Riding the range,
Or on top of the cliff,
Silver, with front legs in the air,
And The Lone Ranger on his back
Shouting "Hi Ho Silver!"
If you cannot see this
What sort of person are you?
How can you hear that Overture
And not visualise The Lone Ranger?

"An intellectual snob is someone who can listen to the William Tell Overture and not think of The Lone Ranger."

Dan Rather
Anonymosity

You hear about them quite often
Those people who help people,
Help people with habits,
Help them conquer them.
Alcoholics anonymous is famous
To help the addicts
Of the demon drink.
Then there is Gamblers anonymous
Helping people to keep their money.
Narcotics anonymous tries to stop
To stop people’s lives being ruined,
Ruined by drugs.
But has occurred to me
Whether there is a PA,
Poets Anonymous,
To help stop writing words,
These words that flow from me
So consistently.
Not that it matters,
It does not harm me,
Or others,
Unless poetry
Is just not for them.
Blissful Quiet.

Up just after dawn
The sun shining its peace upon me,
Natures Symphony welcoming me to the morn.
Music from the radio
Complementing nature,
As it does every morning.
The words of friends read
And then the muse struck,
Calliope looking down on me
And the words started to come,
To come on the page.
I was lost in my world,
My world of nature,
My world of music,
My world of words,
I was suddenly pulled out,
Pulled out from my reverie.
A hammer was striking loudly,
Then the sound of a saw
Hiding the sound of nature.
Then the final straw
A road drill started
Drilling holes in the path.
So it had gone,
My blissful time of quiet
Had been eaten,
By the industry in the world.
My Everlasting Friend.

There it was before me,
My Old Friend,
My River.
It had been so long,
So long since we had walked together.
But now I was back,
Looking deep into its depths,
Knowing that My Spirit would be with us
As I walked by its side.
Its surface so smooth
Like a dark green mirror,
Reflecting the trees and the sky,
Reflecting the thoughts within me,
Within my body,
Within my soul.
As I walked the worries fell gently,
Gently into My River,
And it took them away
As it flowed passed me.
The further I walked
The deeper My Spirit became one,
Became one with My River,
Knowing that one day they would combine,
My Spirit and My River would combine,
As we flowed together towards infinity,
Knowing that eternity in peaceful harmony,
Would be waiting for us.
Sometimes when we look back on our lives
We see things that we should not have done,
But that is the experience of life,
Those things from which we learn
And hope not to do again.
If we do it well today,
We cannot change our past,
But we may improve our future
And go forward with the knowledge
That we will have done our best.
Encroachment in Life.

Words and music are my life,
But sometimes my life is interrupted,
When art encroaches upon it.
Captured in Art

The artist sat in the corner,
Painting a new creation,
Around her hung her work.
As soon as I entered her space
I was stopped,
Stopped by a painting,
The detail was so glorious.
I looked at this picture,
Looked in complete admiration.
I walked slowly round the room
Stopping in front of each artwork,
Admiring the skill,
Admiring the wonders in each image.
Then I saw it,
The picture that captured the essence,
The essence of the place where I was.

Walking round the gardens
I saw them,
Saw these trees
That seemed out of place.
I at first wondered,
Wondered why they were there,
Were they there in error?
On entering the Manor
All became clear,
As I walked round I saw,
Saw the beauty of those trees
Framed in the windows,
A combined artwork
Of nature and architecture,
Which said so much to me,
And touched my soul.
There in the gallery I saw it,
Saw the picture,
The picture that captured the essence,
The essence of the place where I was.
An archway was shown
Framing a tree behind it,
The artist had captured the wonder,
The wonder that had touched me,
Touched my soul,
As I walked around Croome.
What is Love?

People ask what is Love?
How can it be tamed?
Love can never be tamed.
Love asks nothing of us
But gives us all,
As Love is not of this world.
Sunday Afternoon.

There was I this Sunday afternoon
Sitting in the coolness of the lounge,
Music was playing for me,
The gentle sound of Morricone.
I picked up my book
And started to read.
The words and the music combined,
Combined in my mind,
Combined in my soul.
My relaxation was complete
As I lost myself in the words on the page,
And the music in air.
The hours flew by in seconds,
Lost in my own world,
Where the troubles of my world
Became invisible in my mind,
As I was lost in music and words.
Cropped Tops

I was around when they were worn,  
Back in the seventies was the time,  
Ladies fashion demanded cropped tops.  
I remember the day well,  
A young lady was running passed me,  
Her cropped top she wore,  
But there was nothing on beneath it.  
So as she run towards me  
Her naked boobs  
Swayed from side to side.  
What a wonderful sight  
A twoderful sight to behold.
To the End and Beyond.

The summit is there above me,
Not much further to go,
I know that this final climb
Will be easy,
The hard part has been done.
I look back and see,
See the high and lows of the path,
The path that I have trod.
Some of the way has been hard,
But each has been overcome.
Some have been easy,
And completed with joy.
Through the journey
Two things have always been with me,
The love in my heart for all
As I met them on the way,
But the most important
Was always with me,
My Spirit never left me,
Never failed me,
Never will fail me.
I look towards the summit
Knowing that there is not far to go,
But knowing that My Spirit
Will be with me to the end,
To the end and beyond,
As we go towards eternity.

I sat with this sheet before me,
Looked up at Calliope
And the words just flowed,
Flowed from where,
From where I do not know.
Wonderful Lady.

We often see her,
In her wheelchair,
Sailing gently to a table,
Her coffee brought to her.
And there she sits
A smile on her face,
Not a care in the world.
She picks up her coffee cup
Has a sip of the drink,
Puts the cup back down.
From her bag she gets her 'phone,
Types a message,
As many do,
We cannot live without our 'phones.
But could we live like her?
Her smile as wide as ever,
With her 'phone,
With her coffee,
Without her legs,
Without her arms,
Could we live like her?
Every morning I walk to the shop,
Two minutes there,
Buy the paper,
Two minutes home,
Five, maybe six minutes,
But
Sometimes it is different.
I could meet Stan
And we have a chat,
It could be his wife, Janice
We stand and talk.
I often meet Peg
Who always asks after my wife.
Maybe Tony is out the front,
And we chat for a while.
It could be Sara.
If it is Tom we talk,
And talk,
And talk.
And that is why the two-minute walk,
Walk to the shop,
Can sometimes
Take over half an hour!
Moments Senryu.

Each moment in time
Is a fleeting one in life,
So treasure them all.
The Lost Words.

You start a new poem with such eager ease,
The words flow like a torrent from your mind.
Then you read the rhyme that has formed,
On the paper in front of you,
And find the text,
Does not show what you meant.

Some words are changed from fresh ideas
That come from a new found river in your mind.
Yes that is better, you think to yourself,
As the page, shows the better sense,
Of the altered words
Read on this newly revised page.

But the words that you dismissively changed,
Garnered from the reservoir of your mind
And substituted for those more apt,
What happened to them?
Is it really that,
There is a place where all the lost words go?
God Only Knows.

There he stood in his pulpit,
Our Church Minister.
Recently back from India,
His place of birth,
His home.
A wonderful man
Pleasant to all,
A fine God-fearing Man.
We got used to his accent,
Difficult at first,
But we learnt.
But when he goes to India
He comes back,
His accent is much stronger,
Only God knows what he is saying!
Awakening Days.

Each day is different,
That is the beauty of our lives.
Today will not be the same as yesterday,
Tomorrow will not be the same as today.
In every day there are differences,
That is what makes life so wonderful
And why I go forward,
Go forward in my life,
Knowing that today
As I awake,
The new day awaits,
Waits for me in its glory,
Waits for me in its wonder.
The Start of the Day.

How can my day get any better?
I rise from my bed,
Come downstairs,
Switch on the radio.
A piano is playing,
Playing Beethoven,
Not just any of his music
But one of his best,
His Pathetique Sonata.
There is nothing pathetic
In this music,
The passion and emotion
Flow through the notes
And fill my soul with glory.
Such an emotive piece
Which started my new day,
With the glory of music.
Apocalypse Now?

How can that happen?
Why should it do that?
In all my many years
That has never happened,
Never happened before.
Looking back through history
It has never been recorded.
Has the apocalypse started
And no one has told me!
Is the end of the world coming?
Is this the end?
Now that the toast I knocked,
Knocked onto the floor,
Landed BUTTER SIDE UP!
"What day is it today?" she asked,  
As she asks many times a day.  
I replied,  
"Today is Friday,  
Which is the day before Saturday,  
Which is the day before Sunday,  
And Sunday,  
Is the day after Saturday,  
Which is the day after Friday,  
And Friday is today"  
She looked at me,  
Her face filled with laughter.  
Laughter the most powerful medicine  
That I could give to my loved one.
O'Reilly's Genius.

O'Reilly walked along the beach,
No thoughts were in his mind,
He tripped upon a golden lamp,
And fell on his behind.

He took the lamp within his hands,
And rubbed it free of sand,
Smoke flowed gently from the spout,
And a genie there did stand.

I'm free my friend from my dark trap,
So may I please help you,
My power is so magical,
That wishes I grant you two.

O'Reilly wondered long and hard,
A wish came to his mind,
A glass of Guiness I would like.
And always full would find.

A glass of the fine dark nectar,
Sat gently in his hand,
He sipped at the wondrous liquor,
Of Eire's most famous brand.

The cool pint he downed so quickly,
But there before his eyes,
The glass refilled before him,
Much to his great surprise.

Every time he drank his pint,
The glass filled once more,
The glass was never empty,
It never became a bore.

The Genie standing there asked him,  
For the second wish to propose,  
O’Reilly thought and pondered,  
Then said another one of those!
Enjoyment for All.

The stage was before us,
The empty stage was before us.
From the back we started singing
And walked in beat to the stage,
Singing a joyful song.
The stage was full.
We burst into another song,
The performance had started.
We sang with gusto,
We sang with joy,
And the songs sailed out
For all to hear,
For all to enjoy.
And enjoy it they did.
We finished the concert
And the audience were on their feet,
Applauding us with vigour.
The smiles on their faces
Matching the smiles on ours.
We had done it!
Performed as well as we could
And the enjoyment seen all around
Was almost tangible.
A concert full of song,
Full of joy,
Full of absolute enjoyment,
Enjoyment for all.
Enlightened (For Unsub)

There he lays in his blackened room,
No light touches him
As his dark thoughts assail his mind,
Taking him down to the abyss of hell.

There he stands in the light of the world,
The darkness avoids him
As his mind is filled with glory,
Taking him up into natures heaven.

The two of them,
Opposite in nature,
But together in words.

His darkened thoughts move into reality
As his mind keeps falling,
Into the darkened chasm,
Which pulls life from him.

His enlightened thoughts move into reality,
His mind keeps rising,
Up into the star filled future,
Instilling more life into him.

The two of them,
Opposite in nature,
But together in words.

The blackness encroaches evermore,
Until his soul enters the ether.
The lightness abounds in him,
Freeing his soul into the ether.
The two souls approach,
And come together as one,
Normality prevails.
This page starts as a blank sheet,
Onto it words are written,
Words that come from my mind,
Words escaping from my soul,
To be released to others
So that they may read
That which is within me.
Words of love come to the page,
Words of wonder transgress each line,
As the page is slowly filled
With my innermost thoughts
Until the page is complete,
And the words sail through the ether,
Towards eternity.
You go through life looking for it,
Looking for that one opening
Where you can move towards success.
Looking for that opportunity,
Looking for a way to move forward.
All you see is a wall before you,
No way to get further into life.
You just need that one opportunity
But there seems to be no way to succeed.

That opportunity can be found,
Because if opportunity does not knock,
All you need to do,
Is build a door in that wall.
Running Late.

Where has the day gone?
What has happed to it?
Why am I late?
Why am I in a hurry?
Confusion in time assails me!
No time to do things!
Nearly half my day has gone!
Why, oh why did it happen?
Why did I lay in?
Until six fifteen this morning!
Speak to One Another

Speak to one another in psalms,
In psalms speak to one another.
Telling the Glory of God's word,
Gods word told in Glory.
That we may listen to the Word,
The Word that God tells us.

Speak to one another in hymns,
Each hymn sung to a tune
To be sung in the Lords Praise,
Giving him the Glory
The Glory that he shows us,
As our hymns rise to heaven.

Speak to one another in Spiritual songs
So that the glory of the Lord
Is shown to us all,
The words and the music
Reaching each other,
As we offer God's Praises.

Speak to one another,
With Psalms,
With Hymns,
With Spiritual songs,
Showing us all,
The wonder of The Lord.

*Speak to one another with psalms, hymns and songs from the Spirit.*  - Ephesians 5:19
Miserable Man.

Sitting at his table,
Waiting for his coffee.
Such a miserable expression,
A miserable expression
On his face.
His wife returned,
Coffees on a tray.
His expression did not change,
He still had a miserable expression,
A miserable expression,
On his face.
As our lives move forward in modern times
Machines are beginning to rule our lives.
The further we go forward
The more the computers aid us,
To make our lives progress faster.
But why do we need to move faster?
Surely life is there to be enjoyed.
We are getting led into a life of haste,
But do we have more time to ourselves?
No that does not happen,
We apparently need to be rushing elsewhere,
To where the machines take us.
What we need to realise
Is that the one thing
That machines cannot achieve, is compassion,
And that is the one thing
That will keep man ahead of the machines.
If man will only slow down
And think once more,
Think once more for themselves,
And bring that compassion to the world.
Abstract. For Michael Edwards.

Once more my mind is opened,
Opened by the image before me.
What is it that calls to me,
This splash of colours
Seemingly thrown haphazardly
Onto the canvas.
No noticeable form,
No noticeable structure,
But to me I am pulled in,
Pulled into the painting,
As if it were part of me,
Part of my life.
The artist thrills me,
Thrills me with his works,
But his abstracts take me further,
Take me to a place,
Where my thoughts become emblazoned.
Emblazoned with light,
Emblazoned with joy,
Emblazoned with love,
That place where euphoria dwells,
And all is at peace.
Lateness Prevailed.

Once more I was on my knees,  
Crawling towards my loved one,  
Begging for her forgiveness  
For the wrong I had done.  
The first time it happened  
She forgave me,  
Her generosity was boundless.  
But I had done it again,  
The second time in thirty-seven years,  
Thirty-seven years of married bliss.  
Would she find it in her heart  
To forgive me one more time,  
For bringing her tea up to her,  
Bringing it to her twenty minutes late.
Apollo Eleven.

From the earth they went,
Up into the sky,
Into space.
Further and further away
Sailing towards the moon.
Then on that day in sixty-nine
They landed.
The earth stood still
As the two men, Armstrong and Aldrin,
Were on the moon.
Armstrong left the Eagle
And put a foot on the Moon,
And immortalised the words,
"One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."
Heard by all on the earth.
But were they the first?
What we did not hear
Were his first words,
"They are here!"
As Goldie and Orchi moved forward,
Moved forward to shake his hand.
What an Amazing Hour.

What an amazing hour!
Sitting in the coffee bar,
Our normal haunt.
Drinking our coffee
I looked around,
Nearly every table was occupied,
All were talking to each other,
Some quite animatedly,
Others quite quietly,
But all were engaged
With each other.
There was the lone man,
The lone man in the corner,
But he was reading his paper.
I couldn't believe it though,
I looked, and looked again,
As the astonishing thing was
There was nobody, NOBODY!
Using their mobile 'phones.
What an amazing hour!
Days of Future Passed.

It was a strange start,
I had been up for a few hours,
Reading and writing poetry,
Feeling alright,
But not the brightest.
We got in the car,
The music came on,
And there blasting out
Came the sound of a band,
And that sound propelled me
Into a day that was filled with joy.
That music changed my day,
My world was wonderful,
All due to that album,
The Days of Future Passed.
I look out at the cloud ridden sky,  
The light hidden by the darkness.  
My mind reaches upwards,  
Touches the clouds,  
A gap appears.  
I rise up into the light,  
That light that is always there,  
Always there around me.  
I look back and the gap has closed,  
But I am free of the dark.  
I travel in the light  
Towards that wonder,  
That wonder of eternity,  
And beyond.
Morecombe.

The lone man in the theatre, conjured up this image
Of a man, who made us laugh, and was loved by all.
He told the story of Eric and his partner Ern,
On this stage, where the great man died.

He made us laugh, he made us cry,
As he told the story of Morecombe,
Nee Bartholomew and Wise, nee Wiseman,
Who still make me laugh, with their timeless humour.

"I'm playing all the RIGHT notes,
But NOT necessarily in the RIGHT order"
Lines that will be remembered through history
As they were recalled once again

The memory of Andre Preview, jumping up and down,
And not laughing at this bespectacled clown.
The orchestra finding it difficult to play,
As the tears of laughter ran down their faces.

The breakfast being prepared to that
Tune that conjures up such risqué images.
And has the actor, of Hammer Horror films,
Received his pay cheque yet?

So many memories of a funny man
And yet, the man that many did not see.
"If we made you laugh ? that's good;
If we made you care ? that's better"

The man whose view on life was
"Positive Thinking"
And always left the stage bringing sunshine
Into our lives.

The curtain closes on the lone man on the stage
And on Eric at the place he left this world.
The actor and writer came back to answer questions
About the funny man.

Then from the audience came another;
Eric's daughter, so strong of character
Listening to her father's life,
In the place, where he had died.

And from this woman came the lines
That brought me many more tears.
Her son asking her the question, that I will never forget
"Does this mean that there will be no more magic?"
I awake in the darkness,
The summer mornings are closing,
Autumn approaches,
That time when nature changes,
Changes into its full beauty,
That colourful beauty
Of yellow, orange and red.
The brush of an artist tries
Tries to capture the feeling,
But nature has too many colours,
Too many unseen hues.
This is my time,
My time to walk within natures art,
Marvel at its creation,
Stand amongst its wonder,
Lifting me to a higher land,
Where My Spirit shows me the way.
Infinite Art.

There it sits before me,
A visual image of delight.
The whites, yellows and browns
Intermixing into a visual paradise
That pulls me into it.
The more I progress
The more I see,
The more I see in my mind.
I become lost from my world
Becoming found in the artist's world.
I look, I see, I feel,
Feel what?
Feel emotion
As the picture pulls me,
Pulls me into the ether
And takes me towards infinity.
Is Christmas Early?

What was that!
What is this!
What is this I am listening to?
It is only September,
Early September!
Yet here it is on the radio,
It is so early,
Why is it playing?
Am I lost in time?
Is it December already?
And Christmas Carols
Are with us once more.
I rise in the early morning,
The darkness surrounds me.
I turn on the screen
And a blank page stares at me.
That is where it starts,
The words in my mind
Flow rapidly onto the light,
The light of the page.
The darkness is soon transgressed
As these words
Show that life is within me,
And the lightness abounds.
A-g-nother G-nu.

As the first words were sung
The smile came upon my face.
The words I knew by heart,
Such an amusing song
That I had not heard
For many a year,
But the happiness it brought to me
Was unbounded,
As Flanders and Swann sang,
Sang of the g-nu,
A-g-nother g-nu.
Harrowed World.

It can invade our minds,
Invade our souls.
Bring joy,
Bring sadness.
It can heal rifts
In opposing sides.
Its beauty
Can bring peace to all,
Can bring peace to all
When music flows,
Flows into this harrowed world.
The Idiot Walks.

They look at me as though I am mad!
Yes, it is cloudy.
Yes, it has been raining,
But it is stopped now.
They are all dressed for winter.
But there's me,
Short sleeved shirt,
Shorts,
Sandals, WITHOUT SOCKS.
I think it is warm,
If there is a shower,
It matters not,
Skin is waterproof!
They look at me as if I am an idiot,
But I am content,
Content in my own body.
"I love seeing you two" she said
As I got our coffee in the bar.
"Whenever I see you my heart flutters,
You always look happy together.
You seem to be so in love.
A big smile is on my face
As soon as you walk in.
You really are a wonderful couple,
And I am so pleased that you come here,
It always makes my day."

Such kind words that greeted me
From the young lady,
The young lady who served my coffee.
The emotion inside me was humbled
At the wondrous words
Spoken by this young lady,
As we went for coffee.
The Doctor is returning,
Returning to our screens.
For fifty-five years
I have watched the Doctor,
Each reincarnation
Followed with joy.
The twelve incarnations
Bringing something different,
Different in their manner,
Different in their style.
The next reincarnation is due,
And as the lady appears
The question will be asked.
"Who is this lady?"
"That is The Doctor"
"Which Doctor?"
"DOCTOR WHO!"
Natures vast power
Takes me to a different world.
Everlasting peace.
Time Giver.

In this age all want,
Want more.
More this,
More that.
More money,
More power,
They want all,
All for themselves.

I want for nothing.
I have the love of my wife,
I have the love of my family,
I have the love of my friends.
I have good health,
I have the wonder of nature,
I have the beauty of music,
I have the glory of art,
I have words to write.

I have time,
Time to enjoy all of these.
I have time,
Time to help others,
To give that most precious of gifts,
The gift of time.
Time that can be given
From me,
To you,
Without cost,
But with love.
Lost in Words.

The page sits before me,
The first word gets written
And I am lost,
Lost the world of words,
Lost in the emotions
That flow through me
As the words grace the page.
It could be of love,
The love of others,
The love of nature,
It could be of music.
That music which means so much
As it sail into my body,
And will be with me for eternity.
It could be art,
The wonder of an artist
Showing me the world
In a different way,
So my mind broadens.
The reverie of life is always with me
As I write,
Write these words
Where time flows,
Where time no longer exists,
And where my mind is not of this world,
But lost,
Lost in the words,
The words on this page.
Eyetest.

The cops are doing tests,
Tests to check your sight,
They need a number plate read,
At a twenty metre, right.

They stopped me in my car,
Asked me to take the test,
And read the plate in front of you,
I said I'd do my best.

I looked and stared ahead,
And look as hard I might,
To find just what they wanted but,
I could see no car in sight.
I have my music,
Those wondrous sounds.
It could be classical,
The sounds of Mozart, Brahms or Richter.
It could be jazz,
From Satchmo, Acker or Chet.
It could be rock,
From the Moodies, Floyd or Unsub.
It could be folk or blues or Country.
They are all with me,
And always with me,
But my lover is not there.

I have my art,
The art that calls to me
Into the world of the artist.
It could be classical,
Da Vinci, Caravaggio or Michelangelo.
It could be the Pre-Raphaelites,
Hunt, Millais or Rosetti.
It could be modern art,
Rothko, Klimt or Edwards.
I am in awe of their works,
The feelings they bring to me,
And are always with me,
But my lover is not there.

My love for words
Flow onto the page,
They are always with me,
But my life has changed,
And is changing
As the love of my life
Falls deeper and deeper
Into her own world,
Her own world of dementia.
Deeper and deeper she falls
To that time now
Where she has almost disappeared.
Have so many things in my life,
But my lover is not there.
The Final Over.

Howzat! Came the cry.
Another wicket in this twice yearly match;
Sixth man out.
Now it's my turn, and we need quite a few runs
To win this battle, against this well known foe.

I walk confidently, purposefully, onto the field
Pull on my gloves, adjust my cap.
I reach the crease.
"Middle and leg, please Mr Umpire"
Stand up and look around the field
To see where the fielders are hidden.

The bowler approaches,
Mike, the younger of the Southwell brothers
He bowls outside my off stump,
Let it go, don't go reaching
And get an edge to the waiting slips.

Accumulate some runs,
Nothing flashy, just play safe.
Howzat! Another wicket,
Seven down, but I am still there,
Playing safe, experienced.

More runs are added until yet again,
The crash of ball into stumps is heard,
And our eighth wicket, falls,
And our ninth, the next ball.
But I am still here

Here he comes, our finest bowler!
Taken so many wickets with
His phenomenal speed.
Batsman ? huh!
Barely knows which way to hold the bat.

Still he has two balls to face,
Hope the cricket God is smiling on us.
The first ball, he plays an elegant
Forward defensive, to the bouncer
That went over his head!

The next ball he leaves alone,
Not realising that it came back
And barely missed his wicket.
Still he survived.
Now it's my turn; the final over.
Eight runs to get against Alan,
The other Southwell, their best bowler.
Only six balls from this excellent man
For me to face, can I get the runs.

The first ball straight but a half volley
I stroke it past Alan for four glorious runs.
Now only four to get,
Five balls to come.

The next ball on my off stump
But it cuts away
From both bat and stumps
Excellent delivery, I am lucky
Not to have touched it.

The third delivery bowled short;
I sway back as I avoid the ball
As it passes my chest;
Alan smiles, I smile back,
And full of bravado,
Nod my acknowledgement,  
To a ball well bowled.

The fourth ball, a half volley  
On the leg stump.  
I hit this ball as hard as I can  
Up, up it goes flying like a bullet  
Over the boundary,  
Over the pavilion.

We have won the match!  
MY six, won the match!  
The finest shot I have ever played!  
My team cheer, cheer me!  
Thirty seven not out.

We all meet at the pub  
Both teams.  
As I walk in Alan stands up and comes at me,  
With a snarl on his face!  
The snarl changes to a grin,  
"Can I buy you a pint Andy? Well played"
The Day Begins.

I open my eyes,
Get out of bed,
And I know,
I know this is a good day.
I open the curtains
Look out the window,
My world is there,
This is a good day.
It may be clear and bright,
It may be grey and dull,
It may be raining,
But it is still a good day,
As I have learned to dance,
Learned to dance in the rain.

Downstairs I go
Switch on the radio,
The glory of music is there,
There for me,
This is a good day.
I look out into the garden,
Nature shows her beauty,
As the colours inspire me,
This is a good day.

The day sails through me
Where each moment is precious,
To be treasured
As they will not return.
I could be lost in a book,
Lost in words as I write,
Sailing through the ether,
To the sounds of music,
This is a good day.

The day is ended
And I go to sleep,
Confident that tomorrow will come,
And it will be a good day.
Music to Infinity.

A voice rings out in purity,
Another joins it in harmony.
Yet more voices are heard,
All in harmony and glorious sound.
That sound so beautiful,
It penetrates my heart,
It penetrates my soul,
Taking me up into the ether
Where that sound will resonate,
Will resonate for eternity,
Showing me the Universe
In all its beauty and wonder.
The wonder of the music
Taking me with it,
To infinity,
To infinity and beyond.
Cleaning Space.

They send a rocket into space,
At a vast cost,
And what does it do?
It gathers debris,
Man-made debris,
With a net.
Yes, it is man's debris,
And we put it there,
But if we can clean up space,
Why cannot,
We clean up Earth.
Fear of Flying.

All her life she was scared,
Scared of many things,
But the one thing that was the worst
Was she was scared of flying,
Would not get on a 'plane
For love or money.
She made a decision,
She was determined,
Determined to conquer,
Conquer her fear,
Her fear of flying.
She joined many others
And went on a course
To conquer her fears.
The message came to me,
"This is wonderful!"
Her fear is conquered,
So much so
That now she is flying,
Flying on cloud nine.
A Better Day.

Not a word was written on this day,
A day where life seemed to pull me
From normality
Into the depths of despair.
My lovers mind was lost,
Completely lost in her own world,
Her world of dementia.
No sense was spoken,
And it was repeated time after time,
Conversation was never in her mind.
She needed me with her
All the time.
My love is so strong for her,
But I need some time on my own
To write words.
But on that day it never happened,
I needed to be with her constantly,
Her mind closed in on itself.
Today I write these words,
So already,
Today is a better day.
The saucer had a centre,
The centre was surrounded by circles,
Each circle was a circumference of the saucer.
She put the cup onto the saucer,
It went on a circle of the saucer,
But did not go into the centre,
The centre of the circle.
There it sat in front of us,
The new music for us to play,
A duet for two clarinets.
Our instruments went to our mouths,
And the notes were played,
My wife playing first clarinet
And myself second.
Not brilliant as it was our first attempt,
Suddenly it went wrong.
"You're wrong!" she said,
"I am not! I replied.
So we started again,
A bit better this second time
Until it all went wrong again,
In the same place.
"What are you doing" she said,
With a raised voice,
"I am playing what's written"
I replied strongly,
"You can't be! I am playing what is written,
It must be you!"
"No it must be you!" I shouted.
We studied the music
And realised that we were both
Playing what was written,
The music was wrong,
An extra beat had been put in
To the bar of the second clarinet,
And this was the cause
Of all our trouble.
We were both right,
Peace was restored.
I sail through life's vast ocean,
On a boat of impossible dreams.
Journeying from the wonder of my past,
Into the glory of my future.
The ocean challenged me
With its rough seas,
But my dreams conquered them all.

Sailing through My Life
The smoothness was also there,
As my dreams floated from the ocean,
Through My Soul,
Into my future,
That future full of dreams,
Which will sail with me,
On life's vast ocean.
The computer was old,
It had served me well
For many years,
But the glitches had started,
More and more needed repair,
A new computer was due.
Into the shop I went,
Found the computer I wanted,
Spoke to the assistant.
No I did not want anything else,
I had all the programs I needed.
Paid at the till and drove home,
Struggled getting it out of the packaging,
They just don't want them to come out.
Put it all together,
Put batteries in the wireless keyboard,
And in the wireless mouse.
All looked good,
Switch it on,
This woman Cortana
Shouted at me!
Turned volume down
"Ok" she said, "type in your name".
Moved the mouse
But the pointer did not move,
Tabbed the keyboard
But nothing happened.
Attached a wired mouse,
The pointer moved.
Pointed to the entry line,
Typed name,
But no letters came.
Looked on the web for help,
Tried many different remedies,
None worked.
Turned off the computer
Packed it up,
Took it back to the shop.
Explained the problem.
The guy took the keyboard.
Checked it.
All seemed fine.
Took the mouse.
Removed the battery.
Removed the plastic wrapping from said battery.
All was fine!
On the way home
I popped into Specsavers!
To Nirvana.

It happened again!
I just stopped
As this sound struck my heart,
Struck my soul.
That voice so pure,
So intense,
Always stopped me.
I just have to listen
And be amazed.
It happens every time,
Every time that her voice,
Kathleen's voice,
Lifts into the ether
And takes me to another world.
That world of serenity.
That world of joy.
That world of wonder.
That world of love.
To Nirvana.
If I didn't write these words,
You would not be able to read them.
It was a beautiful morning,
The sun was shining,
The birds were singing,
And there was I walking with nature,
Listing to its symphonic harmony.
As I walked round the lake
The water was sparkling like liquid starlight,
So wonderful to behold.
It was then I saw them,
Sitting together,
Their dogs at their feet.
Utter contentment
Shone through them,
Shone through the four of them.
The flush of youth was long passed,
But from the way they acted
That life had been wondrous.
So that now they were free,
Free to live their lives,
Live their lives in peaceful harmony.
Their dogs were laying quietly,
Laying quietly at their side,
In perfect peace and harmony.
The though struck me,
That is the way,
The way to walk the dogs.
Carefree?

I was so worried,
My lover was away,
Away for a week,
Away in a care home.
It had happened before,
But this time it hit me,
Really hit me.
Sleep evaded me,
It had not happened before.
I used the time to recover,
Recover my strength,
My strength to cope,
To cope with her dementia
When she came home.
But this time was different,
I couldn't stop thinking,
Thinking about her,
About how sad she was,
When I left her,
And when I went in to see her.
But once more the carers cared,
And came up trumps
As I went once more to see her.
She was sitting in the lounge,
Smiling and laughing,
Without a care in the world.
Joyce was so happy,
She saw me and the smile broadened,
Covered her face with joy.
As we spoke I knew,
Knew that my fears were groundless,
And even better,
The tears of the past
Had been smiled away.
She comes back home tomorrow,
And the love of my life will be back,
Back with me.
I know life will be hard,
But my love for her is strong,
So very strong.
Loneliness?

It was on the news,
They were the most lonely,
The sixteen to twenty-four year olds.
The scientists explained it,
Explained it in their way.
I will explain it,
Explain it in my way.
They should get off their 'phones,
Get off their 'phones and meet people,
Meet them face to face.
Jester from Leicester. Limerick.

There once was an artist from Leicester
Who thought he was a bit of a jester
He would pick up some wood
Create what he could
To see if he could get an investor
In each clear night sky I look up,
Look up and see the moon.
It starts with a slither at its birth,
That slither that grows each night
As its life increases,
Going though childhood and puberty.
The half-moon shines down
As it reaches adolescence,
Its life still ahead.
That life's age increases,
Getting wider and wider
With the experience of time.
The full moon shows its life,
That life that has reached its peak.
Each day as age increases
The moon starts to decline,
Decline into old age,
Until it becomes a slither
And finally dies.
But in life,
As with the moon,
That life will come again.
And once more life and the moon
Will rise into glory.
Coffee Art.

In went the coffee,
Piping hot,
Dark as night.
Hot milk
Carefully poured,
The night lightened
Into the brown of autumn.
The froth delicately flowed,
Covering the brown
With the purest of white.
Chocolate gently shook
Covering the white,
In deep, deep brown.
The probe gently moved
Creating the glory of art,
In browns and white,
As the skill of the Barista
Created a unique image,
On the Cappuccino.
I Had a Shower Today.

I had a shower today,
In my life I regularly take them,
Whether I need them or not.
There are those special days,
The first one was at thirteen,
Reaching my teenage years.
Then there was twenty one,
The key of the door became mine.
Every birthday with a zero on the end,
Was special as well,
And a thorough shower was had.
Then there was the sixty fifth,
Where work was washed away.
And now there is today,
Another special day,
Where I will have another shower,
My seventieth shower.
Infinite Clouds.

I look up at the clouds,
Their unique formation
Sail slowly by.
A streak of a 'plane
Cuts through the air,
Creating another formation
That widens with time,
Time that changes in a moment.
And the clouds formations,
Change with infinity.
New Family.

There she was this little girl,
Brought to us by Mum and Dad,
Our sixth grandchild.
The pictures we had seen
Did not do her justice,
This beautiful baby.
Five months since her birth,
And here she was with us,
Smiling at us all,
Smiling at all around her.
She looked all over
Absorbing knowledge,
Her face full of wonder.
Her new life of intrigue,
Her new life of wonder.
Her amazing parents
So very happy,
So very happy together,
So very happy with their child.
A complete family
Who will travel life’s highway
With joy,
And with love,
The love that shines out from them,
Out from them all.

To them all I give them my love,
I give them my time,
I give them the knowledge
That The Spirit will be with them,
And My Spirit will always be with them
Caring for all they do,
As their lives move forward,
Move forward into the light.
Modern Business.

In they came,
Three of them,
Obviously to do some business,
But as is right
Coffee came first,
Coffee and muffins,
For each of them.
Then the business started,
One went outside
To hear 'phone call
Above the hubbub of the coffee bar.
A second one opened his laptop
And started typing away.
The third was messaging on his 'phone.
The occasional word spoken,
But not very often.
That is the modern way,
The modern way to do business,
Just play with machines.
Birthday Poem.

The envelope was opened
And inside was a card,
A card for my Birthday,
Birthday number seventy.
But within that card was a treasure,
A treasure full of words,
A poem written just for me.
It moved my mind,
It moved my heart,
As it entered my soul,
Showing me the glory,
The glory of good friends.
Listen or Hear?

In our lives we can hear them,
Hear those words of good ideas.
But hearing them is not enough,
We need to listen to them,
Listen to them to understand them.
Then we can take those ideas forward.
But we need to listen to the words,
Not just hear them.
She looks to the sea,
The white foam transporting her
To the horizon.

She looks to the sea,
Her life flowing towards her,
Harmony prevails.
Indispensable.

But she cannot stop!
She has been doing that job for years!
Who else can do it?

He is retiring.
All his life he has worked there.
Who will replace him?

You hear this all the time,
When long serving people
Stop doing their jobs.

But what you need to remember
Is that they are not irreplaceable,
As the cemetery is full of them,
Full of indispensable people.
Hastings Remembered.

Once more the battle is remembered,
Nine hundred and fifty two years ago this day
The Normans came from the sea in boats of wood
To try to conquer the English.
Harold and his troops were there,
To stop the Normans,
Unfortunately so was Orchi,
So full of mischief, pork pies and sherry.
"Do you want water in that?" he said,
Pointing to my whisky.
I tried to hit him,
But he moved so fast,
Very fast for a man full of pork pies.
Harold came to us and spoke,
"Hello Goldie, can I have a scotch?"
"Of course you can Sire" I replied,
Orchi then spoke,
"Sire, what is that in the sky?"
Harold looked up and tragedy came,
As the arrow hit him in the eye
He spilled my scotch.
It was a good job Harold died,
As the wrath of Goldie at the spilled whisky
Would have ensured he would sing soprano
For the rest of his life.

"The Battle of Hastings, 14th October, 1066 ? Orchi and I were there"
Coffee Stitch.

So delightful,
So delightful to see.
There she was,
Just sitting there,
Coffee on the table,
But in her hands
A piece of cloth.
She put stitches through it,
Creating a bouquet
In cross stitch.
She would put in a stitch
And pull it through,
Each time she pulled
She looked up,
Looked up to see the world,
See the world around her.
But she was lost,
Lost in her own world,
Her own world of cross stitch.
Cloud Sitting.

I was sitting on My Cloud
Just pondering into nothingness
When God stopped by
"Can I sit next to you?" he asked
"It's apparently your Universe,
So just do as you like!" I replied
He pulled up a cloud and sat down.
"My, my" he said, "You sound annoyed"
"You could say that!"
"What has caused this?"
"YOU HAVE!" I shouted.
"What have I done?"
"It's what you haven't done!
You don't help my wife!
All her life she has sung your praises,
Helped others,
Believed in you,
Never done any harm to anybody,
And yet you will not help her!"
"What do you mean by that?" he replied,
"Do you not see her,
Does the Church not see her!
Her mind has gone!
Her body is ceasing to work!
Yet you cannot seem to see it,
Or you are ignoring it!"
"Of course I see it,
I see everything in the Universe" he said.
"Look at me" I replied,
"I do almost everything for her
And my strength is waning,
Others try to help,
But I am with her all the time
And see her losing her mind,  
Losing her strength.  
You say you see everything,  
So you must see how we are suffering.  
Why don't you help us!"

No answer,  
Came the stern reply!
We all have it,
We collect it.
As our lives get longer
It accumulates,
We dare not throw it away,
It may be useful,
One day.
But that day
Rarely comes.
But still it stays with us,
Just in case.
More and more is collected,
Until that day
When entry into the home
Becomes impossible,
As the house is full of it,
Full of STUFF!
Mini Hibernation.

All summer it has been out,
No fault of its own,
Its nest was occupied
By new furniture,
New furniture for the house.
Each day it was lovingly polished,
Its pristine look rarely failed,
Rarely failed to impress,
To impress passers-by.
Every day I saw it,
And saw the love bestowed on it,
Love and money bestowed on it
By its very proud owner.
Autumn came,
Its nest was cleared,
And newly washed and polished
It hibernated.
Covered in its duvet,
Warm, safe and secure
Until Spring returns,
When it will re-appear.
Hibernation ended,
Out it comes,
Out into the spring and summer,
Travelling around the country,
To be seen by the mini world,
From which it was born.
Always With Love.

I sit here on top of the hill
Looking back I see my life,
See my life behind me.
The path that I strode showed the way,
The way that I came to this place.
There were hills,
There were mountains,
Where the problems,
Problems in my life stalled,
Stalled my trip.
There were diversions,
Diversions that led me away,
Away from the path.
Some showed sadness,
But most diverted into glory.
Each hill, mountain and diversion
Were overcome,
Until at last I was here,
Here at the top of my hill.
I looked forward and saw it,
Saw the long smooth path,
The path that I would take,
Take with My Spirit to infinity,
Where the problems of my past
Would be forgotten,
As I move forward in Glory,
In Glory,
In Wonderment,
And with Love,
Always with Love.
Music is Calm.

It happens every time
I lay down to rest,
When I put his music on
I am drawn into his world,
His world of peace and calm.
A place where my life relaxes,
Where I can gather my strength
To move on and progress
Into my future assured,
Assured that this music
Will always allow me
To move further in my life
No matter how strained it becomes
My life will stay calm
Because of the music he writes,
The music he writes for me.
Rap Man, Rap.

He raps his song
To a beat
And as he sings
Moves his feet
The beat is strong,
The sound of bass
The drums play loud
He runs the race
Within each line
A story told
His voice is loud
His voice is bold
The story ends
As does his song
The cheers go on
They want some more
Of his fine rap
So back he sings
Upon the stage
To sing his feelings
Bound in rap.
How Strange!

How strange!
Here I am
On a Sunday morning,
Poetry read,
Some poetry written,
What do I do now?
I normally prepare lunch
Before going to Church,
The full Sunday dinner,
Roast meat and potatoes,
Cabbage, carrots and whatever else
Has crept into the shopping basket.
But not today,
We have been invited out,
Invited out for Sunday Lunch
By some very good friends,
A great treat awaits.
But it still leaves an unanswered question,
What do I do now?
I know,
I will write this poem!
Want or Are.

Going through life you look to what you should be,
And in that trip the aim is important.
You want to get to a place you think you need to be,
But the more you try the more anxious life becomes.
That anxiety changes you,
Changes you into a person you think you should be.

Going through life you know what you are,
That knowledge leads you to your real life.
That life where all comes to you without effort,
You feel secure and safe and happy.
That security is you,
Keeps you as that person you know that you are.

Tension is who you think you should be.
Relaxation is who you are.
There it was again!
That painting!
That painting that I have stood
In front of, for so long.
Each time I see it
I see more.
The detail is awe inspiring,
There is always more to see.
But like all the pictures,
All the pictures in the gallery,
I feel humbled.
Humbled and privileged
That I am seeing them for real.
Not photographs,
Not prints,
But the real thing.
The glory of art can do this to me
Almost as much as the glory of music,
Each brings so much to me,
So much emotion,
So much wonder,
So much love
At such glorious works.
Yes I am so privileged,
So privileged to see and hear,
To see and hear these works,
These wondrous works of Art.
Where has she gone,
This wonderful lady who I married,
Married so many years ago.
Wedded bliss stayed with us,
Stayed with us until these latter days,
These days where dementia has taken her,
Taken her from me.
Her mind is almost completely lost,
It is dying each day,
But still her body lives on.
She lives in her own world
Where sometimes I do not exist.
I watch her as she looks through her handbag,
Looks through her handbag for hours,
For hours at a time.
She cannot walk through a room
Without being distracted,
So her purpose is lost.
I have to tell her constantly
What she needs to do,
What she wants to do,
But still she gets distracted
By the smallest of diversions.
My love for her is still there,
But I wish the lady that I really loved
Would come back from her own world,
And back into mine.
Words From Music.

It's happened once more,
Once more I was stopped,
Stopped what I was doing,
Music stopped me,
I had to listen.

I was taken into another world,
The world of the composer,
The world of Percy,
Percy Grainger's music.

