

# A Time of Poetry

Goldfinch60



Presented by

*My poetic side* **P**

## summary

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The Boat of Pleasant Dreams.

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As You Like It.

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Towards That Place.

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A Man of Infinite Leisure.

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The Past is Another Country.

So Alone.

Nelson Went To Battle.

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To Infinity and Beyond.

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Acts of Kindness and Love.

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What is Time?

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The Late Muse.

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Count Rainbows.

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The Beat of the Drum.

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Goldie Christmas.

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The Challenge of Dreams.

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For Hilary and Mike.

Happy Christmas MPS.

Shakespeare verses Conan Doyle.

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Specsavers Here I Come.

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Contented Wealth.

Eternity Calls - FIB,

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Sailing into the Light.

Realising Belief.

Feeling Poetry.

The Moon - Senryu.

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Ravishing Rioja.

Edge - Co-Written by Goldfinch and Hood.

Into Sleep.

Visions of Hope.

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Artists.

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Watta Lotta Excrement.

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Help Me Lord.

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The Intensity of Silence.

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Wolfgang Amadeus.

Spring Haiku. For Christina S

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The Scrum.

Intrigue.

Death Has No Sting.

Never Far Away.

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Repentance and Forgiveness.

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Clouds in My Life.

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Church Meeting.

The Return of the Dove.

Oh What a Beautiful Morning.

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The Cost of Nature.

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Soul Centre.

Contentment in Wine.

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Towards Eternity.

The Sea of Life.

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Garden Love.

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Tablet Trouble.

Peg's Mini.

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Wheeled Freedom.

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The Blue Canvas.

Life Stopped.

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This Old Codger.

Pre-Technology.

Love Unknown.

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Abstract. For Michael Edwards.

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Unused Words From dusk arising.

Tears in Music.

Peaceful Buzzard.

New Life 2020.

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.

Absolutely Stunning!

That Annoying Drop.

Tame Your Unquiet Minds.

Balls.

Clarity and Freedom.

Diverse Paths.

How Are You? Goldiku.

Weird Enjoyment.

Oxtail Stew.

Opening and Shutting Doors.

Together.

Pyotr Ilyich.

Touched by Literature.

Stella.

Venus Destroyed.

Hippie Am I.

Before Lockdown.

The Queen of Sheba.

Littered with Masks.

Sex Saves Lives.

Where Am I.

Cheese Straws.

Hope is There.

Will She Sing to Me?

Shallow Brown.

Laughter For All.

Autumn's Glory.

The World at My Table.

Playing Fair.

Kathleen Sings To Me

New Joys.

Another Year Gone.

Cleansing Our Lifetimes.

Happiness Butterfly.

Happy Trad.

Laughter Wins.

Missed With a Smile.

Another One of Those Times.

Sometime Life Happens.

Goldie and Orchi at Hastings.

Death Missed.

Very,Very Fast Food.

Driving Into Daylight.

Into Your Future.

caring church minister.

Chemistry of Love Acrostic.

Lost Pictures.

The Man From The Pru.

Awash With Sunlight.

In The Last Century.

Darkness to Light.

Time Restabled.

My Place of Dreams.

Tides of Fortune.

Language and Music.

Summit of Life.

The Witching Hours.

Autumns Wonder.

Survive Limerick.

She Was Back Once More.

Violence Solved?

Smiles Are Always There.

Lockdown Once More.

Total Confusion.

Happy Anniversary Joyce.

The Unknown Is Out There.

Cinema Paridiso.

Winning.

Sugar Coated.

Where Did This Come From?

Such a Good Start.

Here We Go!!

Keys Lost.

Hippies.

Beginner to Winner.

Into Another Place.

How Far.

This Moment.

With Every Step.

It Is So Easy.

Nature's Comfort.

In My Mind.

Always There For Me.

Where Nobody Has Gone Before.

Choice.

Emotive Tears.

Life Changer.

CAD.

With Nature Once More

Strictly, Here I Come!

Morecombe 2

She Was Standing There.

To School.

Brubeck Lives On.

Happy Birthday Joyce.

Tapestry of Words.

More back In Return.

The Village Ghost.

The Moon's Call.

Dream a Little Dream.

Two Muses.

What Was Wrong!

Changing the Ending.

Farewell to Stromness.

Kept Away?

Death Is A Moment. Senryu

Strange Lady.

Killing People!

My River To Eternity.

Happy Birthday Chet.

Wet Stupidity.

Christmas Day's Upon Us.

Some Things In Life.

As I Sit Here Thinking.

Treasured Moments.

Snow Happy Family.

Infinite Travel.

Tomorrow's New Day.

New Year Limerick.

Symphony of Harmony.

Seeing People.

She Is Always There - Tanka.

Croquet in the Snow.

That Place of Peace.

Gerry Marsden RIP.

Passed Into Our Future.

Maybe I Am Old.

Memories of Poetry.

Where Would I Be Without It?

Old Laughter.

Lockdown Life.

Better Ones To Come.

Emotional Art.

Laughter Acrostic,

Snooker Limerick.

In Reality.

Mirror Image Goldiku

Oh Look!

We Are Still Here.

I Await Expectantly.

For Eternity.

Magic Moments.

Wordiku Seven.

That Clock.

Goldfinger.

Another Happy Day.

The Eighth Trumpet.

That Photograph.

What Words?

Use By Date?

The View From The Window.

Steps Into My River.

No Holidays.

Numbers Do Not Exist.

Led To Wagner.

It Is Back.

Love For Eternity.

The Green Disappears ? Haiku.

Talking On The Screen.

One At A Time.

Resurrected Flower.

The Power Of Music.

Peaceful Buzzard.

That Handbag.

The New Day

My Star Of Dreams.

Beautiful River.

Is It Art?

New Door.

The Fountain.

Feeling Poetry.

A Good Day.

Scream Graffiti.

Mind.

Goldie Limerick.

Snow Moon.

Meistersingers.

Love Is Forever.

Beauty of Age.

Ahmed.

Words To Moments.

Getting Older.

Never Parted.

Zoom Coffee.

Nothing Would I Change.

Windmills Of Your Mind.

Minds Your Into.

Never Forget.

Duty Of Love.

Corona Kids.

Aah Bach.

Daily Door.

Roadwork Gods.

A Single Flower.

One Day More.

My Life With Nature.

Morning Present.

Stepping Onto The Lawn.

Even In The Darkness.

One Day When.

Playing In Heavens Band.

The Old Man.

Perfect Afternoon.

Zadok The Priest.

This Wonderful Game.

So Little Time

The Great Indoors.

Another Wonderful Day.

Best of Both Worlds.

Vacancies.

Radiant Love.

Imagine If You Will.

Vincent.

Musical Opening.

British Springtime.

Almost Praying.

All Will Be Fine.

Island Heaven.

Light In Our Lives.

Truthful Lives.

Doggerel Dave Limerick.

Life Book.

Ignorance Reigns.

Talking With My Brother.

Bookitis.

Dancing In Her Arms.

Custer.

New Light Ahead.

Good Lives For Each Of Us.

In My Dreams.

Virtual Event.

Visions Senryu.

Guilty Pleasures.

Only The Lonely.

Covid Jabs.

Light Ghost.

Life FIB.

Worried Days.

This Wonderful Life.

That Journey.

Musical Glory.

Paying For My Haircut!

All Through The Night.

Early Morning Love Noise?

Painting To Music.

Coffin Dodger.

The Light Of The New Day.

Life Anchors.

The End Of The Day.

Work Enjoyment.

Love Day

Unjustified Violence.

She Found Herself.

Golden Girl.

Experience Counts.

Nothing To Prove.

Laughter On The Lawn.

What Is A Youth.

And The Wind Blows.

Diogenes.

Sentimentality.

Creating Happiness.

Is The Livin' Easy In Summertime?

Mary Lou Williams.

What Is Tomorrow?

British Summertime.

People In Life.

Happiness.

Exist For Eternity.

Daily Drops.

All's Well.

Natures Symphonic Day.

Orchid Love.

The Day Is Ended.

Tears Stream Tanka.

So Very Long Ago.

The Man In My Life.

Humanity and Love.

Am I Just Getting Old?

Emotions Pour Out.

Which Is The Greater?

My New Lady.

Sanctuary of Peace.

All Through Music.

Calmness Abounds

Match Mask.

What Is Life?

Memory To Come.

The New Day Ahead.

I Arise.

Another Year Gone;

Picture of Love.

One Step At A Time.

Red Dress.

Lost In Artwork.

But Is It Poetry?

Infinite Universe.

This Light.

Under The Hammer.

My Little Boy.

My Love Of Nature.

Book Time.

The Last Words of the Night

Across the Kitchen Floor.

Has He Returned?

Telephone Trepidation.

Where None Have Visualised Before.

Passed The Universe.

At The Top Of The Hill.

Field Of Dreams Tanka.

I Awake Into A New Day.

The Lost Words.

Live As You.

Hippie Warning.

At One With Nature.

Age Of Wisdom.

Love's Home.

No Longer At Home.

Singing Once More.

The Sixties, I Was There .

Night Club Time.

Stumbling Blocks.

The Kiss In The Wind

New Bloom Tanka.

Something For Yourself.

Just Conversing.

Sit In The Garden.

The Light Of Music.

Croquet At Broadwas.

Experience Learned.

Life Storms.

Father And Son Together.

Recovering From The Shock.

Love Is There.

Another Fine Day Haiku.

Winner Takes All.

Oops!

Incoming Waves.

Life With Nature.

Disposable People.

That Music.

Laughter All Around.

The Lady In White.

Clouds Of Life.

The Greengocers Shop.

HOW MANY!

Lonely People.

Their Last Day.

River Spirit Senryu.

Road Works God.

Looking Around.

A Night At The Opera.

Where Did The Time Go?

Do I Qualify?

That Ideal Place.

Into The New Light.

Guilt Is There.

Thankfulness.

It's Not My Problem.

Starwatch.

Worry.

Music Revelation.

Smaller Balls?

Look At The Moon

Wasted Day - Almost.

Slow Train.

Decisions

Their Lips Move.

Lets Sing Again!

Nelson Went To Battle.

Just Waiting For Me.

Dowlish Wake

Freedom Found.

Yesterday, Tomorrow, Today.

Technology Passed.

Shark Cloud.

The Gravyard.

Who Durnit?

Woodpigeon And Me.

Moonlight.

Natures Gymnopodie.

La Traviata.

Our One God.

Into The Authors World Tanka.

It's What Life Is.

There Are Good People.

The Rest Is History.

Grief Safe.

Jazz Was Back.

Reinforced Love.

A Very Bad Accident.

Surprisingly More.

Keep Walking.

Music To Infinity.

Did It Rain?

The Light Of My World.

As Autumn Comes.

The Echo Of Voices.

It Happened Again.

Nature's Orchestra.

Removing Boundaries.

So Many Days.

Nine Hundred And Fifty Five Years Ago.

She Was My Sun.

Cloud Art.

Where Music Rules.

An Individual Is A Community.

The Good In Life Tanka.

Plucked Strings.

I've Been A Good Boy Today.

My Two Ladies.

Age Celebration.

Finding Old Music.

People Do Not Care Rant.

Dad's Back.

Coincidence

Good Times FIB

I Paid For That!

Eternal River.

Vacancy.

The Glory Of My Llife.

Eternal Love.

What Traffic?

Madly Flowering.

Come Outside.

No Chips!

Day Of Rubies.

Cooking Curse.

Left A Memory.

Waiting For What.

Shining Brightness.

Problems or Challenges?

True Love.

Singing With Angels.

Backgammon To Croquet.

Walking With Trees.

Into A New Day.

The Greatest Gift.

Freedom Abounds.

What Failing Memory?

Don't Think Too Much.

A Man Of Infinite Leisure.

One Of Our Favourites.

Lost Worries.

Solitude Acrostic

Dip Your Brush Into Sunshine.

From Experience.

Be Careful.

What Ghost!

Looking.

We Never Know.

Everyday Acrostic.

Striped Tie.

The Lesson Of Life.

Floccinaucinihilipilification Acrostic.

Cherish People.

My Christmas Present.

Day Of Your Birth.

Croquet With Nature

Camel Drive or Putt?

The Final Rehearsal.

Taken Into Peace.

The Right Direction.

Trilby Lady.

Bigger Than We Can Imagine.

Shining Life Tanka.

Cards Sent.

Butterfly Mind.

Noisy Neighbour.

Daily Gifts.

Our Paradise.

What A Wonderful Day I Had Had.

Happy Birthday Again Chet.

Future Of Light

Dance The Day.

Christmas Senryu.

Trials Of Life.

Such A Lucky Man.

Singing In The Bar.

Raining In My Heart.

Respect.

The New, New Day.

No Washing Up!

Point A Finger.

Am I Now A Romantic?

Twelfth Night

Live Long And Prosper Acrostic

Looking Forward.

Drawing God.

So Much Music.

What If.....?

For The Tinkling Of Glasses.

Paul.

Leading To That Place.

Jacob Rees-Smogg. (sic).

Moments.

Feelings In Life.

Respect For All.

Empty Can.

After A Dream.

Is Anybody There?

Evading The Truth.

My Island of Peace

All That Jazz.

That First Sign.

Made Into One.

What Is Your Name?

The Jazz Quartet.

Hot Air.

Best Friends.

Unknown Answer

Beauty Within.

Snogging And Kissing.

Some People.

Is It Love?

My River And Us.

Question Of Sport.

New Life Ahead.

Sealed With Laughter.

Forever And Beyond.

This Is Me.

Multicultural Meal.

Thinking Old.

What A Wonderful Day 1.

The People Who Matter.

Love To Eternity.

Test Of Faith.

Each Day Is Special.

Filthy Acrostic.

Making It Perfect.

Rushing Waters.

Bringing Us Closer Tanka.

Struck Down.

At One With Nature Once More.

Who's God.

Singing In Love.

Starts Once More.

One Of Two.

Hooked.

Symbols Of Music.

Searching.

Space And Time.

Second Gift.

In The Game.

A Good Day On The Road

New Life Together.

Total Success.

More Wonderful.

That Book.

Schubert Starts The Day

Who Needs Perfection.

Love FIBS

Bridge Chatter.

Les Mis Took Me.

Taunting Muse.

Darkness To Light.

Moon Love.

Peace Like My River.

Being Kind.

Pain In The Proverbial.

Life Reset.

Am I A Romantic.

Don't Tell Anyone!

Back Together.

Accept Truth.

The Eruption Of Spring.

Sailing With Love.

To The Top Of The Hill.

World Piano Day.

Mary Had A Little Lamb 16.

Gutter Gardening.

Where I Need To Be.

Another Wonderful Day,

Four Seasons In A Day.

Ageless Love.

Escape to the Dark.

Differing Words.

Our Undying Love.

Acceptance In Life.

Hey - Hey Rise Up,

William Who?

Shining Love.

Strange Friend.

Full English.

Stronger Love.

Kitty.

Aged Tree.

Live Life. FIBS.

Stopped By Music.

New Life With Nature.

Touching Ways.

My YOUNGER Brother.

My Sunset Sky.

Deep Love Tanka.

Good Life Senryu.

Pedantry Limerick.

What Memory?

Children's Moments.

But The Wine Was Better.

New Wonder In Life.

Pictures At An Exhibition.

Helping Others Is Special.

Spring To Life.

Music Is My Life Once More.

Expensive Liquid.

Croquet and Nature.

We Do Not Understand.

Why Do I Smile?

Morning To Night.

Thank You Please.

Rising In Love.

Life From Rain Haiku.

I Am Behind You.

Chet Is There.

Bag O' Pipes.

Fur Elise Again.

No Croquet Today.

Haiku To Senryu.

Such Beauty Is Ours.

Wordiku Eight.

Bouncy Clouds.

Together Forever More.

To The End

Shadows Of Love.

The Code Of Delight.

Winner In Life.

Another New Day.

Naked Times.

Examining the Status Quo.

Be Positive In Life.

Walking To Infinity.

Sitting With Natures Realm.

New Life To Come.

My Life Of Music.

Life Is Wonderful Tanka.

Why Does It Happen?

Money Greed.

Emotive Art.

Came The Days.

Importance In Life.

Four Together.

Three For A Girl.

Why Do I write Poetry?

New Life Is Here.

Different Every Time.

Every Storm.

Camerton And Peasedown.

Non Existent Troubles.

Buzzard.

Fathers Day.

Seven Wonders.

Bumps And Creaks.

So All Is Well.

The Road Ahead.

Climbing A Mountain.

And Beyond.

Pigs Flying.

What Rain? Tanka

The Boat Of Pleasant Dreams.

Mighty Ocean.

Memory Moments.

I Am Becoming My Dad.

Happy Birthday Simon 47.

A Man Alone.

Leading To Eternity

Cry Of Pain!

Apathy.

So Good.

Love Forever FIB.

Wordiku Eight.

Red Lorry Yellow Lorry.

Hard Week.

Venerunt, Viderunt, Vicimus.

Cups And Sugar.

Into The New Day.

Mary Had A Little Lamb 17.

Natures Artwork.

At Specsavers.

Love And Nature.

Dream Car.

Wake Up World.

Leaky Day.

More Important.

Joy To All.

Calmness Into Reality.

As Each Day Dawns Acrostic.

Wonder In Life.

The Concert Ends Tanka.

Strange Dream.

There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

Laughter And Sleep.

Wonderful Life.

Dad Dancing.

RIP Uhura.

Through The Mist.

Harry Shalgosky.

The Lost Idea.

Wordsworth Reversed.

Life's Arrow.

Goldie And Orchi At Hastings.

And I Was Free.

Strange Sight.

Life's Library.

Ruined By Heat.

What Is Wisdom?

Keith Nichols.

Door Of Faith.

Early One Morning.

The Music Of Time.

Fresh Bread.

Changes In Time.

Trapped In A Telephone.

Thai Dining.

Uncaged Birds.

Laughter's Healing.

Creating Memories.

How Did That Happen?

Three Things.

The Final Over.

Peace In Music.

Resignation To Life.

Indispensable People.

Innocence.

Fiery Fred.

Experience.

Family Meeting.

We Met On A Crossing.

Nature's Anger Tanka.

Nature Enlivening.

Past And Future.

The Song Rang Out.

The Sea Of Eternity.

Songs Of Yore.

Never Regret Any Day.

She Is Poetry.

Harmony Prevails.

The Wonder Of Life.

Respect Of The Past.

As I look Back.

Cane Lady.

A Wise Person.

Addicted For Life.

Cygnets At Rest,

Deeds Of Love.

Fishermen's Friends The Musical.

Back To That Time.

Smoke Filled Days.

That Creation.

Just Unbelievable!

Morning Mozart.

What Abuse?

Stepping Stones.

That Special Time.

What! No Strawberries!

Forego Grudges.

Coffee Days.

Dame Janet Baker.

Bird Feeding.

Another Year Gone.

Reality From My Dream.

Good Friends.

Turn That Page.

Bad To Better.

Forever Memories.

Brilliance Or Kindness.

Ironing Goldiku.

Ten Sixty Six.

So Very Strange.

Smoke No More.

Thoughts In Life.

Natures Orchestra.

Strong Love FIBS

Finding Paradise.

Nelson Went to Battle 2

Music For Love.

Pie Fever.

Words Of The Wise.

Together In Jazz.

Big Band Swing.

Magic In Music.

Fond Holiday Memories.

Flowing Around Your Life.

Live In Peace.

Teaching Respect.

Bach Spoiled.

The C Word.

Treasures In Life.

Storms Of Clearance.

Brain Full.

Field Into Lake.

How Did This Happen?

They Are Here.

A Wonderful World?

Not My Problem.

For Remembrance Day.

Handels Music Flows. Senryu.

Warm Days

Lessons In Life.

Wishful Thinking?

My Good Life.

Glass Full.

Peace And Love.

Such A Glorious Day.

Scatter Sunshine.

Simon And Garfunkel.

Flaming Computers!

And It Rains.

Fulfilment of Life.

Creating Music.

Walking To School.

Protecting Moon.

Full Life.

Slithered Moon Haiku.

Bad Drivers.

Peace And Harmony.

Tomorrows Garden.

Blessed Laughter.

Stories Of Life.

Daily Teacher.

Nature's Life.

Moon Of Love.

The New Watch.

Joy And Freedom.

Long Life Pleasure.

And It Snowed.

Just A Shower.

Another Fine DAy.

New Life Of Wonder.

Be That Light.

Easy Lives.

Gratefulness.

Music In Life.

Why Can?t We Always be Like This.

Spring Approaches Haiku.

Together And Forever.

Liebestraum.

Prince Of Cool.

Fine Future.

For Mary.

Good Cheer To All.

Our Path To Eternity.

Each Day I Arise.

Imagine A Time Like This.

Raining In My Heart To Sunshine.

The Next Year Senryu.

Welcome New Year.

Observe Wisdom.

Death In The Night.

Weird Age.

Musical Travels.

Beautiful Destinations.

Believe In Dreams.

Tears And Joy.

Dad In The Mirror.

Keep A Smile.

Glory Once More.

Mozart's Morning.

Philosophy And Reason.

Walking With Nature.

Come On Tomorrow Senryu.

Dogs.

Paddy Power First.

Acromegaly.

Where Were You?

My Kind Of Day.

Painting On Silence.

Cannot Get Back.

The Knife's Edge.

Watson And Holmes Went Camping.

Laughter Acrostic.

That's Jazz.

Jacqueline.

Ageless Hippie.

Rainbows And Stars.

The Good Side.

Possibilities.

Compliments And Criticism.

Baldies.

Who Was There?

The Six Nations.

Music Remembered.

River And Time.

Dancing To Infinity.

Music To Clean By.

Individual Journeys.

Nothing For Granted.

To A Place Of Happiness.

Kindness Given.

Storm Clearance.

Beautiful Person.

Oldest And Youngest.

Kindness Of Snow.

Tomorrows Smile.

My Type Of Day

Better Is There.

Love Into Your Life.

Grateful Life.

Cloudy Coffee Day.

Blessings In Life.

Footprints.

AT OUR AGE!!

The Lost Idea.

Changes In Life.

Brain Awakening.

Respect Deserved.

But Is It Poetry?

Dancing With Joy.

Small To Large Steps.

Lost In The Cinema.

The Beautiful World Of Music.

New Way In Life.

Green Or Grey.

Hands Dealt.

As I Walk Forward Tanka.

Little Things.

The Innocence Of Pens.

What Is Time?

If Music Be....

Dullness Removed.

Nature's Cure-All.

I Can Deal With That.

We Are Here,

The Good Life,

Our Shining Love.

Isn't Life Strange.

Music Is Always There.

To The Stars.

Music In Time.

Negative Or Positive.

These Men Of Wales.

Another Year Together.

The Silence Within.

What City?

I.

This Empty Page.

Love Changes Everything.

Parting Question.

Singing In Harmony.

But Where Has The Time Gone?

The Day Is Here.

Slàinte Mhath.

Joyful Day.

Back In The Sixties.

Walking From The Mist.

Back, Forward and Today.

Beethoven's Grave.

Nature's Harmony.

Sheila.

Music Into My Heart.

Dodgy Dogs.

Knowledge And Wisdom.

Sculpture Of Happiness.

Make Love Not War Acrostic.

Into A Darkened Room.

Sorry I Am Alive.

Only By Giving.

I Have A Dream.

Thankfully Happy.

The Heartbeat Of The Universe.

Letting Go.

The Poem What I Wrote (Sorry Ernie).

Frog And Henry.

Signals?

Desire Achieved.

Earth's Music.

The Hill Of Life.

Biggest Mistake.

The Month Of May.

Spring Haiku.

Another Day Started.

Her New Chapter In Life.

We Have Memories.

Old Is Beautiful.

The Loss Of Family?

I Do Now.

Not The Place To Travel.

One In Life.

Air Instrumentation.

Life And Death.

Dancing On The Water.

Gratitude For Where We Are.

Lesson Not Disappointment.

Councillors.

Nature Never Disappointing

I Shall Be Back.

Problems To Opportunities.

Build A Table.

Book Life.

I Have.

Along The Seashore.

Love Of Nature.

Tad Newtons Jazz Friends.

Each Moment.

Hi-Yo Silver.

Marbles.

Form A Circle.

Cinema Paradiso.

Magical Life.

Were We Twins?

Musical Feelings.

Guys And Dolls.

The Magic Vase.

Confused Of Evesham.

Only Three Hundred Yards!

Indicating Beema.

New Life Is Good.

Missing Balls.

With People.

Blessed And Blasted Mahler.

Lost Words.

I Am So Very Happy.

What A Day.

My Wonder Of Life.

Our Hotel Of Peace.

Do We No Longer Care?

Our Journey To Eternity.

Leaving Today.

Guests?

Morecombe.

Django Alive.

Our Love For Each Other.

Memories.

Brass Band Day.

When You Are Gone.

My Lover Senryu.

Respect For Elders.

Laugh, Sorry, Dismiss.

Another Better Day.

Morpheus Sings.

Bebop.

Just Me.

I Believe.

Ignored By Others.

The Undarkened House.

Singing Our Hearts Out.

Freedom To Happiness.

Sunlight To Rain.

Welcome To The New Guard.

My Love Is All Around.

Haircut.

Challenges In Life.

I Will Remember That!

Sunrise To Sunset.

Tony Bennett.

Hooked On Rugby.

Today, Yesterday and Tomorrow.

The New Day Tanka.

Where All Was Beautiful.

Smile For More.

African Proverb.

Me A Pedant!

What If....?

Forever And Beyond.

Awake At Six.

A Flanders Tale.

Together Forever

Multicultural Evening.

Rock For Heroes.

Against The Flow.

Our Place.

Flaming Computers!

Tony Hudgell.

I Do Not Understand.

Miracles Written By Mary.

Jazz On A Summers Day.

The Final Match.

Give What You Can.

Need To Be Right.

Can We Live Happily.

The Dahlias.

Don't Feel Bad.

A Superb Day.

Dame Janet Baker.

Three Balls.

Path Of Life.

I Have A Dream 2.

Peace At The End Of The Day.

The Glory Of Croome

Musical Language.

You Never Know.

And All That Jazz.

We Do Not Understand

Ludwig.

Seasons Of Love.

Life's Mistakes.

Angry Words.

Pointless Job.

Replace Coffee?

Such A Lucky Man.

No, There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

Madama Butterfly On The Lake.

Thank You Dad.

Our Issue In Life.

The Gentlemen's Game.

Lovely Mary Acrostic.

That Day Came.

God's Humour.

Four In Eternity.

Bouncy Clouds.

Dreams Of Peace.

The Joy Of Children.

Broken Heart Fixed.

Nature's Artwork.

Let's Eat!

Music To Normality.

In Among The Blackbirds.

Such A Beautiful Game.

Simple Life.

The First Rose.

Good People.

Jack's Departure.

A Good Day Today.

A Night AT The Musicals.

Twilight Three Ways.

Chaos Disorganised.

Golden Girl.

Gratefulness.

Simple Understanding.

How Old!

Gutter Gardening.

The Years Ahead.

That Wonderful Life.

Overheated.

The Walk Up The Hill.

Hilary Limerick.

Memories Of Brubeck.

That Day In 1066.

The Clock Strikes Six.

Digging Up Roads.

Our Love Goes On And On. (Written by Mary).

Calliope Inspiration.

Focus On Yourself.

Our Future Being.

Nelson Went To Battle.

I Will Be Back!

Afternoon Love.

Back Again.

Sun On The Sea,

In Spite Of The Rain.

Senility?

Breadwork.

Privilege Of Life.

That Glorious Game.

Confused Of Evesham 2.

Brubeck's Back

Hakuna Matata.

Beauty Is Light.

One Step.

Answering The 'Phone.

Our River.

Forty Two Years Today.

Be Thankful.

Fighting For Peace?

Abounding In My Life.

That Morning.

The Lady In The Van.

We Met On A Crossing.

One Day More.

Roll On This Evening.

Is It Me!

Happy Birthday Dad.

What A Wonderful World.

Our Deep Love.

In Her Little Room.

Love Of A Woman.

In Peace.

Look To Infinity.

Computing Starts.

Chopin's Nocturne.

Different Masks.

Waiting For A Saviour.

Arise In The Darkness.

My Barber.

Love Is The Sweetest Thing.

Grateful Life.

Against The Flow.

Walking With Autumn.

Mary Celeste.

Understanding Art.

Using The C Word.

The Band Of Joy.

I Stand On The Bridge.

Beauty.

Clothes For The Weather.

My Forward Path.

The Christmas List.

Meet Our Future.

The Cats Played.

What Happened To Pop.

The Game We Love.

The Optimist.

Status Quo.

Life's Exam.

Each New Day Haiku.

Understanding Silence.

The Longest Night.

Happy Birthday Chet

Blessings To All.

Harmonious Life.

Our Boxing Day.

Dreaming On.

Breakfast Music.

Generous Life.

To Eternity And Beyond.

Me? A Rugby Nut!

Let Love Be The Way Tanka.

The Checkout.

Line Dancing.

Walking The Beach,

Our Second Home.

A Man Of Strong Resolve.

Sunny Winter Morn.

Lunchtime Discussion.

Walk In The Woods.

Together As One.

A Pint To Remember.

Looking Out To Sea.

My Wonderful Daughter.

Unbelievable.

The Most Dangerous Animal In The World.

Glorious Sunny Morn.

My Spirit Of Life.

River To Sea.

Past And Future.

Broadway Is Closed.

Life's People.

The Irony Of Life.

That Beautiful Dress.

Filled With Laughter.

Shanty Time.

The Moon Looks Down.

Old Codgers Love.

Resilience.

Painting The Day.

Clouds.

Dance To The Silence.

Immortal Music.

The Six Nations Once More.

A Scruffy Man.

Welcome Shivani.

Understanding Love.

The Light Of Spring.

The Friday Boys.

House Is Home Tanka.

And It Rained.

Listen, Speak, Act.

I Want To Go Back.

The Future Of Stevie Mulrooney.

Pyracantha Battle.

Valentines Day And Beyond.

Fresh Coffee?

What Matters.

Answer Phone.

Sitting With A Harem.

Always Respect.

What Ghost!

Kathleen Sings Again.

Painting, Poetry, Music, Silence.

What Day Is It?

Father And Son.

The Friday Boys.

The Book Of Life.

March Birthdays! Tanka.

I LOVE YOU.

Time To Text.

Every New Day.

Freedom In Life.

Beauty Of Life.

Peace On Earth Acrostic.

Walking The River Of Time.

Looking Forward.

The George.

Joy, Love, Sadness and Hate.

The Hippies World.

Music And Love.

Dancing In The Rain Tanka.

Times Of Great Pop Music.

Guinness Is Good For You.

Shanties Getting Better.

Books Like People.

Art.

Oh What A Night.

The Isle Once More,

Our Isle Of Joy.

The Pub With No Beer.

Spring Equinox.

Today Is The Day.

The Final Over.

Calliope Acrostic.

Digestives.

Please Achieve Peace.

My Beautiful Lady.

Make The Days Count.

Words Tanka.

Dog Walking.

Happy Birthday Anne.

Examining Status Quo.

A Day Of Natures Symphony.

The New Season.

Strengthening Love Senryu.

So All Is Fine.

The Village Ghost

In Harmony Together.

Buzzard.

My World.

Cheltenham Croquet.

Unitarians.

Weak To Strong

Custer.

The Shadows Were Back.

Contented Happiness.

People Watching Once More.

Apathy.

They Came To The Door.

The Mountain Of Life.

Daily Artwork.

Our Love Will Never Die.

Nature's Blanket.

Struck Down.

The Happiness Of Life.

Peace, Love And Joy.

It's So Unusual.

My Saving Grace.

Music Conquers All.

For Eternity And Beyond.

Phone Cook.

Into Summertime.

Sibling Rivalry.

Respighi's Rome Part 1.

And It Rained!

Health In Life.

Our Book.

The Great Grey Beast.

Reading In The Park.

And All That Jazz.

Yet Another Fine Day.

Musical Peace.

Watson And Holmes Went Camping.

Chet Has Gone.

Golden Girl.

Into And Beyond.

Why Wars?

Lovelorn Acrostic.

Look To Infinity.

The Nature Of Wales.

Tears Of Life.

Hugo.

Music In Life.

General Election Rant!

Looking Ahead.

Havan For Shivani.

Singing In Hindi.

The Poem What I Wrote (Sorry Ernie).

Walking To the End Of Time.

Some See Senryu.

Love Of My Life Acrostic.

If There Wasn't A Price....?

Another Day.

BMW Rant!

Moonlight Sonata.

Peace Doves?

But It Is Wonderful.

Beegie Adair Acrostic,

Our River.

Farcical Croquet.

A Night At The Opera.

With Us To Eternity.

Cloud Submarine.

Goldberg Variations.

The Glory Of Children.

And All Was Well.

Computer Memories.

Days Are Here.

Tricky Ideas.

Better Life Senryu.

Hilary Limerick.

Litha Acrostic 2.

Singing Clouds.

Tasting As Good.

Alex And Reg.

Raindrop.

Time Is Like A River.

Focus Ahead.

Richness In Life.

Studying The Flaming Obvious!

Our Special Place

We Will Return.

For Cassie.

Home Once More.

No, There Will Be No Hurricane Tonight.

Stars In My Life.

Their Lips Move.

Playing The Game.

A Day Of Music.

Daffodils Lost Limerick.

The Beauty Of Nature.

My Love Senryu.

Quartet For The End Of Time.

Come With Me.

Living In A Quieter World.

Bag Lady.

Spain Won.

The Flaming Obvious.

The Right People.

Turing.

Sitting Ducks.

Whatever You Want.

The Age Of Innocence.

Apathy.

Hurt.

Another Day Arrives.

Riopy Is Here.

Laphroaig.

Another Beautiful Day.

Christmas In July.

Second Chance.

Books

Heat Exhaustion.

Songs Of My Youth

Bad Day Survival.

Breathing In Music.

Thank You Wolfgang.

Natures Wonder In Life.

I.

Me, Mary And Nature.

As I Sit Here.

Heaven Is Where Dreams Come True.

Our Favourite Place Once More.

Mist And Foghorns.

Housing Wreck.

Home Another Way.

The Joy Of Old Age.

Canal Cyanide.

The Great Grey Beast.

Iconic Love Acrostic.

Understanding Songs.

Three Things.

All Was Well Once More.

Dawn's Full Moon.

A Walk On The Moors.

Good Shopping.

Another Friday Morning.

"I Love You."

Here's Looking At You.

The Ferris Wheel.

Swans Of Peace.

All Was Well Forever.

Sonnet For Autumn.

Dancing On The Water.

This Is Me.

Gifts In Life.

Peace To All Acrostic.

From A Distance.

Against The Flow/

Old Codgers Sonnet.

Jazzers List.

Feather Of Life.

Thank You Dad Sonnet.

Croquet Enjoyment Tanka.

Sonnet From Calliope.

Island Of Dreams Sonnet.

Being Alive.

Reading Is A Crime.

Sonnet For Steven.

Smiling Sonnet.

Our River Of Love.

Back To My Youth Sonnet.

Love Into Light Sonnet.

Sonnet Tanka.

Old Codgers Love Sonnet.

Love Must Ever Be Acrostic Sonnet.

Autumn Equinox Sonnet.

Rain Bringing Life.

Unknown Future Sonnet.

Our Time Of Jazz.

From The Hilltop Sonnet.

Autumnal Tanka.

I Look Up Sonnet.

Beauty Sonnet.

Make Love Ever Be Acrostic Sonnet.

Music In Life Sonnet.

Grandfather's Clock.

Walking By Our River Sonnet.

Another Year Gone.

Back In The Day.

Each New Day Sonnet.

Tomorrow Will Come.

The Steps Of Life Sonnet.

Earth's Birth Sonnet.

Music Creation Sonnet.

Our Intense Love Tanka.

The Boy Sat On The Burning Deck.

Orchi And Goldie At Hastings Sonnet.

Walking In Old Age Sonnet.

Scatter Sunshine.

What No Internet!

Knowingly Full Of Love.

Welcoming Light.

Dinner With Friends Sonnet.

Back To The Sea.

We Have Arrived.

Canvas In Our Imagination.

Trovatori Acrostic.

Home We Will Come Sonnet.

The Sibillance Of Showers.

Home Full Of Cheer.

Just One Day.

Croquet Again Sonnet.

Bad To Best.

Halloween Acrostic.

Samhain Sonnet.

Swing From Paris Sonnet.

Thank you Again Wolfgang.

Eyes, Heart, Mind And Soul.

Awake Once More.

The Last Leaf Of Autumn.

Step Counting

Life Prelude Sonnet.

Each New Day.

Work Out Better Sonnet.

Lying In The Dark.

The Sun Shone On Us Sonnet.

Messengers In Life.

Ode To Profiteroles.

This Is Me Sonnet.

Croquet Supper.

My Wish For You.

Just Imagine This world.

A Walk Through The Woods.

Snow Of Beauty Sonnet.

The Literature Of Music.

Life's Never Ending Span.

Chopin Fantasy Impromptu.

Old Navigation.

Filled With Joy.

Death Asked Life.

An Unreal Dream.

Jazzy Night Sonnet.

**Buddha Says**

Music Time Machine.

I Now Say The Word.

To The Gym.

Precious Days Sonnet.

Sitting By My River.

**The Power Of Silence.**

Natural Art.

**Music With Dad.**

In Amongst The Blackbirds.

**Sailing To Peace Sonnet.**

Ella Fitzgerald Acrostic.

**Raining For Peace.**

The Shadows.

**Grey Day Sonnet.**

Forever Love Tanka.

**Another Choice.**

Into The New Year.

**Love Is All Acrostic.**

Pure Hearts.

**The Day Music Died.**

Coffee#1 Christmas Sonnet.

**Longest Night Sonnet.**

Light To Brightness.

Happy Birthday Chet.

Errors In Life.

Christmas Wishes To MPS.

Decisions.

All That Jazz.

Love To Eternity.

Passed Mistakes.

Five Years Ago Today Sonnet.

The Last Poem This Year.

The New Year Of Love, Joy And Peace.

Travelling Through Life.

Into The Great New Year.

Brightening Love.

Another New Day Tanka.

The Time Has Come.

Watson And Homes Went Camping.

Our Lakeside River.

An Evening Out.

My Path Of Life.

Never Blame.

My Live With Music.

Our Book Of Life.

New Moon Sonnet.

Death In The Night.

Start The Day.

Healthy Body.

Mozart Yet Again.

Walking By My River Sonnet.

Seventies Love Sonnet.

Live For Today.

My Saving Grace.

Gustav Mahler Acrostic.

New Joy To The Choir.

Temporary Living.

Daily Sensuality.

Mozart's Birthday Sonnet.

Words On This Page.

In Silence And Beyond.

Jazz History

Imagine If You Will.

The Pirates Of Penzance.

The Six Nations.

Whispers Of The Heart Senryu.

At One With Nature's Wonder.

Together In Wondrous Love.

Moon And Stars Sonnet.

On My Road Of Time.

A Smile In My Heart.

The Battle Of Twickenham.

The Game Of Life.

Night Time Worries.

Another Good Day.

Four Thousandth Poem Sonnet.

To My Loving Lady.

Show People Sunshine.

Sonnet On The Death Of A Friend.

Walking In The Store.

Sun On Our Lives Sonnet.

What I Call Shopping.

Fine Day Tanka.

The Breath Of Music.

Calliope Acrostic.

Music Is A River. Sonnet.

Keys In A Mansion.

Natures Symphony Is Here.

The Information Building.

The New Jacques Loussier.

The Beauty Of The New Day Sonnet.

That Place Called Home.

Love For Eternity And Beyond.

Fighting For Peace!

The Rules Of Cricket.

The Final Over.

What Problems.

The Final Song.

Alone Or With God.

Blessed Be.

Hippowhatsitphobia Acrostic.

Buzzard.

The Moon Above.

We Met On A Crossing.

Life Is Ahead.

Oh Dear Wales.

Wet Words.

Another Weekend By The Sea Sonnet.

What Is Life Together?

The First Day Of Spring.

Kindness In Your Heart.

Fifty Years Ago, Blimey. Sonnet.

Where Was Our Dinner!

The Irony Of Life.

Orange And Yellow

To Forever.

Love For Eternity.

Freedom Is Here.

Create Yourself.

A Night Forever Remembered.

Uncomposed.

A Musical Journey Sonnet.

Island Of Dreams.

Storms In Life.

Shining Love.

One Day At A Time.

Brass Monkey.

A World Without Love. Sonnet

Lessons Learned In Life.

Croquet Fever.

Universal Life.

Unicorn Choir.

Gratitude For Life Sonnet.

Tip Toe In Life.

Tests In Life.

Loyal Hearts.

Not Perfect.

The Four Composers.

The Air That You Breathe.

Think Hippie Thoughts.

A Better Person Today.

Swans On My River, Sonnet.

Chopin's Nocturnes.

Moving Forward Tanka.

Wonder Times.

Respect All.

Live A Better Life.

Lifetime Of Love.

I Choose Love.

Share Love With All.

Walking Home One Night.

Valley Of Contentment

Summer Arrives.

No Expiration Date.

You Can Do This.

Love People Tanka.

One Day It Will Happen.

Words Written Limerick.

World Of Peace.

The Best Of Everything.

Unity For All Nations Sonnet.

Two Sided Life.

Spirit Of Life.

Chet.

Being Alive Again.

Morecombe.

Not Later Sonnet.

Nature To Infinity.

## 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.

## You Are What You Are.

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.

## Stealing Mind and Body.

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.

## Chet.

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.

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"

## Live in Peace - FIBS

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,  
It 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 covered 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)

## Words on This Page.

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'.

## Dinner in the Dark.

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.

## Falling Faith.

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.

## A Man of Infinite Leisure.

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!"

**Now.**

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?"

"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.

## No Money In Good.

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 there 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 dawns 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 insignificance,  
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 enthralls me,  
Enthralls 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.

## Island of Acceptance.

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.

## Raindrop.

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 ? 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.

## **Struggle to Nobility.**

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.

## Strengthened by Words.

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 glorying 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.

## Stillness Around Me

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 they 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.

## Max Richter.

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.

## **Uplifting Sounds.**

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.

## Broken Country.

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.

**D**ays of forgetfulness,  
**E**very day the same.  
**M**indless repetition,  
**E**verlasting intensity.  
**N**eedless concentration,  
**T**o know simplicity.  
**I**ntense incapability to  
**A**chieve 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.

## 'Escaping from Life's Prison.'

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 natures symphony,  
As it awakes to this fine day.  
I look up and see natures 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 beautiful 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 death's 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.

## Picture of My Spirit.

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!

## Back in the Sixties.

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, StarTrek Voyager ? Emanations.*

## 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!"

## Better Days.

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.

## Nature's Wondrous World.

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 nature's 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 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.

## PEACE? - Acrostic.

**P**erhaps it is a myth  
**E**xpecting that the earth will be calm  
**A**s tensions rise within the world  
**C**ausing distrust and enmity  
**E**ver 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!"

## Life's Aims.

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.

## Seeing the Light.

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.

## 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 be 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.

## Ewig.

"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.

## Shredded Life.

"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.



## The Undarkened House.

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 hear 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.

Throughout 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.

**R**ed grapes create this wonder,  
**I**nfused with the Spanish sun.  
**O**ut from the bottle it flows,  
**J**oy 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.

## Test of Faith?

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?"

## Quiet City.

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.

## **Panic Over.**

"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.

## Art is Feeling.

"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.

## FIBS.

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.

## Star Trek Now.

"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.

## Endless Love.

"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.

## Followed in the Night.

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  
Hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia,  
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 Man at the Door.

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.

## Beauty Revealed.

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,  
Comforts 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.

## My Mentor.

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 become 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.

## Missed Opportunities.

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.

## Imagination.

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 la laa laaaa";

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.

## Narrow Escape.

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.

## **Pens Drawn Ready.**

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.

## The Beckoning.

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.

## Poets Touch. Senryu.

We all deny it,  
But all become a poet,  
At the touch of love.



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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?

## Hope in the Dark.

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.

## Water is Life.

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.

## **Straight to Arrears.**

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?

## Clarity of Mind.

"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.

**R**emember them all today  
**E**ver present in people's lives,  
**M**en and women who died  
**E**ven though they knew not why.  
**M**ade to fight by others,  
**B**ut they did their duty,  
**R**eached out to do good,  
**A**s told by those in power.  
**N**ever being told the truth,  
**C**ut down in their prime,  
**E**ver in our thoughts now they have gone.

**D**o lets us build bridges  
**A**nd stop conflict in the world.  
**Y**earn 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.

## **Towards Infinity.**

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 dawns 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.

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.

## Salvator Mundi.

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?

## What! No Yorkshire!!

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 come 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.

## Supermoon.

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 drive!" 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 Poem We Did Not Understand.

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....

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.

## Lost In A Book.

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.

## The Piano.

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.

---

**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.

## Shakespeare verses Conan Doyle.

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!"

## Specsavers Here I Come.

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 blubbering 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.

## Ravishing Rioja.

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?

## Artists.

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.

## Words.

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.

## Whale Meat Again.

"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.

## Better World.

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 nature's 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.

## Light in Chaos.

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.

## The Book.

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 Gobi is with me,  
With me in my mind and soul,  
One of the greatest singers I have heard.

## Bridges.

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.

## Doors.

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.

## Time For Battle.

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 nature's 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.

## House of Canvas

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.

## Ken Dodd

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.

## Wolfgang Amadeus.

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.

## Gibberish?

"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!

## Eternal Light.

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.

## Bridge.

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.

## Trial.

"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.

## Euphoria.

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.

## Jealousy.

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.

## The Evening of My Life.

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.

## Stopping the Superfluous.

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.

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 finsished.  
The writing has taken so much tiem,  
Such intensity of thought to form eeach word,  
To farm eech leter,  
That the speling becums a bit odd.

## Church Meeting.

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 thought 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.

## Missed Pint.

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.

## Soul Centre.

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.

## Diamonds of 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.

## The Old Man by the River.

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.

## Just a Book.

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.

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.

## Natures Future.

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?

## Love Unknown.

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.

"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."*

*A Vulcan Prayer said by Tuvok in Star Trek Voyager ? Basics Part 2 1996.*

## New Studies.

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 Pipes! The Pipes!

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.*

## Doing Nothing.

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 nature's 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 nature's 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.

## Your Path.

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.

## Barge Life.

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.

## Changing Days.

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 After Time.

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 dawns 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.

## Forward With Knowledge.

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?

## Getting the Paper.

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?

"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 Guinness 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.*

## Words,,

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.

## Opportunity.

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 happened 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.

## **Machined Lives.**

*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.

## Into the Light

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?"

## Autumns Wonder.

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 artists 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.

## Lightness Abounds.

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.

## Our Love Shows.

"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.

## Doctor Who.

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 Power - Senryu.

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 sails 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.

## Lost Lover.

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.

## Centrality.

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.

## Clarinet Duet

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.

## Life's Ocean.

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.

## New Computer.

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.

## Reading Words - Two Liner.

If I didn't write these words,  
You would not be able to read them.

## Dog Walking

It was a beautiful morning,  
The sun was shining,  
The birds were singing,  
And there was I walking with nature,  
Listening 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 thought 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

## **Moonlife.**

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 - Haiku and Senryu

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!

## Stuff.

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.

## Wondrous Art.

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.

## Back into My World

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!

## River to Eternity.

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.

### 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 placed 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 dartered 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.

## Pendant Power.

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! 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

## FIB Sequence Acrostic.

**F**irst

**I**t

**B**ecomes

**S**et in words

**E**merging on the page

**Q**uestioning the writers language

**U**sing words as traps

**E**nchants you

**N**ow you

**C**an't

**E**nd

## Hippowhatsitphobia Acrostic - For Orchi

**H**ave you seen the word?  
**I**t scares you,  
**P**uts the fear of God  
**P**arading around your head  
**O**ffering no comfort in  
**P**ausing to let you pour  
**O**ut your worries,  
**T**he worries that  
**O**verwhelm you,  
**M**aking you feel ill  
**O**r scared to utter any  
**N**ew words that come  
**S**o ignorance may be perceived  
**T**hat shows not your  
**R**eality as the long words  
**O**nly belong in dictionaries  
**S**heltered from your mind  
**E**asing your fear of long words  
**S**ubsequently allowing your mind to  
**Q**uieten from the horror of your  
**U**nsubstantiated eloquence  
**I**nconsequential abhorrence of words  
**P**arading in syllables  
**P**articipating in incomprehensibilities  
**E**nding in floccinaucinihilipilification  
**D**rowning in pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis  
**A**llowing your hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia to rise  
**L**eaving your comatose mind  
**I**n a state of pure decidophobia where  
**O**nly monosyllabic words  
**P**revent atichiphobia  
**H**appening within your logophobic mind stopping your  
**O**neirophobia preventing you from



## Washington Whirligig.

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 Fairy on the Tree.

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 your 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,

**U**nlike any others.

**T**earing at my heart in

**U**tmost joy,

**M**aking my life so wonderful as

**N**ature 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.

## Their Lips Move.

"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.

## Who Could Ask For More?

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.

## Dream of Peace.

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.

## Forever Moment.

*Here it is, my first poem of the New Year of 2019. I dedicate it to you all on MPS, have a great 2019.*

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.

## Wonderful Life.

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.

**C**alling to me  
**A**s she gives me the words  
**L**ikely to stir the soul,  
**L**ooking down at me  
**I**n soothing calm  
**O**ver the words  
**P**ut on this page of  
**E**verlasting wonder.

## Goldie and Orchi Seven Hundred.

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.

**M**usic was born within him  
**O**ffering its beauty to our world.  
**Z**eal abounded from his soul  
**A**s it flowed into the ether  
**R**eaching our hearts and Spirits,  
**T**o bring his musical wonder to us all.

## But is it Poetry?

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?"

## Spiritual Humanity.

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 Phonophobia?

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.

**C**herished sound  
**M**aking music in my life  
**E**ver more important  
**T**o my waking world.

**B**ringing joy into to my heart,  
**A** sound so unique  
**K**eeps me wondering  
**E**ver more, as his music  
**R**everberates 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 nature's 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.

## My Granddaughter.

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 nature's 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 nature's 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

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.

## Music in the Stars.

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.

## Banter.

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.

## Choices.

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.

## brexit warning?

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.

## Stopped.

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.

## **Punctuality Spurned.**

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 thought 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!

## STUFF!

**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?

## Mouth Full of Words.

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 drunk 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.

## Two Faces of Joy

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.

## Jelly Rolls Again.

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.

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.

## New World Calls.

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.

## Loves Light FIBS.

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 nature's 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 new what they were doing.  
So all was right in the world once more,  
And life continued in its serenity,  
Its ordered serenity.

## Raindrop.

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 it's world,  
It's 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 it 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.

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!

## Aiming for Dreams.

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.

## Nature's Canvas.

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 he 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 their 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".

## The First Move.

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!

## Missing You.

"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.

## Never Lonely - Senryu.

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,  
They 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.

## Nature's Anger.

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!"

## Knowledges.

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 nature's 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 12

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.

**D**ays of beauty in the  
**R**ealms of Nature giving me  
**E**verlasting glory and wonder  
**A**s my life continues showing  
**M**ore wonder of life where  
**W**alking with it brings me  
**O**verriding joy in my soul  
**R**aising the glory that  
**L**eads me into my  
**D**reamworld.

## 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 my 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.

**M**aking time to help  
**O**thers without  
**D**emanding any reward  
**E**ver conscious to  
**S**ee the good in others  
**T**hat they may go forward  
**Y**earning 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.

## Wordiku Three.

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 you mistakes,  
As they are what make you,  
Make you what you are.

## New Life.

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.

## 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!"

## She is.....

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 Can Listen.

"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.

## Croquet.

We arrive at the green,  
The green sward  
Cut within an 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 Lightning 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.

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"

## Croquet and Nature.

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 plaintiff 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.

## Michele Marrulo.

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

## A Good Day on the Road.

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.

## Walk Together to Eternity.

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.

## The Hastings Wake.

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,  
Curled 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 be 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?"

## Computers.

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

## Tin Whistle Player.

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.

## Nature's Wonder.

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 nature's 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.

Nature's 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.

## Play Your Music Louder

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.

## Car Cleaned

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.

## Tunnel of Life.

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!

## Stunning Unique Patterns.

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.

## Doctor Respect.

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.

## Words on the Page.

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.'

## Swarm of Fiats.

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 Transalton.

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 ».

## Wonder and Love.

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!"

## Ol' 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.

## Highlighted.

The distant dark clouds,  
Formed in a straight horizon,  
Highlighted the sun.

## What is Christmas?

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.

## Move Forward - Tanka.

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 Am Becoming My Dad.

***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.

## Unanswered.

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.

## Stay Weird.

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.

## Medicine of Laughter

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.

## Stunning Art.

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.

## From the Ether.

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

**C**learing my mind of  
**A**ll sad things she  
**L**eaves my heart clear  
**L**etting new words  
**I**nto my freed mind  
**O**pening new worlds to  
**P**our new wonder into my  
**E**verlasting 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.

**G**ood feeling prevails in my life  
**U**plifting the sorrow that was there  
**I**n the passing of my loved one  
**L**ying there released of her illness  
**T**hus releasing me into a better place  
**Y**et 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 tippie. Other Scotch whiskys are available.)*

## The Gaz Hughes Sextet.

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!

## Tom Bowling.

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.

---

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.

## 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.

## Wallpaper Row.

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!

## Thoughts Version 1.

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.

**S**taying at home alone  
**T**akes resilience in life,  
**R**eplacing going out with friends  
**A**nd doing other things on your own.  
**N**ever give up life is there,  
**G**etting your mind into gear,  
**E**xisting within your heart.

**T**aking time to contact other  
**I**ndividuals with modern technology,  
**M**aking sure they are fine,  
**E**nsuring they remain happy,  
**S**howing 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 nature's 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 word 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".

## A Walk to My Willow.

"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 nature's beauty,

And nature's 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.

## River Journey.

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 new 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.

## **Annie's Smile.**

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-payd  
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.

"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!

## Days in Life.

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.

## Talking to Yourself.

"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.

## Ghost Cooks.

I am in trouble now,  
Oh boy am I in trouble!  
Its 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.

## New Life 2020.

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 sheer 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.

## What Happened to Yesterday?

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!

## 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.

## Chet.

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!"

## Stars Shine.

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.

## Arguing with Myself.

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.

**S**tars shine above us in the night sky  
**T**elling us that all is well  
**A**nd life will never end,  
**R**evealing our future,  
**L**ooking down on our loved ones,  
**I**nspiring them every moment.  
**G**oodness flows from each star  
**H**anging in the night sky,  
**T**elling 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.

## Do Not Look Back.

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.

## Andy's Tin.

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.

## Such a Wonderful Day.

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.

## **My Valentine.**

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,  
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.

**S**o many years have passed  
**I**n your wonderful life where  
**X**enodochialism is in your life  
**T**hreading your way to love from all  
**Y**ear after year.

**N**earing that new time in life  
**I**ntrigues your mind  
**N**ow that things may change but  
**E**ver 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.

## Beauty Within.

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  
**W**hen another year comes to your life  
**E**nriching your dreams in the future  
**N**egating the sorrows of your past  
**T**aking you into that glory where  
**Y**ears do not matter

**T**owards your future  
**W**ith passion and beauty  
**O**ut 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.

**S**howing ethics to all around,  
**T**aking life as it comes.  
**O**ffering help to everyone  
**I**n both good and bad times,  
**C**reating a uniformity of living  
**I**n a moral way that is free from anger,  
**S**howing love for all,  
**M**aking 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.  
"Its 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 started 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, fstlmrdd  
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.

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### Coded Haiku.

Andy Brister (Goldfinch60) ? July 2020.

Rsvj fsu ntomhd epmfrt  
Dit[todmh id gtp, fstlmrdd  
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 nature's 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 breathe on me,  
And in me.  
A gentle breeze rustled the trees  
Giving a beat to nature's 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.

## I Love You

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".

## Refilled.

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 thought 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 life and say,  
"I wish that I did that"  
That will leave 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 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?

## Times of Youth.

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.

## Mine to Enjoy.

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.

## Absolutely Stunning!

Stunning!

Absolutely stunning!

I looked out of the window

And saw it,

Saw natures wonder

In all its beauty.

My breath was taken from me

As I looked into the depths,

The depths of the reddened sky.

Tears of wonder flowed

Flowed down my cheeks

As I looked out at this sight,

This glorious sight.

Stunning!

Absolutely stunning!

## That Annoying Drop.

In these Strange Times  
So much has changed,  
We all need to wear masks,  
Wear them in situations,  
In differing situations.  
They may be uncomfortable,  
They may be a nuisance,  
But they do have one thing,  
One thing that is good.  
You no longer have to wipe,  
To wipe that drop,  
That annoying drop off the end,  
The end of your nose.

## Tame Your Unquiet Minds.

In life there are situations,  
Situations that disturb us,  
Fill our minds with troubles.  
We can get over this  
But we need to tame this,  
Tame this in our minds.  
Tame this in our unquiet minds.  
We need to live in joy  
And with that joy we can offer compassion,  
Can offer compassion to everyone,  
To every living being on this earth.  
We will all then be able to live  
To live in joy and harmony  
With compassion for all.

## Balls.

OUCH!!

That hurt!

Why does he do it?

Why does he hit me,

Hit me with that damn big mallet?

Here I go rolling across the lawn

Gradually slowing down

Until I stop,

Stop near that blessed hoop,

That hoop that he hopes to knock me through,

So I sit here and wait.

Here it comes,

The opponent ball.

Misses me this time,

I so grateful.

Here comes my mate,

His other ball,

We greet each other

As he passes,

Passes off the lawn,

He hit it much too hard that time.

Now it is the other one,

The opponents other ball,

It is coming straight for me.

OUCH!!

That hurt again!

The pain inflicted on is awful,

Not only hit with a mallet,

But also with other balls.

What did I do?

How do I deserve this?

To be hit and hit again,

After all,

We are only a lot of balls.

## Clarity and Freedom.

As I looked back in my life,  
Into my cup of life,  
I found things that I had done,  
Found things that I had believed in  
That were not right for me,  
Found beliefs forced on me,  
Forced on me by others.

Came the time when I drained that cup,  
That cup of materialism and self-obsession,  
And those beliefs that others had put in that cup,  
Until there were only the dregs left.  
Then I saw clearly my new life,  
My new life that showed clarity,  
Clarity and freedom into my future.

## Diverse Paths.

Looking back at the paths,  
The paths that brought us,  
Brought us to where we are now,  
We see all differing types.  
Some along which we stumbled  
Tripping over the varying stones,  
Others take us to a place  
Where we need to take a leap,  
A leap of faith.  
Many are so variable  
That we struggle to find a way.  
But in our lives  
No matter how difficult it is  
To walk to where we are now  
We are here,  
Here in that place we should be,  
Knowing that the paths in front,  
Those paths we will be taking,  
Will be easier now,  
Now we have the experience,  
The experience of walking,  
Already walking so many diverse paths.

## How Are You? Goldiku.

"How are you today?"

"I got up from bed today,

So all is very well"

## Weird Enjoyment.

For over twenty years I have known him,  
Known my next door neighbour.  
We get on very well,  
Chatting and laughing over many things,  
Helping each other whenever help is needed,  
Never ever a cross word.  
Like me he is now retired  
But still does the odd job for others,  
After all he was a gardener  
And gardeners are always in demand.  
But the other day we were chatting  
And he said something that I found disturbing,  
Very disturbing.  
He said that he enjoyed ironing,  
IRONING! How can you enjoy ironing?

## Oxtail Stew.

How could I resist it?  
Standing in the butchers  
It was staring at me through the glass.  
I had asked for my joint of pork,  
But looking down I saw it,  
I saw the oxtail,  
I had to have it.  
Dreams of olden days  
Where oxtail was cooked,  
So I asked for some oxtail,  
So that I could create a stew,  
An oxtail stew as of old.

Here I was in the kitchen,  
The oxtail went into a pot,  
Water went in over it  
And it was boiled,  
Boiled for a long time  
So the meat would fall off,  
Fall off the bone.  
The meat was ready  
So it was put back in the water,  
The water contained the juice,  
The juice from the oxtail.  
In went carrots, swede and onions,  
Then parsley and thyme,  
Worcestershire sauce,  
Salt, pepper and red wine.  
It was then boiled until cooked.

Then came the pièce de résistance,  
I made some dumplings.  
As I made them memories came back,

Of those times with my loved one  
And the laughs that we had,  
As I made and ate dumplings,  
While she made and ate doughboys.

Into the pot they went,  
And half an hour later  
All was cooked.

So there I was sitting at the table  
With a plate of oxtail stew in front of me  
And a large glass of Rioja to the side.  
A wondrous meal,  
A meal of old,  
But eating alone.

It brought back such wonderful memories  
Memories of eating with my love  
Before she passed,  
Passed to that restaurant in heaven,  
Where one day I will be,  
Be sitting with her,  
Eating oxtail stew.

## Opening and Shutting Doors.

When we go through our lives  
We pass through many doors,  
Those doors led us on the path,  
The path to where we are now.  
But in our lives  
We also open doors,  
Open doors for others.  
Most are there to show us,  
Show us a way we may need to travel.  
But then sometimes  
We shut the doors,  
Shut them on some people.  
Is this right?  
Or are we doing wrong?  
Are we shutting doors on humanity?

## Together.

As the tears run down my face  
I feel so lost,  
Lost without her.  
Those times together,  
Our love so profound,  
So deep.  
That joy was with us,  
Forever with us.  
But now as I sit in our house  
I know she is not there,  
I look around  
Looking at things she touched,  
Things she loved,  
But she is not there.  
I sit and dream of her  
But the tears just increase.  
The many, many years we had together  
Are forever in my heart,  
And will always be there.  
One day the day will come  
When my tears stop,  
That day we will be together,  
Together once more  
And more wonderful memories  
Will be there for us both  
When we travel into our future,  
Together.

## Pyotr Ilyich.

How could that happen?  
Not quite a disaster  
But certainly a blow to me.  
I heard the music on the radio,  
A piece I had heard before  
And thought I will play it all today.  
I have got it somewhere,  
But no!  
I did not have any of them,  
Did not have any recordings of them.  
How in the world did that happen?  
I had to get them.  
So now I am happy,  
I have them now,  
I have those String Quartets,  
Those Tchaikovsky String Quartets.  
All is well now.  
So much music,  
So little time.

## Touched by Literature.

The words sit there on the page,  
I read them into my heart.  
It happens so very often,  
The words become part of me,  
As I am touched by literature.

**Stella.**

Into the coffee bar I go,  
Walk to the counter,  
Order my coffee  
Then walk to my table.  
That is when I see her,  
And she sees me.  
She is all excited  
Pulling on her lead,  
Trying to reach me.  
My coffee goes on the table  
And I go towards her.  
She jumps as I reach her,  
The joy she shows is so wonderful.  
I put my hands on her  
And stroke her,  
Both gently and roughly.  
She is in her own world,  
Her own world of joy  
When I touch her.  
Touch to anyone is wonderful  
But to Stella it is so much more,  
It shows love for all,  
For all who are with her.  
Such a loving dog  
Who makes her owners  
So very proud of her,  
And the love flows  
From them to her,  
And from her to them.

## Venus Destroyed.

Is there life on Venus?  
Or was there life on Venus?  
It may well have been there,  
Scientists have found evidence.

I wonder if there was life  
And it was destroyed,  
Destroyed by its inhabitants.  
Maybe it was,  
Maybe some left that planet  
And moved to another.  
Maybe they were homo sapiens  
And maybe it was they that moved,  
Moved to the planet Earth  
And are now continuing their way,  
Their way of life,  
And destroying our planet.

## Hippie Am I.

Make love not war,  
That was their mantra,  
Those dishevelled  
Long haired people,  
So full of colour,  
So full of love for all,  
For all people,  
For all animals,  
For all the earth.

In my mind  
I have become one,  
I agree with their way.  
I have so much love in me,  
Love for all people,  
Love for all animals,  
Love for this earth.  
So come and join me,  
Become a hippie  
And let us all do it,  
Make love not war.

## Before Lockdown.

Before lockdown.

How many times have you heard it?

So many things were done,

Before lockdown.

Families went out together,

Before lock down.

People went on holiday,

Before lockdown.

We all hugged each other,

Before lockdown.

We shook each other's hand,

Before lockdown.

But will our lives be the same

Before lockdown,

When we reach that time

After lockdown?

## The Queen of Sheba.

Driving in my car,  
The radio on,  
Music playing,  
Listening to requests.  
Then it happened,  
A lady asked for some music,  
Music she had  
When she walked down the aisle  
On her wedding day.

The tears streamed down my face  
As the music was the piece my lover chose  
As she walked down that aisle to me  
On that wonderful day we married  
And we became one  
And were that one person for many years  
Until that day when she was taken,  
My Queen of Sheba was taken,  
Taken up into heaven.  
Now waiting for me in her chariot  
Waiting for me,  
And we can ride off together  
Into eternity.

## Littered with Masks.

They hang on people wrists,  
Are stuffed in pockets,  
Around people's necks,  
Over people's faces.

You see them everywhere,  
In the sea,  
On the ground,  
Littering so many places.

Yes we have been told,  
Been told to wear them  
To protect others,  
Others around us.  
But why do they litter,  
Litter our world.  
Do we now not care,  
Not care for our world.  
We have enough trouble,  
Trouble with plastic,  
But now we heading,  
Heading towards another problem  
Where the world in being littered,  
Littered with masks.

## Sex Saves Lives.

So sex is good for you!  
Have a heart attack,  
Then increase your sexual activity,  
And you will live longer.

## Where Am I.

Where am I?  
A question that often comes to mind.  
I am living here in the twilight of my life  
Having lived for so many years,  
And as I look back I am grateful,  
So grateful for the life I have led.  
A life filled with love,  
Love of so many types.  
A loving mother always there for me,  
A wonderful father who instilled a love in me,  
A love of music which is forever with me.  
He also showed me nature  
Walking through those natural highways,  
Being at one with our world.  
My children are so wonderful  
Seeing them born and grow into adults,  
Now with their own children,  
My grandchildren so special to me.  
Then there was her, that wonderful lady  
Who came into my life so long ago  
And gave us a love that grew every moment,  
Forever together, a love that never failed.  
Came the day when she was taken,  
Taken into a heaven where she waits for me.  
So today I ask the question once more,  
Where am I?  
Yes I am now without my lover  
But she is in a good place waiting for me.  
I am in a good place  
As I have had a wonderful life  
And know that my future will be better,  
As one day I will be with her  
And we will sail together for infinity.

Where am I?

I am in a good place.

## Cheese Straws.

Why did I do it?  
I knew it was a mistake,  
A big mistake!  
I should have known better,  
But no I did it,  
I admit it,  
I did it.  
I had made a pie,  
There was pastry left over,  
I couldn't waste it.  
So I did it,  
I made some cheese straws.  
I knew it was a mistake,  
But they were made.  
They just sat there on the side  
But every time I passed  
I took one.  
Why did I do it?  
Why did I make cheese straws?  
I wonder what happened to them?

## Hope is There.

We have all heard it,  
We have probably said it,  
Hope for the best,  
Prepare for the worst.  
Is it right to say this?  
Surely the best is there,  
Is out there for us,  
So why not just look,  
Look for the good we want.  
Frame those goals,  
Those goals that will give pleasure,  
Give the pleasure we look towards.  
We need to achieve those goals,  
So instead of hoping for the best  
And preparing for the worst,  
Why not hope for a better future  
And start acting,  
Acting to make those goals happen.

## Will She Sing to Me?

Why is it so strong,  
So strong in my life?  
I had music on,  
Nothing odd in that.  
I was listening to Les Misérables,  
A show that my lover and I saw  
Many years ago.  
A wonderful day it was  
Me and my lover  
Watching this superlative show.

Then as I was listening  
That song came;  
The tears just streamed down my face,  
I couldn't stop them.  
As all I saw was my loved one  
Singing that song  
Sang that evening at Church.  
She sang it at a concert.  
A Church Concert.

There she was singing this song,  
Singing to all  
But looking at me.  
The love she had for me  
So powerful as she sang,  
Sang to me.

That song was played  
And she was back with me  
Singing her heart out ,  
Singing her heart out to me.  
The tears just would not stop,

Will she sing to me again?

## Shallow Brown.

Why does it happen so often?

I sit here reading poetry,

Writing poetry ,

Listening to music,

When it happens.

Music comes on

That just stops me,

Stops me reading,

Stops me writing.

I am taken to a place,

A place where life is wonderful,

That wonder created by music.

It has happened again

As this magnificent voice

Flows to my soul,

Bringing such music to me,

To my mind,

To my heart .

Once again music shows itself

Shows itself to me,

And brings me to peace,

To peace in my world,

As I know music is there

And will always be there,

Be there for me.

## Laughter For All.

I was just coming back,  
Back from getting my paper  
When I saw them.  
A dad pushing his young son,  
Pushing him in a pram.  
The young lad looked at me,  
A smile come over his face,  
He waved to me.  
I waved back,  
The young lad started laughing  
Still waving,  
His dad started laughing,  
As did I.  
All laughing together  
Showing the wonder,  
The wonder and glory,  
That the innocence of childhood can bring,  
Can bring to us all in our lives.

## Autumn's Glory.

The glory is coming upon us  
That time in Nature's life  
Where it's artistry  
Fills my life with so many colours  
The colours that only Nature can paint.  
So many colours in its artwork  
As Autumn comes into my life  
The greens turning yellow and gold  
Into orange and red  
Different every day  
As Nature's brush paints glory  
Such colourful glory into my world

## The World at My Table.

I went travelling last night.  
Cooked a curry,  
Where I was in India.  
Made some ciabatta  
To wipe the plate,  
So I was in Italy.  
And all washed down  
With a beautiful Rioja,  
Which took me to Spain.  
Brad Mehldau's music  
Took me to America.  
For what more could I ask?  
Good food,  
Superb wine,  
Great music,  
And travelling the world.  
With me just sitting  
Sitting at the table.

## Playing Fair.

A game for gentlemen  
Played by hooligans.  
You see it so often,  
The tug of the shirt,  
Tripping others,  
Arguing with the ref,  
Handling the ball  
Then denying it.  
Why is football  
So full of cheats?  
So many fouls.  
The refs have no respect,  
All argue with the ref.  
Why cannot this game,  
This game for gentlemen  
Be played by gentlemen?  
But no,  
It's played by hooligans.  
Did the journalist have it right  
When he wrote:  
"There's more chance  
Of Trump paying his taxes,  
Than a footballer  
Playing fair with a referee."

## Kathleen Sings To Me

I was sitting in my armchair  
Just wondering what music to play,  
Then it came to me,  
The choice was made.  
That voice took me into a new world,  
A world that only her voice can take me,  
That place where all is so wonderful  
As her voice transcends the bad  
And fills me with the goodness  
She portrays as her voice sails into the ether  
Via my heart, mind and soul.  
Such a voice of so much beauty  
That I always hold in wonder,  
And there we were,  
Me sitting in my armchair,  
And Kathleen singing to me

## **New Joys.**

Each day I awake  
New joy is there for me.

I wonder what it will be today?  
There are so many joys to be had.  
I will listen to music,  
Write my words,  
Meet good friends,  
Eat fine food,  
Drink good wine,  
Be happy all day.

But then I will come home,  
Home to that empty house  
Where my loved one used to be.  
She is there in Spirit  
But her body has gone to rest,  
And is no longer there for me to hug.  
As I walk up the stairs  
And go to bed she is not there.

But I know when I awake each day  
New joys will be there for me.

## Another Year Gone.

As I step in the shower this day  
Another year of my life swims away,  
A year I would rather have missed  
When my loved one passed from me.  
But that year has now gone  
And my new year of birth starts.  
As the old year drains away  
I look forward to the new year  
And know that all will be well.  
As I now look forward,  
To another birthday next year.

## Cleansing Our Lifetimes.

The rain tumbles down  
Streams over the countryside  
Cleansing our lifetimes.

## Happiness Butterfly.

We look for it all the time,  
Happiness is like a butterfly,  
When we see it just in front of us  
So wonderful and appealing,  
But when we reach out for it,  
It is just out of reach.  
Try as we might it cannot be captured,  
Yet when we rest in the quiet in our lives  
Happiness, like the butterfly  
May land upon us,  
And fill our lives with wonder.

## Happy Trad.

I get into the car  
And have a problem,  
What music shall I play  
While going along the way?  
So many different types to enjoy.  
Then I saw it on the list,  
I put it on and there I was,  
Feet tapping,  
Hands tapping,  
Head nodding.  
A smile throughout my body  
As the Trad Jazz blasted out,  
Blasted out around me.

## Laughter Wins.

Laughter is so important,  
So important in our lives.  
So many people seem sad  
But if you can make them laugh  
That sadness disappears,  
And joy can be brought back,  
Brought back in their lives.

## Missed With a Smile.

There I was all prepared,  
Just waiting for the time  
When the A.G.M. would start.  
All was prepared by me  
So I could attend this meeting,  
This meeting on Zoom,  
The meeting where minutes are taken,  
But where hours are wasted!  
Then came that 'phone call,  
I had to take it,  
It was from my best friend.  
So we spoke and put the world to right  
For over an hour, maybe two.  
Once we said our good byes  
I looked at the time,  
And realised that I had missed it,  
Missed the meeting,  
So I just sat there thinking,  
Thinking what a shame,  
With a big smile on my face.

## Another One of Those Times.

It was another one of those times  
Where my loved one was so greatly missed.  
Sitting there eating my dinner  
Her soul all around me,  
The picture of her ever smiling face  
Looking at me with love,  
So much love.  
That love was always there between us,  
It never ever failed during our years together  
And now she has departed this life  
It is still there between us,  
As she is always with me.  
But is always so sad that the love of my life  
Is not sitting across the table,  
As I eat my dinner on my own.

## Sometime Life Happens.

We wend our way in our lives,  
Heading for the future  
Along the route we have planned.  
That journey is filled with joy  
As we travel that path,  
But sometimes there is a glitch  
And the road seems to be blocked.  
We may struggle to get around it  
But eventually we will,  
As in our lives,  
Our beautiful planned lives  
Sometime it happens,  
That life interferes with our life.  
What we need to remember  
In all the times we go forward,  
In our beautiful planned lives,  
Sometimes life just happens.

## Goldie and Orchi at Hastings.

Nine hundred and fifty four 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  
Hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia,  
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.

This poem was on a previous site that Orchi and I used to inhabit before it closed down and we found MPS.

## Death Missed.

I know that Death will find me one day,  
It nearly found me some time ago  
But I escaped its clutches  
And was given a second life.  
That life is so wonderful,  
It has given me freedom,  
Freedom of purpose  
To do the things I want to do  
Without need to worry,  
As I may have done in my first life.  
The positivity in my life is so strong,  
Everything I see and do is so good.  
Sad things do happen  
But deep in my heart I can resolve them  
And keep moving forward.  
They say "Death where is your sting?"  
It tried to sting me once,  
And missed,  
Leaving me with a new freedom in life.  
So I no longer look behind me  
To see if Death is coming,  
I just look forward into my joyous future.

## Very, Very Fast Food.

It was my birthday,  
What should I do in celebration?  
I know  
I'll invite the family to dinner.  
So I sent out the invite  
To my daughter  
And granddaughter,  
And my granddaughter's friend,  
Saying I will be cooking salmon.  
The invite was accepted,  
They were all coming,  
Except.  
Except granddaughter's friend  
Does not eat fish.  
Do not worry she said  
She will bring a steak,  
That was fine,  
Steak, like salmon,  
Was fast food.  
They arrived on the evening  
And I was given the steak,  
Talk about fast food,  
I had seen rashers of bacon  
Thicker than that steak.  
I prepared the meal  
And the last thing I cooked was the steak,  
Ten seconds each side it took,  
Very, very fast food.  
I just could not stop laughing  
At this lack of steak I had cooked.

## Driving Into Daylight.

It was a long drive,  
The road ahead of me  
Stretched for miles,  
The blackness of the sky above  
So very dark,  
Not even stars could be seen  
As the dark clouds covered  
Covered the sky.  
Mile after mile went by,  
When suddenly I saw it,  
A break in the sky ahead,  
The lightness of dawn  
Was there in front of me  
Then it came to me.  
I was driving this long road,  
And was driving into daylight,

## Into Your Future.

In your life you meet people,  
Maybe this is the one,  
But no,  
Something is not right.  
So you must move on,  
Move on into your future.  
That person who is right for you  
Will be waiting,  
Waiting for you  
In your future.

## **caring church minister.**

Well he has done it again,  
Our 'caring' church minister,  
Has done it again!  
The 'phone went,  
I knew it was him.  
So I answered,  
Asked him how he was.  
Being the 'caring' church minister,  
He asked me how I was,  
So I said all was well.  
We chatted about things,  
About what we were doing,  
And then came the crux,  
The reason he 'phoned me,  
He had problems with his printer!

When first he arrived  
I installed his computer,  
And every so often get the call.  
Something had gone wrong,  
I always helped.  
But when my loved one was unwell,  
He still 'phoned  
Asking if she was alright,  
But every time  
He 'phoned because he had a problem!  
He never, ever 'phoned  
Just to see how we were!  
And now in these shutdown times  
He still hasn't changed!  
Our 'caring' church minister!

## Chemistry of Love Acrostic.

Lead our lives full of  
Oxygen polished like  
Vanadium with visions of  
Einsteinium giving us love.

## Lost Pictures.

They were everywhere,  
Pictures that I could see with my eyes.  
The beauty of the sea,  
The wonders of the tide,  
The boats in the harbour.  
So much for me to enthuse about  
It was such a pity though  
I could not capture these images,  
Apart from in my mind,  
I forgot to bring my camera!

## The Man From The Pru.

Mr Leonard would come around on a Friday evening  
With the groceries that Mum had ordered.  
A man of gentle humour and polite manner.  
He sat at the table notebook in hand,  
Where Mum paid what was owed,  
And gave next week's order.  
Then take his leave with a cheery wave,  
And a "See you next week".

Twice a week, or maybe three,  
The baker would knock at the door.  
Stood there with his basket  
Full of fresh bread and rolls,  
And this new-fangled sliced bread already wrapped.  
The quote of "Best thing since sliced bread"  
Is so wrong, sliced bread is not good  
Compared to a fresh baked loaf.  
One day he came and nobody answered,  
So he went around the back.  
I went out to see why the dog was barking;  
And there was the baker  
Pinned in a corner. with Prince, our boxer,  
Licking his face!

The Corona man used to come,  
Where Mum would buy pop  
For my brother and me,  
Enough to last the week,  
Until the man returned with some more.

There on the steps every morning  
Stood the milk in bottles with silver tops;  
There without fail,

It appeared as if by magic.  
But occasionally if I was up early  
I would see him,  
This man in a silent van,  
Creeping towards our door.  
A crate in his hand,  
And a cheery smile on his face.  
Then on a Friday he would come  
To collect his money.  
These men who knew all in the street,  
And knew when something was wrong.  
Many a time it has been known  
That they have saved lives,  
As the milk was not taken in. \*\*  
A breed of man that has now been lost.

The last regular caller of course  
Was the man from the Pru.  
Collecting money in case of death,  
And my brother and I would be cared for,  
If Mum and Dad passed away.

All these regular callers,  
So polite, seemingly so benevolent,  
To us kids.  
They would chat to us,  
Make us laugh and smile,  
Never a word in anger or remorse.  
A time no longer with us,  
A sadness of people no longer  
Communicating with each other.

*\*\*I have experience of this, a friend of my mother-in-law was unwell and her milk was not taken off the step so the milkman raised the alarm ? she was saved because of the milkman. When was the last time you saw a milkman?*



## Awash With Sunlight.

I was walking along the seashore  
In dawn's early light,  
My thoughts at random.  
Just looking at my life,  
My wonderful life,  
The one that was behind me,  
And the one I was heading towards  
When I saw it.  
I looked out to sea  
And this wonderful sight was there,  
As I saw in this early morn  
The sky and the sea are awash,  
Awash with sunlight.

## In The Last Century.

It sounds so long ago,  
But most of my life  
I lived in that time.  
That time when I was young  
I grew from a child,  
Into a man.  
Went from school,  
To work.  
I spent many years  
Happily married  
During that time.  
But it always seems  
To be a very long time,  
A very long time ago  
When I say  
That it was during that time,  
In the last century.

## Darkness to Light.

Going through life can be hard,  
So hard for some.  
It maybe because they do not look,  
Do not look around them  
So all they see is the despair,  
The despair that seems to take them,  
Take them into a place of darkness.  
In our life though it can be different  
But you need to seek out these places,  
These places where beauty is around you,  
So that you can move from the darkness  
Into that wonderful world of light.

## Time Restabled.

The time has come,  
That time I have been waiting for,  
Waiting for six months.  
That time when time changes  
And all is the same once more,  
That very special time in my life,  
That time when it happens,  
When I get into my car,  
And the time in the car,  
Is the same that I see,  
That I see on my watch.

## My Place of Dreams.

I walk along the path towards the lake,  
There it is in front of me,  
The burnished sun reflecting from its stillness.  
I look across it and see the green life around the water,  
That green slowly turning to gold,  
With the occasional orange turning red.  
The mirror images of the trees  
Sweep across the mirror like surface  
Showing me Nature's wonder,  
That wonder lives in my heart,  
As Nature and I become as one.  
Walking around that pool of iridescence  
Reflecting the blue and white of the sky  
I am now in my own world,  
That world where Nature's Glory  
Moves within me,  
And takes me to the place of my dreams.