This voice sailed into the ether
And into my soul,
I was transfixed,
Transfixed by the sound,
That wondrous, beautiful sound.

Music has so much power
It can stop me in an instant,
As it did this time,
And I was transported,
Transported into its glory.

It stopped playing,
But that sound was within me,
And from that sound
Came these words.
Usual Day.

The night faded into a grey day,
Clouds covered the sky.
As morning reach noontime
The sky brightened,
The grey clouds turned white,
The sun was seen behind the white.
A black cloud approached,
Rain descended,
Hail streamed from above,
And was gone.
The white clouds were moved,
Moved by the grey.
The grey day faded,
Into the darkness of night,
Leaving memories of every season,
Every season in one day.
Duvet Cover.

Well it had to be done,
The duvet cover needed changing.
I had not lost the knack,
It only took me three hours,
Nearly a record time!
Once more I was there,
I was walking beside it,
Walking beside My River.
It seemed so long
Since I walked by its side,
I crossed it daily
So I knew it was there,
But to walk with it
Has been lost,
Lost to my lovers dementia.
But the chance came,
I walked with it.
Its mirrored reflections
Showing me the sky,
The clear blue sky
With white clouds floating,
Floating in heavens gateway.
swan floated serenely by,
His head turned and he looked,
Looked at me as if it could see,
See the depths of my being
As I walked in serenity
Knowing that My River was there,
Was there for me,
Was there for me forever,
Was there with My Spirit,
Both knowing that they would go forward,
Would go forward when my body failed,
Go forward,
Go forward together,
Taking me,
Taking me to eternity's wonder.
Catch a Falling Leaf Two Ways.

1.

Standing beneath the tree
Leaves starting to fall,
I caught a leaf,
My daughter said
Lots of money will come your way!
Within three days
The bank of Mum and Dad was raided,
The insurance for the car was paid,
And a bill for care was due.
I think my daughter meant to say,
Lots of money will go away.

2.

Standing beneath the tree
Leaves starting to fall,
I caught a leaf and wished,
Wished for peace in our world,
Wished for the hatred to be turned,
To be turned into love,
Into love of mankind to each other.
One Dark Night.

The road is before me,
Darkness has fallen.
I creep into the shadows,
Hide my twisted mind
As they pass me by,
Not seeing me.
I watch them smile,
That smile will soon be gone
When they hear me,
Hear me creeping behind them!
They turn round!
I am not there!
Back into the shadows I go.
They move on I follow,
I move closer,
They hear me once more,
Turn, and I am there!
But they look through me,
Through me into the darkness,
The darkness of their lives.
The lives they thought were good,
But all they see when they turn
Are the dark memories
That they have tried to hide,
To hide from their selves,
To hide from others,
But they cannot hide from me.
They will see me one day,
But for the moment
It is not their turn.
The darkness will not overwhelm them
Until they see me,
And when they do,
On that darkest of nights,
It will be too late,
As I will be upon them
When they realise
That I, Death, cannot be denied.
Knowledge's Frontier.

All through our lives we learn,
We learn new things
That improve our experience,
Of our knowledge or life
And beyond.
We move beyond the earth,
Into space,
Into the Universe,
Forever increasing our knowledge.
We examine the stars,
The galaxies.
The vastness of our knowledge
Knows no bounds
Until that time we came to them
We came to the black holes and realised,
Realised that they are the frontier,
The frontier of our knowledge.
Sunday Lunch to Prepare

Andy Brister (Goldfinch60) ? November 2018.

Today we have Sunday lunch to prepare,
Yesterday, we had Saturday evening dinner,
And tomorrow we will have cold meat and mash.
The rain is pouring as I look out the window,
The water shining on the plants in the morning light,
But today we have Sunday lunch to prepare.

Starting with the potatoes, peeled and cut,
Boiled gently for five minutes, water strained
From them, butter salt and pepper added. The rain
stops. The day brightens as the sun shines down,
Lighting our lives in its beauty but
We start by peeling the potatoes.

The meat is placed in the pan, the buttered potatoes
are placed gently around it, and into the oven it goes,
the gas is lit and set for the correct heat, which is set
for the correct time to cook the meat. The flowers
shine in the glory of the sun, their colours fill the
garden with beauty as the meat is placed in the pan.

The carrots are peeled and sliced, enough for all
as they are placed in a pot, water covering them
and salt added, to highlight their taste. The carrots
are peeled, a bird comes in the garden, its plumage
so bright and wonderful, the glory of nature is with
us as the carrots are peeled and sliced.

The kale is pulled from its stalks, washed and put in
a pan, covered with water and salt added, 
ready to cook at the right time, the green of the 
lawn covered by shadows of trees, as the sun 
blazes through their boughs, bringing art to our world, 
as today we have Sunday lunch to prepare.
Treats From Kay.

She put them on the table before us,
Two small packages,
Clear smooth cellophane
Covering a white packet
Tied in gold.

We were intrigued at these gifts,
"They are for you,
For my special customers",
Intrigued we wondered what they were,
What wonder they held for us.

The gold band was removed,
The package was unsealed,
And there in front of us they sat,
Two treats of golden glory,
Just waiting to be eaten.

We ate them with wonder ,
We ate them with joy,
As the taste of their beauty,
Passed our lips in glory,
And took us to heaven.
Practice Laps.

We come into our world
Full of ignorance.
From the time we are born
Our learning progresses
As each second passes.
Knowledge is gained,
Gained by experience,
Gained from others.
We each grow in differing ways,
We each go down our own paths,
Each path different from others.
We may meet occasionally
But those paths always diverge
As we go our own way.
We may never know,
Never know what is around the corner,
Or what is through the door.
Life is always exciting,
As the unknown can frightening.
That fright can be countered
Once we have that knowledge,
That knowledge that we learn.
The unknown in our lives
Is there to be conquered,
As in life,
There are no practice laps.
Orchi and Guy Fawkes.

Well we were there,
Orchi and I,
Under the Houses of Parliament,
Robert Catesby had invited us.
We were in the pub,
Me drinking my scotch
WITHOUT WATER!
Orchi was drinking his sherry,
And stroking his dog
When Robert came in.
"Do you want to join me,
Join me for a lark?"
Before I could answer
Orchi's dog went "woof,woof",
So I knew something rude
Was going to be said.
Orchi butted in
And said "Of course we will,
As long as it doesn't make me swoon".
So off we went,
We crept beneath parliament,
And there sitting on a pile,
A pile of gunpowder,
Was Orchi's old mate Guy,
Guy Fawkes.
"HELLO GUY!!" Orchi shouted,
And that was it.
Orchi shouting so loud
That his dog started barking,
The guards woke up and came to us.
Being a shadow I hid,
Orchi climbed on the back of his dog
And they ran away,
With Robert holding on to the dogs tail.
So Guy was caught and blamed and died.
But I blame Orchi
As we still have the parliament,
The building is fine
But the people in it aren't.

"How do you know when a politician is lying?"
"Their lips move!"
Nature's Artwork.

I reach the top of the hill,
The wonder of the natural world
Stretches out around me.
So many colours to be seen
From the wonder
That is in nature's palette
On this fine autumn day.
The myriad shades of green,
So different but the same,
Spotted in white as sheep graze.
The browns of tilled earth,
Irregularly place amongst the green.
The yellows of uncut corn waiting,
Waiting to be sheared and stacked.
The woods with their glorious colours
As autumn paints the leaves
With yellows, oranges and reds.
I look up and see the blue sky
With individual white clouds
Sailing across them,
And the sun shining low,
But so bright highlighting all.

This world of nature's artwork,
So wonderful,
So wonderful to me,
Pulls me to it knowing,
Knowing that one day,
I will be part of it,
Part of the artist,
That paints this wonderful world.
Thirty Seven Years.

One more year to celebrate,
Celebrate that day
When she walked down the aisle,
Walked down the aisle
Into my life forever.
Each year our love has grown,
Grown stronger and stronger,
And we know that we will be together,
Be together for eternity,
With our love growing ever stronger
As we walk to infinity.
The George

Way back in time, when I was a young man,
There was a place that I went to every day.
A place where I met with friends.
The question "Where are you going?"
The answer was always "Up The George".

The George, a proper pub.
Public bar for us darters and carders,
Saloon bar for a more gentile drink;
And an off licence so that more booze
Could be bought almost unseen.

The public bar, almost men only,
With forthright conversations
Highlighted with intemperate language;
But when ladies came into the bar
The bad language ceased.

Every evening I would be there
Playing darts or cards,
Drinking beer, chatting with friends;
A place of friendship and humour.
And a place that I think of with fondness.

Mick, The Landlord, with Pauline, his wife,
Made sure there was never any trouble.
It was often boisterous and rowdy,
But never anything happened
That was without fun and laughter.

There were three of us
Who shared our lives,
We always went everywhere together;
To pubs and clubs and rivers and lakes.
Jack, Joe and me, like three musketeers.

The barman’s name was John;
The finest purveyor of beer I have ever seen.
Sunday lunchtimes just look through the window
And our pint would be on the counter
By the time we had put our name on the dartboard.

The darts came first,
Put your name down quickly on Sunday
If you lost a match you would never get on again
So many darters, such good players,
So many laughs, so much fun.

So many characters, so many friends;
There was John and Vic always together,
Great friends who always darted and carded together.
Aged Eric a man of the sea for many years
Always walked side to side as though still on board ship.

Sometimes on a Saturday night
The singing beer would be served;
And there was Don with his wondrous good voice
And his Italian good looks,
Outshining any Venetian Gondolier.

There on a Friday night
There would be Bryn the Clown and Jack the Beard,
Playing euchre against me and my Dad,
For pennies and tuppences;
Not for the money, but for the love of the game.

Then there was Ron, Big Ron
A lovely man who lived a hundred yards from the pub,
But always drove to it.
He was taken from us early in his life,
And I was in one of the fifteen cars following his coffin.

The George, part of my youth;
A very special part;
A place looked back on with fondness,
Happiness and love.
A time of laughter, innocence and joy.
Hair Dying.

Well that time had come again,
She was going to dye her hair.
Into the bathroom she went
Armed with her accoutrements
To transform her hair
From silver to brown.
For many years she had done it,
Even before she met me,
I never minded.
But what I did mind
Was having to repaint the walls,
Repaint the ceiling,
And scrub the floor,
After she had finished.
What Integrity.

Whatever has happened to it?
When I was employed
I was expected to work every day,
Every day that I was due to work.
Apparently this has now stopped,
And some people work when they want,
And if they don't want to bother,
They just do not turn up
Knowing that they will not be sacked,
As the scheme of life
Knows they will be needed.
I just do not understand,
Do not understand what happened,
Whatever has happened to it?
Where has integrity gone?
The Guns Stopped.

It's eleven o'clock on this special day,
That special day one hundred years ago
When it all stopped.
The fighting lasted up to the hour,
But then it ceased,
The war to end all wars was over.
It didn't stop though,
Those who lost loved ones grieved,
And on this day, one hundred years hence
We still grieve,
Grieve at the waste of life.
They went to war as a duty,
But that duty for millions,
Was to die,
To die for reasons they never knew.
It was said to be the right thing to do,
The war to end all wars, didn't.
Still we fight wars, why?
Those in power believe,
Believe they are right,
Right to inflict their wills on others
And waste human life,
Just to get their own way.
What if they are wrong
And others are right?
But on this day we remember
As the poppies grew,
Marking a place for all who died
In that war to end all wars,
And for all who remember.
The Sea of Harmony.

The beach stands before me
Unmarked by time or tide.
I walk along it
My footprints showing my way
As I move into my untrodden future.
Each step a new time in my life,
A time of joy and wonder,
Of joy and wonder of the unknown.
I look back and see my footprints
Of my past life,
The distant ones barely seen
As my memory fades with time.
I look out to the sea,
There is the Universe of my life,
So large, so impossible to imagine.
I will be there one day
With all that have gone before me,
Living in a world of love and peace.
I look ahead once more
And there in the distance
I see My River's end as it joins the sea,
That place where My Spirit,
With My River
Will join the Sea of Love,
The Sea of Peace,
The Sea of Harmony.
The Corner of My Dreams.

Over thirty years ago I saw it,  
I still remember it,  
Remember it in my mind's eye.

The room was filled with art,  
Art and sculpture of all types.  
It was a degree show,  
Showing the works  
Of the students  
Those who achieved degrees.

Our daughters work was there,  
That piece that now dominates,  
Dominates our lounge,  
Amongst her other works.

I walked round the show  
Looking at all,  
Looking at all with my untrained eye,  
That has now been trained  
Into an appreciation of art,  
Art of so many differing types.

But this piece stuck with me.  
As I walked round it hit me,  
I just stopped and looked,  
Looked and was drawn in,  
Into the mind of the artist.

It was a drawing,  
A drawing in charcoal.  
An alley was shown,  
The sides were solid wooden fences,
The path went on,
Went on to a corner,
A corner turning left.

For over thirty years
That drawing has pulled at me,
Pulled at me in my mind.
All I want to know
Is what is around that corner.
I will never know,
But in my imagination I dream,
I dream that paradise is there,
And that is where I am going,
Where I am going to be,
For eternity.
Her Beauty - Senryu.

Her Beauty shines through,
Shines from Her Soul through Her Eyes,
Straight into My Heart.
There it was
Up for sale,
A chain of polished carbon
And the detritus from an oyster.
Not been seen for two hundred years.
It had hung around the neck,
The neck of Marie Antoinette.
The guillotine separated the head from the body,
The pendant was free,
Free to be sold
Two hundred years later,
For twenty-eight million pounds!
Who would pay that,
For some carbon,
And seawater garbage,
Well somebody did!
Mantovani

Once more it happened,
A tune came on the radio,
A tune I heard so many times
But not heard for tens of years.
My dad came straight to my mind,
As it was in his era
That this tune was so popular.
It was on the radio all the time,
Those good times brought to mind
As Dad and I listened,
Listened to so many types,
So many types of music.
Yes it was that time,
That time when the good times rolled,
And Mantovani was in our lives.
"The Leaves! The Leaves!"
Came the cry.
I saw him sweeping
Sweeping up the leaves,
No smile on his face,
Every time he swept
The wind would blow,
And the leaves would scatter,
Scatter once more.
"The Leaves! The Leaves!"
He shouted in despair,
Such abject despair.
He swept and swept,
Suddenly the ground was free,
Free from leaves,
He had won,
He had earned his coffee.
Coffee drank,
Paper read,
Outside he went,
The ground was covered,
Covered once more
With leaves.
"The Leaves! The Leaves!"
Came the cry once more,
"When will autumn end!"
Where the Hell Are You!

Into My Church I strode,
Walked down towards the cross,
I looked up at it and shouted,
Shouted "WHERE THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU!!"
"Why have you taken her from me,
Her broken body is still there
But her mind has been taken,
My wife has been taken
By this f*****g dementia;
I pray to you,
She prays to you,
As she has all her life,
As I have all my life.
All her long life she has praised you,
Sung your praises,
Helped others,
Been there for us all,
But now she is gone,
You have taken her from us.
Are you really there?
Or is all this 'Christian God will save you lark'
Just a charade to give you a laugh,
To make people follow a falsehood.
My Faith is strong in My Spirit,
I have been touched by it,
But it is not the Christian way,
The Spirit is with all people.
The Christian God will help all,
Supposedly,
Help all if you pray to it;
But we pray,
Things only get worse.
If you are so good
Why do you not hear us
As my wife and my life
Sink deeper in hell,
The hell of her dementia.
WHERE THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU!!"
Enlightened Way.

I look up into the night sky,
There looking down on me
Shines the moon,
Bringing its glorious subdued light
Into my troubled world,
Showing me that all will be good.
The beautiful moonlight showing me the way.
The Way, My Way, there before me,
My Way seen in the path,
The path that My Spirit has set,
Lit by that glorious light,
That glorious light of the moon,
Enlightening my way ahead.
What is the Time?

There I was, in bed,
Fast asleep.
My wife woke me in a panic,
"Quick, what's the time?"
"I don't know, I'll find out".
So I put the drum out the window,
Hit it loud and hard.
A window opened down the street,
"What are you doing!" a voice shouted,
"Playing a drum at three thirty in the morning?"
I pulled the drum in,
Closed the window,
And said to my wife,
"It is three thirty".
We went back to sleep.
Autumn Is With Us - HAIKU.

The greens turn to gold,
The oranges change to red,
Autumn is with us.
Writing not Tapping.

What a strange idea,
There he was
With this book in front of him,
Not reading but writing,
Writing words on the paper.
Where others were tapping,
Or prodding away,
He was writing,
Writing words on the paper.
Such a strange idea
In this day and age,
I wonder if he,
Was a poet.
Seasons of Love.

That first sign of love
Buds with that first look
Between you
As your hearts touch
To make your souls combine.

The bloom erupts
Into the summer of joy,
Your Spirits become one
And you walk in the light
Of everlasting love.

The colours of autumn
Allows your love to mellow
In the happiness and beauty
As your days of togetherness
Confirm the love for each other.

The purity of the winter snow
Shows the constancy of the past,
Just your love for each other
As the year ends in the wonder
Of your love getting ever stronger.
That Flaming Song!

That's it!
I have heard enough!
Sitting there drinking my coffee,
Quite happily chatting
Chatting to the missus,
When on it came,
That flaming song,
Came on at least a month early.
It was still the middle of November
For goodness sake,
But blasting out
Over the sound system
Came that flaming song,
As apparently someone is dreaming,
"Dreaming of a White Christmas".
Old Fashioned? Moi?

Into the shop I went,
Picked up my newspaper,
Went to the till.
A young lady was in front
Tapping at her 'phone,
Trying to pay electronically.
The cashier was smiling,
You know the smile,
Not quite a grimace.
The electronics then worked,
The bill was paid.
I stood in front of the cashier,
Paid for the paper,
In the correct amount of coinage,
Paid in seconds.
"Thank you", said the cashier,
"My pleasure", I said.
I followed the young lady from the shop,
Still tapping away on her 'phone.
Am I really that old fashioned
That I use money,
Not electronics,
To buy my newspaper.
Success in Failure.

Going through life there are problems,
They are there for you to solve,
To ensure that you become a better person.
They create the one thing
That cannot be taught,
They create your experience,
Your experience in life.
Sometimes though
You fail,
But in that failure
You still learn things.
Life can be so wonderful,
As any time you learn from a failure,
It is always a success
First
It
Becomes
Set in words
Emerging on the page
Questioning the writers language
Using words as traps
Enchants you
Now you
Can't
End
Hippowhatsitphobia Acrostic - For Orchi

Have you seen the word?
It scares you,
Puts the fear of God
Parading around your head
Offering no comfort in
Pausing to let you pour
Out your worries,
The worries that
Overwhelm you,
Making you feel ill
Or scared to utter any
New words that come
So ignorance may be perceived
That shows not your
Reality as the long words
Only belong in dictionaries
Sheltered from your mind
Easing your fear of long words
Subsequently allowing your mind to
Quieten from the horror of your
Unsubstantiated eloquence
Inconsequential abhorrence of words
Parading in syllables
Participating in incomprehensibilities
Ending in floccinaucinihilipilification
Drowning in pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis
Allowing your hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia to rise
Leaving your comatose mind
In a state of pure decidophobia where
Only monosyllabic words
Prevent atichiphobia
Happening within your logophobic mind stopping your
Oneirophobia preventing you from
Basking in the bibliophobia
In the xenophobia that
Attracts bogyphobia.

Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia ? Fear of long words

Floccinaucinihilipilification - the action or habit of estimating something as worthless

Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis -- An inflammation of the lungs caused by microscopic grains of certain types of rock. (The longest word in the English language found in dictionaries)

Decidophobia - Is the fear of making decisions

Atichiphobia - Is the fear of failure

Logophobic - Is the fear of words

Oneirophobia - Is the fear of dreams

Bibliophobia - Is the fear of books

Xenophobia - Is the fear of strangers

Bogyphobia - Is the fear of bogeymen
One more it happened,
That smile grew on my face,
As soon as the first notes were played
They sailed into my soul,
And I was in heaven.
The five of them spoke to me,
Spoke to me through their instruments,
And I was lost in their music.
That glorious sound abounded,
Abounded in the room.
I was in ecstasy
Never wanting to come back.
At the end of the evening
They stopped,
But their sound lives on,
Lives on within my heart.
Life Watching.

The page sits before me
The words in my mind.
I put pen to paper,
And those words from within me
Appear on the page,
Telling of the wonder of life,
The life which I have led.
Now in the Autumn of its years
But still the words flow.
I look back on my life,
Look back with happiness.
It has been a good life.

My wife is still with me,
And over those many years together
Our life together has been wonderful,
Our love never failing,
I know that it will never fail
As Our Combined Spirits
Go on for Eternity,
Towards Paradise.

Throughout all those years
Music has been with me.
My love of Classical,
My love of Jazz,
Grows each moment of my life,
And each of those moments
Was glorious,
Is glorious.
So much music, so little time,
Even in my long life
Music still surprises me.
I now realise
That the more I get to know,
Get to know about music,
The more ignorant I realise that I am.

So much music, so little time.

My life with Nature is never far away,
I know that My River will guide My Spirit
Into the wonder of the Universe.

The Art that has come to me,
So many great works,
So many styles appreciated,
Always surprised.
At the way Art can move my soul.

Then there are words,
Words that have been written,
Written on the page,
Written on this page,
So meaningful to me
And maybe meaningful to others.
So many words,
So many years,
Such a wonderful life.

I know that when that time comes
My life will flash before me,
But I know that that life
Will be well worth watching.

Will yours?
Wonderful Days Ahead.

She stood there, looking at me,
Her eyes looking through the lens
Into her future before her,
Her life full of glory,
In her wonderful days ahead.
The Delivery Man.

He often knocks on my door,
Sometimes it is a parcel for me,
But mainly the parcel
Will be for a neighbour.
We are normally always in
So we seem to collect
Many parcels for our neighbours,
This is not a problem,
Just part of being neighbourly.

This one man though
Is an enigma to me,
He knocks at the door
Asks if I could take the parcel.
There he stands,
A smile on his face,
Turban on his head,
Beard on his chin.
We chat,
And there I am
Expecting an Indian accent,
But no,
His accent is broad Glaswegian!
Artwork or Photography

Into the Gallery I went,
I walked slowly around the room
Studying each painting intently,
The images of Nature,
Portrayed in oil on canvas.
Each one brought feelings to me,
Feelings of the wonder of Nature.
I approached the last painting
And stopped.
Surely this is not right!
Why is there a photograph there
There sitting on the wall?
But no,
It was a painting.
A painting of such intricacy
That the lion looked real to me,
It was real, real on the canvas.

Up the stairs I went,
Into another gallery,
A gallery of photographs.
Each one a finalist
In a National Competition.
All were so good,
And once more I stopped.
Surely this is not right!
Why is there a painting there
Sitting on the wall?
But no,
It was a photograph,
A photograph of such wonder
That the albatross looked painted,
Painted from the photographers eye.
The day was getting worse;
The elves had gone on strike
So the presents weren't being wrapped!
Two of the reindeer were missing,
Not came back from their summer hols
And two more were pregnant!
Mrs Santas Mum was coming to stay
'For a few days',
That would go on for weeks!
Santa was getting more depressed
So went to have a scotch,
But found the bottle empty.
OK coffee will have to do.
Dropped the jar,
The coffee went all over the place.
As he was sweeping up
The doorbell went
And there was a beautiful fairy
With a Christmas Tree under her arm.
"What would you like me to do with this?"
She asked quite pleasantly,

And that is why there is a fairy
Sitting on the top of a Christmas Tree
Simply Difficult.

You hear it,
Here that tune
Played by a master.
It sounds so easy,
It is such a simple tune,
But it talks to you
As the master
Plays it just for you.
But in music,
If it sounds easy,
If it sounds simple,
It isn't,
It's difficult,
And only the master
Can play it,
So that it sounds simple.
Ripples.

The stone is cast into the water
Like a new birth,
The ripples flow from the impact,
Your life has begun.
Each ripple starts quickly
Extending your knowledge and experience.
The small ripples get larger
As your life continues,
The larger the ripples become
That middle age satisfaction is with you.
The ripples slow down
As you proceed into old age,
The ripples reach calmness
As you life comes to its conclusion,
Knowing that it will continue,
As you have cast stones
Into the water,
On the journey through your life.
The Other Side of Fear.

Progressing through our lives
We are often stopped,
Stopped by that which we fear.
We are frightened to go that way,
And chose a different path,
A safer more mundane trail
That could lead our lives
Into safety and boredom.
We think about those things,
Those things of which we dream.
Those things are there,
As everything that we ever wanted
Is always there,
It is found on the other side of fear.
Go through the gate that frightens you
And start the glory and wonder,
The glory and wonder of your life.
Integrity in Life.

In life, are you true to all?
You do your best for others,
Try to get it right,
To the best of your ability,
In the way it should be done.
But when you do things
For yourself,
Do you take shortcuts
So that the job,
Or life experience,
Is not quite right?
If you are a truly moral person
With integrity to the fore
You would always do it right,
Even if nobody was watching.
Autumn Acrostic.

A day of absolute beauty,
Unlike any others.
Tearing at my heart in
Utmost joy,
Making my life so wonderful as
Nature paints its autumn colours.
Together in Paradise.

There we were
Eating our Sunday Lunch,
Roast loin of pork, apple sauce,
Roast potatoes, carrots and greens
When my wife looked up at me,
"Isn't it quiet"
She said.
It was,
Couldn't hear any neighbours,
Only the occasional bird call,
Even our music had finished.
I listened,
Listened to the wonder,
The wonder of the silence,
It was beautiful.
I looked at her,
"Maybe the end of the world has come"
I said,
"And we two are the only ones left".
If that was the case
My lover and I were there,
We were there together,
Together in Paradise.
"We WILL have the vote!" She said.
All the advice was not to do it.
"I am not changing,
We Will have the vote!"
For weeks she would not be moved,
Her certainty was resolute,
There was no way she would change.
Then it happened,
Her promise was broken.
"We will delay the vote" she said.
So the proof is once more there,
Her promise broken,
So proving the answer to the question,
"How do you know when a politician is lying?"
"Their lips move!"
Love Hate.

We stare at the dark
Wondering where we went wrong,
But suddenly it is there,
The light comes into our lives,
Bringing glory to us all.

There is so much evil
In this world that we are ruining it,
But good is there,
Even if it is slow to rise,
Good will conquer evil.

The hate that is around
Drags us down to the depths of despair,
But love appears
Bringing light and good to everyone,
Because love conquers all.
The Day After the Night Before.

Did that really happen last night?
Now that I am awake, was it all a dream?
Did I have too much to drink?
While I was standing, at the bar.

We only went out of interest,
My friend Norman, and I
To this club not far from us,
Just for a drink and a chat

A lady from the dance floor
Came to the bar between us
And ordered her drink.
Why between us we thought?

While Norman and she became
Engrossed in conversation
A second lady appeared,
And she too came between us.

She and I said nothing;
Just standing at the bar.
Then the odd word passed between us,
Until we too joined in conversation.

Norman and his lady went to dance;
We two, left at the bar went silent
Until she started to walk away;
I said "Shall we dance?"

I now awake from that night;
Alive, happy and hoping
That all that happened last night,
Was real.

It was! That day after the night before
Happened many years ago.
We have been together now;
From that day for the rest of our lives.

Written January 2014
The Experts Opinion.

You walk into the gallery with excitement,
Or with trepidation.
You never know what you are going to find,
Never know how you are going feel
With all these masterpieces around you.
Or are they master pieces?
With some you look and are drawn into their depths,
The artist pulls you into their minds
An artwork of such power that you get lost in its wonder.
With others you wonder why the artist bothered,
Such a waste of time and you just walk passed it.
So many types of art,
Some you like some you dislike.

Standing in front of a canvas
You declare what a load of rubbish!
The expert comes to you,
You ask what it is all about
And she replied with the most profound of answers;
"You should treat art the same as you would with books,
Or film or music,
You like what you like,
And bollocks to anyone who says you are wrong"
The Glue of Life.

You see it so often,
The couple walking down the street,
Eyes only for each other.
The parents smiling at their children,
The children keep on looking at the parents.
Even the little things in life,
Helping each other,
Smiling at people.
It all comes from that one thing,
That one thing in life,
Which is in this world,
But so many ignore.
Love in our world is so important,
It is needed so that we can all be as one,
It will work one day,
Love will conquer all,
As love is the glue of life.
Lack of Understanding.

I just don't understand it,
Every morning I have a shower,
I wash my hair,
And as I am drying myself
There always seems to be a hair,
A hair in my mouth.
How did it get there?
I certainly don't shower
With my mouth open,
If I did that I might drown.
So how does it get there?
I just don't understand.
Travel in Hope.

We all travel through our lives,
The Faith we have within ourselves,
Or the Faith we have in higher beings,
Is always with us.
As we travel through our lives
We must keep that Faith,
And always travel in Hope.
Will Never Fail.

My lover is drowning,
Drowning in her sea,
Her sea of dementia.
Each day she sinks lower,
Where context is lost,
And memory is non-existent.
At least she still remembers me,
Where friends and family
Are becoming a mystery.
The lady of my heart is still there
But it is a memory,
A memory of times passed.
My love for her is constant
And will never fail,
But each day together
Is becoming harder.
But my love for her
Will never fail.
Two Thousand.

Two thousand Poems!
How could I have written two thousand poems?
But I have.
And this is it.
If you had told me some years ago
That I would be writing poetry
I would have laughed at you.
Me! Write poetry!
You are joking!
But then I saw it,
Saw a work of art,
It brought tears to my eyes,
A picture that pulled my emotions
Into vast sadness,
The power of the art spoke to my soul,
I had to write something,
Something about it,
And my first poem appeared.
It all started slowly,
But over the weeks, months, years
More were written,
Until that time when I had to write.
It was a drug in my being,
I just could not get enough,
Get enough of writing.
So here I am
Writing another one,
My second of the day,
And there will be more to come.
So welcome to my world,
My addictive world of words,
My world of poetry.
Not Sobriety.

We were standing in the Convent,
Some Sisters were around us.
We were asked if we would like a drink,
"We make our own wine here" they said.
"I didn't know you were allowed to make wine" I replied.
When the Nun replied a smile came to my lips.
"In our lives Our Lord asks for our Poverty,
Our Chastity,
And our Obedience.
He never said anything
About Sobriety!"
Yes I Exist.

Yes I know I will die,
I know that this body will die,
But I will not.
My Spirit is Immortal
And will go on to eternity
Taking the memories,
The memories of this life
With me to infinity.

While I am in this earthly life
I need to create those memories
So my time in this body is limited,
But each moment is special,
And I will glory in each of them.

The time will come
When My Spirit leaves my body
And those Special moments
Will be with me,
Will be with me as I sail,
Sail towards eternity,
Knowing that I will always exist,
As will those moments,
Those moments within me.
I arose from my bed,
Looked out of the window,
And there in front of me
The full moon shone
Shone on me in all its Glory,
Shone on me in all its wonder.
The love poured from its light
Onto me,
Onto my world around me,
Making my life one of peace,
One of peace and happiness,
Who could ask for more?
Chet's Sound.

He would put the trumpet to his lips
And from the horn this sound would come,
This sound that would bring me so much joy.
A sound that went through my heart
Into my soul.
In time My Spirit will be with him,
And throughout infinity
I will be listening to him,
With him and his sound,
As Chet and I are in Utopia.
Christmas Peace.

‘Twas the night before Christmas,
A night that was full of cheer,
But the noisy ones were out there,
Full of Christmas Beer.

Then the bells were ringing,
Long and loud and clear,
Ensuring we were all ready,
As Santa Claus was here.

The stomping on the rooftop,
I thought would never stop,
As there was no flaming chimney,
Through which Santa could just drop.

Soon it will be silent,
The silence of the night,
The world will be quiet,
The world will be right.

‘Twas the night before Christmas,
So my wish I give to you,
May peace be forever on us,
And love be long and true.
Mary Had a Little Lamb 1 and 2.

1.
Orchi had a great big dog,
Its coat was black as soot,
And every time it heard some porn,
A loud bark was output.

2.
Michael had a little lamb,
Whose coat was coloured many,
Cos Michael put his brush on it,
When going to spend a penny.
Into the New Year.

Just another day?
Not really,
It was Christmas Day,
A special day
Where we sat together,
Sat together in harmony.
Eating our fill,
Filling our minds
With love,
The love for each other,
Love in the family.
A wonderful day
Filled with peace and harmony,
Knowing that that harmony
Will continue,
Continue into the New Year,
Into the New year,
And beyond.
The Knowledge of Words.

The empty page is before me,
What will I write on it?
So many words within me,
So little time to write.
The first word goes onto the page,
Others follow like a torrent.
The torrent starts to slow,
The words become more meaningful,
And start to make sense.
The wisdom of each word
Starts to appear,
And knowledge is born on the paper.
That knowledge that will lead you,
Lead you into the wisdom of life.
That knowledge so profound
That words will be forming,
Forming within your mind,
So that those words within you
Can be written,
Written on this page.
Hill of Dreams.

I sit on top of the hill
Nature’s canvas surrounds me,
The greens, yellows and browns
Speckled with white dots.
As I sit here I remember,
Remember those times
When the two of us sat here,
The wonder of our love
Complementing Nature’s glory.
Those days when we walked the Dales
And marvelled in the world around us.
The greens of the Dales,
With the yellows of flowers
And the browns of the woodlands,
Spotted by the white of sheep,
God’s Land filling us with happiness.

As I sit on the hill
Now all I have is memories,
As no more can we share them
Except in our minds eye,
And even now,
As I sit on the hill,
It is now only a dream.
New Day - Haiku to Senryu.

The grey dawn arose,
A hole appeared in the clouds,
The bright sun shone through.

Light entered our lives,
Lifting us from the darkness,
Into life's beauty.
I look out across the sea,
The gentle flow of the ocean waves
In harmony with the world,
The world of peace and beauty.

The storm clouds appear,
The winds rise,  
The waves get higher
And crash to the shore,
Natures anger rises.

Calm is soon restored
And I once more look out,
Look out at the peace and beauty
That should be inherent,
Inherent in our world.

The storms within people
Seem unending,
They are unwilling to be calm,
All need what THEY want
Without caring for others.

I look out across the sea,
And dream of peace.
New Year Scotch.

I wonder,
I wonder if anyone will be out,
Be out and will join me,
Join me in a midnight drink.
Every New Year’s Eve I am there
There outside my front door
Just after midnight,
Bottle of scotch and glasses to hand,
Willing to give anyone a drink.
But people just do not come out,
Do not come at midnight any more
So the scotch is just for me.

I look up to the heavens
And wish all good cheer,
And drink to their health
Each and every New Year.
I awake at dawn,
A new day,
A new year.
A year where each moment will be treasured,
Those moments so fleeting
Need to be captured,
Secured within,
Within myself,
Within My Spirit.
I will go through this new year
With wonder,
With happiness,
But mostly with love.
Love that most important,
Most important of all moments,
But a moment that can last forever.
Water Shock.

Around the house I went
Mini water can in hand
Watering the plants
A regular job
Ensuring the survival
Of these indoor beauties
Then I came to a new one
Sitting there glistening
Glistening in the corner
I poured some water on it
When I got up from the floor
I realised
You should never water
And electric Christmas Tree.
Day of Bach.

I sit here in dawns early light
The day before me,
I wonder what it will bring?
Then I hear it,
I hear Johann Sebastian playing,
Playing for me.
The sound of the piano
Surrounds me,
As Bach's music enters my being
And ensures that the day,
The day before me,
Will be wonderful.
Bah! Humbug!

The decorations are down,
The Christmas has been stripped bare
And laid low,
The cards have been sacked,
The jigsaw is back on the table,
Normality returns.
Journeys of Life.

In our lives we walk many paths,
Each path takes us on a journey.
That journey could be filled with wonder,
It could be filled with sadness,
But with each journey we gain,
We gain experience.
Therefore be assured
That when we return from those journeys
We will not be the same person,
The same person as the one that left,
That person who left for each journey.
The Hunt in the Forest

I stand before the picture,
A picture of fine renown.
The first time an artist has captured it,
The idea of perspective is shown.
The hunters on their horses,
The hunters on the ground,
Dogs chasing,
Each shown smaller
As they go into the woods.
The deer they are chasing
Are smaller still.
But are the men chasing deer,
Or is the artist,
Chasing his dreams.
She.

She is leaving this world,
She knows that death is calling her.
She has had a good life,
She has a loving husband,
She has a loving family,
She knows they will miss her.

She wants to come to peace
In the place that she loves,
That cottage on the beach
Where the sun always shines,
That place far away,
With her husband at her side.

They arrive at her heaven on earth,
Their last days together full of joy,
Full of love, and full of laughter,
Until that day when she knew,
She knew her end was near,
And her life on this world was ended.

She lay on the beach with her lover,
His arms around her,
Looking out to the setting sun.
She slowly rose and walked to the sea.
As she walked into the sunset
She looked back and saw herself
Laying there, as if asleep,
In her loving husband's arms.
The Privilege of Age.

I look in the mirror and see who?
I see this man,
This man of many years staring at me.
What happened to that young man
That used to stare back at me?
He has gone with the passing of time.

I then look again at the face
And see the wisdom of age
That experience has given to me.
I then smile as I realise,
Realise that age is a privilege
That some do not reach.
Evening Malt.

Which shall I try tonight?
I open the cupboard and they sit there,
These wonderful nectars from Scotland.
The Laphroaig shouts at me
As this is my favourite,
But the others are so wonderful.
Talisker the one I have seen brewed,
Taking me back to that time on Skye
Where my lover and I shared our dreams.
There sits the Auchentoshan,
Introduced to me thirty years ago
When my brother bought me a bottle.
A bottle for my fortieth birthday.
Or will it be the new one,
The Ardbeg,
The one disliked
By my friend in the Choir.
And then there is the Christmas gift
The one I didn't know,
The Bailie Nicol Jarvie,
But so smooth to the taste.
Lastly there is the one at the back,
The Jura that I dare not touch
As that is for my friend
When he comes round.
So many choices,
So little time,
But before I go to bed,
One of them will be supped.
Bad Days to Good.

We all have them,
Those days when all goes wrong,
Days which are so bad,
That we think of giving up.

When I get days like this I stop,
I stop and look back,
And look at the bad days in the past.
I then realise,
Realise that my ability,
My ability to get through them
Is consistent.
I have survived every one of them,
I have got through them with success.
This one will be no different,
I will get through it
And move on to the wonderful days,
The wonderful days that WILL lay in front of me.
Evening to Dawn.

I look up at the evening sky,
The reds and oranges adorn the clouds,
Natures artistic brush sweeps through
Showing its wondrous glory.
Slowly the colours fade
And a grey world is upon me,
But as I look the moon rises,
This white ball of heavenly light
Shining down on me,
Showing that the light is with me,
Showing me the way.
I look beyond the moon
And see the stars emerging,
Each one a memory of hope.

The evening passes
Into the darkness of night,
The moon and stars so bright
Giving me the faith
That all is well within My World,
And that the New Day is coming.

That New day arrives,
The reds and oranges adorn the clouds
As natures artwork is with me,
And daylight fills my life once more.
Once more a year has passed,
A year of trials and upheavals,
A year that has ended in glory
As her life stabilises into a future
That will be wonderful.
Full of happiness,
Full of acceptance,
Filled with the love
The love of family and friends
As she looks forward
Towards the wonderful life,
That will be ahead of her.
No Signalling Day.

It must be a special day today.
To the supermarket,
I went and bought the shopping,
I came back and unloaded.
And then I thought
It must be a special day today,
You know the one,
The day when cars don't signal!
Nearly all the cars I saw
That needed to signal,
Didn't,
But I did,
But then I didn't remember,
That it was "No Signalling Day"!
Trust in Politicians.

There it was,
My first laugh of the day.
Listening to the news
Brexit was mentioned,
AGAIN!
Then came the statement,
"If The Brexit deal was not accepted
Trust in politicians would be harmed."
I laughed out loud.
Trust in politicians is a joke,
Always will be.
They don't care for others,
They only care for what's in it,
What's in it for themselves.
Trust in politicians is a dream,
A dream that has been a nightmare,
A nightmare for centuries.
Morning Glory.

The time is so special,  
Up early in the morning,  
The radio goes on,  
Classical music fills the room.  
I sit and write words  
And get completely lost,  
Lost in my own world.  
That time may only last an hour,  
But sometimes it is two,  
Which is wonderful.  
A time for me to write my words,  
Or read the words of others,  
And listen to music.  
The day then has to start  
As my lover arises,  
And I am once more with her,  
With her in her own world,  
Her own world of dementia.
Score for Words.

The blank page sits in front of us,
What shall we write?
Will it be words of sadness?
Will it be words of happiness?
Those words will come from within us
And written for others to share.
Whatever we write
It is created like a score.
A score for the human voice.
Teddy Man.

In he came,
Bobble hat on his head,
Thick winter coat,
Not unusual,
But there in his coat
With head popping out,
Was a teddy bear,
This was unusual,
And so strange to see
In a man of his years.
He took of his hat,
Laid it on the table,
Gently lifted teddy out
And sat him on the table,
Resting it against the soft hat
So that teddy
Could see what was going on,
So very strange.
Moments in Words.

Each day they are with us,
Those moments that bring us glory,
Bring us wonder,
Bring us love.
They may be so fleeting
That they become hardly remembered,
But poets can capture them,
They can capture moments in words.
Moments captured in words
Are captured forever.
History.

Throughout our lives
We are told what happened in the past,
Why wars were fought,
Why people died,
Died for the common good.
But what we need to realise
Is that history is written by the winners,
What if the losers were right!
Coffee Time.

"How do you like your coffee?"
"I like it without sugar,
I like it without milk,
But most of all
I prefer it,
Without cream"
Love of Healing.

In her eyes you can see it
Every time I ask,
Ask her about her veterinarian training.
Her face changes,
That look that comes over her,
That look that takes me,
Takes me into her world,
Her world of helping animals.
From that look I knew,
I knew that she had found her life,
The life for which she was born,
Her world in which she would be ecstatic
In bringing health back to all creatures.
A lady whose face showed the wonder,
The wonder of the life
Into which she would bring happiness,
Happiness and love to all.
Intelligent Conversation 2.

Every time we are there
She comes to our table,
The manager of the coffee shop,
Sometimes just to say hello,
Occasionally to chat.
This time she stopped,
Stopped for a few minutes.
We spoke of holidays
Of marriage proposals,
Of work,
We spoke of many things.

To me it was wonderful
As we spoke with meaning,
Which is something I miss,
Miss in my wife's world,
Her world of dementia.
I therefore thank her,
Thank her so much,
To lead me into a world,
A world of intelligent conversation.
Understanding.

We enter life ignorant,
Ignorant of everything.
As we grow, we learn,
Learn so many things.
Every day we search,
Search for new ways,
Search for wisdom.
Each day is special
As we learn the meanings,
The meanings of life.
Sometimes we stop learning,
We think we understand all,
But what we do not realise
Is that understanding
Makes the mind lazy.
Paid Retirement

I do admire those who work,
I admired them so much
That back in 'the day' I got paid,
Paid to watch people work.
It was wonderful
Just watching them slave,
While I timed each job they did,
To see if they were efficient at their work.

Those days are behind me,
My work days are over,
Retirement is my way of life,
A glorious retirement.
I still admire them,
Those people who work,
Slaving away,
Day after day,
Earning their money,
Paying their tax,
And with that tax
I get paid,
As some of that money
Pays for my pension,
To make my retirement wonderful.
Calliope Acrostic.

Calling to me
As she gives me the words
Likely to stir the soul,
Looking down at me
In soothing calm
Over the words
Put on this page of
Everlasting wonder.
Goldie and Orchi wrote poems,
From the millennia of years now passed,
They wrote at least one a day,
One wondered how long this will last.

They both joined here together,
From another fine poetry site,
That site died in turmoil,
So now it's on here that they write.

Seven hundred poems,
They both have now put on here,
A time for a celebration,
Perhaps go out for a beer.

There is the problem I know,
Drinking with Orchi, I need to watch,
As he is liable to put water,
In my fine and glorious scotch.
Mozart Acrostic 1.

Music was born within him
Offering its beauty to our world.
Zeal abounded from his soul
As it flowed into the ether
Reaching our hearts and Spirits,
To bring his musical wonder to us all.
When people look at paintings where, 
They don't recognise the form, 
The thought that comes from in them says; 
"But is this really art?"

Can they not see the idea that 
The artist tries to show? 
Why don't they open up their minds 
And think of what they see.

So when I write words on the page 
That neither rhyme nor scan 
The thought may therefore come to some 
"But is it poetry?"
In life we are taught,
Taught that being a good person
Will lead us to a Spiritual Existence.
We try to better ourselves through life
As we aim for that Spiritual goodness,
But what we forget
Is that Our Spirit is always with us.
So should we look at a different way,
Use that Spirituality within us,
To become Human?
Gone Away.

The excitement is within me,
I know it is wrong,
Why should I feel like this,
Happy that she has gone,
Gone away for a week.

She has changed so much,
Dementia has taken her,
Taken her from me
Into her own world,
Leaving me to work so hard,
So hard to deal with her problems,
The problems she now has.

The normality of her life has gone,
Gone so she can do almost nothing,
Lost in her own mindless world,
Leaving me to pick up the pieces,
Day after day,
Night after night,
Non-stop working,
Non-stop worrying.

The love of my life has gone,
Disappeared into her demented mind,
Leaving me to struggle,
A struggle that gets harder,
Harder every single day.

She is away for a week,
I can relax,
But she will be back soon,
And the struggle will start again,
Start again? until when?
Old Age Phonephobia?

There I was  
Sitting in the waiting room,  
Waiting for the vampire  
To draw some blood from me,  
Hopefully arm, not neck,  
When they come in.  
A couple,  
Not in the first flush of youth,  
She with walking sticks,  
Him dragging on behind.  
They sat down near me,  
She rummaged in her handbag,  
He felt for something in his pocket,  
Out they came,  
Both took out their mobiles.  
So very strange from a couple,  
A couple like them.  
I would expect nothing less,  
Nothing less from youngsters,  
(By youngsters I mean  
Anybody under fifty)  
But they were in the twilight,  
Twilight of their lives,  
But they became so intent,  
So intent on their mobiles,  
That it seemed so very strange,  
So very strange to me.
Chet Baker Acrostic.

Cherished sound
Making music in my life
Ever more important
To my waking world.

Bringing joy into my heart,
A sound so unique
Keeps me wondering
Ever more, as his music
Reverberates in my soul.
No, There Will be no Hurricane Tonight.

The year was eighty-seven,
The year we had the storm.
The wind howled through the night,
Tiles clattered,
Trees toppled,
Rooves moved,
And fell.
The countryside changed,
Yet only eighteen died.

As I drove to work
The landscape was different.
The trees that had blocked my view were down,
Tiles were everywhere.
I got into work, Building Maintenance at the time,
The 'phones never stopped.
I sent men out to view the hell
That the wind had produced.
Yet only eighteen died.

They tales they told were both horrific,
And funny.
They told of the rooves
They found on the ground,
Lifted from blocks of flats,
And laid to one side.
Of the tree that fell between
Two blocks, yet touched neither.
Of the greenhouse in the middle of the road,
All glass still intact.
Yet only eighteen died.

The saddest part of all
Was that the wind was salt laden,
It killed the colours of autumn
All over the borough.
So that day when we drove to the west
Was so very strange,
So very beautiful,
Because we drove into autumn.
The Game of Rugby Union.

What a match, what a match!
Onto the pitch they came,
The team in the Green Shirts,
The team in the White Shirts.
The whistle went,
The ball was kicked
And sailed into the air,
The match had started.
Those in green were undefeated,
Undefeated for twelve matches,
But that came to an end
When the whites came to Dublin.
They showed how to play the game,
Play the game with power,
Play the game with skill,
Play the game with a will to win.
And win they did
In a game of such magnificence.
Yes, England were the winners,
But the bigger winner was there as well,
The big winner was the game,
The game of Rugby Union.
New or Old.

In the shop window I saw the sign,
'New feels good'.
Yes, new clothes are good,
But old clothes are comfortable.
How Can It Be?

How can it be?
So many years ago we met
And our souls joined.
Our love for each other shines,
Shines through our eyes
As we look into our one soul.
So long together
But each day our love grows,
Grows stronger each day.
So much love we have,
We have for each other.
As we reach the twilight,
The twilight of our years, we know,
We know that our love is stronger,
So much stronger.
It devours us with joy,
The joy of being one with each other.
That love will still be with us
As our soul becomes Our Spirit,
And our love gets ever stronger.
How can it be?
It can be,
As this is love,
This is true love.

"Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies" Aristotle.
Lake Walking.

The sun blazed down on the white frosty track,
I walked through natures wonder towards the lake.
There it was before me, the white bushes surrounding it.
I started my walk glorying in this beautiful morning.
There before me was a sign,
"DANGER! No swimming or paddling. Fear of drowning!"
I looked over the water and the thought came to me,
Drowning would not be an issue on a day like this
As the lake was solid ice,
And you could probably walk across it
And would be more likely
To die of exposure!
The Lady of Shallott Rises.

The curse had struck and she had died
Within that boat to Camelot,
She floated soft towards her dream,
That Lady of Shallott.

Her life went by, into pieces many
As she searched for Lancelot,
Yet the pieces were recovered now
For The Lady of Shallott

The pieces, in a box, came to me
Each one with a delicate slot,
For me to combine together well
To raise that Lady of Shallott.

The task was never ever easy,
To get her back to Camelot,
But at last she was now restored,
The Lady of Shallott.

The pieces became as one together,
And I gave her back to Lancelot,
I had completed the beautiful jigsaw,
Of The Lady of Shallott.
Darkness into Light.

The darkness was there within me
Suffocating my soul,
The stress of my life pulling me down.
Illness struck ,
Taking me further into the depths of despair.
The illness gradually passed
Leaving me so weak
That my strength seemed lost.
Then it happened,
I sang,
I sang with the Choir.
As each note left my body
It took the darkness with it.
My mind was clear once more
And my life was back into the light,
The light that music always brings.
My soul was breathing again
As music once more pulled me,
Pulled me up from the depths,
The depths of my suffering.
The light was there within me,
Showing the way forward once more.
Today Not Tomorrow.

We go through each day of our life,
Each day is different,
Each day has wonders to offer,
So enjoy each day today,
As tomorrow is not here yet.
All her life I have known her
From that curly haired young baby
To the beautiful young lady she has become.
Her studying has taken her to France,
A place that calls to her so strongly.
Her studying will take her to Italy,
A place where I long to go.
A country full of art,
Full of opera.
We talk of her travels,
We talk of her wishes,
And all the time I am proud,
So proud of this young lady.
This young lady who gives me so much,
So much pleasure,
A young lady of whom I am so proud,
So proud to call her My Granddaughter
The Sixties, was I There?

Was I there in the sixties?
I can remember it, so some say I wasn't there.
But I can remember the great bands, the great songs.
The Beatles reigned but Elvis was King.
I was in the House where the Sun rose on The Animals,
Where Satisfaction of the Stones was missing.
Gerry walked with me so I was Never Alone,
The Searchers gave me Sweets which
Really Got Me into Something Good.
Tom found life Not Unusual
Until Lucy found the Diamonds.
The Vibrations were always Good on The Beach;
The Harem became Whiter in their Pale life.
The songs ended with Serge making love to Jane.

"I was there!" said my mate Joe
"The wars in Margate and Clacton!"
"Brighton sixty four, I was there!"
Mods and Rockers, clashing on the Beach;
And where was I, I was in the bar with friends,
Drinking beer and smoking Gauloise.
Dressed in my suit with the collarless coat;
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion.

Yes I remember The Sixties with love.
The time of my young manhood.
Times with good friends and laughter;
The bands, the dances, the girls.
The girls, always so sweet and me so coy;
Days of my innocence, a world always remembered
With fondness and love.

The change of the seventies where my life became serious
And was never the same, as marriage and children took over.
But still fashion had its price!
With my long hair, beard, pale grey bell-bottomed suit,
The white platform shoes, and of course the kipper tie,
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion?
Aging Crime.

Each day you get older,
And with each day life changes.
Youth passes so quickly
That you are soon into middle age,
And before you know it
Old age rears its head.
This feels like you are being punished,
Old age increasingly feels like a crime,
A crime that you did not commit.
The Moon of Love - FIBS.

The
Moon
Rises
Light shining
On our wondrous lives
Each life so different to others
Creating the joy of human life in all of us
When we move together in joy
Making peace our goal
And the moon
Leads us
In
Love
Saint Valentines Day Senryu.

Saint Valentine's Day,
My love for her has no bounds,
My beautiful wife
Birthday Valentine.

Such a special day,
The day of love.
The day when loved ones remember,
Remember their love for each other
Is boundless and endless.
From the time they met
Until forever,
That love will never die.
But for him,
For her,
It is a very special day
As it is the day of his birth.
That day remembered
When he arrived in this world,
Only to meet her in his life,
So they became one soul,
Going forward to eternity.
Newspaper Chatting.

They sat at the table,
A couple of moderate years.
Coffee in front of them,
A newspaper before them,
Each of them.
They read, they looked up,
Looked up and chatted,
Then back to the paper.
Such an old fashioned sight,
Reading a newspaper
And then chatting to each other,
Not a mobile 'phone in sight.
Shadows to Light.

In this life I walk towards the light,
The light of my world is always there
As my days are filled with glory,
Filled with glory and wonder and love.
The glory of nature,
The wonder of art,
The love of music.
I always move forward into life’s brightness
And never look back,
As I know that if I look back
The shadows of darkness are there,
And they are of times passed
But my life is into the light,
The light of my glorious future.
Smoke Filled Days.

Well that took me back,
Back many years of my life.
Three guys came into the coffee bar,
Got their coffee,
Went outside
And sat at a table.
As they sat down
Each reached into their pockets
And pulled out some cigarettes,
Once they were lit
They sat around chatting,
And drinking,
And smoking,
And that took me back,
Back to when smoking was the norm.
Walking into a smoke filled pub,
Thinking nothing of it
As I pulled out a fag
To go with my pint.
At work it was often the case
As I walked into an office
I could barely see across the room,
The smoke from cigarettes hid everyone.
Nowadays it is just not done,
But back then it was normal,
And those three guys reminded me,
Of those fun, smoke filled days.
Spring Starts.

There it was again,
It had been missing for so long.
The morning was still dark,
The sun still to rise,
But there it was again,
That first sign of spring.
The wonderful song of the robin
Heralding natures symphony
To start this beautiful day.
Honour Unfounded.

They were elected to represent a party,
So surely if they leave that party
They need to be re-elected.
Most people vote for a party,
Not an individual,
So surely if they are honourable
They will resign their seat,
Enter an election,
By the people they represent,
To see who will win,
The individual,
Or the party.
But surely it is a long time
Since politicians
Were honourable.
Dance the Tango.

There they were on the dance floor,
Women with men,
Women with women,
Men with men.
All enjoying their dancing,
So free from troubled lives.
They were all people
Of one accord,
Who came together,
Came together,
To dance,
To dance the Tango.
Contentment.

Throughout our lives we seek it,
We seek that place where all is fine.
The road may be hard to travel,
Hills of troubles form before us
But those hills can be overcome,
And the experience of climbing them
Makes us so much stronger.
The bends in the road frighten us
But as we turn them we find
All is well as the fear is conquered.
Throughout our lives we seek it
And we will eventually be content,
As in life contentment is a gift,
A gift that is hard won,
But contentment will be there,
Be there for us all.

Contentment is a gift hard won.
Fear of Writing.

The blank page sits before me,
I don't know what to write.
I want to write poetry,
But don't know how.

Poetry comes from within,
Just let the thoughts of your mind
Flow with the feelings from your soul.
So many emotions are within you,
So many opportunities are around you,
Each of them needs words,
Words to flow onto the page.

Put your feelings into words,
Put your opportunities onto the page,
And those words from your heart and mind
Will fill the page with poetry.
Hairstyles.

In they came,
Woman, man and dog,
Sat down at a table.
Their coffee came,
I looked at them,
Just being nosey,
But then I had to look again.
The dog sat on the floor,
His hair seemed to be parted,
Parted in the middle of his head
And it flowed down the sides.
I looked up at the lady,
Her hair seemed to be parted,
Parted in the middle of her head
And it flowed down the sides.
I was so very strange
To see the lady and the dog
With the same hairstyle.
Our Choir.

There are so many characters who sing in our choir,
The basses are low but the tenors sing higher.
The leads sing the tune and take charge of the song?
The cream are the baris who never go wrong!

The sound rumbles round from voices so deep;
Is that noise thunder that's stopping us sleep?
No only the basses whose demeanour and voice
Are both far too low to make us rejoice!

Wavering so high above all the rest
The tenors let fly, thinking they're best.
Their voices can only reach to this height
As they pull up their trousers extremely tight

The leads supposedly take charge of the song
Why do they get it so often wrong?
Are they drowned by the rest singing too loud
Or don't they want to stand out in the crowd!

Amongst the dross of all other parts
A sound can be heard that can stir the hearts
Of all those who listen with an informed ear
The baritones singing loud, long and clear!

The Musical Director in front all alone
Attempting to get us to sing the right tone
One day will learn that he needs just to mete
Out, the time the chorus wants him to beat.
Time Lost in Words.

I sit with the page before me
And the words come tumbling out.
My mind, heart and soul
Are so full of them
That all else is forgotten
And I become lost,
Lost in the world of poetry,
Where time ceases to exist.
The words go on the page
From my never empty mind
Until I look up
And find that time has disappeared,
Disappeared onto the page,
With the words that I have written,
And needed to be there,
As these words need to be.
Mary Had a Little Lamb 7.

Mary had a little lamb
Its coat was rather dirty
As when she met the great big ram
She was always very flirty.
Into Eternal Life.

I look up to the night sky,
The stars look down,
Their brightness calls to my soul,
As they want me.

I will be with them one day,
With all my friends,
Who are with them before me,
Waiting for me.

I will then be looking down
Upon my friends,
Waiting for them to join me,
As I want them.

Together we will go on forever,
Into our eternal life.
Ministerial Anger.

Once more it has happened!
Our Minister ’phoned,
He asked the questions.
"How are you?"
"How is Joyce?"
I told him that things were bad,
Joyce's dementia was dreadful,
I was struggling.
But then he asked the question I was expecting!
"Can you help me with my Computer?'"
I nearly told him where to stick his computer!
But no,
I gave him some advice.

I do wish for once he would ring
And just show concern for us,
But no,
He only wants me
To do something for him.
Does he not care for his people?
Is he so wrapped up in himself
That he cannot see the troubles
That are with others around him.
I thought Church Ministers cared!
The Vltava.

They spring from the mountainside,
Two separate lives that become one,
The river of life is formed.
Flowing through woods and hills,
Flowing through meadows,
Where natures greenery salutes,
Salutes the life giving power
Of this magnificent waterway.
It flows into the night
And the moonshine reflects its wonder
As it allows the mermaids to dance,
To dance in its flowing majesty.
It goes on towards the sea,
The sea of life where we all meet
As our journey continues,
Continues for eternity.
Valley on the Hill.

So often we go there,
Go to the Garden Centre,
All the way UP the hill.
Walk around the shops,
Go in for coffee,
Write these words.
So often we are UP there,
**UP ABOVE** the river,
**UP** to that place,
That place they have renamed,
**UP** to that place now called,
The Valley.
Evil in Life.

In our lives we often find evil,
Evil in others,
Evil within ourselves.
If unrestrained that evil
Will cause so much harm.

That evil can be tamed,
As what is evil
Can be contained,
Can be contained within good,
And the good will show us,
Show us the way forward,
The way forward into love,
Into love and peace.
Flower.

I know I can do it,
I have the strength,
I can push through the darkness.
I make it I am free,
Up into the world I rise.
My head still covered
But the light is above me,
And soon I will see it.
The cover on my head splits,
My petals unfurl.
I look up at the beauty,
The beauty of the world around me,
Knowing that my bloom
Will stir the passion,
The passion in the heart of people,
And my life will be fulfilled.
Know Your Worth.

All of us sit at the table of life
Interacting with each other,
Interacting to ensure that our lives combine,
Combine into a bright fulfilling future.
We may argue,
We may agree,
But as long as the respect for each other
Can be seen to be fulfilled
We can be as one at the table,
We can move forward in life.
But it often happens in our lives
That one day respect stops,
Respect is no longer being served.
When that day happens
You must find the courage,
The courage to leave the table.

You must find the courage to leave the table
If respect is no longer being served
Jacques Loussier.

He’s gone!
How could that be?
All my life I have known him,
His music pervades my life.
I have heard all his interpretations,
The classical composers
Were putty in his hands
As their notes were transformed
Into the glory of Jazz.
Bach and Mozart,
Handel and Schuman,
Ravel and Satie
So many composers,
So many variations,
As he brought the joy of jazz
Into my world.
I will miss him,
But his music will live on,
Live on in my life,
Live on for eternity.
Church Swansong.

Drove into Church this morn
To set up for the hymns;
And their awaiting at the door
A swan waiting to get in.

It joined the congregation
But wouldn't sing the song,
It must have been a mute you see,
Or might have got it wrong.

It came down to the choir
To listen to the row;
But didn't like it very much
So left without a bow.

The service neared completion
The plate was passed around,
The swan donated nothing
So it didn't hang around!
Living the Day.

Each day I am blessed,
Blessed as I get up,
Get up for the new day,
Each day so different.

There are bad days
Where all goes wrong,
But I do my best,
And all is well.

There are good days
Where all is well,
And life is beautiful,
Days that shouldn't end.

The bad days,
And the good days
Will always be there,
But each day is special
As I am alive,
And being alive is wonderful.
Dressing for Seasons.

Walking down the path,
Off to get my paper,
A lady came towards me,
As we passed
Good Mornings were exchanged.
She was dressed for winter,
Stout shoes,
Thick trousers,
Fur lined coat
With fur round her head
Almost covering her face.
There was me,
Normal shoes,
Normal trousers,
Short sleeved shirt,
Dressed in my normality.
I wonder,
Wonder which of us,
Which of us is mad.
Clickety Click.

Clickety-click,
Another year has passed.
Another year in your life
Where ups and downs lead you,
Lead you to a path of experience,
Where you become more at peace,
At peace with the love in your life,
That love of those around you
Showing their joy
In you reaching another year,
Another milestone,
Clickety-click.
Such a Sadness.

Such a sadness in my life,
Together for so many years,
Our love growing stronger each day.
Then it struck,
Struck out of the blue.
She was smitten,
My love was smitten with it,
With that damned awful dementia.
Each day it got worse
Until that day it happened,
That day when she disappeared,
My beautiful loving wife disappeared,
Disappeared into her own mind.
The occasional glimpse into our world
No longer there,
My lover has gone.
My love for her will never fail
As I vowed,
Vowed in sickness and in health,
That vow is so strong,
I will be with her forever,
Never betray her.
But I do wish
That she was still here,
Still here with me.
Watching Snooker.

The red ball goes into the pocket
The white stops behind the black,
The black is then struck by the white
It too goes into pocket,
Eight points are totalled.
The red ball goes into the pocket
The white stops behind the black,
The black is then struck by the white
It too goes into pocket,
One hundred and twenty points are totalled.
What happened to the other points?
The one hundred and twelve,
Those I seem to have missed.
Falling asleep can be such a pain!
Numbers in Life.

It is only a number,
There are so many of them.
Some are frightening,
But in the scheme of things
The one that you have reached
Is just a little one.
It may seem large to you
But many others have passed it,
They live their full lives
With humour and love
At many great ages.
Be sure that you will live your life,
Live it to the best of your ability.
This time in your life is just the beginning,
The beginning of the wonderful journey,
The wonderful journey into your future.
Beware!

Beware!
Beware, it is here,
That day of death,
That day of which he was warned,
Warned by the seer,
Warned that he would die.
Die he did,
So we must all be aware,
Beware the Ides of March.
You have been warned!
The Call of The Gold Cup.

In they came,
Smiles all over their faces,
Just stopping for coffee
Before going to their heaven,
Their heaven of Cheltenham,
Going there to see The Gold Cup.
They will watch it.
They may bet in it.
Cheer their horse on to win.
But I wonder,
I wonder if they will be in heaven,
Or will they be in hell,
When the race is over.
In our lives we have so many emotions.,
The sadness can overwhelm us
Nothing seems to go right.
In those times I lose myself,
Lose myself in words,
Lose myself in music,
Lose myself in art,
Lose myself in nature.
There are so many things out there,
Out there where I can get lost,
And move from the darkness.

In our lives we have so many emotions.
And happiness is there within us.
It may not be seen
But it is there to be found,
Found in words,
Found in music,
Found in art,
Found in nature.
There are so many things out there,
Out there to bring happiness to life,
And move us into the light
Dispelling Myths.

We hear of them throughout our lives,
"That's not really true ? it's a myth".
There are so many of them around,
But today I dispelled a myth,
I proved that it was true.
I have always believed in the myth,
But today my life changed
As real knowledge was shown to me,
There is a bottom to it,
There is a bottom to the ironing basket!
Intimidating Senryu.

Obscure senryus
Call on the depths of the mind,
Intimidating.
Peace in My Life.

I walk along by My River,
The further I go
The more peaceful it becomes,
The more peaceful I become.
I come to that place
Where My River becomes My Spirit,
Where My River, My Spirit and I become one,
Where all is well,
And there is peace in my soul.
I know that that peace will always be there
Be there waiting for me,
Waiting until that time,
That time when I join My Spirit
And become one soul
Where the peace that I have found
Will be with me,
With me for eternity.
Aah Bach.

On this day he was born
Three hundred and thirty four years ago.
He is held in such high esteem.
He is held in wonder.
We talk of other composers,
Talk of the wonderful music
Given to us all.
We discuss it at length,
We listen to it forever,
But when his name is mentioned
Emotion fills my soul,
And all I can utter,
Is "Aah, Bach".
Set Her Free.

Where are you God?
Why do you punish her?
Why do you punish me?
She is so ill
Why not take her
As you did Jesus,
He is now in heaven
And she will be there,
If you take her to you.
I know Her Spirit is within her,
So Her Spirit will be free,
Free to go on in joy.
Her Spirit is trapped,
Trapped in her world,
Her world of dementia,
Getting increasingly more confined,
Set her free Lord,
Set her free.
The Boy Sat on the Burning Deck.

The boy sat on the burning deck  
His feet were in the water  
He saw a maiden swimming by;  
It was the Captain's daughter.

She said "Come on down and join me,  
I'm sure we'll have a lark"  
He said "Not for all the tea in China,  
You're being followed by a shark".

The shark looked up and said to him,  
"Don't be scared of me,  
Biting's not the thing I do,  
As the teeth I have count three".

So in he dived beside the maiden  
And swam along her side,  
The shark swam up beneath them,  
And took them on a ride.

The shark took them on his back  
To beaches wide and far;  
A common theme was on the sand,  
They had a well-stocked bar.

The boy and girl tried all the drinks  
Provided by new chums;  
The shark went out to sea to eat,  
Fish captured by his gums

They travelled o'er this great vast world,  
To places far and wide;  
These good friends went together,
Side by side by side.

The three went on for all their lives
Having so much fun;
’Til the last that was seen of them,
Was towards the setting sun.
Another Good Day.

I rise from my bed,
Part the curtains,
Look out,
Look out into my world.
The clouds float by
And reveal the moon.
The moon looks down,
Looks down on me,
Showing me that all is well,
All is well with my world.
I can now move,
Move into my day,
Knowing that all will be well,
Another good day.
Her Beautiful Smile - Senryu.

Her beautiful smile
Lit up the world around her,
But from a distance.
Saturday Nights Were Special.

Saturday nights were special,
Back in those far off days.
Those days of beer and darts,
And days of carefree ways.

Saturday nights were special,
Us three in suit and ties.
Drinking pints of Courage ale,
Three happy selfless guys.

Saturday nights were special,
For Joe and Jack and me.
Always found together,
Single and fancy free.

Saturday nights were special,
When we went to the club,
As a change from the norm,
Of drinking in the pub.

The club was for working men,
And Saturdays they held a dance,
As we walked in the bar,
We gave the room a glance.

The parents would grab their daughters,
As we looked round the room,
But we went in the men only bar,
And to the snooker room.

As we walked our slow way home,
Full of beer and song,
We would sing those songs of rugby,
With words both right and wrong.

We never caused any trouble,
During those endearing years,
Looking back to then from now,
To my eyes brings many tears.

Jack’s gone to the pub in heaven,
And Joe went his own ways.
But Saturday nights were special,
Back in those far off days.
Shadow Across the Sky.

I walk the path of life
Not knowing where I go,
Only knowing where I've been.
I know there is a way before me
But that course is so elusive,
As elusive as a shadow,
A shadow across the sky.
Who was this playing,
Playing into my soul.
Right from the first note
They had captured me
Into their amazing music.
She was so young,
How could she play so well?
Straight from her heart,
Into mine.
Then he played,
Chet was back,
Reincarnated in his soul.
Such wonderful music,
Just five of them
Producing this sound,
This sound of my heaven.
Time vanished.
It was over,
But it had only just begun.
But their music will never stop
As it is flowing,
Flowing into the ether waiting,
Waiting for me on that day,
That day when My Spirit rises
And joins the music,
The music in the stars.
Humour in Life.

There we were
Drinking our coffee.
I looked around the bar
And she said to me,
"Are you looking for another woman?"
"No" I replied,
"I don't want anyone else.....
.......I have enough trouble with you"
We both burst out laughing.
Humour is so important,
Important in our lives.
At Peace Once More.

Once more I am there
And My River is waiting,
Waiting to guide me along its Path,
The Path to My Spirit.
I arrive at its side,
A blackbird is there to greet me,
A friend to watch over me.
I walk beside the water,
The crystal clear water
Shining like a mirror,
So calm,
So wonderful,
Calling me to travel with it.
The noise of the town recedes
And I am at peace,
At peace with My World,
At peace with My River,
At peace with My Spirit,
At peace with My Self.
A Plethora of Sues.

It was her birthday,
She was eighty
So had to have a dinner party.
The hall was hired,
The caterers were hired.
In I walked with some friends
Anne was there to greet us,
She told us where we would sit,
And introduced me.
I knew one couple,
Sue and Graham,
But there were three unknown to me
Two were there
The third was late
But the two there were introduced,
Anne said "This is Sue. And this is Sue."
So on our table for six
Half were Sues.
We chatted and decided
That nobody could sit on the table
Unless they were called Sue.
Ingrid arrived
And we called her Sue,
And that is why
On this night,
Graham and I became,
The Men named Sue!
Gone for a Week.

Here I am alone in the house,
My Loved one is away for a week.
I can have a chance to relax,
No longer burdened
With looking after her all day,
All day, every day,
It is so hard.
Our love for each other will never fail,
But the strange thing is
That I do not miss her,
As the wonderful lady, my wife
Went away some time ago,
Even when she was by my side.
How Can I Fail?

How can I fail
With Calliope looking down on me.
The words form on the page,
Surrounded by music,
Surrounded by art,
These words just fall onto the page.

The music in my life
Has never stopped,
It has always been there.
The more I listen,
The more I realise,
The less I know.
So much music,
So little time.

The art that surrounds me
Leading me to explore
The beauty that has been created,
Created by others.
So many ways of touching my soul
As I look into the world,
The world of these people,
These people who put colour into my life.

Music leads to words.
Art made me write,
One work that touched me,
Showed me the way,
The way to write my feelings,
Those feelings within my soul.
Those words have never stopped.
My life is so full,
Full of music,
Full of art,
Full of words,
Full of love.
Stop and Look.

This life seems to move so fast,
We join the rush,
Rush to do what?
As we race through life
Things will be missed.
As age has slowed me down
I see so many things,
That I have missed in rushing,
Rushing during my life.
The beauty of the world around us
Is there for us to enjoy,
Stop a while and look,
Look at the glory in your life.
My life has changed,
Changed for the better,
As now I have time,
Time to stop,
To stop and look
At the wonders around me.
Those wonders are there for all,
Just stop and look.
What a load of spheroids!
Banter should not be allowed
Not be allowed in the classroom,
That's what the paper said.
Some person said it is wrong
To have banter between teacher and pupil.
Has life at school changed that much?
It may have done,
As it is over half a century
Since I went to school.
Banter is important in life,
As you only banter
With people that you respect,
That respect is essential in our lives.
Banter can relieve the tension
That permeates our being,
Banter can make you smile,
It can even make you laugh,
And laughter is a great healer.
So banter on people,
Banter on.
Each day we get up we have choices,
Every day is different
Depending on the choice we make.
I am happy though,
As each day I get up
I only have one choice,
And I chose it again today,
I chose life.
They had to stop parliament,
There was a leak,
The members were getting wet,
Wetter than they normally are.
I wonder if this was a warning,
A warning from above,
A warning about brexit,
Just to tell them,
Tell them to stop
To stop pissing about!
Bin Man.

I've seen it all now,
There we were
Drinking our coffee,
Minding our own business,
When in he came,
This man.
Nothing odd about that
But it was what he was carrying,
He brought in a rubbish bin,
Not a new one, just bought,
But a dirty used one.
I wonder why?
The View from the Window.

There they were, two of them,
Laying in the hospital beds,
Both very ill, both bedbound,
Nearing their final breaths.
One by the window,
The other nearer the door.
When lunch was over the one by the window
Told of what was happening in the park
Which the window overlooked.
There were children frolicking,
Playing on the swings,
With mothers looking on,
Smiles over their faces.
Those who walked their dogs,
The dogs running around,
Chasing balls,
Chasing tails,
Chasing each other.
The old couples,
Slowly walking with each other,
Holding hands.
Once a week a cricket match,
Which the man described with skill
And with humour.
The sun was always shining
And always plenty going on.
The man by the door got jealous,
"Why shouldn't I look out of the window?"
He thought.
He became more frustrated and annoyed.
Then one day the man by the window passed
And went to the park in the sky.
The other man was moved to the window,
He struggled to sit up to look out at the park.
But what he saw surprised him
As all he saw was a wall.
There I was writing my words
When suddenly it happened.
Feet started tapping,
Hands started bouncing,
Big smile within my mind.
I stopped and listened,
Listened to this music,
This music that spoke,
Spoke to my soul.
Never heard it before,
But it thrilled me so much
That I wanted to dance.
Sad Spike.

There it lay before me,
The unopened book,
What treasures did it hold.
Written by a funny man
It must be full of wit,
To raise a laugh from me.
I started to read the words,
The words of poetry
Written by this Goon,
And as I read I was drawn,
Drawn deeper into sadness,
As this man who made me laugh,
Made me cry.
Not tears of laughter,
But tears of despair.
There it lay before me,
The unopened book,
Now read throughout,
Showing how sad
That this man of humour
Had been in his life.
Only a Dream.

Once in a dream I saw it
There before me,
My future life stretched out.
A life of love and peace,
Where all in the world
Showed kindness to each other,
And rancour did not exist.
All loved each other,
Helped each other
Without thinking of themselves,
Where aiding all was the norm.
Once in a dream I saw it,
Saw this wonderful life ahead of me,
But then again,
It was only a dream.
Something Missing.

Once more I arrived,
Arrived at the hotel.
Been there many times,
Doing business on the morrow.
Had dinner in the evening,
A couple of drinks,
Then to bed,
Need to be fresh in the morning.
Got up refreshed,
Had my shave and shower.
Now came the best part,
Down to restaurant
For breakfast.
Knew the hotel well
And knew what I would have.
Walked in and sat down,
A fellow business man was there,
A stranger to me,
Sitting at another table,
We nodded at each other.
I ordered my breakfast,
"Full English please,
Round of toast,
And some coffee".
After a little while
Two waiters returned,
Both with trays full of food.
One came to me,
The other went to the other man,
Plates before us,
This luxury on a plate.
I looked at the food before me,
And then almost in unison,
We both said,
"Where's the Black Pudding!"
Where Are You God?

She is getting worse,
Why are you hiding from us?
Where the hell are you?

God, are you not there?
Meant to be the God of love,
But not there for us.

Her dementia wins,
Beats God into submission,
Have you lost your strength?

If you are still there
Why do you not fill her mind?
Where the hell are you?
Slither Moon.

I look up into the night sky,
The slither of moon looks down.
I look at it and wonder,
Wonder if the love it shines on us
Increases as it grows in size.
The Foggy, Foggy Dew.

Many, many times I had heard the song,
During my many, many years.
I sang the chorus with the tune I knew,
Heard by someone through their tears.

I heard it in the winter time,
And in the summer too,
And the only, only words that came to my mind,
Was to sing of the foggy, foggy dew.

Many times over many years,
I knew the tune so well,
And would hum it all day long,
Until the night time fell.

The words they had evaded me,
Until this day came true,
When I listened to these so sad, sad words,
That had kept me from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I heard them fill my soul with sorrow most sad,
Those words that mean much to me,
And every time I hear that so very mournful song,
It reminds me of what words can be.

Those words that tell of the wintertime,
And of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that the song was heard by me,
To remind me of the foggy, foggy dew.
It happens all the time,
You wait for somebody,
You have made an arrangement,
An arrangement to meet,
Or to do something together,
But you are left waiting,
Waiting for them to arrive.
It is just one of those things,
One of those things in life.
Many people do it,
Do not turn up on time,
That is why I find,
Why I find that being punctual,
Can be very lonely.
For What More Could I Ask?

Our meal was over,
A meal I had cooked,
Cooked with love.
That love that had always been with us,
A love of so many, many years.
We sat and relaxed,
No chatter,
Just relaxed and at peace,
At peace in each other's company.
A glass of good wine was at hand,
And music was playing.
Then it came to me,
That thought,
That though of how lucky I was.
The lady of my life sitting with me,
The birds singing to us
Through the open door,
A glass of Rioja close to hand,
And the saxophone serenading us
As Stan Getz enthralled us,
Enthralled us with his wonderful playing.
For what more could I ask.
Play.

Each day we need to play.
Day to play each we need.
We need each day to play.
Need we play to each day?
To play we need each day.
Play to each day we need.
Faithless.

I was always there,
Always at the Services,
The Services for Easter.
Maundy Thursday for the Last Supper,
Good Friday for the Crucifixion,
Easter Day for the Resurrection.
But my Faith has gone,
Why should I believe,
Believe in the God of Love
When my loved one is so ill.
Her dementia has taken her,
Taken her from me,
Taken her into a world of her own.
I have prayed,
She has prayed,
But she just gets worse.
Where are you God,
Are you just a myth,
A myth to control people,
People called Christians.

Are you there God!!
"No answer!!"
Came the stern reply!
Before you read my poem I would like to thank you all for the wonderful support that you gave to me after my poem that I put on the site yesterday. MPS is so supportive and I am so glad that I have such wonderful friends on here, thank you all.

Take care

Andy.

STUFF!
It's everywhere,
STUFF!
We all have it,
STUFF!
We keep getting more.
It can be good stuff,
It can be bad stuff.
The world,
And my cupboards,
And loft,
And shed,
And garage,
Are full of it,
STUFF!
You can't get away from it,
STUFF!
Increasing all the time,
STUFF!
How much STUFF do you have?
Nominal Amnesia.

There is that person,
You know the face,
But what is the name?
They greet me
With a "Hi Andy, how are you?"
I respond "Hiya, I am fine, how about you?"
And all the time I am wondering
Wondering what their name is?
We chat for a few minutes,
Say our farewells and move on,
I still can't remember their name.
But at my time of life
I have an explanation,
An explanation given to me by a friend,
A friend whose name I don't remember,
I am suffering from nominal amnesia;

Now how is it I can remember that?
We sat there drinking our coffee
When she said to me,
"I have a mouth full of words".
What a strange expression I thought,
I wonder what caused her to say that,
But the words just did not come.
She looked at me in silence,
Smiled and drank her coffee,
Back into her own world,
Her own world of dementia.
She looked up at me,
Smiled,
Said "I love you",
Were they the words that had filled her mouth,
I wonder.
I arrive at the gates of heaven,
The Gods are there waiting.
"You need to answer two questions,
Two questions before entering" they said.
"OK what is the first one" I replied.
"Have you had joy in your life?" they asked.
I thought and looked back on my life,
The glory of the love from family and friends,
The wonder of walking with nature,
The sounds of music that permeates My Soul,
The ability to write these words.
So I answered,
"Yes I have had so much joy in my life,
For which I am so truly grateful."

Then they asked the second question.
"Have you brought joy into the lives of others?"
I thought and looked back on my life,
In that life I have tried my best,
Tried my best to help people,
Showed respect to all,
Helped the young to reach a better life,
Stood by friends who struggled within themselves,
Laughed with people,
Caused others to laugh,
Made others care.
"Yes, believe that I have given joy,
Given joy to others in my life."

"Come in" They said.
In the film "The Bucket List" the two men are sitting looking over the Pyramids of Egypt and one says to the other that the Egyptian Gods ask two questions before you can enter heaven. "Have you had joy in your life?" "Have you brought joy to others?"
Life in Art.

Once more I stand in front of it,
In front of that picture.
It's only two girls,
Two girls and a Dove
But its wonder is a delight,
A delight to my eyes,
A delight to my heart.
The Dove has returned,
Showing all is well,
All is well in the world.
The artist has captured it,
Captured it in fine detail.
That detail speaks to me,
Shows me that in spite of any doubts
The world can be so wonderful,
As this artwork show to me.
Once again the smile was back,
Four guys sat there on the stage,
Four guys of "a certain age".
The clarinet sounded,
The piano, banjo and drums came in
And that smile was on my face.
We were in for a wonderful evening,
A wonderful evening of Jazz.
The sounds of Jelly Roll permeated my world
And the world of those around me.
Such wonderful sounds
From four men who loved their Jazz.
You could see it in their faces,
Feel their souls coming through,
Coming through their sounds.
A so wonderful evening,
One that will be in my mind
And in my heart forever.
Each day I arise into my future.
What will today bring?
It will be different from yesterday,
Different from every day before.
So many days have passed in my life,
Each one different.
The new day awaits me,
Waiting to give me a surprise.
Will this day be filled with joy?
Or will it be filled with sorrow?
It does not matter
As there will be another day tomorrow,
As each day I arise into my future.
Curry Goldiku.

The curry is cooked,  
Turmeric rice on the plate,  
Where's the Rioja?
Suited Times.

Two gentlemen walked in,
Gentlemen certainly.
Suits, shirts, ties,
Polished shoes.
The thought came to me,
That was me
A long time ago,
When work was on the agenda.
Now retired
Much more relaxed,
Suit and ties
Now only occasionally worn,
Only worn for funerals,
Unfortunately worn more often,
As friends and family are getting older,
And some being crossed off,
Crossed off the Christmas card list.
Weighty Dreams.

On the scales I got
To measure today's weight,
That can't be right I thought,
It was less than that yesterday!
Stood on them again,
The weight was different,
It was more!
So on I got again,
It was less!
Once more I got on them,
And again it was different.
Over the last weeks I had lost weight,
Lost weight every day,
But today was different,
The weight kept changing,
I wonder why.
I then found out why,
The weight I had thought lost
Was wrong,
The old batteries could not deal,
Deal with the unchanged weight.
The new ones did!
And once more I was back,
Back to the weight I have always been.
Are well? I can dream.
Exams were passed,
University place confirmed,
She was off into her world.
So much advice given her,
But the final words to her
Meant so much,
As she drove off
With those words,
Those words of her Mum
Echoing in her soul,
"Be yourself.
You are lovely".
Another Week Alone.

Another week alone.
My loved one gone away,
Away to a Care Home.
Respite Care they call it.
Respite for who?
Respite for her?
Not really,
She is in her own world,
Her own world of dementia.
Respite for me?
Yes,
As it gives me a chance,
A chance to replenish my strength,
My sanity,
Myself back to me.
It is so sad
To be away from her,
From the woman I have loved,
Loved forever,
But it is needed.
Dealing with it,
This f*****g dementia
Is so hard,
Coping is becoming almost impossible.

Why has it happened?
Happened to her,
One of the kindest of people,
Who has helped all others,
Helped them throughout her life.
She has praised God all her life,
But when she needs God,
The God of Christianity,
He is not there,
Does not answer her prayers,
Or those who pray to him, for her,
So where the f**k are you God?
Are you another myth of life
Forced upon us by others,
By those with money and power?
Is Christianity just politics,
Politics in disguise?

Another week alone
That before long
Will become permanent,
As her dementia claims her,
Claims my loved one,
Into a world of hers,
Where I don't exist.
Strange Awakening.

Each day I awake at dawn
And there to greet me
Is the glorious sound,
The glorious sound of a robin.
Its melodic chant touches me,
And shows me how lucky,
How lucky I am.
Today was different,
As I know each day is different.
The robin was silent
Until it was awakened,
Awakened by a raucous noise,
The raucous call of a rook.
So today, like every day,
Will be different,
As it started out that way,
Even before I arose.
Butterfly Mind.

Mind like a butterfly
Not staying long
On any one subject
Before moving on.

Mind like a butterfly?
I'll make a short list,
Of things to be done
And must not be missed.

Mind like a butterfly!
Where is the book?
To write these thing down
I'll just go and look.

Mind like a butterfly.
Just seen the paper
Come through the door
Will save it for later

Mind like a butterfly!
Must make the tea
Just fill the kettle
What's this I see?

Mind like a butterfly
Here is an email
Must read it first
It may tell a tale.