## Tides of Fortune.

We go through our lives  
Hoping that life will be good,  
And the plans we make  
Come true in our lives.  
Many do,  
And we live life to the full,  
But sometimes the tides,  
The tides of fortune flow  
And take us to another place.  
We then realise that those tides,  
Those tides of fortune take us,  
Take us to where no man may know.

## Language and Music.

We go through our lives  
And hear so many languages,  
Spoken in different ways,  
With different meanings,  
So that understanding them  
Can be so hard.  
But among all those languages  
There is one that all understand,  
And can, and will, bring us together,  
The language of music.

## Summit of Life.

For many, many years I have been climbing,  
Climbing my mountain of life.  
I stop as I near the summit and look back,  
Look back down that rocky path  
That has led me to where I am.

Along that path I have stumbled many times  
But each time I arose into a better person.  
There have been fissures and boulders,  
Some taking time to overcome,  
Bit overcome them I did  
And they helped me to where I am.

Most of that path has been one of joy.  
The places that I have seen  
Bringing so much beauty and wonder to me.  
The glory of Nature always thrilled me  
With its unique wonder that changed every moment  
And brought me to where I am.

The Music I have found along that path  
Has led me to such wonderful times.  
Listening, playing and singing such vastness  
Has always been there from the foot of the mountain  
Bringing such joy to me forever,  
Leading me to where I am.

Then there is the love of my life  
Walking up that path with me.  
Our love for each other never failing,  
With me for most of my life  
Until that time she was taken off the mountain,  
Leaving me to go to where I am.

I look up to the top of my life.  
Many, many more steps to walk  
Into the future above me,  
And I will walk in joy to the top  
Where I will step off into my lovers arms,  
Waiting for me from where I am.

## The Witching Hours.

The day has come at last  
Where I prepare for the dark,  
The black clothes are there,  
The teeth are growing  
And the light in my eyes glows  
As I reach out from my coffin.  
When darkness falls  
Into the streets I walk,  
Keeping in the darkened shadows,  
Seeing you all having a good time  
Smiling laughing and dancing.  
But I am there!  
You are unprepared for me,  
You pass by me and I touch you  
You do not feel it and walk on.  
Then the power comes to me  
I walk amongst you all,  
You think nothing of me,  
Just believe I have dressed up  
To enjoy a good time.  
But I will live on  
As every time I touch you  
You may die.  
That Vampire within me  
Has been renamed,  
I am now called  
Covid Nineteen.

## Autumns Wonder.

The last bloom of summer had left  
As autumns glory came into my sight,  
The beauty of its artwork  
So thrilling in my life.  
A time of change  
As I walk in Nature's Wonder,  
The yellows, gold and reds around me  
Showing me the wonder of life  
In this natural world,  
A world that resonate with me,  
Within my body,  
Within my heart,  
As its wonder surrounds me.

## Survive Limerick.

There once was a time in our lives  
When we had a good chance to survive  
But crowds in the street  
Did not give a 'sheet'  
For those who wanted to thrive.

## She Was Back Once More.

She was back,  
Back with me.  
Lying by my side,  
That smiling face  
Looking at me.  
I looked into her eyes,  
Deep into her eyes,  
And saw the love,  
The love she had,  
She had for me.  
Knowing she would see  
The love in my eyes,  
The love I had,  
I had for her.  
We brought our lips  
Together once more,  
And that kiss took us  
Took us to a world  
A world remembered  
For many years.  
But then it happened,  
I awoke from my dream  
And she was gone once more,  
But I knew she would be there  
Waiting for me to join her,  
On that day My Spirit rose,  
Rose from my body.

## Violence Solved?

It happens so often in this life  
That so many problems seem to be solved,  
Solved by using violence.  
But maybe one day the reality may come to men  
As if you see a mosquito  
And it lands on your balls,  
You have to realise  
There must be a way to solve problems  
Without using violence.

## Smiles Are Always There.

Life can be so strange,  
We lead it hoping all will be well,  
But sometimes we fall down,  
Fall down into those dark crevasses  
That seem to always be there.  
But in my life there is always a way out,  
As in all my life  
In all those darkest of moments  
I can always find something,  
Find something that makes me smile.

## Lockdown Once More.

Here we are,  
In lockdown once more,  
But I do have places to go.  
Where shall I go today?  
I went to the lounge yesterday,  
I know I will go to the kitchen today  
To see what treasures I can cook,  
Maybe a steak and kidney pud,  
That would be nice.  
I would need to plan for tomorrow,  
Maybe into the conservatory  
And count the leaves on the plants,  
Or even the prickles on the cacti.  
Such a full life awaits me,  
As I sit in lockdown once more.

## Total Confusion.

All my life I have heard the piece,  
That piece of jazz called Take Five.  
Heard played by Dave Clark,  
Seen him play it,  
Seen Nigel Kennedy play it,  
I know it almost note for note.  
One of my friends plays it  
But in all that long time  
Throughout my long life  
I had never heard it played like this,  
Where the five notes in a bar  
Was played as four notes in a bar,  
My foot kept on trying to tap five  
But it got confused,  
Totally confused.  
I managed it eventually  
And once more came to realise,  
That there is so much music out there,  
But such little time to listen to it all.

## Happy Anniversary Joyce.

Our anniversary had arrived  
And there I was on my own.  
I needed somewhere to go,  
So down to My River I went.  
Walking along in harmony  
Thinking of our wonderful life  
That we had had for so many years,  
Until that day when she passed on.  
But as I was walking she arrived,  
Arrived by my side.  
And together we walked along Our River  
Walked in harmony,  
Walked in joy,  
Walked in unfounded love,  
That love was with us for so many years..  
And as I walked with Her Spirit  
That love was still growing stronger  
I looked back at Our River  
Saw her there as I said  
Happy Anniversary Joyce.

## The Unknown Is Out There.

I stand on a field  
Deep in the countryside  
And there around me  
On this chilled autumn morn  
The beauty of the sun filled sky  
Fills me with wonder  
As the bright blue is bubbled with white  
Where the clouds drift slowly by  
Filling my body, heart and mind  
With the glory of nature  
As I wonder what is beyond that sky  
The unknown is out there  
Just waiting for me to arrive

## Cinema Paridiso.

The music started and my heart wept.  
I had heard it so many times  
But the notes just took me to another place,  
A place where sadness and happiness combined  
Bringing such emotions within me.  
Bringing back memories of that film  
Which brought me to tears so many times,  
But also brought happiness.  
Whenever I hear that music my heart weeps,  
Showing that music can bring so many emotions,  
Where no words are necessary.

## Winning.

In life people can be very competitive  
Be it in sport,  
In your work,  
Or even just in life.  
But sometimes you lose,  
Be prepared for that.  
So you always hope to win,  
You must aim to win.  
But be ready,  
Be ready  
To congratulate the winner,  
If it is someone else.

## Sugar Coated.

I walked across the meadow,  
The white covered the green  
As the grass crunched underfoot,  
Each blade sugar-coated with frost.  
The wonder of Nature  
Filling my eyes and heart.

## Where Did This Come From?

Where did this come from?  
I thought I knew Liszt,  
Knew his music,  
But then this came on the radio,  
Never heard it before.  
My life stopped as I listened  
To this so wonderful sound,  
I was taken to a place of dreams  
Where life was so wonderful,  
Where all helped each other  
And acrimony did not exist,  
To that place we all hope for  
And love for all filled the world.  
Music can do this for me,  
And this piece of music took me there,  
To that place where I want to be forever.

## Such a Good Start.

I wake up,  
Downstairs I go,  
Put on the radio  
Expecting my usual classical music.  
But no today was different,  
The announcer said  
Now for an hour of jazz  
From his collection.  
And then it started,  
Started with one of my favourite groups,  
Weather Report started playing.  
They enthralled me as ever  
And left me knowing  
That today would be a great day,  
As it had started out so well.

## Here We Go!!

Here we go!!  
The christian churches say it is illegal!  
It stops peoples lawful rights  
In stopping people meeting in church!  
They are taking it to the courts in the land,  
But if their god and their beliefs are true,  
And their beliefs are real,  
Their christian god would not have allowed,  
Not allowed this to happen.  
Despite all their prayers  
Covid has spread,  
No amount of praying has stopped it.  
So are their beliefs wrong?  
Or do they believe that their god  
Wants to spread this disease,  
And kill all the people who go to church!

## Keys Lost.

The paper  
I needed  
To get,  
Keys in pocket,  
Door closed.  
Walked down  
Into shop,  
Mask on,  
Got paper,  
Paid assistant.  
Out door,  
Mask off,  
Walked home.  
Open pocket,  
No keys!  
Keys lost!  
What's happened?  
Search pockets,  
Keys found,  
Not lost,  
Wrong pocket,  
Tragedy averted.

## Hippies.

Did the Hippies have it right?  
Was the world they had  
The way it should be?  
Free love was the way to go,  
Love for all.  
Is the normality  
Of marriage and sex obsolete,  
It was no longer limited  
To just one person,  
That love was extended to all,  
And was shared with everyone.  
As they shared their life and love  
They found that the more you shared,  
The more you received.  
So why should we select love  
For just a few,  
Love everyone in our world  
So that we can then always  
Make love,  
Not war.

## **Beginner to Winner.**

In our lives we look ahead,  
Look ahead to see what we can achieve.  
We compete to try and win,  
But we often fail.  
But those who keep trying  
And never give up and get better.  
The more we try the better we get.  
As we climb nearer and nearer to the top  
We admire those ahead of us,  
Those winners in the competition,  
Wondering if we will beat them.  
What we need to realise though  
Is that winner ahead of us  
Was once a beginner,  
As we are.

## Into Another Place.

I sit there reading my book  
And suddenly I am no longer there.  
I have slipped helplessly,  
Slipped involuntarily  
Into the words on the page  
Taking me to the life  
That the author has created.  
It could be a world of mystery,  
Of love or hate,  
Of humour or sadness,  
But I am out of my body  
Enjoying that life,  
Created for me to read.

## How Far.

Our lives move forward all the time,  
We travel those paths ahead of us.  
Some may be dark with problems,  
Some may be light with answers,  
But they are there for us to travel  
Into the future laid before us.  
Sometimes we are tempted to look back,  
Look back at the paths we have travelled,  
To see if anything should have been changed.  
But the only reason we should look back  
Is to see how far we have come  
On our journey of life.

## **This Moment.**

We sit and wait for many things,  
For that special day,  
That time when the sun shines on us  
Or that time looking for love.  
Sitting and waiting can be endless  
And brings such sadness to our lives.  
So stop waiting and look around you,  
Glory and wonder can be found in this moment,  
As happiness is achieved when you stop waiting,  
Stop waiting for it and make the most,  
Make the most of the moment that you are in,  
That you are in right now.

## With Every Step.

Each day I walk by My River,  
Each day I try to walk faster,  
Doing my exercising  
In this locked down world.  
But this day I slowed  
As thoughts came to my mind.  
My River had reached out to me  
And said "Why are you ignoring me?"  
So My River and I became one again.  
Its beauty shone for me.  
The smooth, clear green water  
Giving me the clarity of thought.  
Each breath I took cleansed my heart,  
Cleansed my heart and mind.  
In came the good thoughts,  
Out went the bad.  
The freedom from sorrow was with me  
As my lover joined me  
And we walked together in love,  
As we had for so many years,  
For so many years during her lifetime,  
But she was always with me,  
And in walking slowly by My River  
She was with me once more.  
We came to My Rivers end  
And she walked on into her Spiritual World,  
I walked back but I knew,  
I knew that one day as we both came  
To My Rivers end we would walk on together,  
Walk in Our Spirits in eternal life forever  
With our so strong love  
Increasing with every step.

## It Is So Easy.

It is so easy to make.  
Just one egg,  
One hundred grams of flour,  
Mix them together into a dough.  
Flatten the dough,  
Again and again,  
Again and again.  
Run it through a press,  
Again and again,  
Again and again,  
Thinner and thinner each time,  
It is so easy.  
Then cut the dough  
Into a quarter inch strips,  
And there you have it  
The tagliatelle is prepared.  
It is so easy,  
But then you have the problem.  
There is flour everywhere,  
Small lumps of the pasta hide away  
All round the kitchen,  
All through the house,  
And you spend the next few days  
Finding it in strange places,  
At least I do!

## Nature's Comfort.

I walk alongside My River  
In dawn's early light,  
The clear water shrouded in mist.  
The green grass at her side  
Whitened with frost.  
Nature's beauty and wonder  
Showing me how wonderful it is.

The sun shines through the mist  
Bringing Nature's art into my eyes,  
The trees and landscape unfocussed  
As the light comes through to me,  
Through the mist highlighting this wondrous time,  
A time unique in life but caught in my mind.

As I walk on the mist clears.  
My River now in focus,  
It's clear green waters are back with me,  
Enjoying Nature's comfort,  
As I walk along my path of life.

## In My Mind.

All day she was in my mind.  
Everything I touched  
Reminded me of her,  
Such simple things  
All around our house  
Were ours,  
But are now mine.  
But she is still there,  
Still there within me.  
Why was she taken?  
The love of my life  
Only there in spirit,  
Not there to hug,  
Not there to cuddle.  
Such a sad day in my life  
As she was in my mind,  
In my mind all day,  
And on this day especially  
I missed her so much.

## Always There For Me.

Yet again I stop.  
The power that music has over me  
Makes me stop and listen.  
I have to listen,  
I become the music  
As it goes through my body  
To my heart and mind.  
I seem to leave my body  
And follow the notes into the ether  
As they sail away to infinity,  
Always there for me to hear.

## Where Nobody Has Gone Before.

She was going to do what!  
Our daughter had picked up some furniture  
She was going to 'up-cycle' it!  
I thought this is different,  
She had not done that before,  
She was an artist though  
And that was her strength,  
That was her life,  
So maybe art was being used  
To reform the furniture.

I did reply though  
With my thoughtful words,  
Saying that when she had finished  
And created her spaceship  
I would join her, to explore.  
To explore strange new worlds,  
To seek out new life  
And new civilisations,  
To boldly go  
Where nobody has gone before.

## Choice.

In our lives we have many choices,  
These are so important for us,  
As we have found that  
Without freedom of choice  
There is no creativity,  
And these words  
Would not be on this page.

## Emotive Tears.

There I was driving along,  
Quite happily going to a shop.  
Music playing in the car  
As always,  
When this piece started,  
Started playing.  
I have heard it so many times,  
I have played it,  
I have sung it.  
So what was different this time?  
Because as I listened  
Tears came to my eyes.  
Why did it happen this time?  
I was in a good place in my life,  
All was going well.  
I may have changed  
And my loving emotions  
Are more prevalent,  
Music always affects me,  
Sometimes with tears  
But this piece I know so well.  
So why did the tears come,  
These tears of emotion,  
Come this time.

## Life Changer.

As we go through our lives  
Sometimes we want it to change.  
Things may be going wrong,  
Life may be a struggle.  
So we go looking,  
Looking for someone to change our life.  
It can be a long hard struggle  
But with experience of life  
We eventually come to realise  
That in looking for that person,  
That person who will change our life  
All we have to do is look,  
Look in the mirror.

## CAD.

Down the road I drive,  
Down the main road  
When it pulls out,  
Pulls out in front,  
In front of me.  
I had to brake,  
Beep my hooter,  
But it took no notice  
Well it wouldn't  
It was a BMW,  
They own the roads.  
But then I laughed  
As the number plate  
Said it all,  
GM11 CAD.  
Yes it was a cad.

## With Nature Once More

My River and I were walking in harmony  
On this wonderful chill frosty morning,  
The Full Moon guiding me along My Path,  
The Glory of Nature surrounding me.  
My River so calm and beautiful  
In Dawns early light.  
I turned found and there it was,  
The Sun was lighting the horizon  
In bright oranges and yellows.  
I was there,  
I was there in Natures full glory,  
The Moon guiding me,  
And the Sun pushing me,  
Pushing me into my glorious life.  
At peace within myself,  
And at one with the Glory of Nature.

## Strictly, Here I Come!

I just do not know what happened,  
There I was preparing my dinner,  
A glass of Rioja to help me,  
Music playing as normal,  
Listening to a favourite rock band.  
When this tune started playing  
The foot started tapping,  
The legs went from side to side.  
And there I was dancing,  
Dancing around the kitchen.  
This was just not me,  
I had not danced for years,  
But here I was moving to the tune.  
Strictly, here I come!

## Morecombe 2

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?"

## She Was Standing There.

I looked up from my computer,  
She was standing there  
Her silver curls surrounding,  
Surrounding the smile,  
The smile on her face  
That was always there,  
Was there for all to see,  
But at this moment it was for me.  
Her eyes full of love  
Looking at me  
Showing me that love in her  
That was for me,  
For me alone .  
She came towards me  
And came into my arms  
Where we kissed.  
That kiss so full of love  
Love we had for each other,  
That love had been there for so long  
And had never failed,  
And never would fail.  
We looked deeply into each other's eyes  
And saw the love that was within us,  
Within us for each other.  
She took me by the hand,  
We walked together away,  
Away from this world  
Into that place of peace and love  
That is there for us,  
Where we will be together for eternity.  
Then I awoke,  
With tears of love streaming down my face.

## To School.

Into town I went,  
Slightly earlier than normal  
And they were there,  
Hundreds of them  
Chatting, laughing, playing,  
All going the same way.  
There was a queue of them  
Outside Greggs waiting,  
Waiting to buy their breakfast?  
They were all going my way  
But where I turned left  
They went straight on.  
As an old codger  
I was totally ignored,  
As these kids  
Wended their way,  
Their way to school,  
As I did so many years ago

## Brubeck Lives On.

One hundred years ago he was born  
And for over sixty years I have known him,  
Known him through his music.  
A man who brought jazz into my life,  
Opened my life into a world.  
A world of cool and bebop,  
Of trad and modern.  
So many styles  
That started with that one tune,  
Take Five played on the gramophone.  
One of the many records  
Played by my father.  
Then came the day I saw him,  
Saw him play.  
This little wizened old man  
Creeping slowly to his piano,  
And the first notes were played  
A web came out from those notes  
That surrounded the audience  
And pulled us into his music,  
An evening I will never forget,  
As the man that brought me into jazz  
Played to me,  
Taking me into his life.  
A man I will never forget  
And will forever play.  
Brubeck lives on,  
Lives on in my life.

**Dave Brubeck:** Born December 6, 1920 ? Died December 5, 2012

## Happy Birthday Joyce.

She was born on this day,  
That wonderful woman  
Who became my wife.  
So many wonderful times together,  
Our love for each other always shining  
As we went through our lives in happiness,  
Total happiness.  
Those times came to a close  
When she passed on that sad day,  
But she will always be there in my heart  
And will be waiting for me.  
So until that day arrives  
With this rose for you and your love,  
Your love for me,  
And my love for you  
I say Happy Birthday Joyce,  
I will be with you when time flows  
And we go together into eternity.

## Tapestry of Words.

The words go onto the page,  
Gliding in the ink  
As they form on the vellum  
Like diamonds from the sky  
Bringing beauty into life  
For people to read  
As they see  
The gold in your words  
Flowing like a tapestry clinging to the world.

## More back In Return.

In life you see people,  
People with their own ideas.  
They want to go their way  
No matter how it affects others,  
They do not give to anyone,  
They just take.

You then see people,  
Who need to help others.  
Not thinking of themselves,  
Not expecting any rewards,  
No matter how much it costs them,  
They just give.

In life you come to realise  
That when you give,  
When you help people,  
You always get more back,  
More back in return.

## The Village Ghost.

As we sat around the village inn  
Supping good dark ales,  
We regaled ourselves with stories,  
And ever taller tales.

The one about the village ghost  
Intrigued us most of all,  
About the way he used to sit,  
Upon the village wall.

The wall was at the village end  
Where the road went out of town,  
And there the ghostly figure sat,  
And looked out with a frown.

I left the pub one evening  
And went down to the wall,  
And down I sat upon the bricks,  
To fool them one and all.

I saw them all on the next day  
Gathered around the bar,  
And told them what I did last night,  
To show what fools they are.

Yes we saw you on the wall they said  
Right there at the end,  
But who was that sat next to you,  
Was he just a friend?

## The Moon's Call.

Oh what a beautiful Morning,  
I was there walking with My River  
And there before me in this dawn light  
Shone the full moon.  
I walked towards it  
Glorying in its beauty and wonder.  
It shined on me leading me into my future  
And I rose towards it,  
Being pulled by this glorious sight.  
One day I will reach it  
And from there take off,  
Take off into eternity with my lover.  
We will tour the infinite Universe  
With our love propelling us once more,  
Into the glory of our life together.

## **Dream a Little Dream.**

Once more I was sitting eating my dinner,  
Looking across the table at the empty chair  
Where my lover used to sit and look at me,  
Where we looked at each other.  
The profound love we had for each other  
That was seen through each other's eyes,  
So strong and never ever leaving us.  
Never leaving me now she has parted this life,  
Leaving me sitting at the table alone,  
Thinking of her and that so deep love we had.  
Then that song came on and took me to her,  
As we dreamed a little dream together.

## Two Muses.

I look up and see them,  
See the pictures of them,  
The two muses in my life  
Giving me the gift,  
The gift to write words.  
Each day they are there,  
There for me as I write.  
Their thoughts coming  
Coming into my mind  
As I sit at the table,  
Writing each day.  
Calliope watches over me  
To show the words,  
The words that mean,  
Mean so much to life.  
Joyce, my lover, looks at me,  
Her love giving passion,  
Passion to my words.  
So this day I can write,  
As I can every day.  
My muses are there  
And care for me  
Each and every day.

## What Was Wrong!

What was wrong!  
There was definitely something wrong!  
There I was reading poems  
Written on the website,  
But something was wrong,  
Something was seriously wrong!  
Then I realised what it was,  
There was no music,  
No music in my life!  
I had forgotten,  
Forgotten to turn on the radio!!

## Changing the Ending.

In life we often look back  
And see our faults where we started,  
Started our lives.  
Sometimes we wish we could change,  
Change the beginning  
So that we could be in another place,  
But we realise that we cannot go back.  
We can do something though,  
By starting anew from where we are  
We can change the ending.

## **Farewell to Stromness.**

There was that sound,  
Like a silken web it surrounded me  
In such golden beauty,  
Pulling me deeper and deeper  
Down into its glory and wonder.  
I was lost in that sound's world,  
Into a place where satisfaction reigned,  
Showing me that all was well  
And my life was beautiful.  
I would go on in peace and love  
Even when that time came,  
When I said farewell,  
Farewell to Stromness.

## Kept Away?

The warning goes out,  
Although lockdown has passed  
And all are in tiers,  
The message went out.  
Be careful,  
Be careful of you behaviour  
Especially when you going out,  
Going out to visit,  
To visit elderly relatives.  
Then it came to me,  
I am elderly,  
Although in good health.  
Does it mean I will not have visitors?  
Is it a warning to others  
To keep away,  
To keep away from me  
Because of my age.

## Death Is A Moment. Senryu

Death is a moment  
Between our here, and our life,  
In eternity.

## Strange Lady.

Into the chemist I went  
Just to collect some medicine,  
Mask on face  
So I wouldn't be recognised.  
There was a lady at the counter,  
Fully masked of course.  
She turned and looked at me  
"It's Andy isn't it?" She said,  
I said "Yes I am."  
She looked at me and then said  
"You've lost some weight, haven't you?"  
"Yes" I replied, "Just a bit".  
She looked back to the counter,  
Collected her medicine and left.  
I was left there bemused,  
Who the hell was that lady?  
Or am I just notorious!

## Killing People!

Why are people so stupid?  
They are told the virus has changed,  
This new variant spreads faster.  
So by midnight, travel from the area  
Will not be allowed!  
So what do many do,  
They flee!  
Flee the areas where the virus is  
Get onto trains and go to other parts,  
Other parts of the country.  
So many on the trains  
Spreading the virus among themselves,  
When they leave the trains  
They spread the virus further,  
Further into to country.  
So many more will get the virus  
All because of the stupidity,  
Stupidity of those who do not care,  
Do not care that they are spreading,  
Spreading this disease  
That is killing so many people!  
Why are people so stupid?  
Or do they just not care,  
And need to kill people!

## **My River To Eternity.**

I walk by My River  
Its clear green mirror  
Hidden as the brown water  
Rained from the hills  
Causes it to rush past Me  
In a torrent of sorrow.  
I look up and the grey clouds  
Cover the bright blue above.  
I am surrounded by bare trees  
Their brown and black leaves  
Covering the green swards  
Of the beautiful meadows  
That were once there.  
I walk on in sadness  
But then it happens  
A hole appears in the clouds  
And the bright blue is there,  
It expands and the Bright Sun  
Shines down upon Me  
As I walk the path of wonder  
Realising that She is now with Me  
As I walk this glorious path  
With the Love of my Life  
Who I will be with one day  
And Our Spirits will join as one  
Walking Our River for Eternity.

## Happy Birthday Chet.

That day has come once more,  
That day he was born  
And brought so much joy,  
So much joy into my life.  
He blows his horn  
And the melodious sound  
Reaches me in mind and heart.  
So many problems in his life,  
So full of drugs,  
Yet his music never suffered.  
His music so important,  
So important to me.  
So once more as I listen,  
Listen to his music,  
I wish him Happy Birthday,  
Happy Birthday Chet.

## Wet Stupidity.

"They must be mad!" I heard him say,  
As two cyclists in their cycling attire  
Passed us.  
At least we were dry(ish)  
Standing on the lawn playing croquet  
Covered in our waterproofs,  
The cyclists were not!  
Yes we may well have been mad,  
Enjoying our game in the rain.  
We may well have been mad  
But not as stupid  
As the soaked cyclists!

## Christmas Day's Upon Us.

Christmas Day's upon us,  
That magic time of year,  
When all get together,  
For times of love and cheer.

Joy's there for all of you,  
My friends on MPS,  
Next year will be better,  
Sadness will be much less.

So good health to you all,  
And may your days be long,  
And each and every day,  
I'll bring you a new song.

## Some Things In Life.

In our lives we find ourselves challenged,  
Each turn in the path,  
Each door we need to open  
Give us a different way to the norm,  
The norm we have been travelling.  
Some are so wonderful  
They take us into a brighter time,  
A brighter and better time.  
Some just lead us to a path  
We already know,  
And make our resolution stronger.  
We often come across obstacles  
And we learn to overcome those  
Thus increasing our experience,  
So our coping with life eases for the future.  
But some we cannot fix  
No matter how we try.  
Those we carry with us  
With the hope that one day  
Our increasing experience will help,  
Help to overcome these problems.  
Then there are those that cannot be fixed,  
Cannot be fixed at all  
And they remain a burden,  
A burden we carry for life.  
But as each day passes we get stronger  
And that burden becomes easier,  
Easier to carry with us.

## As I Sit Here Thinking.

As I sit here thinking,  
Thinking back  
Of those times now past  
I wonder,  
Why they didn't last.

The thoughts that come to me  
From those times,  
Bring her to my mind,  
My lover,  
Now left me behind.

Days in each other's arms,  
Love so strong,  
Only now apart,  
My loved one  
So deep in my heart.

One day I'll be with her  
For ever,  
For eternity,  
Shining love  
To infinity.

## Treasured Moments.

The year's end is near  
Another one gone by  
And I am still here  
Having seen so many  
So many years end  
And with the changes  
The changes in my life  
I am still here  
And intend to be so  
For a very long time  
So there will be no goodbyes  
No goodbyes from me  
As there is so much to do  
So many words to write  
So much music to listen to  
This passing year is just a moment  
A moment in time  
And there will be so many more  
So many more moments in my life  
Which I still wish to treasure.

## Snow Happy Family.

I looked out the window,  
The snow was dropping  
In large white flakes,  
But then I started smiling.  
As there walking down the road  
Was dad and daughter,  
Not really dressed for the occasion,  
But there was the girl  
Snowman's ears on her head,  
With a big smile over her face  
Enjoying the moment in the snow.  
The dad was smiling too,  
Obviously a very happy family.

## Infinite Travel.

Well the day has come,  
As I knew it would,  
That day to remember,  
One year ago today  
When I sat by her side  
As her last breath flowed  
And the Light of her world  
Left her body,  
Left my body.  
I sat beside her in tears,  
The Love of my life had passed,  
Passed from this earth.  
Our Love had never faltered  
From that day we met  
Until this moment.

But my Love for her  
Will never fail  
As she is still with me,  
With me every moment.  
I know that we will be together,  
Be together when my Light goes out,  
Goes out in this world,  
Only to combine with,  
With her Bright Light  
That is above me.  
That Light of both of us  
Will be carried in such brightness,  
In such brightness and love  
By Our Spirit for Eternity,  
And it will never fade,  
Only get brighter,  
As each glorious moment

Of our lives back together  
Travel in Infinity.

## Tomorrow's New Day.

Well it's the last day,  
The last day of the year,  
A year that many of us  
Want to forget.  
So much illness,  
So much misery.  
Not going out,  
Not meeting family,  
Or friends.  
And many died.

Was everything bad?  
Not everything,  
As neighbours came closer,  
Closer together.  
Helping each other  
In these times of trial.

As I walked by My River  
People smiled,  
We would say hello  
Then utter more words  
As each day happened,  
Forgetting our sorrows,  
Laughing with each other,  
Enjoying Natures Realm.

Yes it has been a bad year  
But we are still here,  
And the New Year starts tomorrow  
So go forward into it,  
Knowing that it is the start,  
The new start to our lives.

## New Year Limerick.

There once was a year twenty twenty  
Which gave us such sorrow in plenty  
It is now finished and gone  
Now let us get on  
Without covid's divertimente

## Symphony of Harmony.

Once more my ticket had not arrived,  
And as I looked at the concert  
Nobodies ticket had reached them.  
The orchestra were playing their hearts out  
Into the empty auditorium.  
Such a sad sight,  
Such wonderful music,  
But nobody listening,  
Except perhaps people like me,  
One of the millions around the world  
That always listen to the concert,  
The New Year's Concert from Vienna.  
The music so beautiful  
Played with such love,  
But nobody there to listen.  
I was totally entranced,  
I was there in Spirit  
But then the tears began.  
Not through music  
This time,  
But through the words,  
The words of the conductor  
Addressing the watching world,  
And those words meant so much,  
So much to me when he said  
"Musicians bring Joy,  
Hope,  
Peace,  
Brotherhood,  
And Love with a capital L".  
The speech ended,  
That speech meant so much to me.

Music is so important,  
So important in my life  
As it can be in all our lives,  
It can bring us together,  
And if the world can listen,  
Listen to that symphony,  
That symphony of harmony,  
Then the world will be  
Such a better place.

## Seeing People.

We see so many people in our lives  
But how do we judge them?  
Is it by their looks?  
If they are beautiful or handsome  
Do we think more of them?  
Or if they are plain or ugly  
Do we think less of them?  
We go through our lives  
Making judgements on what we see,  
What we see on the outside of people.  
But to see people properly  
We need to look into their eyes,  
As in their eyes you see them,  
See them for what they are,  
What they really are.  
As on the outside they are so different,  
So different to the real person they are.

## She Is Always There - Tanka.

She is always there  
Shining down with Her Spirit,  
The love of my life.  
That love that has never stopped,  
Which now shines down from Her Star.

## Croquet in the Snow.

Another day on the lawn,  
A strange day  
With inclement weather.  
I have played in all seasons,  
The wonder of spring  
With the temperature rising,  
The heat of summer  
Where the heat draws the strength  
From my body,  
The wonder of autumn  
Who shows Natures Palette  
At its absolute best.  
Then I have played in winter  
Where the cold rain drops,  
But I am dry in my clothes  
And all is well.  
But then this day was different,  
It was snowing!  
I had never played in snow.  
I saw the people in their cars  
Looking at us with humour  
As they passed by,  
Thinking "Look at those idiots,  
Playing croquet in the snow".  
I did not care,  
I was having a great time  
As each ball ploughed the snow  
On its way to the hoop.  
Yes It was a great time  
And I give it my highest honour,  
I would do it again,  
And play croquet in the snow.

## That Place of Peace.

Sitting quietly in a trance  
Listening to Dvorak  
The slow glorious sound started  
I was in euphoria  
Taken to another place  
Where peace reigned  
And all was well  
The slowness of life was with me  
No rush, no hurry  
Just me and the music  
That took me there  
Took me to that place of peace.

## Gerry Marsden RIP.

Back in the days of my youth  
I took that 'Ferry Across The Mersey'  
And found that 'I Liked It',  
And listened to it in joy.  
I thought about those songs  
And wondered 'How Do You Do It?'  
Then it came to me  
That with so much music around me,  
And whenever Gerry sang  
'You'll Never Walk Alone'  
I would never be alone.

## Passed Into Our Future.

It is just one year since she passed,  
Passed from my life into our future.  
She will be there waiting for me,  
Waiting for when my time comes.  
My life has changed,  
She is missing from it  
Except in My Spirit.  
But now I have moved on,  
Although sad at her passing  
I have now become happier  
As I remember the oh so happy times,  
Those many happy times we had together.  
And that is what is in my life now,  
The happiness we had,  
That will not change,  
And I know that she is waiting,  
Waiting for me,  
Since she has passed into our future.

## Maybe I Am Old.

I have never seen myself as old,  
But then it came to me,  
Maybe I was old.  
As I talked to my grandson  
I mentioned my father,  
His great grandfather.  
That really shook me up,  
As a such important person in my life  
Was never known by my grandson.  
That's when I realised,  
Maybe I am old.

## Memories of Poetry.

I was back with My River,  
Walking beside it on this cold drab day,  
But it was with me,  
Its cloudy green surface looking at me,  
Old friends travelling together.  
I then saw him sitting on a bench,  
A friend from the past  
Who I shared memories with,  
Memories of poetry.  
I sat with him and we talked  
Talked of many poets  
And the joy they brought us.  
I looked across My River  
And saw the cemetery,  
Saw where he lived  
As I remembered the day  
When I read for him that time,  
That one final time as he was laid to rest  
And am so sure that he remembers,  
Remembers Adlesdrop.  
I still see him  
As I walk with My River,  
When he joins me in my thoughts.

## Where Would I Be Without It?

Where would I be without it?  
It has always been in my life,  
From the moment of my birth  
All through my childhood  
Thanks to my father.  
I caught the bug from him  
And for that I am forever grateful.  
So it is always in my life,  
There is so much out there  
I am overwhelmed by it,  
But the enjoyment I get from it  
Brings me all emotions.  
Its power can bring such joy  
And such sadness,  
But I am never without it.  
I have played it.  
I have sung it.  
But mostly I listen,  
Listen to that glory,  
That glory that is music,  
Music in my life.

## Old Laughter.

That laughter comes from us at birth,  
The smile erupts into that wonderful sound.  
The joy of children laughing is wondrous  
As they have no limitations to their innocence.  
We get older and it is still with us  
Through schooldays and teenage years.  
We may not laugh as much through middle age  
But it is still with us.  
Then we grow old and maybe stop laughing,  
Thinking it is not right at our time of life.  
But you don't stop laughing  
Because you grow old,  
You grow old  
Because you stop laughing.

*You don't stop laughing because you grow old,  
You grow old because you stop laughing.  
Michael Pritchard.*

## Lockdown Life.

Well here we are,  
In lockdown once more!  
As I arise each day  
I am grateful for that,  
As I realise I am still here.  
Downstairs I go  
And switch things on.  
The music always comes first,  
Then the computer,  
Reading poems from my friends.  
I then write something.  
By this time it is nearly seven,  
So breakfast is eaten,  
Tea is made,  
Drink some tea.  
Change into outdoor clothes  
Down to My River I go,  
Walk beside it in glory  
And wonder.  
Pick up Newspaper on the way home.  
Indoors.  
Finish cup of tea,  
Upstairs to do ablutions.  
Clean and dressed  
Ready for the adventures of the day.  
The plan has been made.  
Make some coffee,  
Sit down and listen to music  
In my ever busy day.  
Stop for lunch.  
Sit down once more with a cup of tea  
And music playing as ever.  
And then it is near dinner time,

So dinner is prepared  
And eaten with a glass of wine.  
Put crockery in the dishwasher  
Pour out another cup of tea,  
Sit down, exhausted.  
The music plays,  
Then the end comes to my day,  
My oh so busy day,  
So off to bed I go  
Ready to enjoy the next day,  
The next day tomorrow.  
Such an exciting life,  
In this lockdown.

## Better Ones To Come.

We go through our lives  
Doing the best we can.  
Our lives can be so happy  
But sometimes we have bad days  
And that happiness becomes lost.  
In our lives we must learn  
That staying positive is the way to be.  
We must also realise  
That staying positive  
Does not bring happiness all the time,  
But what it does mean  
That even on hard days  
We know that  
There are always better ones,  
Better ones to come.

## Emotional Art.

I listen to music,  
I look at paintings,  
And so many times I am drawn ,  
Drawn into them,  
Wondering why it was written,  
Or why it was painted.  
But then I realise  
That any art  
Is not there for understanding,  
It is there to create emotion,  
Create emotion within me,  
And those emotions  
Become part of my life.

## Laughter Acrostic,

**L**eaving our lips  
**A**s amusement bursts into sound  
**U**ntil we lose control  
**G**asping for air as our laughter  
**H**astens from us  
**T**aking any misery we may have  
**E**ntering that joyfulness  
**R**eacting to the funny side of life

## Snooker Limerick.

There was a young player called Yan,  
Who struck every ball like a man,  
He played with such cool,  
As he hit every ball,  
To win the Masters his plan.

## In Reality.

She was back,  
There we were walking,  
Walking up the hills  
Towards the top of the Dales.  
Our steps in harmony  
Looking around at Nature's beauty,  
It's beauty and wonder.  
The green multicoloured swards  
All around us  
Dotted with the white dots  
Of the sheep.  
The plaintiff call of the curlew  
Sounding so sad  
But we were so happy,  
Our love was so strong  
And increased with each step,  
Each step we walked in our life.  
We reached the top of the hill,  
Stopped and looked all around  
At our world.  
She walked up onto another hill  
And I watched as she turned  
Waved, smiled and said,  
"See you soon",  
Leaving this world,  
Leaving my world.  
I walked back down  
Knowing that we would meet again,  
But she was still with me  
As she was in this dream,  
This dream that one day  
Will take me back to her,  
In Reality.

## Mirror Image Goldiku

Your mirror image  
Reverses the view of you  
That all others see.

## Oh Look!

Oh look!  
Another Christmas present.  
It's a little late  
But still much appreciated,  
It's from my granddaughter.  
It is a picture,  
A picture that shows  
She knows me so very well.  
It shows my daily schedule  
The one that is now my life,  
My life that has changed  
Now my lover has passed on.  
But this new chapter is getting better  
As my day can be filled  
With the life  
My granddaughter sees,  
Sees for me.  
Eight in the morning ? coffee.  
Nine in the morning,  
'til five in the afternoon ? croquet.  
Six in the evening ? Happy hour.  
What better way could I have  
In spending my day.

## **We Are Still Here.**

In our lives we have so many days,  
Each one is different.  
Some are good days,  
Some are bad days,  
And some are indifferent.  
But each new day is an adventure,  
An adventure into the unknown.  
Things may happen  
That we never expect,  
So the routine of our lives  
Goes along another path,  
Maybe good,  
Maybe bad.  
But what we must always realise  
Is that each tomorrow is a new day,  
And that by reaching each tomorrow,  
We are shown  
That all is right in our world,  
As we are still here.

## I Await Expectantly.

There was that light,  
It was flashing on Alexa,  
Something was due to arrive.  
So I asked Alexa,  
"What are my notifications?"  
The reply totally surprised me,  
It said:  
"A shipment including Beethoven  
Is due to arrive today."  
I must admit I was expecting some CDs,  
CDs by Beethoven,  
But I was not expecting Ludwig himself.  
I await expectantly.

## For Eternity.

One year ago today  
I said my final goodbye,  
My final goodbye to her,  
My love of so many years.  
But it was only her body,  
Her body that disappeared  
As she was with me  
As we watched the curtain close,  
Close around her body.  
Her Spirit was within me  
And together we walked out,  
Walked out into our future,  
Our new future together,  
Knowing that one day  
It will be only Our Spirits,  
Our Spirits joined as one  
Sailing into our future,  
Just Our Spirits travelling,  
Travelling together  
For eternity.

## **Magic Moments.**

In these dull times  
Perhaps it is a time for a change,  
A change in our minds  
And we all recapture those times,  
Those times of our childhood  
When everything was amazing,  
Amazing and thrilling.  
Each moment really mattered,  
And the one that mattered most  
Was the moment that was happening now.  
Relive those magic moments,  
And bring wonder to our minds.

## Wordiku Seven.

Unbelievable!

Megalomaniacal

Communication!

## That Clock.

Time,  
That constancy in our lives,  
It never changes,  
Each second, minute and hour  
Are exactly the same.  
But why is it in our lives  
Time seems to vary,  
Vary from moment to moment?  
That clock with in us  
Is so different to time.  
Every time we enjoy ourselves  
Time just races by.  
But every time sadness is within us  
Time just gets slower and slower.  
Why is our time so variable,  
When we know it is constant?

## Goldfinger.

I have heard it so many times,  
That song.  
A good song  
But why did I react  
Like I did that day,  
That day I heard it  
As I drove in my car?  
I've seen the film,  
Seen it many times,  
Can remember some of the words:  
"No Mr Bond, I expect you to die!"  
But why did the song move me  
As Shirley Bassey sang it?  
What was different today?  
I may never know  
But Goldfinger affected me,  
Affected me that day,  
Showing the power that music  
Can have on my life.

## Another Happy Day.

I look upwards to see the sky  
But all I see is the gloom of grey  
From horizon to horizon,  
So many people see this  
And become so sad.

As I look upwards I see further,  
My mind sails through the grey  
And the light is there  
Shining on me,  
Another happy day.

## The Eighth Trumpet.

The seventh trumpet has sounded  
From Orchi's religious words,  
But now the eighth trumpet will sound,  
As I blow my horn  
To drown out the wailing  
That comes from Orchi's lungs.  
I have been trying to drown that sound,  
Drown it for millennia,  
But still he screeches.  
And the louder he sings,  
The louder I have to play.

## That Photograph.

That really took me back!  
A photograph was found,  
My lover and I  
Before we were married,  
That short period  
Of seven months  
Between meeting and marriage.  
The love of my life was with me  
For such a long time,  
With our love getting stronger,  
Getting stronger each day,  
Each day of our lives.  
On the day of her passing  
Our love was still there,  
And each moment she has been gone  
My love for her still gets stronger.  
That photo showed our beginning,  
And I was with her 'til her end.  
I will be with her once more  
When I meet her,  
And we go forward together for eternity,  
In our never ending love.

## What Words?

What words shall I write today?  
Shall they show the love I have  
For being alive in these Strange Times,  
Or the glory I see with My River.

Shall it be the sadness surrounding us  
In this dreadful time,  
Where so many are suffering,  
And many are dying.

Those better times will return  
And we will meet our friends,  
And be able to touch them,  
Laugh with them,  
Love life with them.

So what words shall I write today?  
Those words are these words,  
There WILL be better days soon.

## Use By Date?

It had to be done,  
The toilet seat was breaking  
So a new one I bought.  
Replaced the old one  
With the new one,  
No problem,  
Until I saw that there was a date,  
A date on the underside of the seat.  
It said three/ twenty twenty,  
I do hope that is not the use by date,  
As it was already  
Twenty twenty one!

## 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.

## Steps Into My River.

The rain has stopped and My River is back,  
No more flooded fields to stop me,  
Stop me walking by its side.  
As I walk there is much water in the fields  
And My River is high  
But all my friends are there.  
The swans, the geese and the gulls  
All greeting me like long lost friends,  
I stop and greet them as they come to me.

As I walk on I have to smile  
As there are the steps to a path,  
A path the other side of My River,  
But the path is hidden by water  
So the steps lead straight down,  
Straight down into My River.

I walk on and see the beauty  
That I always see along My Path,  
My Path along My River  
Knowing that That Path  
Will lead me to Eternity one day,  
And My Life will be fulfilled.

## No Holidays.

There are so many beliefs  
That many people have.  
Some believe in Christ,  
Others in Judaism,  
Or in Buddha.  
There are so many religions  
Where people get trapped.  
But some people are atheists  
And have no belief in any gods,  
But they do have a major problem  
As in atheism there are no periods of time  
Where there are holidays,  
As there are in all the religions.

## Numbers Do Not Exist.

In our lives we know that we will not be here forever,  
Be here forever on this earth.  
How long will we be here is an impossible question,  
We will never know.  
Its like asking what is the highest number,  
Or how many snowflakes are in a blizzard.  
Questions that can never be answered.  
So when we die we do not stop,  
It is like putting ink into water  
And we expand from this tiny world  
Into the unknown expanse of the Universe  
Where numbers do not exist  
As we float into that unknown infinity  
That we will know as eternity.

## Led To Wagner.

Once more it surprises me,  
Music surprises me so often.  
All my long life I have known of him,  
I have heard him so often  
And just ignored his work,  
Thinking it is not for me.  
But I know my life has changed  
And I listen to much more music,  
Even music I had dismissed.  
I heard an excerpt of his music  
And I thought "I like that".  
I had the recording in my collection  
And put it on.  
This time I listened,  
Listened not just heard it.  
Once more I was taken,  
Taken by the sound  
Into the glory of this music  
As Tannhauser took over,  
Took over my life  
And led me to Wagner.

## It Is Back.

How can I write poetry when it's back,  
When cricket is back on television?  
Up I get in the morning  
And the tele goes on.  
It is unheard of normally  
But on this day I had cricket all morning,  
And rugby all afternoon,  
I was in my 'field of dreams'.  
At a time where I write poems  
I was watching cricket,  
The first time live test cricket  
Was available to me.  
It took me back to those days long ago  
When cricket was always on the tele,  
Those days of Cowdrey, Close and Dexter  
Hitting the ball on black and white tv,  
Wonderful childhood days.  
Now it was back,  
Back in my life in these Strange Times,  
So some good had arrived in my life.

## Love For Eternity.

There she was laying next to me,  
The love of my life was back.  
I looked deeply into her eyes  
As she did into mine,  
That love so strong between us  
As it always had been.  
We were back in each other's arms,  
Our hearts as one  
As they had been since that first day,  
That first day we met and fell,  
Fell into a love that would never fail,  
And in all our years together  
It grew stronger each day.  
Now she was back with me  
As she always will be.  
I woke from my dream  
But knew that she was there,  
Would always be there with me,  
And one day  
Our Spirits would be as one  
As we go together towards eternity  
With our love forever with us.

## The Green Disappears ? Haiku.

The white flakes sail down,  
Lay so gently on the ground,  
The green disappears.

## Talking On The Screen.

She sits there on the screen  
Looking at me,  
I sit there on the screen  
Looking at her.  
And we talk,  
We talk of so many things.  
Some are so sad  
Where we talk of my lover  
Now left this world,  
But still with us both,  
In memories of wonderful times,  
Those wonderful times of the past  
When the three of us  
Were together.  
But we laugh as well,  
The humour in our lives  
Always to the fore.  
There are many miles between us  
But that distance means nothing  
As we sit by each other  
Talking on the screen,  
For hours at a time.

## One At A Time.

I look out the window  
And see the snow,  
See each individual flake  
As they fall gently from the sky  
Into my world  
Showing me that individuals matter  
And that crowds can only bring sorrow  
As they gather together and become one,  
Their individuality rescinds  
Into the mind of the many.  
But when stepping away  
Into your life as one  
You move into that world,  
Where snowflakes fall  
One at a time.

## Resurrected Flower.

Like a beautiful flower  
She grew more beautiful each day,  
She reached maturity and glowed,  
Her life so full of the joys of life.

One day she stopped maturing,  
Her flower was beginning to wilt  
Back into the ground.  
A weed was growing near her,  
Entwined itself around her.  
The goodness was taken from her,  
Her beauty was fading  
As her life started to fail.

The gardener approached her,  
Saw the plight she was in  
And he took that weed away,  
Fed her with love and tenderness.  
Once more she grew stronger  
And her beauty emerged once more,  
Never to be dulled again.

## The Power Of Music.

I stopped immediately,  
Immediately I heard it,  
Heard that piece of music.  
As I listened I was almost in tears  
As the emotion flew,  
Flew through my body and mind.  
That tune took me to places,  
Places where I could do nothing,  
Nothing but listen.  
The notes rose into the ether  
And took me with them  
To travel the Universe  
Filled with love and glory.  
The music stopped  
But I had been taken,  
Taken on a journey,  
A journey towards the stars  
Knowing that in time  
I would join my lover's star  
Travelling the Universe together,  
Together once more.

## 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.

## That Handbag.

My daughter arrived,  
Arrived for Sunday dinner.  
She took of her coat  
And put her handbag down.  
When I saw it tears came to my eyes,  
It was my lovers handbag,  
The one that was always with her.  
It was even by her side on that day,  
That day when she passed from life  
Into her wonderful Spirit World.  
The tears just came,  
But not only tears of sadness  
But tears of joy as well,  
Remembering those days  
When we would go for coffee,  
That handbag would come as well,  
It brought back so many memories.  
The ones of sadness were there,  
As I remember so well  
Checking that handbag  
When she was taken by dementia.  
I had to ensure all her needs,  
All her needs were catered for,  
Including what was needed,  
Needed in that handbag.  
That handbag brought back so many memories  
That the tears flowed from my eyes,  
When I saw it with my daughter.

## The New Day

The new day is with me,  
I wonder what it will bring.  
It will bring the glory of life  
As I am still here,  
Looking towards the wonder,  
The wonder that this world  
Will bring into my life.  
It could be music,  
It is always words,  
And nature is always there.  
Such a good life  
With all these wondrous things  
That are mine,  
That are mine for the pleasure,  
The pleasure of living,  
Living my wonderful life.

## **My Star Of Dreams.**

I look up into the glory of the clear night sky,  
Passed the moon looking down on me in wonder,  
Into the darkness I go towards the stars,  
That myriad of jewels that make my dreams.  
I come to my star that is waiting for me,  
It is that place where my dreams exist,  
Where all the people are happy,  
Their lives filled with the joy and love of life.  
Where all help each other and nobody wants,  
All needs are given to all without prejudice  
But given with love, joy and harmony.  
I walk around My Star laughing and smiling with all  
Knowing that all is well in this world  
And forever will be full of joy and love.  
I therefore say to you all,  
Welcome to My Star of Dreams.

## Beautiful River.

I walk beside My River and see them,  
See my guides.  
Blue tits flutter from branch to branch  
Showing me the way to go  
As they sparkle in the sunlight,  
Full of Nature's wonder.  
There in front of me was a squirrel  
Skipping along the ground towards a tree,  
Up the tree it climbed with such ease,  
Another wonder of Nature brought to me.  
A swan flew majestically passed me,  
Low over the water  
His flight so wonderfully calming  
As his wings moved so gently  
Towards the place I was heading.  
I looked around,  
There were signs of new life all around,  
The buds on the trees and bushes,  
The snowdrops rising from the ground.  
Around some trees daffodils were growing,  
Their buds not yet open  
But showing that new life was coming.  
I was filled with joy at the rising of Nature  
As I walked on this Beautiful Morning  
By the side of My Beautiful River.

## Is It Art?

What is art?

Is it just a depiction,

A depiction of a scene

Or of a person

Painted onto canvas

To show what one can see,

Can see through your eyes.

It can be like a photograph

So immaculately created,

Yes it has been painted,

Skilfully painted,

But is it art?

What is art?

Can a photograph be considered,

Be considered as art.

It is just a depiction,

A depiction of a scene

Or of a person

Printed on paper

To show what one can see,

Can see through your eyes.

It can be like a painting

Showing exactly what was seen,

No errors

It is real.

But is it art?

What is art?

If that photograph is altered

Into a vision that is not real,

Something that is only seen

Within the mind of the person,

Changing the reality  
Into a scene within his mind  
That cannot exist in reality  
So it is not real.  
Is it art?

## New Door.

I awake from my slumber  
Before dawns early light,  
Get up from my bed  
And open the door to a new day.

Yesterday has passed away,  
The door closed on that day,  
That unique day of wonder  
Where I existed once more.

There have been many closed doors  
On each day of my life  
Where my world was good to me,  
That is why I am still here.

Beyond this new door is joy  
As I go into this new day,  
Knowing that my life is good,  
And each new day will be wonderful.

## The Fountain.

The water rises up into the air  
Until the spray falls back  
Creating a spectacle of beauty  
In its circular spiral.  
The sunlight glistening through,  
Sparkling to the rise and fall  
Of the waters beauty.  
I stand before it and see  
See the beauty in this world,  
This world of water,  
Spraying up and down  
Bringing spectacular sparkles  
To the beauty that I see,  
See in the world  
Of which I am part.

## 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.

## A Good Day.

The day was over,  
Into bed I slid  
And just lay there,  
Thinking,  
Thinking about my day.

A feeling of peace came over me  
As I lay there gently breathing,  
Awaiting sleep to come.

As I drifted into my dreams  
I realised,  
That today  
Had been a good day.

## Scream Graffiti.

Who did it?  
Who put graffiti on it,  
On such a famous work of art?  
The Scream sits on the wall  
Its oval mouth shouting out,  
But somebody ruined it,  
They put graffiti on it,  
They scrawled on it  
In tiny soft writing  
"can only have been painted by a madman".  
Who did it?  
Who wrote it and ruined the painting?  
At last the mystery was solved,  
The culprit was found,  
Found to be Munch himself.  
He is probably screaming himself now,  
Screaming with laughter.

## Mind.

In our life many things come to us,  
Some we accept,  
Some we dismiss.  
In dismissing them  
Do we miss something?  
Something that could take us,  
Take us to a better place.  
Our minds must be kept open,  
Open to look at those things,  
Look at them properly.  
We may then ignore them  
But at least they have been seen,  
Have been investigated.  
We must come to realise  
That our mind is like a parachute,  
It does not work  
If it is not open.  
So always keep an open mind,  
We may be pleasantly surprised  
At what comes into it,  
And comes into our lives.

*A mind is like a parachute, it does not work if it is not open. - Frank Zappa*

## Goldie Limerick.

There was an old codger called Goldie  
Who thought he was going to be mouldy  
He scrubbed himself clean  
Into such a bright sheen  
That he saw he was just an oldie.

## **Snow Moon.**

I awake before dawn's early light,  
Pull back the curtains  
And there it is,  
The full moon so pure and white  
Looking down upon me,  
Greeting me into my day,  
A day that will be filled with wonder,  
Filled with light,  
The light of the moon.  
I know that view will be with me  
Throughout this new day,  
That view of the Snow Moon.

## Meistersingers.

The regality flowed out from the sound  
As the music entered the ether  
With such a force of passion.  
The Meistersingers entered the stage,  
Their voices raised with a force of destiny  
Showing that music can come from the heart,  
Can come from the heart of the composer  
Through the heart and voice of each singer  
To show that they were the best in giving,  
In giving their best for the music.

## Love Is Forever.

Every day I pass that cabinet,  
So many times a day  
I look in and see the memories,  
The memories collected over many years,  
But this day as I glanced in I saw it.  
I have seen it every day  
But today it called to me,  
I stood and looked at it  
Knowing how much it meant to me,  
It was a gift to my lover so many years ago.  
It brought back those times of love,  
That love that was so strong  
And got stronger each day,  
And still does as she has passed,  
Passed into her new world  
But is still with me,  
And that little figure showed me  
That so long ago we knew it,  
We knew that "LOVE IS FOREVER"

## Beauty of Age.

Age has no boundaries,  
No boundaries where beauty reigns,  
That beauty can be seen  
But as each day comes  
As you get older  
That beauty matures,  
Matures into the person  
That has become you  
And increases in the beauty  
That is within you.  
So knowing these things  
Go forward into your future  
Knowing that as your age increases  
That beauty becomes deeper,  
Deeper within you,  
And is shown through your eyes  
And through your heart.

## Ahmed.

He stands in front of the class,  
So many youngsters in front of him.  
"I teach the pupils what I know already".  
He cannot see them  
As he has been blind since birth,  
He stands amongst the rubble of the school  
Destroyed through war,  
But still the children return.  
"We want a new school,  
We want chairs, doors and windows".  
They work in this rubble  
Learning what they can,  
Learning from this blind boy.  
"We want the floor rebuilt,  
A door to keep out the wind and the sun,  
And windows so the rain does not come in".  
A shot is heard,  
He jumps!  
"When I hear that noise, I think I am going to die".  
But still they go to school every day,  
So many of them.  
"We arrive in danger, we leave in danger",  
The sad words fill my heart.  
"We come to school to see our friends,  
We come to learn so that we can become a doctor"  
Such sincere words from the child.  
"For us it is always dangerous,  
We want the war to end,  
You cannot relax ion wartime."  
Such profound words  
Spoken by a child,  
One of the children being taught,  
Being taught by Ahmed,

A nine year old blind boy  
Who shows me and the world  
That war can be beaten,  
Beaten by children.

## Words To Moments.

Words fall from my mind onto the page  
Giving the reader a path,  
A path into the wonderful life I have led  
To arrive at this age where I am at this moment.  
Each moment in life is so important  
As each one in my life has been.  
I then wonder,  
Wonder why each moment passes,  
Passes so quickly.  
Where did they go?  
But I do remember so many of them  
And they give me such happiness  
As I look back on them from where I am.  
So with these words I must remind you all  
That moments are so important,  
Treasure each one in your life,  
As I have in mine.

## Getting Older.

is the one thing in life  
That we cannot stop,  
From the moment we are born  
It starts,  
We get older. It  
As each year passes  
The older we get,  
Then one day we realise,  
Realise that we are heading,  
Heading into old age.  
Many start to think bad thoughts.  
Why should I be getting older?  
Heading towards that time,  
That time when I will leave this world.  
So many just complain,  
Complain about getting old.  
But what they need to remember  
Is that they are the lucky ones  
As there are many do not reach,  
Do not reach old age.

## Never Parted.

Another new day is with me.  
I arise from my lonely bed  
Knowing that my lover looks down,  
Looks down on me as I look,  
Look out of the window.  
I look up and see her star  
So bright in the sky  
And always so bright in my life.  
All through this new day  
She will be with me in Spirit,  
Never leaving me this day,  
Never leaving me any day.  
That love we had and have  
Will always be there,  
As it always has been.  
A love so strong  
That in time will come together,  
Come together once more,  
As we sail on into eternity  
Never parted from each other.

## Zoom Coffee.

The meetings have been arranged,  
Arranged for several weeks.  
We meet on Zoom,  
They are called Zoom Coffee,  
"Bring your own coffee".  
We discuss so many things  
and have all emotions,  
Sadness, happiness and laughter,  
Happiness and laughter reign supreme.  
I go to several of these meetings  
And enjoy talking to people on line  
In these Strange Times,  
They are all called Zoom Coffee  
But now in one of them  
It has been stopped calling it that  
With the statement,  
"How can you have coffee on Zoom!"  
Do some people not realise  
That in these Strange Times  
A sense of humour is so important,  
Humour will get us through  
Back into our normal times,  
So come on all of you  
Smile with me.

## Nothing Would I Change.

I walk along that path,  
That path I have trodden  
For so many years.  
Looking back, that path  
Is so long.  
It had its ups,  
It had its downs,  
But each step walked  
Took me further,  
Further into my life,  
Until I came to here  
Where I am today,  
Realising that that path  
Has shown me wonder,  
So much wonder  
Of a good life.  
So that looking back  
I think,  
Would I have changed,  
Changed anything  
In the life I have lead,  
And the answer comes,  
Nothing would I change.

## Windmills Of Your Mind.

I roll over the green field at speed  
Then lift up into the blue sky above  
Higher and higher I sail towards the clouds,  
The silence surrounds me like a blanket of love,  
Up and up I go looking down to where I was,  
I see the green beauty of the earth  
Its cloak of so many shades of green.  
I lift up and turn in a circle,  
The land above me, the sky below  
Twisting like a spiral in the beauty of life.  
Once more I level out and sail upwards  
Towards the beautiful white clouds,  
I sail my way through and above them.  
Now looking downwards through the cloud  
The green is a lighter hue created by Nature's wonder.  
I start to descend through the clouds  
And looking down I spiral once more,  
Round and around I sail in the silence,  
The beautiful silence that brings peace within me.  
Slowly I circle my way to earth and land gently.  
As I stop I look up once more and think of the beauty,  
The beauty of the sky above as I was circling within it  
Bringing peace and wonder forever within me.

## Minds Your Into.

Words form in my mind  
Order in wrong they be may  
But I must write them down  
Paper me front in onto of the  
As they may not come again  
All and miss may you  
These words of wisdom  
Brain my come that from  
Into your minds.

## Never Forget.

How far have you come in life?  
Just think of all you have gotten through,  
Those times you have pushed forward  
When you felt you could not.  
Remember those times you got out of bed  
When it was so very hard do get up.  
All those times where you wanted to give up,  
But you didn't,  
You got through another day,  
Another day in your life.  
So in your life never forget,  
Never forget how much you have learned,  
How much strength you have developed  
To get to this place,  
This place where you are today.

## Duty Of Love.

That day comes when we fall,  
Fall in love with that person  
That person who will be with us,  
With us for eternity.  
That love guides us through  
Through the ups and downs,  
The ups and downs of our life,  
Our life together.  
Just the two of us  
Safe in the knowledge  
That our love will never be doubted  
As we know the duty of love,  
The first duty of love,  
That duty is to listen,  
Listen to each other,  
Listen to our hearts,  
And listen to our combined soul.

## Corona Kids.

So the kids are back at school,  
Despite the corona virus.  
The powers that be  
Said the kids would be alright,  
So why has my neighbour's daughter  
Had to stay home for ten days,  
As all the other children  
In her class,  
Corona was found in a child  
And the children were sent home,  
Sent home to isolate.  
It has been found in other schools,  
So why were the kids not tested,  
Tested to see if they were free,  
Free of this awful bug.  
But no the government knew best,  
Knew best!!  
How would they know that?  
They were warned,  
But no the experts do not know,  
Do not know what the government  
Believes is right.

## Aah Bach.

What can be better,  
Sitting down at the day's end,  
A good day that was ending.  
So I was sitting with my drink  
And listening,  
Listening to the glory of Bach  
Being played for me.  
A calmness glided over me  
Like a warming blanket,  
A blanket of relaxation  
Ending my good day  
In the total wonder of his music,  
Of his wonderful music.  
The piano so beautiful in sound  
Bring my good day to its end,  
A wonderful end  
To such a glorious day,  
Aah Bach.

## Daily Door.

Another day has arrived,  
So today I close the door,  
Close the door to yesterday  
And open the door to today.  
I always wonder what it will bring,  
It will be a good day I am sure.  
The door is open,  
Open to my future,  
So with a deep breath taken  
I step through that door  
Into another day,  
And start a new chapter in my life,  
My wonderful life.

## Roadwork Gods.

There I was off to see my daughter,  
It was only forty five miles away  
But for some reason  
The roadwork gods awoke  
And decided to thwart my drive.  
It started off quite easily,  
Driving in unity with the road,  
Not much traffic,  
Little did I know what was ahead.  
Sailed onto the motorway with ease,  
Drove down it at speed  
I will be there early I thought,  
But no there were the roadworks gods  
Sitting there in front of me,  
Laughing their heads off.  
I came off of the motorway  
Needing to turn right at the roundabout,  
But no  
Couldn't do that ,  
Was directed left.  
So there I was heading away,  
Away from the place I was going  
Because the roadworks gods  
Had closed the way I needed to go.  
So up to a new roundabout,  
Sailed all round it,  
Came back to where I was.  
It all took time  
So I was on the right track again,  
Then I came to the next one  
More roadworks,  
And the lights of course were red.  
Eventually came to the last road,

The road to my daughters house,  
Only fifteen miles to go,  
But the roadwork gods were there  
And in that fifteen miles  
They had four lots of roadworks,  
And every one of them  
I had the red light stopping me.  
Those roadworks gods know when I am driving,  
And delay me every time!

## A Single Flower.

Here I am trapped,  
Trapped in a hard shell.  
I fight and struggle and burst free,  
The darkness is still around me,  
But I start to climb upwards.  
Suddenly I burst through  
Into the light,  
That light gives me strength,  
Strength to climb upwards  
Spreading leaves below me.  
I turn into a bud which grows  
Until that time when I burst forth  
And become a beautiful flower,  
Showing love to all around me.  
My flower slowly withers  
But I have produced new life  
Which I send into the ground,  
Knowing that in time  
My dying will produce more like me.  
So my death will always produce life,  
Much more life than me,  
Just a single flower.

## One Day More.

One day more without her,  
Each new day she is in my mind,  
I know she is looking down on me  
And her Spirit is with me.

One day more when music reminds me,  
Reminds me of those times  
When we sang and played together,  
The music that was part of our lives.

One day more where my love remains,  
Remains with the wonder of my life,  
That wonderful lady full of joy  
The joy that she brought to us all.

One day more getting closer,  
Closer to that time together again  
Where our Spirits become one,  
And we go on together forever.

One day more towards eternity,  
Never parted.

## My Life With Nature.

Into the wood I walked,  
The sun shone through the trees  
Its twinkling light sparkling through the leaves.  
I trod along a new path of green,  
The trees standing tall along the way.  
The sound of the birds singing to me,  
Nature's Symphony at its most wonderful  
Bringing such joy to my ears,  
While the wood around me  
Brought so much wonder to my eyes.  
I thought I was in my heaven,  
But then I saw it,  
I saw a stream gently flowing before me.  
That's when I realised I was in heaven,  
I stood transfixed,  
Transfixed by the sight of water,  
Water gurgling over a small weir  
Where sun diamonds danced,  
Danced on its surface  
Bringing me the absolute glory  
Of my life with Nature.

## Morning Present.

Every morning when I awake  
I find I have a present waiting for me,  
It is another new day,  
Another new day in my life.  
I wonder what joy it will bring,  
What joy it will bring today,  
For joy is always there  
With each new day in my life.

## Stepping Onto The Lawn.

I step onto the lawn and look around  
The multitudes of green surround me  
Taking me into that world of Nature  
Where I am always at peace with the world  
And at peace with myself  
I look up and there are buzzards sailing above  
Their wings so still as they float in the air  
Rising up into the beautiful blue sky  
I hear the tapping of a woodpecker  
On one of the trees that surround me  
Their buds sprouting with New Life  
As Spring comes to the land  
And the beauty of this world renews.  
Here I stand at one with Nature  
That place where I need to be  
And will always be  
As my Life and Nature join  
Join as one in harmony  
As I step onto the lawn

## Even In The Darkness.

As we go through our lives  
The light occasionally goes out  
But even in the darkness  
We must always remember  
That the full moon will show us its light  
Showing to us all  
That our world is never truly dark.

## One Day When.

Came the day when they left home,  
Left home to find their own way,  
Their own way in their lives,  
I was always there for them.

Time flew past and there life flourished,  
Then came the day that they met somebody  
And the marriage vows were sworn,  
I was always there for them.

Soon new lives were with them  
As they too had children as we had them,  
They too would grow and move on,  
I was always there for them.

Now as I get older in my life,  
Less years left than I have lived  
I think of my children and grandchildren,  
I was always there for them.

And in these final years I know  
That they will all be able to walk through my door,  
And feel that they are all still at home,  
As I am always there for them.

## Playing In Heavens Band.

A memory was triggered in my heart,  
Looking back to those times  
When my lover and I played music,  
Played music together.  
Those wonderful times in the band  
Swinging away to the audiences,  
Where my trumpet would blast out  
And such sweet sounds came from her clarinet,  
Or from her voice when she stood in front  
And her wonderful voice rang out in the room.  
So many fine memories,  
But the finest of them all  
Was playing music with my lover.  
It is not the same playing without her,  
But when I play I know she is with me  
And one day we will be playing our music,  
Playing our music together  
As we always used to before,  
Before she went to play,  
Play in heaven's band.

## 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.

## Perfect Afternoon.

What a perfect afternoon,  
Hitting those balls over the lawn.  
The sun shone down on us as we played,  
Played the game we loved so much,  
The first game in the new world we have.  
It was a perfect afternoon  
Made even more so as I was playing so well  
That I beat him,  
Beat him twice just by knocking those balls straight,  
Straight through the hoops,  
On that croquet lawn where we had put in so much time,  
So much time to make sure it was ready,  
Ready for the new season after these Strange Times.

## Zadok The Priest.

Once more it has happened,  
Music stopped me,  
Stopped me in my life.  
The tune started and I waited,  
Waited for the choir to burst forth,  
Burst forth with those words,  
"ZADOK THE PRIEST!"  
It wasn't just the music that stopped me,  
It brought back a precious memory,  
A memory of my lover now departed  
As she burst out with this song.  
I could see her once more  
Standing in the choir singing this song  
With pride, passion and joy.  
Music was her life,  
As it is with me,  
And once more we were together  
As Zadok the Priest sailed us into the ether.

## This Wonderful Game.

Passion!

It was played with such passion.

From end to end they ran

The oval ball in their hands,

The power of the tackles

Stopping the players.

The speed and skill of both sides

Showing what a wonderful game,

That rugby can be

When played with such passion,

The passion to win.

To me the score did not matter

It was the glory of the game that won,

And so at the end of this great game

There was one absolute winner

And that winner was Rugby Union.

This match showed me why,

Why I love watching this game,

This wonderful game.

## So Little Time

In my life music has always been with me.

Listening to it,

Playing it,

Singing it.

So much music,

So little time.

The wonder of classical

Sends shivers down my spine,

The emotion of Jazz

Can create such wonder within me,

The feelings of blues

Bringing sadness to my heart,

The sound of opera

Taking me to another level,

The songs of the sixties

Taking me back to my youth.

So much music,

So little time.

## The Great Indoors.

I walk through the doors and stop,  
Stop entranced by the vastness of the space,  
This indoor space  
Where so many people come,  
Come and see so many wonderful sights,  
Come and listen to such wonderful sounds.  
I walk around just staring,  
Staring at the columns  
Holding that vast domed roof above me.  
I go to my seat and look down,  
Look down at the vast stage  
And see the organ behind  
And instrument so vast and beautiful.  
As I look around the orchestra arrives,  
Loud applause greets them.  
They too are seated and we all wait  
And there he comes,  
The conductor.  
Bows to the musicians,  
Turns and bows to us,  
The applause gets louder.  
He then turns back to the orchestra  
Raises his baton and silence reigns,  
Silence reigns in this indoor space,  
This great indoor space.  
His baton comes down,  
The silence remains,  
Remains in this vast indoor space  
For four minutes and thirty three seconds.  
The audience applause sounds,  
Sounds in absolute rapture  
At the performance of that piece,  
That piece of wonder

Created by John Cage,  
And brought to so many  
In this vast indoor space.

## Another Wonderful Day.

I awake from my glorious sleep,  
The new day ahead of me.  
I just lay there and listen,  
I hear a robin singing  
In the early dawn,  
Its calling to me and to others,  
The light of the day is near.

I arise and look out of the window,  
The moon shines upon me,  
Showing me once more  
That today will be a good day.

I come down and walk into the garden,  
Around me I hear natures call  
As the blackbirds and sparrows speak to me.  
Another wonderful day is awaiting  
And I am ready to enjoy it,  
As I do every day.

## Best of Both Worlds.

I sit by my window 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.

Sitting there looking at Natures Wonder  
Inside my home there is another wonder,  
The wonder of music that surrounds me,  
Surrounds me with its glorious sound.  
I sit there in my great indoors  
Looking out at Nature  
And listening to the music in my life,  
The best of both worlds,  
That can only be found  
In the great indoors.

## 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,  
It 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.

## Radiant Love.

Its blooms so radiant  
Only matched by her wonderful smile  
As she looks down on me  
From her shining star above.  
The blooms bought for her  
To show my love will never die,  
That love so very strong  
Even now that she has departed this life,  
But will always be with me.  
Her love for me,  
My love for her,  
Strengthens each moment,  
And one day we will be together once more.  
Until that day comes  
The glory of orchids will sit next to her,  
And my love for her  
Grows with each flower that blooms.

## Imagine If You Will.

Imagine if you will a walk along the shore,  
The soft sandy beach of a sun kissed island.  
The waves lapping gently at your feet,  
The sun warming upon your skin.

Imagine if you will a view from the mountain,  
The valleys and cliffs seen below.  
The satisfaction of completing the climb,  
That was both challenging and rewarding.

Imagine if you will a walk through the woods,  
The trees allowing a path through them,  
To a clearing where your loved one waits,  
Where you can be together forever.

Imagine if you will this world at peace,  
No war, no strife, just freedom and joy.  
No rancour with your neighbours,  
No matter what your differences.

Imagine if you will a journey to the stars,  
Through the vastness of space.  
Travelling towards your Nirvana,  
Where all is peaceful and contentment rules.

Imagine if you will . . . . . ?

## Vincent.

As I go around the gallery  
These great works of art  
Take me into a different world,  
To many different worlds,  
Where each artist shows me,  
Shows me and leads me  
Into their minds, hearts and souls.  
I stand in front of their pictures  
Sometimes wondering,  
Wondering why they painted,  
Painted that artwork.  
A question that is never answered  
But leaves me in wonder  
As I look into their minds  
Shown on each painting.  
Why did they become an artist?  
What drew them into this world?  
A world that intrigues me so much.  
Maybe it was as Van Gogh said,  
"Maybe God made me a painter  
For people who aren't born yet",  
If so it has shown me a world  
Where each painting takes me away,  
Away from myself,  
Into the world of their being.

*"Maybe God made me a painter for people who aren't born yet" -Vincent Van Gogh*

## Musical Opening.

In my world of music I listen to all,  
Listen to all different kinds of music.  
Some that I listen to now  
I wouldn't have given a thought some years ago,  
But now I realise that if it is different,  
Different to the music I normally listen to,  
Does not meant that it is wrong,  
It is just different.  
Those differences have brought so much to me,  
So much delight,  
It has opened my mind to the wonder,  
The wonder of music.

All types of music has opened my mind  
And I just listen now with an open mind  
To see how far it will take me.

## British Springtime.

Onto the lawn I stride,  
A beautiful sunny day.  
I hit a ball straight,  
Straight towards the hoop,  
But it disappears  
As the snow falls down.  
I walk to find the ball,  
The sun reappears,  
The ball is seen.  
I hit it again  
But again it is lost  
As the snow comes down again.  
So there we are playing croquet  
In the sun and snow  
With the east wind freezing us,  
But then we accept this as the norm,  
This typical British Springtime.

## Almost Praying.

There it sits before me  
Just waiting for my attention,  
I look at it with such respect  
And such hope  
Almost praying to it  
That all will be fine  
When I remove the cork  
And pour my first Rioja  
Into the wineglass.

## All Will Be Fine.

The blank page sits before me,  
I wonder what words will flow  
Onto this space?  
Will it be words of love  
That fill my heart  
For my love now departed,  
Or will it be the joy  
Of knowing she is waiting,  
Waiting for me.  
I will be with her in time.

It could be words of sorrow,  
Showing the grief in this land  
Where sadness is so plenty  
During these times of ill,  
Where families are apart,  
No longer meeting  
To show their love for each other.  
This too will pass,  
Back into a new normality.

This time though the words come  
Showing the goodness in my life,  
Where friends look out for me  
And bring me into a new world  
Where loneliness is dispelled  
By their generosity prevailing  
To help me in these hard times,  
I now know that all will be fine.

## Island Heaven.

There is an island in the sea  
Just like heaven, for you and me,  
I know you're there and looking out,  
I will be with you, there's no doubt.

Our time together in our home  
Needed for us nowhere to roam,  
We were together, in heart and soul,  
Close with each other, made us whole.

You left me, taking heaven's call  
And were lost in body, to us all,  
But I know the place where you are,  
And look down on me, from your star.

When my time is called I'll be there  
By your side giving all my care  
Our love for each other growing  
So very fast, never slowing

So wait my love, I'll be with you  
To take you in my arms anew  
And to that island we will fly  
Ever together you and I.

## Light In Our Lives.

In this grey cloud laden day  
I looked around at the green,  
The green swards that surrounded me,  
So dark under the clouds.  
But then I saw it,  
I saw the field full of light,  
Its yellow wonder so bright.  
It showed me that no matter,  
No matter how dark things are,  
There is always light in our lives.

## Truthful Lives.

It came to me, the other day,  
What if we cared, in what we say,  
What sort of world would pass us by  
If in our lives, we'd never lie.

Would we be able to survive,  
In a completely truthful life?

## Doggerel Dave Limerick.

He said that he wanted more rhyme  
So this I wrote, now I've time,  
It's for him just to save,  
Mister Doggerel Dave,  
And now he owes me one dime.

## Life Book.

Our lives are like a book,  
You open the first page  
And the story begins.  
That first chapter starts at birth  
Where loving parents watch over you.  
In that young life you learn,  
Learn so much,  
More than at any other time.  
Each new chapter giving wisdom,  
Wisdom and experience.

The pages in the book get turned  
And new chapters are always there,  
Some of the chapters draw you in  
To the glory in your life,  
The excitement cannot stop.

A new chapter then starts  
And maybe it bring sadness,  
Sadness and despair,  
But you can read it  
Knowing that a new chapter awaits.

Sometimes you believe that the end has come  
So you stop reading the book,  
This is not the way it works  
So you must turn the page,  
As the book is not finished  
And that next chapter can bring you wonder.

My long book of life has had many chapters  
And I still look forwards to each one,  
To each new chapter that awaits me,

As I know there are many more yet to read.

*"Life is like a book, some chapters are sad, some happy and some exciting but if you never turn the page you will never know what the next chapter holds."*

## Ignorance Reigns.

All my life it has been there,  
Music has been there for me  
And in my long life  
I have listened to so much,  
So much music.  
It could be classical  
Or jazz,  
It could be opera  
Or country,  
It could be ballet  
Or folk,  
It could be rock, pop or progressive.  
So many different types,  
Different types of music  
That is there for me.  
Then I think about this music,  
All this music.  
I think I know so much about it  
But music has the ability to surprise me,  
Surprise me on a daily basis,  
And that is when I realise  
The more I get to know about music,  
The more ignorant I realise that I am.

## Talking With My Brother.

My brother and I chat on the 'phone  
And the conversation is so important.

"Hello Terry how are you?"

"I'm fine Andy, how about you?"

"I am fine as well, in these strange times"

"How is you golf going?"

"Thoroughly enjoying it now we can play again,  
How about your croquet?"

"Like you, so glad to be playing again"

"Had a great game to other day,  
My friend and I played against two guys,  
Their golf handicaps were better than ours  
But we managed to keep even half of the game  
And then it happened,  
We both played very well and we beat them,  
We beat them seven five"

"That was good Terry,  
I had a great game of croquet as well  
Playing against one of the best players,  
We were both playing so well,  
Both at the top of our games,  
He beat me seven four  
But I didn't mind  
As I played so well,  
It was a joy"

"It is always so good  
When you play well and lose,  
You've done your best  
And been beaten by a better player,  
So you feel good about it"

"Yes that is so true,  
I played him a couple of days later  
And I beat him seven one,  
He did not have a good day"

"It is amazing how those good and bad days come"

"Yes it is and happens to us all"

"Well I'd better go Andy, dinner to cook"

"OK Terry, speak soon"

The conversation ended,  
The important things in our life discussed  
And that conversation will happen again  
Next week some time.  
Its so good to speak of them,  
The important things in our lives.

*Golf - played over eighteen holes winning seven five means that the winners were seven shots ahead with only five holes to play.*

*Croquet ? played through twelve hoops and the first one to get seven hoops is the winner.*

## Bookitis.

Why does it happen?  
Where does the time go?  
I only picked up the book,  
Picked it up to finish a chapter  
But I became hooked once more,  
Pulled into the words on the page.  
The time just flew by  
As the story pulled me in once more,  
I just had to read some more.  
I looked at the clock  
And I was late,  
Late in getting up from my normal hour.  
It is the power that some words have,  
Have over me,  
And if I had stayed in bed any longer  
These words would not be here,  
Be here on this page  
For you all to read.

## Dancing In Her Arms.

It's happened again  
The tears come to my eyes.  
The music plays  
And an image comes to me,  
The slow beat of the song  
Makes me want to dance,  
Remembering the dancing  
With my lover in my arms  
As we sway together dancing,  
Dancing in harmony,  
Our love radiating from our hearts  
Into the room around us.  
That love has grown since she passed  
But some memories from music  
Bring her back into my arms,  
While the tears fall down my cheeks.

Why does music do this to me?

## 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 covered 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!"

## New Light Ahead.

At last I can lift my head  
And see all around me.  
A great weight has been lifted,  
Lifted from my mind.  
I can move forward looking up  
And see the world,  
See the world in its wonder.  
The light of my world is there,  
Is there in front of me  
For me to enjoy once more,  
Enjoy once more  
Now I've had my hair cut!

## Good Lives For Each Of Us.

An Englishman, Irishwoman and a Scotsman  
Were sitting round drinking tea,  
Talking about life and times of old,  
And where they would like to be.

The talk was sparked with humour,  
And sometime it was sad,  
But they all agreed together,  
That their lives weren't so bad.

## In My Dreams.

The green path was there before us  
Leading up to the top of the dale,  
My lover and I enjoying the wondrous views  
As we walked close to each other.  
In the vale below we saw green,  
Green of so many different hues  
And spots of white all over  
As the sheep grazed in the green sward.  
Above we heard the sad cry  
As a curlew flies above us.  
We continue up towards the top  
And once there we look all around  
At the wondrous dales before us.  
So much beauty there,  
There for us to enjoy,  
As we have done for so many years.  
I look at her,  
My wondrous wife,  
I go to hug her with all my love  
And then I awake,  
Awake from my glorious dream,  
Of walks now passed  
That are only there in my memories,  
And in my dreams.

## Virtual Event.

So it happens at last,  
After all these years  
Where politicians  
Have told us supposedly  
The truth we should know,  
They tell the truth at last.  
There is going to be a meeting  
Of many politicians  
From around the world,  
The meeting in the Whitehouse,  
Being set as a virtual event,  
So if it is virtual,  
Will it really exist!

## Visions Senryu.

They are always there  
In the vast depths of my mind,  
Those visions of you.

## Guilty Pleasures.

As we look back in our lives  
We see all the pleasure we have had  
To get us to this place,  
This place where we now are.  
We see those pleasures  
And then remember some guilty ones  
Now passed and regretted,  
But at the time enjoyed.

I too have guilty pleasures,  
Or people think I have.  
They think I should be guilty about music,  
The amount of music I have,  
The amount I listen to.  
But to my mind  
Life is too short to feel any guilt,  
Any guilt where music is concerned.  
So it just sits there forever,  
Music, one of my guilty pleasures  
For which I feel no guilt at all.

## Only The Lonely.

### **Only the lonely**

As I sit here eating my dinner  
I look across the table  
At the empty space  
Where my lover sat.

### **Only the lonely**

As the thought comes,  
Comes into my mind  
As I remember  
Those meals we shared.

### **Only the lonely**

#### **Know the way I feel tonight**

Such sadness comes over me  
As I see her presence  
All around me  
But she's not there.

### **Only the lonely**

#### **Know this feeling ain't right**

Where my lover was with me  
Before being taken,  
Taken from me  
To become a star.

### **There goes my baby**

#### **There goes my heart**

As I look up into the night  
Seeing her looking down,  
Looking down on me.

**They're gone forever**

**So far apart**

So far apart from me,

But I will be with her

One day it will be fine.

**But only the lonely**

**Know why I cry**

As I sit here alone

Wishing she was with me

Our love shining together.

**Only the lonely**

**Only the lonely**

**Only the lonely**

**Only the lonely**

**Know the heartaches I've been through**

Know how I feel,

Left alone,

Until we meet again.

**Only the lonely...**

## Covid Jabs.

1

I walk into the surgery,  
My injection is now due,  
I surrender all my details,  
And stand waiting in the queue.

The staff float all around us,  
Seeing that we are alright,  
A smile upon their faces,  
Their demeanour very bright.

I'm called into the surgery,  
My jab is to now be done,  
The medic explains what happens,  
I know this I must not shun.

I am sent into another room,  
To wait for a little while,  
To ensure that all is right,  
Then I can leave with a smile.

2

My covid injections were given,  
Twice down to the surgery  
To have a needle stuck into me,  
To prevent that dreadful disease spreading,  
Spreading even more than it has.  
Both times into the surgery I went  
Where the staff were so busy,  
But on each occasion the respect was there,  
Respect for each other,  
And respect for all.  
As I came away on both occasions

The thought came to me  
How wonderful these staff are  
In the business of their current lives.  
I was treated with such respect,  
But even better was the humour,  
Humour pervaded the surgery  
Helping everyone to proceed,  
Proceed in their lives  
In these 'Strange Times'  
With a smile on their faces.

## Light Ghost.

The time for my bed had come  
So up the stairs I went,  
The day had been a good one  
My time had been well spent.

As I closed the curtains  
I looked out to the night,  
And what I saw below me  
Gave me such a fright.

There walking up my street  
Was a face covered in light,  
No body seemed to be there  
Just this face in the night.

I looked with wary eyes  
Scared and shaking to the bone,  
Then I saw what happened,  
A man was looking at his 'phone.

## Life FIB.

Life  
Has  
Now come,  
A new day  
Is set before me,  
Another day of enjoyment  
In this wonderful life that has brought me to this place  
Within my long life on this world,  
Where wonder has shown  
Where I am  
Now placed  
In  
Life.

## Worried Days.

We have good days,  
We have bad days.  
But each day we live  
Brings new life to us.  
And as we go further,  
Further in our lives,  
We should be grateful,  
Grateful for each new day.  
And if we are worried,  
Worried about the next day,  
Just remember this,  
Today is the tomorrow  
That you worried about  
Yesterday

## **This Wonderful Life.**

The day lies before me,  
Dawns early chorus  
Sings my way into the day,  
The wonder of nature awaits me.  
Each wondrous day  
Begs me to explore each moment.  
With each moment being so special  
I wonder if in this day  
I will have time to resonate with them all,  
Knowing that each one brings joy,  
And has brought joy  
To my long life.  
And as each day arrives  
I know that there will be  
So very many still to come  
In this life of mine,  
Where all is wonderful.

## That Journey.

We travel through our lives,  
Each step we take shows us more,  
Shows us more that we achieve,  
Achieve in our lives.  
When we look back we can see,  
Can see that,  
Can see that the journey,  
The journey we have taken  
Is important,  
Just as important  
As the destination.

## Musical Glory.

For what more could I ask?  
I decided to have a relaxing time  
So on went the music.  
What should I chose  
From the vast array  
That lives in my home?  
It then came to me,  
The one composer  
Of whom it is said  
Never wrote a wrong note.  
It is said that in much music  
Only the first note,  
And the last note  
Are important,  
But with this composer  
ALL notes are important.  
So there I sat in my chair  
Just listening,  
Listening to the glory,  
The glory that Mozart gave,  
Gave to me,  
Gives to us all.

## Paying For My Haircut!

I just happened to walk into town,  
My seventies hairstyle swaying with each step.  
Such a long time since I had my haircut  
But I was not worried about it,  
I certainly wasn't going to book an appointment,  
Or queue at my barbers,  
But as I passed the barbers it was empty.  
So in I went and had my locks shorn,  
Shorn to my short hair of normality.  
That pleased me, hair cut without waiting,  
Charged the normal price,  
All was fine.

The problem came the following day.  
I walked into my croquet club  
And they didn't know me!  
So I was charged a fiver!  
The new member's fee!!

## All Through The Night.

Each day in my life is so wonderful  
But as night time falls my life gets better  
As she is always with me through the night.  
She may have passed but my dreams of her  
Are with me as I lay in the darkness.  
Knowing that she is still with me  
During the day holding my hand,  
And through the night holding my heart,  
All through the night.

## Early Morning Love Noise?

One morning there was a loud knock on my door,  
On opening my neighbour was there looking so angry .  
"What is wrong I asked" feeling concerned for him,  
"It's you " he shouted "the noise you are making!"  
"What noise?" I asked,  
"That noise of you making love" he replied,  
"What do you mean?" I replied,  
"Early every morning we here you,  
Shouting and screaming in your lovemaking!",  
"But I'm on my own, nobody to make love to".  
"Ok he said what is that noise we hear every morning?"  
"Oh" I replied, " I think I know what it is,  
It's me trying to get my socks on."

## Painting To Music.

In my life I have seen and heard such wonderful things.  
The artwork that has streamed through my eyes  
Bringing me into the heart and mind of the artist,  
I have stood for hours looking at one painting,  
Pulling me into its glory and wonder,  
Creating tunes within me that take me to a new place.

Music has inhabited my long life since birth.  
The glory of it bring peace and glory to my soul,  
I listen and listen to its stunning wonder  
And sometimes it brings images to my mind  
Showing the creation of the composer,  
Giving me its beauty in such a colourful way.

So I look at my life in such glory  
Where music and art combine,  
Allowing me to see music  
And to hear artwork.

*"A painting is music you can see and music is a painting you can hear" ? Miles Davis*

## Coffin Dodger.

There we sat around the table,  
The five of us  
Six if you include Jack, the dog,  
Chatting quite happily  
After many months  
Where sitting together  
Was not allowed.  
Jack got the occasional treat,  
I didn't!  
Then Alan told a tale,  
Retired for many years  
But still drove cars  
To and from a garage.  
Then one day the manager  
Asked for Alan's email,  
Alan said he didn't have one,  
That manager said we shall get one,  
What name would you like?  
I have no idea said Alan,  
I know said the manager  
As you are such an old codger,  
We'll name you Coffin Dodger .

## The Light Of The New Day.

Each day of our lives is different,  
Most are so wonderful,  
So full of enjoyment and love.  
But sometimes we have dark days,  
They seem so long,  
Never seeming to end.

What we must remember though  
As dusk falls and the darkness descends  
That darkness will become light,  
The light of the new day.

## Life Anchors.

In our world so many are struggling,  
Struggling with their lives  
Through no fault for their own.  
But amongst our lives there are good people,  
Good people who help so many.  
They help through the goodness of their hearts,  
Not fearing for themselves  
As they believe helping others  
Is so important,  
And means so much to them.  
But these people sometimes don't realise,  
Don't realize they're actually drowning,  
Actually drowning,  
When they're trying to be others anchor.

## The End Of The Day.

The day was nearly over,  
I was sitting in my chair  
Drinking my bedtime drink,  
Reading my book,  
Mozart playing around me.  
Once more it happened,  
That sound of music touched me,  
So I just sat and listened  
To the music,  
The music of the Master,  
Taken to a world of beauty  
Where peace reigned  
And love was within all,  
That place of Utopia  
Brought to me  
At the end of the day  
By the music of Mozart.

## Work Enjoyment.

In our long lives we need to work,  
Work to earn money to live.  
Some jobs we do not like  
But need to go to them unwillingly.  
Some are alright, nothing special  
But we work hard at them,  
To ensure we can exist in life.  
Sometimes though we find a job,  
A job we enjoy,  
And in enjoying that job  
We find that with that enjoyment  
We never seem to have to work again.

## Love Day

It was one of those days,  
She was in my mind all the time,  
Reminding me of those times,  
Those wonderful times  
Sharing our lives.  
The concerts we went to,  
The concerts where I watched,  
Watched her singing.  
The band we were in  
Playing our instruments  
To each other,  
Our love of music so renowned.  
There was that time on the barge  
Where we lived life  
At four miles an hour.  
Then of course there were The Dales  
So much time walking among them,  
Just the two of us,  
And the sheep.  
Such glorious times remembered.  
She is no longer with me in body  
But Her Spirit is with me  
And those memories,  
Those wonderful memories  
Recalling our love for each other.  
That love that still grows,  
Grows from strength to strength.  
That day will come that we come together,  
Come together again  
And our love will burst like the sun  
And shine in our lives for eternity.

## Unjustified Violence.

There I was just sitting on the lawn  
Minding my own business,  
Not upsetting anyone.  
Then THWACK!  
I got hit!  
HARD!  
Off I rolled  
Along the soft green grass.  
I slowed down,  
Stopped and wondered,  
Wondered why I had been hit,  
I hadn't upset anyone.  
So I was basking in the sun  
Listening to nature,  
Then THWACK!  
I got hit again!  
Not so hard,  
But I was rolling to my friend,  
And uncontrollably I hit him.  
He looked at me  
With anger,  
Then THWACK!  
I was hit again  
By another friend.  
I went sailing along the lawn,  
Stopped once more.  
Then THWACK!  
I was hit again!  
I went sailing under a bridge.  
Time and time again it happen,  
I was hit by a block of wood,  
Or by a friend,  
Or I hit a friend,

All for no apparent reason.  
I just did not understand  
This unjustified violence.  
It is not much fun  
To be a croquet ball.

## She Found Herself.

She tells me many things,  
Many things in her life.  
I listen,  
I listen as that is what I do,  
Listen to people  
As they talk of problems,  
Problems in their lives.  
And this day I listened,  
Listened to the problems,  
The problems she had,  
Had in her life  
Within a relationship.  
She was being pulled down,  
Pulled down away from her womanhood  
Into a slave for the man,  
The man she had married.

One day though she found a way  
To conquer her insecurity,  
She came back.  
Her life was changed  
And the woman she was came back.  
Her strength of character returned,  
She found herself once more.

Back into her world she came  
Full of power and wisdom,  
Knowing that she would not fall,  
Not fall into that slavery again.  
The woman she once was  
Was back,  
Stronger and more determined  
To live her life

Under her own rules.

## 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.

## Experience Counts.

In our lives we come to times  
Where we know not where to go,  
We meet problems that stop us.  
These problems can be beaten  
So we can move on in our lives.  
So don't be afraid to start over,  
Start over again,  
As this time you're not starting,  
Not starting from scratch,  
You are starting from experience.  
Experience cannot be taught  
So in life experience counts  
As it teaches us so much  
As we move on in our world.

## Nothing To Prove.

There I was driving along the road,  
As I looked ahead I saw it,  
I saw the Ferrari,  
The dream car of so many.  
It was just driving along  
In amongst the traffic.  
We approached the place,  
The place where the road widened.  
I thought right let's see it go  
Expecting it to overtake all cars in front.  
But no it just sat in the line of traffic,  
Just doing sixty mile and hour  
Like the rest of us.  
It then came to me  
With a car like a Ferrari  
You do not need to show off,  
You know it can beat them all,  
So in that driver's mind,  
He knew he had nothing to prove.

## Laughter On The Lawn.

The laughter burst out  
As we were playing our game.  
Hitting the balls with care  
And with accuracy  
When four cyclists  
Passed us by on the road,  
Young men racing.  
One looked over at us  
And shouted,  
Shouted to his friends,  
"I want to do that one day,  
I just can't wait,  
Can't wait to be an old twat!"  
We just burst out laughing,  
A wonderful moment  
In our beautiful day.

## What Is A Youth.

It's happened again  
Music carried me away,  
Away to another place  
Where wonder and tears  
Came to me.  
A song so lovely,  
So full of love,  
Took my heart to her,  
Back to my darling.  
Music is so powerful,  
So powerful in my life  
When I listen to it,  
It takes me to places of wonder  
Where all is good,  
And love rules over all.

## And The Wind Blows.

And the wind blows,  
The clouds scud by  
As in a race to eternity.

And the wind blows,  
The trees bend  
Lashing out to the world.

And the wind blows,  
The sea rises  
Into waves of wonder.

And the wind blows,  
Causing the corn  
To thrash in the field.

And the wind blows,  
I get on my bike  
And ride nowhere.

## Diogenes.

Throughout his life he searched,  
He looked everywhere trying to find one.  
Even in daylight he carried a light  
To try and find that one person,  
That one person he could trust.  
Throughout his life he looked,  
Diogenes spent his life  
Looking for an honest man.

## Sentimentality.

It's just one of those things,  
One of those things in life.  
Some people are afraid,  
Afraid of showing their emotions.  
The tears are kept inside them  
To show to others how strong they are.  
Sometimes though the tears flow  
Through sadness,  
Or through happiness.  
When this happens never apologise,  
As showing that emotions are within you  
Shows you have a big heart  
And are not afraid,  
Not afraid to let others see it.  
As showing your emotions  
Is a sign of the strength within you.

## Creating Happiness.

I sit hear writing these words,  
Listening to music,  
Feeling so happy with my life.  
But there is a dilemma,  
A dilemma in all our lives.  
How can we be happy  
Amid the unhappiness of others?  
We can do what we can to help,  
So in poetry and in music  
I can show it to others,  
Hoping that they can see it,  
See the happiness within,  
And bring it into themselves.

## Is The Livin' Easy In Summertime?

Is the livin' easy in summertime?  
Those blasted fish may be jumpin',  
But I am blowed if I can catch 'em.  
And as for the cotton, it may be high;  
But do you know what you need to do  
Before it can be used to make clothes.  
Dad may be rich but none of it comes my way;  
He spends it on fast horses and faster cars.  
And Ma, she may be good lookin';  
But nobody sees her!  
She is always gazin' in the mirror,  
Sayin' to herself how beautiful she is.  
The baby is so flamin' noisy;  
It never ever stops cryin'!  
Me? Risin' up singin' ?  
Have you heard my voice?  
Do you want the neighbours to complain!  
Spread my wings? Take to the sky? That's good!  
I don't like heights so I'm not flyin' anywhere!  
So nothin' will harm me?  
Have you seen that spider in the corner of my room?  
Is big enough to eat me!  
Mum! Dad! Where are you!

## Mary Lou Williams.

Why does this keep on happening?  
All my life I have listened to music,  
I have jazz coming out of my ears,  
But once again I am surprised  
By an unknown Jazzer  
Born thirty years before I was,  
But have only heard of her this week.  
Her touch on the piano is wonderful,  
Her compositions so compelling,  
I am enthralled by her work.  
But yet again I am surprised,  
Surprised I have not heard of her,  
Not heard of Mary Lou Williams,  
But I have now and her music will live on,  
Live on within me.

## What Is Tomorrow?

We all have them,  
Every day there is a new one,  
A new one ahead of us.  
Will we know what is coming,  
What is coming from them?  
We know what's behind us  
Created in our memories,  
We hope there are so many  
So many yet to come to us,  
But we just do not know,  
All we can ask is,  
What is tomorrow?

## British Summertime.

Comes that time of the year once more,  
The sun climbs above the horizon  
Up into that clear sky  
Painting it a bright clear blue,  
Not a cloud in the sky.

The sun gets higher in the sky  
Giving light to all below it,  
On this earth where nature thrives  
Awaking on this clear bright day,  
Ready to walk in the sun's brightness.

I walk through the wooded glade  
The sun lighting my way,  
The speckles of sun shine down  
Through the leaves and branches  
Of the trees that surround me.

I come to the lake and sit  
Watching the sparkling water  
Where the sun strikes the ripples  
Creating such glorious art for me,  
Just there for me in this wondrous day.

I walk on through the day  
Bathed in this sunlit heaven  
Towards evening's wonder  
Where the sun slides over the horizon,  
Leaving its warmth behind.

I sit in my garden thinking of the day,  
The wonders I have seen  
On this beautiful sunny day,

And as I toast the day  
Knowing that all is well in my world.

I know that British Summertime,  
Is the best DAY of the year!

## People In Life.

In our lives we meet many people,  
So many people.  
We talk about so many things,  
We do many things together,  
But as we get older we may forget,  
Forget what was said in conversation,  
Stop remembering what we did together.  
But in our life we will never forget,  
Never forget how they made us feel.

## Happiness.

Throughout our lives we have dreams,  
Those times that we want to come our way  
Times that would make us so happy,  
Some do come true, but many do not.  
I know in my life though I know,  
I know I can be happy if no dreams come true,  
As all that happiness needs  
Is an appreciation of life itself.

## Exist For Eternity.

There I was sitting and listening,  
Listening to the music on the radio  
Enjoying every moment.  
But then it happened,  
A piece of music so familiar,  
So familiar to me  
But played in such a way  
That it took my heart,  
Took my heart into a new place,  
A place to wonder and beauty.  
The sound just entered my body,  
My body and soul,  
Such a wondrous sound  
Creating such beautiful feelings,  
Beautiful feelings within me.  
The way it was played  
Had such feelings within it,  
The feelings of the pianist  
Transposing Chopin into a new world,  
A new world of glory  
That took me to that place,  
That place where love, peace and beauty  
Exist for eternity.

## Daily Drops.

Every day I remember,  
Remember that I need those drops,  
Those drops in my ears.  
And every day when I remember  
I am standing in the shower.  
Out of the shower I step,  
Dry myself and put on clothes,  
Wonder downstairs,  
Have breakfast and a cup of tea.  
And every day I forget,  
Forget to put in those drops.

## All's Well.

My friend,  
She rang,  
We spoke,  
She's low,  
She's sad,  
She talks,  
I listen,  
She rises,  
Feeling better,  
We talk,  
I listen,  
I speak,  
She smiles,  
I talk,  
She laughs,  
We speak,  
We laugh,  
Lowness risen,  
All's better  
Laughter cures,  
Cures all.  
My friend  
Feels better,  
All's well.

## Natures Symphonic Day.

I awake in dawns early light,  
I just lay and listen  
And I hear the glory of the birds,  
Dawns wonderful chorus welcoming me  
Into this new day in my life.  
I arise and walk downstairs,  
Open the door into the garden.  
The birds raise their voices  
Moving from the overture  
Into the first melody of today's symphony.  
I know that this day music will be with me,  
The loud movement of the morning  
Into the slow movement of afternoon,  
Showing me all the glory of nature's sounds.  
When the day is over I sit in the garden  
The light of the day fading,  
The symphony changing into slow beauty.  
I go up to bed and lay there  
Listening to natures lullaby  
As I fall into a dream filled sleep  
Knowing all is well,  
And it will be an even better day tomorrow.

## Orchid Love.

In the many years before she passed  
Orchids were so beautiful in her life.  
After her passing they passed as well,  
I believe they are with her.

I bought some more for her  
As a memory of her life,  
Our life together over many years.  
Each day they grew  
And each day the flowers appeared,  
Those flowers showed me she was there,  
There with me,  
As she will be forever.

So each day the love of my life  
Shines through those orchid's flowers  
Showing her love for me.  
I know that our love will never die  
And we will be together for eternity.

## The Day Is Ended.

The day is ended,  
Up the stairs I walk,  
I go into the bedroom  
And I see it,  
See it on the floor,  
A white feather  
Showing she's there,  
Still with me.  
My lover has been there  
In her new guise,  
Her new guise  
Of being an Angel,  
Giving me her love,  
Knowing that our love  
Will never fail,  
And when I get my wings,  
My wings of an angel  
We will fly together,  
Together towards infinity.

## Tears Stream Tanka.

Tears stream from my eyes  
As my heart absorbs her love  
Down from her heaven.  
My lover is still with me  
As I look up to her star.

## So Very Long Ago.

I walk into the old church  
Looking at the architecture.  
The beauty of the stonework  
Lovingly constructed  
To bring the building to life,  
So very long ago.

As I walk round I hear sounds  
As if the stones are talking to me,  
Creating words  
From those whispers  
That they inherited,  
So very long ago.

## The Man In My Life.

I stand in front of the mirror  
Just combing my hair  
When I see him,  
I see my Dad looking at me,  
Smiling with that smile  
That was always with him.  
The man who taught me so much,  
A man who showed respect for all,  
A man who always saw good in life  
And showed me that way,  
Where respect must always be there.

There was the man  
Who brought me the most wonderful thing,  
He brought me the wonder of music.  
From the day of my birth  
To this old man writing these words  
The music he showed me is still here.  
Music was his life,  
And it has become my life,  
All because that man,  
That man I see in the mirror,  
Has become me.

## Humanity and Love.

In our world we see it,  
We see it all the time.  
The tension is there,  
There between the races,  
The races on this world.  
But we all have the same race  
If we only start thinking,  
Thinking about who we are.

In our world we see it,  
We see it all the time.  
The tension is there,  
There between religions,  
Religions on this world.  
But we all have one religion  
That works for everyone,  
If we realise what it is.

May humanity be our race.  
May love be our religion.

## Am I Just Getting Old?

The bell went and I answered the door,  
There stood before me was a young lady,  
A beautiful young lady.  
Hello I thought, was this my lucky day?  
But no, she had a parcel in her hand,  
A parcel for my neighbour  
Who was at work,  
Would I mind looking after it.  
The young lady would put a note,  
A note through the neighbours door.  
Of course I took it in,  
Anything to help others.  
Then immediately I wrote these words,  
As what I couldn't understand  
That this young lady was driving,  
Driving a van,  
Surely she was much too young to drive,  
Or is it that I am just getting old?

## Emotions Pour Out.

The emotions keep changing,  
Laughter bursts out from me,  
Anger forms within me,  
Love comes from my heart,  
Tears stream from my eyes.  
And yet all I am doing  
Is reading a book.

## Which Is The Greater?

I am so fortunate in my life,  
Within my life I have so much  
That pleases me  
And takes me to another place,  
A place of dreams, peace, love and beauty.

The words of poets written on the page  
Can send shivers down my spine,  
Or laughter through my body.  
Such words can bring so many feelings  
As their words enthrall my inner being.

I can stand in front of an artwork  
And see so many things within it.  
In some pieces I become part,  
Part of the painting  
Where the artist pulls me into their being.

The sound takes me to a special place  
When the music surrounds me,  
And has surrounded me all my long life.  
Every day I seem to find new music  
That takes me to another place  
Where life is so wonderful.

I am so lucky in my life  
I have poetry, art and music.  
Within it  
There is so much of it to be seen and heard  
And to my mind,  
So little time to absorb it.

Then there is the unanswerable question,

Which is the greater,  
Poetry, art or music?

## My New Lady.

I seem to have become addicted,  
Addicted to someone new in my life.  
I have become with her most evenings,  
A lady I had not known,  
Not known until last week.  
But she means so much to me,  
So much in my times alone.  
She pulls me into yet another world  
Yet I only hear her sounds  
As she plays her piano like no-one else.  
Her sound brings relaxation,  
Total relaxation to my body  
And when she is playing  
Somebody else is there  
As I can feel my lover by my side  
Pulled down from heaven.  
We just sit and listen,  
Listen to this wonderful sound  
Being played by this lady,  
This new lady of jazz  
That is now in my life,  
In our life.

## Sanctuary of Peace.

The narrow path is before me,  
I walk along it, between the wheat,  
The greenness of it all around me.  
The bright sun shining down,  
Down on the ripening sheaves  
And on my life of peace and joy.  
Ahead I see an arched gate  
I open it and walk into the Sanctuary,  
A wonder of trees, shrubs and peace.  
I walk slowly around this heaven  
As the Spirit of Nature pulls me,  
Pulls me into its haven,  
Its haven of beauty, peace and love.  
I sit and my mind wanders  
Combines with the Spirit around me  
Taken into the glory that is within me,  
That Sanctuary of love,  
Love for my world.

## All Through Music.

What shall I listen too I thought,  
I know I will put on Carmina Burana,  
The Carl Orff classic,  
Not heard it for a long time.  
The opening bars so powerful,  
So loud and meaningful,  
And there was I in tears  
As it immediately threw me,  
Threw such memories of my lover  
When she was in the choir  
Singing these notes to me.  
Such wonderful memories  
Brought back in a moment,  
As the music took me to her,  
And brought her to me.  
The tears just would not stop  
The love of her brought to me so strongly  
From this piece of music,  
As the notes she had sang  
Took my emotions to her  
And we were together again,  
Back together as one,  
All through this music.

## Calmness Abounds

A feeling of such calmness comes over me  
And all because of that sound,  
That sound of Beethoven  
Being played on the piano,  
Being played just for me.

## Match Mask.

Onto the lawn we strode,  
Two very good friends now enemies  
As we played each other  
In this Club competition.  
On went my Match Mask,  
This was different,  
No animosity,  
Politeness, yes,  
Playing by the rules, yes,  
But no humour,  
That was for other times.  
This was serious  
It was a real match.  
So off we went  
Knocking the balls over the lawn  
Towards and through the hoops.  
My shots were so accurate  
As my concentration was with me,  
This was a match.  
Through the hoops my balls went,  
One nil, two nil, two one, three one.  
He had no chance,  
Four one, four two, five two.  
This was my game,  
The game I so enjoyed.  
Five three, six three,  
I was nearly there,  
Just one more hoop.  
Six four,  
Then it happened,  
My ball sailed thought the hoop,  
The winning hoop,  
So there I was the winner,

Seven four.

The Match Mask came off  
And the real me was back,  
Back with my friend,  
Laughing and joking as usual  
As we always were,  
Except in a proper match  
Where my Match Mask was worn.

## What Is Life?

What is life?

Life is the wonder of arising each morning  
Looking out of the window to the world,  
Knowing that this day will be wonderful  
And will be different from any other day,  
A day full of surprises to delight me.

What is life?

Life is walking a path with nature's wonder  
The glory of the array of colours around me,  
The smells of its world beguiling my senses,  
The symphony of music that is always there,  
And makes me part of this wonderful world.

What is life?

Life is listening to music that has always been there,  
Been there for me all my life on this world.  
Taking me into the ether with its wonder and glory,  
Bringing all emotions into my being,  
Knowing that music will never stop in my life.

What is life?

Life is being so grateful for the love of my life  
Now looking down upon me from above,  
Knowing that the life we had together was so wonderful  
And now knowing that I must not learn to live without her,  
But to live with the love that she left behind for me.

That is life.

## Memory To Come.

We look back in our lives  
And they are there,  
All those memories  
Of things we have done.  
Some are sad,  
But in looking closer  
Most of them are happy.  
Each one so important  
In the life we have lead.

Sometimes we look ahead  
And wonder what life beholds,  
Hoping all will be well.  
But all you need to do  
Is to look back on those memories,  
Those wonderful memories  
That have passed already,  
And then to realise that tomorrow  
Is a memory waiting to happen.

## The New Day Ahead.

What a beautiful morning,  
I'm sitting here writing,  
Writing my words,  
My words for the new day,  
The new day ahead.  
Knowing that all is well  
And this day will be full,  
Full of life and humour,  
Humour with friends.  
As I live this day  
Knowing that all is well,  
All is well within me,  
And all is well around me,  
And knowing that  
There will be another,  
Another day tomorrow  
Waiting to bring me joy,  
More joy in my life.

## I Arise.

In our lives we have so many ups and downs,  
Each one is now behind us.  
We know that life can knock us down,  
But the choice we have is ours  
Whether we should get up again,  
Or not.  
In my long life I have always got up,  
And at each rising have become stronger  
So that now being knocked down is avoided  
As I have the knowledge to stay positive  
And move forward to a better life  
That I know will be with me,  
Each and every time I arise .

## Another Year Gone;

Another year completed in a life full of love,  
That love for life that has been with you forever.  
You look back over that life  
And see the ups and downs,  
The downs can be so sad and melancholy.  
But as you look back the ups are so fulfilling  
Bringing each new day and each new year  
To this place,  
This place where you arrive today,  
That day of your birthday.  
Another year now gone  
But still plenty more to come.

## Picture of Love.

What a wonderful moment,  
She was with me once more.  
As I looked for something else  
I found her,  
Found her looking at me.  
It may only have been a picture  
But the dream of my life was back,  
Looking so beautiful.  
My lover had dropped from the sky  
Like the Angel she was,  
She was with me once more.  
Finding this picture brough such joy,  
Joy to my world.  
In my world for that time  
She was sitting by my side  
Looking at me with so much love,  
That love that has always been there,  
And will be there for eternity.

## One Step At A Time.

In our lives we have so many steps,  
Each one takes us to a new place,  
Into a new experience  
Which is so important to us,  
So we must always focus  
On the step in front of us  
And accept what is offered  
To take us further into our lives.  
Each single step is important,  
The whole path will be there,  
But walk it one step at a time.

## Red Dress.

I remember that day so well,  
My lover and I went to lunch,  
Lunching with some friends  
On a boat on the river,  
A wonderful place with wonderful food.  
We sat at our table eating our food,  
Listening to the singer  
Singing some wonderful songs,  
Making the enjoyment much more.  
Then it happened.  
My Lover was wearing a red dress,  
The singer stood up with his guitar  
Walked over to us,  
And stood in front of Joyce  
And sang to her,  
Sang 'Lady in Red'.  
Such a wonderful memory.

## Lost In Artwork.

I look at the image and my mind expands,  
Expands into the world of the artist.  
I see so much,  
The more I look the more I see.  
My imagination delves further  
Seeing things that it creates of its own accord  
Triggered by the surreal images  
Flowing from the artwork  
Of lines, curves and colours on paper  
Which keep pulling me further  
Into the depths of the painting  
And the mind of the painter,  
Intriguing my mind yet again.

## But Is It Poetry?

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?"

## Infinite Universe.

In our long lives we wonder,  
Wonder if we had lived it differently.  
But what we need to remember  
Is that we have,  
Have lived it in all possible ways  
In one of the Infinite Universes  
Where our infinite lives  
Have lived all our lives.

## **This Light.**

I look out and all I see is grey,  
The greyness of this new day.  
I will go out into it and walk,  
Walk all day and knowing  
That the sun is there,  
There behind the grey  
Thus giving all this light,  
This light in my life.

## Under The Hammer.

Yes I heard it on the news,  
Princess Diana's car was to be auctioned,  
The car Prince Charles bought her,  
Bought her for their engagement.  
This nineteen eighty one Ford Escort,  
Worth a lot of money  
It was going under the hammer.  
Mind you,  
It won't be worth much  
Once the hammer hits it!

## My Little Boy.

I remember that day so well,  
I was there,  
There when this tiny little human being came,  
Came into my life.  
He was late of course,  
His mum had to have castor oil  
Just to make him appear quicker,  
But he came  
Came into my life,  
This so called bundle of joy.  
This bundle of joy  
Who mixed the tea and coffee together,  
Who put toys into the drawer of the washing machine  
So I had to take it apart,  
This little man who didn't stop all day.

But this little man was special,  
So special to me.  
I never once let him win  
At anything,  
And when that day came  
When he beat me,  
Beat me at draughts,  
It was one of the proudest days of my life,  
He beat me of his own accord.  
And all through his life  
He has done things  
Of his own accord,  
Beating me at many things now.  
This little boy of mine  
Now a forty six year old  
Six foot four man  
Of whom I am so proud,

He is married to a wonderful lady  
And I have two super grandchildren.

So although I never let him win  
It helped him to win in life,  
Into this fine life he now has.  
Our love between us is tangible,  
Mind you,  
He still can't beat me at Backgammon!

## My Love Of Nature.

I am with My River once more,  
Looking down into its clear green mirror,  
Hardly a ripple to be seen.  
As I stroll I see them,  
A gaggle of Canada Geese  
Just floating on the surface,  
Hardly moving, like a group of statues.  
And there on My River's bank  
Sit several pigeons all in a row,  
As if judging the artwork before them.  
I walk on and see two male mallards  
Their heads turned on top of their body  
Fast asleep in this early morn.  
On My River there swims the females  
Showing their chicks the glory of Nature.

I walk on, My River by my side,  
The infinite green colours around me.  
I then sit and listen to Natures Symphony,  
Drawn into my love of Nature  
As I sit there writing these words.

## Book Time.

Once again I am lost,  
Lost in the words of a book,  
Taken to another world  
Where life is so different.  
The words take me there  
And I become part of that world,  
Losing the time in my own space  
Until I look up and my time has passed,  
Passed so quickly from my world  
Into the world of that author.

## The Last Words of the Night

The lights became dimmed  
"Twas time for sleep  
All said goodnight  
The lights went out  
Then the phone sounded  
Alan answered it  
It was his wife  
Asking if all was well  
Of course it was  
the conversation continued  
Between him and his wife  
All was well  
And then he said those words  
Those words I say no more  
He told his wife he loved her  
As I did mine  
And still do  
Although she is now a star  
Shining her love  
Down on me

## Across the Kitchen Floor.

Here I am shining like the star that I am;  
Always ready for them to fill me up  
And switch me on,  
Never failing to boil;  
And once boiled, the steamy water is poured  
Into their pot of tea at the start of their day,  
Making them ready for the day ahead.

Just look at him, over blown, over rated;  
Thinks so much of himself  
Just because he is first used in the day.  
But I will have my way;  
Just sitting here quietly;  
I am ready at all times,  
And yes, the time is now.  
The coffee goes in, Columbian of course,  
The water goes in and the switch goes on.  
Slowly, languorously boiling water  
Filters through the coffee into the pot.

We may be jealous of each other,  
But we are both loved equally  
By those who use us.  
So a truce is always in place  
Across the kitchen floor

## Has He Returned?

Walking down the High Street  
I came to a shop,  
Engraved deeply on the old wall  
Were the words "BEST ENGLISH MEAT",  
But it did worry me,  
As the shop was a Barbers!  
Had Sweeney Todd returned?

## Telephone Trepidation.

Hello I thought there must be a problem!  
The telephone has rung  
And it is only eight fifteen in the morning!  
There are times when I think we get concerned  
When the telephone rings,  
Before nine o'clock in the morning,  
Or after nine o'clock in the evening.  
If people are ringing us at these times  
There may be trouble ahead.  
So I picked up the 'phone with trepidation.  
Yes it was urgent,  
"Hello Andy, Bob here,  
I am going to mow the croquet lawn about noon  
Can you help me please"  
Of course in this dire situation I had to help  
So I replied,  
"Yes I'll be there, glad to help."  
Another tragedy solved  
All through that telephone call  
At a time that was worrying.

## Where None Have Visualised Before.

**I HAVE HAD A MESSAGE FROM ORCHIDEE SAYING THAT HE IS HAVING PROBLEMS WITH HIS COMPUTER GETTING ONTO THIS SITE SO WE MAY NOT SEE HIS WORK TODAY. IF IT DOES ARRIVE PLEASE IGNORE THIS MESSAGE - BUT NOT THE POEM BELOW.**

I look up into the night sky,  
My mind goes onward and onward  
Sailing through the Universe in its glory,  
In all its wonder.  
I keep on going passing stars and life,  
Life unknown to us,  
Wondering what is ahead of me.  
The further I go the more wondrous it becomes,  
Going to places  
Where none have gone before.  
The further I go  
The wiser I become,  
Seeing so many new things  
Unknown by all behind me,  
This wonderful place in my life.  
I keep on and on in glory  
Until I reach that place,  
Reach the end of the Universe.  
I look further into that new place  
And travel on into the new,  
Going to a place  
Where none have ever visualised,  
None have ever visualised before.

## Passed The Universe.

As I step off the Universe into this new place  
The wonder of love and happiness abound,  
A new place where there is no sorrow,  
No unhappiness,  
Where all the life I see is good.  
Agreement is the way of life,  
Where all help each other into a better way,  
A better way of living in this place.  
I look back at the Universe and wonder,  
Wonder why my Universe, my world  
Cannot be like this and all would be fine.  
But I have moved on and am now here,  
Here in this new place where sorrow,  
Sorrow and acrimony have never been.  
Now happy in my life where love is for all,  
Maybe I have found that place,  
That place the Hippies now live,  
And are led by their mantra,  
Make Love Not War.

## At The Top Of The Hill.

I walk up my hill of life,  
A life that is filled,  
Filled with wonderful things.  
My children now all grown up  
With children of their own,  
The joy of grandchildren so wonderful,  
All such beautiful members of my life.

I look down  
And there just behind me I see her,  
I see the love of my life,  
Now departed from me in body  
But with me in Spirit.

As I look up the hill,  
This hill of life I am climbing  
I see the top  
And there I see her,  
See her waiting,  
Waiting for me at the top of my hill.  
And once together again  
We will be together forever,  
Never ever parted again.

## Field Of Dreams Tanka.

My River flows passed,  
Its beauty takes me with it  
To where she's waiting,  
My lover taken from me,  
To meet in our field of dreams.

## I Awake Into A New Day.

I awake into a new day,  
A new day of so many in my life,  
I wonder what this day will bring?  
It may be there is some sadness,  
But more likely to be happiness  
As I will meet with friends,  
Talking, laughing and joking.  
I will have music in my life  
As it is every day,  
Every day of my life.  
That absolute wonder  
Of dots on a page,  
Or emotions within  
Bringing such glory to me.  
I am so lucky in my life  
As each new day brings surprises,  
And I know this new day  
Will be no different,  
As I awake into this new day  
Knowing all will be wonderful.

## 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?

## Live As You.

We come into our lives ready to learn,  
Each day we see something new  
Giving us our future towards our life.  
But in those times there are others,  
Others who believe they know better  
And try to lead you down a different path,  
Different to the one you want to follow.  
But you know where you want to go in life,  
So live the way you want to live,  
Not the way you are expected to live by others.

## Hippie Warning.

They did have it so right in their lives,  
No thoughts of war,  
No thoughts of hate.  
Just a world where love and peace  
Would be there for the world,  
Where all understood everybody.  
Why can it not be so?

## At One With Nature.

I walk through the wooded glade,  
The beauty and wonder of nature  
Showing me its glory.  
A thrush walks across my path,  
We stare at each other.  
A smile comes to my face  
As we just stay still,  
Looking into each other's eyes.  
It trots off, unhurried,  
It looks back as if to say goodbye.  
I walk on and see the sparkle of the sun  
Dropping through the trees  
And touching me with its light.  
I become one with nature  
As I intermingle with it.  
There are only good thoughts  
Within my mind,  
Telling me that being at one with nature  
Is there for me,  
And I know that in the future  
We will be at one together.

## Age Of Wisdom.

Each day our age increases,  
The more we live  
The older we get.  
When we reach old age  
We are lucky, as some never do.  
We look back to the grace,  
The grace of our youth,  
Trying to go back to those times.  
That quest is so futile  
When we realise,  
Realise that  
Wisdom come with age,  
And that the age of wisdom  
Has many graces as well.

## Love's Home.

She is always here,  
Here in our wonderful home  
The home where love lives.  
That love for one another  
Will always be in my heart.

## No Longer At Home.

Two years ago,  
Two years ago to day  
Was that last time,  
That last time when I rose,  
When I rose from my bed  
With my wife laying there.  
I turned to her and kissed her,  
Kissed her as if to say good bye.  
When I next went to bed  
I would be alone,  
No more cuddles in bed,  
Not more saying "I love you"  
As we went to sleep.  
This fucking dementia  
Had taken her,  
Taken her from me.  
Over those five years  
She went further and further away  
Until that day come  
When I could cope no more,  
My caring for her had brought me down,  
Down so low in myself  
That others had to care for her.  
So on this day,  
This day two years ago  
I took her away from our home  
To a Care Home,  
A place where they looked after her,  
Looked after her so well,  
I saw her so many times in that home,  
But she was not in our home.

If people say they know about dementia

But have not lived with it  
Twenty four hours a day,  
Seven days a week,  
THEY HAVEN'T A FUCKING CLUE!!!!

## Singing Once More.

What a glorious time it was,  
To be singing once more,  
Singing with others.  
Music is my life,  
Singing is part of it  
But after such a long time  
Not being able to sing  
The joy was still there,  
The joy of producing music  
Through our voices  
For others to hear.  
There we were in the church,  
Just six of us,  
But the organ sounded  
And our voices burst out of our hearts  
Singing to the world once more.  
Comes the day,  
Comes the day soon  
When all the choir will sing  
And the beauty of music  
Will sail from our voices  
Into the ether forever.

## The Sixties, I Was 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?

## Night Club Time.

Will you all be there?  
The club nights will be back  
But you must have a passport,  
A passport to show two jabs.  
Well we can form a club  
As all of us over sixty five  
Have had the double jab.  
So get ready Club owners  
For us oldies.  
Put the Double Diamond  
And the Watneys on the tap,  
Play the Beatles and Stones,  
Provide us with Sanatogen not hash,  
Feed us chicken in a basket.  
You must have defibs available  
And good first aiders,  
And we will be there,  
Dancing and singing  
Well into the night,  
Up to our bedtime  
Of ten thirty pm.  
Come on all,  
Join me at the night club.

## Stumbling Blocks.

In our lives we have many stumbling blocks,  
Each one is a question in our life.  
Most of them get answered  
And we can move on.  
Occasionally we get a problem,  
A problem that cannot be solved.  
This is probably not a problem,  
Not a problem to be solved,  
It is but a truth,  
A truth to be accepted.

## The Kiss In The Wind

The wind blew the curtain  
Through the open window,  
A box was knocked on the floor.

I picked it up,  
I saw it, a label,  
A label in my loved ones hand.

The words on it spoke to me,  
Spoke so deeply to me,  
"With all my love forever,  
Joyce".

Written ten years ago  
On our thirtieth anniversary,  
It would be our fortieth this year,  
But I will celebrate it alone.

I have always known  
She is still with me,  
In my body and mind,  
In the moon and the stars.  
But now I know  
She is also in the wind,  
So every time the wind blows  
I will know she is kissing me,  
Kissing me once again,  
And that one day we will be as one  
When our Spirits join for eternity.

## New Bloom Tanka.

I come down the stairs  
Look out into my garden  
And there I see it  
A flower in fullest bloom  
That yesterday was not there.

## Something For Yourself.

In our lives most try and help others,  
Help bring their troubles to an end.  
It becomes our way of life  
And most are so grateful to us,  
So we put more effort and kindness  
Into that help and goodness we give.  
But sometimes we need to sit back,  
Sit back and bring our thoughts together,  
As occasionally it may be necessary to do something,  
Do something for yourself,  
Before continuing to help others.

## Just Conversing.

We sit across the table,  
A glass of wine in front of us  
And we talk.  
We talk of many things,  
The many good things in our life.  
Remembering those wonderful times  
When life was good.  
We talk of sad things,  
Sad things that happened in our lives,  
Helping each other to overcome them,  
Bringing more happiness to each other's lives  
In a conversation.  
It may be just words  
But those words are important,  
Important in our lives,  
As it is so good to talk,  
To talk to each other as friends,  
Very good friends.

## Sit In The Garden.

We sit in the garden on a summers evening,  
The sun has set and the moon shines down.  
We look at each other, our love so strong  
As we look deeply into each other's eyes  
Seeing the love for each other in our hearts.  
Bach playing gently in the background  
Giving our love the melody and wonder of music,  
Bringing us even closer together  
Into our love that has always been there  
And will never die.  
We look up and see the stars in the darkness,  
Each one showing the love of those we knew  
And have now left this mortal coil.

I sit in the garden on a summers evening,  
The sun has set and the moon shines down.  
I look across at where she should be  
Hoping to look into her beautiful eyes,  
Looking for the love in her heart.  
Bach plays gently in the background  
Creating memories of being together  
In the wonder of the music of our love,  
Bringing us even closer together  
In that love that has always been there  
And will never die.  
I look up and see the stars in the darkness,  
Seeing a new one shining brightly down,  
Showing me my love is there for me  
And her love for me shining in wonder  
As I look into the brightness of her heart  
Knowing we will shine together again one day  
With our love becoming ever stronger,  
Ever stronger each moment towards eternity.

## The Light Of Music.

I was back,  
Back listening to music,  
Listening to live music.  
The duet on the stage  
Creating so much fun.  
There music bring a smile,  
A smile to all our faces  
As they sang and played,  
Played so much music.  
So many different types  
It showed how varied,  
How varied music can be.  
As we left the building  
All I could see were smiles,  
Smiles on the faces,  
The faces of those who were there,  
Showing how powerful music can be  
To bring such a great deal of light,  
Light into our lives.

## Croquet At Broadwas.

I arrive at the club,  
Broadwas was the place,  
A place I had never been  
Looking forward to the day,  
The day where croquet leads the way.  
I look across the lawns  
Seeing the beauty of the finely cut grass.  
I look around and see the wonder,  
The wonder of the green hills  
Surrounding the lawns.  
The glory of Nature all around,  
It will be a marvellous day.

At the end of the competition  
I look back on the day with delight,  
Winning more than I lost  
On these elegant lawns,  
That were wonderful on which to play.  
Looking back though  
The matches were so good  
But that was not important,  
It was the glory of the day,  
A day of competition,  
Of meeting new people  
As we chatted with humour,  
Humour, kindness and respect.  
I left the club feeling so well  
The day I had was wonderful,  
And will one day  
Go back and enjoy it again.

## Experience Learned.

They say that age is the price we pay for experience.  
When we first find out as a child  
That floors are hard  
And when you fall it can hurt.  
When parents yell at us  
As we get near the fire,  
We end up in tears,  
Wondering if they love us.

We get older our experiences grow,  
They make us supposedly much wiser,  
Much wiser than we were before.  
The biggest lessons we learn  
Are from our many mistakes,  
The mistakes that we make  
As we go,  
Go along life's rocky road.

It's not only age that paves the way of our learning.  
We also deliberately take the choice,  
The choice that we know is wrong,  
Know is wrong in our hearts and minds,  
But is right for others.

If there wasn't a price to pay  
We would never know,  
Never know that we've learned something.

## Life Storms.

We get storms within our lives,  
The strength of them can disrupt our life.  
But sometimes we need to realise  
That they can be there to clear our paths,  
So that we can dance once more in the rain  
And bring joy to our lives.

## Father And Son Together.

Up he came for the weekend,  
Over a year since I saw him,  
The wonderful son of mine.  
We hugged,  
We talked,  
We laughed,  
We cried,  
Every emotion was there.  
But we also listened,  
Listened to each other,  
And listened to our love,  
Our love of music.  
Music has been my life  
And now it is his as well.  
Such a wonderful weekend,  
The two of us together  
Only for a short while,  
But that time was so special  
As it showed that the love,  
The love between father and son  
Was so very strong,  
And we would always be there,  
Be there for each other forever.

## Recovering From The Shock.

I am still recovering,  
Recovering from the shock.  
My son came up for the weekend,  
A great time we had together.  
But I am still recovering,  
Recovering from the shock.  
We went out to dinner,  
Enjoying more time together  
With each other,  
And that wonderful Italian food.  
But I am still recovering,  
Recovering from the shock.  
We finished our meal,  
The bill was called for  
And set in front of us.  
But I am still recovering,  
Recovering from the shock.  
He, my son, picked up the bill,  
He paid for it!  
Never in our history has he paid.  
But I am still recovering,  
Recovering from the shock.  
I am still waiting for that first pint  
Bought by him for me.  
I've only been waiting twenty five years  
Since he reached that age  
Where he could buy me a pint.  
But on this occasion he paid.  
Paid for the dinner.  
And I am still recovering,  
Recovering from the shock.

## Love Is There.

Looking back in my life  
I realise I am such a lucky man,  
As throughout my life she was there  
Giving me true love in my life,  
So many years of wonderful love  
Between the two of us  
Where so many do not have it.  
She has parted from this life  
But I know that she is there,  
And will always be there for me  
Waiting for me to join her,  
To join her for eternity.  
One day I will be with her  
But I feel that life is still there,  
Still there for me.  
I know will join her one day,  
But there is no rush.

## Another Fine Day Haiku.

Another fine day  
Will be full of enchantment,  
Let us all live it.

## Winner Takes All.

I came,  
I saw,  
I conquered.  
The balls flew  
Across the lawn,  
Through the hoops,  
Beating my opponents,  
Until one was left,  
A good friend,  
I beat him,  
Won the tournament.  
I came,  
I saw,  
I conquered,  
And left  
With the trophy.

## Oops!

Salmon on Croute for lunch sounded good,  
I have the salmon and most other food  
Just need the puff pastry and a nice fresh lemon  
To encase this great looking chunk of salmon.

So down to the shop I needed to drive  
Parked the car, it would only take five  
Minutes to get these ingredients few  
Arrived back home in days later, two.

I parked the car in my usual place  
And walked to the shop at my usual pace  
Tripped and fell down like great a foolish prat  
I wonder why I did a thing like that!

There was pain and blood pouring from my thumb  
It did not look good but I didn't succumb  
To the point of not knowing just where I was  
Like those occasions one sometimes does

A passer by looked on my plight  
And asked if I was feeling alright  
I could not answer, I don't know why  
Perhaps the shock was starting by and by.

He asked if I needed to contact someone to help  
I reached for my phone which caused me to yelp  
But I managed to contact my wonderful wife  
And asked her to send down the son in my life.

The first aider from the shop arrived on the scene  
With his first aider bag coloured bright green  
He looked at my thumb and got out a dressing

Which hid the wound which was such a blessing.

They sat me in my car to help me recover  
My son then arrived and gave me a good look over,  
As he was looking at me I went into shock  
So an ambulance was called to come to this block.

The medic arrived in very quick time  
Assessed my problem in a way so sublime  
That she gave me so much confidence  
That made me much less tense.

As I was going into shock and then out  
Her small van was without doubt  
Not how to get me all the way  
To the Redditch hospital casualty bay

So an ambulance was called to collect me  
To transport me with horns wailing like a banshee  
To the place where I would be cured  
From the pains that I now endured.

The operation to fix my wound was a complete success  
But the surgeon did say that my thumb was a mess  
And it should now be really OK  
As long as they keep the infection way.

So the Salmon en Croute did not come to pass  
As this silly old duffer fell on his arse  
And took only two days to go to the shop  
As I stupidly tripped and on my thumb I did drop!

## Incoming Waves.

I stand on the sandy beach  
Looking out over the sea  
Wondering what is ahead.  
The waves come in towards me,  
The white caps of beauty  
Showing me a new day in my life,  
They fall back taking yesterday with them.  
I look out further  
At so many waves coming my way,  
Knowing that there are many days to come,  
To come in my life.  
But looking further  
There are so many more waves,  
Showing that more days have passed,  
Passed in my life  
Than I have remaining.  
But trying to count the incoming waves  
Is impossible, showing so many good days ahead,  
Good days in my future life.

## Life With Nature.

I awake each morning  
And each morning it is darker  
As Summer begins to recede its brightness  
And the wonder of Autumn is due.  
That beautiful time of the year  
Where Nature brings its artwork to the fore,  
Painting my world with such vivid colours,  
The yellows, oranges and reds,  
Interspersed with greens and browns,  
With the blue and white of the sky  
Floating above all our world,  
All my world  
As Natures artwork fills my dreams,  
My dreams of colour and love throughout,  
Throughout my wonderful life with Nature.

## Disposable People.

Looking back into the history of this world  
There have been so many wars,  
So many people killed,  
Sent out by others who did not care,  
Did not care about their minions dying,  
No thought of grieving families.  
They just sent them out to gain power,  
Power for themselves.  
Looking back on those times  
Those in power never cared  
That they had created a new race in our world,  
Showing that their actions  
Created generations of disposable people.

## That Music.

Yet again it has happened,  
Sitting here reading words,  
The music on the radio,  
Then that tune was played.  
Tears started to run  
As the notes on the piano  
Brought my loved one back,  
Back into life.  
The power of this piece  
Brought us back together  
As if she had never left this world  
To look down on me.  
She is always with me  
But this music took me,  
Took me to that place  
Where the love for each other  
Became even stronger within me,  
Within my heart,  
Within my soul.  
That love will never die.

## Laughter All Around.

What a wonderful afternoon,  
Walking around the green lawn  
Hitting balls towards hoops,  
People looking on  
As the finals took place.  
I hit my last ball through the hoop,  
The trophy was mine.  
Congratulations were given  
And we move on,  
Moved on to the icing on the cake.

The five of us went to the local inn,  
Sat in the garden and had a drink.  
Then it started, the laughter.  
Tales of olden times were shared  
As our lives seemed to become one,  
Sitting there together  
Showing how wonderful friendship can be,  
And overriding it all was the laughter,  
The wonderful laughter between us,  
Between us very good friends.

## 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.

## Clouds Of Life.

I look up to the sky,  
And there below the soft blue  
The clouds float by,  
White and bubbly,  
Full of life and wonder.  
Each one unique,  
As each person on this earth  
Is so unique.  
So many beautiful clouds  
Floating in my life,  
Bring peace to me.  
As I float with those clouds  
The black clouds come by,  
But do not last for long  
As the sadness in my life  
Is soon blown away with them  
And the wonder of the white clouds  
Brings so much wonder to my heart.

## The Greengrocers Shop.

Into the greengrocers I went  
To get some veg for the week,  
Looking around I saw them,  
I saw those fresh peas in pods.  
Suddenly was back as a child  
Sitting on the back steps,  
The bowl on my lap  
Shelling peas for my mum.  
I looked down the garden  
There was dad picking weeds out  
From around the glorious display,  
Display of colourful dahlias.  
There on the lawn was Prince,  
The dog of my childhood,  
Laying happily in the sun.  
My younger brother riding his bike  
All around the garden path.  
Mum was behind me in the kitchen  
Preparing the Sunday lunch,  
Such wonderful times back in the day,  
My wonderful family  
Together in love and harmony,  
Such a wonderful memory  
Brought on by those peas,  
Those peas in the greengrocers shop.

## HOW MANY!

HOW MANY!!

Surely that is not true!

I cannot have written that many!

But no, the figures don't lie.

I would never have believed it

That day when I first started,

Started to write words,

Write because of that artwork,

That I would continue writing.

I just don't believe it,

That this is my three thousandth poem.

It surely cannot be,

But yes it is.

Three thousand,

Some good,

Some bad,

Some indifferent.

But all come from me,

From me and my Muse.

Ah well,

Four thousand here I come.

## Lonely People.

They are all around us  
But we just do not know,  
They keep to themselves,  
Not interfering,  
Not doing anything to others.  
To others they seem uninteresting  
But would bring no harm.  
Those lonely people are all around us  
But we just do not know,  
And us not knowing cannot help them.  
Even a smile or a hello from us  
Can mean so much to them.  
But those lonely people must try,  
Try and realise,  
Realise that the world is full of lonely people  
Who frightened to make the first move.  
So smile to all those you see,  
It could bring a new spark of life to them.

## Their Last Day.

Well today is the day,  
The day when my fine neighbours move on,  
Move into a new house  
Nearer family from where they came,  
Came to live next to me.  
They entered next door  
With one son,  
They are now moving out  
With two sons.  
Seeing these young boys progress  
Was an absolute delight,  
They were always smiling,  
Always busy in the garden  
Playing and digging.  
Now they are going  
And I will miss them.  
Such wonderful neighbours  
Going further into their lives,  
Where their future will be filled with love,  
Love and wonder.

## River Spirit Senryu.

My River flows by  
My Spirit sails upon it  
And will forever.

## Road Works God.

I just did not believe it!  
How could that be?  
Off to the tip I went  
To get rid of some rubbish,  
Knowing darn well  
That the 'Road Works God' would know  
And send the workers out before me  
To dig up some of the road  
Just to annoy me,  
They always do.  
They see me get in my car  
And they think  
We'll have to dig up the road  
To make his journey longer.  
But this time it was different,  
Or so I thought.  
Reached the tip with no delays,  
Did not see any roadworks,  
None on either side of the road.  
Started the journey home  
And they got me once again!  
They must have been hiding  
And thought we'll get him,  
Get him as he drives home.  
And yet again that 'Road Works God'  
Put the roadworks in my way once more.

## Looking Around.

I look up and see the blue sky  
The white puffs of cloud floating by.

I look down and see the ground  
The grass glowing green around me

I look right and see the wood  
The greens and browns cohabiting.

I look left and see My River  
Its green mirror shining at me.

I look behind me and see my life  
A life filled with nature's artwork.

I look ahead to my future  
And see all life's glory in front of me.

## 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.

## Where Did The Time Go?

It was one of those days,  
Those days where time flies by.  
Yes I am retired and should have time,  
But what happened to yesterday!  
Every day I write poems,  
But not yesterday,  
I had a job that needed doing,  
Needed doing first thing.  
I had to go out to the croquet club,  
I needed to put the white lines down,  
Down on the lawns.  
This normally takes under an hour  
But not yesterday,  
The machine was not working  
So I had to take it apart and fix it!  
Did that then went home.  
Got home half an hour before going out.  
Shower needed,  
Shower done.  
Then those little things happened,  
Struggled to put leg in trousers,  
Cereal container empty  
So refilled it,  
Went to put milk on it  
But had to peel off the stopper.  
Managed to get out five minutes late,  
So not too bad.  
But the worst problem of all  
Was not writing poetry  
And putting it on this site.

## Do I Qualify?

That day had come,  
I was going to buy a new car  
But what would I buy.  
Would it be a saloon?  
Or maybe a hatchback?  
Certainly not an estate,  
And definitely not an SUV,  
Why would I want to go off road!  
I walk into the showroom  
Look around at the new cars,  
Then I see it,  
Sitting there in the middle  
Is a sports car.  
Should I buy it at my age?  
Could I get in it,  
And out again?  
A young man came over  
"Good day sir,"  
He said with respect,  
"Are you interested in this car"  
"Yes I am " I replied.  
"I need to know if you qualify."  
"What do you mean" I asked,  
"You need to qualify to buy a sports car."  
"What are the qualifications?"  
"There are three of them,  
One, are you over sixty years old?  
Two have you paid off your mortgage?  
And three have your kids left home?"  
I replied "Yes to all three."  
"That is great then,  
You will enjoy your ride  
In the coming journey of your life"

## That Ideal Place.

Does that Ideal Place exist  
In my head, heart and soul?  
That place where love,  
Love and respect overcome,  
Overcome all ills and battles  
That are seen in this world.  
A place where all are happy,  
Always helping each other.  
Never any animosity,  
Never any sadness.  
A place where love,  
Love surrounds us all  
And takes us to a place,  
A place of comfort,  
Comfort and peace to all.

Inside us all that place could exist  
Leading us all into that ideal world  
That we can share.  
Share with all outside,  
Outside of our minds.  
That Ideal Place  
Shared with all.

## Into The New Light.

Into your new house you step,  
A place of bricks and mortar,  
But the love that you have  
With each other,  
And with your sons,  
Will soon turn that house  
Into a home  
Where enchantment thrives  
Created by yourselves,  
And will get better every day,  
Every day of your lives.

Enjoy your days in your future,  
As I have done  
When you lived next to me.  
Go forward into the light,  
The wonderful light of your new lives  
That will always be there for you.

## **Guilt Is There.**

She is always there,  
There in my life,  
Now a star shining on me,  
That love between us so strong.  
But now there is something else,  
It is a feeling of guilt,  
Guilty at just thinking of me.  
I have come to a good place,  
A good place in my life  
But a twinge of guilt is there.  
I should be doing things for her,  
But she is not there in person,  
Only in my mind and heart.  
She will always be there,  
There will be nobody else.  
I still meet OUR friends  
But on my own,  
And this guilt at my own pleasure hurts.  
I know in time it will pass  
And I will be stronger,  
Strong in that love between us  
That will be there for eternity,  
And the guilt I feel will be gone,  
But that guilt is there,  
There at the moment,  
And is hard to lose.

## Thankfulness.

In life we try to achieve many things,  
Many things to make our lives happy.  
Sometimes we fail and have to move on,  
Many times we succeed.  
But what we need to remember  
Is that happiness is not about this,  
Not about getting what you want,  
Getting what you want all the time.  
It's about loving,  
Loving what you have now,  
And being thankful for it.

## It's Not My Problem.

Who are you?

Who am I?

We are each individuals

So unique within ourselves.

Many people accept these differences,

Some people do not.

The way I look at my life

Is that this is me,

It is what I am,

And if people do not like

Like what they see

It is their problem,

Not mine.

## Starwatch.

I look up into the sky,  
All I see is grey,  
Various shades of grey,  
No blue is visible.  
But my mind's eye takes me,  
Takes me above the grey  
To the wonder of the blue  
And the yellow of the sun.  
I look down and see the grey,  
See the grey below me.  
I look up and sail upwards  
Beyond the blue,  
Into the blackness of space,  
Where even here there is light.  
The moon looks at me  
Giving me memories of times.  
Times of love when it looked down.  
Looked down on us on a summers evening.  
I glide further into the void  
And see the stars all around me.  
Those stars of memories  
Where people have passed.  
Then I see it,  
I see the brightest star  
The brightest star in the Universe,  
I know it is her,  
It is my lover waiting for me.  
I sail towards my love  
Knowing that in time  
I will reach that star  
And we will join as one  
And be together forever  
In this wonderful Universe.

## Worry.

In our lives we worry,  
Worry about many things,  
But looking back in our lives  
We tend to realise  
That we spent more time worrying  
Over things that never happened.

## Music Revelation.

Yet again I stop,  
Stop as music is heard.  
That Chopin Prelude  
Went straight through my mind  
Into my heart.  
Such beauty played for me  
As I sat here alone,  
Now not alone  
As music is with me,  
As it always is.  
But this piece seemed different,  
It spoke to me,  
And I just sat and revelled  
In all its glorious wonder.

## Smaller Balls?

There I was playing croquet,  
Playing quite well actually,  
Playing with Heather  
Against Lis and Gill.  
I hit my ball towards a hoop,  
Through it went  
Without touching the sides,  
Heather was impressed,  
But when I did it again  
She said to me,  
"Is your ball smaller than ours?"  
I replied,  
"I beg your pardon!!"

## Look At The Moon

There comes that time in life  
When loneliness comes over you,  
Feeling that there is no-one out there.  
But if you just look up at the moon  
You may realise  
That others are looking at that same moon,  
So you can never be alone in this world.

## Wasted Day - Almost.

What a waste of a day!  
A day that would be filled  
With the things I enjoy.  
But no, not this day.  
A plumber was coming,  
At least was due to come.  
Luckily nothing important,  
Just to fix the water supply  
To my garden hose.  
And there I was waiting,  
Waiting all day.  
Did he turn up?  
No he did not!  
A day where I felt trapped,  
Trapped in the house.  
Mind you I suppose one thing came,  
Came out of the day.  
I cooked five loaves of bread,  
I suppose I should go and catch two fish now,  
Then I can feed the five thousand!

## Slow Train.

Why should I feel so sad?  
A song I've heard so many times,  
It had never affected me before.  
But today I heard it  
And a mist came over my eyes,  
As it told of times passed  
That were now no longer there,  
That slow train was no longer there  
Reminding me  
Of times now passed.

## Decisions

Throughout our lives we make decisions,  
Decisions on where we need to progress.  
Many times they are the right decisions  
But occasionally we are totally wrong  
And we make a complete mess.  
But from this we can learn  
When we realise that failure  
Is not the opposite of success,  
It's that experience which shows us,  
Shows us that it is part of success in our lives.

## Their Lips Move.

Here we go again,  
He said he would not raise the tax,  
Would not raise National Insurance,  
It was promised in their manifesto.

There is no way he would break the triple lock,  
The triple lock that secured pensioners pensions.  
This was set in stone for those who worked all their lives  
Paying taxes for their pensions.

And what does he do?  
He raises the National insurance,  
Taking more money from those,  
Those who work in our country.

And what does he do  
He stops the guarantee,  
The guarantee that pensioners  
Will see their pensions safe.

So there it is again,  
That question I often ask,  
"How do you know when politicians are lying"  
And the answer is, "Their lips move!!"

## Lets Sing Again!

Come on everybody!  
Clap your hands!  
All you looking good!  
I'm goona sing my song  
It won't take long!  
We're gonna do the song  
And it goes like this:  
Come on let's sing again,  
Like we did last summer!  
Yeaaah, let's sing again,  
Like we did last year!  
Do you remember when,  
Things were really hummin',  
Yeaaaah, let's sing again,  
singin' time is here!  
Heeee, and round and round and up and down we go again!  
Oh, baby, make me know you love me sooooo,  
And then:  
Sing again,  
Like we did last summer,  
Come on, let's sing again,  
Like we did last year!  
SING! YO!  
Who's that, flyin up there?  
Is it a bird? Nooooooo  
Is it a plane? Nooooooooo  
Is it the singer? YEAAAAAAAAHH!  
Sing again, like we did last summer,  
Come on, Let's sing again,  
Like we did last year!!!!  
Do you remember when, things were really hummin',  
Come on, let's sing again,  
Singin' time is here

Heeee, and round and round and up and down we go again!

Oh, baby, make me know, you love me sooooo!

And then:

Come on, sing again, like we did last summer,

Let's sing again, like we did last year!

Come on, let's sing again,

Singin' time is heeere!

## 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!"

## Just Waiting For Me.

I walk by My River,  
The green mirror  
Slowly floating by.  
As I look at the reflections  
I see white clouds,  
The trees floating.  
I look deeper  
And see the plants  
In the depths,  
The fish gliding through them.  
I look even deeper  
And see My Spirit  
Gentle wafting below  
Leading me to her,  
As I know  
My Rivers journey  
With My Spirit  
Will take me,  
Take me to my eternity  
With My Lover,  
Already waiting for me.

## Dowlish Wake

Up the road we drove,  
Bushes each side of us  
And then we were there.  
Into the car park we came,  
There in front was the pavilion,  
Into it we walked,  
Greeted all around.  
But then it happened,  
I walked out to the terrace,  
And saw this magnificent view.  
The lawns so green  
Surrounded by the wonder,  
The wonder of Nature.  
The trees and bushes  
Bringing delight to my sight.

We played our games  
Against delightful opponents,  
During the day filled with joy,  
And much laughter.  
A day to be remembered.

But the highlight of my day  
Was that view,  
I just could not stop looking  
At the wonder of Nature's canvass  
Surrounding my life  
With its absolute beauty.

## Freedom Found.

I walked into the room that first time,  
Into the unknown,  
Meeting a group of unknown guys.  
We introduced ourselves  
And sat in a circle.  
Other blokes appeared  
And were all welcomed.  
The leader then introduced the group,  
Telling as why it was meeting,  
It was for men to share their problems,  
And maybe get some answers or advice.  
The time went on,  
All shared events in their life,  
No criticism was forthcoming,  
Only words of help and encouragement,  
Or words of wisdom  
From those who had experienced those events.  
A wonderful evening that flashed by,  
The meeting ended too soon.  
People left with happiness as their friend,  
Knowing that in that time  
They had come away from those troubles,  
Those troubles in their lives.  
It may have only been for a short while,  
But in that time  
They had found freedom.

## Yesterday, Tomorrow, Today.

Those memories of love and wonder  
That were there in our lives,  
Showing us that  
As long as we have memories,  
Yesterday remains.

We look ahead in our lives  
Dreaming of what might be,  
Showing us that  
As long as we have hope,  
Tomorrow awaits.

We awake in this day  
Knowing that love is around us,  
Showing us that  
As long as we have loved,  
Today is beautiful.

## Technology Passed.

So technology has caught up,  
Caught up with the past.  
They are postulating about wind power,  
Wind power for naval craft.  
But surely that is what we had?  
Or did HMS Victory  
Have an engine?

## **Shark Cloud.**

I looked up into the clear blue sky  
Just one cloud did I see,  
It looked like a shark  
Swimming slowly in the light blue sky.  
I just sat watching,  
As it swam off to eternity.

## The Gravyard.

We see and hear them  
All the time,  
"Nobody else can do this job!"  
"I know how to do it!"  
"All my life I have been doing this."  
"I won't show anybody else, it's my job"

These people that think they know it all,  
And nobody else can do the work they do.  
They may well know what to do,  
And probably do it well,  
But what they say and believe  
Is to justify their life to themselves.  
What they never seem to realise though  
Is that the graveyard is full,  
Full of indispensable people.

## Who Durnit?

The speech was being made,  
The headmaster uttering words.  
Suddenly it happened  
He choked, fell and died.  
Almonds could be smelled.  
Cyanide was the course!  
**HE HAD BEEN MURDERED!!**  
But 'who durnit?'

The clues were there  
For many people to find,  
Then another died.  
Another 'who durnit?'  
The mystery increased,  
So many suspects  
Within this renowned school.  
The clues were assembled,  
Each suspect questioned  
Until at last it happened,  
The murderer was found!  
And there she was,  
The murderer!  
Fifi 'durnit',  
'Durnit' twice!!

## Woodpigeon And Me.

Looking out the window  
I saw a young woodpigeon  
Sitting quietly on the fence,  
Parents now gone,  
Left to lead its own life.  
I just sat there watching it  
When it came to me,  
All its life was ahead of it  
I sat at the dinner table,  
Meal finished,  
As was my life with my lover,  
Now looking down on me  
From her star.  
So there we were,  
The woodpigeon  
With its life ahead,  
And me  
With my life behind.

## **Moonlight.**

I wake in the small hours of the night  
And there is light shining through,  
Shining through the curtains.  
I look out from the window  
And there shining on me  
Is the bright full moon,  
That light so strong  
That it fills me with such emotion,  
Showing that light is with me,  
With me every moment my life,  
And that my life is so wonderful  
And filled with such joy  
Every moment  
Of every day.

## Natures Gymnopedie.

There I was  
Just sitting in a chair,  
The glory of Nature  
Shining around me.  
Lunch eaten  
Coffee to hand.

The morning spent  
Showing newcomers  
The Art of Croquet.  
Great fun,  
Many laughs  
Had by all.  
Such sincere thanks  
When they came to the end,  
Off they went.

There was I,  
On my own,  
Sitting in a chair,  
At home with Nature.  
Nature's green land  
Surrounding me.  
There were few bird sounds  
So I uplifted my life  
By listening,  
Listening to Satie.  
His Gymnopedies sailed  
Sailed through my heart  
To join Nature's realm,  
Augmenting its wonderful glory.

## La Traviata.

Into the cinema I went,  
Found my seat and waited.  
There on the screen the stage was set,  
A young lady stood there,  
More joined her  
And the opera started.  
The music sailed around me  
As the lady sang with her glorious voice  
The others joined,  
All was well.  
The man in love with her  
Crept on the stage  
And sang that wonderful song.  
As the opera went on  
I was becoming drawn in  
Until it was completely within me.  
I was lost in the music,  
Time just flew.  
Suddenly it was the end.  
I came out of my reverie  
Not knowing where the time had gone,  
Over two hours lost in my life,  
But so much time enjoyed,  
Very much enjoyed  
As I seemed to become part,  
Part of La Traviata.

## **Our One God.**

In our life we know that God exists,  
That God of yours,  
Your own God.  
But as we pray in our own way,  
To our God,  
No matter which religion you follow,  
Or even if you have no religion,  
Your God will be with you.  
In time we will realise,  
Realise that the God we pray to  
Is the one that we all pray to,  
Pray to in our different ways  
And that God does not discriminate,  
All are equal in our God's eyes.  
So why do we not treat each other,  
Treat each other In an equal way  
And make the world  
A so wonderful place  
Where all live in harmony.

## Into The Authors World Tanka.

I opened the book,  
Drawn into the author's world,  
Taken to that place  
Where my world was different,  
And was now part of her world.

## It's What Life Is.

What is life?

We get born into the world.

We get taken from this world.

But what happens in between?

We have that chunk of life

To do the best we can with it,

As that chunk of life

Is all we've got.

Or is it?

## There Are Good People.

Yes there are good people around.  
Standing at the checkout  
Loading my shopping  
Onto the conveyor,  
A lady came behind me,  
One of the staff.  
She only had a couple of things  
So I let her go before me.  
She thanked me,  
Paid for her goods,  
Then walked off.  
I then had my shopping  
Priced and packed.  
The cashier told me the price  
But then said,  
It is lower than that,  
As the lady who I had let through  
Had set up her staff discount  
For me to receive,  
So my bill was less.  
Yes there are good people around.

## The Rest Is History.

The time is near,  
The battle was lost  
All because of you,  
All because of you Orchi.  
That comment you tossed,  
Tossed to Harold that day.  
"What's that?" you said,  
Pointing in the air.  
Harold looked up,  
And as the saying goes,  
The rest is history.

## Grief Safe.

In our lives we have so much,  
It is so wonderful to wake up each day,  
As each day is wonderful.  
But sometimes we have grief,  
Of things or people we have lost,  
It brings a darkness to our hearts.  
That can stay with us,  
But all we need to do  
Is go down to the ocean  
And pick up stones,  
On each stone just write,  
Write the things we have lost.  
Kiss each stone and throw it,  
Throw it into the water  
To cast away those dark memories,  
As the ocean is big enough,  
Big enough to take our grief  
And keep it safe for us.  
We then know that our heart  
Will have more space,  
For the wonderful things  
In our lives.

## Jazz Was Back.

The day had come,  
That very special day  
Where live jazz  
Came back,  
Back into my life.  
So many months waiting  
To go back to the club.  
The band came on,  
As that first note was played  
A smile came to my face.  
That smile was there,  
There all the time.  
I looked around  
And all were smiling  
As the band played,  
Played the jazz,  
The jazz that we all loved.  
They were so good,  
Each of the five  
Bring joy to us all,  
As this day was here.  
The day when jazz was back,  
Back in our lives.

## Reinforced Love.

My love for her is so strong,  
It has always been that way,  
But it has been so much reinforced  
During these passed few days.  
A friend has been with me,  
A friend of both Joyce's and mine.  
I have known her for almost forty years  
And that friendship has always been strong,  
But that is what it will always be,  
As her friendship brought something else,  
Something else to me.  
It showed me even more  
How much that love for Joyce  
Is so deep within me,  
That love gets stronger each day,  
And even stronger now,  
Reinforced by our friend  
Showing me how wonderful  
My life with my loved one had been,  
And will be once again,  
When Our Spirits combine  
And we go on for infinity  
Into our wonderful eternity.

## A Very Bad Accident.

Well it was horrendous!  
Blood all over the road,  
Possibly the worst accident ever!  
The redness flowed over the road,  
So much of it.  
Many people would be killed  
With that amount of blood  
Coming down the road towards me.  
Then came that smell,  
A smell I recognised .  
It smelled of tomatoes  
It was not blood thank goodness,  
The lorry was carrying tons of it,  
Tons of tomato puree!

## Surprisingly More.

In our lives we have ideas,  
Ideas of what we want in our life.  
Many times those ideas come true,  
But sometimes we do not,  
Do not get what we came for.  
But then sometimes we get more,  
More than we hoped for.

## Keep Walking.

We walk through our lives  
Up hills that seem so long  
And make us think they will never end.  
Then we walk down dales  
Where our lives become easier.  
Sometimes we have to walk through storms  
Where life becomes so hard,  
But what you must do  
Is keep walking through the storm,  
As your rainbow will be on the other side,  
And happiness in our lives will be forever with us.

## 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.

## Did It Rain?

Oh no, not again!  
The weather report  
Said it would be raining,  
Raining all afternoon.  
Being the idiot I am  
I went anyway,  
Went out to the lawn  
To hit croquet balls  
All over the place.  
And there we were,  
Four of us  
Strolling around the lawn,  
Playing our favourite game  
In the wonderful sunlight.  
A beautiful bright afternoon,  
Not a speck of rain fell  
On our glorious time,  
Surrounded by the beauty,  
The vibrant beauty of Nature.

## The Light Of My World.

It was my day,  
The day so many years ago  
When I was born.  
I went down to My River  
And walked gently  
By its green waters.  
Peace was within me,  
I sat for a while  
Watching the gentle waters  
Roll passed me.  
As I sat I was joined,  
Joined by My Lover's Spirit  
Who had come down to me,  
To wish me happy birthday.  
Her wondrous smile  
Lighting up my world.  
And there we sat  
As we did in olden times  
When she was with me in body.  
We walked together by the water  
Going towards the end,  
I stopped as she walked on  
Into the world where I will join her,  
Join her one day,  
When I walk along My River  
To join her for eternity.

## **As Autumn Comes.**

I walk along the path,  
The trees and bushes surround me,  
The red and yellow buds  
Creating so many specks of colour  
As Autumns beauty  
Begins to unfold.  
The leaves on the trees  
Fading from green towards yellow,  
I see them all and know  
That they will change even more,  
And maybe next time I walk this path  
The oranges and reds of Nature's Palette  
Will fill my mind and body  
With its wondrous beauty,  
As Autumn becomes my life.

## The Echo Of Voices.

What a wonderful day,  
Not being alone in the house.  
People working,  
Fitting a boiler.  
The house filled with words,  
Filled with banter,  
Filled with laughter.  
Such a wonderful day,  
As I joined in as well.  
Being alone in the house  
Is the way life is,  
Life is for me now,  
Now my lover has passed.  
But this day was so wonderful  
As voices echoed,  
Echoed all around me.

## It Happened Again.

I just did not believe it!  
It happened again!  
My daughter took me for a meal,  
For a meal for my birthday  
Into a new restaurant.  
I had never been there,  
We ate our meal  
And it was wonderful,  
Possibly the best meal I had eaten  
In all my long life.  
At the end the Chef came out,  
Came to our table  
With a cake with a candle on it,  
He wished me Happy Birthday,  
I thanked him  
And told him how great the food was.  
It was a wonderful time  
With superb food,  
But I just did not believe it  
As my daughter paid for the meal!  
That was the second time  
In such a short while  
That both my son  
And my daughter had paid.  
For what more can a Dad ask?  
Wonderful times,  
With wonderful children.  
Thank you does not seem enough,  
Seem enough praise for them,  
But thank you is all I have.  
But I do have something else,  
I have my undying love,  
My undying love for both of them.

## 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.

## Removing Boundaries.

It is there in all churches,  
The bible sits on the lectern  
Waiting for people to read it,  
To read its words and believe.  
Many believe every word is true  
And that history,  
Created by man,  
Will lead them to salvation  
In the eyes of the christian god.  
But those who question the bible  
Know that an open bible  
Does not necessarily mean  
An open heart,  
And that all boundaries  
Created by religion  
Must be removed,  
So all can see their own god  
Within their hearts and minds  
And be free to go into their future  
Without those boundaries.  
You must realise that you cannot trap god,  
Your god,  
In a specific set of views  
Written in the bible.

## So Many Days.

Each morning I wake  
Knowing that I have another day,  
Another day in my life  
And that whatever today brings  
It will be wonderful,  
As I am still here to enjoy it.

I remember all the days,  
All the passed days  
That have been in my life,  
And each one has been wonderful,  
As I have been there,  
Relishing them all.

As this day ends  
I know there will be another one,  
Another one tomorrow,  
And that it too will be wonderful,  
As I have had so many passed  
With so many more to come.

## Nine Hundred And Fifty Five Years Ago.

I rode up to the Inn,  
Put my horse in the barn  
Then went inside  
And ordered my glass of mead.  
As I looked round I saw him,  
Orchi was sitting there  
With Fido at his side.  
He saw me and picked up a jug,  
A jug of water,  
He came across and started to pour,  
Pour the water into my mead.  
I managed to stop him  
By tipping the water over him,  
Fido barked  
As though I had sworn.  
The door swung open  
And in came King Harold.  
I knelt before him  
And said "Welcome Sire"  
"Arise Sir Andy, let us speak".  
Then he saw Orchi  
"WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?"  
The king shouted,  
"I've no idea  
He was here already  
But I'll try and get him to go away.  
The King and I chatted  
As we prepared for the battle.  
We went to the beach,  
And I told Orchi to stay in his room,  
I locked him in!

Those Normans arrived

And the Battle of Hastings started.  
All was going well when suddenly,  
Suddenly disaster struck,  
Orchi had escaped!  
And was walking down the beach,  
Fido at his side.  
As he got close he looked up  
And pointed,  
"Look Sire" he said,  
"What is that?  
The King looked up  
And because of Orchi  
History was changed,  
And the Normans took over,  
Took over the rule of the Saxons,  
All because of Orchi  
Pointing in the air.