Mind like a butterfly
Nothing gets done
So why am I tired
When down goes the sun
Life is There.

All beauty is there before us,
We walk through our lives
Surrounded by the wonder of nature,
We may look at it,
But do you actually see it?

All beauty is there before us,
We flow through our lives
With music touching our souls,
We may hear it,
But do you actually listen?

All beauty is there before us,
We walk through our lives
Surrounded by the beauty of art,
We may look at it,
But do you understand it?

All beauty is there before us,
We flow through our lives
With words sitting on the page,
We may read them,
But do you know what they mean?

Life can be a mystery,
These things are there for us,
But we must not just look,
Or hear,
Or read,
We must understand,
Understand the wonder of life,
It is there for us all.
A Day
Where love
Shone brightly
Ever brightening
Into a world of loving peace
Never failing us
Always light
Never
Dark
Times
My Wonderful World.

I walked through the woods
In harmony with natures glory.
I looked ahead and saw the beauty,
The beauty of the trees,
So many colours unseen by many,
But to me the wonder of nature
Coloured my life.
I looked up
And the light shone,
Shone through the branches
Sprinkling light throughout my life.
The wonder of nature's art
Complemented by the sound,
The sound of nature's symphony,
That music of life
Bringing glory to my world
Enough for me to write these words.
So my life is fulfilled,
Fulfilled with art,
With music,
And with words,
My Wonderful Life.

For Michael Edwards.
Satisfaction in Life.

It was so difficult,
I have done them before,
But this one took twice as long.
All are complicated,
All are intriguing to do.
This one was different,
I was still intrigued,
But struggled all the time.
And then that time came
When I put the last piece in,
The last piece in the jigsaw.
The sense of achievement overwhelmed me,
So hard to complete,
But so very satisfying when done.
I was so pleased,
So proud,
The jigsaw was now part of me,
It was in my mind,
In my heart,
In my soul.
Satisfaction was mine to behold,
Satisfaction in life.
Peaceful Buzzard.

I hear the plaintiff call above,
I look up and see the bird,
The wide outstretched wings
Allowing the bird to float in circles
So placidly around the sky
Looking down at the world.
The thought comes to me,
I could do that,
Just float in peace
Looking down at life.
Yes that is what I want to be,
I want to be a buzzard.
God and Religion Again.

I was sitting on my cloud
Just thinking about religion,
God swept by,
Saw me and came back.
"Can I sit with you?" he asked,
"It's allegedly a free heaven,
So you can do what you like!"
"You're in a bad mood" he said,
"So would you be" I replied,
"My loved one is ill,
We go to Church to pray for her,
You know the Christian way,
But nothing happens,
She just gets worse"
"Well it could be lies" He said,
"What do you mean lies" I asked,
"Do you believe in God?" he asked,
"Of course I do;
Otherwise I wouldn't be speaking to you!"
"Yes that's right,
You know I exist,
But I am Your God,
Your Spirit"
"Yes, that goes without saying,
I know you are there
And I will be with you until the end"
"Have I ever promised you anything
Anything to help you?" he said
"No your haven't,
You will be with me
And I with you,
But nothing else has been promised,
Just us being as one forever"
"There you are then,
It is not me that is the problem,
It is the belief that the Christian God,
The father of Jesus can help you"
"So Christianity in its power to help all
Is a myth?"
"Yes, it is a myth created by men,
You know those men who believe,
Believe that there is money in it,
Money in it for them".
"I suppose that you are right,
All the money that the Church has
They keep for themselves
To buy treasures
Allegedly for the worship of you!"
"I don't want treasures
I want reality,
As you now realise
Money and power lead to distress,
Lead to greed,",
"Lead to anger
Lead to war".
"So what should I do?" I asked,
"That's up to you" he said
"But one way would be to leave,
Leave the idea that Christianity
Or any man contrived religions are worthy,
Worthy of your support,
And step into a new world,
A new world of reality"

"Now that's an idea!" I replied,
"Reality for all would work".

"Only if those in power let it".
God replied as he sailed away.
Wordiku One

Abominable
Oversimplification
Obligatory.
Ordered Serenity.

The new week started
In the chaos left over,
Chaos left over from the previous week.
But order prevailed,
Prevailed by those,
Those who knew what they were doing.
So all was right in the world once more,
And life continued in its serenity,
Its ordered serenity.
The window was in front of me,
I looked out and stopped,
Stopped and looked at the raindrops,
The raindrops on the window.
Each one so still,
Each one unique.
I looked into one and saw its world,
The world from which it came.

Born of mist,
Mist risen from the sea,
Rising into clouds
As they formed in the sky.
Those clouds sailed over the earth
And gathered,
Became thicker,
Until that mist came together,
Came together to form drops.

Those drops fell from the sky,
They landed on the earth,
And one landed on a window,
Landed on a window for me to see.
I looked at it,
I looked in it,
And found its world,
Its world sitting there before me.
Chet Blow Your Horn.

He was taken from us,
This man of music.
So much joy he gives me
Even though he is not of this world,
His sounds live on forever.
A sound so compelling,
So compelling to me
That he has never died,
And will always be with me.
Chet may not be with me in body
But his Spirit is within me
Every time I hear him play,
Hear him blow his horn,
That sound will never die.
Winning Belief.

You hear about God throughout your life,
The way God is always with you,
Will help you through the hard times.
God will be waiting for you
As your Spirit rises from your body,
When your time on Earth is over.

But what if you don't believe?
Don't believe in God.
It is therefore possible
That you arrive in heaven
Realise that you are wrong,
And become a winner,
And a believer.
Dame Janet.

Her voice sends shivers down my spine,
This lady of music,
With a voice so pure that stirs my soul.
Her life was filled with music
That she shared with all,
Until that day,
That day when she sang Mahler,
And never performed again.
Her retirement was unknown
Until that night,
When she walked off the stage
Never to sing for us again.
But her voice is there forever,
As it sails through the ether,
Still stirring my soul
Into absolute joy.
Smoking in Time.

Blimey! That takes me back,
Back to those days of old,
Those days when smoking was the norm.
I was there,
Smoking myself to death.
Golden Virginia was my choice,
Rolled into thin cigarette paper,
Enjoyed with coffee
But more enjoyed with a pint,
A pint of fine ale.
How could you have a pint
Without a cigarette as well?
Well today took me back,
Back to those more innocent times
As I saw this man,
This man roll his cigarette
Ready to smoke
As he left the coffee bar.
That Clock.

Tick,
The pendulum swung.
Tock,
Back it came.
Tick, tock
It continued,
As it has
For all my life.
That clock,
Sat on the wall,
As it always has
For as long
As I have been alive.
That clock
Is part of me,
And the tick
Of that clock
Is the heartbeat,
The heartbeat
Of the house.
Back in the day,
So many years ago
We danced to it,
To that song,
To that group,
That even today
Makes my head nod,
As it did
When we faced each other
On the dance floor,
Heads rocking each side
Of each other's
To the beat of the song.
So fast,
So loud,
So wonderful.
Every time it happens
If I hear Status Quo,
A smile comes on my face,
A quiver comes to my soul,
As I remember those days
When we danced for hours,
To the sound of 'Quo.
Back in the day,
So many years ago.

As I write these words
I can feel tears inside me,
Tears of emotion
Of times long passed,
When all was well,
And times were good.
Back in the day,
So many years ago.
Wine for Water.

Into the pan the butter goes,
Melts away.
Olive oil added,
In go the onions
Fried to softness,
In goes the meat,
In go the spices,
The stock cubes are added,
Followed by the wine.
Of course the wine
In all cooking,
The rest does not matter,
That wine added
Has already been tested,
Tested by the tasting method.
If the wine tastes good
It is good enough to use,
To use in the meal.
So remember this in cooking,
Never use water,
Where wine will do
A Night at the Opera.

The hero struts on stage with a swagger,
This handsome, charming man opens his mouth
And a sound of such indomitable beauty
Fills the house and my mind.
I am transported into the world of opera,
All other thoughts disappear,
As the music permeates my body and soul.
The heroine appears and a sound of such power
Amazes me as it is done with no effort.
How can they do this, produce this music,
So powerful, so beautiful and so fulfilling to me.
Wonderful Evening.

All was quiet,
The early evening was upon us.
My lover was sitting quietly,
Almost asleep,
So to the conservatory I went.
Put on the gentle sound of Chet
And sat down at my puzzle.
The joy of those few minutes so profound,
Just me, Chet, my puzzle and the evening,
A beautiful evening.
In my own world,
A world lost from normality,
The normality of my life,
My life of living two lives,
Mine and my lover’s dementia.
A rare evening,
Such a rare time,
Such a wonderful evening.
Obscurity Goldiku.

Obscure Senryus,
Emotionally untrue,
Abominable.
Pretty.

What is it about it?
It is another jigsaw,
So enjoyable to do.
But that picture
Emerging before me
Draws me into it,
It captivates me.
The mind of the artist
Pulls me,
Pulls me into her world,
Her world of fantasy
Which intrigues me.
The puzzle is completed
Only to leave behind
That puzzle in my soul.
What is it about this picture?
This picture that has captivated me,
Captivated me into the mind,
The mind of the artist.
Manna from the Oven.

I know I shouldn't do it,
But it is compelling.
I keep on saying to myself
I must not do it,.
I must not make it
But sense leaves me
And I am pulled in,
Pulled into doing it.
I know I will regret it
But the taste when it is made
Is so good.
It takes time to prepare it,
Little time to cook it,
Even less time to eat it.
But I fell into the trap again
And made this manna,
This manna called ciabatta.
It does not last long!
In life we have our aims,
Those aims lie in front of us.
We may think them high
But if we set our aims low
And achieve them with ease
Life will become boring.
Always set your aims high,
And throughout your life
You will progress to new heights,
As you rise towards your dreams.
World in the Sky.

Sitting in the garden,
Beautiful sunlit day.
I looked up,
The pale blue sky so clear,
The white clouds
Sailing gently below the blue,
So many different shapes.
Then I saw it,
I saw Australia,
Painted white.
Then strangely two more clouds,
Smaller, that were New Zealand.
The wonder of nature and imagination
Can create the world within us,
Create the world for us to see.
Work Again?

I look out the window
Down onto the street
I saw her
Saw this lady walking
Walking to work
Then a car drove by
Somebody else
Off to work

The thought came to me
That I used to do that
Used to get up and go to work
A feeling of nostalgia came over me
Of times when working was my life
Those times of meeting colleagues
We could have a laugh
But the work came first
All helped each other
As problems occurred
Times of camaraderie
And respect for each other.

Now as I think
And watch people go to work
Would I go back to work
The answer came
No I would not
Retirement is treating me well
Being able to do what I want to do
And do it when I want to do it
This freedom is priceless

Thinking of work is nostalgic
Being retired is so much better
Hippopotamus.

I was walking down the street,
Glancing in the shops,
When I saw it,
Saw it in the window,
The window of a charity shop.
I thought it was wonderful,
But can I justify buying it.
So I walked passed
With the thought,
If it is there next week
I will buy it.
So along the street I walked,
Came to the shop,
And there it was.
So I went in,
Bought it,
And now I am the proud owner,
Of a carved wooden hippopotamus.
New Direction.

Along the path I travel,
The way ahead is clear,
I see the final corner,
The end is very near.

I walk around the corner,
Fulfilment in my mind,
The path that I had followed,
Was not what I should find.

The path was blocked in this life,
A new path to be found,
My life's direction will change,
New glories WILL abound.
Young of Age.

Who was that!
This young blonde haired lady.
What was she doing here,
Here at the Jazz club.
Never seen anybody that young
Sitting in the audience,
She must have lowered the average age,
The average age of the audience,
Lowered the average,
By about three days.
Up With the Lark.

That show in the night
Comes back in the dark
But as night finishes
I am up with the lark.
From Darkness to Light.

The black days are upon us,
Those times when all goes wrong,
But look ahead and see.

The grey days fill us with fear,
Where do we go from here,
Look ahead and see it.

The white days are upon us,
All is well in our lives,
It has been found.

Where once there was darkness
Now there is light,
And no matter how bad life appears
That light will never fail.
I Sit at the Table.

I sit at the table ? alone.
My loved one away for a week
To give me a rest,
A rest from her dreadful dementia.
It is so hard,
She is in a world of her own
Where I almost don't exist.
I do everything for her,
I lead two lives,
And the second one
Is so exhausting.
No rest, day or night
So these days alone
Help me to recover,
But here on Saturday evening,
The meal prepared as usual,
I sit at the table ? alone.
The Senses For This Site.

I see the glory of the world around me.
I hear the wonder of music in nature.
I taste the glory the fruits in my life.
I smell the beauty that the world can give.
I touch the softness in all creatures.

I love the senses that are mine.
I love the world that they feel.
I love the friends in my world.
I love the glory of my family.
I love the support from you all.
Thank you my friends,
My friends on My Poetic Side.
Continuing Life.

I look up to the sky
Passed the clouds,
Passed the sky,
Into the heaven beyond.
The place where I came from,
The place where I will be,
As this brief span on earth
Is but the blink of an eye
In the life that I have lead,
The life that I am leading,
And the life I will lead.
As my journey of life
Continues in the light,
Continues in joy,
Continues in love,
Continues towards infinity,
All will be glorious.
I sit upon the hill
And there all around me
I see natures beauty,
I see the greens of the fields,
I see the browns of the trees.

I look up to the sky,
And there all above me
I see the blues of the sky,
I see the whites of the clouds

With such wonderful beauty surrounding me.
I sit there and realise,
Realise that I am so lucky,
So lucky to see it all,
All of Natures artwork,
Shown to me
On Nature’s vast canvas,
For my absolute enjoyment.
Mary had a Little Lamb 14.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was full of muck,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to frolic.
Memory Lost.

I remember those times,
Those special times
When together we explored,
Explored our world together.
Walking the Dales,
Just us and nature,
And our love for each other.

Listening to music,
Going to the opera,
Going to the ballet,
Our love for each other shining.

The concerts in which she sang
And I looked at her,
With her voice sailing towards me
With the love,
The love that never dies.

I remember that special day
When she walked down the aisle,
Walked towards me,
This beautiful lady,
My lady.
And forever we have been one,
One soul full of love.

I remember all these things
And tell her of them,
As she does not remember.
Coffee Sir?

The question often gets asked,
How would you like your coffee?
I like it the simplest of ways,
Although I can drink coffee
Anyway it is set before me.
With or without milk,
With or without sugar.
But my preference has always been
Without sugar,
And without milk.
But my absolute favourite
Is to have my coffee
Without sugar,
And without cream.
The Light of Music.

It was one of those moments
When all was not well.
It could be emotive,
It could be physical,
But my world was at a low.
Then it happened,
That piece of music played
Sending joy into my mind,
And glory into my heart.
All was well,
All was better.
That is the power of music,
It can drag me from the depths,
The depths of despair,
Into the light of my world.
The music in my world
Is so varied, so wonderful,
From jazz to classical,
Country to opera,
Folk to ballet.
So much music out there
All waiting to be played,
To be played for me,
And to keep me in the light,
The light of my world.
Does Size Matter.

Into the showroom I went  
Looking at the cars  
All pristine and shiny,  
Then I saw it,  
A car that intrigued me.  
It was just a car,  
A modern type of car,  
The ones that are getting ever bigger.  
I looked in it,  
It was so big.  
The thought struck me,  
If I sold my house  
I could live in this car.  
Why are cars so big now?
Michael's Artistic World

Once more art has struck me down.
The picture appeared before me
And I stopped,
My life stopped and I was drawn in,
Drawn into the world of the artist.
I looked into the picture,
The longer I looked
The further my mind became part,
Part of the wonder,
The wonder of the art.
I left my real world and I walked,
Walked into that dream,
That dream created,
Created by the artist,
That creation became my dream,
My dream of beauty, peace and wonder.
Who Am I - FIBS.

I
Am
I am
I am me
I am that person
I am that person who is me.
Am I that person?
Am I me?
Am I?
Am
I?
Transported from Reality.

I get transported so easily
Transported from my normality
Into a world of beauty
A world of wonder
A world of surrealism
All it takes is a note that I hear
Or the stroke of paint on canvas
And I can be in another world
A world of wonder and beauty
That is what my life can do
When I listen to music
Or look at art
I get transported into another world
Where life is sublime.
That Wonderful Place.

The week had been hard,  
No let up from the caring,  
The caring of my loved one,  
But tonight I was going out,  
As I do each week,  
Going out to the choir.  
The carer arrived  
And off I went,  
My loved one still in my mind.  
The choir assembled  
The first notes were sung.  
Then it happened,  
I was transported,  
Transported into a new world,  
A world of music and words,  
Where all was well,  
Where I was well.  
Gone to that wonderful place  
Where singing carries me  
And troubles no longer exist.  
Like a flash it was over,  
Two hours gone in a moment.  
But as I went home  
I was uplifted,  
Maybe only for a short time,  
But that feeling was wonderful.  
It is the thing that singing can do,  
It can take you to a different world,  
Where life is beautiful,  
And all is right in my world.
Imagination Managing.

Can you imagine
An imaginary menagerie,
Is that imaginary menagerie managed?
Managed by a manager,
Or managed by an imaginary manager.
Do imaginary menagerie managers exist,
Or do we just imagine them?
Even if we imagine them
Do we know what they do?
Do they actually manage them,
Manage imaginary menageries?
Do imaginary menageries exist?
Or do you just imagine it,
Do you imagine that,
Imaginary menagerie managers,
Manage imaginary menageries?
Lady Lost.

She sits in her chair
Lost in her own world,
I glance at her,
The love of my life,
But she is not there.
She then turns and smiles,
She is back for a moment,
But that moment is gone,
Gone in a flash
As her world takes her,
Takes her from me,
This lady who I love.
That love is still there
And always will be,
But the lady that I once loved
Has gone,
Gone into her world,
Her world of dementia.
Hitchhikers Guide.

Driving along the roadway
With joy in my heart,
A man was there before me
Looking rather smart.

His thumb he held asunder
Looking for a gift,
I had no need to hurry
I gave him a lift.

We chatted with each other
As through miles we sped,
We spoke about our lifetimes
Many things were said.

He then asked a question
Which had come to mind,
"What if I were a killer
Of the serial kind?"

"That would be so unlikely"
I said with a smirk,
"Two serial killers in the car
Would not really work!"
Past and Future - Tanka.

On top of my hill
I look down into my life,
I see all was good.
I look up to the future,
And see all is wonderful.
Word Struggle.

Into the workshop she strolled.
This elegant lady of moderate years.
She saw the man with her saucepans
And the molten metal to put on them.
She spoke to him in an eloquent voice,
"Are you copper bottoming them, my man?"
He replied in his workman like accent,
"Na, I'm aluminiuming 'em, ma'am
Life's Choices.

Life throws so many things at you,
We have no choice in what comes to us
But what we do have is a choice,
A choice of how to deal with it.
So deal with it in your own way
And move on to a better life,
As life is always the better way.
Modesty? Moi?

"You are so clever" My wife said,
How could I argue with her,
So I just smiled and said "Of course."
"I am so lucky to have you" she replied,
I wouldn't disagree,
So I said "Of course you are".
"And you are so modest" she sighed,
"No I am not" I replied,
"With qualities like mine,
I do not need modesty"
Word Choice.

The blank page lays before me,
It gives me so many choices.
I could always write this word,
Or I might even write that word.
This or that,
What choice shall I take?
Which one will enhance my life?
This or that?
Or shall I take the other?
My Spirit.

Each day I wonder,
I wonder about god.
I know my god, My Spirit,
Is always with me.
It is not the god of religions,
It is the force within me,
That force that holds me,
Holds me within myself,
Within My Spirit,
My Spirit
Who has been with me
From Infinity,
And will be with me
To Eternity.
Miracles Exist.

They say miracles never happen
But once more a miracle has happened,
A miracle has come into my life.
It sits there ignored,
I walk passed it as the fuller it gets,
Until it happened,
That miracle had happened.
Something came over me,
This feeling of guilt.
I needed a miracle to help me,
And it came,
And I did it.
I can now look at it in satisfaction,
And report to you all
The ironing basket is empty,
Now what a miracle that was!
Art into Words.

The artwork stands before me,
What do I see?
I see a world of colour in the life of the artist,
The dark times being hidden,
Hidden in the brightness surrounding them.
I look deeper into her world
And the darkness pulls me in,
Pulls me into the blackness that went before,
Maybe times of sadness,
Or of grief,
But they are being covered by the lightness
As her life moved on into its glory.
The sparks of light come through
To show that her world now has light,
And the light will increase
As her life moves on from the dark,
Into the light of life,
Where peace, happiness and love,
Especially love,
Will be with her forever.
Two Brothers.

As kids we played together in the home,
A home where sport was watched,
Then played at school.
A home that gave us our love of music.

We went to the same school,
Where our love of sport was enhanced.
I went onto play tennis and hockey for the school,
But my brother went other ways.

We always competed,
He won at squash,
I won at badminton,
But tennis was a lottery.

We would book a two hour slot
And hammer the ball at each other,
Trying to win at all costs,
But over the years it became a draw.

I went on to play tennis for county,
Cricket for local clubs.
Thirty plus years playing table tennis
For club and town, a sporty life.

He went on to go to concerts,
Listening to bands of high renown.
Everywhere he went to follow
The bands of his joy.

In work we went our different ways.
Me into science,
He into engineering,
Working all our life.

Our chosen careers changed during the years,
But at the end they ended up near the same.
Mine as a computer analyst,
His as a computer engineer.

Both now retired,
We are closer than we have ever been.
But where I listen to music and write words,
He rides his bicycle for miles and plays golf.

It seems odd to me that in old age
That the sporty one, became arty,
And the one that went to concerts,
Became sporty.
Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry?

What colour is that lorry?
It is a red lorry.
But what about the other lorry?
That one is a yellow lorry.
Are you sure it is a red lorry?
Or a yellow lorry?
Or are they a red lolly,
Or a yellow lolly?
That Day When.....

I sit here and look back,
Look back at our wonderful life,
Our wonderful life together.
In each others arms for so many years,
Those times of joy walking the Dales
Where life was so green,
And our wonderful life was before us
Travelling the country both north and south.
The happiness being with our children,
Enhanced by our grandchildren.
Such wonderful times
Until that day,
That day when that word came,
Came into our lives,
Dementia!

All things changed
As that word attacked my lover,
Taking her brain and memories,
Taking her thoughts and feelings
Into her own world,
Her world where no one can enter.
The spark of love is there,
Her love for me.
My love for her will never fail,
But my lover has gone,
Changed into a person
Where context means nothing,
Where mood swings exist
That were never there.
I now live two lives
Doing everything for her.
Where once we shared our tasks
It happens no more,
Her mind has gone to another place,
A place where she can do nothing,
And I have to do it all.

It has been so long since normality
Where I could do things for me,
My strength of body
And my strength of mind
Is weakening,
I try not to show it to her
But each day it gets harder.
I am trapped in her world,
Her world of dementia,
But the one thing that will not fail
Is my love for her.
My love for her will go on
Even if it gets to that day,
Which may be with us soon,
Where she does not know me,
But I will love her still.
Gutter Gardening.

Bang!
Want was that?
Thud!
Another one!
And again.
Into the conservatory I go
And look up.
There in the roof gutter
A blackbird is gardening.
Thud!
There it goes again,
As he removes moss
From the gutter.
And drops it
Onto the glass roof.
There is now so much there
I can barely see out
The conservatory roof!
Don’t you just love nature!
Escaping From Reality.

Sometimes in this life you try to escape,
Escape from reality, into a better imaginary world,
And an imaginary life,
A place where problems cease to exist.
Your life goes on so smoothly,
Everything comes to you without effort,
Every question answered without thought.
This is not real; it is an illusion!
In reality you need to play the cards
That life has dealt to you;
Sometimes in life you win,
Sometimes in life you lose.
But always remember,
That win or lose,
You are still in the game.
Wordiku Two

Mathematical
Superficiality,
Unbelievable.
FROM the New World!

Why do they do it?
This wonderful piece of music
Is so often mistitled by people!
His ninth symphony,
Dvorak's last symphony
Is so often called "The New World Symphony".
It is not called that!
It is entitled "FROM the New World".
Am I just being a pedant once more,
I don't think so,
As the music was taken from the new world,
That New world that he travelled.
I do wish people would honour Dvorak,
And call it by the correct name.
"From the New World".
There are many of them in this world,
You see them every day.
They seem fine,
Many smile and greet you,
But what we do not know
Is how they really are.
They return to their homes
And sit there alone.
The people in their lives have gone,
Maybe moved on to another world,
Or moved on to another place.
So these lonely people are just that,
Lonely.
If only they could realise,
Realise that others can be there for them,
Others who too may be alone,
But they too just sit at home,
Sit ensconced in their loneliness.
The world is full of lonely people,
Lonely people waiting,
Waiting for someone,
Someone to make the first move,
If you are alone,
Will you make that first move?
Strange Friend.

Each day you see them
And maybe wonder about them.
Are they good?
Or are they bad?
You may just walk passed them
Not knowing who they are.
But those people are all around you,
Strangers?
You wonder who they are,
But strangers are friends,
Friends that you haven't met yet.
But Worse Than That.

Such a sad state of affairs,
He was going deaf,
His hearing would be gone,
No longer to hear his music.
Music was his life,
His passion.

But worse than that,
His working life
Was going to go.
Teaching music needed to be heard,
But this he would have to leave.

But worse than that,
He was told
'Teaching does not matter!'
"All we need is a person,
A person to sit in front
Sit in front of the class
And keep them in order;
Teaching them does not matter!"

This to a man whose passion for music,
Passion for teaching was paramount.
But those in charge are all the same,
They just do not care,
As long as there is no rancour,
No rancour in the classroom,
Those in charge have done their job,
There was no trouble in the school.
But there was no teaching either!
"I miss you" she said,
As I walked into the care home.
"I miss you as well" I said.
My lover has missed me for a day,
But with me it is different,
For me it has been months,
Even years,
When my loved one became trapped,
Trapped in her own world.
She had gone,
Gone into that world of dementia,
A world I could not enter.
So yes I miss her,
Miss the lover that she once was,
She no longer exists.
So I often wonder
Where she is,
She is no longer within my world,
Not the woman that I married
So many years ago.
Musical Brass.

I look around me,
Look at the faces of the people,
The people watching the performance,
They are all enraptured, enlightened.
The band is playing,
Their glorious sound engulfs them,
Engulfs me.
As they play
I am lifted into another world,
A world of beautiful music.
A feeling of wonder comes over me,
The hairs on my body rise,
Goosebumps come all over me
As the music permeates my soul.
I am lost in that glorious world
Where the brass shines through me
With the sound of their notes.
Again I look around,
I find the others too are in my world
As the brass band plays,
Plays through their souls,
Into ours.
A Game of Tennis.

Here I am again sitting high in this chair
Looking down on these two white clad ladies.
Oh no! One of them is the screamer,
That Sharapova woman.
Why does she do it,
Is she in such pain.
Here we go then.
Thwack! Fault!
Thwack! Thwack ? scream! Thwack!
"Fifteen love" I announce.
Why fifteen, surely it should be one!
Thwack!
Here we go again. Why do I do it?
I sit in this chair, as I have done for years.
Watching the ball go from side to side,
Thwack ? scream!
It normally goes in, but sometimes it's wide
And then it can be fun
If they disagree with the call.
Thwack!
I remember back to the time
When "You cannot be serious!"
Was shouted by that curly haired youngster.
Thwack ? scream!
"Fifteen all".
A man of great talent but a big mouth.
"Thwack!
Thwack ? scream!
I am sure that scream is getting louder,
And others do it now.
The Williams amazon does it,
But only when she is in trouble.
Thwack!
"Thirty, fifteen"
Wonderful player is Serena,
But she frightens me.
So powerful, so unforgiving,
But after the match all is sweetness and light.
Thwack! Thwack? scream! Thwack!
"Forty, fifteen"
I must stop doing this soon,
The matches are no longer elegant
As the used to be,
Back in the days of Maria Bueno and her like.
Thwack!
And I am starting to go back into the past,
I've being doing this for too long now,
And my mind wanders.
"Game, Miss Navratilova!"
Clarity Resumed.

I sit by My River,
I look into its crystal clear water
Which mirrors the clarity,
The clarity I wish I could find,
Could find within my mind.
As I look I see flecks of dust
Passing by,
Passing as if it were my thoughts
Leaving my mind,
Leaving my life.
The more I look
Bigger pieces start flowing,
Flowing by,
Taking my concerns away,
Away from my mind,
Condemned into another place.
A large piece of the world goes passed
Taking many worries from me.
I look back into my mind
And I find that clarity of thought,
All now seemed well,
My River had cleared my thoughts.
My River and I were back,
Back with My Spirit.
Two Drivers.

Driving happily along the road,
Listening to Chet Baker,
Life was good.
A new beat came into the song.
As I drove along
The louder it became,
That is not in time I thought,
Surely it is wrong.
But no the beat was there,
Beating its own time,
Getting louder and louder.
Chet always plays in time,
So why not this time?
Is it a bad recording?
The beat was getting louder
And then all became clear,
As I passed the pile driver
At the side of the road
Beating its own time.
Chatterbox.

We were sitting drinking our coffee,
Three young ladies came in,
Bought their coffee,
And sat at the table,
The one next to ours.
Then it started,
They started talking,
I say they,
I meant one.
And talk she did,
So loud I heard every word.
She went on and on and on,
Her voice so penetrating.
The other two just sat there,
Waiting for an edgeways,
To get a word in.
Guilt Ridden.

I feel so guilty,
My loved one needs care,
More care than I can give.
I have given my all
And now I am suffering,
Suffering because I love her.
I have given her my all
And it is running out,
The tiredness is overwhelming
Taking my life from me,
That life which I have given,
Given to her
The most wonderful person in my world.
But she has changed,
Changed when dementia assaulted her.
I do everything for her
As she cannot do it herself,
And each day it gets harder,
And I get more and more tired,
Living one life can be hard,
Living two lives is impossible.

That time has come,
That time when my lover must go,
Go into a care home
Away from me.
She is already in her own world
And she has left mine,
The love of my life is no longer there.
My love for her will never fail,
I will always love her
And I know that we will meet,
Meet and be together again
When Our Spirits become one,
Become one once more,
As we sail together in our love
To infinity,
To infinity and beyond,
That love will never end.
But still I feel so guilty.
Smaller Mouth.

There I was,
Happily eaten my breakfast,
I was eating my usual Granola.
Then it happened,
I don't know how it happen
But as the spoon went to my mouth
A large piece of the cereal missed
And fell onto the floor.
Goodness knows how it missed MY mouth!
I looked down to pick it up
And that once piece had broken,
Broken into its component parts.
So instead of picking it up
I had to get the vacuum cleaner out
And hoover it all up.
I still have no idea,
How it missed MY mouth.
Doves.

The food goes out to feed the birds
And down they come to eat their fill
Squawking and fighting as they will
Until the seed does fill their bill

We don't mind who comes in to eat
As they all have this hungry need
So to our garden they come to feed
And spread and demolish all the seed

But recently things have changed
As to our garden have flown white doves
A bird that many people come to love
For the sign of peace it so does prove

But why are they coming to eat with us
When they should feed at their dovecote home
Although they fly and are free to roam
They should stay away from our wild bird dome

We chase them off when they come down
But off they fly into the air
And fly around 'til we're not there
And then come back without a care

To make things worse last night a Church
As the Service was in full swing
Preacher gave us all something
And one was a card with a dove on wing.
Forgotten.

The idea came into my mind,
The idea for the best poem ever,
The best poem that I would write.
I went from the kitchen
Towards my notepad,
But something distracted me.
I went towards my desk,
I sat down, picked up my pen
To write those wonderful words.
The idea had disappeared!
So you will have to
Put up with these words.
Care now supports her
My life I now live alone
But never lonely.
My New Life.

That time has arrived, 
That time when my New Life is with me. 
The change has happened, 
On my own in the house, 
Our home is now mine. 
My wife, my loved one is no longer here, 
Moved into a home 
Where there care is supreme. 
My care was starting to fail, 
I was becoming beaten in my life, 
Each day was getting harder 
As her dementia controlled her, 
Leaving me to do all for her. 
It had to be done, 
Now I am in the house alone. 

My New Life is with me, 
That life where I am back, 
Back being able to be myself, 
Doing the things I want to do. 
Yes I will miss her being with me, 
But I am used to that, 
My lover has not been with me, 
Not been with me for a long time. 
Yes, I am alone in the house 
But I am not lonely. 
I have music to listen to, 
Instruments to reacquaint myself with. 
I have words to write, 
Art to see, 
Choirs to join. 
At last I can see my friends, 
Much ignored but now I am back.
I might be on my own
But able to do things,
Do things that I was unable to do.
My New Life is with me

Yes I love her,
That will never change,
And I will see her,
But her care comes first.
The care where she is
Is wonderful,
So much better than I could give.
In all the sadness of the past
New light has been given,
Given to us both,
That light will join and become one
As our lives travel into eternity.
The Peace of Music.

Peace exuded from the music,
Its harmonies flooded over me
Like a dream filled ocean
Bringing peace throughout my soul.
The sound of the trumpet,
So tender in its sound,
Sailed into the ether,
Through my mind,
Bringing joy and beauty
To me,
To all.
The sound faded into peace
As the music ended,
And as I write these words
That peace remains within me.
Silent Coffee Time.

There they were
Sitting side by side,
Not a mobile to be seen.
He was reading a letter,
She was doing a crossword,
Not a word crossed their lips.
Words Do Not Matter.

I sing in the choir,
In fact I sing in three choirs.
Why do I do it?
I do it for my enjoyment,
My enjoyment of singing.
It is the music that is sung.
The words may be meaningful.
They could be serious,
They could be light-hearted,
Thy could be religious,
They could be wicked.
But to me the words mean nothing
As the voice is an instrument,
An instrument to create a tune,
It brings the enjoyment of singing.
Singing my heart out
As the joy of music fills me,
Fills my body,
Fills my mind ,
Fills my soul,
As I hope it does for others.
The joy of music means so much,
So much to me,
So much to me in my life.
The Choir - Senryu.

The Choir sang the song,
Music filled the peoples ears,
And entered their souls.
Greeting My River.

Once more I was with My River,
So long since I had walked with my friend.
It was still there and greeted me with passion,
A passion that had grown between us.
Its clear green water smiled at me,
The more I looked into its greenness
The deeper became the smile,
And I knew that all was well.
The swans seemed to wave at me,
The crows bowed as I walked passed them,
The birds in the trees sang their hearts out
As I walked beneath them.
The further I walked
The deeper into pure harmony I became,
Knowing that My River
And My Spirit would meet
And together we would go on,
Go on together into eternity.
Facing Fear.

We all have them in our lives,
Those fears come to us all.
Fear of moving forward,
Fear of moments,
Those moments that stop us,
Stop us progressing.
In our lives we need to move on
So we must face our fears.
Every time we face fear
They no longer remain a fear,
But enhance the strength in our life.
As we face each one
The strength within us increases,
The strength that will take us forward
Into each wonderful moment
That will be our future.
The rumble was in the distance,
Light flashed though the sky,
I was woken from my sleep.
The light intensified,
The dark sky became light
As the flashes increased,
Increased in number,
Increased in luminosity,
Until it was almost like day.
The noise increased,
Like a bass drum crescendo,
Until the bass was replaced
By the crack of a whip,
Magnified by the amplification
Of a Black Sabbath concert.
I stood watching and listening
As light and noise became more intense.
I seemed to be in the middle,
In the middle of nature's anger,
As she vented her ire
On the world around me.
Crucifixion?

As I walked by My River I saw him,
I saw this man with his dogs.
Two of them,
A lead in each hand
Pulling his arms apart.
As we passed I said to him,
"You are going to need longer arms"
He smiled and replied,
"Every morning I get crucified!"
Ignorant People.

Around and around she went,
Food in her hands,
Looking for a customer,
But she could not see them.
Those who had ordered the food
Looked at her
But didn't indicate
That the food was theirs.
So around she went again,
But still the customer said nothing.
Why do people do this?
The young lady was doing her best,
But life can be so hard,
So hard to deal with,
When dealing with ignorant people.
Fishing Again.

There I was fishing rod in hand.
As soon as I had picked up
I was in another place,
Back so many years to that time
When fishing was part of me.
I pulled the line through the rod,
It was as if I hadn't stopped,
Stopped so many years ago.
I cast the fly line,
Backwards, forwards, backwards, forwards
As I used to back in the day.
The rhythm was still there,
I could still do it,
I could still hit the spot,
The spot where I would see the trout.
It was then decided,
I will go fishing again,
Only this time it will be on water,
Not on a green grassed field!
Conclusions.

She sat at the gate every day
Watching people coming in
And out of the town.

A stranger arrived early one evening
Went up to her and said,
"I have travelled far
I need to rest,
What are the people like in this town?"
She responded
"From where did you come?"
"From a town called Netherly,
The people in there are awful.
They will not help you,
They never smile,
Just go their own way,
Not caring for others at all!"
"Well I think that you will find
That those in this town
Will be much the same".

Another stranger arrived
Went up to her and said,
"I have travelled far
I need to rest,
What are the people like in this town?"
She responded
"From where did you come?"
"From a town called Netherly,
The people in there are wonderful.
They will always offer help,
They are always smiling,
They go out of their way
To care for others."
"Well I think that you will find
That those in this town
Will be much the same."
People Feeling.

In this life you meet many people,
Some you share your life with,
Others just pass after time.
Some are important and meaningful,
Others are just acquaintances
Who move on into their lives.
No matter who they are
They may forget what you said,
They may forget what you did,
But the one thing they never forget
Is the way you made them feel.
Be sure that in your life,
You always make people feel happy
And ready to seek their futures
In kindness and joy.
How Are You Today?

I awake in the morning,
I get up and look out the window.
The glorious dawn light
Shines upon me,
Upon my body,
Upon my soul,
And I know that I am alive.
Each day I arise,
I know it will be a good day.
Conned to the End.

The building site was there,
The work was going well.
It was an enclosed place
As there was much of value
On the grounds,
So Fred was on the gate.
A man of years
Who had been protecting,
Protecting sites like this
For a long time.
Not much got passed him
But he knew he was being conned,
Conned by Joe.
Now Joe was a con man
Who could steal things from anybody,
Every evening Joe would pass Fred,
"Hello Joe, can I look in your wheelbarrow?"
"Yes of course you can Fred" he said with a smile.
Fred would look and nothing was found,
Every day this went on.
Fred knew that Joe was stealing
But just could not find out what.
The time came to pass
When Fred had to retire,
On his last day
Joe came out from the site
And stopped by Joe,
He gave Joe a bottle of scotch.
"This is from me for your retirement Fred"
"Thank you Joe, much appreciated.
Now that it is all over Joe
Can you tell me something,
I know you have been stealing stuff,
But I have never found anything on you"
"You are right Fred" said Joe,
I have fooled you many times"
"What were you stealing?" asked Fred,
"Well you saw them every day" said Joe,
"I was stealing wheelbarrows!"
There it was at the back of the school hall,
Written across the top of the memorial board.
Those words which we all knew,
Those words which we all dreaded.
They just sat there reminding us of their dread
As they were used to punish us.

We didn't get lines,
We got 'Knowledges'.
Write out fifty, or a hundred knowledges,
They were the words
That were used,
Used as a 'minor, punishment.
And even today, fifty three years later
I remember them with ease,
Those words of horror.
"Knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
while duty is a path which all must tread."
At One With Nature.

I walked over the green land
And there it was before me,
The lake,
The lake that I would walk around,
Not just walk around
But cast a line into the water.
I put the fly on the line
But stopped,
Stopped and listened,
Listened to the silence,
That silence only interrupted
By the sounds of nature.
I became one with nature.

I cast my line on the water
And watched the line
Floating on the surface,
The fly sank,
I gently pulled the line
Dragging the fly slowly
Hoping for a fish to bite.
I looked about me
At natures glory,
The young swan slowly swimming,
The ducks and coots
Both with their young.
The sedate grebe
Passing in absolute majesty.
I walked around the lake
Casting my line,
Hoping for a fish.

It was not my turn today,
But I did not care,
As once more,
I was at one with nature.
Mary had a little lamb
She went and called him Mike
And everywhere that Mary went
He followed on his bike.
Health and Stupidity.

In it came some years ago, 'Health and Safety' became relevant, All for the protection Of us poor ignorant souls. We didn't know what was safe, Or what was dangerous So how had we existed, Existed for millennia Without 'Health and Safety' to warn us. Perhaps we didn't exist, Perhaps we were all dead!

Some rules were important, Some were just plain stupid. The one I thought was worse Was the one I saw years ago, I bought a tin of peanuts And there on the tin, It said "May contain nuts", I would hope so As that is what I bought. But today I found another, There I was at the fish counter To buy some fish for dinner, There was salmon and trout, Cod and haddock, Monkfish and hake. Then I spotted the one, The one I wanted, A tuna steak had called to me. As it was being wrapped I looked at the labels, And there in front of every fish
Was a label
Saying what it was,
And how much it cost.
And there I saw it,
Every label
In front of the fish
On the fish counter
Said "May contain fish".
Dreamworld Acrostic.

Days of beauty in the
Realms of Nature giving me
Everlasting glory and wonder
As my life continues showing
More wonder of life where
Walking with it brings me
Overriding joy in my soul
Raising the glory that
Leads me into my
Dreamworld.
Reuben had a Brother.

Reuben had a brother,
A little boy named Seth,
They would grow together,
Savouring every breath.

Their lives would grow in sunlight,
So full of light and joys,
As the love of mum and dad,
Was ever with the boys.

Each day an adventure,
Throughout their wondrous lives,
Wonder all around them,
As joy about them thrives.

I wish you both a long, long life,
In the life that you will know,
Knowing that love will be there,
Along every step you go.
To The Right Place.

As I travelled through my life
I had a road before me
That I knew I would travel,
There were forks,
Forks in that path.
Which one should I take?
I would choose one
Which took me close,
Close but not where I wanted to go.
At each fork I would move,
Move further from my road.

I came to that time,
That time where I stopped,
Stopped travelling
And came to the place I am.
I may not have gone to where I intended to go,
But I have ended up where I needed to be
And I am so glad to be here,
Here in this place.
Abandoning christianity.

Most of my life I had believed,
Believed in the Christian way,
The way of Christ.
Said to be Christ Our Lord,
The Saviour of Our World,
Son of God.

But where was He?
Where was He when my wife was ill?
Struck down with dementia!
All her life she had sung His praises,
Always there for Him,
But He was not there for her,
Or for me!

I looked after her
Often praying to my Christian God,
But nothing happened.
Each day she got worse
Until that time,
That time when I could not help her,
Help her any more,
So to a Care Home she went.
I was so sad,
So guilty,
But it had to happen,
Or I would also be there.

My Faith had become strained,
My Spirit was still there,
But not the spirit of the christian church,
My christian faith failed completely.
Then came that day,
That day at Church when I stopped,
Stopped praising Jesus,
Jesus as the son of god.
Yes Jesus was a good man
But not the saviour
Believed by the christian church.
That day changed my life,
It was like a weight had been shed,
Shed from by body.
All was well within me,
My own life had returned,
My Spirit was with me
And always will be.
But the ways of the christian church have left me
And relief pervades my body,
My body and mind.
Walking Home.

There I was last night
Walking home,
Lost in thought.
I was heading passed the cemetery.
Three young girls were in front of me,
Chatting,
Looking frightened.
They said they were scared,
Scared to walk passed the cemetery,
Could they walk with me.
I said of course you can,
I can understand how you feel,
I too used to be scared
Scared of walking passed the cemetery,
When I was alive.
Modesty Acrostic.

Making time to help
Others without
Demanding any reward
Ever conscious to
See the good in others
That they may go forward
Yearning for the good in us all.
But Not Yet.

I look into the night sky
And there above me
Shines a three quarter moon,
Its beautiful light
Shining upon me,
Saying all is right in my life.
My loved one is safe,
I am relaxed as I go forward,
Forward into my new life.
My love is still there,
But that love is endorsed
Knowing she is in a good place
Being cared for by wonderful people.
Now I can live my life again,
The words of joy flow from me,
Flow from my mouth,
Flow onto the page.
I look passed the moon
Into the Universe,
Knowing that I am just a speck
Within its vast glory.
But I am here,
I know who I am
And I will go on,
Go on into the Universe,
When My Spirit takes me,
Takes me into it.

But not yet.
Fed With Music.

Our life goes on,
In that life we may have problems
But these can all be solved,
Be solved by love.
But if love is not there
There is another solution.
Music is the solution,
As music feeds the heart
With what it needs most,
Needs most in the moment.
Time? What Time?

There's just not enough time!
Up at dawn, or before,
Doing the things I need to do,
Or doing the things I want to do.
Can't fit it all in,
Things come to mind
That need doing,
Then words like these come
And I have to write.
Always writing,
Always writing in the morning,
Occasionally in the evening.
But when lunch time comes
I need to stop,
Lunch calls,
Then rest calls,
As my life stops in the afternoons.
That time when I just sit,
Sit and read,
Listen to music,
And fall into my dream world
Where relaxation is to the fore,
Until that time when dinner calls.
And into the kitchen I go
Cook my meal,
Eat it,
And then I am awake again,
Ready to write words,
Read the words of others.
Then it's time for bed!
What happened to the day?
It just went in a moment!
Living Life.

That day came when you were born,
On that day you cried,
On that day the world rejoiced.

As you go through life
Live it so well that
On the day you die the world cries,
Cries in sorrow,
And on that day you rejoice,
Rejoice in joy.
Not My Day.

Not my day on the road,
Went to turn into one road,
Blocked by a refuse lorry.
Went another way,
Went up the road
Found roadworks,
Roadworks with traffic lights,
Lights on red!
Went round a roundabout,
Articulated lorry cut in front of me.
Just not my day,
Not my day on the road.
Each Day.

Each day I get up and the thrill is there.
What will I do today?
There is always something to do.
My life is so full,
Each day is wonderful,
As I am here to enjoy them,
And will enjoy all my days.

Then the reality hits me!
My loved one has gone!
Eating to Save the Earth.

Yes I eat beef,  
As much as I can.  
I only do it  
To rid the earth  
Of the flatulent ruminants.  
Once I have protected the earth  
By eating all those nasty cows  
I will then start on the sheep.  
Who says I am doing nothing  
To save the earth  
From global warming!
Towards the Top.

I look up my hill,
My hill of life,
The top is still ahead of me.
I look back
And there is so much below me.
I sit and stare back,
Stare back at my life.
There at the bottom
I can just see the start,
The start of my climb.
The fun of childhood.
So free and so innocent.
Climbing through school days
With hardly a stumble.
Into work days that lasted,
Lasted for more than half,
More than half the climb
To where I am now.
The joys in my life,
The woman of my love
So wonderfully in love with her,
And still am.
We will go on forever,
Our love getting ever stronger.
The joy of children,
Then the wonder of grandchildren.
The beauty of nature
Always part of my soul.
Music never lost in my life,
So much music,
So little time.
These words that come to me,
Come to me to keep me sane.
As my climb is nearly over
My path below has been filled with love,
And that love will always be with me
As I climb towards the top,
The top of my life.
Intimidating
Conceptualisation.
Obligatory.
I Told You So.

Greta Thunberg, climate change activist, is sailing across the Atlantic Ocean in a zero emissions yacht to speak at the UN climate change conference.

She sailed the ocean in her belief,
Her belief that climate change was real.
Only sixteen years old
But such a brave young lady,
Needing to show the world,
Show the world its error,
It's error of its ways.
Producing so much gas
To heat earth,
Melt the icecaps,
Flood the world.
She reached America
Sailing the Atlantic,
And she saw just the head,
The head of Liberty.
The rest was drowned,
Drowned in water.
She just looked at the world
And said,
"I told you so"
Gateway to Where?

I looked up the green path
And there at the end was a gate,
An iron gate.
I was rooted to the spot,
Could not walk to it,
But it mesmerised me.
I wondered what was there,
What was on the other side.
I could see through it
But the view was unclear.
I looked and looked
But nothing was seen,
If only I could get closer
But I just could not move,
Something was holding me,
Keeping me away.
I walked on wondering,
Wondering why I could not
Get to that gate.
Was the gateway to hell
And I was kept from it?
Or was it the gateway to heaven,
Waiting for my time,
My time on earth to end?
Car Trouble?

There I was,
Driving to see my loved one,
Safe and sound in the care home.
Suddenly there was a problem!
I wanted to go left,
But the car was turning right!
Struggle as I did
The car just didn't want to go,
Want to go the way I wanted.
So I let the car have its head,
Around the roundabout it went,
Up the road to the shopping precinct,
Into our normal car park,
And it stopped.
The engine went quiet
And try as I might
It would not start,
So I had to think about this
And went into my local,
Local coffee bar and had a coffee,
Americano, no milk, no sugar.
Drank my coffee,
Went back to the car,
It started easily,
And off I went,
Off to see my loved one,
With my coffee inside me.
My car really knows,
Really knows what I need.
Prom of Peace.

The music came towards me,
I stopped,
Stopped and listened.
I was drawn into the passion,
The passion and emotion.
It could be felt,
It was so powerful to me.
The music filled my heart,
Filled my mind
With such power of emotion.
It was a statement by the cellist
That his country was wrong,
Wrong in attacking that place,
That place where the composer,
The composer of the work was born.
Even now, so many years later
The emotion can be heard,
As I heard it this morning,
As the Russian Cellist played,
Played Dvorak on that day,
That day when Russia attacked,
Attacked Czechoslovakia.
The power of music defying,
Defying war.
Apathy.

The preacher stood there and said it,
He said "Apathy is a great enemy".
Yes if we do nothing
And those around us are doing wrong,
Apathy is an enemy.
But if those around us
Are doing wrong to get a reaction,
A reaction from us,
Apathy is a great weapon.
Steadfast.

He’s always there like some ancient watchmen
Ever vigilant, ever reliable
A comfort in the darkest hours
A beacon in the lightest days
Never asking, never taking
Just waiting in the background
A patient guardian
I never realised until today
That he is always there
In the wind, shine or rain
I never acknowledged what he does for me
He fulfils my wants but more importantly my needs
I’ve not had to ask, I’ve not had to beg
He doesn’t judge, he only cares
My steadfast dad, my rock, my friend
I love you father, until the end
Mistakes.

We all make them in our lives,
When young we make so many
And each one we make shows us,
Shows us what life is about.
As we go through life we learn,
We learn from our mistakes,
Until that time where few are made,
That is life's experience.
Be sure to remember your mistakes,
As they are what make you,
Make you what you are.
She was new in my life,
Her birth gave new meaning to me.
I saw her grow through childhood,
Through to adulthood
Into the beautiful woman she became.

Once more I will see new life
As my daughter gives birth,
Birth to a young one
Into her world,
Into my world.
A world where joy will abound,
Where love will be given
To the mother,
To the father,
But especially to the child.
That love will never fail
As I will be there,
Surrounding my family,
With all my love.
Crossing Out.

The words go onto the page,
Each line a gem from your mind.
Words follow word,
Lines follow line,
Until the words from your mind
Come to an end and your work is complete.
A masterpiece once more,
Until you read it through
And see the problems,
And each word is crossed out
And rewritten.
Then it is finished and all is right.
OK Lets start again.

Page the onto go words the,
Mind your from gem a line each.
Word follows words,
Line follows lines,
Mind your from words the until
Complete is work your and end an to come.
More once masterpiece a,
Through it read you until
Problems the see and,
Out crossed is word each and
Rewritten and.
Right is all and finished is it then.
Better that's!
I Knew I was Right!

I knew I was right!
All my adult life I said so
And now they have proved it again!
Every year or so that prove it,
Prove that it is so good for you.
It is so good to know,
To know that I am right,
And that red wine is good for you.

Cheers!
Candle or Mirror.

In this enlightened life light is there,
It is always there
But so many do not see it,
Or do not want to see it.
Everyone can spread the light,
Even those who are not the candle,
The candle that holds the light.
They can always be the mirror,
The mirror that reflects it.
So go on then,
Go and do it,
Spread the light
So all can see,
Can see there tomorrows.
There they were at the top of the building
Looking down on the city obscured by clouds.
One looked down and said "Those Clouds look so solid,
As though you could bounce on them".
"Surely not" said another, "You'd just fall through".
"I'll try it" said the first,
So off he jumped, he hit the cloud
And bounce straight back.
"Wow!" said the second, "I don't believe that!"
So the first jumped off once more,
And bounced back again.
The second said "I must try that!"
So he jumps off the building
And passes straight through the cloud,
To meet his death on the path below.
The third man turned to the first and said
"You can be a right swine sometimes, Superman!"
She is in my arms,
Our love so strong,
It will never fail.

She is in my mind,
Love in my soul,
Forever in me.

She is in my heart,
Never apart,
Unrequited love.

She is in care,
Parted from me,
Damned dementia.
Two Friends.

I followed them back,
The two of them.
Been to get their newspaper,
As had I.
There they were chatting,
Chatting away like two old friends,
Totally relaxed in each other's company.
It gave me hope,
Hope for the future,
That it will always remain this way,
And that the young boy will remain,
Remain relaxed,
In his father's company,
And the father will remain,
Remain relaxed in his son's.
To Church.

My faith has died,
My faith in the Christian way
Has died.
So why, you ask,
Do I still go to Church?
I go there to sing in the choir.
I go there to talk with friends.
I go there as I get free parking
In the centre of my town.
"I am starting to worry" she said,
"Worry about my age,
And what may happen,
Happen to me."
My friend said these words
We were sitting drinking coffee,
Talking of many things,
When she said this.
It surprised me,
She is so full of life
Full of energy and joy.
Perhaps on her own
She thinks these thoughts
Which lead to despair,
It is something that I, as a friend,
Had not seen before.

There is no need for her to feel this way,
Her life is full of wonder,
Her belief is strong.
She knows where she is going
As her life will never end.
Her Spirit will go on for eternity,
But before that time
I am here,
I can listen,
Listen to my friend.
State of Death.

It will come to us all,
One day our body will fail
And death will happen.
Yes it is sad,
But!

Death is that state which exists,
Exists in the memory of others.
So death is not the end,
Death is the memory of you,
The good memories of you
Kept by those who are left behind.

"Death is that state in which one exists only in the memory of others which is why it is not an end. No goodbyes, just good memories."  Tasha Yar ? Star Trek the Next Generation, Series 1, Episode 22 'The Skin of Evil"
Autumn Haiku.

Autumn comes to us,
Each morning staying darker.
The sun will still rise.
Strong is Quiet.

We hear them shouting,
Shouting loud and long.
They think they are right,
That they are so strong.

We struggle to hear them,
As their words we do seek.
But try as we might,
We believe they are weak.

We see both in our lives,
Both loud and quiet.
But we must not assume,
Not assume that loud is strong,
And that quiet is weak.
The Book of Life.

We open the book to our life,
Our story starts.
Each chapter tells our story.
The wonder of childhood
Moving into the chapter of youth.
Age increases as the book is written,
So many things go into our story.
Then it may happen,
That chapter where all goes wrong,
This is where we show our strength
Our strength we have gained.
We need not close the book,
All we need to do is turn the page,
And there before us is a blank sheet
Where we can begin a new chapter,
A new chapter in our lives.
Treasure Hunt.

We started down the road,
With joy and time and fun,
Looking for the clues,
In the late fine evening sun.

The voices were all quiet,
As we travelled full of joy,
And finished with no rows,
From man, wife or old boy.
Sailing to Eternity.

Artwork by Michael Edwards

The sea so smooth beneath the hull,
The yacht sailing on, in the lull,
Ahead the world's oceans to see,
Traveling towards eternity.
Letting Go.

From the mother's womb they come,
These beautiful people of the future,
They who will inherit the love of parents,
As they start their wonderful lives.

The parents love them like no other,
Always there for them,
In times of joy,
In times of sadness,
That love of mum and dad unbounded.

Then that day comes,
That day when they leave.
When you leave them,
Leave them as they start their new life.
You know they must go,
Go into this new adventure.
That first day at school
It is so hard,
So hard for the parents,
So hard to let go
And see your child walk away.

Sometimes life can be hard,
So hard when that love is so strong,
But sometimes,
Sometimes love means letting go,
Letting go,
When all you want to do
Is hold on tighter.
We arrive at the green,
The green sward
Cut within and inch of its life,
So flat, so smooth,
Deviations will not happen
As the ball travels towards the hoop.

FLASH!
The dream is over.
There we are on the green,
Yes, it is green
But the grass has not been cut.
The weeds push through,
Becoming obstacles to the balls.
The ball is hit with a resounding thud
But barely reaches half way,
So many lumps and bumps.
So it is hit again,
It reaches the hoop,
It is going through!
But no, the final bump pushed it passed,
Passed the hoop.

The game continues,
Overcoming the obstacles
As the teams go round the hoops.
Laughter and joy abound
As the enjoyment of the game
Can be seen on the faces of all,
Of all of us as we play,
Play and enjoy,
Enjoy the wonder,
The wonder of the game,
The game of croquet.
Starship Is Anybody Out There.

These are the voyages of the Starship "Is Anybody Out There?"
It's never ending mission to find new life, any life.
Sailing through the Universe
Hoping that the message "Is anybody out there?"
Will be answered, and new intelligent life discovered.
Life that will help us cure our planet
From the destruction into which it is plunging.

As we travel through the ether
Our wish is to find life,
Life that is moral and kind,
Life that helps each other
To a better future.
It is out there and has been with us,
Seen our world,
Seen the humanoids that are supposedly intelligent,
But they would not stay.
All they saw was the destruction of our world
That homo sapiens is bringing
To its catastrophic demise.
These creatures that rule Earth
Have no thought of this beautiful planet,
Only how much more can I have?
What force do I need to get more?
The more they take, the more we lose,
Until one day, there in space,
Will be this sphere,
Devoid of all life,
A barren wasted planet
That once was so vibrant.
It now sits circling its sun,
Just waiting to be reinhabited
By others from space,
Who wish to lead
A peaceful and fruitful life.

So once more the Starship asks the question
"Is anybody out there?"
"Anybody who can save us?"
The answer came there none.
Another Good Day to Come.

I rose from my slumber,
The dawn was nearly with me.
I drew back the curtains,
Looked out at my world,
And there looking at me
Was the wonder of the moon.
The clear, bright, full moon
Shining its glory on me,
Showing me the light,
The light that was to come.
I knew,
I knew that today would be good,
Today would be wonderful,
As the light of the moon,
Shone its protection over me.
Manners Abandoned.

I walked into the shop,
Just to buy a couple of items.
The shop assistant saw me,
I walked up to him,
He walked away,
So did I!
Mind in Overtime.

I awoke this morning,
Had two ideas in my mind,
Two ideas to write.
I wrote them both down,
And then ended up with a third,
This one.
That Fine Evening.

What a fine evening it was,
Sitting there listening,
Listening to The Proms.
Smetana started the evening.
The Bartered Bride came along,
Showed her beauty,
In the sounds of the music.
Then came Pyotr,
Tchaikovsky by name.
An aria sang by a glorious soprano
Filled me with delight.
Theses were just the starters,
The main was to come.
A fraught symphony
Showing the pain of his life
As he came to the fore
In the Russia of old,
Shostakovich showed them,
Showed them that music had power,
Such wonderful power.

There was I in the dimmed light,
Music surrounding me,
Poetry being read,
And a fine malt being sipped.
For what more could I ask?
Three Parables.

He lost one sheep from his hundred,
Left them all to find the one,
He rejoiced having found the one,
Didn't seem to worry about the others.

She lost one coin from the ten,
Scoured the house to find it,
She rejoiced having found the one,
The others were safe.

I lost my faith in the church,
Left it there and walked away,
Found my life again,
Rejoiced at my journey in life,
Now back on track.
All Was Right.

Sitting in the care home,
My lover at my side,
Her friend sitting with us,
Chatting and laughing.
The window slightly open,
When it happened.
A feather floated in,
We picked it up
And looked at it in awe,
As I knew,
I knew an Angel was with them,
With them,
Caring for them.
I knew that all was fine,
And all would be okay,
As their friendship was strong,
And all was right in their world.
Acceptance.

In life you can meet so many people,
All have their own views on life,
As do I,
As do you.
You may not agree with them,
But in life it is important to find peace,
And peace within yourself can be found.

Peace of mind comes to you,
Comes to you by not wanting to change,
Not wanting to change others,
But by simply accepting them,
Accepting them as they are.
Boundless Admiration.

They go about their work with humour,
With kindness,
With respect,
With skill.
They go about their work with love,
With love of caring,
Caring for others.
So many situations occurring
Throughout their days
As they look after the people,
The elderly people in care,
People in their care.
I watch them when I visit,
Visit my loved one.
I talk to them
And all say they enjoy their work,
Work that I could not do.
Caring for my wife was hard,
But caring for many would be impossible,
Impossible for me,
But they do it every day.
And every time I see them
I am astounded,
Astounded at what they can do,
So I respect them,
Respect them, everyone.
My admiration for them is boundless,
And my thanks and appreciation
Is not really enough.
I can write these words,
And these words I give to you,
Give to you all.
Beginnings.

We all have them,
We all have beginnings,
Beginnings in life.
Each new beginning hold promises,
The promise of new things to be learned,
The promise of new places to explore,
The promise of old lessons,
Lessons of experience recalled
To be practiced in our new life,
Showing the appreciation of the old,
As we travel through the new beginning.
Why Do You Write Poetry?

I started with a picture
That created such emotion,
Such emotion within me,
That tears run down my face.
I had to write some words,
So my writing was born.
Occasionally at first
Words would go on the page,
But then Calliope came,
Came into my life,
So the writing would not stop.
It was part of me,
Every day I was writing,
My life had been reborn.
All types of subjects,
So many words.

My life went on as well,
My lover at my side,
The love of my life,
So wonderful,
So loving,
So mine.
But then it struck!
Dementia started,
Started claiming her mind.
So I wrote about it,
The worse it got,
The more I wrote.
And then my lover disappeared,
Disappeared into he own mind,
She was no longer there.
But one thing never changed,
The words in my mind were there,
Still there.
So throughout those hard days
My words saved me,
I could lose myself,
Sometimes only briefly,
But my words saved me
From going mad within myself.
I cared for her so much
But could do nothing,
Nothing to help her.
My words became my saviour.

My lover became so ill
She had to go into care,
Into a place of safety.
A wonderful place was found,
And all was well with her world,
Though so sad for me.

I knew she was safe,
Safe in a wonderful home.
Knowing that I relaxed,
Each day was easier,
My worries for her were over.
I was reborn,
Reborn into a life,
A life without worry.
My love for her will never fail,
But I can go on with ease,
Ease in my world.

And still I write words,
I write words every day.
Those words within me
Fighting to get out,
Get out and onto the page.
Every day Calliope looks down,
Looks down on me and calls,
Calls for my words.

So each day I write,
I write for her,
I write for you,
But most of all,
I write for me.
The Lightening in My Dark.

Each day I get up
It is darker.
One of these days
It will have to happen,
I will have to turn it on,
I will have to turn on the light!!
But not today,
The lightening showed me the way.
Looking or Seeing?

How many of us do it?
We go through our lives,
We look at all around us.
But how many of us just look,
Look but never see?
No Longer Jazz.

Forty years they had been together,
The six of them,
Playing their instruments.
Once they played jazz,
They still tried,
But have never changed a note
For thirty years.
They could play their instruments,
Play them well,
But it was not jazz.
Jazz is new,
Composed as they play,
But not in this band.
Nothing drew me,
Drew me into the wonder,
The wonder of jazz.
They always played the same,
Jazz is innovative,
This nights music wasn't,
To me it wasn't jazz.
So.
So I got up.
So I had a shower.
So I had breakfast.
So the 'phone rang.
So I answered it.
So it was a wrong number.
So I ignored it.
So then I went out.
So I drove.
So I drove to the coffee bar.
So I ordered an americano.
So I sat down.
So I drank it.
So slowly.
So I read the paper.
So I wrote these words.
So I finished writing.
So then I went home.
So then.......?
So.
Help Never Forgotten.

We go through our lives,
We have good times,
We have bad.
Sometimes we need help
And as we look around
People just look away,
Not caring at the misfortune,
The misfortune of others.
But then it happens,
A person comes to you.
They may be known,
Or even unknown,
But they have kindness,
Kindness in their heart.
So in this life be sure,
Be sure to never forget,
Never forget those,
Those who helped you out,
While everyone else just looked away.
I Miss Her.

I know she is in the best place,
Being looked after by wonderful people.
But I miss her.

Her dementia was so bad,
I tried my best to care for her .
But I miss her.

I just could not cope,
The worse she got the harder it became.
But I miss her.

She is being cared for,
I am much more relaxed.
But I miss her.

I have time for myself,
Doing things I used to do,
But I miss her.

She is no longer with me,
She needed more care than I could give.
But I miss her.

So long we've been together,
I will always be in love with her.
But I miss her.

My wonderful wife is in the best place,
I am getting back to my own life.
But I miss her.

I really miss her.
Wordiku Four.

Intimidating
Conceptualization.
Unbelievable!
Jessye Norman.

Another one leaves us,
A voice like no other.
Her sound was there for us,
For us all.
So many songs
Given to us
As her wondrous voice
Reached out to me.
And now she is gone,
But she is still with us,
Singing with the angels.
Jessye Norman,
Singing for eternity.
Message to My River.

I needed to go to My River.
There it was flowing silently,
Silently by my side.
All was fine within me
As I walked with its gentle flow.
The swans glided passed me,
Each looked at me
As if to greet me
As they sailed slowly,
Sailed seemingly without a care.
I too glided with them
As My River took my worries away,
All was right with my world.
I sat on a bench and watched,
Watched the water move forward,
Move forward with My Spirit.
As I sat there I spoke,
I had a message for My River,
The reason I needed to be there,
"Hello My River,
Rich asked me to tell you,
Hello"
I stand on the bright green sward in ecstasy.
I look around and see nothing but Nature's wonder,
The fields going on to infinity,
Trees swaying gently,
The hills of the land rising in majesty.
I hear the plaintif calls of Buzzards,
Looking up I see them
Sailing in majesty in the sky's blue ocean,
That ocean a background for white clouds
Gently sailing to eternity.
I stand here at peace,
At peace with Nature's wonder,
Peace about me,
Peace within me.

I then hear another sound,
A gentle 'thwack' resonates.
I look across the lawn
And see a ball rolling,
Rolling towards a hoop.
I come back to reality
As I approach my ball,
I hit it towards a hoop,
The ball passes through
Bringing a thrill into me
Into my already peaceful being.
For what more could I ask,
Surrounded by Nature's wonder
As I play the game,
The game that has become,
Become part of me,
Part of my life,
When I pick up that croquet mallet.
It is there to buy!

You could be the owner,

The owner of a Botticelli.

It is up for sale,

So buy it now,

It is quite cheap,

Quite cheap if you have the cash,

The cash to spare.

It is only twenty four and a half,

Twenty four and a half million,

Twenty four and a half million pounds.

Go on,

You can afford it
I always moan about them,
The idiots on the road,
But today was different,
Today the good drivers were out.
Drove at correct speeds,
Left sufficient gaps between each other,
Were polite to others,
Allowed others out with courtesy.
To cap it all
I saw the weirdest thing,
I saw the lone BMW,
The one that had an indicator fitted,
Fitted at the factory.
I almost stopped in shock,
I don't think I had seen that before,
A BMW indicating which way it was going!
I looked in my mirror
And there coming towards me
Was a Ferrari,
It could have flashed by me,
But no it stayed behind,
A reasonable distance behind.
So today was a good day,
A good day to be on the road.
Definitions in Music.

In music you see them written,
Written above the stave.
Those letters to show you,
Show you the volume,
The volume the music should be played.
The softest is when you see PP,
Pianissimo, very quiet.
Slightly louder you have P,
Piano, quietly.
Even louder you read MP,
Mezzo Piano, fairly quiet.
Then it all changes
When you see MF,
Mezzo Forte, fairly loud.
The volume goes up again with F,
Forte, Loud.
Then deafness creeps in
When you see FF,
Fortissimo, very loud.

Then there are the other ones,
The ones a friend of mine uses,
Uses on his trombone.
His PP is loud,
Which is Pretty Powerful,
Where P is only Powerful.
Then comes MP,
Which is Mighty Powerful,
Equalling the volume of MF,
Might Forceful.
Slightly quitter is F,
Forceful.
Then comes the quietest,
The quietest of them all,  
Where FF is forceful,  
But only Fairly Forceful.
Well it has happened once more,
Another year in my life has passed,
A year that has changed my life.
My lover is no longer with me,
She has not left this earth
But is being cared for,
Cared for by wonderful people,
Leaving me alone,
Alone in our home.
Being alone can be sad
But I am not lonely.
My life was being lost,
Lost in the care of my lover.
But my life is back,
I now only have to deal with my life,
Not two lives.
As my wife's dementia got worse
I was struggling,
But two things were still with me,
My music that has been with me,
With me all my life,
And words,
Words like the ones I am writing,
Writing now.

As I stood in the shower on my birthday
I washed away all the worries of that last year
And stepped out into my new year.
Looking forward to MY life,
A life that I will fill with joy,
Fill with music,
Fill with words,
Knowing that the love for my wife
Will still be there.
Even if we are apart
That love will stay strong,
Then one day the time will come
When we leave this earth,
And our lives will be whole again,
As we walk together to eternity.
To App or Not to App.

To app or not to app, that is the question.
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The chance of losing your identity to the ether,
Where your life being altered by the powers
That control this life with computer takeover.
Into the arms of your God you need,
Need to go for your daily intake of life,
That life that is found within,
Within your cup of coffee.
But confusion reigns in the provision,
As the computer takes over my life,
Takes over my life once more.
And all I want is a cup of coffee.
**The Lady in White.**

In she walked,
This tall slim lady.
Blonde hair waving,
Waving from side to side.
Her face beautiful to look at,
Her long chiffon dress
Sailing in the breeze.
Her slim legs walking,
Walking in high heels
That glided across the floor.
All looked around at her,
She just looked ahead,
In her own world.
A beautiful elegant lady,
The lady in white.
Lonely? Not I.

Here am sitting,
Sitting in my home,
Alone.

Alone I may be,
But what I am not
Is lonely.

I have music,
Music always there,
In my soul.

I have words,
Words to write,
On this page.

I have my thoughts,
Of the love of my life,
Safe and cared for.

Yes I might be alone,
But loneliness
Is not with me.

My life is sadder,
Without my lover
By my side.

My life is freer,
As I can move on
Into life.

That life was taken,
Taken by her dementia,
Mine is back.
Challenges to Experience.

Each day we face challenges,
They may be small,
They may be large.
Each challenge we have
Moves us on,
Moves us on in our lives.
Conquering each challenge
Gives us experience,
And that experience strengthens us,
Gives us power to face new challenges.
Experience is important,
Important in our lives,
As experience cannot be taught.
Mozart is Here.

I was just sitting there writing words
When I had to stop.
A sound came into my ears,
A sound which stole my heart.
Mozart was with me,
Was within me as the notes played.
I was taken on a journey,
A journey into the wonder,
The wonder of his music.
Such a glorious sound,
A sound that was within me,
Showing me the power,
The power of music,
Flowing from the piano
Into my soul,
Stopping my world
Until the notes subsided.
I knew all was well,
All was well in my world,
As Mozart will be there,
Always be there, for me.
Croquet Prize.

She struck the ball,
Struck with accuracy.
Each hoop she played
Took her nearer,
Nearer to the prize.
She finished.
She won.
The prize was hers.

So as the four men played,
Played croquet,
She treasured her prize,
Her prize of mowing,
Mowing the other lawn.
I staggered from the pub,
The Battle by name,
And fell onto the beach
Into a dream-filled daze.

There out at sea were ships,
So many of them.
There was I on my horse
Riding with my men
Towards the invaders.
We had to drive them back,
Back to their Norman lands.
The battle was fought,
We were driving them back
The King came towards me
To praise me for my efforts
When it happened.
My serf, Orchi, spoke,
He pointed into the sky
And said,
"Your Majesty, what is that?"

I awoke at that point
As a raucous sound assailed me.
Orchi had arrived,
Singing in his strangulated voice
With no tune to be heard.
He was late as usual to the wake,
The wake of our defeat,
Our defeat to the Normans,
On this beach
Back in ten sixty six.
He looked at my red rimmed eyes
Pulled out his bottle of water
And told me,
"I should have been here,
And watered down your drinks!"

953 years since the battle of Hastings, 14th October 1066.
Her Love For Me.

I look at her photo and her smile,  
That smile that was always there.  
Her eyes gleaming with delight,  
Always on her face looking at me.  
Her silver hair curled in beauty,  
Curling around her laughing face,  
Always happy, always cheerful.  
In love with life,  
In love with me,  
As I am with her.  
The memories of being with her  
Never changing,  
That love so strong,  
And always will be.  
She is away from me now,  
Dementia took her,  
Took her into her own world,  
But I have that picture  
Looking at me,  
Showing me the woman she was  
And each night I look at her.  
My love is so strong  
But she is no longer there,  
I want her back  
But fate has taken her.  
My love will never weaken  
And I know that one day,  
One day we will be together again,  
Together where we will never part  
As our love carries us to eternity  
With her smile still there,  
As it is in the photograph,  
That shows me her beauty
Shows me her happiness,
Shows me her love,
Her love for me.
Gift of Time.

They come into our lives with joy,
It may be a girl, it may be a boy,
But each one is part of us,
Part of us for all our lives.
From their birth,
Through their childhood,
Into adolescence,
To adulthood,
We are there for them,
As we can give them a gift,
The most important gift we have,
We give them time.

They fly the nest
Into a world of their own
We are still there for them
But then it happens
That day comes
That day when they ask,
Ask what they can do for us,
What they can give us,
And once more that gift is within them,
The most important gift they have,
They can give us time.
Imagining.

We go through lives and see all,
See all around us.
We know what is there,
What is ahead of us.
But if we look and see nothing
Thoughts come to us,
And new images are seen,
Those images of beauty and wonder.
Images that we imagine,
And that imagination can show us,
Show us things that are not there,
Bringing light into our lives
As we dream,
Dream of our life,
Our life that is not there
But is the one for which we aim,
And will one day be ours.
Music Acrostic.

So much music,
Overcoming all ills that befall me.

Making my life so wonderful
Uniting my heart and mind,
Causing me to stop and
Hear those wonderful sounds.

Melodies of beauty causing
Unreal wonder within me,
Showing such melodic melodies
In the feelings that they
Create in endless time.

So little time
Offered in this life.

Longing to hear so much music
In the composers minds,
To be heard in the ever failing
Time in which I live,
Loving every note that
Erupts from their souls.

Time that endless time,
Infinite in the Spirit beyond life,
Marking the beginning of
Everlasting musical wonder.

So
Much
Music,
So
Little
Time.
Judgements for Experience.

Going through our lives we make judgements,
The good ones that we make come from experience.

Going through our lives we gain experience,
That is gained by the bad judgements that we make.
Gentlemen become Hooligans.

Two more to watch today,
Leaving just four to play,
Four of the forty eight
And I have seen them all.
Forty two matches of the game
The gentleman's game,
The gentleman's game played by hooligans.
Each game has been different,
In each game power has been seen,
Skill has been seen,
But tempers are rarely raised.
The beauty of rugby is just that
When the final whistle goes,
The hooligans become gentlemen
And leave the field together,
Talking, laughing and joking.
Those watching are the same,
All intermingled,
Wanting their team to win,
But only on the pitch.
They laugh, sing and drink with each other,
Before after and during each match,
As the most important thing is the game,
The game of Rugby,
Rugby, that game for gentlemen,
Played by hooligans.
Nelson Went to Battle.

Nelson went to battle,
Against the French one day,
And saw three ships a coming
Right along his way.

"Fetch my Red Coat Hardy,
So that if I get a wound,
The blood won't show upon me
And ship's company will stay sound".

He beat those damned bad Frenchies
And sent his coat below,
Then sailed across the sea
In wind and rain and snow.

Another group of French ships,
Total thirty so it seemed,
And Hardy brought the coat again
Duly pressed and smart and cleaned.

Once more he saw the Frenchies off
With cunning, guile and power,
To him there's no way he'd give in
To that Gallic speaking shower.

Then across the horizon did he see
Three hundred ships bear down.
So again he called to Hardy;
"Fetch my trousers coloured brown!"
**Autumn Into Winter.**

I walk by My River,
Its smooth green mirror
Reflecting the blue in the sky.
The trees I walk passed
Slowly changing,
Their leaves slowly changing colour,
Changing to yellow and orange.
As autumn comes into my life
I look back at My River,
Its timeless journey
With My Spirit
Showing me the way through,
Through the autumn of my life.
As it travels into winter
And the year comes to an end
I will be there at that end.
With My River,
With My Spirit,
As the New Year starts,
Starts my new journey
Into the spring of my future,
At one with My River,
My Spirit,
Travelling into eternity together.
The Poem What I Wrote (Sorry Ernie)

I said I’d tell a poem
To this august crowd,
Then I had to find one,
And say it right out loud.

Would it be by Shakespeare,
Milton, Poe or Keats.
It had to by someone
To keep you in your seats.

Words of yellow daffodils,
Or maybe love or war,
Of youth or age or beauty;
I hope I’m not a bore.

The modern type of poem?
That doesn't ever rhyme.
That seems to go on for ever,
With no punctuation or break for breath or sense of rhythm but drones on in a monotonous way that is only understandable in the strange mind of the author.

But no, you’re stuck with this one,
Not a massive work of art.
But it’s good enough for you lot!
So with that, I'll now, depart.
Morecombe

The lone man in the theatre, conjured up this image
Of a man, who made us laugh, and was loved by all.
He told the story of Eric and his partner Ern,
On this stage, where the great man died.

He made us laugh, he made us cry,
As he told the story of Morecombe,
Nee Bartholomew and Wise, nee Wiseman,
Who still make me laugh, with their timeless humour.

"I'm playing all the RIGHT notes,
But NOT necessarily in the RIGHT order"
Lines that will be remembered through history
As they were recalled once again

The memory of Andre Preview, jumping up and down,
And not laughing at this bespectacled clown.
The orchestra finding it difficult to play,
As the tears of laughter ran down their faces.

The breakfast being prepared to that
Tune that conjures up such risqué images.
And has the actor, of Hammer Horror films,
Received his pay cheque yet?

So many memories of a funny man
And yet, the man that many did not see.
"If we made you laugh ? that's good;
If we made you care ? that's better"

The man whose view on life was
"Positive Thinking"
And always left the stage bringing sunshine
Into our lives.

The curtain closes on the lone man on the stage
And on Eric at the place he left this world.
The actor and writer came back to answer questions
About the funny man.

Then from the audience came another;
Eric's daughter, so strong of character
Listening to her father's life,
In the place, where he had died.

And from this woman came the lines
That brought me many more tears.
Her son asking her the question, that I will never forget
"Does this mean that there will be no more magic?"
They sit in front of you
Doing your will,
Or do they?
You use the hardware
To talk to the software,
Hoping it understands.
But come the day
When the software decides,
Decides to go its own way
And that is when you find out,
Find out why hardware is called hardware,
And software is called software.
You throw the computer against the wall,
A resounding crash shows you,
What the hardware is,
While the software silently skulks off,
Skulks off into the ether.
Help for Friends.

We arrive in that place,
In that place where miracles happen.
The Doctors can cure her,
Cure her from that disease,
That awful disease
Where C starts the word.
We sit and wait,
She is knitting,
Knitting to pass the time.
We chat as well,
Talk about our lives,
Talk about meaningful things,
Talk about trivia.
The time passes and she is called,
Called for her treatment.
All goes well and she returns,
Ready for me to drive her,
Drive her home,
Home where she can rest.
I am just the chauffeur,
But more than that,
I am her friend,
And with that friendship
I can help,
Help whenever I can.
Extended Ripples of Life.

I toss a pebble into the water,
The mirror like image is disturbed.
Circular ripples race from the centre
Like the beginning of new life,
So many things learned in a short time.
The ripples start to slow becoming bigger
The time for learning starts to be more profound
As life extends into childhood
The ripples extend into waves
Smoothing the path to the future
Where calmness comes into my life
Until old age causes the ripples to meander
Meander slowly getting ever bigger
But never stopping
Those waves may become unseen
But age is just a passing that moves
Moves into an endless time
And those waves show you the way
Into eternity.
Pedantry - Limerick.

A pedant called Andy was I
Who just couldn't let it pass by
The scan was all wrong
In this lim'rick long
So this verse I must now decry
He sits there on the street
Playing his tin whistle,
Sad tunes waft into my heart.
I used to walk by,
But then I paused,
Put some money in his cap,
He said thank you.
Then I stopped and spoke,
We spoke of music,
I too play the tin whistle.
We spoke of playing,
Of the enjoyment it gives.
He said he wished he knew more,
Knew more tunes.
That is when it happened,
The thought came to me,
I had music for tin whistles.
Then came that day
When I stopped with him once more
And gave him the music,
His face became full of smiles,
And almost brought tears,
Tears to both him and me,
As he looked at me
And with the kindest look said
"Thank you boss
Thank you so very much"
Adversity Acrostic.

Acting as though all is right,
Deceiving all that see him
Viewing this man of smiles,
Ever thoughtful to others.
Racked with pain within,
Seeing his life in tatters
In the way he walks the streets,
Treading the path to oblivion,
Yet unseen by those who could care.
The Last Cut of the Year?

Well it's done once more,
Once more the moss grass has been cut,
Been cut for the last time,
The last time this year.
Or has it?
Many times I have cut it,
Cut it for the last time,
The last time in the year,
Once five times,
Five time before it stayed,
Stayed short until Spring.
I wonder how many times this year
I will cut the moss grass for the last time?
St Stephen's Autumn.

The seasons come and go,
Come and go in our lives,
When suddenly we find
Autumn is upon us once more.
As we go wandering with nature
Changes can be seen,
The beautiful colours abound,
The reds, oranges and yellows
Show us the canvas created
In this wondrous colourful time.
The leaves falling around us
Giving us a carpet of brown,
And there in the carpet
We see the red apples,
Red apples fallen,
Fallen from the trees
Laying side by side with mushrooms,
Pure white mushrooms,
And berries gleaming,
Gleaming on the bushes,
All waiting to be picked.

Those are the days
When we gather in our home.
As the days get colder
The fire gets lit,
And we gather around it
To be together for warmth.
The clocks change,
The evenings are earlier,
And as darkness falls
We await that knock,
Knock on the door
Where the Halloween witches
Demand trick or treat.

We look out the window
The flowers are dying,
Leaves are on the ground,
But they will be raked away
Leaving the green grass,
The green grass glowing
Until that time,
That time when winters snow
Covers all in pure white,
And the New Year calls us,
Calls us into Spring.
The First Hippie.

He stood there,
His long hair hanging around his face,
His beard laying upon his breast.
A long white robe covered him,
Hanging from his shoulders
To the ground.
He professed that love meant all,
Love for everybody.
It was in his soul,
It was in his words.
Those who believe
Say he was the son of god,
But to my new found focus
He was not,
To me he was
The First Hippie,
Bringing love,
Not war,
To all.
Words to Page.

It sits here in front of me,
Absolutely blank!
What can it mean?
It means I haven't written,
I haven't written anything,
Yet!

What will I write today?
It could be fun,
Full of humour
To make others laugh,
Or just grin.

It could be sad
Bringing tears to your soul,
Showing the Ills in this world,
A world that is losing,
Losing the battle,
The battle with survival.

It could be happy,
Showing that in spite of worries
People can move on,
Move on to a better life,
Whether they live on this world,
Or not.

But no!
Today I am a writing these words,
These words that have fallen,
 Fallen from my heart,
Onto this page.
The Winning Sport.

Well it's all over,
Now I have another four years,
Another four years to wait
'Til the Rugby World Cup is back.
What a wonderful tournament,
Rugby played at the highest level,
Enjoyed by all.
After all forty four matches,
All seen by me
The final was here,
England playing South Africa.
It was hard,
It was brutal,
But no animosity.
Won by the Springboks,
Deservedly so on this occasion,
Well done South Africa.

But throughout all the matches,
Both on and off the pitch,
There has been humour,
Humour, good heartedness,
Good heartedness and respect,
Respect for all.
Yes South Africa won the cup
But there was another winner,
Another winner in sport,
And that winner was the game,
The game of Rugby Union.
She is Not There.

I wander round the house,
Wander like a lost sheep,
She is not there.

I am not lonely in the house,
So much to do and enjoy,
But she is not there.

I meet with friends for coffee,
Talking meaningfully,
But she is not there.

I cook my meals each day,
Enjoy their wonderful flavours,
But she is not there.

I go and see her regularly,
In the home where she lives,
But she is not there.

She sits there at the table,
The staff caring for her,
But she is not there.

Every time I visit her
She is there in body,
But in her mind
She is not there.
Looking Back.

Reaching that certain age,
That certain age where life,
Where my life, is behind me.
I look back,
Look back at those people,
Those people I met.
I remember some of the words,
The words spoken between us,
But on looking back I realise,
Realise that more could have been said.
Words that could be so meaningful.

So before you reach that age,
That age where most of your life
Is there behind you,
Take that opportunity
To converse more meaningfully
To those people in your life,
Before it is too late.
Flying to Eternity.