## She Was My Sun.

When I met her the sun came into my life,  
It blocked out everything  
And everyone else from my life.  
The darkness had gone forever  
And the light shone ahead,  
Shone ahead showing us the path,  
The path that we would travel,  
Travel together forever,  
Forever into eternity,  
And beyond.

## Cloud Art.

I look up into the sky,  
The white clouds floating in the blue.  
The more I look, the more I see,  
The wonder of the artwork  
Brings such wonder in my life.  
Each cloud different,  
Each one so unique  
But changing all the time.  
I am always drawn to them  
And bless the power,  
The power of Nature's Art,  
Bringing beauty forever into my life.

## Where Music Rules.

The evening was drawing to a close,  
I just sat in my chair listening and reading,  
Coming to the end of a wonderful book.  
But it happened,  
I stopped reading,  
The music stopped me.  
I just had to listen to the notes,  
The most wonderful notes  
Written by that man  
Who always gives me so much pleasure.  
I listened intently,  
I was drawn into his world  
Taken from mine  
Into a place of such wonder,  
Where life was so beautiful,  
And everyone was at peace with each other,  
That place where music rules  
And all are so happy,  
That is what he does to me,  
What Mozart does to me.

## An Individual Is A Community.

Who are we?  
We say we are individuals,  
Each one of us unique.  
That may well be true  
But what we must realise  
Is the individual we are  
Is a community of individuals.  
We have been made by two people,  
Our Mothers and Fathers.  
And they too were each made  
Each made by two people,  
So there are six people as part of us.  
And the further back we look  
The more people are within us  
Until we go back to the beginning,  
The beginning of mankind,  
Starting as a strain of atoms.  
So it can be said  
We all came from one reality,  
And end up as ourselves,  
But we are related,  
Related to all.  
So as we are each a community,  
A community of individuals,  
Why are we arguing,  
Arguing and fighting with our relations.  
With our many voices  
Inside the one individual.  
An individual is a community of individuals,  
The many voices inside the one.

## The Good In Life Tanka.

Things go wrong in life  
But we should be so thankful  
For all that go right,  
As the good things in our lives  
Far outweigh those that are bad.

## Plucked Strings.

All the music was before me,  
Getting it organised for the choir,  
The Christmas music was needed.  
I started to get it in order  
But some was missing,  
So I searched,  
Searched throughout the music.  
So much music for choirs,  
For bands, for groups  
That my loved one and I  
Had spent so much time,  
Playing and singing with.

Then I found it,  
Found the folder,  
It had the Christmas music,  
All the Christmas music in it.  
But it was so sad,  
As the last person to have touched it,  
Touched this music was my loved one,  
She touched it over two years ago.

And now it was back,  
Back with me.  
That music and the tears,  
The tears that flowed,  
Flowed down my face,  
As the memories,  
The memories of the joy,  
The joy of playing music,  
Playing music together,  
Plucked the strings of my heart.

## I've Been A Good Boy Today.

I've been a good boy today,  
A very good boy.  
(Mind you by saying boy  
I use seventy three years  
Of Poetic Licence).  
I got up this day,  
Stripped and changed the bed,  
Did the washing,  
Cleaned the house.  
And then I did it,  
Did that which I always delay.  
I did the ironing,  
YES! I did the ironing!  
And once more I proved,  
Proved that there is a bottom,  
A bottom to the ironing basket.  
So yes, I've been a good boy today,  
A very good boy.

## My Two Ladies.

I sit here at my screen  
Thinking of words to write  
And I stop for a moment,  
On looking up  
I see them both,  
Both of the ladies in my life  
That lead me to write,  
To write many words,  
Both of these Muses speak to me.  
Calliope looks down  
Straight into my mind,  
And words are formed  
Which are passed onto the page.  
Joyce looks down on me,  
Her smile bring such joy  
And looks straight into my heart  
Where love abounds,  
Abounds so strongly between us,  
But that love of ours is shared,  
Shared with all as we send out our love,  
Our love for all as it flies,  
Flies from us to you all.

Those two ladies are always there  
Making my life so full,  
So full of love,  
Of love, honour and respect,  
Respect for ALL.

## Age Celebration.

We come into this world as a baby  
And grow each day  
Until that childhood wanes.  
We become adults,  
Living our lives to the full.  
The older we get the luckier we are.

We look back on our lives  
With wonder and happiness,  
Being thankful for all those years.  
As old age approaches  
You must then realise  
That if you are lucky enough to get old,  
You should celebrate it.  
With that in mind I raise my glass,  
Raise my glass to you all  
As I am thankful to still be with you,  
And will have many years to come.

## Finding Old Music.

Music has been in my life,  
Been in my life since birth.  
The more I listen to it  
The more drawn in I become.  
The wonders of the notes  
Send such joy through me,  
Bringing every emotion to me.  
Through the years I have listened,  
Listened to so much music  
That I realise that even at my age  
There is still so much out there,  
But so little time to hear it all.  
Then comes that day  
When I hear a piece of music  
That I loved so many years ago,  
And realise that it is like getting in touch,  
Getting in touch with an old friend.

## People Do Not Care Rant.

I was sitting drinking coffee  
Talking to a friend  
When they came in,  
A couple of a certain age.  
He pushed open the door  
And walked through,  
The door started to shut  
And she had to push the door.  
Why did he not hold the door open,  
Surely it is polite to do so,  
But no he showed no respect.  
I was aghast at this,  
Has respect and politeness left this world.  
I hold the door open for many,  
Like that time I was walking to a door,  
A lady was behind me,  
I opened the door for her  
She looked at me and said,  
"You don't have to hold the door open  
Because I am a woman!"  
I replied "I am not doing that,  
I am doing it because I am a gentleman"  
Where has politeness and respect gone?  
It means so much to many,  
But is that nowadays  
People do not care!

## Dad's Back.

I am no gardener  
But I put some dahlias in  
And they grew and flowered,  
They are all around the garden  
As they were when I was a child,  
And the thought came to me  
Dad's back.

## Coincidence

We all have coincidences,  
Some are pretty obvious,  
Some are most strange.  
The other day I was typing,  
And was writing a pianists name,  
And as I was typing he was mentioned on the radio.  
I then went on to type the name of an Orchestra,  
And that too was mentioned.  
The pianist was the famous Vladimir Ashkenazy,  
So maybe not so very strange.  
But The German Symphony Orchestra Berlin,  
Was not a name that would ever spring to mind.

## Good Times FIB

The  
Page  
Is there  
Just waiting,  
Waiting for those words  
Which bring others into my world  
Showing all the absolute wonder of writing them  
They spill from my mind and my heart  
Telling of my life  
To you all,  
Of my  
Good  
Times.

## I Paid For That!

As you walk down the street  
You see them put the tube to their lips  
And a dense fog comes from their mouths.  
So much more smoke but it is okay,  
It is quite harmless,  
So they say,  
But there is so much smoke  
That I get lost if following them!  
And now the law is being changed,  
Changed so that the health service  
Can provide them on prescription.  
So when in the future  
You see these clouds of fog  
Drifting from their mouths  
The thought may come to you,  
I paid for that!

## Eternal River.

I hear the call,  
The call of My River.  
I reach its edge and look down,  
Down into the green depths.  
And there I see the wonder,  
The wonder and beauty of life.  
I walk beside it,  
The poetry of its beauty  
Coming into my heart.  
It means so much to me,  
It has become My Spirit  
And I know that as I walk with it  
My Life will be filled with love.  
The further I walk  
The more I see of My Life,  
Both passed, present and future.  
I look forward and see her,  
See My Lover waiting for me.  
As My River fades into the future  
My Life continues,  
Continues when I come to her  
And Our Spirits combine,  
Combine into one.  
We can be together for eternity  
Where I look back at My River  
To say thank you once more  
For bringing us back together.

## Vacancy.

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,  
It 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.

## The Glory Of My Life.

I stand on the lawn  
On this cold October afternoon  
The sun is shining down on me,  
White clouds scud overhead  
In this windy day.  
Then I look,  
Look all around me and see the colours.  
The greens are slowly turning yellow,  
Yellow, orange and red.  
They are so bright in the sun  
I am pulled into the wonder,  
The wonder and beauty of Autumn.  
Every Autumn does this to me  
As I revel in Nature's Art at its finest.

I keep looking round and see the building,  
The only build in sight,  
The steeple of the church pointing,  
Pointing up to the sky,  
Passed the sky into the wonder of the Universe  
And to the life that is out there.  
So I stand here on the lawn  
Amazed by life's wonder that is within me  
And thinking about that life  
And how lucky I am to be here,  
To be here and enjoy its glory,  
The glory that is all around me,  
And the glory that is always within me.

## Eternal Love.

I arrive home in the darkness of the night,  
Looking up I see a myriad of stars in the blackness,  
The blackness of this dark night.  
The stars shine down on me,  
Each one a soul that has left this earth.  
Then I see it,  
The brightest star in the Universe,  
That star is so special,  
So special to me,  
As I know,  
I know that it is my lover,  
My lover looking down over me  
Showing her love is there.  
I look so deeply into the star and see her,  
See her wonderful smile and love,  
Knowing that my love for her is so strong  
And that one day our stars will join,  
As we sail off together for eternity.

## What Traffic?

So typical!  
Left home slightly earlier,  
Earlier than usual  
Had to avoid the traffic  
At this time of the day,  
I did not want to be late.  
As I drove I just didn't stop,  
There was no traffic.  
I might have seen a dozen cars  
Where normally  
The road was jammed.  
Even all the traffic lights were green  
So arrived much too early.  
So there I was sitting in the car  
Writing these words!

## Madly Flowering.

Such strange times,  
The weather must be awry.  
Here in Autumn,  
Looking into winter  
There are flowers blooming,  
Blooming in my garden.  
The dahlias are flourishing,  
The fuchsia has so many flowers,  
I have never seen so many on it.  
The chrysanths are flowering again,  
And now there are buds on a rosebush!  
It has already flowered twice,  
And now it is flowering for the third time.  
Such strange times.  
That global warming must be here.

## Come Outside.

There I was  
Back in the day,  
Back to my early teens.  
That song took me there,  
A song from so long ago  
But I knew all the words.  
"Come outside"  
There I was waiting  
Waiting with Mike,  
"Come outside"  
But he didn't want me  
He wanted his Little Doll.

" Cause it ain't right  
to wanna keep on dancin'  
there won't be any  
time left for romancin' "

The song just took me,  
Took me back to those times  
Nearly sixty years ago  
When I learned the Twist,  
Learnt it with Gloria.  
Hearing this song  
And many more of that era,  
I could sing all the words.  
And there I was in my car  
Driving along to these songs,  
Singing my head off  
And so full of happiness.  
"Come outside".

## No Chips!

Chips with everything,  
That's what we need.  
Without them  
The world will stop,  
As part of my world has.  
No new car yet  
As there are no chips,  
No chips to go with it.  
No new fire  
For the same reason.  
Patience is a virtue they say  
And waiting for my car and fire  
Total patience is needed.  
But still I will have chips tonight  
As I will cook them,  
To go with my steak.

## Day Of Rubies.

The rubies would have adorned her this day,  
Reminding us of that day forty years ago  
When the love of my life walked down the aisle  
To be with me forever in our lives.  
That life was so full of love and happiness,  
Never a cross word was spoken  
As we lived our life together as one.  
Our hearts combined as we went through time.  
The memories are always there within me,  
And will be there forever.  
Then came that day as I sat next to her  
In her hospital bed and I heard her last breath.  
She left this world leaving me alone  
But I know she is still with me,  
Her Spirit is with me all the while.  
And I know that I will be with her in time,  
And our forty years will go on for eternity.

## Cooking Curse.

Why do I do it?  
Why do I make them?  
I know they taste wonderful,  
And that is the problem,  
As every time I pass the biscuit tin  
I need to see if they are still okay.  
They always are,  
But need testing when I pass them.  
I know I shouldn't make them  
But it cannot be helped,  
They are so nice  
That I must eat them.  
They are also a curse  
Because I keep eating them.  
When will I ever stop making them,  
Those wonderful digestive biscuits.

## Left A Memory.

She was with me,  
My angel was with me,  
The feather she left behind  
Was laying there on the settee.  
It was not there earlier,  
But when I went in the lounge  
Only a few minutes later,  
It was there,  
Left there by my angel.  
Always looking down on me,  
And now had been so close,  
But left a memory.

## Waiting For What.

So what is happening?  
What is happening on the estate,  
The estate where I live?  
I drive from my road,  
As I join the main road  
HE is standing there.  
Several times I have seen HIM,  
Standing in the same place.  
Black jacket, dark grey trousers,  
White shirt and black tie,  
Immaculately dressed.  
Just standing there and waiting.  
Is he waiting for the hearse  
To direct it the right way?  
Or is he death just standing and waiting?

## Shining Brightness.

***The poem I put on here yesterday left you wondering who the person was. He worked for an undertaker and was waiting to direct the hearse onto the estate where I live. The thing was though that I have seen him several times recently and was wondering why.***

***This one is different.***

I look up to the sky,  
The grey clouds above me  
Bringing dullness to many.  
But I look again and see it,  
See that hole in the clouds  
Shining brightness on me,  
Brightness on my life.

## Problems or Challenges?

We walk through the path of life  
Finding new roads to travel  
Taking us to places of wonder,  
Sometimes places of sorrow,  
But we always move on  
Knowing that those better places  
Will always come to us.  
We also find times a challenge,  
Where there seem to be a problem,  
A problem halting us.  
But to get further in life  
Those problems must not be avoided,  
They must be seen as a challenge,  
A challenge to overcome,  
And in doing that  
Our lives become better,  
As the strength it brings to us  
Takes us to a more wonderful place,  
A more wonderful place in our lives.

## True Love.

There I was driving along the road,  
Music on in the car as usual  
When it happened,  
Happened once more.  
A song was played,  
One I had heard so many times,  
It didn't mean anything  
Until this day.  
I was listening and it pulled me,  
Pulled my emotions.  
Eyes watered as I listened,  
Why does music do this to me,  
All emotions can be brought,  
Brought through music.  
But compassion leading to tears  
Is the one most powerful,  
As it brings true love to me.

## Singing With Angels.

All the music was before me,  
I was getting it ready,  
Getting it organised for the choir.  
I started to get it in order  
But some was missing,  
So I searched,  
Searched through the music.  
So much music for choirs,  
For bands, for groups,  
Where my loved one and I  
Spent so much joy in our life,  
Both playing and singing.  
Then I found it,  
Found the folder.  
It had the Christmas music  
That was once in the hands of my beloved.  
I just could not stop the tears,  
The tears from raining down,  
As the last person to have sung  
Sung from this folder  
Was my loved one,  
Who was now singing with the Angels.

## Backgammon To Croquet.

Yes I let him beat me,  
Let my son beat me,  
Beat me at Backgammon.  
First time in thirty five years  
Since he started playing me,  
Thirty five years ago.

He then said he wanted to play,  
Play another game that I played,  
He wanted to play croquet.  
So off I took him,  
Took him to the lawn.  
We set it all up,  
I let him hit a few balls,  
And then he wanted to play.  
We played our first game,  
I was gentle with him  
And let him get two hoops,  
While I got my seven.  
First game seven two to me.  
The second game  
He went through the hoop first,  
So he was in the lead.  
I let him have another hoop  
And beat him seven two once more.  
He wanted one more game  
So I put my match mask on.  
And beat him seven nil.  
I'll teach him not to beat me!  
Not to beat me at Backgammon!

## Walking With Trees.

The greenness in my life has turned through yellow,  
Passed orange into red.  
The beauty of Autumn is a wonder for me,  
Showing the absolute beauty  
That Natures Palette  
Can create in my wonderful life walking,  
Walking with the trees.

## Into A New Day.

I awoke into a new day,  
An unknown wonder awaited me  
As I knew each day was different,  
But all were so wonderful,  
As my life was still with me.  
And will always be so.  
Yesterday was busy  
But ended with so much joy,  
Being with friends,  
Talking and laughing together,  
So very important to me.  
Went to bed and fell fast asleep,  
And then I awoke to this new day  
Wondering what wonder awaits me,  
But knowing all will be well.

## **The Greatest Gift.**

We all have so much of it in our lives,  
Every moment of every day it comes to us.  
Some are so mean with it  
They just keep it for themselves,  
But those of us who give it to others  
Are so very kind and wonderful.  
It is the greatest gift that we can give,  
That we can give to others,  
Because when we give our time  
We are giving a portion of our life,  
A portion of our life to others  
That we will never get back.

## Freedom Abounds.

She was oppressed,  
Totally oppressed by him,  
The man in her life.  
Not a thing could she do,  
Not without his approval.  
She had to do things his way  
Down to the most insignificant things,  
Opening or closing the curtains was wrong  
Unless he said so,  
Eating what she wanted was not allowed,  
Meeting friends was dangerous.

Then came that day,  
That day when she had had enough.  
She told him to go,  
It took a great deal of courage  
But she persevered.  
Her friends comforted her  
And at last he went,  
Gone from her life,  
She was free!

Such a difference can be seen,  
The smile on her face is always there,  
She can come and go as she pleases,  
Her friends surround her.  
She can open the curtains  
Or,  
close them,  
It is now her choice.  
This lady has changed so much,  
So much for the better  
Now that her life has returned,

And Freedom abounds.

## What Failing Memory?

Am I getting old?  
Is my memory lapsing?  
My kids keep laughing at me,  
Laughing at me  
At what they think  
Is my failing memory.  
But I know they won't be laughing soon,  
Won't be laughing at Christmas  
When there are no chocolate eggs,  
No chocolate eggs under the bonfire!

## Don't Think Too Much.

It happens to us all,  
We go through our lives  
With so many thoughts in our heads.  
"How can I do this?"  
"Where shall I go?"  
"Why is he doing that?"  
"What was I thinking?"  
These thought go through us,  
Go though us all the time.  
When do we relax,  
Relax and think of nothing?  
The problem is that we think,  
Think too much.  
If we keep doing this  
We could end up with a problem,  
A problem that wasn't even there,  
Wasn't even there in the first place.

## A Man Of Infinite Leisure.

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.

## One Of Our Favourites.

Another Saturday evening was with me.  
I prepared dinner,  
Fresh salmon fried in butter,  
Mushrooms cooked in butter  
White wine and a cheese sauce,  
Rice with lemon zest  
And turmeric,  
Finished off with asparagus.  
Bix was playing for me,  
And a glass of wine before me.  
I sat there enjoying my meal,  
A meal I had cooked so many times,  
One of our favourites,  
But she was not with me.

## Lost Worries.

Sitting on my own  
Drinking my coffee,  
Engrossed in my feelings of life,  
I looked up.  
There across the room  
Sitting quietly in the corner,  
The corner of the coffee house  
Was a lady reading,  
Reading a book.  
She was so engrossed,  
So wonderful to see  
As it was doing to her  
What it does for me.  
Reading takes you away  
To a different place,  
Where your own worries  
Do not exist.

## Solitude Acrostic

**S**taying true to each other,  
**O**vercoming problems  
**L**ingering in ourselves,  
**I**nstalling hope for others,  
**T**aking their troubles away,  
**U**nderstanding their worries  
**D**ragging them down that shows  
**E**ver increasing solitude with them.

## Dip Your Brush Into Sunshine.

When we look at our lives  
It is like looking at a piece of art,  
The canvas shows so much.  
It can show so many wonders  
And so much sadness.  
That picture we paint  
Can be of many things,  
The colours brought to the canvas  
Show the brightness in many ways.  
The greys show the dull days  
That are often there,  
But we need to keep our lives bright,  
Bright and full of love.  
So when you dip your brush in the future  
Dip your brush in sunshine,  
To paint that love into your life.

## From Experience.

Sometimes it happens that our lives seem to fail  
And we need to start them once more.  
It can scare us to start again,  
But do not be afraid.  
This time it will be different  
As you are not starting from scratch.  
This time will be different,  
Different and more meaningful,  
Because this time when you start,  
You are starting from experience.

## **Be Careful.**

In our lives we meet many people,  
Each must be treated with respect  
And this must be shown to them.  
So in this life you must be careful,  
Be careful how you live,  
As you may be the only bible,  
The only bible that people ever read.

## What Ghost!

There they go again,  
My housemates complaining,  
Complaining that there is a ghost,  
A ghost in this house.  
I have never ever seen one  
But they are frightened,  
Frightened all the time.  
Many of them have gone,  
Driven out of the house  
By this so called ghost.  
But I have never seen one,  
Never seen one  
In all the time I have been here,  
And I have only been here  
For two hundred and ninety seven years.

## Looking.

In all our lives we keep on looking,  
Looking for those many things  
That we feel we need.  
The search goes on and on,  
Those things we want  
Never seem to be there.  
But what we need to realise  
Is that it is important that we look  
We look at what we've got,  
What we have got in our lives,  
And not at what we haven't.

## **We Never Know.**

They sit there in their ivory towers  
Planning how to get more money,  
How to get more power,  
To get us minions to suffer  
While they live in comfort.  
They set out a road,  
A road which we are supposed to follow  
So that any rewards come back to them  
As we travel that road,  
No thought as to the wellbeing of us  
Us who do all the work and toil,  
As we suffer walking that path.

But we can change our lives.  
We never know what they are planning,  
Which path they are planning for us.  
So we must move,  
Move along a different path,  
Knowing that that is the way,  
The way for us to go,  
The way for us to go who care.

## Everyday Acrostic.

**E**ach new day is ours to love,  
**V**iewing our wonderful life's  
**E**ndeavours to see the  
**R**eality that comes to us,  
**Y**earning for the love in our life  
**D**uring the long years that  
**A**dorn our life into the  
**Y**esterdays of our beautiful life.

## Striped Tie.

Into the coffee house he walked,  
A man of many years,  
Family around him.  
Stopped at a table,  
Made sure his family were comfortable,  
Went off to buy the coffee.  
Nothing at all strange about this  
But he was dressed so smartly,  
Light blue jacket,  
Grey trousers,  
White shirt  
And a pink and grey striped tie.  
Such a pleasure to see  
A man dressed this way.  
It brought me back to my time,  
My time many years ago  
When I dressed like that,  
Dressed like that every day  
As I went to work.  
Dressed correctly for the occasion,  
In a suit, collar and tie,  
And of course polished shoes.  
It made me think of those passed days  
When many dressed so smartly,  
Yet it took this one occasion  
Seen this day  
To take me back  
To those wonderful times  
When men dressed so smartly.

## The Lesson Of Life.

There are times in our life when we stop,  
Stop and be quiet and think.  
Those thoughts assemble themselves,  
Assemble themselves into order,  
And those problems are seen clearly,  
Clearly enough to sort them out.  
So never underestimate that value,  
That values of stillness,  
As it could be the most important,  
Most important lesson in our lives.

## Floccinaucinihilipilification Acrostic.

FOR SAXON CROW!

Feeling decidophobic  
Leads to lack of dreams  
Oneirophobia becomes the norm  
Coaxing lack of euphoria  
Coming into your life.  
Institutionalised thoughts betray the  
Naturalistic way of your thoughts becoming  
Atichiphobic so making you fail your  
Underlying wisdom that  
Cannot now be resurrected from your  
Infinitesimally shrunken mind as  
Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia has overcome you  
Irrefutably bringing megalomaniacal  
Logophobia into your lack of reading  
Into your superficial joyless words.  
Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis  
Is now within you  
Leading to the bedridden  
Intercolonization now within you  
Caught in this Bibliophobia  
As you throw out those books  
Through the decidophobic way of your life  
Into which bogeyphobia  
Over comes the good life,  
Now floccinaucinihilipilification is you.

## **Cherish People.**

In our lives we meet many people.  
Many become acquaintances ,  
Some we do not get on with,  
A few become good friends  
And even fewer we love.  
But with them all  
That come into our lives  
They will all have a last day,  
And we may never know  
When that will be.  
So when we live our lives  
We must always cherish,  
Cherish the people we love  
All the time,  
All the time they are in our lives.

## My Christmas Present.

For several years now I've wanted one,  
An Aston Martin DB11.  
I have asked all my children,  
All my friends  
That if  
they want to buy me a present  
This is the one for me,  
As you can buy them  
From one hundred and forty seven thousand pounds,  
Cheap at half the price,  
But they have missed out,  
Missed out on this cheap deal  
As a new car I have seen,  
Another Aston Martin,  
The Aston Martin Victor,  
This is to be my new present  
And it only costs  
Four million pounds.

## Day Of Your Birth.

Well the day has come again,  
Your day my darling,  
Another day of your birth,  
The second one that you have missed,  
Missed since that day,  
That day you were taken from me.  
But I know you are there for me,  
Waiting for me when that time comes  
When I will miss my birthday,  
My birthday here on earth.  
So Happy Birthday My Darling,  
We will be together one day  
And be able to share our birthdays,  
Our birthdays with each other,  
As our Spirits become one  
Flying to eternity ? and beyond.

## Croquet With Nature

There we were playing croquet in the sun.  
Buzzards flew above us,  
Red kites flew by,  
Woodpeckers were heard,  
Natures symphony around us.  
Such a wonderful place to be  
At one with Nature.

I looked up and saw them,  
Saw four of them,  
Roe deer trotting, jumping and running,  
Running around a field nearby.  
We all stopped and looked at them  
Enjoying the wonder of Nature's beauty.  
They trotted off to their life with Nature.  
We continued our game  
But my life felt so much better  
As I had seemed to become  
Part of Nature's world.

## Camel Drive or Putt?

They all turned up to see it,  
The Nativity Play with live animals.  
It started well,  
The camels bringing the kings  
With their gold frankincense and myrrh,  
But then it became a pantomime.  
One of the camels escaped,  
It was chased by the police  
But they could not catch it.  
The camel went onto a golf course.  
The police could not drive over it  
So they took a golf trolley.  
What a wonderful sight to see,  
The trolley chasing the camel  
Over the course,  
But not on the greens,  
That was definitely not allowed.  
But the camel was the winner,  
He beat the police by three shots  
With two holes to play.

## The Final Rehearsal.

The final rehearsal was over,  
We were ready,  
Ready to give our best,  
To sing our songs to others.  
The enjoyment we brought,  
Brought to ourselves by singing  
Just cannot be explained,  
All are so uplifted  
And that joy we hope to give,  
To give to the audience  
As we sing our songs to them  
So that they may leave the concert  
With such joy in their own hearts.

## Taken Into Peace.

There I was,  
The concert was over,  
We had sung our hearts out,  
The audience were in raptures,  
We were in raptures,  
It was such a success,  
Such a wonderful evening,  
A complete success.

It was such hard work  
Getting things ready,  
Then tidying things away,  
But it had been a wonderful evening.  
Now I was so tired,  
Back home I went,  
Changed into comfortable clothes,  
Poured out a large whisky  
And just sat and relaxed, listening,  
Listening to music,  
But not just any music  
I needed something special,  
Something to take me into paradise.  
So I listened to Mozart,  
Listened to his piano sonatas.  
They took me away,  
Away to a world of wonder  
Where peace and beauty reigned,  
Reigned in my life  
And relaxation took me into my peace.

## The Right Direction.

Throughout our lives we walk many paths,  
Many going the way that takes us to happiness,  
Some take us to sadness.  
We often walk with other people who become friends  
And who are travelling to where we all want to go.  
Sometimes we get caught by others going down a different path,  
A path we do not want to take,  
That is when you realise  
That it better to walk that path alone  
Rather than with a crowd,  
A crowd going in the wrong direction.

## Trilby Lady.

There she sat,  
Sat in an armchair  
Drinking her coffee,  
Reading her paper,  
Nothing strange in that,  
Delightful to see.  
But what was strange  
Was her hat,  
It was a black trilby  
Sat on her blonde hair,  
It was strange to me,  
To see her sitting there like that,  
Wearing this unlikely hat,  
Which strangely suited her.

## **Bigger Than We Can Imagine.**

We live our lives as best we can.  
We have times that are very good  
And times that are very bad.  
At the moment times are not good  
As we struggle to deal with this disease,  
This disease that is affecting everyone.  
Not just in illness  
But also in the way our lives are being controlled.  
These times for many are so very hard,  
But what if,  
What if,  
Two words that can give us hope.  
What if everything we are going through,  
Going through just now  
Is preparing us,  
Preparing us for a dream,  
A dream that is so big  
That it is bigger than we can imagine.

## Shining Life Tanka.

I rose from my bed,  
I looked out of my window,  
The moon shone on me,  
The new day of my good life  
Did shine on me so brightly.

## **Cards Sent.**

Went through the Christmas Card list,  
Crossed out those who no longer exist,  
Wrote the cards for those who were left,  
Thought of others who were now bereft.  
Went to the post-box up the road,  
Put the cards in to shed my load.  
Walked swiftly back into my home,  
More cards for me on the floor in a dome.  
Opened the first card and formed a fist,  
This card was one not on my list.  
So yet again I wrote more cards,  
And once more sent my kind regards.

## 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

## Noisy Neighbour.

There I was sitting drinking my tea after breakfast,  
There was a hammering on the door.  
I walked towards it and opened it,  
There stood my neighbour  
He looked so angry,  
Red faced and absolutely livid.  
"Blimey Fred, what is wrong?"  
"What is wrong? WHAT IS WRONG!!  
It's you being so noisy,  
So noisy early in the morning,  
All that yelling a screaming  
While you make love,  
The whole street can hear it,  
Why are you so noisy?"  
"What do you mean 'making love'?  
You know I am on my own,  
And at my age I no longer make love"  
"It sounds like it to us, all that moaning and groaning!"  
"Ah, I think I know what you are talking about  
Yes it happens every morning as you said.  
I am only trying to put my socks on!"

## Daily Gifts.

I awake into a new day  
And I immediately open two gifts,  
Two gifts that I always have,  
I open my eyes.  
Two more gifts come to me  
As I hear nature's symphony  
Coming through my ears.  
I arise from my bed  
And stand on two more presents  
As my legs walk me around.  
My day has started like all my days  
With gifts given to me  
That take me through my life,  
My wonderful life,  
From beginning to end,  
And for this I am grateful,  
So very grateful.

Be thankful for these gifts,  
Do not take them for granted  
As there are many in this world  
Who do not have these gifts,  
And those of us who have,  
Must cherish them every moment.

## **Our Paradise.**

We go through our life looking,  
Looking for that place,  
That place where life is wonderful,  
Where troubles do not exist  
And love for each other abounds.  
We go on searching,  
Searching for our paradise.  
But what we need to realise  
Is that paradise is already there,  
Already there within as,  
As paradise is a state of mind.

## What A Wonderful Day I Had Had.

What a wonderful day I had had!  
Met a new friend for coffee in the morning,  
We sat and talked,  
Talked of many things.  
He had problems but spoke of them,  
I just listened and it helped him.  
I spoke of my wonderful life,  
Especially my wonderful life with Joyce.  
This all helped him feel that life would be good.  
We left the coffee house as good friends,  
With a friendship that will last.

In the afternoon I went to croquet,  
Hitting the balls with abandon,  
Two croquet friends with me.  
We all hit some wonderful shots,  
And some extremely bad ones,  
But throughout the afternoon  
There was humour and laughter,  
Three of us enjoying this game,  
Enjoying this game in joy and friendship.

Then came the finale.  
I went to the cinema with a very good friend,  
I bought some wine for us  
We found our seats and sat and waited,  
Waited for the film to start.  
We had both seen the original film  
But this was a new version,  
A new version of West Side Story.  
What a film!  
I was drawn in from the start,  
The acting singing and dancing captured me.

Such a wonderful film,  
We left the cinema in raptures  
Stunned by how good it was  
Humming the songs from it,  
Humming all the way home.

I arrived home,  
Looked back on my day,  
And knew in my heart and mind  
What a wonderful day I had had.

## Happy Birthday Again Chet.

That day has come once more,  
That day he was born  
And brought so much joy,  
So much joy into my life.  
He blows his horn  
And the melodious sound  
Reaches me in mind and heart.  
So many problems in his life,  
So full of drugs,  
Yet his music never suffered.  
His music so important,  
So important to me.  
So once more as I listen,  
Listen to his music,  
I wish him Happy Birthday,  
Happy Birthday Chet.

## Future Of Light

That night has now passed,  
That night, the longest of the year.  
Each new day we now awake to  
Will be longer than the previous one,  
And that light will come back into our lives.  
The wonderful sunlit dawns becoming earlier,  
And the beautiful orange glow of evening later.  
A time when walking in the light  
Will bring such joy into my life  
And into the lives of others.  
The glory of Spring just ahead of us  
Where new life abounds in the world,  
Bringing that wonderful beauty to all.  
The light of life will abound,  
Abound for us all,  
As we go into our wonderful future of light.

## Dance The Day.

Christmas Day is here,  
I wish you all good cheer.  
May this bright day  
Be fine and gay  
With family and friends  
So it never ends  
And your life stays so good  
As it always should.  
Looking for peace  
May the waring all cease  
And move into the new year  
Making all our live so dear  
Going forward full of love and wonder  
With all our ills put asunder  
So Happy Christmas to you all  
Now on this day just have a ball  
I give to you all a wishful bouquet  
To help you dance the day away

My best wishes I send to you all on this Christmas Day

## Christmas Senryu.

Christmas was over,  
A good time with family,  
But she was not there.

## **Trials Of Life.**

Throughout our lives we go through many things,  
Most are so wonderful they bring joy to our lives.  
Many are the normality of life that is part of us,  
But sometimes we come to times of trial that stop us,  
They stop us for a while but we can get through them.  
That is when looking back on your life at these times  
We then realise one of the most important things in life,  
If there was not a price to pay in our lives for those trials,  
We would not know that we learned something through them.

## Such A Lucky Man.

I sit here on my porch,  
A glass of fine wine to hand  
And I look,  
I look at my life,  
At where I am in my life.  
I sit here and listen,  
Listen to Nature's Symphony  
Bringing music to me  
Straight into my heart and mind.  
I look up into the sky,  
The bright blue sky,  
The occasional white cloud  
Floating by in beauty  
As Nature's Artwork astounds me,  
Astounds me once more.  
I look outward at my garden,  
My garden extending to the horizon,  
Seeing the beauty and love  
That Nature has planted for me  
And has given to me in my life,  
My life that reaches out  
Reaches out to eternity.  
Such a lucky man am I.

## Singing In The Bar.

As I was awaking in the mornings beauty,  
A thought came into my mind  
Of a time long ago,  
A time of such delight and happiness.  
Each evening I would go up 'the pub',  
There I would meet good friends,  
We would chat and laugh,  
Drink our pints,  
Play darts and cards,  
An evening full of fun.  
But then occasionally on a Saturday night  
The 'singing beer' would be served,  
And Don would start it off,  
His magnificent voice filling the bar.  
We would all join in and sing our hearts out,  
Singing all evening,  
Drinking good beer  
With the wonderful friends around me.  
Such wonderful times of my younger days,  
But not lost,  
As they are saved in my memories  
For me to bring back into my mind  
And remember those wonderful times.

## Raining In My Heart.

There I was on this fine December day  
Two long years ago  
The sun was out, the sky was blue.  
I was with her,  
Sitting by her side.  
The love of my life just lying there,  
Lying in a hospital bed.  
Looking out there was not a cloud in the sky.  
As I sat as she sucked her last breath,  
That is when it started raining  
Raining in my heart.  
My lover had moved on  
Moved on into that wonderful sky,  
And beyond.  
She will be there for me,  
Always be there for me,  
Just waiting for me.  
And on that day the tears will stop,  
And it will no longer be  
Raining in my heart.

## Respect.

In our lives we see things change,  
And we see some things return,  
Return to passed ways,  
Coming back in style.  
Things that we have seen before  
But are new to the younger ones.  
So the hope in my life is that a trend will return,  
Return to our lives,  
That trend of respect.  
Respect seems to have disappeared in life,  
It is such a brightness on occasions,  
On occasions when respect is seen.  
Respect can bring such a bright future,  
Such a bright future to us all.  
So let us show that respect once more,  
Show respect to all.

## The New, New Day.

I wake up into this new day,  
The first new day in this new year.  
The last year has gone  
So I move forward into this new year,  
The next year of my long life.

As with every waking I know I am alive  
And will be meeting family and friends.  
Throughout the year.

Each day I awake is a bonus,  
As I know all will be right  
And my life will be so good.

So to all of you I send good thoughts  
And know that all will be well  
As we move into another fine year.

## No Washing Up!

Well my dinner was eaten,  
A plate of wonderful food  
Created by my experienced skills.  
It was a great meal  
Which I enjoyed so much.  
I got up from the table  
Ready to do the washing up  
When another wonderful thing  
Came into my life,  
I did not need to do the washing up,  
As I dropped the flaming plate!

## Point A Finger.

In our lives we see many things,  
Many things ahead of us.  
Many of these things we can ignore,  
But there are some we want to do,  
They become our dreams,  
So in our mind we point to them.  
But on so many occasions  
We never reach them  
And wonder why.  
But when we think about it  
We realise why we do not reach them,  
Do not reach our dreams.  
It is like pointing a finger,  
Pointing a finger at the moon,  
And all we see,  
Is the finger.

## Am I Now A Romantic?

Why does this happen?  
How can she do it?  
I have read all my life,  
Adventure stories,  
War stories,  
Detective stories,  
Tales of blood and thunder,  
But she has changed me,  
Changed my reading.  
Or have I changed,  
Have I now become a romantic,  
A romantic in my old age.  
Each of her stories  
Of love and love's despair  
Pull me into them,  
I just cannot stop reading,  
Reading her words.  
There are still more to read,  
Of her thirty four books  
I have read twenty one.  
These are so different,  
So different from what I have read,  
Read for so many years.  
So what has changed,  
Changed in my life,  
Have I now become a romantic?

## Twelfth Night

Well twelfth night is here,  
The end of the Christmas festivities,  
The decorations should be down  
And consigned back to the attic.  
It needs to be done,  
As the Easter eggs will soon be in the shops.

## Live Long And Prosper Acrostic

Life is given to us  
In the glory of love  
Vying for the wonder  
Ever in our hearts and minds.

Leading us to the place  
On which we will find glory  
Never ending,  
Giving us the joy.

And the freedom of life  
Now and forever with our  
Destiny before us.

Preparing us for the gifts  
Reaching us with the love  
Of the universe,  
Sharing that love with all  
People we meet,  
Ever prospering in life,  
Reaching the end in glory.

## Looking Forward.

I look back at my life,  
A life now nearly at an end,  
Having had so many years behind me  
Than those ahead of me.  
But in all those many years  
I see joy and love in all of them,  
No regrets about anything that has passed.

Now I awake every day  
Knowing that this will be a good day,  
As I know that those ahead of me  
Will always be good days.  
May there be many more of them,  
Many more of them to enjoy,  
To enjoy and cherish.

## Drawing God.

The children sat at their desks,  
The teacher asked them to draw,  
Draw something from their life,  
So each child drew on the paper.  
The teacher walked around  
Watching what each was creating.  
She came to one young girl  
And saw a person being drawn.  
"Who is that Isobel?" the teacher asked,  
"It is God" Isobel replied,  
The teacher looked at her and said,  
"But we do not know what God looks like."  
Isobel replied,  
"You will when I finish this drawing!"

## So Much Music.

I get up and come downstairs,  
The radio goes on  
And there it is playing for me,  
A piece of music  
That sends joy through me,  
Music that I have heard before  
But not for a long time,  
And there it is again  
Bringing glory and wonder  
To this new day in my life.

So much music,  
So little time.

## What If.....?

What if?

The most unanswered question ever asked.

I look back on my life,

So full of what ifs.

Each one would have taken my life

Along a different path,

And I often wonder where I would be

If I had taken one of those paths.

The one that is overwhelming

Is what if I had remained in my first place of work

Instead of trying to save a relationship that failed,

How high up the scientific chain would I have climbed?

But then looking back

If I had taken any of those paths

I would not have met her,

Met the love of my life,

Which brought so much joy,

So much joy to me

In our so many married years.

Yes we ask what if,

But to me they are not relevant,

As my life was filled with love

And that love will continue

So that when that day happens

We will be together once more

And there will be no more

What ifs.

## For The Tinkling Of Glasses.

Is there a sound that is better than music?  
Some people think so,  
As they think that  
The tinkling of glasses,  
All music surpasses.  
They long to see bottles a draining,  
That drinking enters their soul  
Abandoning all other sounds.  
As the glasses tinkle again  
And more drink is poured  
Yes it can be a good sound,  
A sound to look forward to.  
But in my mind,  
In my mind and body  
Music is the best sound,  
The best sound in my life.

## Paul.

His name was Paul,  
He was from France.  
His English was very good  
But we were talking about language,  
And how strange some words are.  
They can sound the same,  
But spelled or spelt differently.  
Then we totally confused him,  
Accusing Pall bearer Paul  
Of playing pool in Poole.

## Leading To That Place.

Throughout our lives we make mistakes,  
But we must not keep them,  
Nor take them around with us.  
They can give us a learning curve  
And can show us the way.  
So each mistake can be used,  
Used as a stepping stone  
Which can be placed on the floor,  
And once there they be used,  
Used as the stepping stones  
That will lead us,  
To lead us to that place,  
That place to where we need to go.

## Jacob Rees-Smogg. (sic).

"He must resign" was the call,  
The call from the man in parliament,  
The leader of the Scottish conservatives call,  
Call for the resignation of the Prime Minister,  
The Prime Minister that has broken the law,  
Broken the law that he put in place.  
Then Jacob Rees-Smogg spoke,  
He called the Scottish leader  
"A lightweight figure of little consequence".  
Presumably Rees-Smogg sees all like this,  
Sees all like this if they didn't go to Eton.

## Moments.

We all have them in our life,  
So many moments,  
So many moments in our lives.  
Each one we have is different.  
Most are filled with joy,  
Some are filled with sadness.  
But then we get those moments  
Where one moment is enough,  
Enough to forget a lifetime.  
But we also often have a lifetime,  
That is not enough to forget one moment.

## Feelings In Life.

We all have them,  
Have them within our lives  
From the very beginning,  
To the very end.  
Some people dismiss them  
Say they do not have them,  
As they have their own strength,  
Strength of character.  
Many show their feelings all the time,  
And some only occasionally.  
But in our life we all have feelings,  
As you cannot just not have feelings,  
Our life is just not built like that.

## Respect For All.

Our world is changing,  
Changing so much  
And the one thing that I see,  
See more than anything else  
Is that respect has gone.  
In my youth respect was all,  
You said please and thank you,  
You were polite to your elders,  
Gave way to ladies,  
Opened doors for all.  
But that has gone,  
That respect no longer exists.  
Occasionally I see it  
And it means so much,  
Means so much to me.  
In my life I still try my best  
And show respect to all,  
Be polite to all,  
But I feel very alone,  
In this changing world.

## Empty Can.

I looked out of the window  
To the front garden,  
And there on the lawn was a tin,  
An empty tin  
Thrown there by some flaming peasant.  
When I went out,  
Went out to get my paper,  
I picked up the can,  
It was an empty can of lager.  
Why don't these peasants know  
I do not drink lager,  
I only drink real beer!

## After A Dream.

Why does it keep happening?  
I sit here reading words,  
Typing words,  
Music playing in the background  
When it happens,  
A piece of music stirs me.  
This piece came on the radio,  
I stopped,  
Stopped and listened.  
I was taken into a new world,  
A world of song.  
A new piece of music assailed me,  
Assailed my mind and heart.  
Why had I not heard it before?  
I just sat there listening,  
Listening to this glorious sound  
In this new world of music,  
Music that had come into my life,  
Come into my life once more.

## Is Anybody There?

I look up to the dark night sky,  
The moon shines down on me.  
I look passed this wondrous sight  
Into the darkness and see the stars.  
I look passed the stars each a memory,  
A memory of a loved one,  
And into that darkness I go,  
Wondering when that question,  
That question will be answered,  
As I am sure it will be soon.  
"Is anybody there?"

## Evading The Truth.

In life we see so many things,  
But some people just see the surface.  
If they looked beyond the surface  
A deeper look at life will be seen,  
Making it more understood,  
Showing so much more  
Than the surface seen,  
But some will not do this,  
Meaning the true meaning of life,  
The real meaning of life evades them.

Listening is the same.  
So many people just hear,  
Just hear and never listen,  
And once more they do not understand,  
Do not understand the true meaning,  
The true meaning of the things they hear.  
So once again they evade the truth,  
The truth that is there.

So much to be seen and heard,  
But so much evaded by so many  
Through not looking deeper,  
Or listening to what they hear.

## My Island of Peace

Will you join me on my island?  
A place where there is no war,  
Only peace and love.  
A place where all are equal,  
And rancour is not allowed.  
A place where we all work together  
For the good of all,  
Not the few.  
Where food is abundant,  
And we all eat our fill  
Of the foods that tempt our palettes,  
And hunger is non-existent.  
A place where nature is allowed to survive,  
And the animals show us the wonder  
Of their so valuable lives.  
A place of music, art and words  
That can create so many emotions within  
Our lives of contentment.  
A place where death only comes  
In contented old age.  
Knowing that you have done your best  
For everyone around you,  
And can leave the island  
Knowing that those left behind  
Will only talk of you with love and respect.  
Will you join me on my island?

## All That Jazz.

The blues were being played,  
The tune so well known  
When suddenly a note was played wrong,  
But it sounded good,  
So another one was played  
Then the beat was changed.  
The tune was adapted  
And a different world was found  
As ragtime was born.  
Then the tune was adapted,  
Adapted in differing ways,  
People wanted to dance  
So swing came to the fore.  
And people danced the night away  
To those wonderful tunes  
Studded with solos from the band.  
One solo became a duet  
Where the same notes were played  
By trumpet and sax  
At such speed and height,  
So bebop became found  
Where Dizzie and Bird  
Sailed their notes into wonder.  
Then came that time  
Where the speed cooled  
And cool jazz was found,  
Where the players played  
Played there music for relaxation  
And it became my type of jazz.  
Then came that time when jazz went wild,  
And the sounds went wild  
Some were good  
But many misunderstood.

But jazz is there for all,  
Especially for me,  
Where jazz is part of my life,  
When Chet plays his songs  
And I am taken into another world.  
There is so much,  
So much jazz for me to enjoy  
But the time to hear it all  
Will never be enough,  
That's jazz.

## That First Sign.

There it was,  
There it was showing its head  
As it popped up through the earth.  
New life was coming to my world,  
These dark, dank, dark days were changing.  
The buds of Spring were there  
Showing me that the brightness  
Was coming back to this world.  
There was only one bud  
But I knew the others would follow,  
And before long the beauty of Spring  
Would be with us as they flowered,  
Shining the yellow flowers all around,  
All around my garden  
As the daffodils bloomed,  
Bloomed once more  
As they did every year,  
Forever bring more brightness  
Into my life,  
Into my wonderful life.

## Made Into One.

Their eyes met across a crowded room  
They walked slowly towards each other.  
Into each other's arms they went  
Looking deep into each other's eyes,  
Into their hearts and souls.  
Their lips brushed against each other,  
The passion rising into the heat of love.  
Their arms went around each other  
Pulling them closer together.  
The heat rising from each of them  
Until their lips met in earnest  
And the kisses set them on fire,  
The heat of their passion unfounded,  
They rose with the heat  
Into a world of love that only they knew  
And sailed with their heat of passion  
Into that place that took them,  
Took them above the world  
To that place of heated love  
That made them into one.

## What Is Your Name?

Into my mind a new fact is born,  
More knowledge comes to me,  
So intriguing and so wonderful.  
These new things are so important,  
So important for me to remember.  
The problem is though  
That at my age every new fact  
Means that an old one falls,  
Falls out of my memory.

"Now what is your name?"

## The Jazz Quartet.

I was there again,  
There at the jazz club  
Not knowing what to expect,  
A group I had not heard before  
Piano, bass and drums,  
Led by a violin.  
On the stage they came  
And played.  
What a sound they made,  
I was pulled straight in,  
Straight in to their music.  
The smile grew on my face,  
As it did on all.  
Feet were tapping,  
Heads were nodding.  
The feeling of absolute wonder  
Came within me,  
Each time they played a new song  
They seemed to get better,  
And when I looked at them  
They were smiling,  
All smiling,  
Enjoying the music,  
The music they were creating  
And giving to us,  
Us sitting there watching,  
Watching and listening,  
Listening to this amazing group.  
The time went so fast  
And so filled with the wonder,  
The wonder of their sound.  
They finished their last tune  
And the roof was raised,

The clapping and cheering so loud,  
So loud for this group.  
What a wonderful evening,  
One that I will remember for ever.

## Hot Air.

I sat in the marquee listening,  
Listening to the member of parliament  
Standing on the stage,  
Drivelling on about nothing of interest.  
On and on he went,  
Looking around I saw all were bored.  
But then it happened  
We all became disturbed  
As the marquee started to move.  
We did not understand it,  
But then I looked out  
And saw we were being lifted,  
Lifted from the ground.  
The idiot on the stage  
Had vented so much hot air  
That the marquee was sailing,  
Sailing up into the sky.  
No wonder the Houses of Parliament  
Was built with such heavy bricks,  
To keep it on the ground  
With all that hot air  
Being vented by those parliamentarians.

## Best Friends.

We had known each other for many years,  
We had chatted and smiled at Church,  
Appreciated each other's company.  
Then came that day,  
That day I asked her out,  
Asked her out for coffee.  
We sat drinking our coffee  
And we talked,  
We spoke of many things.  
We met again for coffee,  
Gave each other lunch,  
And throughout all that time  
We talked,  
We just talked and talked  
And found so much in common.  
It meant so much to me,  
And meant so much to her  
That now that acquaintanceship has changed,  
And has become a friendship,  
A friendship going so deep  
That we are becoming best friends  
And would do anything,  
Anything for each other.  
That friendship has become wonderful,  
So very wonderful.

## Unknown Answer

Into bed I crept,  
Tired from a great day.  
Coffee with friends in the morning,  
Lunch with another friend  
Followed by a wonderful conversation,  
So full of meaning.  
I had my dinner and then sat relaxed  
Listening to music,  
Reading words,  
Then to bed I went.  
As my head hit the pillow  
I went out like a light,  
Into a deep, deep sleep.  
But then I awoke,  
Awoke way before morning.  
I had this question in my head  
And no matter how I tried  
I couldn't answer it.  
I know that I should know the answer  
But it just would not come,  
The more I thought about it  
The more awake I become.  
It was so stupid  
As the question was not important,  
But it just stayed in my head,  
I just had to know.  
I turned on my ipad and looked,  
And there was the answer  
I could now relax  
And go back to sleep.  
It was Ravel's Bolero  
That Torvill and Dean skated to  
When they won the ice dance Olympics.

I will never know why that was in my head  
And depriving me of sleep,  
So very strange.

## Beauty Within.

Another new day is waiting,  
Waiting for me.  
I know it will be a good day  
As once more I arose,  
Arose from my long life,  
Knowing that each day I arise  
Will be so wonderful,  
Knowing that there are many more,  
So many more to come  
In the beauty that is within,  
The beauty that is within my life.

## Snogging And Kissing.

There we were sitting on the sofa,  
Arms around each other  
Snogging and kissing without aplomb.  
We'd stop,  
Look in each other's eyes,  
Then kiss again,  
Hugging each other so hard.  
Again and again it happened,  
There we were like two teenagers  
That were experimenting with snogging,  
Snogging and kissing.  
But no we were of an age,  
Both in our seventies  
Finding our youth once more  
In this new thing,  
This new things back in our long lives,  
This snogging and kissing.

## Some People.

Into a new choir I go  
To enjoy the singing,  
The singing that I love.  
But unfortunately "HE" is there!  
This man who has such a loud voice,  
Who sings all the wrong notes,  
But sings them wrong notes  
In no particular order.  
He is in another choir,  
A choir which I organise,  
I would like to throttle him sometimes  
But I am second in the queue,  
Second behind the treasurer.  
Some people can be annoying,  
So very annoying.

## Is It Love?

I ask myself that question.  
What is it that is happening?  
Happening to me,  
Happening to my mind,  
Happening in my heart.  
She has come into my life.  
The feelings just grow,  
Just keep on growing,  
Growing for each other.  
So once more  
I ask myself that question,  
That so important question,  
Is it love?

## My River And Us.

Once more I am back with My River  
The clear green water flowing gently.  
I walk beside it feeling so wonderful,  
So wonderful to be back at its side.  
But this is different,  
I am not alone.  
Walking by my side is my lady,  
The wonderful lady now in my life.  
How could life be any better,  
Rising from the passing of my lover  
Into a new world of love and happiness.  
A world that has surprised me,  
Surprised me so much.  
Now this new time of love is here  
And My River will still be with me,  
But there are now two of us,  
Two of us walking by its side,  
Into a new life of love and wonder.

## Question Of Sport.

It started that day in nineteen sixty eight,  
I have watched nearly every episode,  
Every episode of Question of Sport.  
It has been so good over the years,  
David Vine, David Coleman  
And the wonderful Sue Barker,  
They have been so wonderful to watch.  
But then they had to change it,  
Change it into its present form,  
A form which to me is so awful,  
That I will not watch another show.  
This only goes to prove the saying  
"If it ain't broke, don't fix it!!"

## New Life Ahead.

I look up into the clear blue sky,  
The occasional white cloud  
Bubbling before me.  
Then I hear a sound,  
A plaintiff call above me.  
Looking towards that sound  
I see it,  
I see the buzzard.  
Its wings outstretched  
Sailing with ease in circles,  
Each circle taking it higher.  
A life so relaxed and beautiful  
As it sails in Nature's glory,  
Sails to easily.  
Then the thought comes to me  
That is what I want to be,  
I want to be a buzzard  
When this life ends  
And my new life begins.  
I want to sail above the earth  
Looking down on the glory,  
The glory that Nature brings to me,  
And has brought to me  
When I walked on this planet.

## Sealed With Laughter.

Our love is so strong  
Our words of love so profound  
And sealed with laughter.

## Forever And Beyond.

She walked her path along a different route,  
A different route from mine.  
Came that day when she was left alone,  
Left alone so very long ago,  
Her husband passed into heaven.  
Came the day that I was left alone,  
Left alone not so long ago,  
When my lover passed into heaven.  
Our paths went on in loneliness,  
Then came that day,  
That day when our paths merged  
And become one.  
The loneliness went away  
As our life became one,  
One with each other  
And our love for each other came,  
Came into our lives.  
A feeling so strong for us both,  
A feeling that we know,  
We know will be forever with us  
As we travel our path together,  
Together to infinity and beyond.

## This Is Me.

So many people criticize,  
Criticize the way we are.  
But to me I have my way,  
My way of dealing with this,  
What you see is what you get.  
Sometimes I am amazing,  
Sometimes I am a wreck,  
But this is me,  
This is me every day,  
And if you don't like what you see  
That is not my problem,  
It is yours.

## 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.

## Thinking Old.

We live our long lives  
Having bad times and good.  
The good always outweigh the bad,  
But as our age increases  
Some worry about getting old,  
But age is just a number,  
A number in our lives that increases,  
Increases each year.  
But what we must realise  
Is that we should not worry,  
Not worry about getting old,  
Only worry about thinking old.  
In my mind I am not old,  
I am as I have always been  
Always been in my mind,  
Thinking of the good things,  
The good things in my life  
And I know there will be many more,  
Many more good times to come.  
So don't think about getting old,  
Think of being who you are,  
Who you are in your mind.

## What A Wonderful Day 1.

What a wonderful day,  
Just the two of us  
Walking around the gardens,  
The fabulous gardens  
Created by Capability Brown.  
We strolled around hand in hand  
Our love shining for all,  
For all to see.  
The beauty of nature around us  
But just not comparing  
To the beauty of my loved one.  
We stopped and I looked,  
Looked into her eyes  
Down into the depths,  
The depths of her heart.  
Our love for each other so deep  
And so strong,  
Together now,  
Together forever,  
Forever more.  
What a wonderful day.

## The People Who Matter.

The dining room was being prepared,  
A banquet for many was to be held.  
The silver banqueting ornaments  
Laid in the middle of the table,  
The cutlery was carefully laid,  
Each item precisely put down  
At exactly the same distance  
From the tables edge  
On the pristine white cloth.  
When all was set the young waiter spoke,  
He was about to put the name tags  
Onto all the places laid.  
He spoke to the butler and asked  
"Who should I put where,  
There are so many important people  
They will want to be in the right place,  
The place they feel they should be?"  
The butler, a man of great experience  
Looked at the waiter and said these words,  
"The people who matter don't care,  
The people who care don't matter."

## Love To Eternity.

'Tis another Valentine's Day  
All my love I send your way  
Each day my love gets stronger  
And every day it lasts much longer  
I love you so very, very much,  
I am here longing for your touch  
To take me into that heavenly place  
Where we will be forever in grace,  
With our love for each other so deep  
A love so strong that it makes me weep  
Weeping tears of joy for you  
In all the things that together we do  
A love that is so full of certainty  
That will takes us both to eternity.

## Test Of Faith.

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"

## Each Day Is Special.

We wake up into a new day  
Not knowing what will happen,  
But we must know  
That today is another gift,  
Another gift for us in our lives,  
And this gift of another day  
We must receive,  
Receive it with gratitude  
And make it beautiful,  
A beautiful new day,  
As each new day in our lives is special  
And will lead us to the wonder of life.

## Filthy Acrostic.

For the sake of all around  
Undo the bad language from your mouth,  
Control those words of filth that  
Keep you in uncouth ways.

## **Making It Perfect.**

And the wind blows  
But I go on,  
Walking into it.  
The harder it blows  
The more determined I become,  
Nothing will push me back  
I will always go forward in my life,  
No obstacles will stop me.  
And the harder it blows  
The stronger I get  
As I move ahead  
Into this wonderful life that I have.  
A life filled with beauty,  
The beauty of Nature,  
Filled with love,  
Love for all.  
I know the wind will stop blowing  
And my life will be filled with calm,  
Filled with calm and my love,  
Making it perfect.

## **Rushing Waters.**

I went down to My River  
It's waters rushed by  
Rushed by in waves of brown  
The water from the hills  
Coming into My River  
Filling it to overflowing  
The calmness removed  
But I know that soon all will be well  
As the water will run away  
Leading My River into normality  
It's clear green waters once more  
Once more with me  
Guiding me in my wonderful life  
Until that day  
That day when My River  
And My Spirit become one  
Taking us to eternity.

## Bringing Us Closer Tanka.

She stands before me,  
Her bright eyes shine into mine,  
Our love is so strong,  
Each day it grows much stronger,  
Bringing us ever closer.

## 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!".

## At One With Nature Once More.

Once more I step out onto the lawn,  
Croquet mallet in my hand.  
It had been a few weeks since I played,  
The weather was so bad  
The lawns needed protecting,  
But came the day when work was done  
And we prepared the lawns  
For a new time to play,  
And here I was hitting balls once more.  
The wind was blowing hard  
But it was dry.  
The balls sailed across the lawn  
Bringing joy to us all.  
And then I stopped,  
Stopped and looked around,  
The beauty of Nature all around.  
The green hills on the horizon,  
The trees swaying all around the meadow.  
The vast meadow of which we are part.  
It was so wonderful to be at one,  
At one with Nature once more.

## Who's God.

I was asked the question  
"Do I believe?"  
I used to believe,  
But no longer,  
The christian god is a myth.  
Where my wife prayed to him,  
Prayed and sung his virtues  
For ALL her long life  
He just took her,  
Took her into the realms of dementia.  
No matter how I prayed  
He just was not there,  
Not there for her.  
She was taken from me  
And on that day I realised,  
Realised that religion was a myth,  
Organised religion was a myth.  
So I renounced christianity  
In that moment I became free.  
It was as if a weight had been lifted,  
Had been lifted from my shoulders.  
I was free,  
Free to worship My God and My Spirit,  
No more untruths told to me,  
Told to me by organised religion.  
So now I can say I am free,  
And may YOUR god go with you.

## Singing In Love.

What was happening to me?  
My life was so good,  
So wonderful,  
So wonderful that I was singing,  
Singing to a song,  
A song on the radio.  
This happiness was unbelievable  
And all because of her,  
That new lady in my life.  
Bringing a love to us both  
That we just cannot understand,  
Cannot understand how deep that love is,  
Cannot understand the speed,  
The speed that we fell,  
Fell for each other.  
A love so profound and so different,  
Different from our previous loves  
Leaving us so wonderfully happy  
That there I am singing again,  
Singing as I think of her,  
And hear this song.

## Starts Once More.

We live in this wonderful world  
But so many do not see it,  
See the wonders that are around us.  
Are they blind!  
Or are they greedy,  
They want all for themselves,  
Don't care of anybody else!  
They fight each other  
Creating hostility in our world.  
Why do they fight?  
What do they want?  
They want more power!  
Power to do what?  
To have control over others!  
But why?  
If ever they get that power  
Somebody will say no,  
And the fighting starts once more!

## One Of Two.

There I was in the Jazz Club  
Listening to the band,  
They were alright  
But nothing hooked me,  
Hooked me into the wonder of Jazz.  
But all was fine  
As there sitting next to me was my lover,  
Knees pressing hard with each other.  
I was quite happy,  
As I had one of the two,  
One of the two loves of my life.

## Hooked.

Once more I stepped onto the croquet lawn,  
But this time it was so different,  
As there with me was my loved one,  
I had brought her with me  
To show her croquet,  
My drug of choice.  
She picked up a mallet  
And I showed her how to hit the ball,  
In a short while she was hitting well,  
So we had a game.  
Around the lawn we went  
Putting the balls through the hoops.  
Then we played against another pair  
And we won.  
We finished for the day  
And on reaching home  
She said  
"That was good,  
When can I go again!"  
She was hooked,  
Hooked on the game,  
The game that had saved my life,  
Saved my life when my loved one had been taken,  
Been taken from me those years ago.

## Symbols Of Music.

Looking at the music you see them written there,  
What do they mean?  
When 'pp' is seen quietness must be heard,  
Then 'p' expects the music a little louder,  
Where 'mp' is louder still but still quiet.  
Then comes 'mf' where it becomes a normal sound  
Raising to 'f' which is loud.  
Up to 'ff' where loudness pervades all.  
Without these signs music would fail,  
And it's emotion would be unheard.

There is another way of interpreting them,  
Where how loud they can be played  
Is all that matters.  
'pp' becomes 'pretty powerful',  
'p' is just powerful,  
'mp' is mighty powerful.  
'mf', mighty forceful,  
Drowns out all others.  
'f' is forceful which is only slightly softer,  
'ff' becomes fairly forceful,  
Which only drowns some of the players.

Music can be interpreted  
In so many ways,  
But without its sounds  
My life would miss  
The glory that it brings to me.

## Searching.

In our life we have many ways to live,  
Some are sad,  
Most are happy.  
But sometimes we become stuck,  
Stuck in a situation where we need help  
And we start to search,  
Search for that one person,  
That one person who will change our life.  
That person to do that is always with us.  
To find that person you need to do one thing,  
Just look in the mirror.

## Space And Time.

In our life we have space,  
In our life we have time,  
They are always with us ,  
How can we look at them  
And make them better?  
We can decorate space with art,  
We can decorate time with music

## Second Gift.

She came into my life,  
I came into her life,  
A life that is now so full,  
So full of love  
We do not like being away,  
Away from each other.  
Our love is so strong  
We just do not understand,  
Do not understand its power.  
Each time we are with each other  
We hold each other so hard,  
And kiss each other with passion  
A passion that surprises us,  
A passion and love that gets stronger,  
Gets stronger each time we are together.  
Why has this happened,  
Both being given this gift,  
This second gift of love.

## **In The Game.**

Our life is like a deck of cards,  
We get dealt them at the start  
And need to play those cards.  
Sometimes you win and move on,  
Sometimes you lose and fall back.  
But always remember  
No matter what happens to your cards  
You are always in the game.

## A Good Day On The Road

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.

## **New Life Together.**

The new day was upon us,  
There we were lying in bed  
Chatting away quite happily,  
Our love for each other shining  
As we just talked of ordinary things  
And the speed of our relationship.  
It had gone from a cup of coffee  
Into becoming partners,  
Partners in our life.  
That love between us so powerful  
Showing us the way forward,  
Knowing our life that will go on forever,  
Forever in each other's arms,  
And knowing that this new day will be good  
As we know every day in our life together  
Will be so very wonderful.

## Total Success.

We all have them,  
Those days where we feel bad,  
Feel that we should not have got up  
To endure such bad days.  
But what you need to remember  
Is that we all have those rough days,  
And that to get where we are  
We have achieved total success,  
Total success in enduring those days  
To get to this day today.  
And that sounds pretty good,  
Pretty good in my life.

## More Wonderful.

I awake in dawn's early light  
Knowing that today will be wonderful,  
Knowing that she will be with me,  
Be with me all day,  
The love of my life will be with me.  
Our love so strong between us,  
So strong it is unbelievable.  
Neither of us has ever felt like this,  
Never felt like this in our long lives.  
We ask ourselves why,  
Why has this happened,  
We had both had good marriages  
To loving people who passed away,  
They will never be forgotten  
And were and will always be loved.  
But this is so different,  
The feelings we have for each other  
We just do not understand.  
But the love we have for each other  
Just gets stronger each moment,  
Each moment we are together.  
So I know that my life has changed,  
And every day will be more wonderful,  
More wonderful than they always have been.

## That Book.

There it was in front of me,  
A book that I was going to read,  
So I picked it up and into it I strode,  
Now nobody can find me.

## Schubert Starts The Day

I get up in the morning  
Switch on the radio  
And there plays the music  
A magnificent piece  
So tuneful and wonderful  
A great start to my day  
And the announcer then says  
Says I all for me  
"What better start to the day  
Can we have by listening  
Listening to Schubert

<https://youtu.be/s8TgwXRllwl>

## Who Needs Perfection.

In our lives we seek perfection,  
That perfection is so hard,  
So hard to achieve.  
But if, if you reached it  
For what would you then aim?

In our lives we can be content,  
We can be rich and happy,  
Rich and happy with what we have,  
What we already have.  
So who needs perfection?

## Love FIBS

Each  
Day  
I wake  
In wonder  
A new day in life  
Where will it take me on this day  
Into a glorious new world where love conquers all  
With my lover close by my side  
With love forever  
Binding us  
Into  
True  
Love.

## Bridge Chatter.

For years we have been meeting,  
Meeting once a month,  
Playing bridge and chatting,  
Chatting of many things,  
The five of us playing bridge.  
We have our normal break  
Where cakes and wine are served,  
And we chat even more.  
I told my friends about my new love,  
The new love in my life,  
They were all so pleased.  
Then came the question,  
They all needed to know.  
So Alan asked that question,  
The most important question of all.  
"Does she play croquet?"  
My answer was prompt and meaningful,  
"She does now!"

## Les Mis Took Me.

There it was on the television,  
The most memorable musical of all.  
My wife and I saw it live  
Many years ago,  
The tears streamed from our eyes,  
And the eyes of all around us.  
Such powerful emotions came over us  
As Les Misérables came to an end.  
But here it was again,  
The show was on television.  
I sat on my own and watched it,  
But I was not alone,  
She was there.  
My wife had returned to me,  
Returned to me from her heaven.  
The songs sought out my heart and mind.  
I looked around the room and saw her,  
Saw the photographs of my passed lover.  
And the tears streamed again as I remembered,  
Remembered that day she sang,  
She sang that song at a concert.  
Her voice filled the church  
As she sang,  
And once more her voice was there,  
Singing that song,  
Singing that song for me.

Time has moved on,  
She was taken from me  
But I have a new love,  
A new love in my life,  
But she will understand,  
Understand that Joyce is here,

Still here for us both.  
But that music took me back,  
Back to a wondrous place,  
Even if only for a moment,  
A moment of wonder in my life.

## Taunting Muse.

It can be so elusive sometimes,  
But can come to you in such difficult times.  
In the shower,  
Driving the car,  
In Church,  
In the toilet,  
At three in the morning.  
That muse seems to taunt you  
At all times.  
And the moment you are free  
To write your words  
It is gone,  
Until the next time,  
When it cannot be used.

## Darkness To Light.

In the darkness blessed are those  
Those who see colour,  
Those who give love,  
Give love instead of hate,  
And those who dance with life  
When there is no music.  
If only all were like this,  
Just imagine,  
Imagine how wonderful,  
How wonderful life would be.  
It would be such a beautiful world  
If darkness was always light.

## **Moon Love.**

I look out of my window  
Into dawns early light,  
And there before me it shone,  
The moon shone on me,  
It shone on my life.  
All was good in my life  
As I had got up this day.  
Another day of wonder,  
Wonder to be found  
That I find in every day.

Each day I see her,  
I see the new love,  
The new love of my life.  
Our love so strong  
And getting stronger,  
Stronger every moment,  
Every moment we are together.  
A love that we share  
With such strength.  
From where did that love come,  
We just do not know.  
But it is with us  
And will always be with us.

And this day  
I got up and the moon shone,  
Shone on our love.

## Peace Like My River.

I walk down to My River,  
It is running so fast.  
The green mirror that it was  
Is a deep murky brown  
Where the rain has persisted  
And the earth from around  
Has flowed into My River.  
But I know,  
I know all will be better soon  
And the green waters  
Will flow gently once more  
Bringing peace and wonder to my life.

Why cannot the world be like this,  
Be like My River.  
The horror of war flowing red.  
Where is the peace that was there,  
And surrounded by the blue,  
The blue of the beautiful sky  
Bringing love and joy to all.  
To all in our world.

## Being Kind.

We can all help in our world  
Every day we see people  
People who are lost in life  
Lost through no fault of their own  
As we pass them  
We ignore them  
But just remember  
That we can be kind people  
And if we are kind to them  
Kind to the downtrodden  
It may help them to rise  
It may help the world to rise  
Ensuring that a simple act of kindness  
May push them  
And may push the world  
In the right direction  
Be kind to all  
Being kind does not cost anything  
But can mean so much to many.

## Pain In The Proverbial.

There I was on the lawn  
Hitting the croquet balls,  
Going through the hoops,  
Playing quite well.  
I had a bit of a cough  
But thought nothing of it,  
When suddenly I felt weak  
And started aching.  
So I stopped playing  
And my love and I went home.  
We checked ourselves,  
And there it was,  
We both tested positive,  
Positive for this flaming Covid.  
So no more croquet for a while,  
In fact no more anything for a while,  
Until I am free from this bug.  
It is a right pain in the proverbial!!

## Life Reset.

As we go through life from childhood  
We come to a place where we look back  
And come to a conclusion  
We need to reset our life.  
If we do reset everything in adult life  
Then it can be reset from the experience,  
The experience that you have gained,  
Have gained while getting older.

## Am I A Romantic.

What is it about her?  
Her words pull me into her world,  
A world of romance and loss.  
Every time I pick up her books  
I am lost in her words.  
Just a ten minute read  
Turns into an hour.  
I read her words every night,  
And if I awake in the night  
I read even more.  
This wonderful author grips me,  
Grips me by her writing  
And I never tire of her.  
I would never have read her  
Back a few years ago  
Where spies and adventures  
Pulled me into those books.  
But now I have changed,  
Changed into what?  
Maybe I have changed,  
Changed into a romantic  
In the evening of my life.

## Don't Tell Anyone!

Well thanks to Covid  
Spent the last three days sitting,  
Just sitting and watching the tele,  
No inclination for other things.  
Just sitting and sleeping  
In front of the tele.  
But today was different,  
I woke up to my old self,  
I was raring to go.  
But when I tell you what I did  
Please don't tell anyone,  
It is a job on my list  
That has been there,  
Been there for some while,  
And I have always said  
"Tomorrow will do!"  
Well tomorrow came to day.  
I mowed the lawn!  
"SHHH, don't tell anyone!"  
There they were all cut,  
And there was me all worn out,  
But I had completed that item,  
That item on my list.

Even worse than that though,  
After a cuppa and a rest  
I did some ironing!  
"SHHH, don't tell anyone!"

## Back Together.

How have we managed,  
Managed to keep apart,  
Keep apart for three days.  
The love between us so strong,  
We want to be with each other,  
Be with each other all the time.  
But we had to stay apart,  
Stay apart from each other  
All because of Covid,  
This so annoying disease.  
It has kept our bodies apart  
But our love has got stronger,  
So much stronger in our hearts,  
In our hearts and minds.  
But today will be different,  
We cannot stand it,  
Cannot stand to be apart,  
To be apart anymore.  
So very soon it will happen  
And she will be in my arms again,  
And I will be in hers.  
The strength of our love will shine,  
Shine above us,  
As once more we are together,  
Together in body  
As well as together in Spirit.  
Our Spirit joined once more,  
As it will be,  
Will be for eternity.

## Accept Truth.

Sometimes you have a problem,  
Try as you might  
You find no solution.  
It's probably not a problem,  
Not a problem to be solved,  
But a truth to be accepted.

## The Eruption Of Spring.

I walk around the lake in awe,  
New life is erupting,  
Erupting all around me.  
The buds on the bushes appearing,  
Some showing new leaves  
As the wonder of Spring is here,  
Showing that new life is coming,  
Coming into my world,  
Coming into our world.  
Each day brings new life,  
Showing that nature can survive  
The cold wintertime,  
And bring such joy to us all.

## Sailing With Love.

That love you give to me is so strong,  
That love I give to you is equally strong.  
Our love will be as one  
As we sail through our lives  
With each other at our sides forever.

## To The Top Of The Hill.

The hill is before me,  
The hill that I have been climbing,  
Climbing all my long life.  
I sit down and look back,  
Back at the trail I have climbed  
And all along that trail I see beauty,  
The beauty that has been my life.  
I see some minor drops  
Where I have struggled to climb,  
But they are so few  
As my life has been so wonderful  
And I have reached the place,  
The place where I am thanks to many things.  
The glory of music has always been with me,  
Nature's artwork was forever around me,  
Good friends and family with me all the time.  
My wife was at my side for over half the journey  
And we had glorious times together on our journey.  
She passed over the top of her hill,  
But I kept climbing mine.  
As I sit here now a new life is mine,  
And I will climb to the top of the hill  
Together with a new lady in my life.  
We have a love that will keep us going,  
Going up that hill to the top  
And we will sail into the future together.

## World Piano Day.

There they sit in front of me,  
Eighty eight of them.  
Some coloured white,  
Some coloured black.  
I press one of them  
And a note is struck,  
I press a different one  
Another note sounds.  
If I press them in a good order  
A tune is played,  
If I play them in a bad order  
Rubbish is heard.  
So I need to get it right,  
To get the melody right  
As I sit in front of this instrument,  
On 'World Piano Day'.

## Mary Had A Little Lamb 16.

Mary had a great big ram,  
It was big and fit and randy,  
She held him tightly on a lead,  
His name was of course Andy.

## 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!

## Where I Need To Be.

We all lead different lives,  
Go our own ways.  
When that journey starts  
We have no idea where it will lead.  
Sometimes it leads to sadness,  
But more often it leads to happiness.  
I know that in my life  
I may not have gone where I intended,  
But I know that I have arrived  
To that place where I need to be.

## Another Wonderful Day,

I sit here with words in my mind,  
With music coming into my ears,  
A new day has started in my life.  
Of the many new days I have had  
This is a special one  
As once more I am looking out,  
Looking out into a new day,  
A new day in my life.  
Every new day is so special  
As I am still here,  
Still here with words in my mind,  
And music in my ears.  
Another wonderful day.

## Four Seasons In A Day.

I walk onto the lawn in glorious sunshine,  
There is warmth in the air.  
I strike my first ball and it ends in a good place,  
I hit it for a second time  
Through the hoop it goes.  
The sun continues to shine,  
Off goes my coat in this warmth about me,  
I play this game with pleasure.

The dark clouds start to gather,  
It gets much colder,  
On goes my coat.  
The rain starts to fall  
But still I play this game,  
The rain turns to hail  
And still I play.  
The clouds pass by  
The sun shines once more,  
It gets warm once more,  
So off comes the coat.

Here we are playing our game  
No matter what the weather does,  
It is a typical day of English weather,  
Four seasons in one day!

## Ageless Love.

As we kiss each other goodbye,  
The tears seem to well up.  
We are only parting for a short while,  
Less than a day,  
But our love is so strong  
That even a few minutes apart  
Is so hard to overcome.  
We came into each other's lives  
And all is so wonderful,  
Each time we are together  
Our love gets stronger each moment.  
We just do not understand it,  
At our age to fall for each other,  
Fall for each other so strongly.  
Why should it be this way?  
Why is our love so very strong,  
So strong at our age?  
We now look at ourselves and know,  
And know that age does not matter  
When love pulls us together.

We are two old fogies,  
Two old fogies in love.

## Escape to the Dark.

Why are you only there in the light?  
Do I have to stay in the dark to escape  
Your menacing presence?  
Or are you a menace?  
So silently you travel with me,  
But darkness kills you.  
You don't seem to harm me,  
Or want to hurt me in any way.  
As the light intensifies you become darker,  
But as soon as the light is gone  
You disappear as if a shadow.

## Differing Words.

The blank page sits in front of me,  
The words in my mind drop onto it  
And create something for others to read.  
It may be good,  
It may be bad,  
But those words have left my mind  
Clearing it for others to come.  
They may be words of happiness,  
They may be words of sadness,  
But each time the page is filled  
The words will be different,  
Different from the words once written.

## Our Undying Love.

She stands there before me  
Her eyes shining into mine,  
My eyes seeing the love she has,  
The love she has for me.  
She looks into my eyes  
And sees the love I have,  
The love I have for her.  
That love for each other is so strong  
Its boundless rapture pulling us,  
Pulling our minds and life together  
Into a love so strong,  
A love increasing each moment.

How has this happened?  
We just do not understand.  
We had our separate lives,  
Happy in our ways,  
But then it happened.  
We just chatted and it was there,  
This feeling between us  
That was pulling at our hearts.  
We felt we needed each other  
And each new day that arises  
That feeling increases.  
It has become the love,  
The love in our lives,  
The love for each other,  
A love that will never die  
And will only grow stronger.

## Acceptance In Life.

We often struggle in our lives,  
We often aim for places to go  
That can be so difficult to achieve.  
But when we look at our lives  
We find we have achieved so much,  
So much in our lives.  
We must accept where we are  
And that acceptance of where we are  
Is so important in our lives,  
As that acceptance takes us to a place,  
A place of peace within ourselves.

## Hey - Hey Rise Up,

It brought tears to my eyes,  
Pink Floyd were back,  
Back for a reason.  
Ukraine had moved them  
As it has moved me.  
A song had to be written,  
Written and recorded,  
Showing this world  
That Ukraine is alive  
Despite the ravages of war.  
I listened to the song,  
Read the words  
And the tears streamed,  
Streamed from my heart.  
They will rise from the war,  
And peace will come,  
Come to them all,  
As Pink Floyd sing,  
Sing Hey ? Hey Rise Up.

### **Translation of the song on the video.**

*In the meadow a red viburnum has bent down low  
Our glorious Ukraine has been troubled so  
And we'll take that red viburnum and we will raise it up  
And we, our glorious Ukraine shall, hey ? hey, rise up ? and rejoice!  
And we'll take that red viburnum and we will raise it up  
And we, our glorious Ukraine shall, hey ? hey, rise up and rejoice!*

*Written by David Gilmour, Andriy Khlyvnyuk and Stepan Charnetskii*

## William Who?

Oh no! Not him again! The despair descends on the class  
As the teacher tells us, "Get out your Shakespeare."  
We call him Bill Waggadagga, trying to make light of it;  
But he is not funny, to our immature minds.

What will it be today?  
Alas poor Yorick, I knew him well,  
Friends, Romans, Countrymen, or,  
Once more unto the breach.

Not that it really matters, why can't we have modern works,  
Ones that we understand, ones that mean something  
To our immature minds  
We don't understand these strange words!

The teacher seems to want a pound of flesh,  
I would willingly pay just to miss, this  
Incomprehensible drivel,  
Being fed to us with a big shovel.

We're told he is important in English Literature  
Why, if we don't know what it means?  
How can we appreciate it, at a time when,  
We are not remotely interested

I wonder how many people, out there,  
Do not know, or wish to know, about Shakespeare  
Because they were force fed, his uncomprehended words at school.  
I know that I am one!

## Shining Love.

Another year gone in her life,  
But what an end to that year.  
That love that we have  
Is so very strong for each other.  
In so little time that love has exploded  
Into feelings for each other  
That we just do not understand.  
We cannot be apart,  
Leaving each other  
Even for a moment  
Is so hard to bear.  
When we meet it is so glorious,  
Holding each in our arms,  
We just do not want to let go.  
Forever we will be together  
As our lives join into one,  
Never apart again  
As our love shines,  
Shines all around us.

## 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.

## Full English.

There we were in a wonderful hotel  
Enjoying our time together  
Away from the normality of homelife  
Everything being done for us  
We went for a walk along the beach  
So long since I have been near the sea  
It was wonderful walking by the sea  
Walking by the sea with my lover  
Back to the hotel we came  
Rested for a while until dinner  
We came down to the restaurant  
A wonderful waitress looked after us  
Looked after all our needs  
Such a wonderful meal was served  
And a glass of wine to satisfy us  
We ate in such a relaxed way  
We looked at each other across the table  
Our love shining like a beacon  
Into the lounge we went to have coffee  
And to be entertained by a wonderful singer  
The time shot by  
Up to our room we went  
Kissed goodnight and we slept  
Slept at peace with ourselves  
And so very relaxed  
A wonderful day had passed  
We awoke at dawn's early light  
Looked out of the window  
At the sea outside our balcony  
I went out on the balcony  
Coffee in my hand and just stood  
Stood feeling the air from the sea

The air from the sea cleansing me  
Such a wonderful feeling

We got ourselves ready  
And went down for breakfast  
It had to be full English of course  
And there it was in front of me  
Fried eggs, bacon sausages  
Fired tomatoes, mushrooms, baked beans  
BUT!  
SUCH A BIG BUT!  
WHERE WAS THE BLACK PUDDING  
IT CANNOT BE A FULL ENGLISH  
WITHOUT THE BLACK PUDDING!  
WHERE WAS THE BLACK PUDIING!!!!!!