Another year has passed,
Another year where our love has stood strong
From that day when we vowed,
Vowed that we would love each other,
Love each other in sickness and in health.
That day when our love was so strong
To this day thirty eight years later
When that love has strengthened,
Strengthened each year.
This day when my undying love for you
Will always be there,
Our two souls joined as one
And forever will be,
Flying to eternity,
And beyond.
The Coffee Angel.

All the time I have been coming
She has been there,
Her golden hair surrounding her face,
A face so full of smiles and laughter.

Whenever I see her my soul lifts,
Lifts it into a peaceful place,
That peaceful place
Where all is right in my life.

But now she is leaving,
Leaving for pastures new,
Where her smile will lift the souls,
Lift the souls of others.

She will share her life
With new people,
To enhance their lives,
As she has mine.
Strange Evening.

What a strange evening,  
I was playing bridge,  
Playing bridge with friends.  
We played once a month  
This time it was in our house.  
We sat down and played,  
Enjoyed our games,  
Had some wine,  
Had some eats.  
But it was a strange evening  
As this evening  
In our house,  
It was quiet.  
There was no music playing,  
There is always music playing,  
Playing in our house,  
But tonight it was silent,  
Such a strange evening.
Fighting for Peace?

We hear it all the time,
"We must have peace in our world".
This is so very true.
But you also hear those words,
"We must FIGHT for peace!"
But surely we should not fight,
As "Fighting for peace"
Is like "Fucking for chastity".
More New Music.

There I was driving,
Driving along the road
Looking forward to croquet,
Croquet the game that is now part of me.
But then it happened!
A piece of music came from the radio,
I was listening to jazz
When on came this sound,
Such a glorious sound,
A sound I did not recognise.
So I waited,
Waited in glory,
Listening to this wonder.
The music stopped
The announcer said who it was,
I repeated the name,
Repeated the name time after time
While I drove along the road.
At the club I stopped
And then I could write down the name,
The name of Rick Braun,
A name I did not know.
But I knew him in the evening
As his music surrounded me
As I sat in my lounge listening,
Listening to this new sound,
This new wonderful sound
Piercing my heart,
Piercing my heart with its wonder.
Yet again music had done it,
It had surprised me,
Surprised me in an unexpected way.
That is the power of music.
Kids Eh?

The telephone rang,
I answered it.
"Da-ad?" she said
In that pleading way.
OK I thought,
What does she want,
What does she want this time!
"You know I'm moving?"
"Yes" I replied hesitantly,
"Can you help me?"
"It depends what it is" I replied,
But of course I'll try"
"Well" she said,
"I have been to IKEA,
Been and bought some things
And was wondering,
Wondering if I could put them,
Put them in your garage,
Then collect them when I move?"
"OK" I said, "If they are not too big"
"They are all flat packs
So will fit in" she replied.
She arrives in her overladen car
And into the garage went:
Two wardrobes,
Two cupboards,
And two sets of shelves!
"They will be gone when I move
When I move in three weeks" she said.
Off she went,
And there was me with half her house,
Half her house in my garage.
The telephone rang,
I answered it.
"Da-ad?" she said,
In that pleading way
OK I thought,
What does she want,
What does she want this time!
"Can I send one more item,
One more item to your garage?"
She asked.
"OK I said "just one more"
It arrived by truck,
And now apart from half her house
I now have her shed,
Her shed in my garage.
Kids eh?
But I wouldn't be without them.
That Wonderful Voice.

Why does she do it?
How does she do it?
I sit there happily writing,
Putting words on the paper
When it happens.
Her voice soars from the radio
And I have to stop.
It happens so many times
When I hear this glorious voice,
Nothing else matters,
I need to listen,
Listen to that voice as it sails into my soul,
As it pervades through the ether,
Going on forever,
Until that day,
That day,
When she will sing to me,
Sing in all her glory,
Sing in all her wonder,
As I sit in tears
Listening to her.
As I wondered through the countryside
I saw them,
I saw the trees in autumn.
The yellow, gold and orange of the leaves,
The wonder of colour around me.
I was with them,
With them, inside natures artwork,
Created from its palette of autumn.

I looked ahead across a field,
I saw them,
The branches shed of leaves
As the wind of nature
Blew the leaves away,
Leaving the branches reaching up,
Reaching up to the sky
As if pleading to heaven.
I was with them,
Reaching for the stars.

Natures journey continued,
I was there looking at its world,
So beautiful,
So wonderful,
And I was there,
Part of nature’s wonder.
Lack of Death.

We are losing money came the cry!
We do our best to bury the dead,
With respect and honour,
At a price!
And what do they do,
They stop dying,
Leaving us with no money.
Why are they not dying?
We will have to do something,
Do something about that....
Valley to the Sea.

I was stunned,
Totally stunned.
The picture swallowed my heart
As it appeared before me.
The multicoloured blue sky
Merging into the sea.
The valley ahead of me,
The sandy path flowing,
Flowing below the rocks,
The rocks escaping,
Escaping from the sand.
I walked slowly down
Looking all around,
All around at the beauty,
The beauty created,
Created in my mind,
In my body,
From the brush of the artist.
I followed the path,
Followed the path forever,
Towards eternity,
And beyond.
I see him most days.  
I look in the mirror,  
And he is there.  
I say a phrase  
And hear him,  
He is there.  
I look at my brother,  
And he is there.  
My brother speaks,  
And he is there.  
Every day he is with me,  
The man who taught me,  
Taught me to be calm,  
Showed me the wonder of music.  
His Spirit lives on in me  
As he is up there  
Looking down,  
Listening to his music,  
Listening to our music,  
Happy Birthday Dad.  
"Play your music louder"
A Wonderful Evening

What a wonderful evening,
An evening of good food
Served with pleasure,
And cooked with love.

An evening of humour,
An evening of laughter,
An evening of words,
Words so meaningful
All served with glory,
With glory and wonder
The glory and wonder of good friends.

Thank you is not enough,
Not enough for that evening,
But that is all I can say,
But I can say it with these words.
Nearly Won!!

He went to New York City
To run the long, long race,
He ran the New York Marathon
At a fast and furious pace.

He finished it in glory
With twenty eight thousand behind him,
He was nearly at the front,
As there were only twenty five thousand,
Twenty five thousand for him to run and beat.
Yesterday was Wonderful.

I sit here and remember yesterday,
What a wonderful day.
Breakfast eaten,
Poetry read,
Music heard.
Drove to my coffee bar,
Drank some wonderful coffee
While writing two poems.
Wonderful morning.
Home for lunch
Then off to croquet,
Played so well,
With so much enjoyment.
Drove home for dinner,
Cooked by me,
Relaxed for a while.
Went out to sing,
Sing in a choir
A choir I had to give up
While my lover was ill.
So much enjoyment
Singing my heart out,
The joy in my heart,
So meaningful,
So wonderful.

So here I am this morning
Looking back on yesterday,
Such a wonderful day
That ended with sleep,
A good night's sleep
From which I awoke,
And wrote these words.
Into The New Day.

As your dreams fade,
Life awaits.
A new day is yours,
Yours to enjoy.
Go forward into that day
With the love within you,
Shining to those around you.
Is There No Hope?

The man looks out from where he lay,
Into the distance from whence came,
The horror that had caused
the forlorn look upon his twisted face.

The tears run down the cheek
Of the other, looking on from outside,
At the anguish reproduced
By the skill of the artist.

The hope of the soldier has gone
From his fearful face.
The hope of the onlooker fortified
By the skill of the artist.
What was I thinking?
There I was getting my car cleaned,
Why!
I rarely clean my car,
But it needed cleaning,
Cleaning before its regular clean,
Every six months.
It had only been three months
Since the last clean.
So there it was
Shining,
The crew had done a good job
As they normally did.
I drove it home,
It was strange,
I could see,
See out of the windows,
ALL of the windows.
Arrived home,
Parked it in my drive,
Showing it off,
Making neighbours jealous.
Left it there overnight
As usual
Came out in the morning,
Somebody had been jealous,
As there on the bonnet
There was bird poo,
So much poo,
Never seen as much before.
The thought went through my mind,
That’ll teach me,
Teach me not to get the car cleaned,
The car cleaned earlier than usual.
Throughout my life there have been hills,
Each one climbed,
Some easily,
Others harder,
Until I came to the one,
The one that could not be climbed.
I looked at it,
I worried,
I decided to dig,
To dig through the hill,
Make a tunnel beneath.
It was hard,
So hard I nearly gave up,
But came that day,
That day when I dug through.
I was so tired
But so relieved.
As I now look back,
Look back at the tunnel,
I am now free,
Free to move on,
To move on with freedom,
Into my new found life.
Lost in Fiction.

Once more I was lost!
All I did was open a book,
That was all I did,
And I became lost.
Life outside that book had gone,
I was drawn into the words,
Words that pulled me,
Pulled me into another world.
A world where love was at the fore,
A love that was never to be,
But as I read the words
The two souls got closer.
Would their love be fulfilled,
Would they be together,
Together for all their lives.

I have no idea!
I have not finished the book yet!
Door of Wonder.

Through your life you wonder,
Wonder if life can get better.
In your life there are good days,
There are bad days.
There are the occasional wonderful days.
These days can always be with you,
As deep within your soul is a door
A door which opens a world of wonder.
So make today,
And every day wonderful.
Open that door
And let the magic pervade your life.
Boredom Personified.

The hall was booked,
The man was going to speak,
To speak to the assembled throng.
He arrived at the hall
His script ready,
Full of boring words
To tell all.
He looked down from the stage
And saw three people,
And a dog,
In the audience.
He said to the organiser
"Did you tell them,
Tell them I was coming?"
"No, I didn't,
Word must have got out!"
Risen to the Light

Those days happen
Where I do not feel right,
So I write words.
Words take me away,
Away from that place,
That place of sorrow.
They lead me into life,
Into my new life,
That life where I am back,
Back being me,
Doing good things,
Good things in my life,
Things that I enjoy,
And the greatest joy
Is the joy of writing,
As it always raises me,
Raises me to the light.
Life to Love. FIB.

Your
Life
Is yours
To enjoy
As you move forward
Into the dreams that you have made
Leading to that life
Giving you
The joy
Of
Love
Wrong or Right.

You see and hear them
Preaching their beliefs,
There apparent beliefs.
These religious people
Do what they are told,
They don't think for themselves,
They just do what they are told,
No matter what is right.

You see but don't hear them
Alone in their spiritual lives,
Their beliefs within them,
Within their hearts.
They do what is right,
What is right in their world,
No matter what they are told.
Gardening?

There we were
Sitting together,
My lover and I,
Sitting in the Care Home.
We were sitting by a window,
A window to the garden,
Chatting and laughing.
We looked out the window
And there he was,
One of the residents,
Sweeping leaves,
Only gently ,
But he was tidying them up.
My lover looked out
And said,
"I would like to do that"
I said "That would be fun,
Your frame in both hands
And presumably,
The broom in your teeth!"
She was Back!

She was back!
My wife was back!
Full of laughter,
Full of love
Caring for me,
Caring for all.
But no,
It was only a dream.
Illusion of Time.

Up at my normal time,
Downstairs ,
Switch on radio,
Switch on computer,
Put kettle on.
Settle down to write,
To write and read poetry.
Kettles boiled,
Makes tea.
Back to computer ,
Write and read poetry,
Check messages,
Answer those that need,
Need answering.
Pour cereal into bowl,
Add milk,
Eat while reading poems.
Check washing up is done,
Potter around
Doing other tasks.
Back to writing poetry.
Potter some more.
Look at the clock.
BLIMEY!
Look at the time,
I need to go out!
Now in a rush!
The three s's need to be done,
S....shave and shower.
Dress in a hurry,
All ready to go,
I shouldn't be late.
But what has happened?
What has happened to the time?
I had plenty when I got up
But it has disappeared,
Gone like magic.
A typical morning,
Of being retired!
At dawns first light I saw them,
Such stunning patterns.
As I looked through the glass
They were there,
Natures artwork in all its glory,
Each one unique.
There just for a moment
Before Nature took them back,
But captured in my memory,
Showing the wonder of Nature
In all its many guises.
We sat by the table,
The Doctor and I.
He said he must speak to me.
So in a gentle, respectful manner he spoke,
Spoke of my wife.
Her illness was getting worse
So the question had to be asked.
"Would you want us to resuscitate her,
Resuscitate her if she passes?"
And awful question,
But one I had already dealt with.
My answer was no,
As the wife that I loved had gone,
Had gone three years ago,
When dementia took her from me.
Her life was now full of pain,
As well as full of turmoil.
He then asked
"If she became so bad
Should we use invasive procedures,
Or should we just make her comfortable?"
Again I had already dealt with this,
And said to make her comfortable,
As I did not want her to suffer more.
The conversation went on,
Went on in a gentle manner,
Until all was resolved.
I was left with a feeling of calmness,
Brought on by a man, a Doctor,
A Doctor who understood my mind,
And who I now look on with thankfulness,
Thankfulness and respect.
These words go onto the page,
They bring joy to me.

Words can express my emotions,
They can express my sadness
That has come into my life,
But I know that sadness will go,
As I know my life will move on.
My words will bring me,
Bring me into the light,
The light of joy and wonder.
No matter how bad life is
I will find happiness
As I write these words,
These words on the page.
Alternate Facts.

The lies are always out there,
Can they ever tell the truth?
They say they can fix it,
The words come from their mouth.

But every time they utter,
Another lie is told,
To try and get elected,
Into the protected fold.

They deny that they're are lying,
They always tell truth,
Well the truth that they envisage,
Before the election booth.

Their lies may be so different,
They say they will ban tax,
But all they are really doing,
Is stating 'alternate facts.'
There I was  
Driving up the road,  
Minding my own business  
When they appeared,  
Appeared all around me,  
Like bees round a honey pot.  
What was it that attracted them,  
I could have swatted them  
But no, I just moved on,  
And there ahead of me  
Were more of them.  
Why were they doing this?  
What was it that attracted them.  
Attracted them to me?  
I had to do something,  
So I put my foot down,  
Swept passed them  
And left those pesky Fiat Five Hundreds  
In my wake.
Not My Problem.

Each of us is unique,
We live our lives differently,
Differently from others.
That difference must be respected,
As respect can make life flow,
Make life flow smoothly,
Smoothly with joy.
But you always meet them,
Those who don't like what they see,
What they see in others,
And show no respect,
Want to change people,
Into a way that suits them.
Well with me it will not work,
This is me,
If you don't like what you see,
It is not my problem,
It is yours!
Lost in Transaltion.

All my life I have known three words,
Three words in French.
The only words I needed were
"Dercs beers garkon".
They were the words I knew,
The words learnt at school.
But I need to change.
As calling someone 'garkon' is rude,
"Two beers boy" is not polite.
So I need to change,
And learn three more words.
I know need to say,
"Dercs beers sill voo plat".

Toute ma vie j'ai connu trois mots,
Trois mots en français.
Les seuls mots dont j'avais besoin étaient
« Dercs beers garkon ».
Ce sont les mots que je connaissais,
Les mots appris à l'école.
Mais je dois changer.
Comme appeler quelqu'un « garkon » est impoli,
« Garçon de deux bières » n'est pas poli.
J'ai donc besoin de changer,
Et apprenez encore trois mots.
Je sais que je dois dire,
« Dercs beers sill voo plat ».
I stand on the green
Mallet in hand
Ready to strike the ball.
But I look up,
Look around,
And there on this morn,
This cool winter morn,
I see the world,
The world surrounding me.
The grass so green beneath me,
The trees free of their burden,
Their burden of leaves
So I can see through them.
I look further and see the hills
So clear in this sun filled day.
All around beauty is seen,
Natures glory in my world.
I look once more at the hills,
And look further,
Into my life.
My life of wonder and love,
Natures wonder is part of me
And that love for my world,
Will never fail.
Covered.

He came through the gate
His throat was exposed
But his voice was steady
His demeanor composed

I stood there before him
Light in my hand
To show him the glory
That glory was his
He just needed to see
To find his new life
A life that would be
Full of bright light

The gate was now closed
His throat now covered
Into his future
He walked with such pride
The wolf was behind him
No need to now hide
Becoming the man
He should always have seen
His future secure
As it always had been

He came through the gate
His throat not exposed
His voice was so steady
His demeanor composed.
Live Your Days Well.

Once more I awake
The new day is here
This will be different
Of that I've no fear.

I live my good life
A day at a time
Knowing the next day
Will always be fine.

The bad days are there
It is true to say
But can be forgot
In each brand new day .

So live well your lives
As bad days dispel
Go through your life
And live your days well.
Infamy! Infamy!

It was going to be one of those days!
Got up,
Got ready to go to the hospital
To see my lover.
Drove up the road, on my way,
Just pop into the coffee shop,
Went in.
Sorry they said,
We are late,
Coffee won't be ready
For another ten minutes.
I couldn't wait so off I walked
Into another coffee shop,
Had a cup of awful coffee,
Not like my usual fine brew.
As I walked back to the car
Words came into my mind,
"Infamy! Infamy!
They've all got it in for me!"
O' Blue Eyes.

He came into the world one hundred years ago,
This scrawny little kid from New Jersey.
He changed the world,
And Flew to the Moon
With me hanging onto his coat tails.
The Songs for Swingin' lovers,
The album that has been with me all my life,
An anthem for the world to follow.

This insignificant man grew into an immortal,
One that will always be remembered.
His soft velvet tones flowing through the ether,
A legacy of his love of music,
That comes through his voice,
And stir so many emotions within us.

He sang to us for years,
He retired and then came back.
He retired many times,
And his comebacks were legion,
But he could not comeback from his final breath
Except in my mind,
Where I can still hear his voice
Transporting me to his presence,
And knowing that throughout his life,
He always did it, his way.
Alcohol.

That glass of wine with dinner
Can enhance the meal,
Allowing the glory of its taste
Relax the body
Into the enjoyment of life.

That glass of scotch after the meal
Brings the mind to contentment
As love and laughter
Surround the table
With friends enjoying their lives.

That extra drink may be too much,
As they say that alcohol
May be man's worst enemy,
But the bible says,
Love your enemy.
The distant dark clouds,  
Formed in a straight horizon,  
Highlighted the sun.
What is Christmas?
That time of year
Where celebrations abound,
There is joy all around.

What is Christmas?
Some believe it is the birth
Of the son of god,
If you believe.

What is Christmas?
That time where families
Come together in joy,
With food and wine.

What was Christmas
With my loved one?
So many joys,
Over so many years.

What is Christmas?
Now her mind has gone
Where she does not know,
One day from another.

What is Christmas,
What is Christmas to me?
Without my lover
No longer at my side.
Sunday Drivers?

You see them driving down the road,
The old codgers at the wheel.
Leaning over the steering wheel
Wondering where they are going,
Grey hair covering their eyes.
They lead the traffic
Going along the road,
Travelling at a speed
That is slower than all others.
Or they vary their speed,
Up and down it goes
No thought to those behind.
Or maybe they don't look,
Don't look in the mirror.
Sometimes these old codgers
Drive so slowly,
Maybe they are looking for him,
The man with the red flag.

Hold on though,
What am I saying?
Many of those old codgers,
Are younger than me!
By Her Side.

I sit by her bed in the hospital
Watching her in her troubled sleep,
I sit there and wonder,
Will she ever awake.

I think back,
Back to those times
When walking the Dales.
The beauty all around us
As we walk up those hills.
I think of that time,
That time when we went from Cray
And walked up Buckden Pike.
Near the top we saw it,
Saw the remembrance mound,
With the fox looking at us,
The fox who saved the airman's life.
As we reached the top we were stunned,
Stunned at the view,
Still in my mind this day.
Nature's glory shone,
Shone down the vale.
That beauty enhanced by her,
My loved one,
My loved one by my side,
As she has been all my life.

I sit by her bed in the hospital
Watching her in her troubled sleep,
I sit there and wonder,
Will she ever awake.
Yesterday has gone,
Today is now upon us.
Enjoy this new day
As you move forward in life
This day will not come again.
A Subaltern's Marriage.

At last I was married
To Miss Joan Hunter Dunn.
And a little while later
She bore us a son.
Birthday Trumpet.

Ninety years old he would have been,
Would have been today,
That trumpeter who takes me to another place,
That place where his music shows me his glory,
That glory fills my heart with wonder.
No longer with us,
But Chet lives on,
Lives on in my life,
As his sound pervades my mind.
Golden Silences.

The music plays,
The notes sail into the ether
And into your heart,
But within those notes
There can be silence,
Silence is so important,
So important in music.
Listen to those silent notes
And realise,
Realise that silences can be golden.
Life of Cheer?

We are at that time of year
When all is meant to be good cheer,
But some are struggling,
Struggling with their lives,
As life becomes very hard.
So all I can do is wish,
Wish that soon the world will see,
Will see what is wrong,
And fix all lives,
So that we can all move forward,
Move forward into that life,
Into that life of cheer.
Christmas Was Over.

We sat down to Christmas dinner,
The four of us.
Our daughter,
Her daughter,
And her daughters friend,
With my loved one there in our thoughts.
We feasted on turkey
And the usual vegetables,
Yes the brussels were there again!
The meal went down well
And we retired to the lounge.
We sat around chatting and laughing,
Enjoying each other's company.

I wondered into the kitchen,
A cup of tea was needed.
I boiled the kettle,
Put the tea in the pot.
Proper tea,
Not that bagged rubbish!
The boiled water went in
And left for two minutes,
Milk went into the cups.
The tea was poured,
Poured through a strainer
Into the cups,
All was ready.
I carried the tea into the lounge
And I saw it,
I saw that Christmas was over!
All three ladies were sitting there,
Sitting on the sofa,
Tapping away,
Yes tapping away on their 'phones.
Yes, Christmas was over!
Back to My River.

Once more I was with her,
Walking by her side,
My River.
She rushed passed,
In such a hurry
That the water was brown,
Mud laden with the earth.
The earth that had come down,
Come down from the waters,
The waters that had soaked our world.
As I walked her path I looked,
Looked all around.
The grass in the fields,
The fields by her side was so green,
So green and so long.
There were pools over the land,
Pools where birds gathered
In conversation with themselves.
I kept walking and peace came to me.
In my sad times I needed to be here,
To be walking with My River.
As I looked I became aware
Aware of another sadness,
As all along My River I saw plastic,
Plastic caught in the trees and bushes,
The beauty of Nature defiled.
But I could look passed this
And still see the beauty,
The beauty of Nature's art,
That had been created,
Created for me.
So I walked on,
As I will do one day forever,
To the place where My River,
My River and My Spirit meet.
Together Forever.

I look into my mind and see her,
This glorious lady who made me whole,
The time we had together.
Our love never questioned,
That love combined into one soul
That would never fail
Would go on forever,
Into eternity.

As she lays in the hospital bed,
Her eternity is nearly here
Taking her soul from me.
But I know that all will be well
As in time we will meet again,
And be together forever.
The New Watch.

There he came into the house,
The first thing he showed us
Was the watch,
Of which he was so proud.
My son and his partner
Had started kayaking,
And he needed a watch
That could survive in the wet,
So here it was.
It goes down to the depths,
It told when the tides were rising,
Or receding,
It could even tell the time!
We were sitting chatting
And he needed to know the time.
So there it is,
His new watch on his wrist,
Ready and waiting for him,
And what does he do?
He looks at his 'phone!
I just laughed and laughed.
"What are you laughing at?
My son said.
So I asked him
"Why do you have a watch,
Of which you are so proud;
But tell the time on you 'phone?"
He looked at me dumbfounded,
And he too burst out laughing.
Waiting Together.

I sit by her hospital bed,
I look at my lover with tears in my eyes.
She does not see me,
Our years looking into each other's eyes
No long possible.
She lays there, waiting,
I sit there, waiting,
Waiting for that moment,
That moment when she leaves,
Leaves me.

I relive the past,
Our wonderful times,
So many years with our love
Fuelling our beautiful life,
But now it is over.
She lays there, waiting,
I sit there, waiting.
It will come soon
And my lover will be gone,
But I know she will be waiting,
Waiting for me,
As our hearts re-join
And will sail together to infinity,
To infinity and beyond,
Fuelled by our love,
A love so secure
As it was from that moment,
That moment we first met,
First met so many years ago.

She lays there, waiting,
I sit there, waiting.
Last Breath.

As I sit next to her, listening,
Listening to her breathing,
So loud, so hard.
I await that breath,
That final breath,
That tells me she has gone.

The breathing quietens,
I look deep into her face,
My love is with her
As she draws that final breath.
She moves on into a new world,
Free of pain,
Her mind clear at last.

The light of my life
Now gone,
Casting a shadow over me.
That shadow so heavy,
So heavy in my life,
Pulling me down,
Down into the depths,
The depths of my soul.
I sit looking at her,
The waiting has ended.

But I know that she will be waiting,
Waiting for me,
On that day when I will join her,
And our never failing love,
Will go on to eternity.
Into the New Year 2.

I would like to thank you all for your kind words and thoughts after the passing of my wife, they are much appreciated

May your New Year be filled with love and happiness.

Andy.

Into the New Year I go,
A year of change,
My lover passed
Into her New Life,
Waiting for me,
I will be with her,
But not yet.
My New Life
Is before me,
I will go on.
The wonderful thoughts
Of our life together
Will always be there,
But my life
Will move forward
Into my New World,
Where all will be fine.
Words To Music To Words.

That sound drew me,
Drew me from my words
Into the glory of music.
The sound entered my heart,
All I could do is sit and wonder,
Wonder at the sound
Produced from love,
The love of music.
My day started with words,
Which turned to music,
That created these words.
The New Day - Haiku.

As dawn approaches
The sun rises from darkness,
The new day begins.
Early Summer?

I stand on the lawn,
Mallett in hand,
Balls in front of me.
I look up and am amazed,
The sky is clear blue,
Not a cloud in sight.
A beautiful summers day
Playing croquet with friends.
But is it an illusion?
How can it be so fine,
So wonderfully sunny,
On the third day of the year.
The Universe Waits.

I look up at the clear night sky,
There shining down on me is the moon,
My friend always there for me.
I look passed my friend and I see it,
I see the new star,
The new star in my life,
The brightest star in my Universe.
I know she is there,
My lover is there
Looking down on me,
Waiting for me.
She has always been there,
Been there for me,
All our glorious life together
So wonderful,
And still she is there
Looking over me,
Protecting me with her love,
Her love for me.
I look up,
Look up at her
With my love sailing towards her.
That love never failed,
And never will fail
As she waits,
Waits for my journeys end,
My journeys end on this earth,
And our two stars will join
And sail the Universe forever.
Wordiku Five.

Assimilating
Oversimplification,
Appreciated.
Life Changes.

I walk along My River,
There in front of me I see him,
See this man
Sitting on a bench.
His expressionless face
Becomes tinged with sadness.
He looks into My River
And a smile arises.
As I near him I listen
And find I can hear his thoughts,
His life has changed,
He is now on his own,
But this sorrow moves on
As he remembers the good things,
The good things that were there,
Those times with his lover.
The smile hovers,
But comes back
As more good times are remembered.
He sits there knowing,
Knowing that all will be well
And he will move on,
Move on into a changed life,
A life that will be good.
New memories will be made
Complementing those that have passed.
I get close to him,
He looks up at me,
I look down at him,
That man is me.
I will go on,
Go on into my new life,
Go on with memories,
But will create new ones,
As my life goes forward,
Goes forward in wonder.
Buzzard.

Just hanging in the sky with effortless motion,
Swirling in wide lazy circles, going ever upward,
No wing beats on this fine, sunny, still day;
The occasional mew breaking the peace.

Eyes looking around for mile on mile;
Still going upwards, on this windless day,
Until at last the prey is seen, and like an arrow
It stoops to the ground with incredible speed.

When I come back I want to be a buzzard
Hanging in the sky with that effortless ease.
Time?

Time,
So much to do,
But where does it go?
Time,
There should be enough,
But it disappears.
Time,
It is always with me,
Why does it vary.
Time,
It takes seconds.
That last hours,
Time,
That inconsistency
In my life.
Time,
Sometimes too much,
But mostly not enough.
Time,
So much time,
But where does it go?
Time.
Another New Day.

I wonder what will happen today?
I arise with joy,
Knowing another new day is mine.
What will I do?
What I do
Does not matter
As I am here,
And every one of my new days
Will always be wonderful.
Shining on My Life. Senryu

The Full Moon looks down,
Spreading its glory all round,
Shining on My Life.
The Innocence of Childhood.

There we were, the four us
On this dark, chill afternoon,
Striking the balls towards the hoops.
We were obviously mad,
Mad about the game of croquet.
Or were we just mad?
The sky was grey,
The wind was strong,
But we played.

Then on the next field
Came the sound,
The sound of children shouting,
Shouting and laughing
As they kicked their football.
Then two fathers came,
And the kids and dads played,
Played football.
The joy in their playing so wonderful,
The sound of children laughing,
The joy of their dads
Playing with their children
Brought joy to me.
The innocence of childhood
So wonderful,
I wish it was always so.
Mushrooms Again.

They met again after many years,
Two old mates.
They spoke of old times,
Those times when life was ahead of them.
"How is your wife?"
Came the question,
"Oh my first wife died?"
"Oh I am sorry to hear that, what happened?"
"She was poisoned,
Poisoned by mushrooms"
"That is so sad, so you remarried?"
"Yes that I did,
She died as well"
"What happened to her?"
"She suffered a blow on the head"
"That is awful, how did that happen?"
"She wouldn't eat the bloody mushrooms!!"
Paths in Life.

Throughout my life I have walked them,
Walked the paths of my life,
Each one so different,
Creating so many emotions within me.
As I look back I can see them,
Those paths that ended in sadness,
The ones that ended in anger,
But each of them gave me experience,
Experience not to tread them again.
There was always the main path though,
That wide path that was my life.
Each path I trod went back
To the life I was going to lead.
Here I am looking forward,
Forward to the new path before me.
My life has changed,
Given me a sad path which I followed,
But I know I will return,
Return to the way I need to go.

We all need to look ahead,
Look to our own new paths,
As if you do not tread them,
Where will you go?
Pill for Fitness.

It had to happen,  
No more running the streets,  
No more sweating at the gym,  
Those days are over.  
All you need to do  
Is climb out of your bed  
Take a pill,  
And fitness will pervade,  
Pervade your body.  
So you can just drive to the park,  
Sit on the bench,  
Drinking your coffee,  
Eating your food,  
Indulging in gluttony,  
While you look at them,  
Look at them and laugh  
As they run around the park  
In their quest to get fit,  
And you are now fit,  
As you have taken your pill.
Grave Walking.

Well they want to change things again,
Change things in the Church.
The Welcome Area is not right,
Apparently,
So somebody said!
It must be changed,
The main door is in the wrong place!
It has only been there a few years,
One hundred and sixteen of them!
But no, it is in the wrong place,
It must be moved,
Moved to the centre.
But the raised bed is in the way!
We will board over that,
And have a ramp.
We can put tables and chairs there,
For people to enjoy their tea and coffee;
But there are peoples ashes
In that raised bed,
It is a resting place for them,
Their final resting place.
Would you therefore walk on it?
Would you walk on someone else's grave?
I must apologise for not commenting on many poems at the moment but I am very busy sorting out things for my wife’s funeral which is next week. Normal Service will be resumed before long.

I look in the mirror
And the person I see is changing.
I can hear a new person when I laugh,
Such a distinctive sound
That I have always known.
The mannerisms that I have
I have known them as well.
So not only has my love for music,
And for nature,
Come from this person,
I am changing into him,
I am becoming my Dad.
A man I had always admired.
A gentle man,
And a gentleman.
No longer with us,
This man who went from life
Over twenty years ago,
Is now resurrected in me.
Thank you Dad.
I will join you soon,
And together we can sit and listen
To, and with our heroes of music.
As we go through our lives
Questions come to us,
Come to us in many ways,
So we need to find the answers.
Or do we?
Maybe those answers
Are better unanswered,
And remain hidden
As we move through this wonderful life,
That life where we have arrived,
Arrived at this moment in time.
Sunny, Frosty Morning.

The morning had come,
I looked out and saw the clear sky,
The frost on the ground,
And I knew,
I knew it would be my kind of day.
As the sun rose I was there,
There walking in the sunlight,
With the whiteness on the leaves.
The beauty of nature
Portrayed in art,
The brightness was around me
As I looked,
Looked and listened,
Listened to nature's symphony
Sending its music to my ears,
While I saw its art with my eyes.
A sunny, frosty morning,
My kind of day.
Map of Life.

The moment we are born
We are given them,
We are given maps,
Maps of our life.
At first we don't see them
But as we travel the roads
We find the way,
The way to our destination.
What we do not have,
And what we need is a goal,
As without a goal
The map of our life
Will still lead us
But lead us where?
The Day Started Well.

The words were said,
The words that put joy in my heart.
I turned the radio on
And these words were said,
"We now have Mozart,
Mozart to start the day."
What a glorious sound
Came into my ears,
Into my heart,
Into my soul.
Today will be a good day,
As it started with Mozart.
Forest of Dean.

She drove along the road,
The forest around us,
Its beauty was mesmerising.
The branches reaching out,
Reaching out to me.
I looked deeper and deeper,
The glory of nature seen,
Seen in the depths,
The depths of the woodland.
The further she drove
The deeper became the wood,
The unboundless glory all around.
A magnificent drive
Where I could look around.
One day I will return,
Return and walk with nature
Among this wonderful forest,
The Forest of Dean.
Ooh Ironing!

There I was at home,
My son was visiting.
We were chatting amiably
When suddenly a look came over his face,
He said in a worried voice,
"Ooh! Ironing!"
I said "What?"
He said "I must do some ironing!"
So out comes the ironing board
The iron and the clothes.
He starts to iron his trousers.
Then he made the big mistake,
"Dad, do you have any ironing
That needs doing,
I enjoy Ironing?"
I just laughed!
Gave him the basket
Full of clothes,
He was not amused.
But to give him his due
He did dispel the myth,
There is a bottom
To the ironing basket.
Final Parting.

Now it has happened
That third time,
That third and final time.
My love has now departed,
Departed permanently
From this earth.
I lost her first to dementia,
Then her Spirit left her body,
Now her body is gone.
But the celebration was there,
The celebration of her life.
So many friends,
So many kind words
As we all said good bye to her.
The love of my life
Has now left this world,
But she has not left me,
Her soul is still within me
As our love will never die.
I will be with her one day
And we will go on together,
Go to eternity.
Hand in hand,
Soul in soul,
Guided by our love,
Our profound love for each other.
New Chapter.

A chapter in my book of life
Has closed,
The longest chapter in my book,
A chapter full of great love,
Love for my loved one.

A new chapter has started,
That start has shown me glory,
The glory of friendship,
A friendship from many people.
So I know that this chapter
Will lead me into a new era,
A new era of life.
An era when life will be full,
Full of wonder and light
As my friends will be with me.
We will see new life
As we all travel its path,
Travel life's path together,
In the new chapter
Of my book of life.
Where Roses Grow.

We know of dark places
Where the lamps no longer shine,
Our lives are bleak
Where hope has left us,
And no roses grow.
That darkness is often there,
But knowledge will tell us
The darkness will subside,
The light will be back in our lives,
And the roses will grow.
We try to live our lives
In the way we want them to go.
Others look at us and try to change us,
Change us into the person they want,
They want us to be.
But we are ourselves,
Unique in this world,
So be yourself.
I will be myself
And will not change,
Not change to be accepted,
Accepted by others.
So come on people
Be like me
And stay weird!
My River of Joy.

I walk by My River and wonder,
Wonder what my life will be like.
I then look into the deep green water
And see the depths of my future
Pushing ahead with wonder,
With wonder and joy.
My River, always going forward,
So that will be me
Looking back to the beauty,
The beauty that was in my life,
But always moving forward
To that life ahead,
That is bound to bring me joy.
What Shall I do?

What shall I do?
One of the biggest decisions,
Biggest decisions of my life
Needs to be made!
But what do I do?
Croquet has taken over,
Taken over my life,
But I need to make a choice,
As the competition is near.
That competition that happens,
That happens every year,
Where the Six Nations battle it out,
Battle around an oval ball.
Every match I have watched,
And before that,
The Five Nations.
But they clash,
Clash on a Saturday afternoon.
Croquet or Rugby?
Rugby or Croquet?
What shall I do?
Shall I record the croquet
And play the rugby?
That is daft!
So I shall have to play the croquet
And record the rugby,
But woe betide
If anybody,
Even you!!
Tell me the result
Before I have seen my recording.
Another Drug?

He stood in the pulpit and spoke,
Spoke of the ills in the world,
The bad things that people do,
That people get drawn into.
They become besotted by their convictions,
Like taking a drug of choice.
They become embalmed
Into their singularity
To follow the path that is bad.
He said there is a way out,
The way to get on in life
Is to follow Jesus,
And believe in Christianity.
But surely this too
Becomes a drug of choice,
And the box gets confined,
Confined around you,
Where you cannot see outside.
And that confinement
Traps you in your life,
Where you cannot see outside,
See outside that box,
Where life is good.
New Meaning to My Life.

The start of the morning was busy,
Needed to do this and that.
All completed.
So I could go,
In my car I went,
Gear all packed.
I drove to the main road
And sailed along easily.

Then this feeling came over me,
A feeling of absolute calmness.
I was free of sad thoughts,
All was well in my world
In spite of the recent sadness.
That calmness was so wonderful,
It meant so much to me,
I was going to do something,
Something that I enjoy,
Thoroughly enjoy.
It has brought a new meaning,
New meaning to my life,
And that joy abounds around me
As I walk onto the croquet lawn.
In our lives we have good days,
We have bad days.
Those bad days can be turned,
Turned into good days.
There is a medicine that works,
It can turn bad days into good days.
That medicine is free to use,
And can be with us all.

In any situation use that medication
And laugh,
Always laugh,
It is the cheapest medicine.
So Much Music.

Yet again it happened,
Another piece of music,
Another piece I did not know.
Listening to music
Throughout my life time
There is still music,
Music that I do not know.
The more I learn,
Learn about music,
The more ignorant
I realise I am.
So much music,
So little time.
Empty House.

I walk up the drive to my house,
To my home.
All is as I left it,
Nothing has changed.
I wander from room to room,
The silence is stifling.
No laughter,
No words.
Nothing but the quiet
Where once there were sounds,
Where once there was music,
Only silence can be heard.
Alone I sit opposite where she sat,
I realise that I was never prepared,
Nobody warned me,
Warned me that when she died
I would not be prepared
For the silence of an empty house.
A Hundred Years Ago.

We spoke of olden days,
Those days a hundred years ago.
Those times we worked together,
And I drove her to work.
The memories recalled
Of people we knew,
Of times we laughed,
Of times we cried.
The friendship we have
Has never stopped,
Even though we now live far away,
Far away from each other.
But on this day
We met once more,
And we talked,
Talked of wondrous times.
We talked of my loved one,
Of my loved one passing,
The tears shone in her eyes,
As they did in mine,
But all was well
As we spoke of olden days,
Those days a hundred years ago.
Island of Dreams.

I know I will find it
As I look through my life,
That place where sadness,
Sadness is not there,
Where love fills the air.

I know I will find it,
That place where all are kind,
Help each other
In their lives,
To progress into future.

I know I will find it,
Where all are friends
And enmity does not exist,
That place where all care,
Care for each other.

I know that I will find it,
That island of my dreams,
And life and love
Will go on,
Go on for eternity.
Once more he has done it,
The artist has sent me into raptures.
The diversity of colours draw me in,
Draw me in to the scene,
And as I look I start walking,
Walking through the picture
Towards the horizon,
Towards my future,
Towards my eternity.
This Must be a Special Day.

This must be a special day.
I draw the curtains
And the bright moon
Shines its light upon me,
Bringing light to my world.
I turn on the radio
And Mozart is there,
Bringing music to my heart.
Such wonderful music
There to greet me
Into this new day,
A day that will be wonderful.
This must be a special day.
The sound streamed into the ether.
That sound that is still with me,
Every time he is mentioned
I hear him play.
No longer with us
But Chet will live in me,
Live within my memory,
Live within my soul
Every time I hear his trumpet,
Hear his trumpet calling me,
Calling me from the ether.
Calliope Acrostic

Clearing my mind of
All sad things she
Leaves my heart clear
Letting new words
Into my freed mind
Opening new worlds to
Pour new wonder into my
Everlasting future.
Departed Manners.

Into the petrol station I went,
Filled up the car with petrol.
Into the shop to pay the bill,
Got to the counter.
"Good Morning" I said,
"Pump number 7 please"
"Thank you" said the lady,
The lady behind the counter.
To the counter next to me
Came a young lady,
"Five!" was all she said.
The lady behind the counter
Told her the price,
The young lady handed over the payment
Then just walked out!
This stunned me,
The only word the young lady said
Was "Five!"
No please,
No thank you.
As I was thanking the lady,
The lady who served me,
I asked if this happened often.
"Many, many times" she said
"People have no manners these days".
What has happened to manners
And politeness in this era?
It costs nothing
And is worth everything.
So come on people,
Just to remind you,
There are only three words,
Three words you need to remember.
Please,
And Thank you.
Today.

I look out at the morning sky,
The dark grey clouds above me.
They float by so slowly
But there on the horizon
I see it,
I see the light of day,
That light sails towards me.
The more I look
The brighter it becomes,
So I know all is well,
And today will be a good day.
Porch Light

They come into our world,
Such tiny beings
Who we love so much.
They grow before us.
Gaining experiences each day,
And each day they see us,
See us there for them,
Always there for them.
Bigger and bigger they get,
From childhood into adolescence,
That time where they may struggle,
Struggle to find their way,
But we are always there for them.
Then comes that day when they leave,
Leave our home
To make a home of their own.
As they leave they know,
They know that we will always be there,
Be there for them,
As there shining for them
When they come back
Will be the signal,
The signal of welcome, and love
As we leave on,
The porch light.
There Are Good People.

There are good people around.
In these winds fences have come down,
Needed to be fixed.
There comes the knock on the door,
The door of an elderly lady.
A young man stood there,
"Good day ma'am" he says
"Would you like me to fix your fence?"
He asks,
"What will it cost me?" she replies,
"Oh there will be no charge,
I'll do it for free"
The lady is taken aback,
But he meant it.
A young man doing his bit
Helping the elderly
Wherever he could,
For no charge,
Except maybe a cup of tea.
It is so good to see,
That there are good people around.
Penny Senryu.

The light above us
Brings joy and love to us all,
Penny's from heaven.
Amazed by Music Again.

Why does it happen?
I sit happily writing
Or reading poems
When a sound comes,
Comes from the radio,
A sound that stops me
And pulls me,
Pulls me into its glory.
Once more it has happened.
I heard,
I stopped,
I listened,
I felt.
I was in awe
As that voice sailed,
Sailed through my soul
Into my heart.
Such a wonderful voice,
Once again I am amazed,
Amazed by music.
Every Day's a Saturday.

I see them going about their lives,
Each day they go to work.
Some enjoy their work,
Others do not.
In their working week
They look forward,
Look forward to that day,
That day after Friday,
When their work for the week
Is complete.
Saturday is a special day.
Many have said to me
I am glad it is Saturday,
I just look at them and smile.
Having worked my forty seven years
And one month,
Never forget the one month,
In my life now,
Every day's a Saturday.
For Unsub.

In our lives we can walk into tunnels,
Dark tunnels of life.
And as we travel them we look forward,
Look forward to the light,
The light for which we search.
There in the distance we see it
And as we move towards it
Our lives get better.
The nearer we reach that light
The better our lives are.
Then comes the time,
The time when we reach out,
Reach out for the light,
And that is when it happens
The bloody roof caves in!!
Into My New World.

Her body has gone from my world
But the memories are still there,
Those times of wondrous joy
We shared during our long life,
Our long life together.
The love and laughter
Are deep in my soul
And will never be forgotten.
Then sad moments come
But then I just remember,
Remember the good moments.
Those moments are wonderful
As they are still within me,
Still within me as I move on,
Move on into my new world,
Where all will be wonderful.
Into Life.

Into my new life she came,
My life was broken,
But she came into it.
Her mind and soul were there,
There for me,
Pulling me from the depths,
The depths of despair
That had taken me,
Taken me from my world,
And into my new life.

Into her life I came.
Her life was lonely
But I entered in,
Into her life,
With my mind and soul.
Loneliness was passed
As I came to her,
And together we went forward,
As a new world awaited us,
Which we will travel together.
Drug of Choice.

So many times it happens!
I need it so much!
Every moment I think of it!
Wanting is more and more!
It is all I talk about!
Why am I hooked on it?
All I am doing
Is hitting some balls,
Hitting them across a lawn!!
So why has croquet now become,
Become my drug of choice!
Guilty Acrostic.

Good feeling prevails in my life
Uplifting the sorrow that was there
In the passing of my loved one
Lying there released of her illness
Thus releasing me into a better place
Yet as these good feelings prevail, I feel guilty.
Laughter Abounds.

In our lives we need fun,
We need to laugh and smile,
And it is there,
As it was with what I found,
What I found on YouTube.
This amazing pianist
Playing his Boogie-woogie,
And there around him
Danced and sang
Punk Rockers,
And of course, Mary Poppins.
The feeling of joy and happiness
Swept over me as I watched,
Watched them play sing and dance.
Their enjoyment became mine
As tears of laughter and happiness
Sailed form my body and soul.
Laughter cures all ills
So come on you lot,
Start laughing,
Laughing with me,
Laughing at me,
Laughing at life,
Life is so good.
"'Ello Andy".

"Ello Andy it's Mollie 'ere 'ow are you
Are you flooded out
We're not too far from the sea
And.."
BEEP, BEEP
"..the water does not come up to us
I am still decorating
Nearly finished..."
BEEP, BEEP
'.. the bedroom ceiling
Only the walls to be done
And then I can start getting new fur.."
BEEP, BEEP
"..niture for the flat
I've seen some I li..
BEEP, BEEP
"..ke and it will fit in nicely
I still think of mov.."
BEEP, BEEP
"..ing back to Kent
But I will have to thi.."
BEEP, BEEP
"..nk about that.
What IS that beeping!"

"It is an edgeways,
Trying to get a word in!"
The Untrod Path.

We travel though our lives,
The path is there before us.
Along our path others are seen,
Seen diverging from the one
The one we are travelling.
We take a new path,
Walking down this new path
May lead us into despair,
So we see another path,
And love and light are there,
There before us.
This now becomes our new path,
Leading us towards another path,
Which we ignore.
But our path starts to darken
And we are left wondering,
What was along that other path,
Was our life there
Along that untrod path.
Four Words.

The words from his mouth
Brought joy to her world.
Once more she could go forward,
Forward into her life
With that smile on her face,
That smile that shone like a light.
She shined for me
As she said,
"I am floating high",
She was so full
So full of life once more,
Looking around her in love,
Love of the world,
Love of all people.
And all it took was four words,
Four words to change her life
As the Doctor said to her
"You have no cancer".
Coloured Nonsense.

When I walked out the rainbow door,
I wasn't sure quite what I saw.
The street was red with amber spots,
The path was blue with light green dots.

The lights gave out a vibrant green,
And gave a shade I'd never seen.
The sky was coloured darkish brown,
With clouds of purple looking down.

I went back in to lay me down,
My forehead wrinkled with a frown.
The thoughts I had were weird and vague,
And wondered what was in that last Laphroaig.

(As many of you may know Laphroaig is my favourite Scotch tipple. Other Scotch whiskys are available.)
The first notes sounded  
And it came to me,  
That smile came onto my face.  
They were playing music,  
My type of music  
From the time  
That bebop ruled,  
Ruled the jazz world.  
Just the six of them  
Sending this amazing sound  
Into my heart,  
Into my soul.  
And evening of unbounded delight  
Taking me to new places,  
To new places in my Universe.

*Alan Barnes ? alto/baritone saxophone*  
*Bruce Adams ? trumpet*  
*Dean Masser ? tenor saxophone*  
*Andrezej Baranek ? piano*  
*Ed Harrison ? bass*  
*Gaz Hughes ? drums*
The Croquet Myth.

On go the clothes
Preparing for the day,
The day when the game,
The game is to be played.
Pants, vest and socks
Go on first,
Then the thick shirt
And the corduroy trousers,
On goes a jumper,
Then a thicker pullover.
Walking socks,
Go over the socks,
Then the thick soled shoes,
And the fur lined coat,
I am ready.

Off I go to that place,
That place that is so meaningful,
Meaningful to me.
I arrive in good time
To that lawn where the rain
Sweeps over it,
In the ever increasing wind.
On go the waterproof coats
And the waterproof trousers.
I am ready,
Ready to play,
To play the game,
The game that has taken me,
Taken me to vibrant pleasure.

There is a rumour,
That beacon of belief,
That croquet can be played,
Be played in the sun,
Where it is so warm
That short sleeved shirts
And short are warn.
But no,
That rumour,
Is surely a myth.
Nature\'s Orchestra.

Walking through the wood,
The gentle sound of the breeze
Rustles the leaves,
The opening bars of the concert.
The staccato sound of beaks on trees
Drumming holes for homes,
Beating the time
As the pigeons coo in harmony.
The deep roar of deer
Singing the bass line,
Supporting the sound.
Above it all comes the duet
Of blackbird with robin,
Completing the sounds,
That make up
Natures Orchestra.
Awaking Each Day Tanka.

Awaking each day
I know that all will be well
As I am still here,
And each day that I awake
My world will be full of joy.
Crossing Out/Thinking Again.

Well that's it then the words are there,
Or are they?
Perhaps they are wrong.
Perhaps they don't say what I mean.

Well that isn't it then the words aren't there,
Or aren't they?
They will be right
Once I determine what they mean.

Well that's it that isn't it then the words are aren't there,
Or are aren't they?
Perhaps they are wrong right,
When they say I determine what I mean.
Self Belief.

There are things in life
That you feel you have to do,
Do to help others in your life,
But sometimes this encroaches,
Encroaches into your life,
The life you need
To move forward,
To move forward for yourself.
At those times it can be hard,
But opportunities in life,
Opportunities in your life,
Can be infrequent.
If that gateway opens
Walk through it,
Walk through it into a new world,
A new world of happiness,
Happiness and self-belief.
First Rant of the Year!

Through the front door I went
And there on the floor was a letter,
Nothing unusual in that.
Opened it,
Read it,
And swore!
It was a bill,
Again nothing unusual in that,
It was from the Council,
An invoice for my lovers care,
My lovers wonderful care,
Care in the care home
Where she was treated so well.
All the time she was there
I had the bills,
And paid them every time,
But this one was different.
My lover had to go into hospital
So no longer in the care home,
The staff knew she would not be coming back,
Coming back to the care home
And this bill was for the time,
The time she was in hospital
With no hope of returning,
And to make things worse
There was a charge for a week,
A week after my lover had passed!
Do the council now charge,
Charge when we are in heaven!
It came on the radio,
That song,
The saddest song I know.
Every time I hear it
I stop,
The tune is so mournful,
The words even sadder.
But it brings me joy,
As in my life
That sadness is with me,
But I know that all will be well
As I move on,
Move on towards the light,
And be with my lover,
With her for eternity,
And beyond.

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Tom Bowling
(Charles Dibdin)

Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty, his heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, Tom did his duty
And now he's gone aloft
And now he's gone aloft

Tom never from his word departed
His virtues were so rare:
His friends were many and true hearted
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly
Ah! Many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy
For Tom is gone aloft
For Tom is gone aloft

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd
For tho' his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft
His soul is gone aloft

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814)
Within Our Worlds.

We sat drinking coffee
Looking out across the lawn.
The raindrops falling like diamonds
Enriching our lives as they fell.
Then it happened,
It appeared before us.
A rainbow shone,
Shone on our lives,
Showing us all
That our lives were good,
And all will be well
Within our own worlds.
Acceptance

Acceptance in life,
We must all have this.
Sometimes things go wrong,
Can we do anything about it?
No?
So move on.
Worrying about those things
That cannot be fixed
Only delays your life
Into that future
Which is there for you.
If things are hard,
Move on.
Accept the simple things
That will take you forward
And your life
Will progress.
But in all life
There is one thing
That must always be accepted,
Even in its many forms,
Always accept love,
Love for one another.
Anthology of Goldfinch 60

Annie’s Poem.

In our lives challenges are thrown at us.
In your life you are facing one,
But you have the strength to conquer it.
Within you is resilience,
I can see it within you,
That purpose to move on in your life.
There are friends around you
Who will be there for you.
I too will be there as always.
I look into your eyes and see,
And see the beauty that is you,
That has always been there.
That beauty will come out
And you will move forward,
Move forward into a better place,
A better place in your life.
Yet in those sad moments
I will still be there,
Be there to listen,
And to pull you up,
Up into your wonderful world.
My Life in Music.

Music has always been with me,
All my life it has been there.
Classical and jazz ruled
And have lasted the test of time.
I was there in the sixties
When the world was changed,
And life became open to the world.
Where the old music was changed,
Changed into the modern sounds.
The modern sounds were fine,
But still in my heart classical and jazz
Ruled supreme.
There were songs of the time
That I saw as being for slow old people,
But now I am a slow old person
And accept that those songs were good.
And the older I get
The more music I listen to,
So that I now listen to music
That I would never have done
In my youth.
I now know that there is so much music,
So much music to listen to.
But there is also
So little time.
I believe I know a great deal
A great deal about music,
But it has come to me
That the more I know about music,
The more ignorant about it
I realise I am.
So much wonderful music
Is still out there
Out there for me to hear.
Today Will Be Good - Senryu.

Each day I arise
I know my life is still there.
Today will be good.
Spring Arises.

Each day starts earlier
As the darkness becomes shorter
And the light comes swifter,
Swifter into our lives.
I arise from my slumber
Into the morning
And out into nature's realm.
I walk down the road,
Walk towards the wood
And it is all around me,
The vibrant colours of new life
Painting a new artwork
Into my life,
Each one unique.
I walk passed the blackthorn,
Whose bright white flowers
Belays its name.
As I reach the wood life stirs.
The birds gathering twigs and moss
Lining their nests for new life,
And their songs pervade my mind
As nature's symphony assails my soul,
Bringing music to my heart.
New life abounds around me
As nature's glory shows me,
Shows me that spring arises.
So many years they were married,
A wonderful loving relationship
Where arguments were trivial,
And rows never happened.
Except once.
Just over the one thing.
The battle was fierce
But no blows were struck,
But in no way could they agree.
Except that once,
So many, many years ago.
And that is why
The wallpaper in their house
Is over fifty years old
Gratitude.

In our lives there are many virtues,
Each one takes us further in our lives.

The friendship of others
Who bring light to our souls,
Lifts us to a new world.

The love of a loved one,
Brings joy to our heart
And takes us into loves wonder.

In my life music pervades me,
As I listen emotions grab me.

The wonder of nature
Creating art and sounds
That are unique each moment.

For these virtues
I am so grateful,
Grateful to be able to realise,
Realise how wonderful they are.

Then I realise something else.
Gratitude is not only the greatest,
The greatest virtue,
But the parent of all others.

*Gratitude is not only the greatest of virtues, but the parent of all others. Cicero*
Consumed by Mercs.

Driving down the road,
Minding my own business
When I caught up with one.
Looked in my rear view mirror
And there was another behind me.
Then I looked to my right
And there was one coming out,
Out into the road
To join the traffic.
And then blow me
Another came from the left.
I looked ahead,
There on the other side of the road
Was another one,
Coming towards me.
It was just not my day
To be driving my Skoda,
As I was being consumed,
Consumed by Mercs!
I sit here with the blank page before me,
Words and feelings circling within my mind.
Then it happens,
A thought comes through,
And the words become clear.
I know what I am going to write,
Those words so important
That others need to know about them,
They must be written on this page.
So here we go!
Um,
Now what was that thought?
Thoughts Version 2.

I sit here with the blank page before me,
Words and feelings circling within my mind.
Looking back I see my life,
A life that has been so wonderful.
My lover of so many years
Recently passed,
But is still with me in my soul.
Those wonderful times together,
Our minds and bodies joined as one.
And still our minds are intimately combined,
As I go through my life she is there
Showing me the way to go
So that in my life joy is always there.
That blank page becomes filled,
Filled with these words,
And I know,
There will be more to come.
William Holman Hunt.

The Light of the World shines over us all,
As it shined through his life.
This man who was no Scapegoat,
But painted his thoughts onto canvas.
Wordiku Six.

Intimidating
Oversimplification,
Unbelievable.
Beautiful Lives Tanka.

The path lies ahead
Our lives follow its future
To the land of dreams
Where we will live in wonder
Throughout our beautiful lives.
They Paved Paradise.

We see those times in our lives
Where everything is so wonderful,
People love each other,
Going about their lives in happiness.
Where we have all before us,
And joy is all around.
All that is meaningful to us
Is within our lives,
And sorrow is never there.

Help to others is always given,
Nobody goes without
As there is enough for all.
The smiles in all our faces
Show the kindness towards each other
That will never be missing,
We know that we are there,
And have found Paradise.

We then awake,
And find that Paradise
Was paved with our dreams.
Ironing Sadness.

It was so very strange
And made me so very sad,
All I was doing was the ironing
And I finished by ironing the handkerchiefs,
Nothing odd in that.
But a sadness came over me
When the thought crossed my mind
That none of the hankies
Belonged to my lover,
And my tears started to flow,
As they do now
As I write these words.
My Road to Paradise.

My path to Paradise was started so many years ago
As Dufay, Tallis, Byrd and Dowland put notes down
Only to be modernised by Bach and Handel
As they led the way for Mozart to stun the world
Which woke up Beethoven and Tchaikovsky
To produce their wonderful way with notes
The glory of Verdi and Puccini's words in music
Showing the way for Rachmaninoff and Scriabin
For Mahler, Debussy, Sibelius and Ravel
To move forward to the place that others took
And Barber, Cage and Reich moved forward
To that place where Richter and Adams continue
To pave my way to Paradise.
And the Sun Rises.

And the sun rises,  
As I do to.  
A new day is born.  
It will be a day of joy,  
A day of wonder,  
As the sun shows me the way,  
The way towards the light,  
The light of my joyous life.  
I am still here,  
Going through the day  
With nature's glory,  
Taking me to places  
Where life is wonderful,  
Where my life is wonderful  
And forever will be,  
As I know that  
Tomorrow the sun will rise,  
Will rise once more,  
And so will I.
Strange Times Acrostic.

Staying at home alone
Taking resilience in life,
Replacing going out with friends
And doing other things on your own.
Never give up life is there,
Getting your mind into gear,
Existing within your heart.

Taking time to contact other
Individuals with modern technology,
Making sure they are fine,
Ensuring they remain happy,
Showing that you care.
What a Wonderful World.

I sit quietly on the ground
My back resting on a grand old oak tree
The stream flows gently before me
It bubbling water singing in sibilance,
The wonder of nature all around me
As new life springs into being
The buds almost growing before my eyes
As the rebirth of spring is before me.

The birds fly from tree to tree
The glory of their voices enhancing my world
As I sit and become one with natures glory,
A song come to me that belongs in this world
And in my mind I sing it
Knowing that my life with nature
Is so wonderful as I sing
"What a wonderful world"
Together for Infinity.

As I walk into the room I see her,
See her smiling face looking at me.
Her picture sitting there,
Sitting there above her ashes
Where she will be with me,
Be with me throughout my life.
Her Spirit is still there
Within my heart and soul,
So that in these strange times
I will never be alone.
I look at her face
And once more the joy of our love,
Our love for each other is there,
And will be forever.
Once more I look at the picture
And words come from her,
From her into my mind
When she says "I love you" to me.
As the tears flow down my face
The only world I can say to her
Are "I love you too,
love you with all my heart,
We will be together again
And take our future to infinity".
"I am back" I say to My River.
It has been so long,
So long since I could walk,
Walk by its side.
The floods have abated
And My River is back,
Its water flowing gently,
Flowing gently by my side,
Barely a ripple to be seen
Except where the swans sail by
In their elegant style,
So calm,
So beautiful.
Then I see the ducks
Sitting on the land,
Bathing in the sun,
So elegant in their iridescence,
At peace with nature.
I walk further
With the trees for company,
The new life
Springing from their buds.
I come to my turning point,
My friend, the Willow, is there,
Is there to greet me,
Greet me as she always does.
Her branches weep for me
In tears of joy,
Glad to see me again
As I am seeing her.
I greet her with a smile,
A smile of joy
At natures beauty,
And natures resilience.
Happiness pervades my heart
As I walk back along My River
Knowing that all is well,
And My River will always be there,
Be there for me.
Victim of Loneliness?

Into isolation he went,
A man of older years
Trying not to get the virus.
He was told to stay at home,
Nobody could visit him,
It was not allowed.
He was ‘phoned each day,
His daughter ‘phoned him.
Then one day he didn't answer,
And his daughter cried
As she said these words,
Such sad words:

"He lived alone,
He died alone,
He was buried alone".
Corona Limerick.

There once was a witch name of Rhona  
Who was always a serious bug owner  
She came by some more  
And called them all core  
And that's how we now have corona
Battle with Nature.

Nature looked at her world
And saw it was dying.
So she cried,
Those tears became so heavy
That our world started drowning.
Did we do anything?
Of course not!
There was no money in it,
No money for those in power.
So the tears stopped,
And all started to mend.

Nature looked at her world
And saw no lessons learned,
So she breathed gently,
Gently on her world.
That breath contained death!
As the bug surrounded the world
We listened.
We listened, as people died,
Many people died,
But the world of Nature improved,
And the world became a better place.

I wonder if we will learn
Learn not to battle with Nature
Because if we do
It will happen again
And we ALL may perish next time.
I arrived at My River
And there it was,
As smooth as glass,
Not a ripple to be seen.
I walked beside it
Looking across
The silent surface,
A fish rose
And ripples circled
Until they too expanded,
Expanded into extinction,
Leaving My River as a mirror.
A gentle breeze touched it’s surface
And ripples were seen
But as I rounded the bend
The smoothness was back.
That smoothness came to me,
Came to me in my life
And I knew all would be well
As My River and I sailed,
Sailed on into our wonderful world.
Came the Day.

Came the day,
The day when it happened.
New life was within me,
That new life that brought joy,
So much joy to my world.
A son would be born,
Bringing light to my future.

Came the day,
The day when it happened.
That new life went from me,
That joy was taken from my heart,
So much sadness to my world.
My son was no longer there,
Too beautiful to live on this earth.

Came the day,
The day when it happened.
I looked up into the sky,
A new star was there
Looking down on me
As I stood near the ocean.
I knew that new star was him,
Shining on me through heavens floor.
Blimey!

Blimey! That took me back,
Back to those days of childhood
Where we would mark the pavement,
The pavement by the side of the house.
One,
Then two and Three,
Four,
Then five and six,
Seven,
Eight and nine,
Then ten.
Now there it was
Across the road,
A mum and her boy
Hopping and skipping
From number to number.
So much fun they were having
From a game so very old,
And all it needed
Was a piece of chalk
And a small stone.
Hopscotch was still alive,
And my childhood had returned,
Returned in my mind.
That smile is never far from her,
We talk I can see it lingering,
Lingering within her eyes.
We speak of many things,
Of the good times,
And the bad,
And even in those bad times
That smile is still there,
A smile that can burst,
Burst into laughter
And bring light to our lives.
So that whenever we talk
I know all will be well
As happiness is within her heart,
And that happiness is always there
For everybody,
And especially for me,
For she is my friend.
Hooligans.

So many workers cannot work
So we pay for them out of our taxes,
That's OK it can't be helped.
But what about the footballers
Being payed thousands of pounds per week
While others suffer in our country.
Why should they still be payed,
Payed thousands by their employers
While you and I
Pay for their staff?
Have they no care,
No care for others
Who come and watch them cheat,
Cheat at the game every week?
Soccer is a game for gentlemen
Played by hooligans
Who are over-payed
And show no care for others,
Others who need help.
Flying Towards Eternity.

As I stepped out of the bathroom
I saw a white feather on the floor,
I knew my angelic wife was with me,
Waiting for us to fly together once more,
Fly together towards eternity.
Hello!

There I was walking by My River
When a shout came from behind me,
"Hello!"
I looked round and saw her,
Saw this lady running,
Running towards me.
She ran passed looking ahead
And once more shouted
"HELLO!"
I shouted back
"Hello."
But she ignored me,
I then realised
As she ran towards her dog,
She was shouting at her dog,
A dog whose name
Was Hello.
Frustrated Calendar.

Every morning I come down stairs,
Put the radio on,
Switch on the computer.
Load up my email accounts
To see if anybody wants me.
Load up my calendar
To see what is in store for me,
In store for me today.
And there it sits,
Full of things to do,
Which of them can I do,
Can I do today?
None of them!
Such a shame
To have a full calendar,
But not allowed out,
Allowed out to follow,
Follow my old life.
So I stay,
Stay indoors and create,
Create my new life,
Which will be fine,
As I have music,
I have words,
And I have my mind.
Such a Sadness.

My River and I were as one,
The glorious sun shining on us.
The River so placid,
So still,
A wonderful day for us both.
Then I saw them,
A couple of significant age
Walking beside each other,
As they obviously had
Had for many, many years.
So wonderful to see,
But then I was saddened
They were walking hand in hand,
As my lover and I used to.
So wonderful for them,
Such a sadness for me.
Good People.

In our lives we meet many people,
Most of them are good,
Some are bad.
Then there are the best people,
Those who come into your life
And make you see the sun
Where once there was darkness.
They believe in you,
Believe in you so much
That you believe in yourself as well.
These are the ones who love you,
Love you for being you.
They are so rare,
They are there maybe only once,
Only once in your lifetime,
But they will always be there,
Be there for you.
Back to the Seventies.

Here I am
In my seventies,
But I am expected to go back,
Back to the seventies,
The nineteen seventies
When long hair was the fashion.
Yes I was there,
Long hair,
Moustache,
Flares,
Platform shoes,
Kipper tie
A dedicated follower of fashion.
So I will go back
But the clothes don't fit,
The ties have departed,
But the hair will be back,
Not the moustache though,
Not this time.
Dream to Where.

There were many ahead of me
As I walked my path of life,
And many behind me.
We kept walking,
Stumbling occasionally,
But finally we reached a door.
I walked through the door
And saw some stairs,
I walked up them
Following those ahead of me,
Each step I climbed became narrower
Until there ahead of me was nobody,
The steps had disappeared.
I took the next step.
"Walk on," he said,
But I was walking,
Walking as fast as I could!
"Walk on," he said
I turned to him
"I am walking!" I said
"Walk on", he said
He said to his dog!
Every day in our lives is different,
And none of them is wasted.
Each day has a meaning within us,
So never regret a day in your life.
Each good day give you happiness,
The odd bad days give you experience.
We do have those worst days in our life
But even they can give you lessons.
Then there are days so special
That become the best days,
And those best days give you memories.
That Empty Chair.

I sat at the dinner table,
There before me was my meal,
A meal cooked with love,
As ever.
I started eating,
And looked out of the window.
Hover flies were out there
Looking at me,
And the birds in the trees
Singing for me,
The glory of Chet and Gerry
Playing their jazz for me.
All these wonderful things around me,
All there for me,
But there in front of me was a chair,
An empty chair,
And to one side was a picture,
A picture of my lover,
Who should be sitting in that chair,
In that empty chair.
"I am fine then" I said,  
"They say it is OK to talk to yourself."

"Is that what you are doing?"

"Who are you!"

"I am you."

"What do you mean,  
You are me?"

"Well you started talking,  
I only answered"

"But you're not supposed to answer,  
There is nobody else here"

"You are here, and that's me"

"But they say you should not answer!"

"Well I am, you need answers."

"But I am only supposed to be talking,  
Talking to myself, not having a conversation".

"Well, if you will talk, who are you talking to?"

"I am talking to myself."

"In that case I am joining in."
"But they say if I answer, as I am doing
I must be going mad"

"OK, who am I to disagree!"
At the Turning Point

I had come to the turning point,
The turning point of my daily walk,
My walk along My River.
As I waited taking in the scenery
A lady I had walked passed,
Also stopped.
She too had met her turning point,
The turning point of her walk.
So instead of returning at speed
I walked with her,
And we talked.
We talked of many things,
And of coincidences.
Her husband was in a Nursing Home
He had dementia,
As My Lover had.
So we spoke of that awful disease,
Spoke from experience of living,
Living with one who has the problem.
But then we moved on,
Moved to talk of the wonder,
The wonder of nature,
And being allowed to walk with it.
We both felt the glory around us
As we walked with Our River,
Until we parted,
Back into our separate lives.
Virtually.

It was on the news!
It must be true!
"Parliament is working virtually".
It's a pity it does not work for real!
Wonderful Morning.

What a wonderful morning,
Up with the sun
Showing nature's wonder to me.
With breakfast eaten and tea drunk
Off I went,
Went for my walk,
My daily walk with My River.
A beautiful time
With Nature's artwork,
And of course her symphony.
Walk completed
Went home.
What to do now
In these strange times.
Had my shower,
Put the coffee on,
Found something to read.
With book and coffee
Sat in the sun filled conservatory
Reading and listening
As Maria and Tito sang to me
As I played Rigoletto on the Hi-Fi,
My favourite opera
Sung in a way that always moves me,
Moves me to tears,
Sadness yes,
But also of joy,
As their voices sail though the ether
And will do forever.
The Lost Words.

You start a new poem with such eager ease,
The words flow like a torrent from your mind.
Then you read the rhyme that has formed,
On the paper in front of you,
And find the text,
Does not show what you meant.

Some words are changed from fresh ideas
That come from a new found river in your mind.
Yes that is better, you think to yourself,
As the page, shows the better sense,
Of the altered words
Read on this newly revised page.

But the words that you dismissively changed,
Garnered from the reservoir of your mind
And substituted for those more apt,
What happened to them?
Is it really that,
There is a place where all the lost words go?
Blue and Orange Arrow.

As I walked by My River
Nature was all around me,
Spring was here and all were busy.
The blackbird left the bush
And hopped in front of me
With a mouthful of worms,
His family had arrived.
The swans and geese floated by
In beautiful silence,
And then I saw it,
Like a bright blue and orange arrow
Streaking along the river,
Not deviating.
At a speed so fast
It flashed by,
But I saw it,
One of the most beautiful of birds.
That kingfisher made my day wonderful,
As I walked by My River.
I am in trouble now,  
Oh boy am I in trouble!  
It's not really my fault,  
The ingredients just seem to fall,  
To fall out of the cupboard.  
And just because the amounts that fell  
Were the weight to create them  
It had to be done.  
The mixture was made,  
I didn't mean to do it,  
Honest!  
They were flattened  
And then cut.  
The oven seemed to come on alone,  
Was it those ghosts again  
Forcing me,  
Forcing me to create them?  
Into the oven they went  
And cooked,  
Cooked to perfection.  
They looked wonderful.  
Then came the problem,  
Were they OK,  
Ok to share with others?  
I tasted one,  
I had found heaven,  
Or was it hell?  
As I had to try another  
Just to be sure.  
And that is my undoing,  
They are so delightful  
That I will eat them,  
And my waist will get bigger,
That is the problem
When they get made.
It is nothing to do with me,
It is not my fault
That they are so good,
It is not my fault,
Honest!
It was the ghosts
Baking shortbread,
Again!
What Life Should Be.

The sun was up,
And so was I,
Looking out,
At the clear blue sky.

The day was here,
And all looked fine,
And best of all,
The day was mine.

I had my choice,
I know I'd walk,
And along the way,
With people I'd talk.

These so Strange Times,
People seemed so nice,
But why did this come,
With such a price.

When it is ended,
People might just see,
That good humour,
Is what life should be.
Unused Words From dusk arising.

These are the words that dusk arising has been trying to give away.
anal.... bubonic....crumpet....defoliate....erstaz (ersatz).... fluctuate.... germinate...
hump...inseminate....jack....kilo....lumpy.....mentionable.....nubile.....oh...pee....queue.....ripple
.....stoat... teet....uvuncular ( Avuncular)....vermin....whinney... xylophonic..... yew... zygomycota.

That ersatz bubonic crumpet
Was in a queue before me,
Its whinny like a xylophonic ripple,
With Zygomycota in a queue
Ready to inseminate pee from my anal hump.

The yew was about to germinate,
And defoliate on the stoat
Mistaken for vermin,
Showing its avuncular kindness
Through its teet in a kilo
Of oh so nubile ways.
Only to jack and fluctuate
In lumpy ways so mentionable,
In such poems like this
As each word is rubbished
And becomes the problem of
Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia,
Which comes to some
Each time a long word is written.
Tears in Music.

Why does it happen to me?
Suddenly I hear some music
And my world stops
As the sound penetrates my mind,
Goes through my heart
Into my soul.
The tears flow from my eyes
As music so wonderful
Reaches me from the heart of the player
As she blows the wonder of her music
Into the ether,
And forever for me to bathe
In the wonder of her sound.
Peaceful Buzzard.

I hear the plaintiff call above,
I look up and see the bird,
The wide outstretched wings
Allowing the bird to float in circles
So placidly around the sky
Looking down at the world.
The thought comes to me,
I could do that,
Just float in peace
Looking down at life.
Yes that is what I want to be,
I want to be a buzzard.

There they were,
Swimming up My River,
New life was with me.
I saw them
And rejoiced,
As a mother,
And her four ducklings
Swam passed me,
Showing that
In these Strange Times
Nature can progress
Into new life.
Morning Stranger.

I get up in the morning,
Walk into the bathroom,
And there in front of me
Is a stranger in the mirror.
The face looks familiar,
But the hair is strange,
It is in a new style,
As it seems to be,
Every morning.
Pot of Gold.

I look across the land through the rain,
The sky brightens as the sun shines.
There in front of me is a rainbow,
Its colours bring joy to my mind.
I look for the rainbows end
Knowing that a pot of gold is there.
I start walking towards the rainbows end.
As I walk I have my ups and downs in life,
Until that time when I reach the rainbows end.
I look back at the wonder of my colourful life,
Knowing that I have found that pot of gold
In the life I have led to reach this place,
This place of wonder and fulfilment,
My wonderful life, my pot of gold.
Wishing for More.

Our lives can be so wonderful,
We go through them
Living each day doing our best,
Giving help to others,
Receiving help from them.
This harmony between all
Makes us realise life is good,
And in our life we become contented,
Contented with little,
But it does not stop us wishing,
Wishing for more.
The Force of Destiny.

For so many years I have listened,  
Listened to music,  
Music of all types.  
I even listen to opera,  
And go and watch it.  
I have my favourites of course,  
Rigoletto and Tosca  
Both at the top of my list,  
My list of so many I enjoy.  
Now there has come another,  
Although I have heard it  
I have never listened to it,  
Yesterday I did.  
Such a wonderful sound assailed me,  
Why I had I not listened before?  
The wonder of the music stopped me  
As each note played and sung  
Sailed through my heart,  
Bringing all emotions to me.  
I was so enthralled with the music,  
The music of La Forza del Destino,  
That Force of Destiny was with me.  
I played it once more,  
Six hours of new found wonder,  
Bringing so much joy to my life.
The Glory of Life Acrostic

Taking each day as it comes
Helps us to find our way,
Each and every one of them.

Gaining the wonder of the new,
Learning to accept the bad,
Overcoming the problems,
Reaching out to all,
Yearning for that future.

Only seeking the light,
Freeing each day for its beauty.

Living in the glory of life,
Instilling its uniqueness within us,
Filling us with love for all,
Every day of our lives.
Status Quo.

Every time I hear their sound
A smile comes to my face.
So once more I went back,
Went back to the seventies.
Head bobbing,
Feet tapping,
Memories becoming alive.
Such a wonderful rock group,
Status Quo.
They could bring me
From the deepest gloom
Into the light of rock.
Strumming their guitars
In such a way
That I always knew it was them,
And that smile
Would always be there,
Back from the seventies.
Saturday Meal.

Well Saturday evening was here again,
What shall I cook tonight?
I know I'll have some salmon.
So there it was sitting on the plate,
Salmon fried in butter
Sitting on turmeric rice
That had been laced with cumin.
The salmon covered with a sauce,
A sauce of mushrooms
Made with white wine and cream cheese.
I took my first mouthful,
A wonderful taste,
I ate some more.
Then had a sip of wine,
A rather fine white wine.
All went down so well,
But it would have been so much better,
If I wasn't eating alone.
Hair Dyed.

Here we are in lockdown,
Can't go out,
Can't get hair cut.
So she decided,
Decided to dye her hair.
Just a cheap dye
She said she would use,
And yes it was cheap,
It would only cost a little,
About two hundred pounds
To redecorate the bathroom!
Wonder and Delight.

My River flowing gently by my side
So clear, like shear green glass.
The trees and shrubs
Lining its sides with new leaves,
As the wonder of Spring turns,
Turns towards summer,
And the beauty becomes highlighted,
Highlighted by the sun's rays,
Shining down on nature's glory
And into My Life with My River.
Two swans fly passed me
And gently sail onto My River,
Their majestic beauty there for me
As they float by my side.
I hear the call "Teacher, teacher"
And there above me I see it,
I see the beautiful black and yellow bird
Teaching me the glory of nature.
I am so alive in body and soul
As I walk along My River
With nature surrounding me,
Surrounding me with such wonder,
Such wonder and delight.
No Regrets.

Looking back in my life
I see them,
I see the corners turned,
The doors opened,
The hills climbed,
And the choices taken.
In every one I made the choice,
The choice to move forward.
I can now look back
And can be pleased,
As the road that I have taken,
With all the choices I made
Have brought me to this place,
This place in my life,
Where I have no regrets.
So what happened,
What happened to yesterday!
Up at normal time,
Wrote some poetry,
Read some poetry.
Had breakfast and cup of tea,
Then went for my walk
Knowing that when I returned
I would go to the supermarket,
Just to buy a few supplies.
Got home from walk
And the window cleaner was there.
He cleaned the windows,
I made his coffee,
As I do every time.
By that time the time was moving on,
Needed to do the shopping.
Shopping done.
I was then expected at the croquet club
To aid in keeping the lawn tidy.
Spent some time there,
Even knocked a couple of balls around
Just to see all was well.
Came back too late for lunch
So prepared dinner.
Spoke to a friend over the web.
And there it was,
Or wasn't?
The time had gone,
So I went to bed!
What happened to yesterday!

What Happened to Yesterday?
Released From Despair.

Our lives bring times that pull us down,
Down towards the depths of despair,
The times where you perceive,
Perceive you should have taken a different path.
But the path you are on cannot be changed,
So in the bad times just accept the meaning,
The meaning of those times and move on,
Move on into the better times that are around you.
They have been there for so many years,
Just think of those good times and they will pull,
Pull you out of that despair back into the joy,
The joy that you know can be in your life.
That joy is within you,
That joy has been seen and captured,
Captured by me
And can be released back into your soul
Whenever you talk to me,
As I will listen,
And be there for you.
All Was Well.

I awoke with the dawn,
I lay there and listened,
Nature's chorus was starting.
Life was with me once more,
All was well in my world.
every time i walk.

walking with nature
brings glory to my eyes,
it's beauty surrounds me
with so many colours
from its infinite palette.
as the seasons flow
it brings different colours
every time i walk.

walking with nature
brings glory to my ears,
the sounds all around me
astound me in their wonder.
natures orchestra plays
and its sound consumes me.
each day a different tune
every time i walk.

walking with nature,
is my life's glory and wonder,
every time i walk.
The Good Life Acrostic.

Taking each day as it comes
Has the beauty of the unknown
Expressing itself anew

Granting us the wonder
Of everlasting optimism
Overtaking our minds
Deep within our souls

Living each day
In the awe of glory
Filling us with wonder
Each and every day.
Unique Nature.

You take those familiar steps 
Walking through the countryside,
But every time you look around
The sight you see is unique,
Every time something has changed.
This is the wonder of Nature
It changes in a moment.
You may look up and see the clouds
Each one will be different,
And each one changes as you look.
Nature wonder and uniqueness
Thrills all around.
So look at each moment of Nature
When you walk in its glory
As it will only last for that moment
Before the next moment appears.
Moments in Nature are special.
As each one is unique.
Yes, I was there when it happened;
The day he died.
I was always there, he depended on me,
And I didn't ever fail him; did I?
This man chosen by The Bird to play in his band;
Dizzy wanted him, and bebop rang out,
Loud and long, until that day
When he was joined with Gerry,
And the Quartet struck gold.
And that is when I joined him, this man
Who could play like a nightingale,
And sing like an angel.
All the time I was there, supporting this man,
Never left him, followed him all over the world.
He played those gentle tunes that we know
With a sound so mellow, that the birds stopped to listen.
That day when he went looking for me,
The saddest of all, beaten to a pulp;
No longer able to play for months but he found me,
I wasn't far away that day but not close enough
To protect him.
But he came back and the music swelled again
From this genius of Jazz.
Then came that day in Amsterdam;
Just the two of us in the hotel room.
I as ever supporting him
As he injected me into his arm.
He got up and stumbled, and as he fell from the window,
I was still there, when his eyes closed forever.
Beauty.

Her long sweeping hair flows
Flows side to side
As she slides passed,
Her eyes crystal clear
As she looks ahead.
She knows she looks beautiful,
Her figure flowing in and out,
Flowing up and down
As she ignores all around her,
Knowing that all are looking at her.
Knowing that the women are jealous,
Jealous of her astounding looks.
Knowing that the men are panting,
Knowing that they want her,
Want to be with her,
To hold her,
Hold that beautiful body close,
Close so that they can feel her curves.
But that beauty is all a sham,
As when you look into her eyes
You can see,
Can see that in her soul there is evil.
She just wants to hurt people
And lead them to follow her,
Follow her bad ways.

In any person beauty can be seen
But it must be seen by looking into their eyes.
The heart and soul of all can be seen
Not from their outward appearance,
But from the depth of their eyes.
Golden Girl.

The Golden Girl walks as though gliding on ice,
In a world of her own, where no others intrude
On the thoughts of her loves, that have long flown past.
She smiles serenely, at a moment remembered,
In a time, almost forgotten.

Others just watch the gentle sway of her hips
As she smoothly goes past them, ignoring their stares.
She's deep in her thoughts, for those whom she cares,
Only seen by the light formed by her blue shining eyes,
Of a time, just recalled.

The swing of her long blonde hair moves in time
With the gentle glide of her steps, that transport her,
Away from your view, into her past, that only she
Can unlock, with a key to a box recently found,
To a time, thought lost.
Live to Die.

Such sad times in which we live,
This disease is killing so many,
But such sadness came to me.
The young lady was ill,
She was ill from cancer.
But then she was infected,
Infected with this awful virus.
She looked at the camera
And said this words,
These words that shook my life.
"I want to live!
I want to live long enough,
Long enough to die from Cancer,
And not to die from Covid 19!"
I look up at the night sky,
Its darkness pricked by light.
The stars waiting for me,
Showing me that life is endless.
Each star a memory of someone,
Someone who has passed,
Passed from this world.
Looking down on loved ones,
Always there for them
Until their time comes,
And they too become a star
Looking down on their loved ones.
The light of the stars is there for us all,
Showing us the way to a full life.
Cheating Exercise.

There I was walking by My River,
My daily exercise in these Strange Times,
Walking as fast as I could.
Seeing the dog walkers,
Greeting them all with a 'MORNING',
And they greeting me back.
We are getting to know each other,
Occasionally stop for a chat.
The joggers and runners are there,
They too are greeted
And they respond,
Even the cyclists do as well.
All of us out for our exercise,
Then he flashed passed me,
This man on a bike,
As he went passed I saw it,
I saw that he was cheating,
Cheating on his daily exercise,
As the bike he was riding,
Was an electric one.
Star Trek Lives.

There was that sound,
The first notes that took me,
Took me to my world,
My world of Star Trek.
There on the stage
Was the orchestra,
Then the young lady.
From her mouth came the tune,
The tune that has been with me,
With me for over fifty years.
Her voice so wonderful
Took me to those places,
Those places where no one,
No one has gone before.
Garden Boundary.

I sit in my garden and look out,
There before is the wonder of nature,
The innumerable green swards
Flowing before me,
Interspersed with the browns of woods
And the bright yellows of hayfields.
The bright sun shining down
From the clear blue sky.
I look out in absolute bliss
As I know that the only boundary
To my garden is as far as my eye can see,
Knowing that the boundary to my garden
Is the far horizon.
Music and Lyrics.

It is always there for me,
The music in my life
Has been there forever.
It can mean so much,
Bring on so many emotions.
Then it happens,
A song is sung,
One you know so well
That your emotions
Determine your hearing,
Because,
When you are happy
You hear the music,
When you are sad
You hear the words.
Respect.

It was one of those qualities,
One that was highly treasured.
Young people would use it,
Use it when greeting their elders.
Many used it when meeting strangers,
It was one of those beauties in life.

Nowadays it shocks me,
Shocks me when it is used,
And I am sorrowful,
Sorrowful about its loss,
Its loss from so many people.

I would like to believe it will return
But I may not see it in my lifetime.
That so meaningful way of life
Which costs nothing to give.
It is known as,
Respect.
Mr Myers.

There I was on the rugby pitch,
My first sports afternoon at school.
I knew nothing about rugby,
At that time.
A ruck was forming in front of me,
A teacher came to me,
Put his arm round my shoulder,
Grabbed a boy from the opposition,
Bent us forward,
Pushed us into the ruck.
He shouted
"Heads down and push lads!"
That was my first contact,
First contact with a man
Who during my time at school
I came to respect,
As did all the other pupils.
He never shouted at students,
Except on the rugby field.
To my knowledge
He never punished anyone,
But as soon as he arrived,
Arrived at the classroom door,
The pupils became quiet.