## Stronger Love.

There we were together,  
Just the two of us.  
People around us,  
But just acquaintances.  
We had nothing to do  
Except what WE wanted to do.  
We had our meals cooked,  
Our room looked after.  
Such a wonderful time  
Just for us.  
Our love grew even more  
Though it seemed impossible,  
Impossible to us  
As our love was so strong  
And will always be that way.

## **Kitty.**

I was walking along the harbour wall  
And there she was before me,  
Kitty was there,  
But she did not look like the Kitty I knew,  
The Kitty I knew from her poems.  
This one was old and worn,  
It had been around for so long.  
Always going in and out,  
Helping others to come the right way.  
Its black bottom was weathered,  
The ropes tying it up were slack,  
Slack and worn,  
Some heaped on top of her  
Waiting to be used to tie her up,  
Tie her up and trap her,  
Trap her and pull her into herself,  
And pull her towards others.  
I continued walking and the thoughts came  
I would never imagine Kitty in the same way,  
Never imagine her in the same way again,  
Despite the words that she wrote.

## Aged Tree.

As we walked in the park  
An aged tree was before us  
The trunk so wide  
And trunk like branches  
Growing in so many ways.  
It was so old that I wanted to know,  
To know what joys it had seen,  
It had seen in its long life.  
The people who had walked passed  
And admired its rugged beauty.  
Some may have stopped  
And admired it,  
Couples may have kissed under it  
And made their vows.  
We stopped and looked at it,  
Looked at it in wonder,  
At the beauty of its age.  
We eventually walked on passed  
But the memory of that tree  
Will be with us forever  
As our love climbed its branches.

## Live Life. FIBS.

I  
Wake  
In dawns  
Early light  
My new day awaits  
The glory of another day  
Another new day in my wonderful lovelorn life  
A brand new life given to me  
As age increases  
All is fine  
As I  
Live  
Life.

## Stopped By Music.

Yet again it has happened!  
There I was reading poetry,  
When this sound surrounded me!  
I stopped reading and listened,  
The glory of a choir singing,  
The sound so angelic,  
I had to listen.  
This sound, so emotive  
Pulled at My Spirit.  
Once more I conclude,  
That for me,  
Music is the gift of joy.  
It can pull me into its wonder,  
No matter where my mind is.  
Music is my life.

## New Life With Nature.

I walk the path through the green,  
The wonderful green swards of the meadow.  
There ahead of me is the wood  
Where the green of the leaves are seen.  
The new life of Spring is here  
And I walk amongst its glory,  
The yellows of new life are seen  
As the new flowers clothe the ground  
Bringing new life into my world.  
As I walk along this woodland path  
The birds sing in the trees,  
Their songs so intense  
As they search for new life's creation  
Bringing their future into my life.  
I come to the lake and sit,  
Sit at its side.  
The ripples of fish rising expand  
And show me that life always grows,  
Grows to and end.  
As the ripples fade the bigger they get,  
But new life is always there  
And will always show me the way,  
The way to live this life,  
My wonderful life.

## Touching Ways.

We all have our ways in life,  
Ways of showing others the way,  
The way to lead their lives.  
But there is only one way to be,  
Be an encourager and scatter sunshine,  
Sunshine and smiles.  
You never know whose life you may touch,  
Touch with something so simple,  
So simple as a kind word or a smile  
That leads them to a better life.

## My YOUNGER Brother.

Well today's the day,  
The day when my younger brother reaches a milestone,  
A milestone in his life,  
His three score years and ten is today.  
Throughout the years we have been blessed,  
Blessed with love for each other.  
We may not show it  
But it has always been there,  
Even if we do not admit it.

Our competitive nature was shown  
In the racket sports we played,  
Played in our younger days.  
He could beat me at squash.  
I could beat him at badminton.  
But tennis was the game.  
Both equally matched  
We just would not give in,  
So after two hours on the court  
We would crawl off  
And collapse by its side.

Now we do not play any more  
But we chat about our lives  
And our things that are important,  
We talk about them every time.  
The first is wine.  
We both enjoy our wine  
And have drunk the odd glass together.  
We both cook and talk about our creations.  
When we cook for each other  
We ensure that it is the best meal.  
The best meal we can create.

Create for each other.  
The final two are our loves.  
He plays golf,  
I play croquet,  
And we speak for hours about them,  
About how well we are playing.

Well he has reached seventy  
And the thing that I like to say  
Is that I do have some grey hairs,  
But I have fewer grey hairs than him,  
Him, my YOUNGER brother.

## My Sunset Sky.

Having had a good long life  
I can look back and see the wonder,  
The wonder of all the good times.  
At the age I now am  
I find that clouds come floating,  
Floating into my life occasionally.  
But they no longer carry rain,  
Or usher in storms,  
They add colour to my sunset sky.

## Deep Love Tanka.

Our love is so strong,  
We don't know how it happened.  
It was very swift,  
A love that has become deep,  
So very deep between us.

## Good Life Senryu.

The sun arises,  
Another day is with me.  
All my life is good.

## 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

## What Memory?

There I was singing away  
Singing the songs from my youth  
I knew all the words,  
I always remember them  
And sang them with joy.  
As I walked into the kitchen  
I stood there wondering,  
Wondering why,  
Why I had come into the kitchen.  
The memory had failed again.

## Children's Moments.

We were sitting in the coffee house,  
My wife and I, drinking and chatting,  
Something we do two of three times a week.  
Looking out the window, into the garden centre,  
We saw him, this very young boy  
Holding onto to his Granddads hand.  
Running and jumping in the rain,  
Just a tee shirt, shorts,  
And black wellies.  
The laughter on his face was a joy,  
Lost in absolute enjoyment of the moment.  
Moments later came a little girl,  
Following her Mum.  
The girl had yellow wellies,  
And was holding a large umbrella over her,  
But the look on her face seemed to say,  
I really don't want to be here.  
To me this summed up life;  
Some enjoy each moment as it happens,  
Others see no pleasure in the moment  
And want to move on,  
Move on to what?  
Each moment in our lives is special,  
Enjoy each and every one of them.

## But The Wine Was Better.

Off to the Jazz Club we went  
As we do every month,  
The quartet came on stage,  
All five of them.  
Five is not a quartet you say,  
But there was one extra,  
A man with long hair and long beard  
Standing in front of his instrument,  
A vibraphone.  
They started playing,  
Piano, guitar, bass and drums,  
And the vibraphone.  
A wonderful evening of jazz  
And the vibraphone player  
Was outstanding,  
But the best part,  
The part that enthralled me  
Was his name,  
A name that brought a taste,  
A taste to my mind  
And a drink to my mouth.  
His name was Beaujolais,  
Roger Beaujolais.  
The jazz was good  
But the wine was better.

## New Wonder In Life.

All are so glad for us,  
Everyone we tell smiles  
And are so pleased for us.  
The love we have between us  
Is so very strong,  
It shines from us as we walk,  
Walk hand in hand.  
People, strangers, see us  
And they all smile at us,  
This love is here  
And must have a physical presence  
Oozing from us for others to see.  
We look into each other's eyes  
And see straight into each other's hearts  
That show the love,  
The so strong love that we have,  
We have for each other.  
We just do not understand,  
Do not understand from where it came.  
We both had our loves in the past  
And they both passed leaving us,  
Leaving us alone,  
Until that day when I asked her,  
Asked her out for coffee  
And our love sparked,  
Sparked for each other.  
And now we look forward,  
Look forward to our lives together,  
Together as one,  
Not longer alone in our lives,  
Our wonderful lives.

## 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".

## Helping Others Is Special.

Into my lovers flat I go,  
A flat of many in the building,  
All there for those who are retired.  
The people now greet me,  
Greet me as part of the throng.  
I go to quiz nights,  
I even go to bingo when I can.  
Now they are preparing,  
Preparing for the Jubilee,  
The Jubilee for the Queen.  
They wanted a poster,  
A poster to advertise the party.  
I said I could prepare one,  
That was it!  
I have become part of the community  
As I have now been told  
I am an honorary member,  
An honorary member of the house,  
And will be asked to do more,  
Do more for the community,  
Which of course I will  
With happiness in my heart,  
As helping others is special.

## Spring To Life.

I wander amongst the long grass,  
Its greenery interspersed with flowers.  
The white and yellow daises flourish,  
The yellow of dandelions shining.  
The wonder of nature fills my life.  
I see the bushes spreading their twigs,  
Some filled with buds  
Showing the new life that Spring brings.  
I look around and see Natures wonder  
And the thought comes to me  
As I stand in my garden,  
I really must cut the grass!

## Music Is My Life Once More.

Why does it happen to me?  
I sit reading poetry from others,  
Listening to music  
When it happens,  
A piece of music plays  
And stops me in my tracks.  
This piece I have heard,  
Heard so many times  
But this morning it pulled,  
Pulled at my heartstrings,  
Bringing tears to my eyes.  
Such a great piece of music  
That pulled me into its depths  
And into the composer's heart.  
Music does this to me  
And has done it all my long life,  
I just cannot imagine life without it,  
Life without music is unthinkable  
And this piece brought it home to me,  
Brought home how wonderful music is,  
How wonderful music is in my life.

## Expensive Liquid.

There are times when we get hurt,  
Or we may hurt somebody,  
Tears may come to us,  
To them.  
But remember each tear is expensive,  
The most expensive liquid ever known,  
As only one percent of it is liquid,  
But ninety nine percent are feelings.  
So remember this before you hurt somebody,  
And hope that they know  
Before they hurt you.

## Croquet and Nature.

Once more I stood on the lawn  
Croquet mallet in my hands.  
I stood and looked,  
Looked all around  
And there surrounding me was green,  
The green of Nature's wonder,  
The green of the meadows,  
Trees with their new leaves,  
And the flowers of early spring.  
At the edge of one field I saw two birds,  
Two partridges running towards the edge  
And into the long grass to hide.  
One field had jackdaws on it,  
So many of them pecking and walking,  
Walking the green sward.  
I then looked up,  
Looked up to the blue spring sky.  
A buzzard sailed serenely above me,  
And above the buzzard there was another bird,  
This one a red kite flying elegantly in the sky.  
Once more I stood on the lawn  
Croquet mallet in my hands  
Surrounded by the absolute wonder,  
The absolute wonder of Nature's glory.

## **We Do Not Understand.**

We just do not understand.  
Our love is so deep for each other  
We cannot bear to be apart,  
Even for a moment.  
Each of those moments we are together  
Is so very special,  
And each moment our love grows stronger.  
We still cannot believe that love of ours,  
That love for each other came so quickly,  
We were not looking for it.  
We had lost our loved ones  
And had moved on to accept,  
Accept that they were the loves,  
The loves of our loves now passed.  
But this love we have is so different,  
And so very, very strong.  
We just do not understand.

## Why Do I Smile?

Why do I smile?

I smile because in my long life

I am still here,

I have survived.

All the world has thrown at me

I have survived,

And I smile.

When I was knocked down in my life

I got back up and moved on,

Moved on in my life.

I have survived,

And I smile,

And I smile,

And I smile.

## Morning To Night.

I awake from the night  
Into the new dawn  
And they are there,  
There for me,  
The birds singing,  
Singing for me.  
The robin starts the song  
Swiftly followed by the blackbird,  
Natures symphony has started,  
It's music starting my new day  
In such a wonderful way.  
That chorus gets stronger every minute,  
Every minute of the day.  
And as I lay me down to sleep  
It fades away into the night,  
The blackbird stops  
Then the robin says goodnight,  
Goodnight to me.

## Thank You Please.

Please and thank you,  
Such easy words to say  
But hearing them from others  
Is becoming so rare,  
So rare in these modern times.  
They do not cost anything  
But can mean so much,  
So much to others.  
So as I write these words  
I write them for you all  
And say my thank you,  
Thank you to you all  
For reading them.

## Rising In Love.

I wake in dawns early light  
And there she is beside me,  
The love of my life lays there,  
A smile on her face.  
Her eyes open and look into mine,  
I put my arms around her  
And pull her naked body to me,  
Kiss her gently on the lips.  
Our new day has started  
Knowing that our love will last,  
Will last forever.  
The kiss intensifies  
And I pull her harder to me,  
Trying to make our bodies one.  
I stroke her soft smooth skin,  
Stroke it all over.  
Our love increases with every stroke  
And with every minute.  
The kissing gets stronger  
And then it happens,  
That wonder that comes to us,  
Comes to us every morning,  
Every morning we are together.  
We know it will happen,  
Its strength is so powerful,  
That I rise becoming so demanding,  
So demanding in my love,  
That it happens.  
I get up,  
Go downstairs,  
And make a cup of tea,  
The first important cup of the day.

## Life From Rain Haiku.

The rain falls gently  
Bringing green back to the land  
After these dry times.

## I Am Behind You.

I walk the streets in the evening  
As day turns into night.  
I hide in the shadows  
Hoping nobody sees me  
As I trail people,  
Following them along their paths,  
Their paths into darkness.  
Most just walk on into their lives,  
So I walk on as well  
Seeking others.  
I am with you all the time  
But you just do not realise,  
Do not that I am with you.  
The time will come when  
When you need me  
And I will be there,  
Be there for you.  
You just cannot escape me  
No matter how old you become,  
I will catch up with you  
And you know that I will be there,  
Be there throughout your life  
And you will be mine in time.  
People often ask the question  
"Death where is your sting?"  
I can answer that question,  
"I am behind you!"

## Chet Is There.

I look up into the night sky,  
The moon looks down on me,  
Its wonder and beauty there for me,  
For me to enjoy with love.  
I look passed it and see a star,  
A star so full of wonder.  
As I look at it I hear music,  
A trumpet sounds  
Blowing a sweet melancholic sound  
That goes straight to my heart.  
I then know he is there,  
The star I am looking at is his.  
He brings so much joy to me  
When I listen to him.  
He is no longer with us,  
No longer on this earth  
But I know he is there  
As I look at his star in the sky  
And his sound echoes within me.  
I know that he will be with me,  
Be with me all my life,  
Chet will always be with me.

## Bag O' Pipes.

They found this pipe  
Put holes in it and blew,  
A strange sound came out!  
They fixed it to a cotton bag  
And the air in the bag  
Flowed through the pipe,  
The strange noise sounded.  
Tubes were put on the bag,  
Tubes of different sizes  
To let the air out,  
Making different sounds.  
Another pipe was put in  
And air was blown in  
To fill out the bag,  
And as the bag was squeezed  
The sound came out from the tubes,  
Such a very strange sound  
From this bag o' pipes,  
This bag o' pipes invented,  
Invented by the Irish.  
The Irish did not like them,  
Did not like the sound,  
So they gave them to the Scots.  
And the Scots have not yet seen it,  
Not yet seen the joke,  
The joke the Irish played,  
The Irish played on the Scots.

## Fur Elise Again.

I sit at my computer  
And it happens once more,  
A piece of music is played,  
A piece that I know,  
I know so well,  
I have even played it,  
Played it on the piano  
Back in my youthful days.  
But why is it,  
Why is it today  
That I have to stop,  
Just stop and listen.  
The music drags me in,  
Drags me into its wonder.  
I just stop and listen  
And so many memories come,  
Come back from my childhood.  
Watching my dad play,  
Play the piano.  
My Dad the one who brought music,  
Brought music into my life.  
All types of music he listened to  
And I have become him,  
Become him in my love,  
My love of music.  
These wonderful memories,  
Of one of Nature's gentlemen  
Bringing such glory to my life.  
He passed many years ago  
But I see him every day,  
Every day as I look in the mirror.  
Such beautiful memories came back,  
Came back this day

All because of Beethoven,  
All because of Beethoven's feelings,  
Feelings for Elise.

## No Croquet Today.

I rise in dawns early light  
And I hear it,  
I hear the rain coming down,  
The rain falling from the grey sky  
Bring water to our land.  
It gets louder as more rain comes,  
Then quieter as it eases,  
Eases into drizzle,  
But does not stop.  
This means so much  
As the dry earth can be renewed,  
But to me it means so much,  
So much more.  
As if it keeps raining,  
There will be no croquet,  
No croquet today!

## Haiku To Senryu.

The birds greet my dawn,  
Its early light shines on me  
As I hear nature.

The new day is here,  
My love for her gets stronger  
Each day I arise.

## Such Beauty Is Ours.

I walk by My River in dawn's early light,  
The sun has risen and shines on me  
And shines on My River  
Reflecting the beauty of Nature  
That grows by its side.  
The joy of this natural world  
Is mine as I walk in harmony,  
In harmony with My River.  
My life is so wonderful,  
I have My River,  
I have My Music,  
But best of all I have a new love,  
A new love in my life.  
My lady is so wonderful  
And together we are one  
And will forever be together.  
She is with me in my heart  
And we will walk along together  
Enjoying Our River as we walk,  
Walk with Natures glory  
That brings so much beauty to us,  
So much beauty in our lives.

## **Wordiku Eight.**

Intimidating

Decriminalization,

Abominable.

## 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!"

## Together Forever More.

The new day is with me,  
It will be a wonderful day,  
My lover is with me,  
The lady who came to me,  
Came to me so swiftly.  
We were both happy,  
Happy in our own lives  
And then it happened.  
Like two magnets pulling,  
Pulling each other together,  
And the nearer we got  
The more powerful it became.  
The power of our love  
Surprised us,  
And each day it gets stronger.  
A love so true,  
So true it will never die  
And we will be together,  
Together forever more.

## To The End

In our lives we move forward,  
Move forward to reach a goal,  
Sometimes it is easy,  
But many times it is hard.  
But we must keep moving,  
Keep moving forward  
As we know we will reach those goals  
And all will be right in the end.  
If we feel we are not reaching the end  
We must keep moving forward,  
As if it does not feel right  
It is not yet the end.  
The end is there for us  
And at that time we will know,  
Know that we have lived our lives,  
Lived our lives to the end,  
The end that was there for us,  
There for us from the beginning,  
The beginning of our wonderful lives.

## Shadows Of Love.

We walk together along the path,  
The path of life and they are always there.  
They are in front of us,  
Or behind us all the time,  
All the time the sun shines,  
Shines on as we walk,  
Walk the path of our life,  
Our life together.  
They are always there  
Always with us and always will be,  
As our shadows stay,  
Stay with us showing,  
Showing us together,  
Together in our world,  
Our world of love.

## The Code Of Delight.

The dots glare at me from the page.  
Up and down they go,  
On or between the lines.  
Sometimes the dots give way to circles,  
Most have tails, clinging to the lines.  
What is the code  
That these varying marks  
Are trying to show me?  
They weave in seemingly endless patterns,  
Sometimes jumping high,  
Or falling low.  
They are compelling to view,  
But what do they mean?

They can show the beauty in life  
That skilled interpreters can give them,  
When interpreted with passion.  
All emotions can be shown  
From these dots on a page.  
Anger, calm, peace and love,  
Abound in the interpretation,  
Of the code of music,  
The code of delight.

## Winner In Life.

I look back along the path,  
The path of my life.  
There are ups and downs  
But I have reached a place,  
A place of peace and love  
Where I can look back and realise  
That I am in a good place,  
Knowing that I am a winner,  
A winner in my life.

## Another New Day.

The new day starts,  
A day which will bring such delight,  
Such delight to me.  
I know this as I am still here,  
I got up this morning  
So all is well  
And my life continues,  
Continues for another day,  
Knowing that there will be  
So many more to come.

Just remember that every day,  
Every day in your life is special.  
Remember them as I do  
As they will not come again,  
But there will be another new day,  
Another new day tomorrow.

## Naked Times.

I walk into the bedroom,  
She is laying there  
Her clothes loosely on her.  
I walk over and pull her clothes off,  
And feel the softness of her  
As I stroke her with my hands.  
I stand and slowly undress  
Until I am naked.  
I stand there before her just waiting,  
Waiting to get in her.  
I lay on her,  
My bare skin touching her.  
I pull up the clothes over me  
And am within her at last,  
Falling asleep so quickly.  
My bed is so comfortable.

## Examining the Status Quo.

Rossi, Parfitt, Brown and Edwards,  
Sang of those Pictures,  
*Pictures of Matchstick Men,*  
While I was sitting in *My Chair,*  
Sailing my *Paper Plane,*  
Across the way to *Caroline.*  
I was with them when they went *Down down,*  
When *Rockin' All Over The World,*  
*Again And Again.*  
Making us *Rock 'til You Drop,*  
With *Whatever You Want.*  
Their music is still with us,  
With me.  
Whenever I hear their music start  
I know exactly what I am going to get,  
And a smile comes upon my face.  
My head starts bouncing,  
My feet start moving,  
And takes me back to younger days,  
Where I hoped that their rocking,  
*Don't Stop.*

## Be Positive In Life.

When we look at a river  
It always goes one way,  
It always goes forward.

When we look at ourselves  
We can look both ways,  
Forwards and backwards.

We should be like a river,  
Forget the past in our lives  
And always look to the future.

The future is there for us,  
There for us to enjoy,  
So always be positive in life.

## Walking To Infinity.

I look out into the world and see it,  
See new life all around me.  
The newly born flowers of spring  
Flowering into summer.  
The young birds being fed  
As they enter into their new world.  
The beauty of new life is all around  
And brings so much joy to me,  
So much joy to my life  
As I walk through my world,  
My wonderful world  
With my lover by my side,  
Walking into our future,  
Our future blessed life as one.  
As we walk to infinity,  
And beyond.

## Sitting With Natures Realm.

I sit on the ground  
My back against the old oak tree  
Looking out to the world.  
That tree has seen change  
Over the many years of its life/  
As I lean against the tree  
I feel its memory in me.  
The wonderful things  
That it has seen and heard  
Over its many years.  
The wonder of nature  
Changing every season,  
The new life in Spring,  
The old life in winter.  
Many people have touched it  
And sat beneath its boughs,  
Many of them kissing  
Showing their love,  
And sometimes hate.  
But the tree has heard  
And seen it all.  
As I sit touching it  
Peace comes over me  
As it shows me my life,  
My life is so good,  
And I become one with it  
Loving the world we are in  
Amongst the glory of Nature's realm.

## **New Life To Come.**

She sits on her nest most of the day,  
Occasionally he comes by and sits there  
While she goes off,  
But she does not go for long.  
The eggs are there being loved  
Loved more by her than by him.  
We watch them time after time,  
Awaiting that time  
When new life comes into our world,  
And the new chicks come out  
To explore their new exciting world.

## My Life Of Music.

What an evening!  
And evening of such wonderful music,  
Music from the songbook,  
The American songbook.  
The whole theatre was smiling,  
Tapping their feet,  
Dancing the Lindy Hop.  
The music pulled at us all,  
Pulled us into the wonder,  
The wonder of this music.  
Heads and shoulders were swinging,  
Swinging to the beat,  
The beat of the music.  
Such a wonderful evening  
And made even better by him,  
A singer so very wonderful  
Bringing joy to my heart  
As he sang those songs,  
Those songs I knew,  
I knew so well.  
The evening took me back,  
Back to those days with my Dad  
As we would listen together  
To the wonderful music  
That has been brought,  
Brought into my life,  
My wonderful life of music.

## Life Is Wonderful Tanka.

I look all around,  
The vast beauty of Nature  
Brings wonder to me,  
The green and gold pull to me  
Showing life is wonderful.

## Why Does It Happen?

Why does it happen?  
Every time I wash them  
It happens.  
I wash them regularly  
But it happens every time.  
I wear them regularly  
And they need washing,  
But every time I wash them,  
Wash my short-sleeved shirts  
The arms always come inside out.  
Why does it happen!

## Money Greed.

So many people want money,  
It is the most important thing in their life!  
But in gaining their riches  
Without a thought for others  
They are destroying our world  
And one day they will realise  
That when all the trees have been felled,  
All the animals killed,  
The water is full of pollution,  
And the air is unsafe to breathe,  
They will then come to realise,  
That you cannot eat money.

## Emotive Art.

I walk around the gallery  
The works of art so wonderful  
And so different in their way.  
Some pictures are obvious  
And I can see exactly what they mean,  
But many seem so strange  
Just an image of colours  
Pulling me into its wonder.  
Trying to see what it means is hard  
But what it gives me is a feeling,  
A feeling that art is not for understanding,  
Art is for creating an emotion,  
An emotion within me.

## Came The Days.

Came that day,  
The day of your birth.  
You cried to show all,  
Show all that you were alive  
And the world rejoiced,  
Rejoiced at your birth.

In your life you gave all,  
Gave all to help others.  
And they loved you so much  
That when you died  
The world cried,  
But you rejoiced.

## Importance In Life.

In our lives we must move forward,  
Move forward in a good way.  
To move this way we need four words,  
Love, that is for all and everything  
That comes into our lives.  
Honesty, to show others  
That we will not deceive them.  
Truth, showing lies are never there  
To those that are around us.  
And finally respect,  
The respect that we show,  
Show to others in our world.

So to all around me  
Remember these four important words,  
These four important words in life.  
Love, honesty, truth and respect,  
As without these in your life  
You have nothing.

## Four Together.

We sit by each other's side  
Arms around each other  
And we chat,  
We chat about times passed.  
I talk of my Joyce,  
She talks of her Dave,  
Each of us married,  
Married to them for many years,  
Both now passed on.  
We have found a new life,  
A new life of love for each other  
An undying love that is so strong,  
But our passed lovers are still there,  
Are still there with us.  
We know they will be pleased for us,  
Pleased that we have found each other  
With a love so full of wonder.  
I know that when we pass we will meet,  
The four of us will meet  
And be together for eternity.

## Three For A Girl.

As I drove down the road,  
A small country road  
There were three of them,  
Three of them on the road.  
And then I knew,  
I knew what the baby would be,  
The new life entering this world  
Would be a girl.  
The magpies had told me,  
One for sorrow,  
One for joy,  
Three for a girl,  
And sure enough  
The baby came,  
And it was a girl,  
A new born baby girl  
With a wonderful life ahead,  
Ahead of her,  
The magpies had told me.

*One for sorrow,  
Two for joy,  
Three for a girl,  
Four for a boy,  
Five for silver,  
Six for gold,  
Seven for a secret never to be told.*

## Why Do I write Poetry?

Why is it that I can sit and write these words?  
They seem to just come into my mind,  
And I need to put them on paper.  
Some maybe good,  
Some are bad ,  
But the urge to get them written  
Is a force that I cannot fight.  
They can be funny.  
They can be sad.  
They can be angry.  
All emotions are shown,  
The strongest one is of course love.  
The emotive ones are best;  
To put emotion onto the page  
Comes to me with absolute ease.  
Writing poetry is a release  
Into a different world,  
Where some troubles are forgotten,  
And others are written here.

## **New Life Is Here.**

The pigeons sat on the nest  
The eggs below them,  
Then it happened  
A chick was born,  
And then another.  
There they sat  
Their beaks open  
Waiting for food,  
Mum opened her beak  
And the youngsters fought,  
Fought who to eat first.  
But both were fed  
And all was well  
And this new life came,  
Came into the world  
And I was there to see it,  
To see this new life arrive.

## Different Every Time.

What is love?

She was with me for most of my life,

Our love was so strong,

But she passed.

I will never forget her,

Time passed

And she is with me.

I remember the love

And I will never feel like this,

Feel this way about anybody else.

But now I have a new lady in my life,

A lady I love so deeply.

This love is different,

It is so powerful,

It pulls us closer and closer together

And will go on to eternity.

So it is so true,

That every time you fall in love,

It will be different.

*"There will come a time when all you remember is the love"*

*"I'm never going to feel this way about anyone else"*

*"You're right"*

*"I did not expect you to say that"*

*"Every time you feel love it will be different"*

*Quote from Trek Next Generation Series 2 Episode 10*

## Every Storm.

We all have those times,  
Those times when life gets hard.  
The more we try  
The harder things can get,  
And we try even harder,  
But things only get worse.

It is like a storm brewing.  
The clouds get darker,  
The thunder gets louder,  
Lightning strikes at us.  
Things just cannot get worse,  
Then the rain comes  
And tries to wash us away.

But we must always remember  
That our lives will be good  
Once that you realise  
That every storm runs out of rain.

## Camerton And Peasedown.

The sun shone so brightly  
As I arrived at the club,  
I looked out over the lawns  
So immaculately prepared,  
Ready for me to strike my first ball.  
I was greeted happily by the club members  
And I was set for a day of croquet,  
My first competition this year.  
I played all day,  
Six matches in all,  
Most with success  
With a couple of losses.  
But the best part was the company,  
Good humour and respect all the time  
And to top it all, that lunch!  
Such wonderful food,  
And the puddings were to die for.  
Strangely after that lunch  
I never lost a game.  
A wonderful day was had  
And my thanks go out to the club  
And all the members who made that day,  
Made that great day,  
That great day for me,  
And for all.

## Non Existent Troubles.

We go through our lives and see them,  
See the troubles in the world,  
Those troubles that others have  
And we wonder if we will get them.  
But our lives are all different,  
We all go down separate paths  
Into our own lives.  
But once more we can still think,  
Still think of others troubles  
But what we need to learn  
Is that sometimes it is good,  
It feels good to feel grateful,  
Feel grateful for the troubles,  
The troubles that we don't have.

## **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.

## Fathers Day.

Father's Day was here once more  
And every year she takes me out,  
My daughter takes me out,  
Take me out for a meal.  
It may not be on Father's Day,  
It could be any day,  
Any day of the year  
But it was always to celebrate,  
Celebrate that day.

Well it happened yesterday,  
She took me to our favourite place,  
A wonderful restaurant  
Where I had a superb meal.  
We had a great chat  
Full of humour, laughter and love,  
A wonderful time for us both.  
Yes, SHE took ME out for dinner,  
And of course, I paid!

## Seven Wonders.

We have all heard of them,  
The seven wonders of the world,  
The seven wonders of the Ancient World.  
The Great Pyramid of Giza,  
The Colossus of Rhodes,  
The Lighthouse of Alexandria,  
The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus,  
The Temple of Artemis,  
The Statue of Zeus,  
The Hanging Gardens of Babylon,  
But only the Great Pyramid of Giza survives.

We do have another seven wonders,  
Seven wonders of the world  
That are with us all the time  
And should be truly appreciated.  
To see,  
To see the world of love that is with us.  
To hear,  
To hear the wonder of our world,  
Natures symphony playing for us.  
To touch,  
To touch the things around us  
And feel the wonder within them.  
To taste,  
To taste the good things  
That we put in our mouths.  
To feel,  
To feel the glory that others give,  
Give us to lift our lives.  
To laugh,  
To laugh at and with each other  
Bringing such healing to our lives.

And lastly to love,  
To love all around us  
And bring peace to our world.  
If we all love each other  
Our world would be healed,  
And life would be so good.

So just remember,  
Remember they are still there,  
The seven wonders exist,  
Exist within our minds and bodies  
And should be shown to all.

## Bumps And Creaks.

Here we are the two of us  
In love at our age,  
Yes at our age.  
And we cope with many things,  
Getting up from the chair  
We struggle to get on our feet,  
The bones creek and crack,  
Bumps and bruises everywhere.  
Putting socks on  
Is a trial,  
But we cope  
And we laugh.  
Every time a creak is heard,  
Is heard from our bodies  
We can laugh,  
Laugh at each other,  
And we can laugh with each other.  
So in these times of age  
Where we live our lives together,  
Where cracks and creaks,  
Bumps and bruises,  
Come from our bodies  
The humour we have,  
We have for each other,  
And the love that is so strong  
Ensures that all is well,  
All is well in our lives.

## So All Is Well.

"How are you?" people ask  
I look at them and say  
"I am fine"  
Which is always true  
As I know that I got up today,  
So all is well.

## The Road Ahead.

I look back at my life,  
My long, long life  
Seeing the road that I travelled.  
Its ups and downs stretching,  
Stretching back so far,  
And I know,  
Know that I have had a good life,  
With a wonderful family,  
Good friends,  
And a good working life.  
That road had its odd dips  
But each one I surmounted  
And I can now sit here,  
Sit here writing these words  
With the love for life in my heart  
And knowing that there is more,  
There is more of my good life,  
More of my good life to come,  
As the road I am travelling stretches,  
Stretches a long way ahead.

## Climbing A Mountain.

In our lives we must keep going,  
Just putting one foot in front of another.  
We will journey through our lives  
And one day you look back and see,  
See that you have climbed a mountain,  
The mountain of life  
With the summit a long way ahead,  
But will be reached in time.

## And Beyond.

Each day we are together,  
Our love getting stronger each moment,  
But we ask each other  
How did this happen,  
How did this love happen?  
We were happy in our own worlds  
And then we met,  
I asked her out for coffee  
And now six months on  
We cannot be without each other.  
We just cannot understand it,  
We must have done something right,  
Something right in our lives  
To have such a strong relationship  
That has come to pass.  
We know that we will go on,  
Go on together in our love  
And that love will get stronger  
As we go together towards infinity,  
And beyond.

## Pigs Flying.

It's ok, he deserved it  
So many people struggle  
To live in such dire times  
But he is ok, he earned it  
So many of his employees struggle  
And the company is struggling  
Struggling to exist  
But he is ok  
He had his pay rise  
It was only a little one  
Only one percent less  
One percent less than fifty  
So his salary increase was deserved  
As he was the chief exec  
And needed his new salary  
A salary of five hundred and ninety five  
Five hundred and ninety five thousand pounds  
That is the way of this world at present  
Those who have nothing get nothing  
Those who have so much  
Get much, much more.  
One day it may happen  
And equality happens  
Or am I just seeing pigs  
Pigs flying through the sky.

## What Rain? Tanka

Rain was predicted,  
But it never rained on me.  
The sun shone on me  
Bringing such light to my world  
In all the years of my life.

## 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.

## Mighty Ocean.

Mighty Ocean

The sea was in front of me  
Its waves coming gently to me  
Then turning away  
As if it was coming to help me  
And any problems  
It would take away  
Take away into the ocean  
Whose depths held many troubles  
But within those depths each trouble stopped  
They became dissolved in the mighty power  
The mighty power of the ocean's depths  
One day maybe all the worlds troubles  
Will be cured by the depths  
The wonderful curing depths  
Of this world's oceans  
And the world will be well once more.

## Memory Moments.

We have them all the time,  
Those moments that mean so much,  
Mean so much to us.  
Some are so wonderful,  
So wonderful in our lives  
That we never realise they are.  
You never know how good they are,  
Never know how good a moment is  
Until it becomes a memory.  
You never know how good a moment is until it becomes a memory

## I Am Becoming My Dad.

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  
Nearly thirty 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.

## Happy Birthday Simon 47.

Well it's come round again,  
He is another year older.  
My son has now reversed my age,  
Me at seventy four this year,  
Him at forty seven today,  
This first day in July.  
I saw him enter this earth  
All those years ago  
And throughout those years  
We have been more than father and son,  
We have been very good friends  
And the love for each other shines,  
Shines in our lives when together.  
So on this day I wish him Happy Birthday  
And send my love to him  
With all my heart.  
Happy Birthday Simon.

## **A Man Alone.**

He sits there alone,  
Alone at the garden table  
Drinking his pint of beer  
And looking out at the blue, blue sea.  
He looks back to the hotel  
Sees me sitting at my table,  
And he smiles at me.  
He sits there alone,  
A man on his own  
But he is obviously happy,  
Happy in his own mind,  
His own mind and body.

## Leading To Eternity

There we were walking along the sand  
The blue sea at our side.  
The blueness of the sea  
Matching the deep blue of her eyes.  
Those eyes looking at me  
So full of love for me.  
And my eyes looking at her  
So full of love for her.  
Here we were away from normality  
Spending a wonderful time  
Strolling on these sands of time  
Where our time together meant so much.  
We looked out to sea and saw our life,  
Our life together going on forever,  
Our love growing every moment,  
Every moment we are with each other  
And never stopping beyond the horizon  
That was so far in the distance,  
Leading to eternity.

## Cry Of Pain!

Cry of pain!

Cry of pain!

Walking along the beach

On this fine morning

A dog came towards me

Carrying a ball,

As it reached me

It dropped the ball,

Dropped it on my bare toes.

But it was not a ball,

It was a round rock.

Cry of pain!

Cry of pain !

## Apathy.

You see them in all walks of life,  
Bossing people around,  
Making them do the things for them,  
With force, pain and misery,  
But if you react they have won.  
All they want to see is the hurt in you,  
If they see nothing they have lost.  
So try to treat each occasion with apathy,  
As apathy can be a weapon  
Which they cannot understand.

## So Good.

He sat there and listened,  
Listened to the songs,  
The songs he had written,  
Written with his brother.  
It was so wonderful to hear her,  
Hear her sing their songs.  
Ella sang them so very well  
And he was astounded.  
He turned to me and said,  
Said these words.  
"I never knew that our songs were so good,  
Never knew they were so good  
Until Ella sang them."

## Love Forever FIB.

We  
Walk  
Along  
The blue sea  
Walking on the sand  
Our eyes seeing natures wonder  
And the strength of the love that we have for each other  
Seen through the love shown in our eyes  
That love will be there  
Forever  
Always  
With  
us

## Wordiku Eight.

Abominable

Decriminalization,

Unbelievable.

## Red Lorry Yellow Lorry.

There I was driving down the road  
And there in front of me was a red lorry,  
I looked in my mirror and there was a yellow lorry.  
The yellow lorry overtook me,  
I then over took the yellow lorry and the red lorry.  
The red lorry was overtaken by the yellow lorry,  
The red lorry over took me,  
And then the yellow lorry over took me,  
And overtook the red lorry,  
I then went passed them both,  
The red lorry and the yellow lorry,  
Or was that the yellow lorry and the red lorry.  
I am sure it was red lorry, yellow lorry.

## Hard Week.

Well the week is over,  
What a week it has been!  
A long drive back from our break,  
Our break into relaxation by the sea  
Where all was done for us  
In a place I give my highest accolade,  
We will be back!  
The following day another drive  
To be with my daughter,  
As she was honoured,  
Honoured with her Masters Degree  
For which she worked hard,  
And thoroughly deserved.  
This long day took it out of me,  
Still recovering from the travel of the day before,  
I am not used to it,  
After all I am retired and should be relaxing.  
But no, then came another day,  
Another long drive to play croquet,  
A tournament where I played six matches  
And won three of them,  
But I was still so worn out.  
And then came yesterday  
Where I did nothing,  
Nothing but rest,  
Preparing for today  
For another croquet match.  
Playing for my team  
Hoping to win once again.  
Throughout all these times though  
She has been with me,  
The love of my life has been there,  
Our love growing stronger each moment,

Even in those times when I was shattered,  
She was there,  
As she always will be,  
And as I will be,  
For her.

## Venerunt, Viderunt, Vicimus.

They came,  
They saw,  
We conquered.  
They came from many miles away  
To try and beat our team,  
Beat our team at croquet.  
The day was very hot,  
Sun cream for the skin,  
Drinks of water for the body.  
We played this marvellous game,  
The one we all enjoy so much.  
We played,  
We sweated.  
Hotter and hotter it got,  
But we played.  
And our team played so well,  
We thrashed them.  
The team played twenty games  
And we won seventeen of them,  
Drew one ,  
And only lost two.  
Venerunt,  
Viderunt,  
Vicimus.

## Cups And Sugar.

Our love grows stronger each day,  
We agree on all things in our life,  
In our life together.  
Or do we?  
We do have two issues,  
Two issues in our life together.  
They will never destroy our love  
But they bring humour to us,  
We laugh about it  
Why does she put cups in the cupboard,  
With the open side up,  
Where I put them in the cupboard,  
With the open side down?  
When she has her Weetabix  
She adds the milk,  
And then the sugar,  
Where I add the sugar  
And then the milk.  
Such strange differences,  
Differences in our lives,  
But we do not argue about it  
We just laugh  
Knowing that our love,  
Our love will never die  
Over cups  
Or sugar.

## Into The New Day.

Once more I awake,  
Awake at my normal time,  
The time I have awoken every day,  
Every day I can remember.  
The mornings can be the night time,  
The night time of winter,  
Or like today the day time,  
Day time of summer.  
The sun streaming through the curtains,  
My lover by my side,  
We kiss good morning  
And down the stairs I go,  
Open up the house  
And step into nature's glory.  
The birds greeting me,  
Greeting me with their song.  
The garden flowers bringing colour,  
Bringing even more colour in my life.  
It is going to be a wonderful day,  
But then I know that all my days are wonderful,  
As I have awoken into this day,  
Into this new day once again.

## Mary Had A Little Lamb 17.

Mary had a little lamb,  
She also had a chap,  
He was with her all day long,  
She sat upon his lap.

## Natures Artwork.

I stand on the hill and look,  
Look all about me.  
The greens and yellows abound  
Showing the glory of Nature's Summer,  
The sun beating down highlighting all,  
The artwork becoming so bright.  
As I stand here the sun starts to sink  
And the colours change,  
The beauty of sunset glowing red  
And then fading into pink,  
Natures artwork so wonderful.  
But soon will come the days  
When that artwork astounds me  
As the colours of Autumn come,  
Come into my world  
And take me to Nature's art at its best.

## At Specsavers.

Into the opticians I went,  
Needed to book an appointment.  
The young lady took me to a desk,  
Found my details on computer  
And set out to arrange my day and time,  
This she did.  
She asked if I wanted a card,  
A card with my appointment on it,  
I said yes and she wrote out the card.  
I have never seen anyone write like her,  
Her eyes were no more than six inches,  
Six inches from the card when she wrote.  
The thought came to me,  
She needs to go to Specsavers.  
The I realised,  
We were at Specsavers.

## Love And Nature.

The hot sunny day was at an end,  
Trying to keep cool was impossible  
But now at evening it was cooler  
And here I sat with my lover  
Listening to Nature Symphony  
As it played its final movement,  
A glass of fine Rioja to hand.  
We just sat looking at each other,  
The love between us so very strong  
Being shared with Natures glory.  
As we looked into each other's eyes  
We could see the love in our hearts,  
A love that would never die.  
Such a glorious evening,  
Sharing our love with Natures Symphony.

## Dream Car.

I just could not believe it!  
We had a fun croquet day  
To celebrate the clubs anniversary,  
A car drove up and parked,  
A member got out,  
And her husband got out,  
Got out from the driver's seat.  
And there was his car,  
I just could not believe it,  
It was my dream car,  
It was an Aston Martin.  
But not just any Aston Martin,  
It was the DB 11,  
The car I tell all that they can get me,  
Get me for my birthday,  
After all they can be bought easily,  
They start at one hundred and forty seven,  
One hundred and forty seven thousand pounds.  
I just could not believe it,  
There was my dream car,  
I touched it,  
I sat in it,  
My day was made!

## Wake Up World.

What a strange morning,  
I awake at my normal time  
And I listen,  
Listen for the birdsong  
But all I hear is silence.  
Has the heat of these times  
Driven them away,  
Driven them away cooler climes.  
Our world is getting warmer  
As the human race destroys it,  
They do not care about it,  
Those who can prevent it,  
Prevent it from being destroyed,  
They nly want what they want  
And do not worry.  
Worry about future generations  
Where the world may be dying.  
So come on world wake up,  
Wake up and help all the world  
So that once again  
I can hear the birds in the morning.

## Leaky Day.

So what did we do yesterday?  
We leaked all day!  
It was so hot,  
So very hot,  
And what did we do,  
We did nothing  
But sit indoors.  
The curtains and windows closed,  
Closed to keep OUT the heat,  
And we sat in front of a fan.  
Not the most exciting of days  
But if we went outside  
We just baked.  
It was slightly better in the evening  
So we sat outside in the shade  
A drink in our hands  
And just sat with our love,  
Our love shining to the world.  
But still we leaked,  
Leaked all over.  
Such a hot day  
Where we did nothing,  
But our love pulled us through  
As it will forever  
No matter what life throws at us.

## More Important.

In this life that we have we collect things.  
Things that can mean a great deal to us.  
But what we must never forget  
Is that people are much more important,  
Much more important in our life than things.

## Joy To All.

Well that was it,  
The last rehearsal,  
The last rehearsal for our concert.  
We sang our hearts out  
And the enjoyment surrounded us,  
The joy of singing was wonderful.  
We sang for two hours  
Going through the complete programme.  
We were ready,  
Ready to show the wonder of singing,  
The wonder of singing to all.  
Music is so powerful  
And it streams from our hearts,  
Through our voices  
Into the ether for all to hear  
And bring joy to everyone.

## Calmness Into Reality.

I look out to sea and dream,  
Dream that the sea remains calm  
And that calmness can be brought,  
Brought to all in this world.  
A world where troubles invade,  
Invade people's lives,  
Bring death and destruction to many.  
As I look at the sea the calmness,  
The calmness I see is so wonderful,  
The waves slowly flowing up and down  
Showing that life can be so good.  
In my dream that calm is with me,  
With me all my life,  
And in my life I hope,  
I hope it will become reality.

## As Each Day Dawns Acrostic.

**A**s each day dawns  
**S**o much joy

**E**rupts from my mind,  
**A**nother new day in my life  
**C**apturing the wonderful time,  
**H**elping me to move forward

**D**aily into my future,  
**A**waiting for me to enjoy  
**W**hen I awake each day,  
**N**earing the glory that is mine.  
**S**o much to appreciate.

## Wonder In Life.

In our lives we have times of wonder.  
The wonder of finding your true love,  
The wonder of your children,  
The wonder of nature all around,  
The wonder of retirement to do anything you like.

But then it happens  
As it does to all.

I've finally reached new my wonder years.  
I wonder where I parked my car?  
I wonder where I left my 'phone?  
I wonder where my glasses are?  
I wonder what day it is?

## The Concert Ends Tanka.

The concert ended,  
They stood and applauded us,  
We sang our hearts out  
To create music for all,  
And all loved what we had sung.

## Strange Dream.

It was a hard day at work,  
People rushing everywhere  
Needed to get jobs done.  
I was rushing from computer to computer,  
Then I was told I could go.  
Tried to print one last picture  
But it would not happen,  
Then people sat in front of me  
Could not see the screen.  
Tried to turn it off from afar,  
But failed miserably.  
Went to entrance hall to go home,  
So many people there,  
So hard to get to the door,  
Mothers with prams and pushchairs  
All in my way.  
Then I got to my car  
Started driving along the road  
A kangaroo was in my way,  
It jumped over me  
And left a clear wet road.  
So on I went,  
Up a hill where the waters came rushing down.  
I eventually came to the top  
Floating in my car,  
And reached this place,  
This place where I could write these words,  
These words about my dream.

## 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.

## Laughter And Sleep.

In our lives we often have bad times  
But then somebody makes you laugh.  
Sometimes we cannot do anything  
As our body is so tired,  
But then we have a long sleep.  
Thinking about these things makes you realise  
That a good laugh  
And a long sleep  
Are the two best cures,  
Best cures for everything.  
So laugh out in your life  
And all will be well,  
Sleep well in your life  
And all will be better.

## Wonderful Life.

We just cannot help it,  
Nothing can stop it happening.  
In this life we DO get older.  
But we must remember  
All the time we have in life  
Is so very precious.  
So just remember  
You are not too old  
And it is not too late.  
Do the things you want to do  
To make your life truly wonderful.

## Dad Dancing.

The music started,  
I took her in my arms  
And we started dancing,  
Dad dancing from long ago.  
We laughed and smiled  
At each creak of our bones  
In knees and necks  
Added to the music,  
Not following the beat.  
So many memories of times passed  
When this was the type of dancing  
We did all night.  
Those times in the sixties  
Dancing to these songs  
Like the one we dancing to.  
Dancing all night,  
Unlike this time,  
Where the creaks and groans  
Stopped us,  
After two minutes.

## RIP Uhura.

One more has gone from my life.  
I have been a Trekkie since it started,  
Started back in nineteen sixty six  
And I watched it then  
As I still do now,  
But Uhura is no longer with us.  
She made history in her performance,  
The kiss she had with Kirk was the first,  
The first kiss seen on television  
Between a black and white actor.  
She passed into space this day,  
Travelling to places  
That nobody has gone before.  
May her Spirit travel to those places,  
Those places of wonder in the Universe  
And show the love that many have for her.  
Bless you Nichelle Nichols.

## Through The Mist.

The silence pervades the mist  
As I walk by My River.  
There before me appears a swan,  
Gliding gently, silently towards me  
Out of the gloom.  
This vision in white slides  
Past with hardly a ripple  
Disturbing the calm of My River  
Or My Spirit.  
The swan moves back into the mist,  
The ghostly shape slowly dissipates.  
I am alone again  
With the silence and my thoughts.  
The mist slowly clears  
And there in all its glory  
I see My River,  
This Saviour of nature,  
And of my world,  
Stretching through my life.  
Flowing gently with me  
Until that time when  
We both come to an end,  
That end which I still cannot see.

## Harry Shalgosky.

As I awoke into another fine day  
A memory came to me.  
I was taken back to that day,  
That day when I started work,  
Working as a humble Scientific Assistant  
In the Atomic Energy Authority.  
The man in charge was P.S.O,  
Principal Scientific Officer,  
Or to my mind, god.  
Harry was his name,  
Harry Shalgosky,  
Mister Shalgosky to me.  
A Strange name for a man,  
A man with a broad Yorkshire accent,  
But to that man I owe a great deal.  
He was a gentleman,  
He never told anyone to do something,  
He always asked them,  
With a please after his request.  
I learned a great deal from that man  
As it showed what respect can achieve.  
And that way of getting things done,  
Getting things done in my work  
And in my life works so well.  
We see it so rarely these days,  
So thank you Harry,  
For showing me the way,  
The way into my long working life.

## The Lost Idea.

The idea was in my mind  
To write a poem.  
That poem never came  
As other words took over  
And another poem was written.  
I wonder if I will ever write  
The original poem.

## Wordsworth Reversed.

I raced among fleets of dark clouds  
That crash low through towns and homes  
When all at once I saw just one  
A single darkened green nettle  
On the path, beneath the old house  
Just sitting there ready to sting.

## Life's Arrow.

Sometimes life can be like an arrow.  
An arrow can only be shot by pulling it backward,  
And life can be like that.  
It can be pulled back into the depths of sorrow.  
But when that arrow is let go  
It fires forward towards its target.  
And life can do that,  
It can move forward at speed  
To take us all to that place,  
That place of love and wonder.  
So let us fire our arrows  
Into that wonderful life that is there,  
That is there waiting for us.

## 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  
Hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia,  
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.

## And I Was Free.

My Christian faith I have dismissed,  
Dismissed from my life,  
And I was free.  
Where was it when Joyce suffered,  
Suffered for so long with dementia.  
She had praised Jesus all her long life,  
So had I,  
But where was he when he was needed.  
I dismissed religion from my life  
And it was as if a weight had been lifted,  
Lifted from my body and mind,  
And I was free.  
I still went to church  
To sing in the choir,  
And to meet good friends,  
But my belief was gone,  
And I was free.  
The woman spoke,  
Spoke at church  
And she said some words,  
Words that I agreed with.  
"Go back to the basics,  
The basics of your faith",  
I thought about this  
And she was right,  
And so was I,  
My basic faith was true,  
Nothing to do with religion  
Just a Spirit that was with me,  
That was part of me.  
MY Spirit was there,  
There with me,  
And I was free.

## Strange Sight.

Walking beside My River,  
My lover by my side,  
The sun was high in the sky  
Shining it's glorious light  
Straight down on our love,  
Our full and endless love,  
Full and endless love for each other.

As we enjoyed this wondrous time,  
This wondrous time together,  
Strolling by My River hand in hand  
We saw the strangest thing.  
There was a young man,  
A young man sitting on a bench,  
Sitting on a bench reading.  
So what was strange you think,  
Well he was reading a book!  
Reading a book,  
Not a 'phone!

## Life's Library.

All through life we learn,  
Learn so many things,  
Every day brings something new.  
That knowledge can be shared,  
But then comes that day,  
That day when we pass,  
And when that happens  
The library that has become us  
Burns to the ground.

## **Ruined By Heat.**

I lay awake all night,  
The heat stopping me from sleeping.  
The fan trying to keep me cool,  
But sleep evades me.  
Dawn arrives and up I get,  
I go downstairs,  
Open the doors ,  
And a fine cooling breeze  
Wafts through the house,  
And in that cooling breeze  
I write these words,  
These words of gratitude  
For the joy of Nature  
Keeping me cool,  
Even though I know  
I know it will not last long,  
As the heat of the day  
Will once more ruin my day.

## What Is Wisdom?

In our lives we learn many things.  
We get taught at school and college,  
New things being shown to us,  
Giving us the knowledge to move forward.  
And as we travel through our lives  
We gain experience,  
Experience cannot be taught,  
But what it does it gives us more.  
It gives us wisdom,  
And wisdom is the difference,  
The difference between knowledge and experience.

## Keith Nichols.

What a wonderful day!  
Into the theatre we walked,  
Found our seats and listened,  
Listened to some wonderful jazz.  
The notes from the performers sailed,  
Sailed into my heart  
As they played  
All day and into the night.  
I was there,  
There listening to many types of jazz  
Played by six groups.  
Yes it was hot in the theatre  
But all were hooked on the sounds.  
And then came the finale  
When the tribute was played.  
A big band played,  
Played big band music,  
And went into swing as well,  
All as a tribute,  
A tribute to Keith Nichols  
Who meant so much to the players.  
A man who cared,  
Cared so much for the music,  
The music I was hearing  
Played by people who were influenced,  
Influenced by Keith,  
And were all the better for knowing,  
Knowing Keith Nichols.  
What a wonderful day!

## Door Of Faith.

I walk my path of life to the future  
And on that walk I have opened many doors,  
Each door gave me a new path.  
Some took me to strange places  
But most took me to places of wonder,  
Places of wonder and delight.  
One gate took me into religion,  
That place where many worship,  
Worship a god from that religion.  
I followed that religion and its purpose,  
Followed it for many years  
Until that day I saw a new door,  
A humble door of no apparent meaning.  
I walked through that door and found faith,  
The faith that was there for me.  
No organised religion  
Telling me what I should do.  
I found My God and My Spirit  
Who would be with me,  
And who I would be with for eternity.  
My Faith was mine  
And it had none of the fallacies of religion,  
Religion that was being force fed,  
Force fed to others,  
In the belief that their religion was true.  
Mine was there for me  
For me to believe in my mind and heart  
That belief was mine and would always be mine  
Be mine for my eternity.

## Early One Morning.

"Your late!" she said  
As she stood at the dining room door,  
Me awash in the sea of Poetry.  
This vision of loveliness,  
Dressed tightly in her blue, towelling robe,  
Hair unkempt and not yet combed,  
And downstairs an hour before the norm!!  
"What do you mean late?" I enquired,  
"Well aren't you going shopping,  
You're normally gone before this"  
"No not today" said I.  
"Why not, you always go on Saturday?"  
"I know" I said,  
"But today is Friday!"

## The Music Of Time.

I sit here  
The blank sheet in front of me  
And think of my life,  
My long life.  
In that life I realise,  
Realise that I have had a good life.  
I worked all the time,  
All those forty-seven years and one month,  
Never out of work  
And was happy with my work.  
I had the odd day like us all  
When I wished I hadn't got up,  
But they were few and far between.

I was married for nearly forty years,  
Married to a wonderful lady  
With whom we never rowed  
And lived that life in harmony.  
Then dementia struck her  
Such an awful time,  
She passed due to dementia,  
But when she passed  
We both had a release,  
A release into a new life.

After a while a new lady came,  
Came into my life  
And a new love was formed  
Where we know,  
Know that love will never die.

Lastly throughout my life  
I have had music.

Music has been there since my birth.

All types of music is within me

And I listen all the time,

And I play and sing music.

Music is my life

And will always be with me,

With me and my new love

As we go forward forever,

Dancing to the music,

The music of time.

## Fresh Bread.

How can that happen?  
Where has it gone?  
I look in the 'fridge,  
I look in the freezer,  
But cannot find it.  
Tragedy has struck,  
Or has it.  
I know,  
I will make some more.  
In goes the flour,  
The yeast is added,  
Then the salt.  
The Olive Oil goes in,  
Virgin Olive Oil of course  
And then the warm water,  
Into the big bowl they go  
And then they are stirred,  
Stirred into a fine dough.  
The dough is split,  
Split into two,  
And put in the tins.  
It sits in the warm for a while  
Until the dough rises,  
Rises into a dome,  
A dome above the tins.  
The dough is then put in the oven,  
Then half an hour later it is ready.  
Once more I have bread,  
Fresh bread to eat,  
None of this shop bought rubbish!  
Freshly made bread  
That I have been making for years,  
For many, many years.

## Changes In Time.

We were walking by My River  
Enjoying the beauty around us,  
As we passed people  
All said hello with a smile,  
Life was so good.  
Coming towards us was a man,  
A man pushing a pushchair,  
His small grandson sat there  
Looking all around,  
Smiling at everything.  
The man greeted us with a smile,  
As did the child.  
They walked on into their future  
And the sad though came to me,  
One day it may be different,  
The grandson may be the one  
The one pushing the wheelchair,  
The wheelchair for his granddad,  
As he reached his elder years.

## Trapped In A Telephone.

You see people with them all the time,  
You walk along the street  
And people are on their 'phones  
Taking no notice of what's around them.  
They don't care who they annoy  
By not looking where they are going.  
That have no other life  
Except on their 'phones,  
They seem to be trapped  
In some sort of prison,  
Is that why these 'phones are called,  
Called CELL 'phones!

## Thai Dining.

Out to dinner we went,  
My lover and I.  
We met our friends,  
Went into the Thai Restaurant,  
One I had never been in,  
We sat down,  
Ordered our wine and food,  
Then we talked,  
We talked about many things.  
The food came,  
It was so good ,  
We all enjoyed it.  
It was a truly wonderful evening,  
Good food,  
Good friends,  
My lover beside me,  
Fo what more could I ask?

## Uncaged Birds.

I see them so often as I walk,  
Walk with Nature,  
Those birds so full of colour.  
Their songs bringing joy to my ears  
Forming a Symphony with each other.  
That beauty of seeing and hearing them  
Brings such joy to me,  
And has done all my life.  
Yet some people capture them,  
Or even worse kill them,  
They just do not care  
That this beauty of Nature is there,  
There for them.  
There are birds out there  
Whose beautiful colours  
Are just too wonderful,  
Too wonderful to put in a cage.

## Laughter's Healing.

The one thing in our lives  
That heals us time and time again  
Is laughter,  
We need to laugh at many things.  
But what we must also realise  
That if we laugh at ourselves  
We will never run out of things,  
Never run out of things to laugh at.

## Creating Memories.

There we were as kids,  
Playing with our friends.  
Running and jumping,  
Hopping and skipping,  
Walking with each other.  
Throughout our young lives  
All we were doing was enjoying ourselves,  
As we played in innocence.  
But the one thing we never realised  
Was that which we were creating,  
We were creating memories.

## 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?

## Three Things.

In our lives we speak many words,  
Most are for the good ,  
But occasionally we wish we had not said them.

Every day we have many moments,  
Every one is important,  
But occasionally we miss one.

The time is there for us  
Which gave us the life we are now in,  
But we miss it when it is gone.

So in our lives there are three things,  
Three things that cannot be recovered.  
The word after it is said,  
The moment after its missed,  
And the time after it has gone.

## 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"

## Peace In Music.

There was the orchestra before me,  
An orchestra from many different countries  
Not necessarily agreeing with each other  
In the place from which they came,  
But once they started playing  
They became as one,  
As the music came from their hearts,  
Through their instruments,  
Into the world around me.  
Music is so powerful  
It can bring everyone together,  
Together in our bitter world.  
Why cannot these countries be at peace  
And send each other music,  
Send music to each other  
And bring peace, love and happiness,  
Bring peace, love and happiness to our world.

## Resignation To Life.

We were leaving my lovers flat,  
Another lady came out of her door.  
"Hello Joy" Mary said,  
"Hello Mary" Joy said.  
I said hello as well,  
I had never seen this lady.  
As we walked along the corridor  
She was chatting with me,  
Her voice carried the sounds of happiness.  
We were smiling and talking,  
She was off to feed the birds,  
Such a happy lady.  
As we went our separate ways  
I asked Mary about her.  
She said "She is very ill,  
She has cancer  
And only has weeks to live,  
As does her son  
Who also has cancer".  
I was so shocked,  
A lady so ill  
But so full of happiness,  
Showing that happiness to me.  
A lady of accepted resignation to life,  
And to life's end.

## **Indispensable People.**

In life and in work you see them,  
Those people who think they are important,  
So important that nothing would work,  
Nothing would work without them.  
But what they do not realise is  
That the graveyards are full,  
Full of indispensable people.

## Innocence.

We sat in the Garden Centre Café,  
Drinking coffee and chatting,  
When I glanced out the window.  
And there was a toddler,  
He was dressed in a fine hat,  
A blue and white checked shirt,  
And grey 'grown up' trousers.  
He was looking all around him  
With a look of awe on his face,  
Pointing at things for his granddad to see,  
A look of absolute wonderment about him.  
This young lad, looking for answers,  
To questions so pure.  
The beginning of knowledge  
To fill the fountain of youth,  
So innocent in his quest for truth.  
At what age does innocence leave?

## Fiery Fred.

Fred was a bowler of high renown,  
With a pace so fast and furious,  
The batsmen had to duck right down,  
As to hit the ball was spurious.  
He was fast and very accurate too,  
That he took three hundred wickets,  
The first one ever so to do,  
In tests of the game called cricket.  
He played one match in a town,  
Where the batsman was the umpire's son;  
Fred sent a half paced ball flying down,  
Which hit the pads , the lad was done.  
The umpire said he wasn't out,  
So Fred took a longer run,  
And the ball snicked without a doubt,  
Was caught behind, the man was gone.  
The umpire once more shook his head,  
So Fred took his full length stride,  
The stumps, when hit were then shed,  
To the boundaries far and wide.  
Fred turned towards the umpire man,  
And to the him did cheerfully chime,  
"Well it was close to my master plan,  
I nearly had him out that time"

## Experience.

In our lives we have good days,  
We have bad days,  
But each day we are here  
We learn something new,  
And that is called experience.  
With that experience  
The bad days become less and less.  
So remember that we have got to this place,  
This place of age, by experience.  
Our own experience.  
So for every day that we arise,  
Arise into the new day  
Be grateful.  
Each day is wonderful  
When each new day comes to us,  
As experience cannot be taught.

## Family Meeting.

The new day arrived,  
A very special day.  
This is the day that they meet,  
My son and my new love.  
I know all will go well,  
As each will glory,  
Glory in each other's company,  
And I will be there with them both  
Making my life even happier.  
My life has changed so much,  
Changed so much since I met her,  
Met her and am now with her.  
Now she will meet my family,  
Meet them this weekend,  
As today she meets my son  
And tomorrow my brother.  
The family will know her  
And will see the love,  
The love we have for each other,  
A love that is so strong,  
So very, very strong.

## **We Met On A Crossing.**

We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
She was coming from Spring.  
Her hot, yellow breath keeping us warm  
During those last few months.  
The green, freshness of spring  
Changed by her warming rays.  
Her long, long hot days,  
Changing the colours to straw.  
The occasional silver of rain  
Coating the ground with new grass.  
We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
And I was going to Winter.  
My cool, shortening days, warning of winter.  
Leading the way from reds and oranges,  
To the whites and browns.  
And the long black nights soon to come.  
But this is my time, the crisp frosty mornings,  
Her cool yellow breath leading the way  
Into the rich colours so varied and bright  
That make me so loved by all.  
We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
The place where Summer found Autumn.

## Nature's Anger Tanka.

Nature's Anger rose  
Thunder and lightning shook all  
Rain fell like stair rods  
Showing us Nature's power  
Could overpower our lives

## Nature Enlivening.

I look out over the croquet lawn,  
It is so different now,  
Now that the rain has fallen.  
The sparse, dry, yellow ground  
Has at last started to live  
As the green come back to the earth.  
I look around at Nature  
And its glory is abounding  
As its richness returns  
Bringing so much beauty,  
So much beauty to my life.  
That green will change again  
But this time for the better,  
As Nature's artwork become filled,  
Filled with yellows, oranges and reds,  
With Autumn's absolute beauty  
And leading me to live,  
To live with Nature's wonder,  
With Nature's wonder around me,  
Around me for another year.

## Past And Future.

The road I have travelled is so long,  
I look back and see the paths I have walked,  
And along those paths I see the wonder,  
The wonder of the life I have led,  
A life so full of highs but very few lows.

The road I am traveling is ahead of me  
And from my passed experience I know,  
I know that my life will always be full,  
Full of the wonder that has been there,  
So I go forward knowing that my life will be good.

## The Song Rang Out.

The song rang out,  
The soloist singing out loud.  
The chorus started  
And all the group joined in.  
The audience looked on in happiness  
As the song went into another verse.  
The chorus started,  
The crowd sang as well,  
Such a glorious sound was found  
And the happiness of all  
Was there within everyone.  
The power of music  
Showing the love it can create  
As all are brought together.

## The Sea Of Eternity.

Such a sad day today,  
For over seventy years  
She has sat on the throne,  
And now she has passed,  
Passed into the forever,  
Once more with her true love,  
They will now sail together  
On that sea of eternity,  
Their love showing all the time.

Such a sad day today,  
This is the day my dad died,  
Died twenty-seven years ago.  
He did not reach seventy,  
Missed it by a month,  
But he too is with his love  
And like the Queen  
Will be sailing together,  
On that sea of eternity.

## Songs Of Yore.

It happens so often,  
A song is heard,  
One I have not listened to,  
Not listened to for many years  
But I know every word  
And sing my heart out  
With my mind full,  
Full of wonderful memories  
Of those days now passed.

## Never Regret Any Day.

Every day in our lives gives,  
Gives us something.  
Good days give us happiness,  
Happiness to remember.  
Bad days give us experience,  
Experience to move on.  
The worst days give us lessons,  
Lessons from which we learn.  
And best days give us memories,  
Memories in our hearts and minds.  
Every day in our lives gives,  
Gives us something.  
Never regret a day in your life,  
They will not come again.

## She Is Poetry.

That love shines above us,  
That sparkling light of love  
Is there and ignites our passion.  
The laughter we have  
Brings us closer,  
Closer each moment,  
Each moment we are together.  
Without that spark,  
Without that laughter,  
Love is empty.  
I look at her beauty without,  
I look at her beauty within  
And write these words,  
I am a poet,  
But she is poetry.

## Harmony Prevails.

I arise in the darkened dawn,  
There is light there for me  
As the full moon sits before me.  
Its beauty and peace so stable.  
That peace falls on me  
And takes me to that place,  
That place of wonder  
Where all agree,  
All agree with each other  
And disagreement does not exist,  
Where the world becomes that place,  
That place where all want to be,  
And harmony prevails.

## The Wonder Of Life.

In our lives we all get hit,  
Get hit at times with bad things,  
Bad things that pull us down,  
Down into despair and sorrow.  
Some of us stay there,  
Stay in this grief stricken place  
Where nothing is pleasing,  
So sorrow rules their world.

I have been in this place  
But did not stay there,  
That is not my way.  
I rallied and moved up,  
Moved up to a place of joy,  
A place of contentment in my life.  
So why not follow me  
Into the wonder of life,  
The wonder of life that is around us.

## Respect Of The Past.

At my old age I have seen many things  
And I know the world,  
The world I knew will never be the same.  
But I listen to music of that time  
And it brings back those times,  
Those times when people respected each other.  
We may not have liked them  
But we held each other in respect.  
Those were the days my friends,  
We though they would never end.  
We were wrong.

## As I look Back.

I often look back,  
Look back at my life,  
My long life.  
And on doing this I see,  
I see those times,  
Those moments where,  
Where I thought,  
Thought I was being rejected,  
Rejected from something good.  
But on looking back  
I can see,  
See the answer.  
I was actually,  
Actually being directed,  
Directed to something better,  
Thus making my life,  
Making my life better,  
Even better than it would,  
Better than it would have been.

## Cane Lady.

There she came walking along the road,  
That old lady with a cane,  
A happy smile on her face  
Singing her heart out,  
"21 today, 21 today".  
As she walked passed a young man  
He turned to her and said,  
"You are not 21, you crazy old woman".  
She turned to him,  
Raised her cane and hit him,  
Hit him on the head with her cane.  
And on she walked singing,  
"22 today, 22 today"

## A Wise Person.

In this life you hear it,  
Hear so much rubbish  
Spoken by so many.  
The words just come out,  
Come out without thought,  
Almost like turning on a tap,  
The words flow without any truth.  
What you must do is remember,  
Remember what a wise person would do.  
A wise person would fill their brain,  
Fill their brain with truth,  
Truth and meaningfulness  
Before emptying their mouth.

## Addicted For Life.

All my life I have been addicted,  
An addiction that I just cannot stop,  
Cannot stop bringing to my body.  
It started when I was a child  
And my father gave it to me,  
And since those days,  
The addiction has grown stronger.  
Every day I must have some,  
Have some of this wonder.  
Some say it is not an addiction,  
And they say you cannot get addicted,  
Cannot get addicted to music,  
But I am.  
I cannot live my life without it,  
Cannot live my life without music.

## Cygnets At Rest,

As I walk along my river  
There ahead of me sit a family,  
A family of swans.  
They are just resting,  
Sitting quietly on the riverside,  
Some cleaning their feathers,  
Some looking about,  
And some just asleep.  
Such a beautiful site,  
Dad just sitting there,  
Sitting there with four offspring.  
Such a wonderful site to see  
And I was with them,  
Watching them,  
Nature in all its glory.

## Deeds Of Love.

Every relationship is meaningful,  
And in those relationships  
Many things create harmony.  
Words of love bring happiness,  
Bring happiness and friendship,  
And they create more love.  
But even more than words  
Deeds of love bring more.  
Showing your love and friendship  
In the deeds you do it can mean more,  
So much more.  
So remember It is deeds,  
Deeds not words that matter,  
That matter in love and friendship.

## Fishermen's Friends The Musical.

I've seen both the films  
Enjoyed them very much.  
I've heard the songs,  
The chanties they sing,  
And enjoyed them very much.  
But I was just not prepared,  
Prepared to see the live show.  
It totally blew me away.  
There was laughter,  
There were tears  
As they performed on stage.  
I haven't seen such a good musical  
For as long as I care to remember.  
I would see it again,  
And again.  
Such a wonderful group singing,  
Singing, playing and acting  
On this stage in front of me,  
A joy to my life,  
That will always be with me.

## Back To That Time.

We are coming to that time,  
That time when the clocks go back,  
We lose an hour in our day.  
But one day I have a hope,  
A hope that the clocks will go back,  
Go back much further.  
Back to that time when people cared,  
Where they had morals and values,  
They had loyalty and appreciation.  
But most of all they had respect,  
Respect for all around them,  
And respect for the world,  
For the world in which we live.

## 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.

## That Creation.

There I was in bed,  
Four o'clock in the morning  
When the thought struck me.  
I needed to do it,  
It was so important,  
Important to me and to others.  
The thought just would not go,  
As much as I tried to go back to sleep  
I just couldn't.  
So at five o'clock in the morning  
I arose,  
I arose to fulfil the task,  
A task that had been bothering me.  
So down the stairs I came,  
Prepared everything,  
And I started.  
All was going well  
And at last I had finished,  
And there it sat before me,  
The creation that had worried me,  
The ice cream had been made!

## Just Unbelievable!

I just could not believe it!!  
There I was driving through my town,  
Up a main road behind other cars.  
The car in front of me signalled,  
Signalled to turn right.  
He had to wait as cars were coming,  
Coming down the other side,  
The other side of the road.  
And then another car was waiting,  
Waiting to come out of the road,  
The road the car in front wanted to go.  
And then it happened,  
One of those things that was so surprising!  
A car coming down stopped,  
It allowed both cars to come out,  
And go into that right hand turn.  
What I couldn't believe though  
Was that the car that gave way  
Was a Beema!!  
They own the roads don't they!  
They have no signals on them!  
Just go about their own way  
Uncaring about anybody else!  
But this one gave way,  
I am sure he must have been unwell.

(Beema = BMW)

## Morning Mozart.

For what more could I ask?  
I had a good night's sleep,  
My lover by my side.  
I arise in the dark morning,  
Come down the stairs,  
Put on the radio.  
And there playing for me  
Was that wonderful music,  
That wonderful music of Mozart.  
Such a glorious day had started  
With Mozart's Clarinet Concerto.  
That Concerto started my day,  
Started my day so well.  
I know from this start  
My day will be wonderful.

## What Abuse?

Looking back from this day and age  
It seems that as a child I was abused,  
Abused by my Mum.

She made do household jobs  
And made me go to school.  
Such a wicked woman.

If I went out I had to be back,  
Back home by a set time.  
If I did wrong I was slapped round the legs,  
Oh such abuse.

She said I must get a job and work,  
Work for the things I wanted.  
Such a slave driver.

She insisted I do my best at school,  
And at my job and to take pride in my work,  
What a flaming cheek.

All this led to what I am.  
I grew up with good morals,  
And a good work ethic.  
I have respect for all,  
For all in my life.  
And I don't get offended  
By things I disagree with.  
This ethos of mine came from them,  
Came from my parents,  
Who sent me into my world with knowledge,  
Knowledge of how to cope with life,  
And show respect to one and all.

Why are the young not taught,  
Not taught to be like this  
In this day and age?

## Stepping Stones.

In our lives we make mistakes,  
They happen,  
But don't carry them,  
Don't carry them around with you.  
What you should do  
Is put them in front of you,  
Put them in front of you and use them,  
Use them as stepping stones,  
Stepping stones to move on,  
To move on into a better life.

## That Special Time.

Each day I arise early  
And have that special time of mine.  
I go downstairs,  
Put on the radio and listen,  
Listen to music.  
I sit at my computer,  
Read poems from others.  
Then I write,  
Write the words from within.  
The words that come to me,  
Come to me from many places.  
It could be from love,  
The love I have for my lady,  
The love I have for life,  
Or even the love for all.  
Those words may be from other places.  
The things I have seen,  
Both sad and happy,  
Funny and miserable.  
But this time in the morning,  
Is mine,  
And always has been.  
So each day I rise early  
And have that special time of mine.

## What! No Strawberries!

They had run out,  
Run out of strawberries!  
What an absolute disaster,  
I could not now have my favourite,  
My favourite sweet  
In my favourite pub.  
No Eton Mess!  
What!  
We have plums though,  
The waitress said,  
We could use those.  
So I forgave them,  
I had a new Eton Mess  
An Eton Mess with plums,  
Not strawberries,  
And very nice it was too.

## Forego Grudges.

In our lives we often hold grudges,  
They are a complete waste of time,  
And a complete waste of happiness.  
Laugh when you can,  
Apologise when you should.  
Let go of what you can't change,  
Just move on to what you can do.  
Your love for life should be so deep  
And forgiveness should always be with you.  
Life is too short to be unhappy,  
Enjoy every moment you have.  
They will not come again.

## Coffee Days.

All my life I have drunk coffee,  
It could be black,  
It could be white,  
It could be without sugar,  
It could be with sugar.  
I can drink coffee  
Anyway it is presented to me.  
My preference is black,  
Black without sugar.  
But I do have a restriction,  
I will not drink coffee on those days,  
On those days without a "Y" in them.

## **Dame Janet Baker.**

Her voice sends shivers down my spine,  
This lady of music,  
With a voice so pure that it 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.

## Bird Feeding.

We were walking by My River,  
My lover and I hand in hand,  
Our love shining around us,  
Floating over the shining water  
For all to see .  
There ahead of us stood a lady  
Standing by the riverside  
Surrounded by birds.  
She was feeding them,  
But not throwing the food into My River,  
But all around her  
On the grass.  
She was surrounded by them,  
The Canada Geese were there in force,  
Black headed gulls were in abundance,  
Often being chased away by the geese.  
They flew into the air  
But soon came back.  
There were mallard and pigeons,  
A delightful sight to see.  
As they were being fed  
The thought came to me,  
I must try this,  
Not throw the food into My River  
But throw it around me  
So that the birds come up to me  
And we can enjoy each other's company  
With a closeness not had before.

## Another Year Gone.

Well another year has gone,  
Gone from my life,  
But what a year it has been!  
It was the year I met her.  
I met a new lady,  
And in that year we fell,  
Fell so deeply in love.  
My long life has always been good,  
Been wonderful even,  
With my wife for so many years  
Until that day,  
That day when dreadful dementia took her,  
Took her from me after so many years,  
So many years together.  
I thought I would not find someone else.  
But during this past year,  
This past year of my life I met her,  
Somebody who stole my heart,  
Stole my heart once more.  
So on this special day  
Where I celebrate my birth  
I am so thankful,  
So thankful that my lover,  
My lover and I will move forward,  
Move forward into that time,  
That time ahead of us,  
Just waiting for us to enjoy,  
To enjoy that time together,  
Together as one.

## Reality From My Dream.

She bought it for me!  
My lover bought me a car,  
The car of my dreams,  
Such a wonderful surprise.  
I was in tears,  
My dream had come true  
And it was my lover,  
My lover who made it so true.  
There in front of me was my car,  
My Aston Martin DB11.  
My life had become perfection,  
I stood in front of my dream  
Which had become reality.  
I went up to it,  
Took it out of its box,  
And put it in pride of place  
On my mantelpiece.

## Good Friends.

We walk out onto the lawn,  
My good friend and I.  
The sky is clear,  
The sun shines down on us,  
A glorious Autumn day.  
The trees around us,  
Their leaves slowly changing,  
Changing into Autumns wonderful colours.  
We start playing the game,  
Striking balls towards the hoops  
As we play the game we love.  
The contest between us is tense,  
We both play well.  
Finally at the last hoop  
My ball goes through  
And I have won.  
But in our case  
Winning is not all,  
We are very good friends  
And enjoy each other's company  
Both on and off the green.  
He and I are very best friends  
And will always be there,  
Be there for each other.

## Turn That Page.

When we open our life  
It is like opening a book,  
Each chapter may be different.  
Some may be sad,  
Many of them will be happy,  
But to find out what is happening  
We must always turn each page  
And go into the next chapter.  
If you do not turn that page  
You will never know,  
Never know what life has,  
What life has in store for you.

## Bad To Better.

Sometimes in life  
Something bad happens.  
To deal with this  
You can have three choices.  
You may let it define you,  
Or you could let it destroy you.  
But what it can also do  
Is to strengthen you,  
And in that way  
That experience  
Can take you forward  
Into the better life,  
The better life you deserve.

## **Forever Memories.**

We have many things in life.  
We may have tears,  
We may have smiles,  
And we will have memories.  
And in our life  
The tears dry,  
The smiles fade,  
But the memories last forever.

## Brilliance Or Kindness.

In this world many people are right  
And know what is needed  
But sometimes being right  
Does not fulfil people's needs  
What they need is kindness  
They do not need a brilliant mind  
A mind that speaks  
What they need is a special heart  
A special heart that listens

## Ironing Goldiku.

I 've proved it once more,  
The ironing basket's empty!  
It is not a myth.

## Ten Sixty Six.

There I was on Hastings beach  
Laying in my deckchair,  
My whisky well within reach,  
Breathing in the sea air.

I looked along the fine sand,  
I heard this awful sound,  
It sounds like a tuning band,  
No, Orchi was around.

He came to me with water,  
To put in my whisky,  
Something he didn't oughta,  
As I would get frisky.

He sat down eating porkpies  
Looking out to the sea,  
This was so very unwise,  
As the Normans he could see.

Then King Harold rode to us,  
He greeted us with mirth,  
His great highness we could suss,  
Now our king since his birth.

Orchi pointed in the air,  
Harold looked to the sky,  
Looking to what might be there,  
An arrow in his eye.

So the Normans claimed our land,  
As Orchi pointed up,  
They started to play their band,

My whisky I did sup.

History now shows the lie,  
Where Orchi know the truth,  
The arrow in Harold's eye,  
Was Orchi's fault forsooth.

## So Very Strange.

My life is so wonderful,  
It has also become so strange.  
For so many years  
I did everything in the home.  
My wife was so ill  
She could not do anything,  
And after she passed  
I still did all in the home,  
But my life has changed.  
The new love in my life came along  
And now we are together,  
Together in our home.  
All is wonderful,  
But not having to do everything  
Is so strange to me.  
I had done all for so many years  
But now my lover does things,  
Does things as well.  
I love her so very, very much,  
But not doing all in the home  
Is so very strange.

## Smoke No More.

There we were at the wedding reception,  
My wife and I,  
A nephew had plighted his troth to his lady  
And there lives went into a new future.  
The meal was over  
I got out my cigarettes,  
As did many others,  
I smoked it  
And then I realised,  
Realised I was not enjoying it.  
I had been smoking for twenty years,  
That first one in the morning was special,  
Then the ones with tea and coffee,  
The ones after lunch and dinner were needed,  
And how could I have a pint without a fag.

All this time I had smoked cigarettes  
But on this day it came to me,  
I no longer enjoyed it.  
So on that day,  
At the wedding reception,  
I had my last cigarette.  
It was hard to give up smoking  
But give up smoking I did  
On this day forty years ago.  
Sixteenth October nineteen eighty two,  
I gave up smoking.

## Thoughts In Life.

In our lives we have many thoughts.  
If we look back we see the experience,  
The experience that brought us,  
Brought us to where we are today.  
If we look forward we see hope,  
Hope to where we want to be,  
To be in our lives.  
We then look around and see reality,  
The reality that is in our life,  
In our life today.  
Finally we look within,  
Within our minds and heart,  
There we find ourselves  
And are thankful,  
Thankful for being who we are  
Knowing that we are living,  
Living in a world.  
A world of experience,  
A world of hope,  
A world of reality.

## Natures 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.

## Strong Love FIBS

In  
To  
My world  
She came in  
Bringing me much love,  
A love that was so very strong,  
A love that brought such wonderful happiness to us.  
We know it will last forever  
And will never fail  
Any time,  
Our love  
Is  
strong

## Finding Paradise.

In life we sometimes find ourselves in a dark place  
And wonder if we can find the light once more.  
There are three steps that we can take to reach that good life,  
That good life which we all deserve.  
The first step is to have a good thought to think about,  
The second is to say a good word to others to help them,  
And the third is to carry out a good deed to show others the way.  
With these steps in our lives we will always be there,  
Always be in Paradise.

## Nelson Went to Battle 2

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!"

## Music For Love.

She came down the stairs,  
The love of my life.  
Came through the dining room door  
Towards me,  
And as she entered the music played,  
Such a wonderful piece for her entry.  
A favourite piece of music for her  
And for me.  
The Intermezzo played.  
The Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana  
Filled the room and enhanced us.  
Enhance the love we have for each other  
As she entered my life this new day.  
Like she will every day of our lives.

## **Pie Fever.**

I must go down to the tea again,  
To the lonely tea and the pie.  
And all I ask is a big plate,  
And a fork to eat it by.  
And the knife is sharp,  
And the gravy is strong,  
And my hunger is slaking.  
And the plate becomes empty,  
With my hunger breaking.  
I must go down to the tea again.

## Words Of The Wise.

In this life there can be two types of people,  
So many of them are wise but you do not hear,  
Do not hear their wise words.  
Then there are so many foolish people who many hear,  
Hear all the time.  
What you must realise though that when a wise man speaks  
He speaks because he has something wise to say.  
But when a fool speaks  
He will always speak too much,  
Speaks because he must say something  
Just so his voice can be heard  
Even though his words are meaningless.

## Together In Jazz.

I sit here in the hotel room  
Writing these words,  
My lover fast asleep in the bed.  
Together on holiday  
In the place that we call 'Our Place',  
The place we first came to together,  
Together on holiday.  
A hotel full of things to do,  
And things to enjoy.  
The entertainment is superb  
And last night was no exception,  
A jazz band taking us back,  
Back to the early jazz sounds  
With tunes that we know so well  
And have been with me all my life.  
A wonderful evening,  
But even more wonderful  
As my lover and I were together,  
As we will be forever more.

## Big Band Swing.

There they were on stage,  
The big band.  
Five saxes, four trumpets,  
Four trombones,  
Piano, guitar, bass and drums,  
Creating this wonderful sound,  
The sound of swing,  
The sound of swing that was there,  
There in my early times on this world.  
Then they played that song,  
That song that brought my dad to me,  
And brought me to tears,  
One of his favourite tunes.  
I just stopped and listened,  
Listened to this tune,  
The one that was played,  
Played at his funeral.  
I also played it later at Mum's funeral,  
And on this occasion  
While it was being played  
There in front of me I saw them,  
Saw my Mum and Dad dancing,  
Dancing together once more  
As their Spirits became one.

## Magic In Music.

Well, another great night of jazz  
Bringing such joy to me.  
The quintet were so good,  
But when he came on the stage  
I was blown away,  
His voice so wonderful,  
Singing those songs that meant so much,  
So much to him,  
And so much to me.  
All evening he sang,  
He told stories of his life,  
Talked about the birth,  
The birth of the songs,  
The songs he sang.  
And I was there,  
There in another place,  
Another place of his dreams  
That had become mine,  
Become mine in this evening,  
This wonderful evening,  
This wonderful evening of magic,  
Of magic in my life.

## Fond Holiday Memories.

Well, that's it!  
The week away is over,  
A great week with my lover.  
We walked along the beach,  
Walked among the greenery,  
Played some games,  
Didn't win any quizzes,  
But had great fun trying.  
There was music there for us,  
A wonderful jazz band  
Playing every night.  
The food was wonderful  
And my lover and I enjoyed,  
Enjoyed every moment.  
But there was also something special.  
We met a nice couple  
And spent much time with them.  
We had formed a new friendship  
Which was becoming stronger each moment,  
And we would see them again,  
See them again in the future.  
So as we drive away  
From our week on the island  
We will have memories,  
Such fond memories  
Of Barbara and Peter,  
Which we will remember.

## Flowing Around Your Life.

I am always there, travelling the world.  
You can't see me  
Unless I get angry.  
You feel me as a gentle caress  
Across your skin.  
I am there when the trees wave  
Silently as I pass.  
The ripples on the water show I am there,  
The crash of the sea hitting the land,  
Show my strength.  
The swirl of my anger crossing the oceans  
And hitting the land,  
Uprooting trees, dwellings  
And lives,  
This is when you see me.  
Beware, hide from me when I am angry.  
The anger soon subsides  
But the devastation remains  
To remind you of me.  
I am always there,  
You can't see me,  
I am the wind.  
I flow round your world  
And around your life.

## Live In Peace.

In our lives it happens all the time,  
People are at war,  
At war somewhere in our world.  
Why is this so?  
Why cannot we have a peaceful world  
Where all get on with each other  
And love and happiness abounds?  
If we had this peace  
Children bury their parents.  
But in war  
Parents bury their children.  
Come on world wake up!  
Live in peace,  
The peace that we all deserve.

## Teaching Respect.

There we were  
Fighting our way round the supermarket,  
Among so many people,  
When suddenly we were hit by a trolley,  
The trolley was being pushed by a young boy.  
His parents shouted at him.  
"Look where you are going!"  
They apologised and made him apologise.  
As far as we were concerned  
It was just one of these things that happened.  
And told that family that all was OK,  
Not to worry.

We all moved on into the next aisle,  
Suddenly the little boy appeared again,  
Came up to us and said,  
"I am so sorry I did that"  
I looked at him and said,  
"Do not worry all is fine".  
He said thank you and started to walk back,  
Back to his parents who were watching.  
I called him back,  
Held out my hand for him to take,  
And we shook hands  
To show all was well.  
He looked puzzled,  
He went back to his parents  
And I do hope they will explain,  
Explain to him what a handshake means,  
That it is a sign of forgiveness.  
I am sure that his parents will do this  
As they seem to be raising him with respect,  
Respect for all,

And this is so rare these days.  
If only all children could be shown,  
Be shown how wonderful respect can be.  
I wish young boy well in his life.

## **Bach Spoiled.**

I have heard it played on piano,  
I have heard it played on harp,  
Played by some wonderful musicians,  
And it was so wonderful.  
And once more I heard it,  
I heard it this morning,  
That tune that I know so well,  
But it was spoiled.  
It was played on harpsichord,  
And to my mind that tune was ruined.  
The Goldberg Variations were awful,  
Well to my mind they were  
When played on this instrument,  
The one that when Sir Thomas Beecham  
Was asked what he thought of it  
Said it was like two skeletons,  
Two skeletons copulating,  
Copulating on a corrugated metal roof.  
It was such a pity to spoil this music  
With such an awful instrument.

## The C Word.

Blow me!  
It's happening!  
Happening in November!  
The C word keeps on appearing.  
And now I am getting emails,  
Emails using the C word.  
Are the Choir going to sing,  
Sing at the town,  
The towns C lights switch on.  
Can the Choir sing C carols,  
Sing them at a school.  
The choir are rehearsing,  
Rehearsing for their concert,  
Their C concert.  
Surely the C word must not be used,  
Not until December surely!  
Ok then I give in,  
I will mention the word,  
Only once though!  
So hear it is:  
**CHRISTMAS!**

## Treasures In Life.

In our lives we have values,  
Values that we seem to need.  
Many seem to want money  
Believing that money will bring happiness  
And take them to a fine place,  
So they value it so much.  
But in our life we have time,  
And time is so important  
As we use it to move forward,  
Forward into a good life.  
But what many do not realise  
Is that time has more value,  
More value than money.  
You can get more money,  
But you cannot get more time.  
Treasure the time you have,  
The time you have on this world.

## Storms Of Clearance.

Our lives have many paths,  
We walk them in many ways.  
Some lead us to problems,  
But to get us to where we are  
Most bring us happiness,  
Happiness and glory.  
Sometimes a storm stops us,  
Stops us from moving on,  
Moving on in our lives.  
But what we must realise  
Is that not all storms disrupt,  
Disrupt our lives.  
Many storms are there  
To clear the way,  
Clear our path to the future.

## Brain Full.

Each day, if you are lucky,  
New knowledge is gained,  
A new fact added to the store  
That is in your brain.  
The thing that worries me though  
Is that at my age,  
The brain is full  
So when a new piece of knowledge,  
is assimilated,  
What piece falls off the other end?

## Field Into Lake.

I was driving along the country road,  
The hedges each side.  
On one side the hills climbed up,  
The hills covered with trees,  
The golden trees of autumn,  
Nature's palette at its best.  
I drove on,  
The hedges on the other side  
Hiding the fields,  
The fields leading to the river,  
My River.  
The hedges thinned out  
And left me expecting  
A sward of green pasture.  
But no,  
That pasture had changed,  
It was now a lake,  
A lake where swans and ducks  
Swam with joy,  
Swam in peace,  
In peace and contentment.

## How Did This Happen?

How did this happen?

There we were living our lives,

Both on our own

But with good friends around us.

We had known each other,

Known each other for a long time,

But only as friends.

Her husband and my wife had passed,

So we were on our own.

Then came that day,

That day we went out for coffee.

It was like a bright light had come on,

And from that time we fell in love,

And that love is so very strong,

We had never known it like this.

Now we are together,

Together in our lives,

Never to be parted.

Our love shines from us

And all around can see it,

See it shine from our hearts,

For all to see.

And that love grows stronger,

Stronger every moment.

We do not understand the happiness,

The happiness we now have.

So we still ask the question,

How did this happen?

## They Are Here.

I rise from my bed,  
Open the curtain  
And there shining on me  
Is the full moon.  
A sight so wonderful  
That always brings joy,  
Brings joy to my heart.  
I look into its depths  
And know it has always been there,  
Been there in my life  
Just looking down on me,  
And bringing wonder to all.

When I see it I am reminded  
Reminded of Neil Armstrong  
When he landed on the moon  
And those first words he said  
When he stepped on the moon  
"They are here"

## A Wonderful World?

People can be very strange in life!  
It seems that many do not notice your tears  
Or the sadness that is within you.  
They do not notice the pain,  
The pain that can be in your life.  
They just cannot see that you need help,  
Even just a word of kindness  
Would help so much,  
And maybe bring you into a healing place.  
But the one thing they always notice,  
And tell you about them,  
Are the mistakes you make.  
Why cannot we help each other,  
And produce a wonderful world?

## Not My Problem.

All through my life I have tried,  
Tried my best to be a good person  
And each day I try to get better,  
To become more than what I am.  
But now at the eve of my life  
I have become this person,  
This person who tries his best,  
Tries his best for all he knows.  
And when you see me  
You must realise,  
Realise that I am what am  
And your approval isn't need.  
This is me,  
If you do not like what you see  
That is not my problem,  
It is yours.

## For Remembrance Day.

Why are they selling poppies, Mummy?  
Selling poppies in town today.  
The poppies, child, are flowers of love.  
For the men who marched away.  
But why have they chosen a poppy, Mummy?  
Why not a beautiful rose?  
Because my child, men fought and died  
In the fields where the poppies grow.  
But why are the poppies so red, Mummy?  
Why are the poppies so red?  
Red is the colour of blood, my child.  
The blood that our soldiers shed.  
The heart of the poppy is black, Mummy.  
Why does it have to be black?  
Black, my child, is the symbol of grief.  
For the men who never came back.  
But why, Mummy are you crying so?  
Your tears are giving you pain.  
My tears are my fears for you my child.  
For the world is forgetting again.

## Handels Music Flows. Senryu.

Handels music flows  
In time to the dipping oars,  
Floating to the sea.

## Warm Days

There we were at the garden centre,  
Sitting in our favourite coffee house  
Drinking with friends.  
I needed to go and buy something  
So I walked out of the coffee house  
And walked towards the garden centre.  
It was a beautiful sunny day,  
And quite warm.  
I had no coat on  
Just my short-sleeved shirt,  
But all around me  
People were dressed for winter,  
Thick coats, jumpers and scarves.  
Why is it that many people dress like this?  
They dress for the time of year,  
Not for how the weather is on the day.  
Yes it was in the middle of November  
But the weather was sunny and warm.  
Do they not understand the weather.

## Lessons In Life.

In our life we make them,  
We make mistakes  
And they can be very painful,  
Very painful at times.  
But as we age we come to realise  
Those mistakes become a collection,  
A collection of experiences,  
And that is when we realise  
That those mistakes are lessons,  
Lessons to get us into the life,  
Into the good life we now have.

## Wishful Thinking?

We are living in a life,  
A life where old styles are returning  
And taking me back to those days,  
Those days of yore.  
May be soon others will return  
And loyalty and morals,  
Thankfulness and respect  
Become a trend again,  
Or is that just wishful thinking?

## **My Good Life.**

I have lived a great life  
And come to my old age  
Looking back with gladness.  
I feel that I am truly wealthy,  
I may not have wealth in money  
But I am so grateful,  
So grateful for what I have,  
What I have and had in my life,  
My long, long life.  
I am still here  
And will be forever.

## Glass Full.

There in front of him was a glass,  
He put some golf balls in the glass,  
Put them in 'til no more could get in.  
He asked the class  
"Is the glass full?"  
"Yes!" answered the class.  
He then picked up some pebbles  
And put them in the glass,  
Filling the holes between the balls.  
He asked the class  
"Is the glass full?"  
"Yes!" answered the class,  
He then poured some sand  
And poured it into the glass.  
He asked the class  
"Is the glass full?"  
"Yes!" answered the class.  
He then took out a bottle of beer  
And poured some in the glass.  
He asked the class  
"Is the glass full?"  
"Yes!" answered the class,  
"Yes" he said,  
"There is always room for a beer,  
For a beer with friends."

## Peace And Love.

Can you imagine a world,  
A world of peace and love,  
Where all understood each other,  
As music would be the Universal Language.

## Such A Glorious Day.

There I was on the croquet lawn  
In the middle of November,  
The sun was shining,  
The sky was blue.  
I looked around and saw,  
Saw the glory of Autumn,  
The glory of Autumn surrounding me.  
Such a beautiful day  
And such fine weather.  
For what more could I ask?  
Playing the sport I love  
With good friends,  
And this wonderful weather  
Bringing glory to me,  
Glory to my body and heart.  
Such a glorious day.

## Scatter Sunshine.

Turn on the radio, open the paper,  
Switch on the television,  
And what to you see.  
You see the bad in this world.  
I know there is good,  
But it does not make the news.  
Life is wonderful,  
This wonder must be shown.  
So why not encourage all  
To be positive,  
Encourage good within people,  
Scatter sunshine all around.  
It may work,  
You may not know  
Whose life you may touch,  
You may touch them  
With something so simple,  
As a smile,  
Or a kind word.  
So go on,  
Scatter sunshine.

## Simon And Garfunkel.

I heard them in the sixties,  
These two young Americans  
Singing their songs so well,  
Songs that are still known,  
Still well-known even now  
Over fifty years later.  
I have listened to them,  
Sang them,  
And enjoyed them all my life.  
Such a wonderful sound  
Made for us all,  
By Simon and Garfunkel.

## Flaming Computers!

Flaming computers!  
I logged on as normal  
As I do every morning,  
Into the sites I use  
And logged onto MPS,  
No problems.  
Started looking at poems,  
Then came out to go to another site.  
Came back to MPS  
But could not log in,  
It wanted me to rejoin.  
I went onto MPS  
Using a different way in,  
I used Edge instead of Chrome  
And all was well.  
Having worked in computing  
For many years I have seen these problems  
And it is during those times  
You realise that it is the software.  
And you get to know the difference  
Between software and hardware,  
Software is silent,  
When you throw your computer,  
Throw it at the wall!

## And It Rains.

And it rains.  
The water from the sky  
Dropping down  
Onto the land.  
Each drop meets others  
And form pools.  
These pools congregate  
And form ponds.  
The ponds merge into streams,  
They start to move,  
Move down hillsides,  
And flow into rivers.  
The rivers flow to the sea  
And the vastness of the sea  
Causes evaporation.  
The mist rises to the sky  
Where clouds are formed,  
Each cloud gets bigger.  
Water droplets are made,  
And it rains

## Fulfilment of Life.

Some people may think I am crazy,  
But in my long life  
I love to see other people,  
See other people being happy,  
Being happy and succeeding in life.  
As what many do not realise  
Is that life is not a competition,  
It is a journey of fulfilment  
And every moment of that journey  
Should be cherished and loved.

## Creating Music.

The rehearsal was over,  
The penultimate rehearsal before the concert.  
The choir worked so hard,  
As did I.  
I walked into my house  
And there she was waiting for me,  
My lover,  
We kissed and cuddled.  
I poured myself a Whisky,  
Auchentoschan was the one,  
I had earned this, this evening.  
And there I was sitting next to my loved one  
Our arms around each other,  
A fine scotch being sipped,  
And Mozart flowing around us.  
What a wonderful way to relax  
After working so hard in the choir,  
Doing the thing I love,  
Creating music for others to hear.

## Walking To School.

Driving down to the shops  
I had to pass a school,  
Struggled to get down the road  
As so many cars were there,  
Taking the children to school.  
It took me back,  
Back to my schooldays  
When I walked to school,  
As did most of my friends.  
As we walked down the road  
We would meet each other,  
Chat and play on our way.,  
Sometimes if it rained  
I caught the bus.  
But I was never driven to school,  
We had to make our own way.  
Then came the day I got a bicycle  
And rode to school,  
Not many cars on the road  
So cycling to school was easy.  
Life is so different now,  
With all the cars,  
Driving kids to school.  
I am sure that I had happier times,  
Walking with friends to school.

## Protecting Moon.

I looked up from my world  
Into the blue above me,  
The blue interrupted by whites and greys  
As the clouds sailed slowly,  
Sailed so slowly across the sky.  
Suddenly a sickle moon appeared,  
Hidden by a cloud.  
This moon so pale in the daylight,  
But still there looking down  
Looking down on my life,  
My life and our wonderful world.  
I just kept watching  
Until hidden once more,  
But knowing it was there  
And always will be,  
Looking down on me,  
As if protecting us.  
Protecting us from evil,  
The evil that can be seen,  
Can be seen in our world,  
Our glorious world.

## Full Life.

Calliope looks down on me  
As if to say what are you going to write,  
Going to write today.  
Will it be of the happiness in your life,  
Your long life that has been full of glory.  
Will it be of your walks with Nature  
That you enjoy so much.  
It may be of the music in your life,  
That music that has been with you forever.  
Of will it be of the love that you had,  
And then lost after so many years together  
When she passed into another world  
To join me looking down on you.  
It could be of the new love in your life,  
That love that came so unexpectedly  
And became so strong and wonderful.  
But no I have written these words today  
And they say so much about my life,  
My fulfilling life,  
Full of love and happiness.

## Slithered Moon Haiku.

The slithered moon shines  
Cutting the sky with its light,  
Bringing light to all.

## Bad Drivers.

Well they were all out yesterday,  
The drivers who can't drive,  
And the drivers who don't care!  
Up to the roundabout I came  
On the inside lane,  
Ready to go straight ahead,  
A lorry pulls up beside me,  
Signalling to go around the roundabout,  
But no, he went straight on!  
Then there was the Mercedes in the car park,  
I was driving down the road,  
The main road of the carpark,  
He pulled out from the parking area  
Not even looking up my way!  
The final straw was the slow driver,  
The one doing thirty five  
On a sixty miles per hour road!  
So many people behind him  
And nowhere to overtake.  
I was so glad to get home  
And hope that today  
The good drivers are on the road.

## Peace And Harmony.

To the jazz club I went,  
As I do every month.  
It would be different this month,  
A guitarist was playing,  
Not the normal type of groups  
That I enjoy so much.  
Out he came  
With a bass player and a drummer,  
Just the three of them.  
He sat down, guitar on his knee  
He started playing.  
He was amazing,  
I had never heard sound or skill  
Sound or skill such as this.  
He then played a second song,  
So slowly and full of passion  
That drew me out of my body,  
I was drawn further and further  
Into his world,  
His world of music.  
I was taken Over the Rainbow  
As his notes sailed into the ether  
With me sailing with them.  
What a guitarist.  
All evening he played  
And the audience and I  
Were silent,  
So silent as we listened,  
Listened to his glorious sound.

I had had a good day  
But his music took me,  
Took me to another place

Where music ruled  
And brought peace,  
Brought peace and harmony,  
Peace and harmony to all.

## Tomorrows Garden.

It is one of the things in life,  
A thing that takes us further,  
It happens when you plant a garden.  
If you plant a garden  
It means that you believe,  
That you believe in tomorrow.  
Within that garden  
You also plant hope,  
As you know that hope will be raised,  
Will be raised again  
As each plant grows,  
Grows into your new life.

## Blessed Laughter.

In life there is a cure all,  
It is called laughing.  
There are so many things,  
Things that amuse us,  
Amuse us in our lives.  
We see them most days  
And laughter bursts from us,  
Filling our hearts and minds with relief,  
Relief from the pressures,  
The pressures that come in our lives.  
Sometimes we do not laugh,  
So in that case we need to remember,  
Remember that we can be blessed,  
As we who can laugh at ourselves  
Will never cease to be amused.

## Stories Of Life.

Life is such a wonderful thing,  
You go through it and feel all emotions.  
The highs and joys when you are happy,  
The lows and sorrows when you are sad,  
All add to your life's experience.

Objects come into your life,  
Sometimes meaningful,  
Sometimes not,  
But each item creates a memory.  
So as you travel through life  
You find that the things you collect  
Become a source of stories  
That have come into your life.

So fill your life with experiences,  
Fill your life with memories,  
Not the objects you collect,  
So that you have stories to tell,  
Stories of your life.

## Daily Teacher.

Each day it is in our lives,  
And is a great teacher of life.  
As when the sun sets,  
It brings peace.  
And when it rises,  
It brings hope.

## Nature's Life.

It is a grey day today  
But Nature calls me.  
I go to My River  
And walk by its side.  
My life so good,  
Enhanced by love,  
Love of life.  
My River flows  
Green and clear  
By my side.  
The swans float,  
Float in harmony  
With My River,  
And with me.  
The beauty of Nature  
All around me.  
The leaves of the trees  
At my feet,  
Their colours shine,  
Shine up,  
Shine up at me,  
After falling,  
Falling from the trees.  
The trees almost naked,  
Their branches bare.  
But the willow,  
The willow so green,  
Shows it growth  
And its power,  
Power to survive.

As I walk with Nature  
I know that all is well

As nature will restore,  
Restore life in the trees  
And the New Year will be,  
Will be there in Nature's life,  
And in mine.

## **Moon Of Love.**

Once more I arise from my bed,  
I look out of my window  
And there in the clear dark sky  
The full moon shines brightly.  
The stars are so clear in this time,  
This time before dawn.  
I open the curtain,  
My lover sees the moon  
That moon that shines on us,  
Shines on the love we have,  
We have for each other.  
The beauty of the moon  
Highlights the beauty in her,  
A beauty so full of love,  
So full of love for me  
And my love for her is so strong.  
With the moon shining on us  
We know that our love is blessed,  
Blessed by the Universe,  
The Universe in which we live.  
And once more we will arise,  
Arise into another fine day,  
Another fine day in our life,  
Our life together  
That will never end.

## 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.

## Joy And Freedom.

The Choir met for the last time,  
The last time this year,  
A wonderful year of singing,  
Singing with such pleasure.  
Every week we met and sang,  
Sang our hearts out,  
Sang for the love of music.  
It always takes us to a different place,  
A place of joy and freedom  
Where troubles are forgotten,  
Where we do the thing we love,  
We all just love to sing.  
The concerts we gave were wonderful  
The audiences stood and cheered,  
Cheered at us when we finished.  
That is such a bonus  
As we know our glory,  
Our glory to sing  
Is given out to the world,  
The world of others  
That they me also come,  
Also come to that place,  
That place of joy and freedom  
Where we go every week.  
We know we will be back,  
Be back in the New Year  
And sing our hearts out,  
Sing our hearts out once more.

## Long Life Pleasure.

As we go through our lives  
We want to do many things  
To fulfil the enjoyment  
That brings pleasure to us all.  
As we get older it is never too late,  
Never too late to do what you want.  
But there is one thing,  
One thing that you cannot do.  
If you want to be younger,  
That is impossible.  
So enjoy your life,  
And may a long life bring pleasure,  
Bring pleasure to us all.

## And It Snowed.

I arose from my bed,  
Pulled back the curtains  
And saw the snow,  
The pure whiteness  
Covering my world.  
A beautiful sight to see,  
Unspoilt pure white,  
Its beauty filling me with glory.  
Yet again my world lifts me,  
Lifts My Spirit in its wonder,  
As once more Natures Realm  
Brings joy to my body and mind.

## Just A Shower.

So here was the weather forecast,  
Apparently we had the occasional shower,  
The occasional shower of snow.  
That occasional shower did happen  
That is if you believe it.  
That shower started at six,  
Six in the morning  
And did not stop until four,  
Four in the afternoon.  
About eight inches of snow landed  
And covered everything.  
So if the forecasters believe,  
Believe this was a shower  
Goodness know what will happen  
When they forecast real snow!

## Another Fine DAy.

The day is over,  
Another fine day in my life.  
Meeting with friends,  
Walking in the soft snow,  
Seeing Natures artwork  
In all its white wonder.  
And all the time  
She is with me,  
The love of my life  
Is by my side.  
And as we climb the stairs  
At the end of this fine day  
We are still side by side  
As we sleep in each others arms,  
Our love shining like a star  
As our life together  
Goes on forever.

## New Life Of Wonder.

Why am I the way I am?  
People often ask this question.  
I am always positive,  
Positive about my life.  
I greet every day with wonder,  
And am so pleased to get up,  
Get up into a new day.  
I go to sleep after each day,  
After each beautiful day  
Knowing that there is another one,  
Another one to come tomorrow.  
Why am I like this?  
It comes from one day,  
One day years ago.  
I was unwell,  
And the Doctor said the words,  
The words that changed my way,  
Changed my way in life.  
He said these words:  
"If you do not have this operation,  
You will die!"  
After coming out of the anaesthetic  
My life changed,  
I had been given a second chance,  
A second chance at life.  
And from that day my life is good,  
It is so good  
As I am still here  
And will enjoy every moment,  
Every moment of my new life,  
And have enjoyed every moment  
Since awakening,  
Awakening from that operation.

## Be That Light.

Sometimes in our lives  
You could be the light for others,  
And some days in our lives  
Others could be the light for you.  
But as long as there is light,  
Light in our lives,  
There is always hope  
And a way to go forward,  
Go forward in our lives.  
Be that light.

## Easy Lives.

Well that took me back,  
Back to my youth.  
The central heating has stopped,  
Needed repairing.  
So I came rushing down stairs  
First thing in the morning  
And put the gas oven on,  
To warm the kitchen,  
Then lit the fire in the lounge  
To try and get warmth in the house,  
On this freezing cold day.  
This is what we did back in time,  
When we had no central heating.  
It was so cold in the house  
That steam came from our mouths,  
There was ice on the windows,  
On the INSIDE!  
Those were the days,  
The days so long ago,  
But I survived,  
As did so many.  
We do have easy lives nowadays.

## Gratefulness.

We all have those days,  
Those days where life is hard.  
But no matter how hard,  
How hard your life becomes,  
Be grateful,  
Be grateful when you go to bed  
That you still have a life.

## Music In Life.

Music has always been there,  
Been there in my life.  
I listen to it every day,  
And have listened to it,  
All my long life.  
It could be classical or jazz,  
Country or pop.  
So much music in my life,  
So little time.  
Music is always there for me,  
And music cannot be touched,  
But music can touch me.

## Why Can't We Always be Like This.

During the days when the snow was on the ground,  
When we found we couldn't drive,  
And many people were walking,  
As we passed in the street,  
We found ourselves talking  
To each other, cheerfully.

This only happens when times appear troubled,  
And people come out of the insular  
Cocoon they wrap around their minds;  
To stop them getting involved  
In others troubled lives.  
Does chaos bring us together?

## Spring Approaches Haiku.

The leaves have fallen,  
Winter is now in control,  
But Spring approaches.

## Together And Forever.

As each day dawns  
We are there together  
In each other's arms,  
Our love so powerful  
And it has only been a year,  
A year where our love grew.  
We met and knew something was there  
But never did we know  
That our love for each other  
Would become so very strong,  
So very strong in such a short time.  
But each day during this year  
Our love has grown,  
Grown so strong  
That we just do not understand,  
Understand how it has happened  
And we know it will never stop,  
Our love will never stop getting stronger.  
Saying 'I love you'  
Is just not enough,  
But love you I do  
And that will never fail  
As we live our lives together,  
Together and forever.

## Liebstraum.

As I sat here reading poetry,  
The music playing around me,  
A piece of music played  
And I had to stop reading.  
This music took me away,  
Away to a place of ecstasy,  
Ecstasy and peacefulness.  
It was a Dream of Love  
Pulling me into its wonder.  
My love for music  
And my love for life  
Was being fulfilled  
As these notes on the piano  
Came through my ears  
Into my mind  
And into my heart.  
My day had started  
And it had taken me ,  
Taken me to that place,  
Taken me to Liebstraum.  
What a wonderful place  
To start my day.

## Prince Of Cool.

Chet Baker Prince of cool,  
They said it on the radio,  
Chet Baker, Prince of Cool.  
Born on this day in nineteen twenty nine  
A trumpeter that can take me to places,  
To places of immeasurable pleasure  
Every time I hear him play.  
He plays, I stop,  
Stop and listen  
And get taken into his mind  
As the notes sail from his  
Into mine.  
A musician who is part of my life  
And will always be there,  
Be there for me.  
So on this day,  
This day of your birth,  
Play on Chet,  
Play on.

## Fine Future.

Thanks for yesterday,  
For today I am grateful,  
I have hope for tomorrow.  
Each day of my long life  
Is filled with love,  
Love for others in my life  
For a fine future  
Filled with joy and love.

## For Mary.

Well this is the end,  
The end of our first year,  
Our first year in each other's arms.  
A love that is so strong between us  
That we do not understand,  
Do not understand  
Where this love came from.  
Each day it gets stronger  
And is seen by all around.  
So today we have Christmas Day,  
Our first Christmas Day with each other  
And a fine one it will be  
As we will be together,  
And that togetherness will last,  
Will last for eternity,  
Happy Christmas Mary.

## Good Cheer To All.

'Twas the day after Christmas,  
This chap is getting fat.  
Walks through forests and meadows,  
Will surely see to that.

Along My Rivers pathway,  
Walking long fast and hard,  
Will shed many of these pounds,  
And eating will be barred.

If I do it long enough,  
And do it day by day,  
My fitness will get better,  
And keep the fat at bay.

But the New Year is coming,  
Drinking scotch and wine and beer,  
It may put the fat back on,  
But to you all I give good cheer.

## **Our Path To Eternity.**

The sun was shining down on us  
As we walked by My River  
On this Boxing Day morn,  
The green of the river  
Now coloured brown,  
And its gentle way was rushing,  
Rushing passed  
As so much rain had fallen.  
But there we were,  
My Lover and I,  
Walking at its side,  
Our love flowing with the water.  
The glory of My River  
Enveloped us both  
And we three became one  
As we all walked our path,  
Our path to eternity.

## Each Day I Arise.

The day begins,  
I arise before dawn  
And see the rising of the sun,  
The sky getting bluer  
As Nature Realm enthrals me  
In this new day of my life.  
Here I am  
Embracing another day,  
Another fine day in my life,  
In my long, long life.  
Every day is special  
As I arose into it  
And know that there will be more,  
Many more to come.  
I am lucky,  
Such a lucky man  
And so grateful  
For each day I arise.

## Imagine A Time Like This.

Imagine a time like this.

Imagine a life of peace,  
A life where all agree,  
Each help each other.  
Animosity is gone,  
Arguments have stopped.

Imagine a world of love,  
Love for each other.  
Hate has been dispersed,  
And all are satisfied,  
And nobody wants.

Imagine a time like this.

## Raining In My Heart To Sunshine.

There I was on this fine December day  
Three long years ago  
The sun was out, the sky was blue.  
I was with her,  
Sitting by her side.  
The love of my life just lying there,  
Lying in a hospital bed.  
Looking out there was not a cloud in the sky.  
As I sat as she sucked her last breath,  
That is when it started raining  
Raining in my heart.  
My lover had moved on  
Moved on into that wonderful sky,  
And beyond.

Then came the day,  
The day a new love came,  
Came into my heart,  
And the tears stopped.  
My new lady took me,  
Took me to a wonderful place,  
A place full of love and laughter.  
She too had lost her lover,  
Lost him many years ago  
And now we have a new life,  
Not just the two of us  
But our memories of those times,  
Those times long ago,  
When we were in love before.

They will be there for us,  
Always be there for us,  
Just waiting for us.

And on that day the tears will stop,  
And it will no longer be  
Raining in our hearts.

## The Next Year Senryu.

New Year's Eve has come,  
A lovelorn Year has ended  
Full of love's wonder.  
The New Year will be better,  
My loved one and I are here.

## Welcome New Year.

Welcome New Year,  
You are here at last,  
It will be good to know you  
As you take us with you  
Into the future,  
The future of our lives.  
The Winter that is with us  
Will soon turn into Spring  
And show new growth,  
New growth in our land  
To give us comfort  
That survival is here,  
And we are still here.  
Summer will show the warmth,  
The warmth of this year  
Bringing wonder to us all.  
Autumn will then be there  
Showing us the glory,  
The glory of Nature's palette  
With its yellows, oranges and reds  
Surrounding us with wonder.  
Then winter will be back  
And into another New Year  
We will flow in our lives,  
Our lives of love and wonder  
That will go on,  
Go on to Eternity.  
Happy New Year.

## Observe Wisdom.

In our lives we study,  
We can study all our lives  
And that knowledge is gained,  
We can then move on,  
Move on to better things.  
But what many forget  
Is that to acquire wisdom  
We must observe,  
Observe and gather,  
Gather all those things,  
All those things we see,  
We see around us,  
As wisdom cannot be taught.

## Death In The Night.

As day turns to night, and the sun disappears,  
I leave the safety of my hidden place  
And fly into the night.  
I fly on black, silent wings,  
Moving me with ease through the air.  
Looking down, I see a world below me,  
That is dying.  
They kill each other for no reason.  
But I can stop that!  
I can make it that they live forever.  
As I land amongst them  
And feed on their blood,  
My fangs deep in their veins,  
They become as immortal as I.  
I am sated for another night.  
I spread my wings and fly back to my hidden place,  
Returning to the safety of my tomb for another day,  
Until the sun leaves the sky,  
When once more I go into the darkness,  
Where I may seek you out.

## Weird Age.

I have had a fine life,  
Grown up with fine parents  
And a fun loving brother.  
Learned so much at school,  
And then worked all my life,  
Never out of work.  
Married for many years,  
Had children.  
Life was so good,  
But now things are so strange  
As it feels so weird,  
So weird being this age,  
Being the same age,  
The same age as old people.

## **Musical Travels.**

Music is so important,  
So important in my life.  
It has been with me since birth  
So many years ago,  
And yet I still hear those sounds,  
Those sounds of new music  
That still pull my heart strings  
Like a harp of life,  
Bringing wonder to me,  
Bringing wonder every day.  
Music takes me to places,  
To so many places,  
Where my feet never go.

## Beautiful Destinations.

In life we walk many roads,  
Many are easy to travel  
And lead us to good places.  
Many are hard to walk  
And take us to bad times.  
But sometimes it happens  
That difficult roads  
Often lead us,  
Lead us to beautiful destinations.

## Believe In Dreams.

Each night we go to bed  
And they come,  
The dreams come to us.  
We have so many dreams  
And many are what we want,  
So we must believe in dreams  
As they were given to you,  
Given to you for a reason.

## Tears And Joy.

There was that day when you were born,  
A day where you cried when you entered the world,  
On that day your world rejoiced at your birth.  
During your life ensure that what you do is good  
So that when you die your world will miss you and cry,  
And you will rejoice in the good life you have had.

## Dad In The Mirror.

I looked in the mirror  
And saw my Dad looking at me,  
He had a smile on his face  
And thoughts flowed to me  
From this man,  
This man who gave me so much.  
He taught me respect,  
Respect in all aspects of life.  
He showed me no anger,  
As anger does not work in life  
Because it is followed by sorrow,  
And sorrow was not in his life,  
And it is rarely in mine.  
Each of his days was a good one  
As is every day of my life.  
He gave me my love of music  
Which has never failed.  
He listened to it every day,  
As do I.  
And I can see him now,  
The music on in the lounge,  
Sitting in his armchair  
And a smile on his face.  
He left this earth many years ago  
But I know he is there,  
Waiting for me,  
So that once more we can listen,  
Listen to music together.

## Keep A Smile.

Each day has good moments,  
Moments that we must treasure.  
We must remember these moments  
And as we do  
We will be able to keep a smile,  
Keep a smile for tomorrow.

## Glory Once More.

So much rain has fell,  
I go down to My River,  
It is so high but I can walk by it.  
The water flowing so fast  
and a dark brown colour.  
I think back to those days  
Where the green clear water  
Went passed me at a sedate pace,  
The swans and geese sailing,  
Sailing peacefully along it.  
But today as I walk by it  
Its speed so fast,  
It is not how I see my life.  
My life has slowed  
And every moment of it  
Has become a time of wonder.  
I no longer want speed in my life,  
Every moment is special,  
And I want to enjoy every one  
And give them the time,  
The time they deserve.  
I know My River will ease  
And the wonder that I enjoy will return,  
And that day will bring glory,  
Bring glory once more to my life.

## Mozart's Morning.

What a glorious way to start the day!  
Down the stairs I came,  
On went the radio  
And there I was greeted,  
Greeted by Mozart.  
A piano sonata was being played,  
I was taken away,  
Taken away into Mozart's fine world.  
I sat there and listened,  
Did nothing else but listened.  
Was it a dream,  
Had I not awoken yet?  
But no this was real,  
It was happening,  
And it showed me how wonderful,  
How wonderful this day would be.  
It could not be anything else,  
As being welcomed by Mozart  
Was a great way to start this day.

## Philosophy And Reason.

You hear about them healing people,  
Faith healers heal people with mind power,  
Mind power and belief.  
If this is so why do they not work in hospitals!  
It is probably for the same reason  
That you do not hear about psychics,  
About them winning the lottery.

## Walking With Nature.

Going along the trails, through nature's realm,  
I wonder at the glory around me.  
The wonder of nature abounds,  
Each site leaves a picture in my mind.  
Be it the greens and yellows of the fields,  
The blues and browns  
Of the river flowing through the forest,  
Each picture framed in glory.  
I look back and see my steps  
As I walk my way along the track,  
Those steps soon fading in time  
As though I had never been this way.  
Each flower, animal and tree so precious  
As I delicately pass them,  
And leave them unharmed,  
Leaving nature as I found it.  
Knowing that;  
I have taken nothing but pictures.  
Left nothing but footprints.  
Killed nothing but time.

## Come On Tomorrow Senryu.

Each day we awake  
Our love shines even stronger,  
Come on tomorrow.

## Dogs.

Into the coffee bar we walk  
And there they are waiting,  
They rush towards me  
And will not let me pass  
Until each has had a treat,  
A treat from my pocket.  
These two retrievers  
Every time they are there  
They come to us,  
As if they are ours.

Being with these dogs takes me back,  
Back to my childhood  
When we had dogs.  
There was Prince, the Boxer,  
He would race around the garden  
In his mad five minutes,  
One day he came racing at me  
And didn't stop in time,  
His chin hit my knee.  
The only time he hurt me,  
But it was an accident.

Our family used to take him up 'The Ground'.  
My brother and I climbed trees,  
Played games and Prince played as well.  
We finished, locked the gate,  
Ready to go home.  
Prince went straight to the bus stop,  
He was not walking home.

Then there was Shane, the Red Setter,  
A beautiful dog we had for many years,

He was still there when I left home.

He eventually passed to that kennel in the sky,  
But the words I remember were from my Mum.

She said one day:

"The rhubarb in the garden  
Has not tasted so good since Shane has gone!"

Such good days I had in my youth,  
When dogs were always with me.

## **Paddy Power First.**

Into town we walked,  
My lover and I,  
Our exercise for the day.  
A couple of things to buy,  
We chatted and laughed our way,  
Laughed our way down to the town,  
Wandered around  
And bought a couple of things,  
Then we needed coffee.  
So to the coffee shop we went  
And that is when it happened,  
An elderly couple walked passed us  
And they were chatting quite happily  
When I heard it said,  
Something I would never have expected,  
He said to her  
"Shall we go to Paddy Power first?"  
I just walked on laughing  
Laughing my head off,  
Going to a bookies mid-morning  
Seemed so strange.

## 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.....?

## Where Were You?

Where were you?  
There I was laying in bed  
Awaiting for you to come  
But you were not there!  
Every night you come to me,  
But why not tonight?  
I just lay there  
Thoughts going through my mind,  
But you were not there  
To put these thoughts into dreams.  
My lover was next to me  
So that was fine,  
But where were you?  
Where were you sleep?

## My Kind Of Day.

As I look from the hill I see the beauty,  
The beauty of Nature before me.  
The white landscape lies all around  
With the frost all over the ground  
And the sun shining so brightly  
Down from the bright blue sky.  
The Artwork of Nature so sublime  
Showing me its absolute wonder  
And bring so much joy to my mind.  
This is my kind of day,  
The kind of day that I have always enjoyed  
When I walk with Nature's Beauty  
In the deep frost and bright sunlight.

## Painting On Silence.

I walk around the gallery,  
The artwork all around me  
Bringing joy to my eyes,  
So many canvases  
Painted with love.  
I walk from the gallery  
Into the hall,  
I hear the music  
Bringing joy to my ears  
From the silence  
Upon which music is painted.

## Cannot Get Back.

In this life we do many things,  
Things that bring enjoyment to us,  
But when we look back on our lives  
We see things that we cannot get back.  
Sometimes we say a word,  
A word we should not have said  
And we realise it cannot be retrieved.  
There are then the occasions that we miss  
That we wanted to be with.  
But the worst of all is the time,  
The time we had,  
The time we had after it has gone.  
Every moment of our lives is precious,  
We must ensure,  
Ensure that we enjoy every one,  
Every one of them.

## The Knife's Edge.

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

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

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

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

**This world is so full of strife  
Its stands on the edge of a knife  
The dark and the light  
Continue their fight  
To see who can win in this life**

## Watson And Holmes Went Camping.

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"

## Laughter Acrostic.

Let it be there with you,  
A laugh is so important  
Under so many circumstances,  
Guffawing away those sorrows  
Helps in so many ways  
To bring joy to us all,  
Ever increasing relaxation by  
Releasing endorphins.

## **That's Jazz.**

There they were,  
Just three of them on stage,  
Sixteen strings amongst them.  
Six on each of two guitars  
Four on the bass  
And they played,  
They played and this sound,  
This incredible sound came,  
Came and surrounded us all.  
A sound taking me right back,  
Right back to those sounds of old  
Where jazz was coming to the fore.  
They changed their instruments  
And blew the night away.  
Emily joined them and sang,  
Sang with a voice that called,  
Called me back to that age,  
That age of a hundred years ago  
Where jazz became king.  
It's long, long journey continued,  
Continued up to now  
And will continue,  
Continue way into the future.

**That's Jazz.**

## Jacqueline.

There it came on the radio,  
That piece of music,  
It brought tears to my eyes,  
As it does whenever I hear it,  
Hear it being played by Jacqueline.  
The Elgar Cello Concerto  
Being played by her is so sublime  
That it stops me,  
Stops me to make me listen,  
And listen I do, so intensely.  
Jacqueline took the world by storm,  
Her playing was so unique.  
She took cello playing way up,  
Way up to another level  
Which bewitched so many  
In the way she played,  
It had never been heard,  
Never been heard played so well.  
And then it happened,  
Her fingers stopped moving  
As multiple sclerosis took her,  
And at twenty eight years old she stopped,  
Stopped creating this wonderful sound.  
Her life lasted fourteen more years  
And she was taken from our world  
To that place where music never stops.  
But that piece of music by Elgar  
Will always bring her back,  
Bring her back to me,  
As I listened to it on her birthday.

*Jacqueline du Pre - 26 January 1945 ? 19 October 1987*

## Ageless Hippie.

Looking inside myself it is there.  
If you knock on that door,  
That door to my soul,  
You will find me.  
You will find an ageless hippie  
An ageless hippie with a rock and roll heart  
And a never ending hope,  
A never ending hope for peace.

## Rainbows And Stars.

In life problems occur  
Bringing rain and darkness to our hearts.  
In that rain just keep looking,  
And look for rainbows.  
And in the darkness that is there  
Just look for the stars,  
And the light will be with us.  
Colour and light are there  
And will always be there  
In the life we are leading,  
Leading into the future,  
The future of wonder and love.

## The Good Side.

In this world in which we live  
I am always happy.  
I am not happy because everything is good,  
I am an optimist  
And I always see the good,  
See the good in everything,  
In everything that happens,  
Everything that happens in my life.  
Good can be found,  
Can be found in all life,  
In all the life I lead.

## Possibilities.

We look at the glass of life  
And many times we see it half full,  
It is never half empty though,  
That other half is full,  
Full of possibilities.

## Compliments And Criticism.

In life we get compliments  
And we accept these with pleasure.  
In life we get criticism  
And these we accept with dislike.  
We must accept both when you realise,  
Realise that it takes both,  
Takes both sun and rain,  
For a flower to grow.

## **Baldies.**

There I was in the jazz club  
Listening to the jazz,  
Having a fine time  
The music taking me  
To those places  
Where music reigns.  
My friend sat in front ,  
Sat in front of me  
Around the table.  
He was lacking in hair,  
No problem with this  
But the man in front of him  
Had no hair either,  
Or the man in front of that one.  
And there they were,  
Five men in a line,  
Five men in front of me  
All without hair.  
There were baldies everywhere.  
So funny to see  
When my hair is so thick,  
So thick and dark.  
And it is not as though I am younger,  
Younger than the rest,  
The rest of the old fogies,  
The old fogies enjoying jazz,  
Enjoying jazz as we have been,  
Have been for many, many years.

## Who Was There?

In life we meet many people,  
Some just in passing,  
Some become friends  
And we meet with them often,  
Then suddenly they may go away,  
Go away in our troubled times.  
But then there are those that stay,  
Stay with us in those troubled times.  
These are true friends,  
These are the ones we won't forget  
As they are the ones who were there,  
Were there for us,  
There for us in troubled times  
And are worth their weight in gold.

## The Six Nations.

Well today the battles start,  
Fifteen men start running,  
Men running at each other  
Hitting them with shoulders,  
Trapping then in their arms  
Trying to take the oval ball  
That they hold in their hands.  
The tackles go in hard and strong  
But each time they get up  
And battle on for that ball  
And for eighty minutes they battle,  
Knocking each other hard,  
Trying to win the battle  
To get that ball over the line  
So they can win the game,  
And be the champions,  
The champions of the battle  
To win the Six Nations.

## Music Remembered.

The music comes on and takes me back,  
Back to that wonderful time  
And I start singing with these songs,  
These songs of the fifties and sixties,  
Songs whose words I know so well.  
My ability to remember them is vast,  
But why is it they so very much exceed,  
Exceed the reason why I walked,  
The reason why I walked into the kitchen.

## River And Time.

My River flows beside me,  
Its gentle soul passes by.  
I touch it and feel it,  
I know it is part of my life  
And that I will not touch that part,  
Not touch that part again  
As it has passed me by  
On its journey to infinity.

Time is like a river,  
Every moment passes  
And that moment will not touch us,  
Will not touch us again,  
And we will not touch that moment again.  
Moments are important in life  
So enjoy every one of them,  
Enjoy every moment of your life.

## Dancing To Infinity.

Into my arms she came,  
The love of my life.  
The music started  
And around the floor we went  
Dancing to the music.  
Forward, side, together,  
Waltzing in each other's arms.  
An evening of dancing,  
Dancing, enjoyment and love.  
And as we danced I knew,  
I knew that this dance would last,  
Would last forever,  
And my lover and I would dance,  
Would dance all the way,  
All the way to infinity,  
And beyond.

## Music To Clean By.

Back in the day I went to the pub  
And had a few pints,  
Drinking with friends,  
Listening to music,  
And singing the songs.

I now find my self  
Still singing those songs,  
And listening to that music,  
But no longer down the pub.  
I know I must be getting old,  
As now I am cleaning the house  
To that music,  
That music I used to drink to.

## Individual Journeys.

In life I walk my journey,  
My journey into each new day.  
That journey will take me,  
Take me to unknown places,  
Places that are new to me.

In life you walk your journey,  
Your journey into each new day.  
That journey will take you,  
Take you to unknown places,  
That will be new to you.

We each have our journeys  
That take us to different places,  
Different places in our lives.  
Maybe we will meet somewhere,  
Somewhere on our journey  
And it is there that we will encourage,  
Encourage each other on our ways,  
Our ways to our individual paths.

## Nothing For Granted.

We live in this chaotic world,  
One day the chaos may end,  
And life will be fine,  
Fine for all.  
But in these times I am grateful,  
Grateful for what I have.  
I have a house,  
I have food and water,  
I have warmth,  
And most of all I have love.  
These things are so important,  
So important in my life.  
I am so lucky to be like this.  
May I never,  
Never ever,  
Take them for granted.

## To A Place Of Happiness.

There we were, the four of us,  
Two couples of a certain age  
Walking onto the croquet lawn  
To play this game we loved.

We each hit our balls  
Towards the hoops,  
Or to knock each other's balls  
Away from the hoop.

As we went round the lawn  
We spoke of many things,  
We laughed at many things,  
As we tried to win the game.

One game was over  
So we sat and drank coffee,  
Talking of life around us,  
Our lives being so long.

We then played another game,  
A game that the other pair one.  
We had each won a game  
On this fine afternoon.

We finished playing,  
And as we walked to our cars  
We knew we had had a good time.  
Our lives so different in the past  
But we now we were friends,  
Had become very good friends.  
This had been reinforced,  
Reinforced on this afternoon

Where talking, laughter and banter  
Had brought us all into a place,  
A place filled with happiness.

## Kindness Given.

In our lives we should be kind,  
Kindness does not cost a thing  
But in all cases it is the richest,  
The richest thing we can give.

## **Storm Clearance.**

We may have many different occurrences in our lives,  
Looking back we can see them and remember them,  
But on looking back we often come to realise  
That there had been many storms in our lives  
And those storms had come to clear our paths  
So that we can arrive at the good life we have today.

## Beautiful Person.

We were walking along the street  
A lady with a baby in a pushchair  
Came towards us.  
My lady turned and looked at me,  
She said, "Is there anything more beautiful,  
More beautiful than a baby?"  
"Yes", I replied "You".  
"Me? she said,  
"Yes , you" he replied,  
"Babies are born beautiful naturally,  
But beautiful old people like you  
Become beautiful and are wonderful,  
Are wonderful works of art.

## Oldest And Youngest.

Each day we must live our lives,  
We can take chances if we want  
But don't wait for things to happen,  
Do them now and be crazy at all times.  
As right now you are the oldest,  
The oldest you have been,  
And you are also the youngest,  
The youngest you will ever be,  
Will ever be again.  
So do it now!

## Kindness Of Snow.

Looking out into the world  
And I see the snow covering all.  
Its whiteness glowing with beauty,  
A beauty that brings joy to my heart,  
Joy to my heart and mind.  
And as I think about it  
The thought comes to me,  
Snow covers all with beauty,  
Just the same as kindness does.

## Tomorrows Smile.

At the end of each day  
We should look back,  
And as we look back,  
Look back on each day  
We will see the moments,  
The moments we have had.  
Some of them will be bad,  
Some of them will be good.  
Dismiss the bad moments,  
Dismiss them from you mind  
But remember the good ones.  
In remembering the good moments  
We can be joyful,  
Joyful at the end of the day  
And this will give us a smile,  
Give us a smile for tomorrow.

## My Type Of Day

It was my type of day,  
The first of the year,  
So very long since the last one.  
The sun was shining,  
The frost was on the ground,  
My favourite type of day.

Wrapped up warm  
I ventured to My River,  
There it flowed in all its glory  
Between the crisp white fields,  
Me walking happily beside it,  
Soaking up the glory all around.  
The swans and geese  
Floating gently upon it,  
Barely a ripple to be seen,  
On this soft, chill, windless day.

The type of day that is so rare,  
A gift to me from My Spirit.  
As I walked in total happiness  
Along My River  
I gave thanks to My Spirit  
Who had given to me,  
My favourite type of day.

## Better Is There.

In our lives we have many things,  
Some we like and some we do not,  
But never stress over any of them  
As nothing is permanent,  
Because no matter how bad things are  
It will always change for the better.

## Love Into Your Life.

It happened that day,  
She came into my life,  
This lady came  
So unexpectedly,  
So wonderful.  
The love that we have,  
We have for each other  
Just gets stronger,  
Stronger each moment,  
Each moment of our lives.  
We do not believe it,  
But it is there for us.  
So be aware,  
One day someone may come,  
Come into your life,  
Come into your life and love you,  
Love you the way,  
The way you have wanted,  
The way you have always wanted.

## Grateful Life.

I have lived a long life,  
It has had its ups and downs.  
It may not be perfect,  
It has sometimes caused me frowns.

But I am so thankful  
For the many things I've found  
Along the road I've trod,  
So to my future I'm bound.

My life may not be perfect,  
But for that life I'm grateful  
For all the things I have,  
All the things I have in my life.

## Cloudy Coffee Day.

I don't know!!

I came in for coffee

On this dull grey day,

Came into my favourite coffee bar,

I've been coming here for years.

I order my coffee,

As I wait for it I get accused,

Accused of removing the light,

Taking the sunshine away,

Taking it away from her world,

From the world of the Barista.

I don't know!!

## Blessings In Life.

In our lives we are told many things,  
Many things that society say we should do.  
We should be counting money,  
Looking for more,  
Counting pounds and weight,  
Looking for less,  
Counting our steps,  
To get us fitter.  
But in my life I am becoming a rebel,  
As rather than counting all those things  
I count my blessings instead,  
And I have so many blessings in my life  
That I have no time to count other things.

## Footprints.

So many people come into our lives,  
Some for just a moment,  
Others for a lifetime.  
Among all these people  
Some are very special  
And it is these special people  
That leave footprints,  
That leave footprints in our lives.

## AT OUR AGE!!

What is it we have got,  
Two old fogies in love,  
A love that is so strong,  
So strong it is hard to be apart,  
Hard to be apart from each other.  
Every time we are apart,  
Even for a couple of hours,  
We each miss each other.  
Where has this love come from?  
We just do not understand,  
Two old fogies in love  
And with some of the things we do,  
The things we do so often,  
The thought comes to us,  
"AT OUR AGE!"

## The Lost Idea.

The idea was in my mind  
To write a poem.  
That poem never came  
As other words took over  
And another poem was written.  
I wonder if I will ever write  
The original poem.

## Changes In Life.

In life we change,  
Our past has gone,  
Do not look back,  
Look back at it in shame.

We have memories,  
Memories that remain  
Transforming us,  
Transforming us into what we are.

In our life we have hope  
And with that hope  
Tomorrow awaits.

And as long as we have love,  
Have love in our life,  
Today is beautiful.

## Brain Awakening.

I get into bed and start to doze,  
My brain wakes up  
And thoughts come into it,  
But I fall deeper to sleep  
And then it happens,  
My brain comes out with a saying  
And I come fully awake,  
And think about what it said.  
Such a simple thing,  
But a thing that wakened me  
And made me think.  
It said to me,  
"Every C in 'Pacific Ocean'  
Is pronounced differently"

## Respect Deserved.

Just where has it gone from this world?  
There was a time when it was there,  
It was the foremost thing that we had.  
We were brought up to use it all the time  
But it is no longer there anymore.  
There are those that demand it,  
Feeling that they should be treated with it,  
But that is not the way it works.  
Respect is that special gift now missing,  
Now missing from our lives,  
But it can be brought back within us.  
Respect is there for those who deserve it,  
Not for those who demand it.

## But Is It Poetry?

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?"

## Dancing With Joy.

Well that year went quickly,  
A year spent dancing with joy.  
Rocking and cerocing the time away,  
Cooling down with foxtrot and waltz,  
Dancing with passion and joy.  
Losing time every evening  
With the dancing in her life,  
Dancing with love and joy,  
Love and joy of her dancing.  
This passion has taken her,  
Taken her from a bad place  
To a place in her life  
That brings so much happiness,  
So much happiness to her,  
In that year of dancing,  
Dancing with joy.  
So on this day Rachael,  
This day of your birth,  
Keep on dancing,  
Dancing with joy.

## Small To Large Steps.

Along the path of our life  
We take many steps,  
Some lead us the right way,  
Some lead us the wrong way,  
But each one gives us experience,  
The experience of life.  
Then comes that day  
When we take the smallest step,  
The smallest step along our path,  
But it is in the right direction  
And becomes the biggest step,  
The biggest step in our lives.

## Lost In The Cinema.

Don't people know the alphabet anymore?  
Into the cinema they come,  
Up to the balcony,  
With rows A to E,  
Numbered one to twentyeight.  
They find their row,  
And then look at the next row,  
As if they don't know  
They are right.  
Then they can't count,  
And start at the wrong end  
Of the row.  
Are people no longer educated?  
Or are they getting too old  
To remember?

## The Beautiful World Of Music.

Once more I was blown away,  
Blown away by music.  
The band came onto the stage,  
The drummer started the beat,  
The piano and bass joined,  
Then the saxes and trumpets.  
And there was I, taken away,  
Taken away into the world of jazz,  
Jazz of the Swing era,  
Where jazz came to the for  
In the world, and in my life.  
I thought it could not get better,  
Then she came onto the stage,  
Hannah came onto the stage,  
The lady singer, singing Ella.  
Such a wonderful sound.  
Could it get any better?  
I was in a different world,  
A world of total enjoyment.  
And then he arrived,  
Callum arrived and sang,  
Sang songs I knew so well  
With a voice so glorious.  
So there I was, lost,  
Lost in this beautiful world,  
This beautiful world of music.

## **New Way In Life.**

Sometimes it happens,  
Your life goes into a new direction.  
It has happened to me so many times,  
Sometimes it has been hurtful,  
But many times it has been wonderful.  
What we must remember though  
Is that with these new changes  
It may be easier to do  
As we have seen many changes,  
And the experience we have  
Can make it easier for us.  
That knowledge we have gained  
Ensures us that we will find it easier,  
Easier to go our way  
In the new life that comes to us.

## Green Or Grey.

I stood on the croquet lawn and looked,  
Looked all around me and above me.  
The sun was shining,  
The clouds were white and streaky.  
The trees and bushes were free of leaves  
Devastated by Winter's coldness,  
But as I looked closer  
Buds were starting to grow,  
Spring was on its way  
And the bareness of Nature's world  
Will soon be filled with Nature's greenery  
And I will see all its glory surrounding me.  
The wonder of Nature is so superb  
I appreciate all my time with it  
And am so pleased that it is there,  
It is always there for me to see.

The thought then comes to me,  
In this pleasant time homo sapiens lives  
And only think of themselves,  
And what is in it for them.  
They are destroying Nature,  
Destroying Nature with selfish ways.  
They must learn to protect,  
Protect our world from harm,  
As maybe one day the lawn may be gone  
And nobody will be able to stand on it  
And revel in the joy of Nature,  
As I do in this moment in time.

## Hands Dealt.

We sit down at the card table,  
The card table of life.  
The cards are dealt to us,  
We look at them  
And we play them.  
Sometimes when we play them  
We have a winning hand,  
And sometimes it is a losing hand.  
But the thing to remember  
Is that all the time we are playing,  
Playing the cards we have been dealt  
We are remaining,  
Remaining in the game,  
The game of life.

## As I Walk Forward Tanka.

As I walk forward  
The forest is before me,  
There nature awaits.  
I walk the path of beauty,  
Surrounded by Natures Realm.

## Little Things.

In life so many things happen,  
The longer you are here,  
The more things happen.  
Many of them seem to be little things,  
But you must enjoy these  
As one day you may look back and realise,  
That these little things  
Were big things in your life.

## 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.

## What Is Time?

What is time?

It is so variable in life,

If you are waiting for something,

It is slow.

If you are late for something,

It moves so quickly.

If you are sad,

Time moves hardly at all.

But when you are happy

The time just goes.

If boredom strikes you

Time goes on forever.

When you are in love

Time is so beautiful.

Time is such a variable thing.

So I ask once again,

What is time?

## If Music Be....

What is it about music that stirs within me  
Emotions of such varying colours and profound depths?  
From those so long off days sitting with Dad,  
Listening to the records spinning on the turntable,  
Watching the awe on his face at the sounds  
Being produced from a needle on the surface,  
Of this large, round piece of plastic.  
The power of the sound reaching into his heart ;  
And mine.

That day we went together to a class,  
And the man said to me, "Singing is only another instrument"  
Opening my closed mind to the wonder of the voice in music.  
A new world of wonder was now mine to enjoy.  
The operas of Verdi, the Masses of Haydn;  
The joy that listening to a Bach Cantata, brings to my soul  
So much beautiful music, hidden from me  
Because of my prejudiced, stubborn view of the voice.

My idea that music died with Brahms was a sham  
When a friend said, listen to this, and opened my world  
To the Appalachian world of Copland.  
My blinkered sight changed yet again!  
The music of most composers have space on my shelves;  
That Fast Ride with John Adam, so thrilling;  
The sparse music of Glass transforms me  
Into moments of pure ecstasy no words can explain.  
Messiaen, I once despised, but The End of Time  
Sent shivers through me, so very, very moving when  
Remembering the context from where it was created.

The String Quartet, a genre listened to many times  
Confused me! It was hard to come to terms in my mind

To this music played by four instruments  
I then LISTENED, and again I was hooked  
Mainly by Dmitri and Ludwig,  
But yet again Phillip transformed me.

Music, it has been there all my life.  
I know so much, but realise  
The more I know,  
The more ignorant I am

And then there's All that Jazz!  
For another time and written in Swing.

## Dullness Removed.

Life can be so dull at times,  
We go through each day,  
There are some good bits  
And some dull bits,  
But if you pick up a book,  
Pick up a book and read  
Life can change,  
As a book of fiction is life,  
Life with the dull bits removed.

## Nature's Cure-All.

I walked out of the meeting  
Seething with anger;  
I drove home shaking,  
Almost in tears.  
As I came in the house  
My wonderful wife was there,  
And as I told her what happened  
I started to get calm.  
I knew what I should do,  
So I poured out a scotch,  
Laphroaig of course,  
Went into the garden,  
And sat listening to nature.  
The day was ending  
And a calmness was all around.  
I sat there in the still evening  
Glorying in the sound of the birds,  
And that calmness started to come  
Into my body,  
Into my mind.  
Nature did its work again,  
As it always does.  
There seems to be no problem  
That comes to me  
That just sitting with nature  
Cannot cure.

## I Can Deal With That.

Well off we go today,  
Down to a hotel by the sea.  
We know we will look out,  
Look out from the balcony  
And the glorious sea will be there,  
Be there in front of us.  
We will walk along the shore  
Breathing the clean fresh air  
Seeing the seabirds  
And loving our life together.  
In the hotel they take care,  
Take care of us so well.  
I am quite happy to sit at a table  
And a waiter will approach,  
"Would you like a drink sir?"  
"Yes please" I reply  
And I order the drinks,  
And back he comes  
Places the drinks before us,  
Yes, I can deal with that,  
Deal with quite happily.  
We know that it will be good  
Having a few days away  
Where we do nothing,  
Do nothing but enjoy,  
Enjoy our life together,  
Being waited on.  
Yes we can deal with that.

## We Are Here,

Well we made it  
Driving through the greyness  
Driving through the rain  
And we were welcomed by the sun  
Our life was wonderful  
And as we looked out of the window  
The window of our hotel room  
We saw the sea and the sky  
Both so blue and beautiful  
The Isle of Wight is special  
So special to us  
And this view confirmed it  
Confirmed why we love it  
And will be back again  
And again

## The Good Life,

The sun shines on us  
This fine Sunday morning,  
The sea stretches to the horizon  
As I look out,  
The doors are open  
And the cry of the seagulls sound  
Bringing the joy of life to us  
As we lay arms in arms  
With Natures Beauty around us.  
Another wonderful day is here,  
And will be with us again.  
Our life is so wonderful.

## Our Shining Love.

She lays in my arms  
My so beautiful lady  
The love of my life  
Our love shines for all to see  
Like the sun lighting all life

## Isn't Life Strange.

Isn't life strange?  
There we were at the hotel  
Sitting in the restaurant  
Eating our breakfast.  
There were guests around us,  
All booked in for a few days.  
On the table next to us were a couple,  
We got chatting,  
Became quite friendly,  
But then it happened.  
He mentioned the city,  
The city in which I was raised,  
And then he mentioned an area,  
An area in Gillingham,  
It was called Poets Corner.  
He lived there,  
As did I,  
We had both lived in the same road  
About forty years in our past.  
As we chatted  
We both went to the same dance school.  
We had never met until this time,  
This time on the Isle of Wight.  
It took us both back  
To those memories of so long ago,  
Where we had been brought up  
So many years ago.  
Isn't life strange?

## Music Is Always There.

Music is so strange,  
It can bring so many emotions,  
So many emotions within me.  
It can make me happy,  
It can make me sad,  
But with the right music  
I can forget everything  
As it takes me into its wonder.  
The right music  
Can also make me remember,  
Remember everything,  
Everything that happened  
During the time I heard it,  
I heard it for the first time.  
Music is always there,  
Always there for me.

## To The Stars.

I look up into the night sky,  
The stars shining down on me,  
Each star meaning something to someone  
As each one is a memory,  
A memory of one who has passed,  
Passed from your life.  
My Spirit moves from my body  
And I go up to those stars  
And share the lives of those I knew,  
Knowing that one day I will be there,  
Be there amongst them.  
As I visit them memories return,  
Memories of good times,  
Memories of love,  
Memories of peace.  
I know that that peace will be there,  
Be there for me in time.  
My Spirit returns to my body  
And is with me to deal with my life,  
My life of love and joy  
That is with me on earth,  
With the love and peace I have,  
I have now in my life  
I know I will not be leaving,  
Not be leaving this life for a long time,  
A very long time.  
But when I do  
I know all will be fine  
As I look down from the stars.

## Music In Time.

As I sit hear listening to music,  
I wonder how these wonderful sounds  
Reach straight to my heart and soul.  
It could be Mozart or Brubeck,  
Verdi or Pink Floyd.  
So many different types  
Mean so much to me.  
Sinatra singing his way,  
Tito Gobi's rich bass voice,  
Dolly Parton's Jolene,  
The Bird blasting from his sax,  
Barenboim soothing at the piano,  
Cash walking the line.  
If as the Bard said  
That 'Music be the food of love',  
Then I have been eating it  
For all my life,  
And loving it even more.  
So many types.  
So much music.  
So little time.

## Negative Or Positive.

We go through our lives  
And problems lay ahead of us,  
Most we solve with ease  
But sometimes they are hard  
And we wonder if they can be solved,  
That is where people are different.  
A negative mind is just that  
And looks for ways it can't be solved  
And walks on worrying about it.  
A positive mind is different  
And looks for ways it can be solved  
And keeps going to find the solution.  
I am like that,  
I look for the solution  
And when found I can move on,  
Move on in happiness and contentment.

## These Men Of Wales.

Onto the stage they walked,  
There were sixty of them  
Dressed in dinner suits  
White shirts and bow ties,  
An elegant choir of men.  
The pianist walked on  
Followed by the conductor.  
A note was played  
And the voices sang,  
Sang with a beautiful sound.  
All evening we listened,  
Listened to this wonderful sound.  
We walked back to the car  
Full of joy and song  
After the wonderful evening,  
An evening of beautiful music,  
Sung by these men of Wales.

## Another Year Together.

Your birthday has arrived once more,  
Yet another year has gone,  
But what a year.  
A year where our love has grown,  
It has gone from strength to strength.  
We think it cannot get better  
But each moment it does.  
We are as one in our ways,  
In our ways and thoughts.  
We always want to be close,  
Close with each other  
And never be apart.  
When we touch  
It is like a light appears,  
That light can be seen,  
Be seen by others  
Showing the strength,  
The strength of our love.  
May this be one of many,  
One of many birthdays  
That we share for eternity.

## The Silence Within.

I walk by My River  
The clear green water floating by.  
As I walk I hear Nature's World.  
The water rippling,  
The ducks chanting,  
The swans swimming.  
The longer I walk  
The quieter I become,  
And as I get quieter,  
Quieter within my self  
The more I get to hear,  
Get to hear in this wonderful world.

## What City?

There we were driving home,  
The radio was on,  
We were listening to music.  
A piece had finished  
And the news was read,  
Then the newsreader said the word,  
The word that we could not believe,  
We both burst out laughing,  
As the newsreader spoke  
And said The Shitty,  
Instead of The City.  
We just laughed,  
Laughed our heads off.  
It made our morning.

**I.**

I obviously started in my mother's womb  
To force myself out screaming and crying  
Into this unsuspecting world.  
This little bundle of joy who was to achieve what!  
I went to school and scraped some exams  
That earned me the right to work for forty seven years  
During that time I married and had children,  
Then married again.  
I finished work and relaxed into retirement.  
Retirement, probably the busiest time of my life  
But worth it when I look back and consider  
All the blessings that came to me during my time  
So far.  
So on I go, still blessed by family and friends.  
I wonder what my legacy will be?  
I wonder what they will say about me,  
When I am no longer in this body,  
That originated in my Mother's womb  
So long ago.

## This Empty Page.

The empty page sits before me  
Waiting for my words to be written.  
I wonder what I will write today?  
Will it be of the love of my life  
Who will be with me for eternity?  
Or will it be of music  
Which has been with me since eternity?  
It may be of the wonder of the life I have led  
In the many years I have been on this world.  
So many things to choose from in my life  
But today I just write these words,  
These words that now sit on this page,  
Sit on this page that was empty.

## Love Changes Everything.

I look up from my screen and see her,  
Her photograph sits there looking at me,  
The love of my life for almost forty years.  
That love was so strong,  
It will always be so,  
But she was taken from my life  
And sits now amongst the stars.  
My world on this earth had ended  
But she will be waiting for me.  
Then the day came when I met her,  
A new lady came into my life  
And love returned,  
Returned in a different way,  
A love that gets stronger each moment,  
Each moment of our lives together,  
We know we will be together for ever.  
The love of her life had passed  
And he too was with the stars.  
So in our new life  
There are four of us,  
Two with the stars  
And us two on this earth  
With a love so deep  
But so different.  
Love changes everything.

## Parting Question.

Every morning I do it,  
I shower and wash my hair,  
Dry myself and comb my hair.  
As I look in the mirror  
To get my hair right  
And get the parting straight  
The thought comes to me,  
I wonder how many times,  
How many times I have done it  
And got the same hairs  
Each side of the parting  
Over the twenty seven thousand,  
Two hundred and six days  
Since my birth.

## Singing In Harmony.

There they stand,  
The Barbershop Chorus,  
Singing in such a delightful way.  
Four groups of singers singing,  
The trebles singing so high  
With their trousers pulled up,  
Pulled up so tight  
So that they can reach those high notes.  
Then there are the lead singers,  
They have the tune of the music,  
Thinking that they are to bosses,  
But they have the easy part  
In singing the melody.  
Then there are the low men  
Singing the bass line,  
And holding up the rest of the choir.  
And then there are the baritones,  
The most skilled of all the singers,  
As they sing the notes of the music  
That the other singers do not want.

## But Where Has The Time Gone?

Where has the time gone?  
I wake up with my lover by my side,  
We are with each other all the time,  
Never apart for more than a few hours.  
It seems that only yesterday it happened  
And I asked her out for coffee,  
But it is fifteen months,  
Fifteen months since that day,  
Since that day we fell in love,  
Fell in love with each other.  
A love so deep and caring  
We just want to be with each other,  
Be with each other all the time,  
And we are.  
But where has all that time gone?  
It seems so short  
But each day our love gets stronger  
And people can see it in us,  
A love that will always be there  
And stand the test of time.  
But where has the time gone?

## The Day Is Here.

The day is here,  
Another glorious sun filled day.  
Each day is special.  
Each day is new,  
And full of expectation.  
Will it be a walk in natures realm  
With loved ones around,  
Like the days when your children  
Ran and skipped merrily to natures tunes,  
Exploring the wonder around them.  
Will it be a walk to the pub with Dad,  
For a pint and a game of darts,  
Talking of his times gone by.  
Will it be a quiet time with my lover?  
Just sitting lovingly with each other  
In the silence of our love.  
Will it just be me?  
Sitting writing these words,  
Thinking of times gone by,  
But knowing that whatever happens  
Today will be special;  
As I am still here to enjoy it.

## Slàinte Mhath.

That day has come  
When you have reached that age,  
A special age in your life.  
All those years in this world  
Enjoying so many things,  
To you Gordon I pay my respects,  
My absolute respects.  
A gentleman of honour  
Who I have only known  
For a very short time  
In your life,  
But a meeting that I have enjoyed.  
So on this day,  
This day of your eightieth birthday  
I will raise a glass,  
A glass of Laphroaig of course,  
And wish you Happy Birthday  
And hope for many more to come.  
Slàinte mhath

## Joyful Day.

I rise from my bed into a new day,  
Looking out of the window I see the full moon  
Shining down on me in dawns early light,  
The clear sky pinpricked by stars.  
Yet another fine day to greet me  
In my long, long life,  
For what more could I ask.  
Another day of joyfulness awaits me  
Which I will relish with love and joy  
As I do and have done every day,  
Every day of my life.

## Back In The Sixties.

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.

## Walking From The Mist.

Walking by My River  
The mist shrouded all  
But the white ground  
On which I walked.  
Out of the mist swam a swan,  
Floating in silence,  
Like a ghostly spirit,  
Not a ripple around him.  
He saw me and seemed to smile,  
Two beings enjoying the silence  
And the beauty of nature  
That was hidden around us,  
But we knew it was there.

I walked on where suddenly  
I walked out from the mist  
Into a glorious clear day,  
Where the sun sparkled  
On the water,  
And glistened on the frost  
That covered all,  
Natures artist at her best,  
Enthralling me  
With the power of the beauty,  
That she can produce with her brush.  
I looked back into the mist  
Realizing that many days are like this,  
Where you move from the dark,  
Into the light.

## **Back, Forward and Today.**

When we look back  
We have memories,  
So as we have memories  
Yesterday is always there.  
When we look forward  
We have hope,  
And when we have hope  
Tomorrow waits for us.  
When we look inside ourselves  
We find we have love,  
And because of that love  
We know that today is beautiful.

## Beethoven's Grave.

There I was in the graveyard,  
Walking through the silence,  
Appreciating the beauty  
And the glory of those who had passed.  
And then I came to it,  
The grave I was looking for.  
Ludwig van Beethoven  
Was laying beneath me,  
Beneath the beautiful headstone.  
I just sat and thought of him.  
Thought of all the music he had written.  
And that music I had listened to.  
Listened to all my long life.  
As I sat in the peace I heard a sound,  
Heard a sound coming from the grave  
It was so strange,  
It was music,  
Beethoven's music,  
But it was being played backwards,  
I just listened and was confused.  
A curator from the cemetery walked passed,  
I asked him about that strange sound.  
He said to me: "Don't worry, it happens all the time,  
It has been happening since eighteen twenty seven,  
When he died,  
It is Beethoven decomposing!"

## Nature's Harmony.

I walk through the woods,  
The greens and browns around me,  
The birds calling each other  
As they reach out for each other  
On this beautiful Spring morning.  
The buds on the trees getting bigger,  
The flowers on bushes reaching out  
Reaching out to me as I walk,  
Walk in Nature's beautiful realm.  
There before me I see a lake  
And on this lake are those birds,  
The swans, ducks and geese  
Sailing across the water with each other  
In such wonderful harmony.  
I sit, look and listen  
And in that time I become one,  
Become one with Nature,  
The harmony engrossing my mind,  
Into a realm of peaceful wonder.

## Sheila.

On that morning the feeling came over us,  
That feeling of wanting each other,  
We had time before we met friends,  
So up to the bedroom we went.  
Our clothes strewn over the floor  
And naked into each other's arms we went,  
Our hands stroking each other ,  
Our passion arousing as we touched each other.  
Then it happened!  
The telephone rang!  
I answered it!  
It was Sheila, the lady we were going to meet,  
She could not make it this morning.  
There I was naked talking to this lady  
And my lover was stroking me.  
The conversation ended  
And we laughed and laughed  
As our mornings plans had changed,  
We could have made love all morning,  
But no,  
Now we could do what we always do,  
Always do on a Saturday morning.  
We stopped making love,  
That could happen later  
But we needed to go to our place,  
Our place to have our coffee.  
As I have always said  
Like a parrot repeating itself,  
"Coffee first! Coffee first!"  
And now when we say Sheila  
We just burst into laughter,  
Laughter that brings so much joy,  
So much joy in our lives.

## Music Into My Heart.

That sound came from the radio,  
Music that went straight to my heart.  
A sound so beautiful that made all stop,  
All stop around me as I listened,  
Listened to those notes plucked,  
Plucked on the strings ,  
The strings of the mandolin.  
A sound so wonderful and mesmerising  
I was drawn further and further into it,  
Into the sound that Vivaldi had written,  
Written on paper for others to play  
And produce this wonder of music.  
The music finished but my day had started,  
Started in a most delightful way,  
With the music coming into my heart.

## **Dodgy Dogs.**

There are so many of them,  
You here about them all the time,  
These dogs that have a mixed parentage.  
My son has a labradoodle,  
A friend has a cockapoo.  
Why do they call them these names?  
In my youth they were called the breed,  
The breed from which they came  
Or they were called mongrels,  
All were fine and we understood.  
But one day the day will come  
When they cross a bulldog,  
With a shih tsu,  
Then that will be a load of excrement.

## Knowledge And Wisdom.

In our lives we gain knowledge,  
Knowledge that fill our lives.  
The more knowledge we achieve  
The wiser we become,  
So with that knowledge  
We always know what to say.  
But the wisdom that we have  
Then becomes so important  
And leads us to that time  
When we know when to say it.

## **Sculpture Of Happiness.**

The stone sits before the artist,  
He chips away and a sculpture appears,  
A thing of such beauty.  
How does he do it?  
He knows that the beauty is there,  
There within the stone  
And just removes the extra parts.

The same can be said of happiness,  
Happiness is within you  
But is hidden,  
Hidden by worries in your life.  
Remove the worries  
And the happiness in life  
Will always be with you.

## Make Love Not War Acrostic.

Many people do not agree  
After a minor mishap  
Keeping them from appearing  
Equal to others.

Look inside your heart  
Other dreams are there  
Verifying the love  
Ever there for us all.

Never look for conflict  
Others may have  
To drain peace from our world.

Wake up and see that love  
And forget about differences,  
Retain that peace for all.

## Into A Darkened Room.

Well I took the plunge!  
I had been saying for weeks,  
It may even have been months,  
That I would do it tomorrow,  
Well yesterday that tomorrow came.  
I went into the shed and searched  
Searched for the lawnmower.  
I found it sitting there  
Covered in cobwebs and dust,  
I dragged it out into the light,  
I am sure it looked at me  
With a puzzled expression  
As if to say "What are you doing?"  
Well I set it up and pressed the button,  
And blow me it started.  
So there I was on this tomorrow  
Mowing the grass.  
The neighbours didn't believe it!  
Neither did I!  
I did finish the mowing and was pleased,  
But then I went and had to lay down,  
Lay down in a darkened room!

## Sorry I Am Alive.

Yes I am getting old!  
And am told that I am to blame!  
The Health service problem is all my fault!  
The doctors are managing to postpone my death,  
But I don't go to the doctors often,  
Maybe two or three times a year.

For all my working life I have paid without fail,  
I have contributed to the nation  
Through taxes and insurance.  
For forty six years money went to the government  
So that I could be repaid when retired,  
And expect help when ill.

I paid into a pension as well  
So that I wouldn't be a drag on society.  
I've done my bit.  
Now that I am retired I still pay tax.  
On the pensions for which I paid,  
And yet I am being blamed for the lack of funds.

We are told that the aging population  
Is causing all the financial trouble  
In the Health Service.  
I am sorry that I am aging,  
Do you want me to die  
As soon as I stop working?

But I don't go to the hospital  
If I have a cold or flu!  
I don't roll into hospital  
Drunk on a Friday or Saturday night!  
I don't go to hospital

If I can't get an immediate GP appointment.

So I am sorry if my aging body and mind  
Are thought to be the problem;  
But I have played my part,  
I have paid my dues.  
But I am lucky and hope to live for much longer,  
And not be a drag on society.

## **Only By Giving.**

In our life we want many things,  
But most of those we have  
And should be satisfied with life,  
But we still need to realise  
That only by giving to others  
Are you able to receive,  
Receive more than you already have.

## I Have A Dream.

I have a dream.

I dream of a world of peace

Where nations befriend each other,

And wars no longer are an option.