I learned a great deal from that man,
Not just the maths that he taught
But also respect,
Respect he gave to all,
Teachers and pupils alike.
A man I was proud to know,
And proud to have been taught by.
Thank you Mr Myers.
Touching 2.

At the time it was nothing special
Just a shake of the hand,
Or a clasp on the shoulder.
With friends and family a hug,
With loved ones a kiss on the cheek,
With your lover a kiss on the lips.
But all that is missing now,
Certainly missing for me.
Only me in the house,
Left with memories,
Memories of hugs and kisses.

What many do not realise
Is that touching is a memory,
And in these days
Touching is not allowed.
So many memories
Will not be made,
Made for our future,
From these Strange Times.
Confusion reigns once more,
What day is it today
I ask myself?
It is Saturday I reply.
No it isn't I argue,
It is another day!
No, it is Saturday!
I will have to look it up.
Oh go on then!
See on the computer it is Friday.
It cannot be Friday it is Saturday!
No look its Friday!
No it isn't!
Yes it is!
No its Saturday,
Ever since we have retired
It is Saturday,
As every day is Saturday.
Oh yea, you are right,
It is Saturday!
Starlight Acrostic.

Stars shine above us in the night sky
Telling us that all is well
And life will never end,
Revealing our future,
Looking down on our loved ones,
Inspiring them every moment.
Goodness flows from each star
Hanging in the night sky,
Telling everyone, that all is well.
Starry Eyed and Laughing.

I look into her eyes
And the stars shine
Shine through them
And shine into mine

I look at her face
And her lips curl up
When her smile
Turns into laughter

When she laughs
The stars shine brighter
And the world is happier
As am I
Clothes Flattener.

I open the cupboard and see it,
See this strange looking object.
It has a flat bottom of steel
With holes punched in it.
There is a point at one end,
And a flat end at the other.
A handle is above with a dial,
And from the back of the handle
There is a lead with a plug on it.
I wonder what it is?
A memory stirs
Of times long passed,
When this was used,
Used to make clothes flat.
GOT IT!
It is an iron!
Music is My Life.

The music played,
I listened,
I was drawn in.
The more I listened
The more I became part,
Part of the music,
The music became part of me.
It happens so often,
The glory of music
Brings wealth to me,
To my mind,
To my heart,
To my soul.
It is always there,
Always there for me.
And will for ever be,
Music is my life.
In our life we walk our path,
Our path of life.
That path is in front of us
Leading us to wonders in our lives.
There is another path,
The path of our life before,
It lies behind us.
But remember,
Do not look back,
We are not going that way.
Kathleen.

I was drowning,
Drowning in the beauty,
The beauty of her voice.
I had treated myself,
Treated myself to an evening,
An evening of her singing,
Singing just for me.
Such a wonderful voice
That fills me with glory,
Glory at its beauty.
That voice has been with me,
Been with me forever,
And will be when I leave,
Leave this earth.
She will be there,
Kathleen will be there,
Singing to me,
Singing just for me.
Hello Gorgeous.

"Hello Gorgeous"
I said to my daughter,
Meeting at last
After having to stay away,
Stay apart for so long,
So long in these strange times.
"Hello Dad, wonderful to see you"
She replied,
"Isn't your hair long?" she said,
"And now at last I can see the grey bits!"
She said with laughter surrounding us.
If Only.

If only?
That question that has been asked,
Asked so many times.
If only,
Would we have been in a better place,
A better place in our lives.
If only.
What would be different
If we went along that other path.
If only,
We had not met,
Not met that person.
If only,
We had agreed to do that task,
Or take that risk.
If only,
I had not taken up that pen,
And started writing these words.
If only?
The Two Ladies.

Each day they look down on me,
These two wonderful ladies.
My lover of so many years
Now passed, and waiting for me,
Looks at me with her wondrous smile.
That love between us, still there
As she looks at me with love
Which shines all about me.
Calliope is there as well,
Showing me the way to form my words
So that each word can reach out,
Reach out and touch the world,
Showing my love for all,
As each morning I write,
Write these words.
Wandering in the Wood.

I walked through the wood
Looking at all around me,
The glory of nature so wondrous.
The deeper into the wood I go,
Where the trees are getting older.
Then I see it,
I see this gnarled trunk,
Lichen and moss covering it.
I stand there listening,
Waiting to hear the stories,
The stories it could tell.
My imagination runs riot,
But the secrets the tree knows
Stay within its body,
Leaving me wondering in my thoughts,
And wandering further into the wood.
Each New Day.

Every day it happens,
Or so it seems.
I step into the shower,
The water streams over me.
It takes away the sweat,
The grime.
It also washes my mind,
Taking any worries,
Worries from the previous day,
Takes them away,
Leaving only good thoughts,
Good thoughts within me.
So I am ready to face the day,
Face the day with goodness,
The goodness that is with me,
That is always with me,
As each new day begins.
Listening to Ella.

Her voice transcends all around her
As her scat surrounds us all,
She sings like no other
And brings wonder to our world.
So when you listen to Ella
It makes it worth it,
Worth being on this planet.

"Listening to Ella makes it worth being on this planet“ Jamie Cullum
Extended Life.

In my long life I have had no regrets
And looking back I only see the good,
The good that has been with me forever.
The lady in my life so loving,
Who I loved throughout.
Even though she has left this world,
That love is still there,
And she is still with me.

My working life has ended,
Ended with no regrets.
So in my dotage I now realise
That I have become an old man,
But I have become an old man in good time,
Because I know that I will become
An old man for a long time,
And enjoy every moment in that extended life.
The New Day - Senryu.

The new day is born,
I arise in the new light
Full of hope and cheer
Star Spangled Soul.

As I look up to the stars I know,
I know she is looking down,
Looking down upon me
With the love from eternity
That she has for me,
And I have for her.
That love will never fail
As each night we meet,
We meet as I look up,
Into her star spangled soul.
Shown the Way.

As we travel through our lives
We may not know where we are going.
Each path we take is different.
Some may be wrong.
But to get where we are today
We must be back on the right path.
Then we seem to realise,
When looking back on life,
And when looking ahead,
The Universe has shown us the way,
Shown us the right way,
Even when we don't realise,
Don't realise that we were looking.
Out Beyond the Ideas.

I know of a wondrous place
Where peace and love abound,
A spacious field of luscious green
Where I know that I'll be found.

It is out beyond those ideas,
Ideas that may well be right,
Ideas that may well be wrong,
Out where darkness fails in light.

So look beyond your mind
And to the future yield,
I will be there for you,
So join me in my field.

That field is there waiting for you,
My wondrous field of dreams.
I make bread,
Each week I make loaves,
And every time I make them
I give one to my neighbour.
My neighbours bake cakes,
And bake biscuits,
They share them with me.
They come over the fence
In one of their tins,
But that tin now has a name,
A new name,
It is now known
As Andy's tin.
Hothouse Plant.

The heat is so welcoming to her,
She calls herself a hothouse plant
Which has become so beautiful,
So beautiful over the years.
The edges are curling she says,
As the days in her life increase,
But when I see her, I see her blooms,
And those blooms are full of colour.
There we were my friend and I
Standing on the croquet lawn,
Playing the game we both enjoy,
Enjoy so much.
As we were going round the lawn
We spoke and bantered as normal,
And then we stopped,
As the thought came to us.
What a beautiful day it was,
The sun was out,
Sometimes hidden by a white cloud,
A gentle breeze cooling us,
The wonderful world of nature
Surrounding us,
As far as the eye could see.
Such a wonderful day,
A day to be with friends,
And to be with nature's wonder,
And of course,
A wonderful day to play croquet.
Solace of Time.

That quantum of time that surrounds us
Passes in so many variable ways
That it can be so very mystical.
When things are going well
It rushes by barely allowing us enough of it.
When things are going badly
It is so slow that unpleasant thoughts come to us,
But sometimes,
Sometimes comes that period
Where we are in a time when all is well
And our dreams are with us,
Life is so perfect and wonderful.
We have reached that so rare period,
Where we have entered that solace of time.
The first bud was there,
My Valentine was with me.
Each day it will grow
Showing that My Lover is there,
Is still there,
As she always will be,
There in my heart.
Nature's Glory for Me.

The sun rises In all its glory,
Shining shades of pink, red and orange
Onto the morning clouds.
As the sun gets higher
The clouds become white,
White balls of fluff,
Each unique in their appearance.
I look out at this wonder,
This wonder of nature,
And start to see the countryside
With so many different colours
Bringing its beauty into my heart.
I listen and the birds are singing,
Singing to me as I walk with them.
The glory and wonder of art and song
Is all there for me,
As I walk within Nature's Canvas
Accompanied by Nature's Symphony.
What is in Your Life?

A question came to mind,  
'What is in your life?'  
I thought and pondered.  
The love of my life has gone,  
Waiting to meet me  
When I go to her,  
After my journey in this time  
Has ended.  
So what do I have now?  
I have family  
Who I love,  
And who love me.  
I have friends  
Who are there for me  
As I am for them.  
But for me  
Just for me I do have three things.  
Music will always come first,  
It has been there all my life,  
And my life without music  
Would be non-existent.  
Poetry has been with me,  
With me for several years.  
The idea of not writing,  
Not writing every day is an anathema,  
An anathema to me.  
And then there is the third,  
The one that still surprises me.  
I enjoy it so much when I play,  
When I play croquet.  
So looking back on my life,  
My long life,  
I am happy with what has passed,
I am also happy with what I have,
My life of music, poems and croquet.
No, There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

The year was eighty-seven,
The year we had the storm.
The wind howled through the night,
Tiles clattered,
Trees toppled,
Rooves moved,
And fell.
The countryside changed,
Yet only eighteen died.

As I drove to work
The landscape was different.
The trees that had blocked my view were down,
Tiles were everywhere.
I got into work, Building Maintenance at the time,
The 'phones never stopped.
I sent men out to view the hell
That the wind had produced.
Yet only eighteen died.

They tales they told were both horrific,
And funny.
They told of the rooves
They found on the ground,
The lifted from blocks of flats,
And laid to one side.
Of the tree that fell between
Two blocks, yet touched neither.
Of the greenhouse in the middle of the road,
All glass still intact.
Yet only eighteen died.

The saddest part of all
Was that the wind was salt laden,
It killed the colours of autumn
All over the borough.
So that day when we drove to the west
Was so very strange,
So very beautiful,
Because we drove into autumn.
Do You Tread the New Path?

In life that path has been trod,
You have reached where are
With patience and fortitude,
It has been a good life.
Then came that day
When all changed,
Where your life could take a path,
An unexpected path,
One that had never been entertained,
Entertained before.
A decision needed to be made,
What should you do?
It is such a different route,
A different route in your life.
It is so appealing to you
But the change frightens you.

In our lives we have walked many paths,
Some were wonderful,
Some were full of sadness,
But the good always overcome the bad.
So the choice is yours
The good is there for you.
Do you want to reach for it?
Sixty Nine Acrostic.

So many years have passed
In your wonderful life where
Xenochialism is in your life
Threading your way to love from all
Year after year.

Nearing that new time in life
Intrigues your mind
Now that things may change but
Ever sure that you will do the right thing.
Birthday Drive.

It was her birthday,
She wanted a surprise.
So surprise her I did!
Drove her to the coast,
Walked along the beach,
The beach at Broadstairs!
We had a cup of coffee,
Sitting by the shore.
Then she wanted an ice cream,
So I bought her one,
When I drove her,
Drove her to Dover!
Handels Music Flows Senryu.

Handels music flows
In time to the dipping oars,
Floating to the sea.
It is so sad that it is expected,
Those expectations of how you look,
How you should enhance your looks
To that look,
That others deem to be right.
It is a farce!
Beauty is not always seen
Outside the body.
To see the true beauty,
The true beauty of anybody,
All you need to do
Is look in their eyes.
True beauty within
Will be seen,
Seen in their eyes.
The eyes show you the world,
The world of beauty within everyone.
Where Music Takes Me

Once more it has happened,
That sound came to me,
That sound which took me,
Took me to another place,
A place of harmony and love.
That glory of music does it,
Does it so often to me.
I have to stop and listen,
Listen from that place,
That place where music,
Where music has taken me.
Day Wonder.

Once more I awake,
The day is before me.
Each new day is a wonder.
I wonder what today will bring?
This day will bring me wonder,
A new day of wonder.
Acrostic for Helena.

The time has come once more
When another year comes to your life
Enriching your dreams in the future
Negating the sorrows of your past
Taking you into that glory where
Years do not matter

Towards your future
With passion and beauty
Out into your wide world
Just For Me.

That love between us was so strong,
Each day it became stronger,
A love that would go on forever.
Then came the day,
That dreadful day when she passed,
Passed into a new world.
A world where we would meet
And go on together for eternity.
That day will come,
But not yet.
So as I live my life alone
I am learning,
Learning not to live without her,
But learning to live with the love,
The love that she left behind,
That love she has left for me,
Just for me.
Is She a Bad Mother.

Is she such a bad mother?
Her two wonderful girls,
Brought up with love and respect. 
That love can be seen,
See whenever they're together.
But the time has come, 
The time for them to leave, 
To leave home, 
To pursue their lives, 
Their lives and careers. 
Sailing into their futures 
Towards their wondrous lives. 
Most children go around the country, 
But not these two! 
One is going to France, 
The other back to China. 
Is she such a bad mother  
That they need to leave the country, 
Leave the country to get away, 
Get away from her.
Waiting at the Tip.

Well more gardening had been done,
Bushes stripped,
Battle with the pyracantha won, just.
So off to the tip I went
To dump all the twigs and leaves.
I knew I would need to queue
In these strange times,
When the tip seems to be home,
Home for so many.
Not to worry I had my music,
My music in the car,
I could listen with joy.
Joined the long queue,
Started waiting,
Eventually got to the tip.
And how long did it take me?
It took me the whole of Act One,
Act One of Tosca.
Being Bilingual.

They are out there,
Those clever people
Who can speak other languages,
As well as their mother tongue.
When people talk about them
I tell them
I am bilingual.
They look at me in awe
And ask which languages I speak,
So obviously I tell them
English is the one I have known,
Known all my life,
But in that long life
I have learned to speak another,
One that comes so easily to me,
As it comes to me quite naturally.
Apart from English
I am totally fluent,
In speaking Rubbish!
Lost in Words.

I was just sitting there,
Creating words,
Enjoying every moment
As my thoughts became visible.
Each word so meaningful,
So meaningful to me.
I suddenly looked up,
I was amazed,
So much time had gone,
Where had it gone?
Then I realised,
I had become lost,
Totally lost in words.
Stoicism Acrostic.

Showing ethics to all around,
Taking life as it comes.
Offering help to everyone
In both good and bad times,
Creating a uniformity of living
In a moral way that is free from anger,
Showing love for all,
Making life so wonderful in our world.
Whose Round Is It?

It had happened!  
The pubs are open once more!  
It seems so long,  
So long since I had a pint,  
A pint in a pub.  
So there we are,  
Me and my mates  
Gathered in the pub,  
But with distance between us.  
Then come the question,  
"Whose round is it?"  
"It's not mine,  
I bought the last one  
Before lockdown!" I said.  
"It's not mine" said Orchi  
"You won't let me buy a round,  
As I'll put water in your drinks!"  
"I bought the one before Goldy,  
So its not mine" said d a.  
TUOAP said "I would love to buy a round  
But 'er indoors" gave me no money!"  
Michael then said "It can't be me,  
I bought the three rounds before d a,  
So you all owe me three pints!"  
Then came the saviour,  
Fay walked into the pub  
And we threw ourselves at her  
All offering to buy her a drink.  
"She said no thank you Gentlemen,  
I came here to have a good laugh at you,  
So for that, I will buy the first round."
Art Where No Men Tread

As I see those lands ahead
Those lands where no men tread,
I see that wondrous piece of art
Which pulls me so strongly,
So strongly to its heart.
I will find a way to tread those lands,
And along those lands I'll go.
I'll reach that painting,
That painting which pulls me,
Pulls me into it so strongly,
And to that painting I will bow.

Artwork by Michael Edwards.
Ennio Morricone.

The tears came to my eyes,
He had died,
This man who created so much music.
But it wasn't just music,
He wrote emotion
That would enter my body
With so much feeling
That my world stopped
As I sat and listened in awe.
As I listened the voices would come,
Sailing above the tune,
In complete harmony
With the music,
And with me.
Not a Bad House.

It was such a shame,
Such a shame we said yes,
Said yes to our friends.
They asked us to dog sit,
Dog sit for a weekend.
They were very good friends,
So we said yes.
We arrived on the Friday Evening,
They were going early on Saturday.
Such a shame we said yes.

Two fine dogs greeted us,
So laid back no trouble,
But the house was the problem.
It was a six bedroom house,
A Kentish farmhouse.
Such a shame we said yes.

Our room was on the second floor.
Large bedroom,
Picture window looking over the land,
We had to walk through the dressing room
Just to get to the huge bathroom.
We sat down to dinner with them
That Friday night,
A wonderful meal.
Such shame we said yes.

Off they went and we were left there,
We decided we had to do something.
We could always play table tennis,
The table was there in the games room.
Or we could go swimming.
Well there was a large swimming pool outside,
Outside next to the tennis court.
Such a shame we said yes.

We could always walk through the forest,
The forest they had on their land.
I know I would cook something,
Into the kitchen I went,
A kitchen so big,
So big that you could hold a ball there.
But there were no dancers today,
Only me and my wonderful wife,
And the dogs.
To dance and sway to the music.
Such a shame we said yes.
Guilty People.

Looking back on our lives
We can see all that we have done.
We see all the good,
The good we have done,
Have done to help others.
We see the bad things,
The bad things we have done,
And wish that we had not.
And then we see something else,
We see the good we could have done,
But we did nothing.
That makes us all guilty people,
Guilty of the good,
The good we didn't do.
Poet's Day.

In all my working life they were there,
Those very special days.
They occurred every week,
They still do in my retirement,
But are not as special
As when I was working.
Those Fridays were always special,
So very special.
They were POETS DAYS,
Push off early,
Tomorrow's Saturday.
It's Your Road.

The road of life you have walked is behind you,
As you look back you see the hills and troughs
That have brought you to this day.
You can see where life has been so wonderful
But interspersed with those moments hurt.
Others have joined you on your road
Bringing goodness and love to your life,
Some walking with you for most of it
In that never ending love until they leave,
Leave for another path that has called them.
That is when you must realise it is your path,
And yours alone.
Others may walk it with you,
But nobody can walk it for you.
My Grandchildren.

As each year passes
I see them grow,
When all are together
There are eleven in a row.

It stared twenty eight years ago,
The first of the eleven.
He came into my world,
My first grandchild.
Not believing how wonderful,
How wonderful he was.
But then came another,
And then many more.
Every one of them is special,
So special to me.
As my life continues,
My life full of the wonder,
The wonder of grandchildren,
My grandchildren.
I love them all,
Each and every one,
With a love so powerful
I could never be without them.
And never will be.
Got That.

There it was a list from Amazon,
Recommendations for me,
I read through them.
Max Richter "From Sleep",
Got that.
Mahler " The Symphonies",
Got them
Max Richter "Recomposed"
Got that.
"The Best of Beethoven",
Got that.
Max Richter "The Blue Notebooks",
Got that.
Dvorak "Symphonies 8 and 9",
Got them.
Vivaldi "The Four Seasons",
Got them.
There is so much music
And I have much of it,
But this was funny
As every piece they recommended,
I had every one.
Coded Haiku.

Rsvj fsu ntomhd epmfrt
Dit[todmh id gtp, fstlmrd
Yjr dim dyo;; todrd
Towards My Lover. Senryu. (Plus answer to coded Haiku)

My River so clear,
Flows so gently beside me,
Towards my lover.

Coded Haiku.
Andy Brister (Goldfinch60) ? July 2020.

Rsvj fsu ntomhd epmfrt
Dit[odmh id gtp, fstlmrd
Yjr dim dyo;; todrd

Each day brings wonder
Surprising us from darkness
The sun still rises

On your keyboard look at the letter in the poem and take the letter to the left. On the first word of the second line I made a mistake and took the letters to the right.

Dove cracked the code. Well done!
In These Strange Times.

In these Strange Times
So many things have changed.
The burglars are not profiting,
People are always at home,
So they too,
Have stayed at home.
Few robberies on the street
As there are not many people
Walking the streets.
But you must feel sorry for shoplifters,
Shoplifting has decreased,
Decreased by sixty percent.
It is such a shame for them,
When the shops shut.
In My Long Life.

In my long life
I have had ups and downs,
But the ups far outweigh the downs.
My life has been so fortunate,
So that in my old age
I can say to all,
Every new day
Is a reason to smile.
No Separation.

We meet so many people in our lives,
Some only briefly, in passing,
Others for much longer.
Then there are those,
Those who are always there,
Always there for us,
Such wonderful people.
They may drift away
But are still there for us.
To many of these people
We say goodbye,
But these goodbyes are only there,
There for those who love with their eyes.
But those special people,
Who we love with our heart,
Will always be there,
As there is no such thing as separation.
Steaming Entitlement.

So the time has come
When we walk the streets like criminals,
Masks on our face
Disguising who we are.
The law says we must were them,
But for those who wear glasses
The glasses steam up.
That being the case
We may be entitled,
Entitled to condensation.
Adrift With Nature.

There before me was a clearing
Surrounded by the trees of the wood.
I stopped and looked,
Looked around at natures glory.
The green lush grass beneath me,
Above me the bright blue sky
Dappled with pure white bubbles of clouds.
And around me the beautiful woodland,
So many wonderful colours to admire.
I lay down and let nature breath on me,
And in me.
A gentle breeze rustled the trees
Giving a beat to natures symphony,
The birds sang through my heart.
As I lay there it was strangely enervating,
Both enervating and calming as I drifted,
Drifted in my world,
My world with Nature.
It was that day,
That day a year ago
When she had to go.
Dementia had taken her,
Taken her from me.
I could do no more
As her dementia was pulling,
Pulling me down.
Into a care home she went.
Such wonderful people
There to look after her,
She was safe and secure.
I was alone in the house,
I missed her so much.
No more laughter,
No more hugs.
But worst of all
That final cuddle in bed
And the last words we said,
Said every night to each other
Before going to sleep.
Those last words of every day,
Every day of our marriage,
"I love you".
You see them all the time,
Those people who see negatives,
Only see negatives in their lives.
Their glass is always half empty.

The contrast are the others,
Those who live a positive life,
And are always looking for the good.
Their glass is always half full.

What people never seem to realise
Is that whether the glass is half empty,
Or whether the glass is half full,
The glass can always be refilled.
I Was There.

I was there,
There in the cinema
When Carrie was first shown,
Shown in 'seventy six,
Not quite hiding behind a chair.
But I was there
The moment she sent the knives,
The three knives at her mother,
And pinned her to a door.
I was there
When a man shouted out.
"ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY!!"
I was there.
At the film's end
A friend kneeled in front of her grave,
I was there
When the hand shot up,
Shot up from below the ground,
I was there
When the whole audience screamed!
I was there.
A Moment in Nature.

I looked out of the window
I saw this magnificent site,
The green trees had turned red.
The beauty was astounding,
I had never seen this before,
Not this wondrous image,
Which I captured in my heart.
I looked back at the site
The trees were green once more,
But I had captured the image,
An image of that moment,
That moment in Nature.
A Happier Place.

Walking down the street you see them,
Those people with grim faces
Whose lives seem to be full of troubles,
With thoughts of bad things in their lives.
But when I walk down the street
A smile is always within my eyes,
And when you smile at others
You can bring your happiness forward.
That happiness can be shared,
Shared with others in your life,
And they too may start smiling
Thus bring happiness to others,
And if we all end up smiling,
The world would be a happier place.
Thinking Back.

When we think back,
Think back of the life we have led
So many things are seen.
Those of which we are proud,
Those which we are not.
And then we see other things
Where the though comes to our mind,
"I can't believe that I did that"
When we did things
We thought we never could.
Remember though that is so much better
Than to look back on lifer and say,
"I wish that I did that"
That will leaving regrets within us.
So Many Happy Times.

I sit at the table
Eating my dinner,
Just me,
But around me are pictures,
Pictures of those departed,
Departed from my life.

My Dad.
A placid man
Who never raised his voice,
But showed me the way
Into my wonderful life.
He brought music to me,
That music has been with me,
With me all of my life.
And when I listen I think of him,
So he is always with me.

My Mum.
Showed me the way to live,
To live by helping others,
She gave her all to help.
But on her death bed
I recall her final words,
"I have had enough,
I want to go now Andrew"
And that was her final word,
My name was her final word.

My Wife.
That lady of my life
Who I loved with everything,
Everything I had within me.
She was my life,  
Now gone,  
Taken from me by dementia.  
So many, many years we had together,  
Years of love and peace of mind,  
Never a cross word between us  
In all the years of our life together.  
Taken from me even though we believed,  
That belief is no longer mine.  
If christianity was so forgiving  
Why did it take her?  
She sang its praises ALL her life  
But that god and Jesus were not there!  
Not there for her!  
Or for me!

So I sit at the table  
Eating my dinner,  
Just me,  
With thoughts of them around me.  
Yes I miss them  
But they can always bring happiness  
As in my life with them  
There were so many happy times.
Struck Down.

On the tee they stood,  
The man and the good priest,  
To hit the ball round the course,  
To see who could hit the least.

The man hit his ball,  
And landed on the green,  
The priest struck his too,  
And broke the waters sheen.

The priest waded in the water,  
And struck his ball to grass,  
The man putted his ball,  
But the hole it did pass.

The man just stood and swore,  
"Sod it, missed the bugger" he uttered,  
The priest just looked at him,  
And "Do not swear!" he uttered.

The next hole was the same,  
The man just missed the putt,  
"Sod it, missed the bugger",  
Every time he did tutt.

The priest then said,  
"If your swearing doesn't cease  
God will strike you down,  
And take away your peace"

The last hole came at last,  
And both were on the green,  
The man missed the putt,
And was once more obscene.

Lightening flashed towards them,
The priest was looking smugger,
But the words he heard when he got struck,
Were "Sod it, missed the bugger!".
Imagination and Dreams.

In life we see many things
But some things we imagine
And if we have that imagination
That imagination can be achieved

In life we see many things
Some we see in our dreams
And if we can dream
We can become that dream

Imagine to create achievement
Dream to create reality
What Else Would I Want?

I was completely lost,
Lost in the world of Mozart
And in the words of a book.
I listened and I read with complete joy,
Lost to the world outside,
Outside my world,
My world of music and words.
I would stop reading
When the music pulled me,
Pulled me into the wonder,
The wonder of Mozart.
Mozart would then accompany me,
Accompany me as I read.
The fading light went by
And darkness was outside.
But I was filled with light,
The light of Mozart,
And the words on the page.
For what else could I want.
Guilt Trip.

It's my own fault.
I admit it!
I did it!
It shouldn't have happened
But it just came over me.
I could not stop,
Try as I might,
It just had to be done.
So there it was,
I had done it
And knew I would regret it.
They were sitting there
Just waiting,
Waiting for me,
For me to eat.
I shouldn't have done it,
I shouldn't have cooked them,
Shouldn't have cooked the shortbread.
In Life FIB

In
Life
You need
Challenges
To take you forward
Learning from your experience
So towards your end
You can say
My life
Was
Good.
Star of Eternity.

I look up into the night sky,  
The moon shining it's glory all around me,  
I reach towards it and it pulls me into its wonder.  
I go further beyond the moon  
And the stars fill my vision,  
So many of them surround me,  
The galaxies so vast in their numbers.  
Then I see a star that calls to me  
And to that star I flow,  
And there she is,  
The love of my life,  
Taken from me,  
But now we are together again.  
Our lives combined into one once more  
As we sail together for eternity,  
Never ever apart again.  
Our one life now combined  
Into our never ending love.  
I awake from my dream,  
But I know this dream will become reality,  
And my loved one and I will always be together.
Smile For All.

I walk the streets and see these people
Looking down at their screens,
Wires dangling from their ears,
No interest in what's happening around them.
Others walk and their faces so sad
As though the troubles of the world weigh them down.
I walk from the streets into nature
And still they are there,
Missing so much of the glory around them.
Just looking down,
Not a smile to be seen.

I walk my life in happiness
Despite any troubles in my life
I am still here,
And each day I get up
I know my life is good.
The smile comes upon my face
And I know that smile
Will be seen by all that I pass
When I walk the streets,
Or walk with Nature.
From There to Here.

I looked forward in my life
And see the place where,
The place where I wanted to go.
But in my life’s journey
I travelled other paths
That came before me,
And those paths also diverted,
Diverted me from my intention,
To go to that place.
But in my old age I know,
Know that I am in the right place.
So I know that I may not have gone
To that place where I intended to go,
But I think I have ended up,
In that place where I needed to be.
Two Way Clouds.

I look up into the morning sky,
The blue interrupted by white,
The white of the clouds.
In the height clouds just flow,
Flow slowly and gently by.
But beneath those clouds are others
As if in a morning rush hour,
Hurrying over the sky
As if late for an appointment.
But strangely in their rush
They are going the other way.
If I were a cloud I would want to be
One of those clouds on high,
Gently moving against the rush,
Moving the other way,
To those below me.
I Hear Music FIB.

I
Hear
Music
In my life
Every new day
Bringing love and joy to my heart.
A life without music in it is unthinkable
As it has always been with me
Through every day
Of my life
Always
For
Me
The Sixties, Was I There.

Was I there in the sixties?
I can remember it, so some say I wasn't there.
But I can remember the great bands, the great songs.
The Beatles reigned but Elvis was King.
I was in the House where the Sun rose on The Animals,
Where Satisfaction of the Stones was missing.
Gerry walked with me so I was Never Alone,
The Searchers gave me Sweets which
Really Got Me into Something Good.
Tom found life Not Unusual
Until Lucy found the Diamonds.
The Vibrations were always Good on The Beach;
The Harem became Whiter in their Pale life.
The songs ended with Serge making love to Jane.

"I was there!" said my mate Joe
"The wars in Margate and Clacton!"
"Brighton sixty four, I was there!"
Mods and Rockers, clashing on the Beach;
And where was I, I was in the bar with friends,
Drinking beer and smoking Gauloise.
Dressed in my suit with the collarless coat;
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion.

Yes I remember The Sixties with love.
The time of my young manhood.
Times with good friends and laughter;
The bands, the dances, the girls.
The girls, always so sweet and me so coy;
Days of my innocence, a world always remembered
With fondness and love.

The change of the seventies where my life became serious
And was never the same, as marriage and children took over.
But still fashion had its price!
With my long hair, beard, pale grey bell-bottomed suit,
The white platform shoes, and of course the kipper tie,
A Dedicated Follower of Fashion?
MSM

I thought it was just BMWs,
The only cars without indicators.
But no
The disease is spreading.
There was a Ford in front of me,
I thought that it too
Had no indicators,
But yes suddenly they were there,
Indicating what it was doing.
Not as they should be,
Indicating what they INTEND to do.
Is it just me
Or are newbies on the road
Not taught to indicate properly,
Indicate there intentions,
Not when they are doing it.
So to all out there
Please remember MSM,
Mirror, look what's behind you,
Signal, well before you
Manoeuvre.
Is History Right?

All through our lives
We are told of things in the past,
The battles that have been fought
To get us where we are today.
Those who rule our lives
Exalt those who put them,
Put them where they are.
Praising them for winning,
For winning and creating a path.
A path where they now lead us,
Lead us into a life,
Where THEY think it is right,
They impose their ways on us all.
But just suppose,
Just suppose,
That in history the winners of battles
Got it wrong,
And the losers were right,
I wonder where we would be today?
Bottles of Pandemic.

Walking round the supermarket
I saw them,
I saw this stack of cardboard boxes.
Nothing unusual in that,
But what was in them was staggering.
In this time of the pandemic
They were selling it,
As in these boxes were bottles of it,
Bottles and bottles of Corona!
Back to School.

Yes of course they must go back to school,
The minister said.
They are missing out on education,
They must go back to learn,
To learn about the lies we dispel.
And we know there is little risk
Of them developing the disease,
After all it has not happened in the schools.

OF COURSE IT HAS NOT HAPPENED IN THE SCHOOLS
YOU ACRIMONIOUS LYING BASTARD!!
THE CHILDREN HAVE NOT BEEN TO SCHOOL!!!!
It rained.
It woke me from my slumber.
It rained as though millions of buckets
Were being emptied together.
I heard it crashing on the roof,
Splashing on the roads,
So much rain in these sun soaked days.
I fell back into my sleep of dreams,
But when I awoke,
Awoke to dawns chorus.
I looked out
And the roads were dry,
The heat of the land
Had dispelled the wetness,
As if it had not rained at all.
Or was it just a dream?
Memories stirred in me
Of times in my youth,
Where time had no meaning
Except to others.
Up to the pub I went,
Drank some beer,
Threw some darts,
Played some cards.
Then ten minutes before closing
The bell would go,
The landlord would shout
"Last orders please."
At eleven o'clock
The bell would go again
With the call of
"Time gentlemen please."
We then had just ten minutes
To finish our pints.
I would walk home
Where my parents would greet me.
Whoa betide me though
If my timing was wrong.
If I got home before eleven
Mum would say to me,
"Your early, are you alright?"
Or if I got in after twenty passed
She would say to me,
"Your late! Where have you been?"

Then there were the times
When I went out with girls
And time just passed by so swiftly,
But the end of the evening would come.
And I am sure my Mum believed me
About the number of times
My watch stopped,
During those glorious times,
Those glorious times of my youth.
Steph at Thirty.

All her life I have known her,
My wonderful granddaughter.
Now reaching a magic age
Where a zero comes beyond the three.
A lady of confidence,
A lady who says what she means,
Does not suffer fools at all.
But in her time with me
We have an understanding,
Where we can talk of all things
And know exactly where we stand.
A wonderful relationship
Where two generations apart
Come together in harmony,
In harmony,
In respect,
And with love.
New Consideration.

As we go through our lives
Both good and bad come into them,
Sometimes the bad seem to outweigh the good.
But then it could happen
That the bad can open our eyes,
Open our eyes to the good,
The good that we had never considered,
Never considered before.
No Edgeways.

They met,
Met over coffee,
My daughter
And my lady friend.
I was worried,
Would they get on?
I need not have worried,
I never found an edgeways,
An edgeways to get in,
Get into their talking.
One Heart.

I stare deep into her eyes
Straight into her heart,
The love between us
So very strong.

My love for her has never failed
In all the long time
We have been together,
That love strengthened every moment,
Every moment of our lives.

Her eyes look back at me
Deep into my heart,
The love between us
So very strong.

Her love for me has never failed
In all the long time
We have been together
That love strengthened every moment,
Every moment of our lives.

I pull her into my arms
But she is not there.
Once more I was dreaming,
Dreaming of the love of my life,
Taken from me,
Leaving me alone
Without her.
Leaving me with nothing but memories
Memories and dreams,
Dreams of our life together
And knowing that we will be together,
Together again,
Where eternity will keep us together
Looking into each other's eyes,
Bring our hearts together,
Together as one,
One love that has,
And will,
Never fail.
Natures Glory.

I look out at the dawns early light
And the redness of the morning clouds
Flow all around me.
Their beauty so wonderful
As Natures Artwork thrills me,
Thrills me once more.
Its uniqueness given to me
As I arise for another day,
Another wonderful day,
To be shared with Natures Glory.
Driving in the Rain.

Into the car I get,
The rain is falling hard,
But off I go.
I need to go for a drive
In this falling rain,
It needs to be done.
As how else would it happen?
How else would the car get cleaned?
Experiences Enjoyment.

Each day I awake I am grateful,
Grateful for my life,
As each new day is an experience,
An amazing experience
In my life.
And in my life,
My very long life
I have enjoyed those experiences,
And even now
With many years behind me,
I still enjoy every new day.
Carol’s Autumn.

Every morning she is with me,
Looking down over me.
That picture of autumn
So meaningful.
My favourite season
With me every day
As she looks over me,
As I write my words.
That Smile.

She would walk into a room
Her smile on her face
And people would look
And become happy,
Smiling with her,
With her infectious smile,
Always happy.
Everybody who knew her
Would comment,
Comment on her smile,
A smile that never left her face
Except that day,
That day that she passed.
But the memory of her smile
Will always be with me
As it will with all her knew her
And knew her smile.
I know that smile is there,
Will always be there
As she looks down on me
Waiting,
Waiting for me,
Waiting for me to join her,
And we will smile together
As we sail towards eternity.
Tosca Acrostic.

The music rushes from the stage,
Operatic arias so intense
Summoning all emotions,
Causing anger, love and tears
As she throws herself off the battlements.
Bohemian Rhapsody.

Where does the time go?
Forty five years since that day,
That day when Bohemian Rhapsody
Came into my life,
Forty five years ago today
When it began its creation,
A song that stands out,
Stands out from so many.
I have heard it so many times,
Seen it sang so many times,
Sang it myself,
But still that song is special,
So special.
It will sail into music's history
And be heard forever,
And when I pass
I will still hear it
As it sails through the ether,
Sails through the ether with me.
Where does the time go.
Stop Washing.

Time, that never ending momentum,
It goes so quickly as age increases,
Where does it go?
Sometimes it seems to slow down
In those moments of unrest,
Or sadness.
But in those moments of joy,
Or happiness,
It just flies by.
Time always goes though,
It seems to drift away
Never to be seen again.
It just flows down the plug hole,
Flows down every time you pull the plug.
So is there a way to stop time,
Stop time from passing.
Why don't we stop washing
And stay young?
Behind Their Peers!

Behind their peers!  
How can they say that,  
Say that on the news?  
That poorer children in education  
Are eighteen months  
Behind their peers.  
Surely in this day and age  
Peers is an anachronism,  
We should not have peers,  
Not now,  
Not when it comes to young people,  
They should all be educated equally.  
But those with money don't care  
As long as they  
And their children can tread over others,  
It just does not matter!  
Are not children due equal education?  
Or do those with the power  
Not care for others?  
Behind their peers!  
What a load of bollacks!!!!
Twice Taken.

Why was she taken from me?
Our love was so strong
Nothing will ever break it,
But she was taken,
Taken twice.

That first time where her mind,
Her mind was given dementia,
So she could not remember
Or do things for herself.
My love was so strong
I did it all for her,
Did it all with love.
The love that has never failed
For that wonderful lady,
That wonderful lady in my life,
That wonderful lady who was my wife.

That second time she was taken
Was a release for us both.
As her Spirit left her body
She smiled down on me,
I watched her Spirit,
And I smiled at her
Knowing that a new normality
Had become her way of life.
She was back as herself,
That wonderful woman
Who I love so much,
Not that dementia riddled paraphrase,
Paraphrase of herself.

She was there,
There waiting for me
And I will be with her soon
As life on earth is so short,
Only a blink of an eye.
So I will be with her
As we travel together,
Our Spirit and our hearts
As one,
Travelling the highway of immortality.
Yet another day comes into my life,
Another day where life's beauty,
Life's beauty and wonder enter,
Enter into my new day.
Each day has been so meaningful,
So meaningful in my life.
Some have been sad,
But as I look back
Most have been wonderful.
So I go into each new day,
Each new day of my long life
With thankfulness and wonder,
Knowing that each new day
And each new moment is so special
As they will not come again,
And every moment will be mine,
Mine to enjoy.
Hiss Undone.

Those dreams mislead you
As you sail into the darkness.
The blackened dream attacks,
Attacks your mind and heart.
That dream is a nightmare
Of your distant past
But into the future
The joy of good life
Will be before you
Where your joyful dreams
Will forever last.
I Walk Onto the Lawn.

I walk onto the lawn
To strike my first ball of the day,
But I stop,
Stop and look up,
Stop and look around,
Look and feel the wonder,
The wonder of nature all around,
All around me.
The blue of the sky
Dotted with white puffs of cloud.
The beauty of the buzzards
Hanging in the sky,
Looking at the world below them.
The greens of many colours
Shrouding the hills in glory.
Nature’s artwork cannot be beaten,
Each day, each hour, each minute.
It is different,
Every unique look captured,
Captured in my heart.
I approach my first ball
Thrilled with the glory,
The glory that abounds around me.
Still in Love.

I open a door,  
Walk into the room,  
And she is there.  
I open a cupboard,  
To take something out,  
And she is there.  
So many memories,  
So much love,  
Still in the house,  
From the one I love,  
Still with me in Spirit.

Each day I am with her,  
My love has never waned.  
That love of my life  
Forever there,  
With me,  
As I will be  
With her,  
In time,  
Still in love,  
So much in love.
Pictures at an Exhibition.

The Hartman works on canvas, hardly known to art
But known to music, with sounds so profound and wonderful.
You go on the journey through the sounds
That come to your ears

The Promenade through the Academy of St Petersburg
Showing Viktor’s works assembled
As a tribute to the young artist,
Taken from us before his time.

Stopping at The Gnome, running clumsily,
His legs at odds with his body;
He stops when he hears the Troubadour
Playing before The Old Castle

The Promenade continues on to
The Gardens of the Tuileries
Where children play
To sounds so sublime that are formed in your mind

The sound of the Cattle in the distance
Come to you from the sounds from the orchestra
Then BANG! The sounds and the Cattle stop nearby
Only to move on to the sound dying away

The Promenade moves to the Ballet
And there performing on stage
Are Unhatched Chicks to Petipa’s steps
And Gerber’s music

The Canaries hatch, while watching from their frame
Are Goldenburg and Schmuyle.
But now written in music, as well as cast in paint.
The sound meanders along the floor

Until it reaches The Market at Limoges,
Where women are violently quarrelling.
So scuttling away through the Catacombs
Lit by the light of the lamp in hand.

Suddenly the witch is seen in her Hut on Fowl's Legs,
Baba Yaga! A horrendous sight with her teeth of metal,
long nose and spindly, skinny legs.
The music dies away from this awful place

The Promenade is ending and at the door
The Gates of Kiev, in all their splendour
Give a sound so uplifting, as once more
Mussorgsky moves back to his piano;
To compose "Pictures at an Exhibition".
No Return.

We all go through our lives
Doing many things,
Going through the ups and downs
That life gives us.
Each foot we place
In our lives
Takes us to a better place.
So if you look back
And believe that you should return
Do not do it,
As the many things we go through
Take us to where we are,
And going back
Will give us no satisfaction.
Driving the Other Way.

I saw it so often,
It was my favourite car,
That navy blue DB Eleven.
So many times I saw it,
I wanted it,
Wanted to get in,
Get in and drive it,
But every time I saw it
It was going the other way.