A place where weapons of destruction,

Cease to be.

I have a dream.

I dream of a place where world leaders

Help all in the world,

And can see where that help is needed

And not count the cost,

And not ask "What's in it for me?"

I have a dream.

I dream of nature being left to thrive,,

To leave the natural world to grow

To let the wildlife survive,

Instead of getting killed by man

For his own selfish gratification.

I have a dream.

I dream of a life of joy for all,

Living their lives without hunger,

Without want,

To live their lives in kindness,

And love for all.

I have a dream.

## Thankfully Happy.

Happiness can be in your life,  
Maybe you do not understand why.  
There may be things that you want  
That are not yet in your life  
And you are still happy,  
But do not have it all.  
Being happy means you are thankful,  
Thankful for what you already have,  
So you can be happy with that  
And have the hope that what you may want  
Will come into your life in time.

## The Heartbeat Of The Universe.

You can feel it all around,  
That gentle pulse that runs through our lives,  
The joy that it gives to those who care.  
Wherever we are it is there;  
The beauty of nature abounds  
As we stroll through its vast imagery.  
The wonder of space as we look to the stars,  
The rhythm is always there,  
Comforting us.  
It can be found in music,  
As the sounds enter our ears  
It can set our hearts in time with its beat.  
The pace quickens as you have loved ones  
Sharing the moments with you.  
Love is always there,  
The love of all things,  
As love is the heartbeat of the Universe.

## Letting Go.

In life there can be many worries,  
Some are quite small and can be forgotten,  
Some need you to do something  
So that you can get on in life.  
There can always be ones that are heavy  
And that you do not realise how heavy,  
How heavy they are  
And that they pull you down without knowing.  
Then comes the day that you release them  
And then you know how heavy,  
How heavy they were,  
And their release from your mind and body  
Allows their weight to disperse  
And let you go free,  
Free into a new life of wonder.

## 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 be 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.

## Frog And Henry.

What a strange name,  
Frog and Henry,  
A very strange name for a jazz group,  
But what a jazz group they were,  
Playing jazz from the early days,  
We were hooked by their playing.  
There they were,  
Two violinists and a piano player,  
Another playing tuba,  
A guy playing guitar and banjo.  
Then there were two more,  
One playing tenor sax, a clarinet  
And a bass clarinet.  
And then there was the leader  
Playing the clarinet in such a way,  
Such a way I had never heard before,  
Getting sounds out of it  
That I thought impossible.  
But not only that  
He played soprano, alto and baritone saxophones.  
They all sang as well.  
Such a wonderful sound they made  
It was so wondrous to hear  
And so enjoyable that the evening just went.  
And as I sit hear  
I can still hear them  
And wonder why the time went,  
Time went so fast.

## Signals?

They drive their cars any which way,  
Without a thought of others.  
They go this way and that way  
Without any indication to others.  
What they don't realise  
Is that all cars have a secret device,  
It is a stick on their steering column.  
If they push it up or down  
It sets lights flashing on the outside,  
The outside of their car.  
It is called an indicator  
As it indicates which way,  
Which way you are thinking of going.

## **Desire Achieved.**

We often desire things in life,  
Those things we do not have  
And this often spoils what we have.  
But we must remember  
That those things we now have  
Were once among those things,  
Those things we once hoped for.  
So do not spoil life with desire,  
Desire for what you want,  
Enjoy life with things that we have.

## Earth's Music.

All through my life I have heard it,  
Heard it in its many forms.  
Music has been my life  
And thrills me more and more  
As I listen to so many kinds.  
It could be classical, jazz, folk,  
Country and modern,  
So many types.  
But there is one type that is there  
And can be heard by all.  
It comes from the earth,  
As the earth has music,  
Has music for those who listen.

## The Hill Of Life.

I rest as I near the top of the hill,  
And look back down to the long path behind me.  
I start remembering those things that occurred  
Whilst climbing to this height.  
At the bottom the childhood days  
Where every day was a delight,  
Nothing to worry me,  
Mum and Dad always there for me,  
My friends close by.  
The battles we fought  
Against the cowboys or Indians.  
The sword fights where I was d'Artagnan,  
And always won.  
The gentle stroll upwards towards youth.  
The wonders of first love,  
And its disappointments.  
Further up the hill  
The path started to get steeper  
As work takes over my life.  
A time of new adventures,  
And responsibility.  
I reached a plateau  
Where I stopped and fell in love,  
That love is still walking beside me  
As we climb this hill.  
Sometimes the path has been rocky,  
But those boulders soon became pebbles  
As I strode over them.  
I came lovingly into retirement  
And looking back I find  
Life has been good.  
The beauty that I have seen  
While ascending this hill

Remains with me.  
My love, of course, always there for me.  
But my love of nature,  
Of words,  
Of art,  
And of course music are still there.  
Music has been with me all of my life,  
From those days with my father,  
Listening to music on the gramophone.  
All type of music enjoyed  
Thanks to his eclectic taste,  
Which has grown fruit  
Within my life.  
I get up and continue the climb  
Knowing that the path behind me  
Has been good to me,  
And the shorter path ahead  
Will be full of wonder.

## Biggest Mistake.

It has always been there for us  
From the moment of our birth,  
And is still with us now.  
We take it for granted  
That we will always have time,  
But it is our biggest mistake.  
The biggest mistake we have  
Is thinking we have time,  
Time is so variable in life.  
So do not think you have time,  
Have time to do things,  
Do them NOW!

## The Month Of May.

We have reached that month called May,  
But what you may not realise  
Is why it is called May,  
It is all because of the weather.  
It may be sunny and bright,  
It may be cloudy and dull,  
It may be cold and snowy,  
It may be hot and sweaty,  
It may be changing every day,  
It may be wonderful,  
It may be dreadful,  
But that is what is May.

## Spring Haiku.

Leaves are unfurling,  
New life abounds in the land.  
Spring is upon us!

## Another Day Started.

So, another day has arrived,  
I wonder what it will bring?  
I know it will be filled with love  
As the love of my life is with me.  
It will be full of music  
Because music is my life.  
I may even pick up the clarinet  
And play some tunes on it.  
We may even walk along Our River  
With the beauty of Nature around us.  
We will certainly stop for coffee  
And maybe meet friends.  
So yes another day has arrived  
And I know it will be a good day  
As I got up this morning  
And started this new day.

## Her New Chapter In Life.

She has waited a long time for this,  
This new chapter in her life,  
But it has finally come to pass,  
That chapter bringing everything together  
And giving her so much joy.  
She has given her all to her work  
Over nearly thirty years,  
But they just did not know  
Or they just did not care  
That the person in her body  
Wanted the job she had trained for,  
The job she knew was hers.  
And then it came,  
The work that will lead her,  
Lead her to make that difference,  
That difference in her life  
And in the lives of many others.  
Her world has become fulfilled,  
Fulfilled with joy and wonder  
Which all around can see  
And which will grow in her life  
And fill this chapter in her life  
To absolute fulfilment and wonder.

## **We Have Memories.**

In our lives we have memories,  
This tells us that yesterday remains.  
As long as we have hope  
We know that tomorrow waits.  
And as long as we have love in our life  
We know that today will be beautiful.

## Old Is Beautiful.

As we walked by Our River,  
My lover and I  
A young lady pushing a pram  
Walked towards us.  
My lover looked at the baby  
Then said to me,  
"Is there anything more beautiful than a baby?"  
I looked at her with a loving smile and replied,  
"Yes there is, you"  
"Me!" she said,  
"Yes" I said "Babies are beautiful,  
But that is natural for them.  
Beautiful old people are works of art  
And I am looking at a beautiful artwork  
Every time I look at you.

## The Loss Of Family?

So most of us have them now,  
The mobile 'phones in our lives.  
We look at them all the time,  
Walking down the street,  
Sitting having coffee,  
Ignoring everyone else.  
If ever we speak with friends  
It tends to be via these 'phones.  
They have replaced our watches,  
Our cameras, calendars and alarm clocks.  
What they have also done  
Is replace our family!  
As we sit with our families at home  
We still look at those blessed 'phones!  
In this life family and friends are important!  
Don't replace them by a blasted mobile 'phone!

## I Do Now.

We came together over a cup of coffee,  
We chatted, we laughed  
And we fell in love.  
We started to walk down the street,  
She said "Do you have everything?"  
I took her hand and replied,  
"I do now".

## Not The Place To Travel.

In our lives we journey all over,  
Go to so many places the longer we live.  
When we look back we tend to realise,  
Realise that it was not the places we went  
That seemed to make it worthwhile,  
But it is the people,  
The people we meet on our life's journey.

## One In Life.

In life we can change our lives  
And change the lives of others.  
One smile can start a friendship  
That could go on for a lifetime.  
One word of reason can end a fight  
And peace will reign once more.  
One look can save a relationship  
And the lives of both move on in harmony.  
And there can be that one person,  
That one person in your life.  
That can change your life forever.

## Air Instrumentation.

There we were, my lover and I  
Walking by the side of Our River,  
The sun was shining,  
The water was green and clear,  
A beautiful afternoon.  
As we approached the ferry  
The ferry man was sitting on the wall,  
Sitting listening to music.  
He was strumming away so happily,  
So happily playing his air guitar,  
We walked on with a smile.  
As we came back he was doing his job  
And pulling the ferry across Our River.  
We sat and watched as the passenger came,  
Came across in the ferry.  
We sat there for a while  
Talking and to each other,  
Looking and listening to Nature's glory.  
Then we started to walk back again  
And there was the ferryman  
Sitting on the wall once more,  
Listening to music.  
His air guitar was down by his side  
As now he was playing another instrument,  
He was now sitting in front of his air piano  
Playing all the notes to the tune,  
The tune to which he was listening.  
Yet another smile crossed our faces,  
Another beautiful time with each other,  
With smiles all about us.

## Life And Death.

Why is my existence so short?  
I get created in a bowl,  
First with flour and butter.  
Loving fingers rub through me,  
Caressing me as one would  
Caress the form of a loved one.  
The butter and flour are as one  
Together forever.  
The sweetness of sultanas  
Are added to enhance the rapture  
Found in my being.  
Then some milk enters me,  
And I become one smooth body  
Laid out on a board.  
And gently caressed until  
I am flattened and ready  
Ready to be cut  
Into individual bodies.  
The birth of my offspring is nigh.  
Into a nice warm oven  
We are placed  
And rise as the heat overcomes us.  
At last we are fully risen  
And our birth happens  
As we slide onto the tray.  
But almost as soon as we are born  
We are killed  
As a knife slices through us!  
We are smeared with butter  
And if lucky, jam.  
Our maker then eats us.  
Why cannot we scones  
Live a longer life.

## Dancing On The Water.

They glide along with effortless ease,  
Sliding past each other, in this strange dance.  
Bulging bellies full of the breath  
That comes from the blowing wind.  
Turning together, as though linked,  
The water sliding beneath them,  
With a sound of sibilance  
Only heard by those close by.  
They dance with each other on the waves,  
This dance that seems to have no meaning;  
The only music, the sounds of nature,  
Spilling from the water and the wind.

Until at the last the horn booms out  
Signalling that a yacht has won this race.

## Gratitude For Where We Are.

Each step along the path of life  
We look towards the future  
And try to visualise how far we have to go,  
And where we are going in life,  
That future is in our hands  
And we may have no idea where it leads.

We also have our past  
Which is always in our memories,  
And for those memories we should be grateful  
And shed gratitude,  
Gratitude for every step we have taken  
To get to that wonderful place,  
That wonderful place we are today.

## Lesson Not Disappointment.

Sometimes in life we look back,  
Look back at the mistakes in our past,  
And looking at those errors  
We wish that we could erase them.  
But if we erased them we would lose,  
Lose the wisdom we had gained.  
As in our life we must realise  
That you cannot be taught experience,  
So in our lives we must remember,  
Remember the lesson,  
And not the disappointment.

## Councillors.

Councillors, what do they know?  
They get elected by local people  
To improve the local environment,  
But what do they do?  
They just sit around a table discussing problems,  
But end up doing nothing,  
"We cannot do that because...".  
That reason could be real  
But many times they just can't be bothered.  
They have the privilege of being councillors,  
That title makes it seem they are important,  
But what do they do,  
What do they do for us?  
That is the question,  
The question that everyone asks.

## Nature Never Disappointing

As I stand on the lawn,  
The croquet ball in front of me,  
I hit it towards the hoop,  
Not a good shot  
But it happens sometimes.  
I just stand there waiting,  
Waiting for my friend  
To hit his ball.  
I look up and look around,  
I see the beauty of Spring,  
It glows all around me  
In the afternoon sun.  
The trees so green  
As their leaves shine so wonderfully.  
Flowers of white and yellow  
Shine on the bushes  
And there on the green fields,  
The green fields that surround me  
I see the glory of life  
As the birds wander over the fields.  
The jackdaws and woodpigeons  
Intermingling in peace,  
Searching for food and nesting.  
A pheasant comes towards me  
Its startling colours shining,  
Shining in the sunshine.  
I look up and an occasional cloud floats by,  
Floats by gently, its white beauty so glorious.  
I return my thoughts to the game  
But realising that the game is not important  
As the beauty and wonder of Nature  
Never disappoints me.

## **I Shall Be Back.**

Yet again they did it,  
They took me away,  
Away into a world of music.  
The smile on my face  
Just grew and grew  
As each new song was played,  
Played and sung,  
Songs I knew so well.  
And suddenly the smile went  
As a sad song was sang  
And the emotion within me  
Took me to another place,  
But then I was back smiling,  
Smiling and laughing  
At the music and the performance.  
Every emotion was brought to me,  
Brought to me during that evening  
During the wonder of the Songbooks,  
The Great American Songbooks  
Performed by this great band  
Who in all their playing  
Seemed to enjoy it more than me.  
Such a wonderful evening  
I will not forget it,  
As yet again they did it,  
Took me into their world,  
Their world of music,  
And the joy, love and emotions,  
Emotions that music can bring,  
Can bring into my life  
And to the life of all.  
And all I can now say  
About this wonderful band is:

"I shall be back!"

## Problems To Opportunities.

As we go through our lives  
Many things go smoothly  
But sometimes the unexpected happens  
And that smoothness gets broken  
And problems come into our life  
But when they do we must move on,  
As what we need to do  
Is to turn those problems,  
Turn them into opportunities.

## **Build A Table.**

In this life we meet many people  
And we are fortunate to know them,  
They need to be respected and loved.  
So do not stop them from coming to us,  
Invite them to be with you  
And build a bigger table to sit with us,  
Not a higher fence to keep them from you.

## Book Life.

We open the book of life at childbirth,  
That first chapter brings us into our world,  
A world where our parents love us  
And where they teach us the ways to go.  
As each chapter unfolds we see new things  
Bringing us knowledge and experience.  
Some of those chapters are sad  
And bring us unhappiness in our life.  
We have chapters that are happy  
And bring love and glory to us.  
Many of them can be exciting  
Bringing us wonder and glorification.  
One thing we must always remember,  
Is to remember to turn the page,  
As if you never do we will never know,  
Never know what the next chapter holds.

## I Have.

I have had a good life.  
I have lived for a long time,  
I have loved and been loved,  
I have lost my way occasionally,  
I have missed the right way sometimes,  
I have trusted others,  
I have been trusted by others,  
I have made mistakes in error.  
But most of all in my long life  
I have learned and I am pleased,  
Pleased to be where I am,  
Where I am now in my life.  
I have had a good life.

## Along The Seashore.

I walk along the golden sand  
Just looking out to sea,  
The waves lap gently at my feet  
They seem to speak to me.

They tell me of the life I've lead  
The good things and the bad,.  
My life has had much more joy  
Than those of which I'm sad

The water reaches out for me  
To show my life that's been,  
And still there's time for me to live  
To see wonders never seen.

So as I walk towards my end  
Still many years to go,  
I walk beside that glorious sea  
With joy in what I know.

## Love Of Nature.

I walk along the path,  
Through the trees  
And am filled with wonder  
As Nature's symphony  
Plays music to my heart.  
The glory of its sound  
Fills me with glory.  
Looking around  
Nature's art inspires me  
As the colours of green  
Of yellow and white  
Flourish in Spring's beauty.  
I walk on surrounded,  
Surrounded by the beauty,  
The beauty of Nature  
In all its forms.  
I feel so lucky  
That Nature's highlights are there  
And have always been there  
Throughout my life,  
And that I have always loved,  
Loved Nature for its wonder.

## Tad Newtons Jazz Friends.

Yet again it happened!  
Where did the time go?  
We sat at the table,  
Drinks in front of us,  
Chatting and waiting,  
And then it happened.  
Six old codgers  
Walked on the stage.  
Piano, bass and drums,  
Trombone, trumpet and reeds,  
Been playing together for forty years.  
They started playing  
And it happened,  
It took me to another place,  
A place where jazz was.  
Jazz was in their heart and soul,  
And came into mine.  
There sound was mind blowing  
As they played and sung.  
The time just shot by,  
All during that time  
There was a smile on my face,  
My feet and hands were tapping,  
Tapping the beat.  
Was I in heaven?

This is what music does,  
What music does to me.  
All types of music  
Takes me to that place,  
That place where music lives,  
Where music has lived in me,  
Lived in me for all my life,

For all my long music filled life.  
So much music,  
So little time.

## Each Moment.

Each moment in our life is there,  
There goes one, it has passed,  
But I am in another  
And others are ahead of me,  
But nothing has changed  
In these few moments,  
But we have experienced them.  
Each moment is different,  
But there is a sameness within them.  
It is something we must do,  
Must do in our lives.  
We must experience the difference,  
We must experience the sameness,  
Experience them both in each moment,  
Each moment of our lives.

## Hi-Yo Silver.

There it is, that tune again,  
That tune that takes me back,  
Back to my childhood,  
To the black and white television,  
Where the masked hero  
Galloped on his white horse,  
His friend at his side  
Riding his spotted palomino.  
They rode through the west  
Bringing good from the bad.  
That tune is so evocative  
That I know my childhood,  
Will always be there,  
As I hear that music.

## Marbles.

There I was at school,  
Playtime would come  
And there we were,  
Me and my pals playing,  
Playing marbles around the playground,  
Try to hit each other's marbles  
And winning them,  
Winning them for our collection,  
To make our collection bigger  
And more impressive.  
But time has now moved on  
And in my old age  
I find that on many occasions  
I no longer win,  
And find that I am losing them,  
I seem to be losing my marbles.

## Form A Circle.

Why does it happen?  
Why do people not see each other?  
They just look away,  
Look away from the light that is there.  
They stand in a circle  
Looking away from each other.  
The light is in the middle,  
The middle of the circle.  
So as people have their backs to it  
All they see are shadows,  
Shadows that show darkened minds  
Bring trouble and hate to all.  
If only we would ALL turn round  
The light would shine upon us,  
And we will see each other as humans,  
And maybe humanity will be cured,  
And we will all talk to each other  
And live in peace and love,  
Peace and love for the whole world.

## Cinema Paradiso.

Why do some films do this to me,  
They fill me with emotion  
And tears stream from my eyes.  
Some I cannot watch again  
As the tears flood from the start  
As know what is coming.  
But there are some I keep watching  
As they seem so special,  
And one in particular means so much.  
I did not watch it at first,  
It came out so long ago,  
But it was only a few years ago  
That I watched it  
And was moved by its glory.  
So now 'Cinema Paradiso' is with me,  
It has found a little corner in my heart  
Where I plan to keep it forever.

## Magical Life.

We are born into this world  
Our life sitting in front of us.  
We grow in body and wisdom  
Learning all the time,  
Becoming different with our new life,  
That new life we have every day.  
The life we have is beautiful  
And in the beautiful life  
We will never reach an age,  
An age where there is nothing left,  
Nothing left to learn, to see or to be.  
Life is so magical,  
Enjoy every moment of your life.

## Were We Twins?

Why does it happen?  
It happens so often,  
I think of something,  
Mention it to my lover  
And she says that she was thinking that.  
And then she will tell me what she was thinking,  
And I say that I was thinking that,  
Thinking that as well.  
It happens so very often,  
We laugh at it  
But it is so special that we think,  
Think the same thoughts  
So very often and so very special.  
Our thoughts seem to be as one,  
As one with each other.  
Why does this happen?  
Then a thought came to me,  
Maybe we were twins,  
Twins in a former life.

## **Musical Feelings.**

Music has been with me all my life,  
So many different kinds that I enjoy  
But the one thing all music brings,  
Brings to me is the emotions.  
So many different emotions  
Flow through my heart  
As music plays through my life.  
Music is just part of me,  
And to my heart and mind  
Music is what feelings sound like.

## Guys And Dolls.

The Guys came on the stage,  
The Dolls were there,  
They got to together,  
The music started  
And they danced,  
Danced and sang the night away.  
Love was in the air  
That wandered up and down,  
But all was well,  
As their prayers were answered.  
And Sky married Sarah,  
And Nathan married Adelaide.  
The ups and downs of romance  
Shone from the stage,  
And the singing, dancing and music  
Took us to the wonder,  
The wonder of this musical.  
And we left with a smile,  
A smile on our face,  
And our love in our hearts.  
That love for each other,  
That was so strong within us.

## The Magic Vase.

The young lad walked into town,  
He went to the market,  
To buy what he did not know,  
He had so little money.  
As he looked round he saw a stall,  
Almost hidden from the rest,  
But there on the stall,  
Sitting at the back,  
A vase shone out.  
He must have it he thought,  
He asked if he could buy it,  
The elderly man said he could,  
But be warned he said,  
This is a Magic Vase.

As the young man  
Walked back to his home  
He pondered on what the old man said,  
A Magic Vase  
How can that be?  
He handed the vase to his Mum,  
She was delighted,  
And put the vase on a table  
In the dingy sitting room.

Dad came in and saw the vase  
And thought that it looked odd,  
So bright in this dull room.  
So out came the paints and brushes  
And the walls were renewed.

The eldest brother then walked in  
And found the windows were dirty,

So he cleaned them to a sparkle.  
As the second brother looked out  
Of the now clean windows,  
He saw the garden was unkempt,  
So with spade and fork and seeds,  
The garden was renewed.

The seeds took hold  
And flowers bloomed everywhere.  
The sister walked into the garden  
And saw their beauty,  
She picked some flowers  
And gave them to her Mum.  
Her Mum was delighted  
And placed them lovingly  
Into the beautiful vase.

## Confused Of Evesham.

Into the kitchen to make some coffee,  
Go to the cupboard,  
Get the tea tin out,  
Open the tin,  
Close the tin.  
Back to the cupboard,  
Get the coffee tin out.  
Grind the beans,  
Put the powder in the teapot.  
Empty the teapot,  
Grind more beans,  
And put in the coffee filter.  
Start filter.  
Stop filter.  
Put water in the filter.  
Start filter.  
Get wife's devils brew\*  
From the correct cupboard,  
Open cupboard,  
To get spoon from drawer,  
Close cupboard door,  
Open drawer to get spoon,  
Put devils brew in cup.  
Put kettle on.  
Turn off kettle.  
Fill kettle with water.  
Put kettle on.  
Poor boiling water,  
Over devils brew,  
But it will not die.  
Add milk,  
Tell wife her drink is made.  
My coffee is filtered,

Pour black nectar into mug,  
Sit down, exhausted,  
And drink my well-deserved coffee.  
It only took an hour!

*\*devils brew = decaffeinated coffee*

## Only Three Hundred Yards!

Well the day came,  
The first match of the season  
For our new club,  
Our first match ever.  
We arrived at the croquet club,  
We were warned about the car park being closed  
And would need to park in a Garden Centre,  
It was only three hundred yards away.  
What we weren't told  
Was that their yards seemed to be in triplicate!  
Across a busy road through the woods,  
Along a very long path of wood chippings  
Until at last we came to a locked gate.  
The gate was opened for us  
And we reached the Croquet Club  
And were greeted with such joy.  
We lay down in the hot sunshine  
Until we had recovered from the trek,  
And then we played the games.  
We had a wonderful time playing them  
And enjoyed their company all day.  
We did not win the match  
But only lost eleven to nine,  
But a great day was had by all.  
We then trekked back to our cars,  
"Only three hundred yards!"

## Indicating Beema.

I just could not believe it,  
There I was driving down the road  
In the middle lane of the motorway,  
Overtaking the cars on the inside lane.  
In front of me was a BMW,  
Owning the road as usual,  
When suddenly his indicator flashed!  
It must have been one of the few Beemas  
That had indicators fitted!  
But there it was this unbelievable thing,  
A BMW with an indicator,  
But no there it was,  
Its left hand indicator flashing  
As if to pull into the inside lane,  
So then it turned,  
It turned right,  
Turned into the right hand lane.

## **New Life Is Good.**

There we were on this fine June day  
Walking by Our River,  
It clear green depths flowing gently.  
We walked beneath the shade of the trees  
Avoiding the persistent heat of the sun,  
And there we saw them.  
The family of swans swimming gently,  
Gently up Our River.  
A magnificent sight to see,  
New life was seen on our earth  
Where all we hear about is death.  
It was so joyous to be amongst new life  
And be so privileged to see it in our world.  
We walked on along Our River  
A beaming smile on our faces,  
Life was good.

## Missing Balls.

"Yer balls have gone!" she said.  
"No they haven't, they are there with me, look!"  
I replied as I dropped my trousers.  
"Not them!" she said "The others!"  
"What others?" I said,  
"Those out in the garden!"  
Aah, then I knew what she meant,  
The suet balls,  
The ones on the bird feeder,  
They had all been eaten,  
Eaten by the birds.  
Yes, those balls had gone!

## With People.

A young man was walking the path of life,  
His teacher was walking by his side.  
The young man spoke to his teacher  
And asked the question:  
"Which is more important in life,  
Is it the journey or the destination?"  
The teacher looked at the young man  
And said to him:  
"In life both are important,  
But even more important is the company,  
The company that you travel with  
On your journey of life."

## Blessed And Blasted Mahler.

Lunch has finished and so to relax;  
Up to the room where books, music and bed await.  
So to what shall I listen today?  
I casually flick through my music  
And stop on Mahler.  
Why not I think, I haven't listened to him recently,  
But what and by whom?  
I select the First Symphony, played by the Berliners  
Under Sir Simon.  
The music starts gently as I ease myself  
Onto my bed, book to hand  
I start reading and listening.  
Thrilled by the latest novel  
And stirred by the gentle music  
The eyes shut and the book gently falls.  
I am in a world of Mahler,  
So profound, a man of many tunes.  
I am carried to Gustav's world,  
A world of perfect notation conveyed  
To my soul by musicians of profound skill.  
The sound gets gentler and softer  
As my mind drifts into a restful place  
Of content and peace.  
The music still there but  
My mind is unaware as sleep begins.  
BANG!  
The loud crescendo at the beginning  
Of the movement  
Awakes me from my peace!  
Shaking, not knowing where I am,  
Then it comes to me!  
I do wish he wouldn't do that!  
So back to my book I go,

Still listening,  
But the peace shattered.

## 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?

## I Am So Very Happy.

I just do not believe it,  
I am so very happy.  
Only eighteen months ago  
I asked an acquaintance out,  
Asked her out for coffee,  
And from that moment  
We became as one.  
Our lives are each others,  
We will do anything for each other,  
We think the same thoughts,  
And lead our new life together,  
Together in complete harmony.  
Being apart for even a short time  
Hurts us both,  
As we just need to be together.  
Our love for each other  
Runs so deep in our lives,  
There are just not words to express it,  
To express how much we feel,  
How much we feel for each other.  
I have been happy in the past  
With the lady I had married,  
But she passed and is waiting for me.  
Nearly forty years we were together  
And never a cross word,  
I love her very much.  
But after she died I thought that was the end,  
But now this new lady is in my life,  
She lost her husband  
And he is waiting for her.  
We have a love so strong,  
So different from love of the past.  
An unbelievable love,

A love that will never fail.  
We know that we will always be together  
And one day the time will come  
When the four of us  
Will walk the ether together  
For eternity.  
I just do not believe it,  
I am so very happy.

## What A Day.

What a day!  
Everything fell into place,  
Nothing was planned  
But our life was cemented,  
Our eternity rings arrived,  
Arrived early,  
Earlier than expected.  
We were going to a meeting,  
A meeting of the Summer Solstice,  
I asked the leader if he would bless the rings,  
He agreed with so much pleasure.  
We went to the meeting  
And sat in a circle,  
A circle of light.  
The water was in the middle,  
And a circle of flowers by its side.  
The service started  
And the positivity of life  
Spread over us all  
As we welcomed the Summer Solstice.  
A rose petal was given from us all,  
Given to the water,  
Showing our love,  
Our love for our world.  
We meditated and brought thoughts,  
Brought thoughts to mind  
Of the sun that filled our lives,  
Filled our lives in many ways.  
The ceremony came to an end  
And then it happened,  
The leader then blessed us  
And blessed our rings  
Ensuring our life would go on,

Go on to eternity.  
And then a strange thing happened,  
There in the circle of flowers  
There were roses,  
Just two roses,  
We were given them with love  
And those two roses are there,  
There in our life as we go forward,  
Go forward in our beautiful life,  
Our beautiful life together.

## My Wonder Of Life.

I sit in my garden,  
The day is turning to night,  
A glass of Laphroaig beside me.  
I sit and listen,  
Listen to Nature's Symphony  
As the birds call out,  
Call out goodnight to me.  
A sip of scotch in my mouth  
Deserved at the end of this day,  
This day I my life  
Where all is well.  
And I sit here relaxing  
And thinking of the beauty,  
The beauty in my life.  
My lover with me forever,  
Music in my life forever  
And the glory I find,  
The glory I find in Nature.  
So as the darkness creeps,  
Creeps into the day,  
I know I am a lucky man,  
Lucky to live my long life  
And be able to appreciate,  
Appreciate the wonder of life,  
The wonder of my life.

## Our Hotel Of Peace.

Off we go today,  
Isle of wight here we come,  
Staying at our favourite hotel  
Where all is done for us  
And all we do is relax,  
Relax and enjoy ourselves.  
Our favourite place  
Now our life together  
Is here for us both.  
Only a long weekend  
But the dreams it will give us  
Will last all our lives.  
Isle of Wight here we come.

## Do We No Longer Care?

Why does it happen!  
A submarine is lost,  
Five wealthy people  
Lost their lives.  
Yes, it is a tragedy  
But why does it gain such headlines?  
They did it because they had money,  
And money is important,  
Important in the news!  
But off Greece a boat capsized,  
With maybe hundreds killed,  
But that just becomes no news  
As those with money  
Make the news!  
Is our world so dreadful  
That five rich people dying  
Is more meaningful,  
Than hundreds of poor people dying!  
What is happening to our world?  
Do we no longer care?

## Our Journey To Eternity.

I look from the balcony  
And there before me is the sea,  
A glorious sight to see,  
The mysteries of its wonder  
Enthralling me,  
As the gentle waves come towards me  
Carrying new messages to my heart.  
My lover with me  
In our glorious place,  
That has become our haven,  
Our haven of absolute love.  
I look out further,  
As far as my eyes will see,  
And I see eternity  
Waiting for my lover and I  
As we journey towards it,  
Together in our such deep love.

## Leaving Today.

The day has come,  
That day when we will leave,  
Leave our haven by the sea,  
A place where we have walked,  
Walked the beach of time  
With the sea of eternity by us.  
A place where our love shines  
And all around can see,  
Can see the love between us.  
We will be back  
As we often are,  
But now we are going,  
We are going home,  
Home, that so special place  
Where we live,  
Live in love and wonder  
Every day of our lives.

## Guests?

Sitting on our balcony  
In our hotel room,  
Looking out to the glorious sea  
We had a visitor,  
A sparrow landed in front of us,  
On the rail.  
It looked at us,  
As if to say,  
"Well feed me then!"  
So I put some biscuit crumbs out,  
And there it sat eating.  
And then others came  
And a feast was had.  
We had another guest as well,  
Getting ready in our room  
The balcony door open  
A pied wagtail came in,  
Picked up a dropped piece of popcorn,  
Bowed to us as a thank you  
And then wagged its way out.  
I was such a pleasure for us  
To be so near to Nature,  
To Nature's glory.

## 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?"

## **Django Alive.**

Another night of jazz,  
And what a night!  
Taken back in time  
To the sounds of Django of Stephane.  
The four of them on stage  
Taking me into a new world,  
Hardly a sound around me  
Except for the music,  
The music coming into my mind  
And flowing into my heart.  
Such a beautiful sound  
From those distant days  
Brought to life by this group.  
Yet another evening to remember.

## Our Love For Each Other.

It has arrived,  
That last day of June.  
A month of intense rain  
And such hot weather  
Shared equally during its time.  
But it just cannot be different  
As this is the UK,  
The place where  
We can have the four seasons,  
The four seasons in one day.  
But in my June life was good,  
Better than good,  
It was wonderful,  
As my lover and I sailed through it  
Our love getting stronger every moment.  
Yes we got wet,  
And yes we got hot,  
But nothing hurt our love,  
That ever increasing love,  
That love for each other,  
Knowing that our love is strong,  
So strong at will get stronger each moment.  
And when we say 'I love you' to each other  
It just cannot seem enough,  
Seem enough for the strength of our love,  
Our love for each other.

## Memories.

We all have memories,  
Memories from the past  
And they are very special.  
Sometimes we laugh,  
Laugh at remembering,  
Remembering the days we cried.  
And sometimes we cry,  
Cry at remembering ,  
Remembering the days we laughed.  
Those memories bring all kinds,  
All kinds of emotions.  
With those memories we realise,  
Realise that that is life,  
That is what life is,  
Memories.

## Brass Band Day.

Brass bands here,  
Brass bands there,  
Brass bands everywhere  
And there we were listening,  
Listening to these wonderful sounds.  
The day was here once more,  
The day of summer brass  
Where brass bands combined,  
Combined from all over  
And what a day we had.  
We laughed,  
We cried,  
As music affected us  
As the tunes brought back memories,  
Memories of times together.  
A wonderful day was had  
As music once more took over,  
Took over our lives  
In such a wonderful way.  
Another day to remember.

## **When You Are Gone.**

In life you do many things,  
Many you do for yourself  
To give yourself a better life.  
Many you do for others  
To help them in their world,  
But in the end you must remember,  
The things you do for yourself  
Will be gone when you are.  
But those that you do for others  
Will remain,  
Remain in their lives  
And be your legacy to them.

## My Lover Senryu.

She is there for me,  
My so beautiful lady,  
The love of my life.

## Respect For Elders.

Respect has always been in my life,  
Been in my life all the time.  
I try to show respect to all  
But it seems to be disappearing,  
Disappearing from others,  
And even with me I find it harder.  
As I was always taught,  
And always have respected my elders,  
But I am finding that at my age  
It is getting harder,  
Harder and harder  
To find an elder,  
To find an elder older than me.

## **Laugh, Sorry, Dismiss.**

There are many things that happen in life,  
As you go through it some can change.  
Things can be changed and you move on.  
Sometimes things we do make us laugh,  
Then there are times we do wrong,  
Often there are things we cannot alter.  
So in our life we should do three things,  
Laugh when you can,  
Apologise when you should,  
And let go of things you cannot change.

## Another Better Day.

Every day is different!  
People come into your life  
And bring different things to you,  
Some good and some not so good,  
But if at the end of the day  
You can lie down knowing,  
Knowing in your heart  
That you made somebodies day better,  
Even just a little bit better,  
You know that you have had a good day.

## 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 lady 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"

## **Bebop.**

Bebop, bebop, bebop, dewop, boo,  
The sound form that changed jazz.  
Bird was there, to create this sound.  
They didn't understand the music,  
Well the oldies don't when new sounds  
Come from the young.  
But Charlie and Dizzy drove this sound  
Into the fast paced chromatic music,  
That I can listen to for hours.  
Bebop, so new, so different, so clever.  
Bebop a form that is now so old;  
Came to us seventy years ago,  
A sound that showed that change  
Is not all bad.  
Bebop, showed the way to many jazz forms.  
Cool jazz, that most melancholic of sounds  
Was born through the power of bebop.  
Bebop showed that music is freedom.

## Just Me.

In my life I am happy,  
Happy to be me.  
I am not perfect,  
If I were perfect  
I would have nowhere to go  
And moving forward is important,  
Important to me.  
I am honest,  
I try to do nothing wrong.  
I love, love so many things,  
Life, nature, music and my lover  
Are always in my heart.  
I am real,  
I don't try to be what I am not,  
Impressing others is not me,  
I'm just me,  
And if you don't like what you see  
That is not my problem,  
It is yours.

## I Believe.

I believe,  
I believe in life.  
Having been on this world  
For so many years  
I have learned,  
And I believe  
Life has two parts.  
And the second part is better,  
Better than the first half.  
In that first half we learn,  
We find out how life works,  
It gives us experience,  
Experience to create a good life.  
The second half is our reward,  
As that time is for us to enjoy,  
To enjoy life,  
And that is where I am.  
I am in the enjoyment,  
The enjoyment of life.  
I believe and now know,  
That life is wonderful.

## Ignored By Others.

We have many things in our life,  
Some are good,  
Some are not so good  
But some are important.  
Honesty must be there,  
If we are not honest to others,  
Or to yourself  
Mistrust will be all around us.  
The same is with truth,  
If we tell the truth  
We will not need to remember,  
Remember the lies.  
Respect must be there  
Even if others disagree with us  
Our respect for them must show  
So that we can move on,  
Move on in our life.  
Finally the most important thing,  
Love must come above all  
As without love of our life  
We will get nowhere  
And sink into a lonely place  
Where others ignore us.

## The Undarkened House.

I rise before dawn,  
The new day to start.  
I creep downstairs silently ,  
Trying not to disturb the missus,  
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 hear writing these words,  
Able to see my way through them,  
Without turning on the lights.

## Singing Our Hearts Out.

We met for the last time,  
The last time this term.  
The choir gathered and celebrated,  
Celebrated our success  
Of the wonderful concert we had sung,  
Sung a few days before.  
We had sang our hearts out,  
The audience enjoyed it so much  
Everyone was smiling,  
Smiling and so thankful,  
Thankful for the music,  
The music we had sung.  
We sat around and talked,  
Talked, ate and drunk  
Discussing the choir,  
The wonderful choir we had.  
We went back home  
Enthralled by our joy  
And could not wait  
Until we gathered again,  
Gathered again and sang,  
Sang our hearts out for the joy,  
The joy of music.

## Freedom To Happiness.

If in life you do what you like doing,  
It is called freedom.  
If in life you like what you are doing,  
It is called happiness.  
So in your life do what you like doing  
And enjoy the happiness it brings to you.

## Sunlight To Rain.

Bathed in sunlight  
We stepped onto the lawn,  
Struck four croquet balls  
Towards the hoops.  
Bathed in pouring rain  
We rushed off the lawn,  
Jumped in our cars  
And went home!

## Welcome To The New Guard.

Well the guard has changed,  
The old guard fought well,  
Fought well to keep his place,  
His place ahead of the competitors,  
But this time he lost  
And the new guard took over.  
For ten years the old guard has won,  
Won the championship,  
A great player among the three,  
The three that dominated to game.  
But now he was the one left  
And on this day he lost,  
Lost in one of the best matches,  
One of the best matches I have ever seen.  
Shots were hit that seemed impossible,  
It had to go to the final set  
And in that set brilliant play was seen  
As it had been all the match.  
Two outstanding sportsman  
Giving their all to their game,  
Playing for almost five hours,  
Their strength and stamina was amazing.  
But then it happened,  
Carlos Alcaraz hit the winning shot  
And Novak Djokovic had lost,  
Lost his crown,  
As the new guard placed it,  
Placed it on his own head.

## **My Love Is All Around.**

I walk this land with care,  
With care and love for all.  
Brought into this wonderful place  
With a heart so strong and so big  
That there is room for all.  
In this land I see so much beauty,  
The green of the earth,  
The blue of the skies,  
The yellow of the sun  
Shining down on my life.  
At night the bright moon shines  
Bringing joy to my life,  
Surrounded by the stars  
Who are memories of friends,  
Friends and loved ones looking down.  
The loves of my passed life remain,  
Remain in my heart,  
And the love of my life is part of it,  
Part of my heart.  
My love for her is unbounded  
And will always be so,  
But my love for others will reach out,  
So all will know  
That my love is all around them.

## Haircut.

Two ladies met in a bar  
They sat there drinking their wine,  
One said to the other  
"You have had you hair done?  
It looks so cute"  
"Yes" the other one said  
"Do you think so, I wasn't sure"  
"It is perfect, I'd like my hair to look like yours"  
"Are you serious, yours is adorable  
And always looks good in the way it is cut,  
I was going to get mine cut like yours  
But it would not suit my long neck"  
"I love you long neck,  
It's better than my wide shoulders"  
"I would love to have your shoulders  
Everything drapes so well from them"

Two men met in a bar  
Sat their drinking their beer,  
One said "Haircut?"  
The other one said "Yeah."

## Challenges In Life.

In life we have challenges,  
They are like stepping stones.  
Every time you move forward,  
Move forward along those stones  
It is the way to success.  
Sometimes you stumble  
And you learn from that,  
As it will give you wisdom.  
So all you need to do  
Is regain your footing,  
Pick yourself up  
And move forward in wisdom,  
In the wisdom gained,  
Gained by overcoming each stumble.

## I Will Remember That!

As we get older things change,  
Those things that we used to do  
Get harder in time.  
Physicality drifts away  
As strength leaves our body.  
Mentally things change  
Where the mind struggles.  
And then we lie to ourselves,  
As we often say:  
"I've no need to write that down,  
I will remember it!"

## Sunrise To Sunset.

There have been so many days in my life  
And every one has brought something different,  
Some were not so good,  
But I believe most of them were wonderful,  
And with that in mind  
I know that every day I arise  
I am still alive and all will be well.  
So to you all I say,  
May every sunrise bring you joy,  
And may every sunset bring you peace.

## Tony Bennett.

Well another one has gone,  
Another singer gone from my life.  
First Dean passed,  
And then Frank,  
And now Tony.  
Three singers that have brought me joy,  
Brought me joy throughout my life.  
Well they are together now  
Singing their hearts out  
In that bar of heaven.  
And maybe there is a heavenly San Francisco  
Where Tony has found his heart,  
And all is wonderful.  
He left his legacy,  
As did the other two  
And I can still listen,  
Listen to the wonderful songs,  
The wonderful songs that they sang.

## Hooked On Rugby.

Totally hooked,  
I was totally hooked.  
Sitting there on a Saturday afternoon  
Watching rugby on the tele,  
Leigh Leopards against St Helens.  
What a match it was!  
I just could not move,  
Every second was thrilling,  
The underdogs fought well  
And they beat St Helens  
To win their way to the final,  
The final of the challenge cup  
The most prestigious win to be had,  
To be had in Rugby League.

Th following afternoon  
I watched the second semi final,  
Hull Kingston Rovers against Wigan Warriors.  
There was no way it could be as good,  
Be as good as the one I had seen  
But it was, another fantastic match.  
Once more I was hooked  
And once more I could not move.  
It ended and it was a draw  
So the golden point had to be played,  
The first one to get a point,  
Get a point in any way would win.  
And then it happened,  
A drop goal was kicked  
And Hull won the match.

There I sat in wonder,  
The wonder of seeing two matches,

Two matches so wonderfully played,  
No animosity  
Just the hard hitting within the rules,  
That is the beauty of rugby,  
And in these two matches  
I had seen it at its best.

## Today, Yesterday and Tomorrow.

In our lives we have the now,  
We have the past  
And we have the future.  
As we think in the now  
We may look back,  
But when we do that  
We must smile.  
We will also look forward,  
And when we do that  
We must dream.

## The New Day Tanka.

The sun arises,  
I rise too into this day,  
A new day of joy  
Where my life is still with me  
And all will be well this day.

## Where All Was Beautiful.

How can they do this to me?  
Three musicians on the stage,  
Clarinet, piano and drums.  
They started playing  
And it happened,  
I was taken away,  
Away to the world of jazz.  
Swaying, tapping and smiling  
All evening long  
As the sounds penetrated,  
Penetrated my heart and soul.  
Where did the time go?  
Suddenly it was ended,  
The music was no longer there.  
I sailed down from my wonder  
And landed gently in reality,  
Another fine evening of jazz  
Had taken me to another place  
Where all was beautiful.

## Smile For More.

We may have little in our lives  
But be happy with that little we have  
As out there in this world  
There are people who have nothing  
And yet they still manage to smile,  
Maybe one day  
That smile will bring them more.

## African Proverb.

Not a poem but something I saw on Facebook which I found so meaningful:

***War is created by people too old to fight,  
For those too young to die.***

## Me A Pedant!

A new poet came to the site,  
Not unusual, many join  
This wonderful poetry enclave.  
I looked at their profile  
And it made me laugh.  
"Studying English,  
I haven't wrote many poems."  
I wouldn't want to stay  
On that English course.  
Or is it just  
That I am a pedant.

## What If....?

What if...?

The most asked question in life,

I often ask it of myself.

The first question I ask

Is what if I had stayed at my first job,

A young chemist in Atomic Energy,

I may well have ended being a renowned scientist,

But would I have been happy,

As happy as I am today.

Looking back in my life

I have always been happy.

Working all my life,

Married to a wonderful lady,

Having children and grandchildren,

Moving into a wonderful new relationship

When my wife passed into heaven.

This may never have happened

If I had not moved from that job,

I would not have known them.

I know that the question will never be answered,

But What if....?

## Forever And Beyond.

I look up into the clear night sky,  
The bright moon shines down on me  
Bringing the joy of life and love to my heart.  
Beyond it I see the stars  
And remember the lives of those who have gone,  
Those who have gone before me.  
Some I had known well  
And many I had loved.  
But looking back into my life  
I know that love is with me now,  
As the love of my new life is here,  
Here by my side and we are one.  
The two of us are fused to each other's hearts  
With a love so strong which will last forever,  
Forever and beyond.

## Awake At Six.

I am a lark,  
Always up about six.  
I always have been like that,  
Even when working,  
The alarm clock was redundant.  
Now well into my retirement,  
That time in the morning  
Is so special.  
It is the time  
When words come to me,  
Words to be written on a page,  
Like those on this page.  
I can look out the window,  
And see the wonder of nature.  
I go for walks and walk with nature,  
Walk along My River,  
Where My Spirit  
Joins its soothing flow.  
So yes, my mornings are special.  
But what I don't understand  
Is that no matter when I go to bed,  
Be it ten or twelve,  
I still wake up at six.

## A Flanders Tale.

If you go looking for them  
You will find them,  
As I did.  
I went to see the Corporal,  
I found him,  
He was in the cookhouse,  
Feeding himself.  
The sergeant I wanted to see  
But I needed to go to the canteen,  
Where he was lying on the floor.  
The quarter master was found  
A mile or so behind the lines,  
Drinking the company rum  
With the sergeant major.  
I asked where the Captain was  
I was told he was at home  
On seven days' leave.  
So where were the politicians  
Who created this war,  
They were drinking brandy  
In the House of Commons bar.  
And what about the Private,  
Where was he?  
He was hanging on the old barbed wire!

## Together Forever

Sitting by the sea

Looking at infinity

My life forever

Will always be there with me

Together with my lover.

## Multicultural Evening.

Well there I was,  
And evening of multicultural pleasure,  
Sitting at our table in the ballroom  
Amongst many English people,  
With a Welsh singer on stage,  
A Welsh lady, my lover, at my side.  
He sang Tom Jones  
As though Tom Jones was there.  
And there on the table was my first drink,  
A pint of Irish Guinness  
Supped down with delight.  
A wonderful evening was being enjoyed  
And of course there was one thing,  
One thing to end it with,  
It had to be a Scottish whisky.  
But no ordinary Scotch,  
It had to be Laphroaig  
Sipped gently with love,  
With love and admiration  
For such a wonderful drink.  
So there it was,  
My multicultural evening  
Of English, Welsh, Irish and Scots,  
A beautiful evening to remember.

## Rock For Heroes.

What a band!  
A rock band?  
One I would normally ignore  
But I was hooked,  
Hooked by their phenomenal playing.  
The time went so quickly,  
And a time that was so meaningful.  
They played for us,  
And they played for heroes.  
Such a vast array of numbers  
Many I knew and many I didn't,  
As it is not my kind of music.  
But this band took my breath away,  
I just could not stop rocking,  
Rocking all evening.  
I will give them my greatest accolade,  
I would see them again!

## 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.

## **Our Place.**

The weekend was over  
So back home we drove,  
Such a great weekend,  
Staying in our favourite place  
Where all was done for us.  
Sitting in the lounge  
A waiter comes to me,  
"Would you like a drink sir"  
"Yes please I say"  
I order the drinks,  
They are brought to our table,  
I can deal with that.  
In our room we look out  
And see the sun shining on the sea.  
We walk the beach hand in hand,  
Such a wonderful time was had.  
But the most important thing  
Was our love,  
Our love for each other,  
Shining brighter than the sun  
Every moment of our life.  
There we were together  
In our favourite place  
That we call "Our Place".

## Flaming Computers!

For many years we have sang at the school,  
Every Thursday we go there  
Practising our songs,  
Learning new ones,  
Thoroughly enjoying ourselves.  
We start the new term in September  
But I now have to book the hall,  
This time using an online system  
Where before we just asked the staff.  
And all went well,  
But now it is different!  
So I filled in the form,  
Filled it with all the dates we required  
And pressed enter.  
It came back and said I was wrong  
But did not say where.  
These flaming computer systems  
Create so many problems for us  
And I ought to know  
As I worked in computing,  
And had done for many years  
Until that great day came,  
That day when I retired  
And started enjoying my life even more.  
Now I am stuck again by a computer,  
All because we want to do,  
Want to do again,  
What we have been doing for so many years.  
No problems in the past,  
But now there is a flaming computer in the way!

## Tony Hudgell.

What a boy!  
Only eight years old,  
Both legs amputated  
After being abused as a baby,  
Yet he came through,  
His foster parents saved him,  
And he saved himself  
And created a new world,  
A world of climbing and heroism.  
He reached his first summit  
The summit of Orrest Head,  
A fell overlooking the Lake District.  
So many people were there  
Cheering him on  
As he climbed into his life  
That will now be so wonderful  
And lead him to the great heights,  
The great heights to come,  
To come in his life.  
Well done Tony,  
Tony Hudgell.

## I Do Not Understand.

Man is destructive on many fronts,  
People destroy so many things,  
And I just do not understand.  
Many saying it is for the better  
And they are making progress.  
But if it is something created by man  
And it is destroyed  
They say it is called vandalism.  
But we live in Natures harmony  
And have done from our beginnings.  
But when man destroys something,  
Something created by Nature  
It is called progress.  
Destroying Nature is abominable!  
So remember when walking with Nature  
Take nothing but pictures,  
Leave nothing but footprints,  
Kill nothing but time.

## Miracles Written By Mary.

Sunrise at Bembridge,  
Another day has begun,  
Begun with laughter,  
Laughter, quizzes, games and fun.  
First that General Knowledge quiz,  
Not too bad at that.  
Then the music quiz,  
The music, the song, the singer and the year,  
Realising the memory was failing us  
Reduces us to tears.  
Curling, shuffleboard and scattergories,  
Games we so enjoyed.  
Is their a ray of light in playing these,  
We just don't believe it,  
After six visits in the passed  
We made it at last,  
Ten out of ten,  
We won,  
And won our first one,  
Our first ISLE OF WIGHT PEN!!!  
Miracles do happen.

## Jazz On A Summers Day.

What a day!  
Jazz all afternoon,  
Jazz all evening.  
We started at New Orleans,  
The trumpets showing the way,  
Showing the beginnings of jazz.  
We were then taken to Tin Pan Alley  
Where the world started to hear,  
Hear these wonderful sounds.  
Billy then came into the room  
Singing her emotive words.  
Across the sea we were taken  
And ended up in Paris,  
Where Django and Stephan changed the way  
Into that wonderful sound,  
That wonderful sound of violin and guitar.  
Then the day finished in Harlem  
Where jazz just grew and grew  
And took the world to the wonder,  
The absolute wonder of Jazz.

Then there was that group,  
That group that brought tears,  
Tears of laughter to our minds.  
Guitar, banjo, sax and comb  
AND COMB I here you say,,  
Yes and comb  
Buzzing away in wonder  
And when he wasn't playing the comb  
He was hitting a suitcase with brushes,  
Brushes and a foot.  
The laughter abounded  
But so did the appreciation,

These four guys playing jazz,  
Playing jazz differently  
But it was still jazz.

What a wonderful day,  
A wonderful day had by all,  
A day of glorious jazz.

## The Final Match.

Well the final came!  
I had seen the semi-finals,  
Two of the greatest matches,  
Greatest matches that I had seen,  
Could the final be better?  
Yes it could!  
Leigh Leopards against Hull Kingston Rovers,  
Out they came on that Wembley turf  
To play the final.  
They played so well,  
So tremendously well,  
Each side gave their all  
And it was so close.  
A try and conversion in the last minute  
Created a draw at full time,  
So the Golden Point was played.  
I would have been happy,  
Happy for it to stay a draw  
And both teams share the cup,  
They had both played equally well.  
But the Golden Point was played  
And the drop goal happened  
And Leigh Leopards won.  
What a match!  
It showed what sport could be,  
Where each team gave their all,  
Gave their all for their teams,  
And gave their all  
For the game that they love.

## Give What You Can.

Gain what you can.

Save what you can.

Give what you can.

In this life so many just think,

Just think of themselves,

Wanting what they want

What they want in their lives,

Not caring for others.

All they want to do,

Is to gain what they can.

Then there are people

Who save what they can,

Save not just for themselves

But save for others in their lives,

Caring for others they know,

And even caring for others

That they do not know.

Then there are the people

Who give to others,

Give to others in their lives.

As there are people in this world

That struggle with their existence

And need such help,

Need all the help they can get.

## Need To Be Right.

Sometimes it happens,  
You are talking with someone  
And you seem to disagree,  
But then you realise  
That neither of you were wrong,  
You just saw things differently.  
That is the true way in life,  
To be able to see,  
See things from others perspective  
Rather than the need to be right.  
If only the world could see this  
Maybe there would be peace,  
Peace in the world.

## Can We Live Happily.

Life can be so strange,  
So many people in it  
But with those people  
Have you noticed  
How strange it can be?  
In this life it happens  
That a person who has nothing  
Will help others faster,  
Help them faster  
Than a person who has everything.  
There is so much greed,  
So much greed in this world.  
Why can't we share,  
Share all,  
So that all can live happily.

## The Dahlias.

There they were in full bloom,  
The dahlias that I love,  
That have such memories,  
Such wonderful memories for me.  
I was back in my childhood  
Looking out in the back garden,  
Dahlias everywhere,  
My father's favourite flower.  
So many colours,  
So much beauty,  
And here they were in my garden  
So very many years later  
And every time I see them  
I am back with him,  
Back with my father.  
A gentle man  
And one of Nature's gentlemen,  
A man that showed me the way  
The way to live life,  
Live life with politeness and respect,  
Respect for all in my life.  
He will always be with me  
Every time I listen to music,  
As he brought music to my life,  
Music that is so important,  
So important in my life.  
So here I am in harmony,  
In harmony with life  
Brought to me by him  
As I listen to music  
And see the dahlias.

## Don't Feel Bad.

Sometimes in life  
People seem to forget you  
But remember you  
Only when they need you.  
Don't feel bad about this,  
Feel privileged.  
To them you are like a candle  
That comes into their minds  
When they are in the dark.

## A Superb Day.

Well finals day had come,  
The club members had battled well,  
Four players had reached the two finals.  
The final battle was to be fought,  
The club members were there  
To watch the fights,  
Watch the fights on the croquet lawn.  
Mallets were drawn  
And the first pair fought.  
They went to the first hoop  
And the battle took place,  
Each other's balls hit away  
Until fifteen minutes later  
The first ball went through,  
Each hoop was then run through  
And one player could do no wrong,  
She reached the eighth hoop,  
Put the ball through,  
And won the game.  
The second final was then fought,  
A cut and thrust battle,  
Neither knight would surrender  
Until one eventually overcame the other  
And won the match on the tenth hoop.  
A wonderful day of croquet  
Bringing the club together even more.  
Good sport,  
With good humour,  
Very good food,  
And such wonderful companionship.  
A superb day.

## **Dame Janet Baker.**

Today it is her birthday,  
A lady I have heard sing,  
Heard sing all my life.  
A voice so beautiful,  
So beautiful it sends shivers,  
Shivers down my spine.  
Born this day in nineteen thirty three,  
Ninety years old today,  
A lady that has brough pleasure,  
So much pleasure to all.  
I wish you happy birthday Janet,  
Dame Janet Baker.

## Three Balls.

The man and woman stripped,  
He looked at her in total admiration.  
She looked at him and laughed.  
There between his legs were three,  
Three balls instead of two.  
She just looked at him and laughed,  
She said "So that is how you got your name,  
Ooja Nickyer Bolokov"

## Path Of Life.

We each walk the path of life  
Taking us to the good and bad,  
The good and bad parts of our life.  
On that path we meet people,  
Some bring sadness,  
But most bring happiness as we walk,  
Walk along that path.  
Even when others walk your path,  
Walk your path with you,  
You must always remember  
It is your path and nobody,  
Nobody can walk it for you.

## I Have A Dream 2.

I have a dream,  
In that dream people care,  
All people care  
And see that all have a home,  
All have food to eat,  
The sick are healed.

I have a dream,  
In that dream people care,  
Care for the planet,  
Protect all animals,  
Protect Nature's Wonder,  
Heal the world.

I have a dream,  
In that dream people care,  
Care for each other,  
Treat all as equals,  
Treat all with respect,  
Give love to all around.

I have a dream.

## Peace At The End Of The Day.

The day is over,  
A busy day,  
But not a bad day,  
With my lover all the time.  
We joke and laugh,  
Laugh at and with each other,  
Creating such happiness in our life.  
Then the evening came  
And a Committee meeting was held!  
A meeting where you take minutes  
And waste hours!  
It was at last over  
Thank goodness!  
So we sat in our lounge,  
I had a scotch by me,  
Laphroaig of course.  
I put some music on  
And we just sat and listened,  
Calming down to the sound,  
The sound of Chopin,  
His Nocturnes surrounding us.  
A sip of scotch in my mouth,  
Calmness reigned.  
The day was over  
And all was now wonderful,  
As music had brought us back,  
Back to our world of love and peace.

## The Glory Of Croome

What shall we do today  
My lover and I thought  
And we went to Croome,  
One of our favourite places.  
We arrived in the bright sun,  
The estate there before us,  
We went to the top  
And stood by the Church,  
Yes the estate has a Church,  
A Church in its grounds.  
Such a beautiful view,  
Looking over the grounds,  
And on the horizon the Malverns,  
A beautiful line of hills.  
We walked around the grounds,  
The trees, bushes and flowers  
Creating beauty all around,  
Made even more beautiful  
As my beautiful lover was with me.  
Our love enhanced the wonder,  
The wonder of this land.  
We reached the manor house  
It only took us two hours,  
Two hours to walk there,  
Walking amongst the delights,  
The delights of Croome.  
The manor is so wonderful  
Such magnificent architecture.  
We came away so happy.  
We had a wonderful day,  
And as always made so much better  
As my lover and I were together,  
And together we will be forever.

## Musical Language.

Off to the cinema we went,  
We went to see a concert,  
A concert of Andre Rieu,  
Andre Rieu in Maastricht.  
What an evening,  
An evening filled with joy,  
And the occasional sadness.  
We were taken to those heady heights,  
Those heady heights of music  
Where love shone all around,  
Then came that song,  
That song that tore me apart,  
And told of children running free.  
If only that could happen,  
Too many children are hurt and killed  
And that should not be,  
Children are the future,  
And they should be cherished,  
Cherished throughout the world.  
But then Andre cheered me up again  
And the concert ended in love,  
In love, glory and wonder,  
As music brought us all together.  
It is what music does,  
There were people from all over,  
All over the world  
And they were brought together,  
Brought together by music.  
Music, the language understood,  
Understood by all.

## You Never Know.

You never know,  
Never know the impact,  
The impact you can have,  
Have on those around you.  
You never know how much,  
How much that smile,  
That smile you gave them  
Was needed by them in that moment.  
You never know how your kindness,  
Your kindness brings hope,  
Brings hope to their lives.  
So in our lives don't wait,  
Don't wait for others to be kind,  
To be kind first  
Just be kind to others first,  
As you never know,  
Never know how much it means,  
How much it means in their lives  
And how much they need it,  
Need it in their lives  
At that moment.  
You never know.

## And All That Jazz.

It started, as with much of my love of music,  
With my Dad.  
With him Swing was King  
And the monarch was Benny Goodman.  
This was my introduction  
Of the world and wonder of Jazz.

From those early days I have listened  
To many types of this music and loved them all.  
The very early times of Bix and Jelly Roll  
And of course ol' Satchelmouth leading the way.  
Though the thirties of the big bands  
Basie, Ellington, Shaw and Miller;  
Leading to the swing of the forties.

Then out of this came the sound that was bebop;  
Bird and Dizzy in the lead, with this strange sound;  
Alien noises to the establishment,  
But became so wonderful to hear.  
It changed the course of Jazz history.  
The chromatic changes that weren't thought possible,  
Now becoming the sound, to which many flew.

Bebop mutated into so many varied type of Jazz.  
It lead to the disaster that was 'avant garde'.  
A sound, to my mind, that just wasn't music.  
That Coltrane record I bought,  
Put the needle anywhere on the disc,  
The sound was just as bad.  
I wonder if I could listen to it now,  
With my more open minded view of music.

Cool Jazz given birth by Miles;

So harmonic, so soft, so mind-blowing.  
This sound of mellow tones coming through my mind  
And into my soul.  
The beautiful sounds of Chet, Stan and Dave;  
Pure melancholy, transporting me  
To a world where all is calm and peaceful.

Trad, that sound that some decry,  
But whenever it is played, all the feet tap.  
Acker and Kenny leading the way  
With this cheerful and foot tapping sound,  
That can never fail to lift any depression  
With its sound of unalloyed joy.

And then of course there was Oscar.  
The man who can take me to places  
That only exist in my dream of heaven.  
This man who when he died  
Took a piece of my life with him;  
A man whose music was part of me,  
And still is.

Jazz, the sounds that many can't stand.  
But to me, a world of such varying ways  
Of contemplating the world of music ,  
That has been with me all my life;  
And is still there for me.

## We Do Not Understand

We just do not understand!  
How can this have happened,  
Happened to us?  
Our love for each other  
Is so very strong.  
We are one,  
Our minds, hearts and souls together,  
Together in a love so strong.  
We have lived our long lives  
But in this evening of our time  
We fell in love.  
Even at our age we make love,  
And it is not sex,  
It is pure unadulterated love,  
Love that we have for each other  
In the closest and most wonderful way.  
We laugh at and with each other,  
There are no issues at all,  
We even think like each other.  
What have we done,  
Done to be so happy  
And be together  
At the age we are.  
And all I did almost two years ago,  
Was to ask her out for coffee.

## Ludwig.

There I was in the lounge  
Thinking what music shall I listen to,  
I know, I thought,  
I'll put some Beethoven on.  
So I found his Fifth Symphony,  
A piece I had not played for a very long time.  
I had heard it on the radio  
But didn't really listen to it,  
I knew it so well,  
But this was the first time,  
The first time I had LISTENED to it,  
Really listened to it  
For a long time.  
There I was carried away,  
Carried away by this music,  
This glorious music.  
I was conducting it,  
Smiling all over.  
I listen to music all the time  
But this took me back,  
Back to those times  
When I played Beethoven more often.  
So once more music astounded me  
As it so often does,  
So often does in my wonderful life.  
My wonderful life of music.

## Seasons Of Love.

When somebody passes seasons appear,  
When they pass a frozen Winter seems never to end,  
But then Spring thaws the land bringing a promise,  
A promise of Summer.  
That's when the memories return,  
The good ones that you thought had died.  
Then there comes Autumn,  
A time of letting go,  
A time when you start to forget again.  
But we must realise  
That without an ending in life  
There can be no new beginning,  
That is Nature's way.

## Life's Mistakes.

In our lives we make mistakes,  
They are painful when they happen.  
The older we get  
The more mistakes we make,  
But they get fewer and fewer,  
As each mistake adds knowledge.  
So a collection of mistakes  
Is what becomes experience,  
And experience cannot be taught.

## Angry Words.

Sometimes in life we get angry,  
In in anger we may say some mean words.  
But we should never say mean words,  
Say mean words in anger,  
As our anger will pass  
But our mean words may scar,  
May scar a person for life.  
So even in anger use kind words,  
Use kind words,  
Or remain silent.

## Pointless Job.

In life sometimes you may think.  
May think your job is pointless.  
But it may not be that bad  
As somewhere in Germany  
There is a guy working on cars,  
He is putting turning signals on them,  
Putting turning signals on BMWs.

## Replace Coffee?

How can they say that!  
It is suggested that green tea,  
Yes green tea is good for you.  
But what they don't realise  
Is that by replacing coffee,  
Replacing coffee by green tea  
You can lose eighty seven percent,  
Yes eighty seven percent  
Of what little joy you have,  
You have in your life.

## Such A Lucky Man.

I sit silently on the hilltop,  
There around me is Nature's beauty.  
I look and listen  
And all I see is the wonder,  
The wonder of Nature,  
All I hear is Nature's symphony.  
I am in the Rhapsody of life  
Where all is fine.  
I look up into the clear blue sky  
Looking beyond the world  
And I wonder,  
Wonder what is beyond,  
Beyond the beauty of our world.  
As I sit I contemplate my life,  
A life filled with happiness  
Where my lover is always there,  
Music brings me so much joy  
And sitting here with Nature  
Shows me how lucky I am  
To have been in a world  
Where all I do  
Where all I see  
Where all I hear  
Brings such a wonderful life.  
I am such a lucky man.

## 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.

## Madama Butterfly On The Lake.

The young geisha revels,  
Revels in happiness.  
She married the American,  
He became the love of her life,  
And then he went away.  
Butterfly waited in hope,  
Hoping he would return,  
Return and see his son,  
His son of which he knew not.  
The songs of love flowed,  
Flowed from the voice of Butterfly  
In an absolute wonder  
Showing how emotive,  
How emotive music can be.  
He did return,  
But was married,  
Married to an American lady.  
Butterfly was devastated,  
Could see no further life,  
No further life for herself.  
Her son was given to the Americans  
And there amongst all the tears,  
All the tears of the audience  
Butterfly took her life.  
A wonderful emotive night,  
Enjoyed by all.

## Thank You Dad.

Today is that day,  
That day twenty eight years ago,  
That day when my Dad died.  
One of Nature's gentlemen  
And a very gentle man.  
He brought respect to me,  
And showed me the polite way in life,  
Nothing was forced on me.

Apart from being Father and Son  
We were very good friends.  
But the most important thing,  
The most important thing he gave me  
Was my love of music,  
Because of him I have listened,  
Listened to music ALL my life.  
My appreciation of music is unbounded  
Sometimes when I am listening to music  
He is sitting next to me.  
I often think of him,  
And many times when I look in a mirror  
I see my Dad.

So thank you Dad,  
Thank you for all you did for me,  
My appreciation even at my time of life  
Remains unbounded  
And will never change.  
Thank you Dad.

## Our Issue In Life.

Well the day came  
As it does every week,  
Off we go shopping,  
Shopping to feed ourselves,  
Feed ourselves for the week.  
Around the store we go,  
Get all that we need,  
No problem in that.  
But!  
But then we come to that place!  
That place where the cream cakes,  
The cream cakes reside.  
We know we should rush passed  
But we don't,  
We slow down.  
This is the only issue,  
Only issue we have  
We have in our lives.  
We know we should not,  
Should not buy cream cakes  
But we get pulled towards them  
And we buy them,  
And as we do we say,  
We say we will not buy them,  
Not buy them next week,  
But we know that pigs may fly  
Before we do not buy them,  
Do not buy cream cakes every week.

## The Gentlemen's Game.

Well that time has come,  
Four years since the last one,  
The Rugby Union World Cup,  
The finest sport of all.  
Of the forty eight matches due  
Eight were played this weekend,  
And I was there,  
There in France to watch,  
To watch the matches.  
Only I had not far to travel,  
Not far to see them all  
There I was sat in my lounge  
Travelling around France,  
Via the television.  
The weekend ended with a great match,  
A match that showed Rugby,  
Showed Rugby for what it was .  
No quarter given by either team  
The spherical ball travelling all over,  
Being throw, kicked and held  
By the sportsman of the game.  
The match ended,  
One side had won,  
But all had given their all  
On that sward of grass.  
As each player hugged each other  
No matter which team,  
The Game of Rugby had won once more.  
This is the joy of Rugby,  
A game for hooligans  
Played by gentlemen.  
So now I look forward,  
Look forward to next weekend.

Eight matches played,  
Only forty more to go.

## Lovely Mary Acrostic.

Like an angel she came  
Overtaking my life in a  
Very special way  
Every day it happens our  
Love deepens so much  
You are now my life

Making me so happy  
And feeling so wonderful with our  
Raging love for each other  
You lovely Mary.

## That Day Came.

That day came,  
All I did was ask her out,  
Out for a cup of coffee.  
Since that day  
We have never been apart,  
A love grew,  
Grew within moments,  
A love so strong,  
So Strong that we just don't understand,  
Understand how it can ,  
How it can be so strong,  
But strong it is  
And it will never waiver.  
We love each other.

## 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!"

## Four In Eternity.

Once more I walked by it,  
Walked by it with my lover by my side,  
We walked along My River.  
Its clear green water like a mirror  
With ripples flowing passed,  
Such a beautiful site,  
My River flowing freely,  
Flowing freely in my life  
Showing me the way to go,  
Being so much better  
With my lover with me.  
We will travel along My River  
Until that time when our Spirits  
Rise above the water  
And flow together into eternity  
Where we will meet the other two,  
The other two that were in our lives,  
And the four of us will go on,  
Go on for eternity together.

## 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!"

## Dreams Of Peace.

Once more I strolled by My River;  
The stillness surrounding me.  
My River flowed silently beside me,  
Not a ripple to be seen,  
Even the swan's wake was almost still.  
This silence enveloped me  
Until I was at one with nature.  
My thoughts meandered through this miasma  
In which I was enthralled.  
Why cannot all find this peace,  
This peace of coming together,  
Without rancour, without war, without killing,  
Just live with each other in harmony .  
Why do some people need to fight,  
Need to impose their wills on others.  
Why can't life be as smooth as My River  
As it flows at my side and through my life.  
It is only a dream,  
But I can escape it for a while,  
As I walk with My River,  
With My Spirit.

## The Joy Of Children.

I see them so often  
And they bring joy to my heart.  
We could be walking in town  
And I see them,  
Or walking in the park  
And I see them,  
We could be drinking coffee  
In our favourite water hole  
And I see them.  
See the young children,  
So innocent,  
So happy.  
Their laughter pulls at me  
And brings so much enjoyment.  
So why do people do it?  
Why do people hurt children?  
I just do not understand,  
I am a peaceful man  
But when I hear  
Of adults hurting children  
Anger rises within me.  
I just do not understand,  
Do not understand why,  
Why adults hurt kids.

## Broken Heart Fixed.

In this broken world I am happy,  
So many bad things are happening  
But in my life all is so good.  
It did break once,  
Once when my wife,  
My wife of many, many years  
Was taken from me,  
Taken from me by dementia.  
The time came,  
The time when my wife died,  
It was a release,  
Release for both of us.  
Time moved on  
And now all is well  
As a new life was given to me,  
Given to me by this lady,  
This lady came into my life  
And she fixed my broken heart.

## Nature's Artwork.

We have reached that time,  
That time when night and day  
Reach the equality of each other  
And we go into that wonderful place  
Where Autumn comes to the fore  
And the trees change colour.  
The green of the Spring and Summer  
Changes to the vibrant colours  
Of the Autumn palette,  
The yellow, orange and red  
Show me the glory,  
The glory of Nature's artwork.

## Let's Eat!

The plate sits before me  
And there it is, my Ribeye Steak,  
About three quarters of an inch thick,  
The dark brown parallel lines  
Patterned over it  
Showing it is cooked well,  
Streaks of white fat within it  
Giving it the wonderful flavour  
That will be inside me soon.  
The crisp chips by its side,  
Mushrooms and onions in attendance.  
I slice through it with a sharp knife  
And the red inside showing its cooked,  
Cooked rare, to my perfection.  
I raise the fork to my mouth  
And taste this delicate glory,  
My mouth waters around the meat  
And I chew it easily and swallow,  
Swallow the wonderful pieces.

My world of food glory is here  
And can only be enhanced,  
Enhanced by the red wine sitting there,  
Sitting there beside my plate.  
I raise the glass to my nose  
Smell the wonder of my Rioja,  
It goes to my lips and I sip,  
Sip this beautiful nectar I like so much.  
I enjoy every moment of my meal,  
The steak and the wine soothing my mind,  
Soothing my mind and heart.  
So come on all join me,  
Let's eat!

## Music To Normality.

Why does it do it to me?  
I sit here in the morning  
Reading and writing my words  
When on the radio  
A piece of music plays  
And I stop and get carried,  
Carried into that musical world.  
It has happened once more,  
Music played  
And I stopped,  
Stopped and listened,  
Listened with my ears , mind and heart  
Until the piece stopped  
And I saw normality once more.

## In Among The Blackbirds.

Down the garden I go,  
Bird food in hand.  
Fill the feeders with seed,  
Fill others with sunflower hearts,  
For the Goldfinches of course.  
Towards the bird table I go,  
Put some seed on it,  
But also the sultanas.  
As I empty the packet  
The Blackbirds appear  
All around me in the trees,  
When I put the last sultana on  
A Blackbird lands near my hand,  
It looks at me in gratitude,  
I remove my hand and stay still.  
The Blackbirds come nearer  
And join each other on the table  
In their first feast of the day.  
I stand a look at them,  
As they look at me,  
Trusting me.  
I thank and praise nature  
That they accept me,  
Accept me as a friend,  
And allow me their trust  
As I stand amongst them,  
In amongst the Blackbirds.

## Such A Beautiful Game.

Eighty minutes went by,  
Went by like a flash.  
There they were on the pitch,  
Thirty men, fifteen on each side  
Knocking seven bells out of each other.  
The holders of the world cup  
Playing the current best team in the world,  
A match of staggering skill  
And formidable power,  
A game I was totally lost in.  
They crashed into each other  
With so much solidarity  
As if they hated each other,  
Both determined to win at all costs,  
But always played within the rules,  
The rules of Rugby Union.  
The final whistle blew,  
The match had ended,  
So much skill,  
So much power was shed,  
Shed on that pitch  
But only twenty one points were scored,  
Thirteen to Ireland,  
And eight to South Africa.  
A thoroughly enjoyable match for me,  
For me to see.  
Then at the end I was almost in tears  
As these huge men  
Who had knocked hell out of each other  
Came together in harmony,  
Shaking hands and cuddling,  
Showing their strength of character  
That they had in this wonderful game

Where acrimony disappears at the end,  
At the end of each game,  
Such a beautiful game.

## Simple Life.

In life we often find it hard  
But there is a way forward,  
There is a simple life  
If you just focus,  
Focus on one step,  
The step in front of you.  
It can be easier  
Than looking,  
Looking at the whole staircase.  
Life can be easier  
If we concentrate,  
Concentrate on one step,  
One step at a time.

## The First Rose.

So often it is written about,  
That last rose of Summer.  
I have a new rose in my garden  
Which I now write about  
As the first rose of Autumn,  
Showing that new life is there,  
And is always there  
Not matter what season.

## Good People.

In life it sometimes happens,  
You meet a new person  
And you just click.  
You feel so comfortable,  
So comfortable with them  
As if you have known them,  
Known them all your life.  
You don't have to pretend,  
You can just be yourself  
And no need to be anyone else.

Mary and I have this.  
It is as though we are one,  
We think the same thoughts,  
We react in harmony.  
Such a wonderful time  
In the Autumn of our lives  
That we know will go on,  
Go on forever.

## Jack's Departure.

The doorbell sounded,  
I opened the door  
And there stood Ced,  
A friend for many years.  
He had a very sad face  
As he told me about Jack,  
Jack had passed,  
Passed a couple of weeks ago.  
Jack was such a lovely dog,  
The most laid back dog I knew.  
I would walk into the coffee house  
And he would be lying there,  
Lying at Ced's feet.  
He may open an eye to see me  
But he stayed lying,  
Nothing stirred him.  
Now he had gone,  
Gone to that kennel in heaven  
That place where all good dogs go  
And they will be there waiting,  
Waiting for their owners  
When their owners come back,  
Come back to take them,  
Take them on a walk once more.  
Goodbye Jack.

## A Good Day Today.

I get up in the darkened morn,  
Look out of the window  
And there before me it shines,  
The full Harvest Moon,  
Clouds drifting over it  
Like a beautiful painting.  
Soon the Moon is obscured  
As the clouds fill the sky  
And the moon disappears,  
But I know it is there  
As on this morn I saw it  
And it will always be there  
Filling the ether with light,  
The light that is with me  
And knowing that once more,  
Once more that today,  
Today will be a good day.

## A Night AT The Musicals.

We walked into the theatre  
Not knowing what to expect.  
We sat down and waited,  
Two men came on stage  
And argued,  
Argued about closing the theatre,  
Then one said he could change it,  
And he did.  
He brought music to the theatre  
And there we were enthralled  
Enthralled by an evening,  
An evening of music  
From many musicals.  
So many singers  
Who were so very good.  
We smiled, we cried  
At the glory of the music,  
The music sung for us.  
We laughed so loud  
As well,  
As did all in the theatre.  
At the end we came out  
Came out of the theatre  
With a big smile on our faces  
And peace and love in our hearts.  
What a wonderful night we had  
Watching and hearing the show,  
"A Night at the Musicals"

## Twilight Three Ways.

Twilight approaches as the light fades  
That time which is neither day, nor night  
But where uncertainty is with you,  
The uncertainty of the day.

Twilight approaches as old age approaches,  
That time when most of life is behind you,  
But where Your Spirit guides you,  
Guides you into eternity.

Twilight approaches as the wonders are shown,  
That time when the beauty of the world is with you,  
But where you do not believe what you see,  
The magic of life.

## Chaos Disorganised.

September 2021 he arrived,  
Our New Minister at Church.  
Lovely man,  
Just what the Church needed  
After the last two Ministers,  
Ten years we suffered them  
But the new one came,  
So friendly,  
So caring.  
We met,  
We spoke,  
He heard my views,  
My views on organised religion  
And completely understood.  
He was liked by all,  
By all in the Church.  
But then it happened,  
Three months later  
He was suspended,  
No reason given,  
Nobody told us why,  
He was 'Under investigation'!  
That was now nearly two years ago  
And still we have heard nothing,  
Our Church is still without,  
Without a permanent Minister!  
No wonder Methodists refrain from alcohol,  
They know not how,  
How to organise a piss-up,  
How to organise a piss-up in a brewery.

## 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.

## Gratefulness.

In my long life I am grateful,  
Grateful for awaking each morning  
Knowing that this day will be wonderful.  
As Nature's glory will be there,  
Be there surrounding my life in colour  
In Autumns wonderful artwork.  
Music has always been in my life  
And will always bring peace,  
Peace to my body and mind.  
But best of all I have her,  
I have my lover who I love,  
I love with all my heart  
And we will go on together,  
Together to eternity,  
To eternity and beyond.

## Simple Understanding.

There was a time  
When there was an understanding,  
A simple understanding  
That if we sang at dawn  
And we sang at dusk  
We could heal the world,  
Heal the world through joy.  
We may not understand it,  
But the birds still do.

## How Old!

Well today is the day,  
I have reached seventy five,  
Seventy five years since that day,  
Since that day I was born  
Three quarters of a century ago..  
In all those years I have had a good life,  
Those forty seven years and one month  
Working my heart out  
And enjoying my working life.  
Nearly forty years with my wife  
Until that dreaded dementia took her,  
Took her a few years ago.  
And now with my lover  
With a love so strong.  
I have had a good life  
And intend to keep it that way  
For eternity and beyond.

## 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!

## The Years Ahead.

Well another year has passed,  
Another year in my long life  
And a new year to come,  
A year that will be full of love  
As my lover and I move through it  
Into more wonder of our love,  
Our love for each other  
Which gets stronger each moment,  
Each moment we are together.  
I have had so many good years  
But I know the years ahead will be better  
As we go on together  
With our love leading the way  
Into our wonderful future.

## That Wonderful Life.

When I look at this world  
And look at people  
I wonder,  
Wonder how they are,  
If there life is good  
Or if it is bad.  
To my mind I hope  
I hope they are happy.  
I may be crazy,  
Crazy to see others succeeding,  
But to my mind  
Life is a journey,  
A journey for all,  
For all to succeed,  
As life is a journey  
Not a competition.  
May you all succeed,  
Succeed in your life  
As all life is wonderful  
And we all deserve it,  
Deserve that wonderful life.

## Overheated.

Well there I was on the lawn  
Knocking the croquet balls around,  
Hoping to get them through the hoops.  
And there we all were, moaning,  
Moaning about the heat.  
I mean here we are in October,  
The sun blazing down on us,  
Many people had dressed for the season,  
Hats, coats, jumpers and cardigans.  
The game became a striptease,  
Coats and jumpers thrown off  
And laying around the lawn sides.  
There were some like me  
In shorts and short sleeved shirts,  
We dress for the weather, not the season,  
But even I was moaning about the heat  
I just do not get on with it.  
Bring on the cold  
So that once more I can play,  
Play croquet in the snow!

## The Walk Up The Hill.

I walked gently up the hill,  
The wonder of nature around me,  
Each sight giving me a thrill,  
The beauty of nature that I see.

The woods and valleys  
Showing me so much beauty  
That often overwhelms me  
And I need to just sit and look,  
Look at the artwork surrounding me  
And I think,  
Think how fortunate I am  
To be able to see this beauty,  
This beauty and wonder  
Given to me as a gift from Nature  
And me being able to appreciate it,  
An appreciation that will go on,  
Go on for all my long life.

## Hilary Limerick.

There was an old woman called Hilary  
Who worked all day in a millinery  
Making those hats  
Drove her quite bats  
So she spent the night in a distillery.

## Memories Of Brubeck.

This sound, so different, so wonderful,  
Came to my ears and mind long ago.  
The sound from this man;  
Who would stay with me, until the day he died  
In December two thousand and twelve.

Take Five, so famous, even now;  
Say Take Five and Brubeck is there in my mind.  
Those innocent days when Brubeck was alive,  
My brother and I listening to that famous quartet,  
Brubeck, Desmond, Morello and Wright.

The college recordings, especially Oberlin  
Where Brubeck and Desmond argued before coming on;  
The argument continued on stage,  
The two trying to outperform each other,  
Producing some of their best ever music.

The day I saw him, a birthday present from my brother;  
On stage came these three young men;  
Alto, drums and bass.  
And there, after a pause, he came,  
This little wizened old man.

He walked oh so slowly to the microphone,  
Said good evening and walked again so slowly to the piano,  
I though he is going to collapse before he gets there,  
But no he sits at his alter ego  
Turns, and beams at the audience.

This soft gentle sound pervades the theatre  
Like an invisible net, casting it's magic  
Around as all, and pulling us into the world

Of the jazz that Dave Brubeck brought  
To my Body and Soul.

He was in my life for fifty plus years;  
So wonderful to listen to  
Played with absolute ease and mastery;  
Showing me the absolute love of his art  
Dave Brubeck ? gone but never forgotten.

## That Day In 1066.

There I was sitting on the beach,  
Sitting on Hastings beach,  
The sun shining down.  
As I drank my glass of wine  
A shadow came over me,  
I looked up and there he was,  
Orchi had arrived!  
"Would you like some water in that wine?"  
He asked as usual,  
I told him what to do with his water!  
He sat next to me and waffled on  
About all our times together  
During the last millions of years,  
Millions of years we had known each other.  
I then looked out to sea  
And there sailing towards us were ships,  
The Normans were coming!  
I got up and looked around  
And saw our King Harold coming,  
Coming down the beach,  
His army behind him.  
I bowed as he approached,  
Orchi kept his head down  
Not seeing who it was.  
The Normans landed  
And started fighting us,  
All was going well  
Until Orchi raised his head and looked up.  
He pointed up and said,  
"Sire, what is that?"  
Harold looked up  
And the arrow struck him in the eye!  
And from that day history was changed

And all because Orchi pointed,  
Pointed up in the air  
And asked Harold,  
"Sire, what is that?."

## The Clock Strikes Six.

The clock strikes six,  
Up I get,  
The same time every day,  
And the first thing I realise  
Is that I am here,  
So another good day it will be,  
Another good day in my long life.  
What will I do today?  
I will be with my lover all day  
As I am now and every day,  
Our life together full of love.  
As it is Sunday we will have a roast  
A roast dinner of chicken and veg  
Followed by a sweet.  
Today it will be Mary's favourite,  
Sticky toffee pudding.  
We will have a glass of wine with it  
And we will be surrounded by music,  
Music is always in my life.  
In the afternoon we will sit relaxed,  
Relaxed listening to music and reading  
Until that time when it happens,  
When the rugby comes on the box.  
And there for the rest of the day  
I will be hooked,  
Hooked into the world cup.  
I have seen all the matches so far,  
All forty two of them,  
Only six more to go.  
Yes I am a rugby nut  
But Mary understands,  
So all is good in my world,  
As it is every day,

Every day that I get up,  
Get up in the morning,  
When the clock strikes six.

## **Digging Up Roads.**

Yes we were digging up that road,  
I don't know why.  
The traffic then drove a different route,  
So then we started digging up that road,  
Digging up that road too.

I know it happens.  
Every time I get into my car  
The road gods look down  
And say "Quick he's going!  
Find the road he will be driving,  
Will be driving along  
And get the workers out there,  
Out there to dig it up!".

## Our Love Goes On And On. (Written by Mary).

Love is such a little word  
It means so much to us  
It came between us suddenly  
From the gentlest of touch

We have our special places  
We have our special things  
But nothing was as special  
As exchanging our matching rings

So on this special day again  
Enjoy it all you can  
Whether in sunshine or in rain  
Our love goes on and on

## Calliope Inspiration.

Calliope looks down on me  
And brings thoughts to my mind  
Inspiring me to write,  
To write words of love,  
Love for all around me  
As each day I grow older  
And am privileged to be here  
To see the wonder of life  
For a very long time.  
My love for many things  
She brings to me.  
The beauty of Music  
Fills my body with wonder,  
The artwork of Nature  
Fills my eyes with wonder,  
As does artwork from people  
With such superb skill  
To put their eye and mind's eye  
Onto that plain canvas.  
The love of friends is with me,  
Both those around me  
And those I never see.  
But then Calliope raises her eyes  
As she thinks that I have forgotten,  
Forgotten the love of my life.  
But no My Lover is there,  
Forever with me in my heart and soul  
As we travel this world together,  
Remaining forever in each other's arms,  
Forever in each other's hearts,  
Forever in each other's minds,  
Moving towards eternity,  
As one being

Never to be parted.

## Focus On Yourself.

So many people in this world  
Believe they are not learning,  
Not learning from others  
As to how they should be,  
But what they do not realise  
Is that we are all unique,  
So remember to believe in yourself.

Look back in your life and be proud,  
Be proud how far you have come.  
Do not decry yourself,  
You must realise that life can be good,  
So be kind to yourself,  
And don't keep asking for more,  
Focus on what you have.

## Our Future Being.

Into the shop I went  
To buy a couple of things  
And there across the aisle  
Were twins in a pushchair,  
Their mum pushing them.  
I waved and smiled at them,  
They waved and smiled back,  
Such a wonderful feeling  
Comes to my heart,  
The innocence of childhood  
Is such a joy to me.

I often wonder how,  
How people can hurt children.  
I am a passive man  
But get so upset,  
Upset and annoyed  
When children are attacked.  
You just would not believe,  
Not believe what I would do,  
Do to them .  
But anybody who hurts a child  
Deserves the highest punishment

Why would people hurt children?  
They are the future of our being  
And will hopefully  
Be the ones that repair,  
The ones that repair our world.

## 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!"

## I Will Be Back!

There they were on the stage,  
The drummer starts drumming,  
Memories of Jean Krupa  
Came into my body,  
As he played the introduction,  
The introduction to 'Sing, sing, sing'.  
Such a wonderful start to the evening,  
An evening filled with music,  
With such wonderful music  
Played by this wonderful band.  
The music of Swing flowed,  
Flowed from their instruments  
Played with such joy  
Which captured the audience  
By the way they played,  
And enjoyed their playing.  
The evening just shot by,  
They seemed to finish so fast  
But we have been there,  
Been there listening for two hours  
Embedded in the wonder of their playing,  
Which took me into a beautiful world,  
A beautiful world of jazz,  
Jazz that has been with me,  
With me all my long life.  
All I can say is thank you,  
But it does not seem enough,  
Just two words is not enough  
For the joy you gave to me  
On that wonderful evening.  
But I do have more words,  
More words for 'Down for the Count'.  
"I will be back!"



## Afternoon Love.

It just comes upon us,  
The love we have is so strong  
That we need to seal it with passion.  
So up the stairs we go,  
Remove our clothes  
And cling to each other,  
Our naked bodies so close.  
Onto the bed we go  
And we get together  
In the tightest way known,  
So our bodies become one  
And our love for each other  
Pours out of our bodies.  
It is so wonderful,  
It happens so often,  
Several times a week  
And we laugh,  
Because this passion  
Is so strong that we do not understand,  
Do not understand about making love,  
Making love so often,  
"AT OUR AGE!"

## Back Again.

Well, here we are again,  
Back in our favourite hotel  
Here on the Isle of Wight.  
As we walk round the place  
We are greeted,  
Greeted by the staff,  
The staff that know us  
As we know them.  
Such a wonderful place,  
The place we call our second home.  
We look out from our room  
And see the sea  
Stretching out before us.  
The sea is rough at the moment  
But its beauty is there.  
The glory of the white caps  
Sweeping up on the shore,  
Further out the rolling waves  
Travelling from places,  
Places we have never been.  
Such a wonderful time will be had,  
As we love in our second home.

## Sun On The Sea,

We just could not understand,  
The forecast said it would rain,  
So how come we were walking,  
Walking along the beach,  
Walking in the blazing sun.  
We walked for about two hours  
Amongst the sand and pebbles  
Meeting others who were doing the same,  
Such enjoyment.  
The sea swept in gently,  
So very clear.  
Some clouds were in the sky  
But only there to enhance,  
Only to enhance the beauty,  
The beauty of Nature's glory  
As we walked hand in hand  
Along the wonderful seashore  
On that beautiful day.

## In Spite Of The Rain.

And it rained,  
It rained all day.  
Looking out from our room  
There were several lakes,  
Several lakes on the green grass.  
The sea was almost hidden from view  
As the rain poured down  
So we could not go walking,  
Walking along the beach today.  
But no matter  
The hotel gave us more.  
We quizzed.  
We curled.  
We played Scattergories.  
So instead of physical tiredness  
We had mental tiredness,  
And then relaxed in the evening  
Listening to the shows,  
The shows put on in the hotel.  
So we ended up having a good day  
In spite of the rain.

## Senility?

Am I getting old?  
I confuse the words in my speech,  
I have always 'gabbled' but now,  
Even I can't understand some words  
That I try to form.

Am I getting senile?  
Sometimes the words that I had,  
In my once proud vocabulary  
I cannot seem to recall quickly enough,  
To try and say aloud.

Am I getting past it?  
The words eventually come to my mind  
But make no sense, as the conversation  
Has moved on past the subject for  
Which they were meant.

Am I getting worried?  
I try not to be, but the nagging doubt  
Forms in my mind, and the only way  
That I can seem to express it,  
Is on this page!

## Breadwork.

I have been doing it for years,  
Making our bread.  
Never a chore,  
An enjoyment comes with the making.  
So many emotions can be found  
As I work through the process.  
All the ingredients mixed together,  
Combined in a bowl.  
Until the dough is formed with ease.  
I knead the dough,  
And any frustrations  
Are taken from me,  
As the power of kneading  
Releases them from my mind  
At last it is ready  
And love is then mixed in.  
Into the loaf tins the dough is placed,  
The bread rises until ready to bake,  
Into the oven they go  
And cooked until they are gloriously brown,  
Taken out and left to cool.  
There is nothing quite like  
The taste of fresh home-made bread.  
Except that this time  
Something went wrong;  
They did not rise!  
I had forgotten the yeast,  
But I cooked them anyway,  
And all I had were bricks  
That could have built a house  
That would last forever.

## Privilege Of Life.

I have had a long life  
And that life has been good.  
I worked all the time,  
Never been out of work,  
Retired happily.  
I have had wonderful friends  
And three wonderful relationships.  
My two children with my first wife,  
Almost forty years with my second,  
Who passed from this earth  
When she reached eighty.  
And now have a wonderful lady  
Who I love so very much.  
So in my life  
I will never regret getting old,  
Because during my life  
I have known too many people,  
Too many people who have never had,  
Never had this privilege

## That Glorious Game.

Well the tournament is over,  
Forty eight matches played  
In the rugby world cup,  
And I have seen every one,  
Every one of them.  
There were both good and poor,  
Good and poor games  
And I watched them all.  
South Africa won,  
They beat New Zealand in the final.  
But it was so strange  
That in the quarter final,  
The semi-final,  
And the final,  
South Africa won them all,  
Won them all by one point,  
Showing how close the games were.  
Looking back though  
There was one match,  
One match that was the best,  
The best I have ever seen  
In my long life watching rugby.  
South Africa beat France,  
Beat them in the quarter final,  
Beat them twenty nine to twenty eight.  
It was such a brilliant game  
And may never be surpassed,  
But maybe in another four years  
When the tournament starts again  
There may be a match,  
A match as good as ,  
Or better than,  
Better than that glorious game.

## Confused Of Evesham 2.

Back from our holiday,  
Woke up Sunday morning  
Not knowing what day it was,  
It certainly didn't feel like Sunday  
Yet off to church we went  
And others were there,  
So it must have been Sunday.  
Woke up Monday morning  
Thinking what day is this,  
Didn't have a clue  
Until I looked in my diary.  
Still more confused  
As my next door neighbour  
Was going on holiday on Monday,  
And here I am awake,  
Thinking it is Tuesday,  
But they are still in their home.  
So that is me ,  
Confused of Evesham.  
But still I do know what today is,  
As since being retired  
Every day is Saturday.

## Brubeck's Back

This sound, so different, so wonderful,  
Came to my ears and mind long ago.  
The sound from this man;  
Who would stay with me, until the day he died  
In December two thousand and twelve.

Take Five, so famous, even now;  
Say Take Five and Brubeck is there in my mind.  
Those innocent days when Brubeck was alive,  
My brother and I listening to that famous quartet,  
Brubeck, Desmond, Morello and Wright.

The college recordings, especially Oberlin  
Where Brubeck and Desmond argued before coming on;  
The argument continued on stage,  
The two trying to outperform each other,  
Producing some of their best ever music.

The day I saw him, a birthday present from my brother;  
On stage came these three young men;  
Alto, drums and bass.  
And there, after a pause, he came,  
This little wizened old man.

He walked oh so slowly to the microphone,  
Said good evening and walked again so slowly to the piano,  
I though he is going to collapse before he gets there,  
But no he sits at his alter ego  
Turns, and beams at the audience.

This soft gentle sound pervades the theatre  
Like an invisible net, casting it's magic  
Around as all, and pulling us into the world

Of the jazz that Dave Brubeck brought  
To my Body and Soul.

He was in my life for fifty plus years;  
So wonderful to listen to  
Played with absolute ease and mastery;  
Showing me the absolute love of his art  
Dave Brubeck ? gone but never forgotten.

## Hakuna Matata.

Hakuna matata to you all.

In this life you may have had problems

But to you all I say

Hakuna matata

So that those problems disappear

And do not come back.

So in all your lives

I say to you all.

Hakuna matata.

## Beauty Is Light.

In life we look,  
We look at beautiful people,  
Look for beauty in their faces.  
But what we must realise  
Is that beauty is not in the face,  
Beauty is a light in the heart.  
So always look for that light,  
And beauty will be there for you.

## One Step.

Today I take another step,  
Another step in my life.  
Each step takes me further,  
Further in my life.  
I look back and see so many,  
So many steps,  
And I know if I look forward  
There will be fewer steps.  
But as I do now  
And have done all my life  
I just take one step,  
One more step up,  
And that is what I need,  
I only need that one step,  
One step at a time  
To fulfil my life,  
My wonderful life,  
Where I have never rushed  
By just taking my time  
And moving up that one step.  
One step at a time.

## Answering The 'Phone.

Around the golf course I went,  
Played a reasonable game  
So went into the clubhouse  
And had a pint with friends.  
The 'phone went,  
I picked it up  
And said hello,  
"Hello dear" the voice said,  
"It's your wife, and I have something to tell you"  
"OK go on" I said,  
"Well I have seen this Porsche,  
And I want to buy it,  
It is a fabulous car.  
Can I buy it please?"  
"Yes, go ahead" I replied,  
"Thank you" she said  
And then she hung up.  
I waved the 'phone in the air  
And shouted,  
"WHOSE 'PHONE IS THIS?"

## Our River.

And it rained!  
It rained and rained.  
When it stopped  
We went for a walk,  
A walk by My River.  
The water was so high,  
Over the path on one side,  
But we could walk.  
The water was running so fast,  
The normal clear green  
A muddy brown colour.  
And as we walked  
We saw the birds,  
The swans and geese  
Huddled on the grass,  
The river too fast for them,  
For them to swim.  
But we walked,  
Walked along the wonder,  
The wonder of My River  
Along which I had walked,  
Walked so many times.  
So many memories were there,  
As I remembered,  
Remembered so many wonders  
That My River brought to me  
Over so many years.  
And here I was now  
Walking by My River  
With the wonder in my life,  
The wonder that surprised us both,  
When this love we have,  
Have for each other

Became so strong and so wonderful.  
So there we are now  
The two of us,  
Walking along Our River.

## Forty Two Years Today.

Forty two years it is,  
Forty two years today  
Since I married my wife.  
For more than half my long life  
We had been married  
And during that time  
We loved each other  
And never had a row.  
We had such wondrous times  
And did so many beautiful things.  
Then she was struck down,  
Struck down by dementia,  
Such an awful disease.  
For several years she got worse  
And there was I  
Looking after her.  
We celebrated our anniversary,  
Out thirty eighth year,  
She was in a care home,  
Barely knew who I was  
But we were still together  
And celebrated it  
With her not knowing.  
She became worse  
And had to go to hospital,  
And in hospital we celebrated,  
Celebrated her eightieth birthday.  
She knew nothing about it  
And then three weeks later  
She passed,  
Passed into a better world.

I only have this to say

If people think they know,  
Know about dementia  
And have not lived twenty four hours,  
Seven days a week  
With someone who has it  
The haven't a fucking clue!!!

## Be Thankful.

Many things happen in life,  
Some that make you cry,  
Others that make you laugh,  
And those that make you thankful.  
But with these three things  
You find that life is better,  
When you cry a little  
Then laugh a lot,  
And always be thankful  
For everything you've got.

## 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!

## Abounding In My Life.

I drove home from choir,  
Got out of the car  
And looked up,  
And there above me  
Was a clear sky  
With stars shining,  
Shining down on me,  
And I was pulled up  
Pulled up to the sky.  
I wandered,  
Wandered among the stars,  
Each one a memory,  
A memory of those who had passed,  
Passed from my life.  
It brought joy to my heart  
Knowing that those who had left,  
Left this life  
Were looking down on me  
And were still with me  
And their love and kindness  
Was still abounding,  
Abounding in my life.

## That Morning.

I drove along the road  
On this bleak November day,  
It had been raining,  
There was a mist in the air,  
But as I pulled in to the car park  
My best friend pulled in as well.  
We were going to play croquet,  
Just the two of us.  
As we walked to the lawn  
The sun started shining,  
And all was well.  
We played,  
We chatted,  
And had a wonderful morning  
So happy in each other's company  
Playing the game we love.  
Each game was decided,  
Decided on the final hoop,  
But that morning  
Winning did not matter,  
We both played well,  
But the best thing  
Was that we enjoyed our friendship,  
And that meant more,  
More to us than anything,  
Than anything else that morning.

## The Lady In The Van.

She was a lady of great age,  
Never smiled,  
Always went her own way,  
And did her own thing.  
Not a pleasant woman,  
But once she tried to be a Nun,  
That failed as the music inside her  
Was not welcomed in the nunnery.  
Nearing the end of her life,  
The man asked the Mother Superior  
To pray for the lady's soul,  
The Nun said "Yes, we can do that,  
But you need to fill in a form!"

## **We Met On A Crossing.**

We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
She was coming from Spring.

Her hot, yellow breath keeping us warm  
During those last few months.  
The green, freshness of spring  
Changed by her warming rays.

Her long, long hot days,  
Changing the colours to straw.  
The occasional silver of rain  
Coating the ground with new grass.

We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
And I was going to Winter.

My cool, shortening days , warning of winter.  
Leading the way from reds and oranges,  
To the whites and browns.  
And the long black nights soon to come.

But this is my time, the crisp frosty mornings,  
Her cool yellow breath leading the way  
Into the rich colours so varied and bright  
That make me so loved by all.

We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
The place where Summer found Autumn.

## One Day More.

One day more,  
Another day in my life  
Ready to bring so much pleasure.  
A day filled with music  
As every day is,  
And has been all my life.  
So much music,  
So little time.  
Another day filled with love  
As my lover and I  
Sail through the day  
With each other together.  
So much love,  
So little time.  
Every day is special,  
And each day I awake  
I know there will be,  
One day more.

## Roll On This Evening.

What a day to come,  
Starting with coffee,  
Of course,  
Drinking coffee with friends.  
A great morning on this day,  
Then something new.  
This afternoon we will sing,  
Not just any songs,  
But a Sea Shanty group is starting  
And we are going to join it  
And sing the songs of the sea.  
And then this evening  
We are off to the theatre  
To see a very funny group,  
Three women singing  
And bringing laughter to us.  
So roll on this evening.

## Is It Me!

Is it me!

When I go out in the evening,  
As we did last night to a show,

I go reasonably well dressed.

Polished shoes, fine trousers,

Good shirt and nice jacket,

And sometimes even a tie.

We arrived at the theatre

And looking around,

Looking around at the other men

Nearly all were dressed casually.

Jeans and trainers,

Jumpers or sweatshirts,

Casual coats.

Some of the older gentlemen

Were dressed like me

But so very few

I could have counted them,

Counted them on my hands.

Is it me?

Am I that old fashioned

That when I go out in the evening

Go out with my lady

I dress properly.

## Happy Birthday Dad.

On this day ninety eight years ago  
He was born,  
My Dad was born,  
A man that showed me the way,  
The way in this world,  
Showing me that respect is everything.  
Into my world he brought music,  
Music that has been with me,  
Been with me all my seventy five years.  
He led me up the path of decency  
Which I have tried to show all my life.  
He passed into a new world  
Two months before reaching seventy.  
When I look in the mirror  
I see him in me,  
And am so grateful to him still  
For showing me the way,  
The way to live a decent life.  
I know I will see him again  
And once more we will sit together  
Listening to Haydn  
As we talk and laugh with each other  
In that new world full of peace,  
Full of peace, joy and love.

## What A Wonderful World.

I walk along the track,  
There before me is a wood,  
It's trees changing,  
Changing colour.  
The reds, yellows and oranges  
Fill me with wonder  
As Nature's artwork shows its glory  
And Autumn comes to my world.  
A time that always brings that wonder,  
Brings that wonder to me.  
Nature is a natural artist  
And over the year shows many canvases  
With differing colours each season.  
That glory always inspires me,  
To show what a wonderful world,  
What a wonderful world we have.

## Our Deep Love.

We still do not understand,  
Our love is so strong,  
We just cannot be apart  
Even for a few hours,  
We miss each other so much.  
We have never known love like it,  
I loved my wife of forty years  
And loved her all that time.  
The day she passed  
She left her love behind for me,  
And sadness was with me.  
In time it healed and I moved on,  
Then I met her, this lady,  
This lady who changed my world  
And love came back,  
Came back for both of us.  
We love each other so much  
That we are lost in that love,  
That new love for us both.  
That love is so deep  
And just saying 'I love you'  
Does not show that deepness,  
That deepness of our love.  
We still do not understand  
But our love will go on,  
Go on forever.

## In Her Little Room.

She sat in her little room  
Books surrounding her,  
Reading one at a time,  
And in her little room  
She was taken away.  
She went to Africa with Hemingway,  
To India with Kipling.  
So many writers she read  
And was taken all over the world,  
And all over the Universe,  
As she read her books,  
Read her books in her little room.

## Love Of A Woman.

How doe a man love a woman?  
If he just loves a woman's face,  
Or loves a woman's body,  
No woman in the world  
Would satisfy him.  
But if he loves a women's heart and soul  
That love for that woman  
Will go on forever,  
And they will never be parted.

## In Peace.

When we get to that time  
When we rest in our busy lives  
The question comes to my mind,  
Why is it that we can have that rest,  
That rest in peace.  
We live our lives as well,  
So why cannot we live our lives,  
Live our lives in peace as well.

## Look To Infinity.

Each night we should look at the stars,  
If we did we would live differently.  
As looking into infinity  
You will realise that there are more,  
More important things in life  
Than what we do,  
What we do in our lives,  
What we do every day  
In our current way of living.

## Computing Starts.

I was there at the beginning,  
The beginning of computing,  
Computing in the workplace.  
Working as a housing inspector,  
Working in local government  
Computers were coming in  
And I had the chance,  
The chance to get into computing.  
So strange at the beginning  
But I was there,  
Looking after the system,  
The system that we all rely on,  
Rely on now.  
But back in that time  
It was just starting  
And many did not know,  
Did not know how important,  
How important it would become.  
As with all local governments  
They had a reorganization,  
A reorganization every few months,  
And on one occasion  
I was left out of a job.  
So I went to my manager  
Who said don't worry  
We will find something for you.  
I said to him,  
"What about the computers?"  
He replied:  
"Bloody hell, I forgot about them!"  
That's how new computing was  
How new it was back in the day.

## Chopin's Nocturne.

From where do these sounds come?  
So soft, so pure, so soulful.  
The sounds transported from the page  
Through the skill and passion of the pianist,  
To slide gently though our ears;  
Into our very souls.

Chopin, this man I once derided  
As being able to make me sad  
No matter how good I was feeling;  
Slowly turning my thoughts  
To the utter beauty and wonder,  
Of the music he created.

## Different Masks.

Whenever we go out into the world  
Which mask do we put on?  
I have different masks for different tasks.  
My professional one, that I wore  
When at work, so different from  
The one I wear at choir.  
Who knows who I am?  
The real me.  
Am I the one who does so much  
To help those who need me?  
Or is the real me seen at Church?  
My family see an opaque mask  
Showing much of what I am,  
With the love showing through.  
My lover sees an almost transparent one,  
Almost seeing me as I am;  
But even there a mask is worn,  
Unintentionally.  
Even when I look in a mirror,  
The face looking back is not mine,  
I don't see the real me,  
Only a mirror image.  
The only one who really sees me is  
The Spirit running through my life.  
And maybe the words on this page:  
But!  
Which mask am I showing now?

## Waiting For A Saviour.

In so many religions they wait,  
They wait for their saviour,  
And when that saviour comes  
Wickedness will go from this world  
And the world will be filled,  
Filled with goodness and righteousness.  
Well we have been waiting,  
Waiting for thousands of years.  
Maybe that is the problem,  
The problem with this planet,  
People expect someone else,  
Someone else to come,  
To come and solve their problems.  
Well I have an idea,  
Why not instead of waiting,  
Waiting for your saviour,  
Why not fix it ourselves!

## Arise In The Darkness.

I arise in the darkness  
Before dawn's early light,  
I look out the bedroom window  
And see the full moon shining,  
A beacon of light bringing joy,  
Bringing joy and wonder,  
Joy and wonder to my life  
As once more I have arisen,  
Arisen into a new day,  
Another new day in my life.  
I am so grateful  
As the moon has been there,  
Been there looking over me  
Ensuring that there is light,  
That there has always been light  
In my long, long life,  
And I know it will be there,  
Be there forever,  
In my life and beyond.

## My Barber.

"Morning Martin"

"Morning Andy"

"Are you well?"

"Yes, I'm fine. And you?"

"Yes fine."

These words, so trite but always well meant,  
Open the door to conversations that roam  
The worlds of books, music, poetry and thoughts,  
In the company of a good friend.

We talk of many things,  
Things that make us laugh.  
Things that make us sad.  
Things that make us angry!

We always talk of music,  
That blues sound, always in the background;  
Occasionally a different sound breaks through,  
As the birds squawk at each other

Books are important to us  
We discuss what we read.  
"This was a good read" say I,  
"Yes, I agree" says he.

The Regal, that wonderful place  
Where films and shows 'Regale' us  
With humour, music and tears;  
A special place in our town and hearts.

So now we talk of films,  
Some good some not so good,

And the occasional one outstanding.  
But we speak of them as friends do

I never remember my hair being cut,  
We are too busy discussing events.  
A short time to catch up with  
The things we both feel are, important.

The talk is over, hands are shaken.  
"Take care, Martin"  
"And you, see you soon"  
I walk out with a smile on my face  
Having spent time talking of matters  
That mean so much to, My Barber and me.

## Love Is The Sweetest Thing.

In our life there is one thing,  
One thing that we have  
That can bring happiness to all.  
It can bring us happiness  
With the strangeness  
Of its old story.  
With its strength  
It can bring peace,  
Peace to the world.  
If only we all realise it  
And bring to ourselves  
And realise that love,  
Love is strange,  
Love is strong,  
But most of all,  
Love is the sweetest thing.

## Grateful Life.

In this life we have ups  
And we have downs,  
Good days and bad days.  
But no matter what happens,  
What happens each day  
Be grateful that when,  
When you go to bed  
That you have that life,  
And be even more grateful  
That you get up every day.

## 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.

## Walking With Autumn.

I walk out of the door  
Into the Autumn sunlight,  
Frosted ground is all around.  
I walk towards My River  
And the beauty astounds me.  
The glorious colours of Autumn  
Extended into that beauty,  
That beauty that the frost  
Enhances on the trees and grass.  
My beautiful clear green river  
Flowing gently by my side.  
I walk along and become one,  
Become one with Nature,  
With Nature's absolute wonder,  
Knowing that one day  
I will continue this walk,  
This walk into eternity  
When My Spirit takes me,  
Takes me into infinity  
Where all is wonderful  
And love is there for all.

## Mary Celeste.

The Dei Gratia was sailing,  
Sailing in the Atlantic  
When they saw a ship,  
Saw a ship near the Azores.  
It looked untidy,  
Nobody could be seen on it  
So a boat was sent,  
And there on board  
There was nobody.  
All seemed in order,  
No evidence of fighting,  
All equipment was there,  
Except the lifeboat!  
But what had happened  
Nobody knew,  
And since that day  
Fourth of December eighteen seventy two,  
And even today  
Still no one knows,  
Nobody knows what happened.  
The people who were on her  
Have never been seen,  
Those people who were on that ship,  
Were on the Mary Celeste.

## Understanding Art.

Each artist has their own way,  
Their own way of forming patterns.  
They may be portraits,  
They may be of scenes of Nature,  
They may be abstract.  
So many type of art  
But what the artist is doing  
Is not creating what they see,  
But creating something  
That others may see.

## Using The C Word.

Yes I am going to use the C word,  
After all it is now December  
The only month in the year  
Where I use the C word  
And in my life Christmas starts,  
Starts tonight.  
We are off to see,  
To see a great Jazz Band  
Offering their Christmas Concert,  
Offering it to all.  
We have seen this band  
Many times,  
So many times,  
And have never been disappointed.  
So once more tonight  
We will see them again,  
Knowing we will have a wonderful time  
As our Christmas starts tonight.

## The Band Of Joy.

Once more they did it,  
They took me away,  
Away to a world of joy,  
Playing their music  
With absolute love.  
All enjoyed it,  
The band were so good  
And that wonder they gave  
Took me to that place  
Where all troubles,  
Where all troubles were gone  
And into a world of love,  
A world of love and music.  
They do this to me  
Do this to me every time,  
Every time I see them play  
And I have seen them,  
Seen them many times  
And will see them again,  
See them every time,  
Every time they come.  
I say thank you,  
Thank you to you all  
For the joy and love,  
The joy and love you bring  
You bring to me,  
Bring to the audience,  
And bring to this world,  
Bring to this world  
In these troubled times.

## I Stand On The Bridge.

I stand on the bridge  
And look down at My River,  
But where is it?  
All I see is a lake  
Extending from the sides  
Where My River flowed.  
The green park  
Where the children played,  
Where the dogs ran free,  
And lovers walked hand in hand  
Now covered in this mud brown water.  
The swans, ducks and geese confused,  
Nowhere for them to just sit and look,  
But having to fight the wrath of the water,  
As it speeds through their lives,  
And mine.  
The anger speeding under me  
Like an express train!  
Where are the bushes,  
Beside which I would sit  
And contemplate my world?  
But through all this anger  
Shown by My River  
I know that that anger will subside,  
And My River will be there again,  
Flowing gently through my life,  
Taking me once more,  
On Life's journey.

## Beauty.

In this life we see beauty,  
See beauty in people.  
The beautiful young people  
Are accidents of nature  
And as they grow they change,  
Some losing that beauty  
In the way that they live.  
But others live good lives  
And there beauty is enhanced  
By the way they are forming,  
Forming with age.  
So it can be seen  
That beautiful old people  
Are works of art.

## Clothes For The Weather.

I do not wear clothes  
For the time of the year it is,  
I wear clothes depending what the weather is.  
If it is raining,  
I'll wear a mac.  
If it is cold,  
I'll put a long-sleeved shirt on.  
If it is very cold,  
I'll put a coat on.  
If it is warm,  
I'm in trouble,  
As I cannot go down the street  
Naked.  
So shorts and tee shirt  
Are the least I can wear.  
I just do not feel the cold,  
And I laugh to my self  
At those that wear clothes for the season,  
Not for the weather.  
As I walk down the street,  
In a balmy temperature of eight degrees,  
Or higher,  
In my short sleeved shirt,  
I see people wrapped up  
With so many clothes,  
They must think it's approaching  
Absolute zero.  
They think I am mad,  
They may be right,  
But I wear clothes for the weather,  
Not for the season.

## My Forward Path.

In life we are all unique,  
We travel those paths  
And become who we are.  
Everyone different from each other  
But those in power  
Want us to do what they want,  
Whether it is right or wrong.  
But much is so wrong in our world  
So I am not going to be led,  
Led to those bad decisions  
That I know are not my way.  
So I say to all,  
I am who I am,  
Your approval is not needed.

## The Christmas List.

So here I go again,  
Once more sending Christmas cards,  
And once more  
I go down the list,  
The list of friends and family.  
And when I do  
I come to them,  
Those who have passed,  
Passed during the last year.  
As I get older there are more  
And my list gets shorter.  
Thinking of those who passed  
Brings back memories,  
Memories of good times,  
Good times together.  
And to those I also wish,  
Wish a Happy Christmas.  
Because they will know  
As they look down upon me  
From their stars above,  
Each of them twinkling,  
Twinkling Happy Christmas,  
Happy Christmas to me.

## Meet Our Future.

In life we travel many paths  
And looking back we may regret,  
Regret some of the things we did,  
Some of the things that happened.  
But in this life we must realise  
That our eyes are in front of you  
And they are there for a reason.  
We must look forward in life  
As life may surprise you.  
Turn the next corner  
And around that corner  
We will meet our future,  
Meet our future head on.

## The Cats Played.

The cats came on the stage,  
Not just ordinary cats  
But these were jazz cats,  
Dave Browning's Jazz Cats.  
The sound they made  
Took me away,  
Away to that wonderful world,  
That wonderful world of jazz.  
They played all evening  
And that two hours  
Was the fastest in my life,  
I was hooked into there playing,  
Taken into the world of jazz  
Where once more I was lost,  
Lost in that superb place  
Where I have been taken,  
Taken for many, many years  
By such wonderful bands,  
Such wonderful bands as this one.

## What Happened To Pop.

A song comes on the radio,  
It could be from the fifties, sixties or seventies  
And I start singing the words,  
The words of each song  
That I know so well,  
And know the lyrics.  
So unlike modern music,  
Modern so called pop music.  
Can any of them sing!  
Can any of them pronounce words!  
I may just be that old  
That I do not understand  
This modern way.  
I can understand modern classical music,  
And listen to it so often,  
But this modern pop culture is not for me.  
I listen to modern jazz  
And am taken into a different world,  
One that I can understand.  
So at least I have so much to listen to  
And do not need to be drowned out,  
Drowned out by the modern pop world.

## The Game We Love.

There we were on the lawn  
On this cool grey day  
Playing the game we loved,  
Knocking those balls  
Towards and through the hoops.  
Two ladies came to the next lawn,  
They stood at the starting point,  
The starting point on the lawn,  
And they talked,  
Talked and talked for almost half an hour.  
And in that time we had nearly finished,  
Nearly finished our first game.  
If my friends and I wanted to talk  
We would be in a coffee bar,  
Or even better in a pub,  
But the game of croquet is so important  
So important to us  
That we get on the lawn and play,  
Play the game we love.

## The Optimist.

Why is it so hard to be an optimist,  
In a pessimistic world?  
I look at the glass and see it half full,  
While most see it half empty.

The world is a wonderful place;  
I see smiling faces and happy people.  
The good in people is so obvious.  
But why do most only look for the bad?

Yes there is bad in the world,  
But why look for it in every place.  
Look at the places where all is well  
And life remains simple and happy.

This world where the blame culture seems to thrive,  
There are no longer any accidents  
Because if you can hold someone to blame,  
It means that a claim can be made,  
To get money that you do not deserve.  
Accidents do happen, but few see them as that.

Stevie Smith says not waving but drowning,  
I say not drowning but waving.  
Live for the moment!  
It will not come again.

## Status Quo.

What is it about Status Quo  
That makes me smile  
And really cheers me up?  
As soon as I hear them  
A smile comes to my face,  
And my mood is lifted.  
My feet start tapping,  
My head starts nodding,  
My body starts swaying.  
Status Quo,  
My recommended medication.

I know their music is not great  
Compared to the music  
Of the classics and jazz,  
The music that is in my soul,  
But they make my world feel better.  
Status Quo.

## Life's Exam.

Life is like an exam.  
We look at the questions  
And can find them hard,  
Find them hard to answer.  
So many fail that exam  
When they try to copy,  
Try to copy others  
Hoping they will get it right.  
But what people do not realise  
Is that in life  
Everyone is different  
And that each life  
Has a different exam paper

## Each New Day Haiku.

Each day I arise,  
I see this wonderful day,  
I've not seen before.

## Understanding Silence.

In life we talk to others,  
Explaining our lives  
But then we can be silent.  
As our lives move forward  
Those silences are important  
As they bring knowledge within us.  
In those silences we move forward  
Bringing wisdom to our lives,  
But many do not understand  
And it shows that maybe  
Those that do not understand,  
Do not understand our silence,  
Will probably not understand,  
Not understand our words.

## The Longest Night.

The longest night is over,  
The winter solstice came  
Bringing its darkness to us,  
But now we travel,  
Travel into the light,  
The new light of our world  
And following that light  
Will bring us harmony and love  
To our future as the light prevails  
To bring peace to all our hearts,  
All our hearts and Spirits.

## Happy Birthday Chet

That day has come once more,  
That day he was born  
And brought so much joy,  
So much joy into my life.  
He blows his horn  
And the melodious sound  
Reaches me in mind and heart.  
So many problems in his life,  
So full of drugs,  
Yet his music never suffered.  
His music so important,  
So important to me.  
So once more as I listen,  
Listen to his music,  
I wish him Happy Birthday,  
Happy Birthday Chet.

## Blessings To All.

Christmas comes but once a year,  
And to you all I wish good cheer.  
May you all have good times  
And be happy with my rhymes.  
They may be good, they may be bad  
But at this time do not be sad  
As soon will come that fine day  
When we will meet and play  
So until that day comes along  
May your days be filled with song.

## Harmonious Life.

On this cold beautiful morn My River is so still.  
Nothing rushes.  
Swans, ducks and geese slide serenely by  
Powered by My River's flow.  
I walk by its side,  
Staring at the white, that covers the greens  
Of the trees and bushes alongside.  
Walking silently,  
Trying not to disturb the peace,  
And the calm.  
I am at peace with my world.  
My Spirit flows with My River,  
In the gentleness and calmness  
That pervades my mind.  
My River, My Spirit, My Mind,  
All in harmony.  
At peace with myself.

## Our Boxing Day.

Today is that day,  
A very special day,  
Boxing day,  
As today is the day it started.  
My life changed,  
Changed into a world of love.  
We started our life together,  
Together on this day.  
The love of my life came into my world,  
My lonely world  
And from that time,  
Two years ago, our love has grown,  
Grown into our wonderful life,  
Our wonderful life together.  
We can never be apart,  
We have had our times alone,  
Alone in the years passed,  
But now we are together  
Never ever to be parted.  
All I can say to my love,  
And it just never seems enough,  
Is to say to her,  
I LOVE YOU!

## Dreaming On.

Another Christmas has passed,  
The New Year approaches  
And we hope it will be a good year.  
Could it be a time of peace?  
A time of peace and love in our world.  
Perhaps it will come  
But the leaders of our world  
Seem to have no idea,  
They just want things for themselves  
And not for those who elected them.  
Maybe we should all become Hippies,  
"Make love not war".  
If that were to happen  
The world would be wonderful,  
But maybe it is only in my dreams,  
So I just dream on.

## Breakfast Music.

"Let us begin breakfast  
With a little known piece  
By Beethoven"  
The announcer said.  
This made me laugh,  
As from the radio  
There came this sound,  
The sound so very well known,  
The sound of Fur Elise.  
Anyone who has touched a piano  
Would have tried this piece.  
The wonderful tune ended  
And the announcer said with a grin  
"Well it was new on me"  
And I burst out laughing  
A brilliant start to my day.

## Generous Life.

The year is near its end,  
I get up on this day  
And look out into the darkness  
And see the darkness surrounding,  
Surrounding the bright full moon,  
Showing me the light,  
That light that is at the end of this year.  
A year of beauty, wonder and love,  
A year full of light as each day I arose  
And walked into another day.  
The hope is with me  
That in the next year  
The same will happen  
And the light will carry me,  
Carry me through yet another year  
In the generous life I have,  
The generous life I have been given,  
To see my world over many years  
And hopefully for many more,  
For many more years to come.

## To Eternity And Beyond.

Four years ago today was the day,  
The day my wife and loved one passed.  
Nearly forty years together,  
Our love so strong and joyful,  
Never a row in all those years,  
We had a wonderful time.  
Now she is looking down on me  
Her love showing her acceptance,  
Her acceptance of my new love.  
I know we will all be together,  
Be together in time  
And move forward in our lives  
To eternity and beyond.

## Me? A Rugby Nut!

What a world it could be if my dream came true!  
A world where beer could be free,  
A world where that overpaid game of soccer did not exist  
But the best games of rugby were played,  
The game where sportsmanship was prevalent  
In both the players and the supporters  
And the Six Nations was played every day.  
What a wonderful world it could be.

## Let Love Be The Way Tanka.

Well the New Year's here  
The old one now departed  
Now let's live in peace  
May the wars in the world cease  
And let love be the new way.

## The Checkout.

Shopping completed, almost;  
The final hurdle left,  
To run the gauntlet of the checkout.  
Which member of staff will I have today?

I look for the shortest queue  
And hope the till person is one I know,  
And one with whom conversation is good;  
Or non- existent.

The one today is the talker.  
We start with the good mornings  
And how are yous, and then she is off;  
Talking nineteen to the dozen!

I try to get an edgeways  
To get a word in, but no,  
The gaps just aren't there  
For me to utter even one syllable.

I just pack my shopping  
Trying to look interested  
Out of politeness, what's the point?  
She's not looking, she is in her own world.

The one I like is the young lady  
Who greets me with the brightest of smiles.  
We chat while the shopping  
Passes before me and into the bags.

I know she has a young one  
Whom she obviously adores;  
The smile is greater when she talks

Of her child.

There is the one who talks of birds,  
She feeds the birds in her garden;  
But is amazed at how many sultanas I buy  
To feed those in mine.

The best one of all was a man  
Who I sought out week after week;  
We would talk of many things;  
And came to know each other well.

A five minute conversation  
Which seemed to continue each week  
Without interruption, but was interspersed;  
With seven day gaps.

Then comes the pain!  
The shopping in the bags are in the trolley,  
Ready to wheel to the car;  
But they won't let me go until I have paid!

## Line Dancing.

Here we are again,  
Once more at our second home,  
Once more at our hotel  
On the beautiful Isle of Wight.  
Settled in nicely,  
Went down for dinner,  
Had a wonderful meal  
And then went in the bar,  
Went to see a Country and Western singer  
Who we have seen many times before.  
As he sang some people got up  
And started line dancing,  
And very good they were too.  
But what I couldn't understand  
Was their faces,  
It must be the done thing,  
Not to smile while line dancing.

## Walking The Beach,

For what more could I ask,  
Here I was walking along the beach,  
Holding my lover's hand,  
The sun shining down on us,  
The weather nice and warm.  
Looking out to sea,  
The beauty of the sea,  
The waves rolling in,  
There crests rough and white  
Coming towards us  
Showing their beauty,  
And the wonder of Nature.  
Many may think this is fine  
But it is so unusual,  
Unusual on the third day,  
The third day of January  
In the middle of winter.  
But here we were  
Walking along the winter beach,  
Our love shining,  
Shining as bright as the sun.

## Our Second Home.

Well the day is here again,  
That day when we leave,  
Leave the hotel,  
Our favourite hotel,  
Almost our second home.  
No more looking out,  
Looking out from the balcony  
To see the beautiful sea.  
Another wonderful time was had,  
They do all for us, we do nothing,  
Do nothing except enjoy ourselves.  
So once more we leave,  
We leave today,  
But we leave knowing,  
Knowing we will be back,  
Be back soon,  
Be back soon to our second home,  
Our second home on the Isle of Wight.

## A Man Of Strong Resolve.

Looking around the cemetery  
I came to a well kept stone,  
A headstone of granite.  
Grey, black and white flecks,  
Magnificently clean,  
And there in black letters  
The inscription was carved.  
"Here lies Harold Wallbank,  
Farmer of this parish.  
A MAN OF STRONG RESOLVE!"  
The thought just stays with me,  
That I bet he was a man,  
That you would never argue with!

## Sunny Winter Morn.

I walk along winter's pathway  
And in its embrace the sun softly gleams,  
Painting frost-kissed landscapes,  
Painting them in golden beams.  
Whispers of chill dance in the crisp air  
Adorning Natures sparkling beauty,  
The beauty that Nature brings,  
That Nature brings to our lives.

## Lunchtime Discussion.

There we were  
Eating our Sunday lunch,  
Roast pork this time,  
A glass of wine by our sides.  
And as ever we talked,  
Talked of many things,  
The many wonderful things  
That we had in our lives.  
And then we spoke of death,  
Both of us in our mid seventies  
We wondered what would happen.  
Quite a serious conversation,  
We then thought who would die first  
When my lover said to me,  
"The one thing you will never be  
Is to be late, you always arrive early,  
Arrive early for everything".  
We both burst out laughing,  
As yes, I am always early.  
The problem with that though  
Is being punctual  
Gets very lonely.

## Walk In The Woods.

Amidst the trees a tranquil hush,  
Nature's Symphony a gentle brush,  
Leaves whisper secrets to the breeze,  
A dance of shadows 'neath the trees.

Sunlight filters through the green,  
A quiet world serene and unseen.  
Footsteps echo on the forest floor,  
A walk in the woods, nature to explore.

## Together As One.

On this cold winter's morn  
We walk into town,  
Hand in hand down the paths.  
The sea of love that we have  
Surrounds us as we walk.  
Talking and laughing together,  
Our life so wonderful.  
We just do not know,  
Do not know how it happened,  
A widow and a widower  
Becoming one again  
After the losses in our lives.  
They say that all love is different,  
It certainly is for us,  
So different from our lost loves,  
But we accept it for what it is  
And together we move forward,  
Move forward into our beautiful life,  
Our beautiful life together as one.

## A Pint To Remember.

Off we went to sing,  
Even better off to the pub,  
To the pub we went to sing,  
Not just any songs but sea shanties.  
I walked to the bar and ordered drinks,  
What should I have?  
The lady behind the bar helped  
And I decided to have a pint,  
A pint of mild.  
That took me back,  
Back to my younger days  
When I drank mild every night,  
Every night at my local.  
She pulled the pint,  
And even better  
She poured it into a mug,  
A pint mug with a handle.  
Again this took me back  
When mugs were the norm.  
I had a sip and there I was  
Back in the pub of my youth  
Enjoying a good pint with friends,  
Friends of many years ago.  
Such wonderful times remembered  
And all because of this lady,  
This lady who served me a pint,  
A pint of mild.

## Looking Out To Sea.

Beneath the endless sky, where waves embrace the shore,  
Whispers of the ocean, a timeless, rhythmic lore.  
Seagulls dance on breezy tides, as sun and sea align,  
A symphony of solitude, where horizon meets the brine.

Silhouettes on sandy shores, footprints in the sand,  
Stories etched by rolling waves, written by nature's hand.  
Majestic hues of twilight, painting the canvas blue,  
Looking out to sea, a poem in every view.

## **My Wonderful Daughter.**

Since the day of your birth I was here,  
Here for you my beautiful daughter,  
And in all those years I have loved you,  
Loved you every moment of each day.  
Even now I look down on you  
With love and joy falling to you  
From my place in heaven's wonder.  
You will be with me for eternity  
And my love for you will be there,  
Always be there for you,  
My wonderful darling daughter.

## Unbelievable.

Here we are, two old codgers  
So intently in love,  
A love so strong  
We just cannot be apart,  
Cannot be apart from each other.  
We walk down the street hand in hand,  
As soon as we are home we cuddle.  
The strength of our passion  
Holds no bounds.  
We just cannot believe it,  
Believe the strength of our love,  
Our love for each other.  
We just cannot leave each other alone,  
The things we do are unbelievable  
We do not believe it,  
And others certainly wouldn't,  
Wouldn't believe what we do,  
What we do AT OUR AGE!

## The Most Dangerous Animal In The World.

They prowl the world, unworried by other beasts.  
They are everywhere, separated by their looks.  
They roam the land as if they own it,  
Not caring for it.

These animals are here for a purpose,  
But that purpose, is unknown ? to them!  
They go their own way, not caring  
What they destroy!

Nothing is safe from them!  
They eat all around them;  
Move water, remove plants,  
Kill animals, who do them no harm,  
For fun!

To see the most dangerous animal in the world;  
Just look in a mirror.

## Glorious Sunny Morn.

The sun shines in the morning,  
The white frost is all around  
Bringing the beauty,  
The beauty of Natures realm  
Into my mind and body.  
I walk along the path,  
The countryside all around  
Painted with such wonder,  
Showing me the glory,  
The glory of my favourite times  
When the frost paints,  
Paints its picture  
On this glorious sunny morn.

## **My Spirit Of Life.**

The Avon, my river, where I walk deep in thought every day,  
Arranging my tumultuous mind  
From the joys and troubles of the day before.  
My time alone with nature and my God.  
My time.

This morning, the river gently gliding past me,  
The occasional ripple, caused by the gentle warm breeze,  
Reflecting the sunlight in parallel lines,  
Passing by as I travel through my life towards its end.  
My life.

The birds around me, throughout my journey by the river,  
And always there in my life, from times long ago.  
The swans this morning, not yet awake,  
Heads tucked beneath their wings, floating silently.  
My birds.

The river, always with me, as I walk along its path;  
Allowing my thoughts to come to terms each day with my life.  
Of course I always talk with my God, the Spirit which is my life,  
And who I will be with, when my time on this earth ends.  
My Spirit of Life.

## River To Sea.

As I walk by My River with My Spirit  
I know that others do the same  
And walk with their Spirit  
By their own Rivers or Streams.  
They all flow into the sea  
And there in the sea  
We will all meet  
Bringing love and forgiveness,  
Love and forgiveness to all  
As we join as one body,  
One body of water and Spirit.

## Past And Future.

In my life,  
My life that has passed,  
Everything I was  
I carry with me.  
In my life,  
My life to come,  
All lies waiting,  
Waiting on the road,  
The road ahead of me.

## Broadway Is Closed.

Into the village we went,  
The village of Broadway,  
A diamond of the Cotswolds,  
It beauty and wonder  
Attract people from all over.  
Drove into the carpark  
Hoping to find a space,  
There were so many  
I had never it like this,  
The carpark with so few cars.  
We walked into the village  
Hardly anybody around,  
Most of the shops were closed,  
Even the coffee shop was closed.  
So we wandered around  
And as we did the shops were opening,  
Eventually went back,  
Back to our coffee shop,  
It was open,  
So sat and had our drinks.  
We had never seen it like this,  
Then the thought struck me,  
Perhaps in this village,  
This village of privilege  
Maybe they did not get up,  
Not get up before ten,  
Before ten in the morning.  
Perhaps they should have a sign,  
A sign at the edge of the village,  
"Broadway is closed before ten!"

## Life's People.

In our lives we meet many people,  
Most are fine and good,  
The few we meet can be awful,  
But often we are looking,  
Looking for that one person,  
That one person who can change,  
Change our life.  
What we don't realise  
Is that we know that person,  
We know that person so well.  
If you want to see that person,  
That person who will change your life  
Just look in the mirror.

## The Irony Of Life.

When thinking about life  
We may be able to see,  
To see the irony within it.  
It takes sadness within it  
To know happiness,  
Noise to appreciate silence,  
And absence to value presence.  
Life is full of irony  
But we just do not see it.

## That Beautiful Dress.

The new dress was ordered,  
It was a leopard skin pattern.  
It arrived and she took it upstairs,  
Put it on  
And came downstairs in it.  
As she walked down the stairs  
She said it was too long  
And would have to go back.  
She walked into the lounge  
And there I saw her,  
The lady I loved,  
In a gorgeous dress.  
She looked even more beautiful,  
Even more beautiful in that dress.  
I was overcome with emotion  
I told her she looked wonderful  
And looked so beautiful  
In this glorious dress  
And nothing should be changed.  
Once more she got to me,  
My beautiful lover.

## Filled With Laughter.

If you look at a face  
There seems to be a limited space  
So if we can fill that face,  
Fill that face with laughter  
There will be no room for crying,  
So make people laugh,  
It is a great healer.

## Shanty Time.

Into the local pub we go,  
Many of us meet there  
And we sing,  
Sing sea shanties,  
The sea shanties of old.  
Singing of the sea  
And the hauling of ropes  
And drunken sailors.  
An afternoon full of fun,  
Full of fun, laughter and song.  
We meet twice a month  
And sing our hearts out.  
The beauty of singing  
Bringing all together,  
Something that music does.  
All types of music does this,  
It brings the world happiness,  
So come on world,  
Let us all sing together.

## The Moon Looks Down.

I rise from my bed,  
Look out of the window,  
The darkness before dawn  
Shows me a clear night,  
But there in front of me  
The light is there once more  
As the full moon  
Brings its clear light,  
Brings its light to my life.  
The moon is so precious,  
So precious in my life.  
On these clear mornings  
It brings such wonder,  
Such wonder and joy,  
Wonder and joy to my life.  
I know it looks down,  
Looks down with love,  
That love for me,  
And will be looking,  
Looking after my world,  
Bringing joy and beauty to me  
From my infinite past  
To my unending future.

## Old Codgers Love.

Our love is so strong,  
Being apart,  
Even for a couple of hours  
We miss each other so much.  
We just do not understand  
Why our love is like this.  
We are both in our seventies  
And came together,  
Came together only two years ago  
And our love,  
Our love for each other is overwhelming.  
We have both loved in the past,  
Loved the ones we married  
But we lost them both,  
Thinking that love was dead.  
But we met and all changed  
Bringing a love so strong  
And it strengthens each day.  
They say that every love is different  
And this is so true,  
We had never known love like this  
But we are so happy,  
So happy to be two old codgers,  
Two old codgers in love,  
In a love so deep and wonderful.

## Resilience.

In life we have ups  
And we have downs.  
When we have downs  
We can find resilience  
And we bounce back  
Showing nothing has happened.  
But resilience is not about that,  
It needs to show us  
That we can grow,  
Grow from that experience,  
As experience cannot be taught

## Painting The Day.

We wake up every morning  
And the new day is there,  
It is there for us in its wonder.  
Just like a blank canvas,  
A blank canvas waiting,  
Waiting for the colours,  
The colours of our Spirit  
To paint this brand new day  
With the beauty of our life.

## Clouds.

Looking up into the sky  
You see them surrounded by blue,  
They sail through your world  
In whites and greys of every hue.

In a myriad of shapes and sizes  
You see impressions of every type of art,  
In many of them that float by  
You see that your life has taken a part.

Your imagination is always stirred  
Looking at the wonders that they shroud,  
As your life is passed on by,  
By every uniquely, individual cloud.

## Dance To The Silence.

In our world we see many types of people.  
Sometime we see the beautiful ones.  
They are blessed  
As they see colour in the darkness,  
They are the ones who give love and not hate,  
But they may be the ones who dance,  
Dance when there is no music.  
So why cannot we all be like this?  
Let us all see colour,  
Bring love to all,  
Hear the music,  
And dance together in silence.

## Immortal Music.

There they came on stage,  
Three musicians,  
Piano, bass and drums.  
The first note was played  
And I was taken away,  
Taken away into a new world,  
A world where classical met jazz.  
All my long life I had listened,  
Listened to both types of music,  
Both classical and jazz  
And had met this type before,  
But this group took it,  
Took it to a new level,  
A level I had never been before.  
From Bach to Elgar,  
Massenet to Beethoven  
And so many more.  
I was in a dreamworld  
Where my two favourite types of music  
Met with such profound wonder.  
Such a wonderful time  
Just flew by  
As I listened and was taken,  
Taken away to that place,  
That place where music reigns  
Bringing peace and glory,  
Peace and glory to life,  
To life immortal.

## The Six Nations Once More.

Well today's the day,  
The day when it starts,  
That most wonderful time,  
Most wonderful time of the year.  
I will be there watching,  
Glass of wine or Guinness by my side,  
It may even be a Laphroaig  
As the men on the pitch  
Knock hell out of each other.  
The Six Nations starts today  
And I will see them all,  
See ALL the matches  
As I have done,  
Have done for the last years,  
The last fifty or so years.  
So the six teams will battle,  
Battle it out to be the winner  
And become champion,  
Champion this year.  
Yes the Six Nations Rugby starts,  
Starts today,  
And I will see them all.

## A Scruffy Man.

As we walked along the street, my wife and I,  
We saw an elderly man come out of a shop;  
He was struggling with his frame and his shopping.  
A scruffy young man came towards him,  
The sort of person you would never acknowledge.  
He stopped by the man and said  
"Can I help you sir?" "You seem to need help".  
The man looked at him and smiled.  
The young man arranged the shopping  
And the frame so they could be used in harmony.  
"Thank you" said the elderly man  
"That is my pleasure sir" said the young man  
"Take care of yourself, bye".

There are people in this world that care  
Sometimes you are surprised who they are.

## Welcome Shivani.

Well into our road she came,  
A new lady into our lives.  
When she arrived chaos came,  
The street was blocked  
By lorries and removers.  
But all settled  
And we came to know her,  
A very kind and generous lady,  
Full of smiles and hope.  
She will become part,  
Part of our helpful community  
As our lives move forward  
Looking out for each other,  
And what is more we've been invited  
Invited into her home,  
Into her home for tea and cake!  
Welcome to our street,  
Welcome to our lives, Shivani.

## Understanding Love.

Each day it gets stronger,  
Our love for each other increases  
And we do not understand,  
Do not understand it at our age.  
But here we are  
Two old codgers in love,  
In a love that strengthens  
And all we can say,  
Can say to each other  
Is "I love you",  
And that just not seem to be enough.  
We just do not understand  
But it is so wonderful  
And will go on to eternity.

## The Light Of Spring.

The darkness of night is failing,  
Daylight comes earlier  
And lasts later  
As winter merges into spring.  
The light in our world is coming,  
Bringing new life,  
New life to all of Nature  
As new growth becomes alive  
Showing that our world is new,  
New each year.  
So welcome Spring to our lives  
Showing that we grow in the light,  
The light that can bring wonder,  
Bring wonder to our world.  
And may that wonder spread,  
Spread to everyone,  
And spread everywhere.  
And may that wonder bring love,  
Bring love to all in our world.

## The Friday Boys.

The call has come,  
The new year started,  
And the game will start.  
The three of us will meet,  
We are The Friday Boys.  
Boys is a laugh,  
The youngest of these 'boys'  
Is Seventy four.  
Every Friday we go,  
We go and play our game,  
Our game of croquet.  
Three matches we have  
And we are equally matched  
So the results vary  
But we have a great time,  
We know each other so well  
So we three good friends  
Meet playing croquet,  
Playing croquet every Friday.  
And the call has come,  
The Friday Boys will be there,  
We will be there this week,  
Playing the game we love.  
I hope it doesn't snow!

## House Is Home Tanka.

We enter our house  
And find that love is within  
As our house is home  
And within this hallowed place  
We live with our lasting love.

## And It Rained.

And it rained!  
The water tumbling from the sky,  
My River rose and rose,  
The path where I walk  
No longer there.  
The clear green water  
Now brown and opaque.  
But like life  
We have sunny days  
And we have rainy days.  
I know the rain will stop  
And My River will subside.  
And once more I will walk,  
I will walk my path  
Beside the clear green beauty,  
The clear green beauty of My River  
That I know will return,  
As it always does.  
It will always be there,  
Be there in my life  
As I walk by My River  
With My Spirit of Life.

## **Listen, Speak, Act.**

In life we can do three things,  
We can listen,  
We can speak,  
And we can act.  
But we must do these things,  
Do these things in the right way.  
When we listen,  
We must listen with curiosity  
To be sure we understand.  
When we speak,  
We must speak with honesty  
To let all know the truth.  
And when we act,  
We must act with integrity  
To give trust for all.

## I Want To Go Back.

There I was in this place,  
I looked around and beauty was seen.  
The sun shone gently down,  
White clouds floated by,  
Nature's symphony was heard.  
Laughter from people abounded,  
As we passed each other we smiled,  
We chatted and we laughed.  
All helped each other  
And no price was paid.  
Love for our world abounded  
And there were never any arguments,  
We all wanted to help each other  
In this wonderful life we had earned,  
To give love and respect to all.  
A place that was like heaven,  
The heaven of love and peace.  
But then I opened a door  
And woke up from my dream  
Into this world,  
This world of so much hate and disrespect,  
A world full of politicians  
Who lie through their teeth  
Thinking they know best,  
But they just want for themselves  
And do not care for others.  
I want to go back to that place,  
Back to the place of my dreams.

## The Future Of Stevie Mulrooney.

The Six Nations rugby is underway,  
Six matches so far  
But at the sixth match  
Something happened,  
It brought goosebumps to me  
And almost brought tears to my eyes.  
Such an emotive moment,  
All it was, was a song,  
It was the Irish Anthem  
Sung before the match started.  
The anthems are always sung  
Before the matches,  
But this one was different  
As the person who led the singing  
Was an eight year old boy.  
Almost everyone was moved,  
Moved by the sound,  
The sound of this boys voice  
As he sang the anthem with passion.  
A passion that brough those tears,  
Those tears to my eyes,  
And to many more eyes.  
Such a wonderful voice,  
A voice that will go far in song  
So that name will be with me  
As I look into the future,  
The future of Stevie Mulrooney.

## **Pyracantha Battle.**

So the battle commenced once again,  
The pyracantha needed cutting,  
Preparing it for its new Spring life.  
So on went the armour  
Hoping to protect me from its daggers,  
So I started.  
A very large piece needed to come down  
So my chainsaw was my weapon of choice,  
Down it came,  
I had won that battle with no scars  
But then I had to cut it up,  
Cut it up so I could get it to the tip.  
And that's when the wounds occurred  
It got me in the arms,  
But worst of all it had become sneaky  
And its daggers came through my gloves  
And go into my hands.  
But eventually I had finished,  
Removed my armour,  
And revelled in my victory  
As the pyracantha looked better,  
I had won once again.

## Valentines Day And Beyond.

That day is here,  
That Valentines Day  
When many say I love you,  
But to me it is not special  
As the love I have for my lady  
Is with me every day,  
And every day that love gets stronger.  
So to my beautiful lady  
I say I love you,  
But just saying that  
Does not convey the love that I have,  
The strength of the love I have  
For my wonderful lady.  
We are together as one  
And will be joined as one  
For the rest of our lives,  
And further into eternity.  
So on this Valentines Day  
I say to you Mary  
I love you,  
But on this day it is nothing special  
As I say I love you many times,  
Many times each day  
And will do every day  
For eternity and beyond.

## Fresh Coffee?

"Do you want a coffee?"

I ask my Mrs.

"Yes please, decaff please"

So I grind the Colombian beans

And put them into the filter

To make my glorious brew.

And I get the jar from the cupboard

Filled with the Devils work;

As I put the granules in the cup

My hand slips

And the coffee goes over the floor.

So I get the hand hoover,

And suck the stuff up.

As the granules weren't used

I then put them into her cup.

Surely the dust from the floor

Would enhance the flavour

Of this invidious brew!

## What Matters.

There may come that time,  
That time when we get to the end,  
Get to the end of our lives together  
And our Spirits move on,  
Move on together for eternity.  
But when we do we will know  
That the possessions we had,  
The house that was our home,  
And all we had around us  
Just will not matter.  
But what will matter,  
And will always matter  
Is that I had you  
And you had me  
And we always will.

## Answer Phone.

I've set up an answering system on my 'phone,  
For when our kids 'phone us at home,  
It has a numbered calling system,  
Just hoping that to it they will listen.

"If you are one of our lovely kids,  
And find yourself upon the skids,  
And are calling us to help with cash,  
Press one and we'll check our stash."

"If you are one of our children bold,  
And need us to bring you from the cold,  
And want our comfort to help you through,  
Press two and we'll see what we can do."

"But if you are one of our loved offspring,  
Asking of our wellbeing with this ring,  
Make sure the number that did scrawl,  
Is the one you meant to call."

## Sitting With A Harem.

It was a normal Saturday morning  
So up we went for coffee  
To our favourite coffee house,  
But it was different today.  
Myself and my lover went,  
But others came as well.  
My daughter was with us,  
With us for the weekend,  
So she came as well.  
My neighbour across the road,  
A very good friend for many years,  
She came as well.  
And I asked our new neighbour  
Who had moved in a few doors down,  
She came as well.  
So there we were  
Sitting at the table,  
Drinking our coffee,  
Chatting and laughing together.  
But anyone looking at us  
May have had the thought,  
"Blimey, he is lucky sitting there,  
Sitting there with his harem!"

## Always Respect.

In this life you see many people  
And all behave differently.  
If you find people respect you  
You must respect them as well,  
But if they disrespect you  
You must still respect them.  
Do not allow the poor actions of others  
Decrease the good manners you have  
Because that is who you are  
And you represent yourself  
And must not be dragged down,  
Dragged down by the actions of others.  
You are who you are  
And must remain that decent respectful person,  
Remain that decent person all the while,  
And show respect to all.

## What Ghost!

There they go again,  
My housemates complaining,  
Complaining that there is a ghost,  
A ghost in this house.  
I have never ever seen one  
But they are frightened,  
Frightened all the time.  
Many of them have gone,  
Driven out of the house  
By this so called ghost.  
But I have never seen one,  
Never seen one  
In all the time I have been here,  
And I have only been here  
For two hundred and ninety seven years.

## **Kathleen Sings Again.**

Once again it happened,  
That voice came from the radio,  
Goosebumps covered my body  
As her voice reached my heart and soul.  
Every time I hear Kathleen sing  
I am taken to heaven  
To be with her as she sings.  
Her voice surrounding me with love,  
The love of her wonderful sound  
Taken from this earth too quickly.  
But her sound lingers on in the ether  
And I listen and get lost,  
Get lost within the sound  
That Kathleen Ferrier has left for me.

## Painting, Poetry, Music, Silence.

In life I have so many loves,  
And of those loves there are four,  
Four that bring joy to me,  
Painting, poetry, music, silence.

Seeing a painting brings me joy  
Where if I look at it  
I see more than is there.  
Painting is poetry that is seen,  
Seen rather than felt.

Poetry brings words to me  
That can bring ideas and wonder  
Into my wonderful life.  
Poetry is painting that is felt,  
Felt rather than seen.

Hearing music is my absolute joy  
It takes me to so many places  
Where joy and love abound.  
Music is silence interrupted,  
Interrupted by love.

Listening to silence makes me think  
And puts my mind at rest  
And prepares me for the future.  
Silence is music that is heard,  
Heard in my mind.

## What Day Is It?

This day has come,  
I arise before dawns early light,  
The moon shines on me  
Bringing peace and light,  
Peace and light to my mind.  
I ask my self what day is it,  
What day is it today.  
And the answer I tell myself  
Is it is today,  
And I think to myself it's wonderful,  
As today is my favourite day.

## Father And Son.

There he lay in his cot,  
This strange looking creature  
Created by the two of us.  
What would he be,  
This small wriggling bundle,  
Of joy?

He and I battled throughout  
His young life, over draughts, Chess  
And especially backgammon.  
I would not let him win!

Then suddenly one day  
He beat me, at draughts,  
I was so proud!  
He had no help, only experience.  
He had won of his own accord!

I knew, know, that in this life  
You rarely get given anything.  
You have to earn things  
By working for them.  
He had earned his win.

He grew, and grew and grew  
Until I had to look up  
To this little chap, to whom  
We had given our life.

We drifted apart through  
Sheer stupidity;  
But it didn't last long.  
And now we talk of many things,

We play backgammon still.  
(He is still trying to beat me!)

He had his problems;  
But we were always there.  
We cried over him but  
Of that he was not aware.  
All we could do was  
Our best.

My boy is unmistakably my son ,  
We look the same,  
We walk the same,  
We even clap the same!

## The Friday Boys.

Well the day had come,  
The day when I played croquet,  
Played for the first time this year.  
The three of us went out,  
Went out onto the lawn  
On this sunny February day.  
There was a chill in the air  
But the lawn was perfect.  
So we started our games,  
Two against one  
As was usual in the games  
That we three play,  
So we end up playing three matches  
One against the other two.  
The first game I played with Richard,  
And it showed that I had not played,  
Not played for a while.  
I could hit the ball straightish  
But not hard enough.  
It slowly got better  
But Bob won.  
The second match I played alone,  
Alone against Richard and Bob,  
And this game I played so well,  
The old me was back  
And I won easily.  
The final game Richard was on his own  
I still played well  
But he won.  
A great morning was had  
As we were playing the game we loved  
In the company of good friends.  
And we will play every Friday now,

And that is why we have our own name,  
As we are "The Friday Boys".

## The Book Of Life.

In life things can be good,  
Things can be bad,  
But life is like a book,  
If bad things happen,  
Bad things happen in your life  
Just turn over the page  
And that page will lead you,  
Lead you to a new chapter.  
That chapter will give you,  
Give you a new path  
Where life is good  
And full of love and joy.  
Never ever close the book,  
The book of life is eternal.

## March Birthdays! Tanka.

March, the month I dread!  
So many birthdays occur!  
I buy many cards,  
I need to take out a loan  
For all those flaming birthdays.

## I LOVE YOU.

I awake in the morning  
My lover by my side,  
We cuddle and kiss  
And say those three words,  
We say "I LOVE YOU" to each other,  
The most important words,  
Most important words in our life.  
Our love is so strong,  
Where did it come from?  
That love abounds,  
Abounds in all we do  
And we just do not understand,  
Understand why it has happened,  
Why it has happened to us,  
Happened to us at our age.  
We both had love before,  
Love for many years  
With husband and wife,  
But this is different  
And it is so wonderful.  
So each day our first words,  
First words to each other are,  
"I LOVE YOU".  
And each day our last words,  
Last words before going to sleep are,  
"I LOVE YOU".

## Time To Text.

In life we get older,  
We can do nothing about it.  
In my younger days  
The evenings were wonderful,  
Being out with friends  
For many hours  
Enjoying drinking and dancing.  
As I got older life changed  
And I settled down  
Into a wonderful married life.  
Time changed again  
And mobile 'phones ruled,  
Ruled out lives.  
But now I have reached that age,  
That age if you text me,  
Text me at ten fifteen,  
Ten fifteen in the evening  
I will text you back,  
Text you back at five fifteen,  
Five fifteen in the morning.

## Every New Day.

Every day we enter into a new life,  
And each day we are tested  
Making some days very hard.  
We may feel that we don't have the strength,  
The strength to carry on  
But we must be brave,  
Be brave and keep our heads up.  
We must always continue,  
Continue to move forward  
As we have done every day,  
Every previous day of our lives.

## Freedom In Life.

So many people compete,  
Compete with others,  
To try and be better,  
Be better than they are,  
Than they are in life.  
I just do not understand,  
I am in competition with no one,  
Not in life.  
I run my own race  
And do not play the game,  
Play the game of being better,  
Being better than anyone else,  
Better than anyone else in life.  
I just aim to improve,  
To be better than I was ,  
Better than I was before.  
That is me in my life  
And because of the way,  
The way I am  
I am free,  
Free to live my life,  
To live my wonderful life.

## Beauty Of Life.

In life we may do something beautiful,  
But nobody notices.  
But what we must realise is  
That the sun rises every morning  
And is so beautiful,  
But most of its audience sleep.  
And in Nature where flowers bloom,  
So does hope.  
As never yet has there been a springtime  
When the buds forgot to bloom.  
Lives can be beautiful all the time,  
As even at the end of them  
Sunsets can show that endings,  
That endings can be beautiful too.

## Peace On Earth Acrostic.

Promote understanding and empathy by  
Embracing diversity and unity,  
Advocate for justice and equality to  
Cultivate compassion and kindness in all  
Encouraging dialogue and reconciliation.

Overcome conflicts with diplomacy by  
Nurturing harmony and cooperation.

Empower all to be peacemakers by  
Acknowledging the humanity in everyone,  
Respect differences and foster goodwill by  
Transforming communities through love and respect  
Healing all to bring peace on earth.

## Walking The River Of Time.

I leave the bridge and wander along the path by the River,  
The River, flowing quietly and serenely in time with my steps,  
My thoughts meander to times long past;  
To those days of walking by other waters.

Those childhood days where the only worry  
Was whether my friends will be there to play.  
The three of us, running, not walking, on the  
Green clad ground, yelling, laughing, always happy.

The time of young love where a walk together  
Meant so much, the river ignored, just looking  
At each other, as if it was the most precious time of all,  
The time that we wished would forever stop at that moment.

The step that brought me to that one true love  
Who would walk with me for the rest of my life.  
No doubts entered my mind, a soul mate,  
Friend, lover, to always be with me, on the long trek through time.

Suddenly I realise that I may walk alone;  
The River still flowing in time with my steps,  
But on my own again until I come to the bridge  
Where I walk across the River, to another place.

## Looking Forward.

Once more I look back,  
Look back on my long life  
And see how wonderful it was,  
And in that time I met wonderful people,  
Many became friends  
And we would do anything for each other.  
I worked all my life,  
Never being out of work  
Until that day came,  
That day when I retired into my life,  
A life full of love, music and wonder.  
Yes there was sadness,  
Sadness when my wife of forty years  
Passed from this mortal coil.  
But then a couple of years later  
I met her,  
Met the new lady, my new love.  
Our love so strong  
We just do not understand it,  
Cannot understand it after losing,  
Losing our loved ones.  
But we have this love,  
A love so strong.  
So after looking back,  
Looking back at my good life,  
I can look forward,  
Look forward to a better life.

## 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.

## Joy, Love, Sadness and Hate.

In this world we hear so much news,  
So much bad news.  
All the ills in our world is all we hear,  
All we hear on the news,  
As it is the bad things in life  
Are all the news brings to us.  
But I believe there is good in our world,  
Many people help each other,  
Give pleasantness to so many people.  
Just saying thank you to somebody,  
Or even smiling at them  
Brings much joy to so many,  
But we do not here about it.  
I have a belief that in our world  
Ninety nine percent of people are good  
And bring joy and love to so many,  
But all we here about  
Is the one percent,  
The one percent that are bad,  
And bring sadness and hate to so few.

## The Hippies World.

As I step off the Universe into this new place  
I see a sign in front of me  
And it says  
"Beware Hippies Are Hear  
And you will find peace, love and joy!"

I walk passed the sign  
And find this place,  
This place where the wonder of love,  
Love and happiness abound,  
A new place where there is no sorrow,  
No unhappiness,  
Where all the life I see is good.  
Agreement is the way of life,  
Where all help each other into a better way,  
A better way of living in this place.

I look back at the Universe and wonder,  
Wonder why my Universe, my world  
Cannot be like this  
If it was like this all would be fine.  
But now I have moved on and am here,  
Here in this new place where sorrow,  
Sorrow and acrimony have never been.

Now happy in my life where love is for all,  
Maybe I have found that place,  
That place where the Hippies now live,  
And are led by their mantra,  
Make Love Not War.

## Music And Love.

Another wonderful day was ending,  
My lover and I sitting close together  
Listening to music,  
Music that took us far away.  
Took us as one  
To a place of peace and love  
Where our love grew stronger,  
All for the love of each other  
And for the love of music,  
The love of music in our lives.  
The music so soft and gentle  
Entered our minds gently  
Giving us such smoothness,  
Such smoothness in our hearts.  
That is the beauty of music,  
It can take us to places of wonder,  
Of wonder and calm.  
And here we were  
Sitting close together  
Being taken,  
Taken to that place,  
That place of wonder and calm,  
And further,  
Further into our love,  
Our love for each other.

## Dancing In The Rain Tanka.

The rain is raining,  
I walk slowly in the wet,  
Then I start dancing,  
Dancing in the rain with joy  
As my skin is waterproof.

## Times Of Great Pop Music.

In our cars we drive along,  
Music playing from the radio,  
Playing music from Boom Radio.  
What's that? I hear you ask,  
Well it is a radio station  
That plays music from our era,  
Back in the fifties, sixties and seventies,  
When pop music was great.  
The great groups and singers  
That we sang and danced to  
In our teenage years.  
A song will come on  
And we will both sing out loud,  
We know all the words  
Because back then  
You could understand the words  
As they were sung so well.  
So here we are  
My lover and I singing loudly,  
Singing loudly songs of our youth  
With smiles all over our faces,  
Taking us back to those wonderful times  
When pop music was great.

## Guinness Is Good For You.

All my long life it has been there  
And I have drunk it very often.  
In pubs and clubs,  
At dances and shows,  
It is always behind the bar  
And I enjoy every pint,  
But I don't go mad,  
I may only drink a couple,  
A couple of Guinness.  
The best I have had  
Was in Ireland  
Where I used to go fishing,  
Fishing with my mates.  
But recently  
I have found a new Guinness,  
One without alcohol.  
One that completely surprised me  
As I thoroughly enjoy it  
And have a can of it at home,  
And do so most evenings,  
And it doesn't harm me at all  
As it has no alcohol.  
They say Guinness is good for you,  
But this Guinness 00 is better for you.  
So to you all I say,  
Cheers!

## Shanties Getting Better.

Once more my lover and I  
Walked into the pub  
As we do every two weeks,  
I ordered my pint of mild  
And my lovers coffee,  
We sat at our normal table  
And we waited.  
The others slowly came in,  
Ordered their drinks and sat down.  
When all were here we started,  
Started singing Sea Shanties  
And a great time was had,  
A time full of songs and laughter.  
There were others in the pub,  
Others not in the group,  
And the great thing was  
That we must be getting better,  
Better in singing the shanties,  
As fewer of them left the pub.

## Books Like People.

You may read them constantly;  
They give you joy,  
They give you wisdom.  
You can laugh,  
You can cry,  
As the words on the page  
Cause the emotions  
To stir within you.

The same emotions  
Flow through you  
With people in your life;  
As the words they say,  
Or the words left unsaid,  
Bring you sadness,  
Or joy.

Both can help in your lives,  
As either of them  
Can arrive in your life,  
When you most need them.

**Art.**

Art surrounds you in all its guises,  
The paintings hanging on the wall  
That can draw you into the artist's mind.  
The sculpture standing on the ground  
Beauty carved from a block of stone.  
The music flowing through your body  
Glory from the mind of a composer.  
Words in poetry on the page  
Emotional feelings of the writer.  
So many art forms,  
So much to admire,  
So much to love.  
We are all different,  
We like different things.  
You like what you like,  
If others say you're wrong  
Just tell them to go to hell.  
As art, any art is yours to like,  
No matter what others think.  
All art is special,  
To all in different ways.

## Oh What A Night.

What a night!  
Oh what a night!  
Into the showroom we went,  
Sat at our table,  
Ordered our drinks.  
Then onto the stage they came,  
The tribute band.  
They were all there,  
The Everlys, Buddy Holly,  
And Jerry Lee Lewis,  
Playing those songs of my youth.  
The audience were drawn in  
As we all knew the words,  
Knew the words of every song,  
As we had known them,  
Known them all our long lives.  
And evening filled with joy,  
With joy, music and laughter.  
They played without stopping  
Bringing such memories to our hearts,  
For two glorious hours.  
A wonderful evening to remember,  
And will always be in my heart.

## The Isle Once More,

Another beautiful morning  
Comes to us this day,  
The day we leave the Isle.  
A beautiful weekend was had,  
Had by my lover and I.  
Once more we were in our favourite place,  
That place that seems to be our second home.  
So relaxed and comforted  
Just walking along the beach,  
Looking across the sea,  
The waves gently flowing  
Bringing joy towards us  
As they encroach into our lives.  
We will leave today,  
But we will be back,  
Knowing that our love,  
Our love for the Isle  
Will increase once more,  
As it does for us,  
Every day of our lives.

## Our Isle Of Joy.

Back home safely,  
Had a wonderful few days  
Together on our Isle of Joy.  
Two old star crossed lovers  
Enjoying ourselves as always,  
Walking hand in hand along the corridors,  
Also hand in hand along the beach,  
Never separated.  
Our love for each other so strong  
Others can see it in us  
As we walk together.  
We see others in the hotel  
And they smile at us,  
As we smile and say hello to them,  
Such a wonderful place.  
Now we are at home  
But we will back,  
Back on our Isle of Joy soon  
Where once more our love exudes,  
Exudes into the sea  
As we walk by it  
Hand in hand.

## The Pub With No Beer.

Off we went to Worcester,  
On our shopping spree,  
Looking at shops for clothes,  
Stopping just for tea.

As we walked back to the car  
We knew where we would go,  
For lunch, upon the road to home,  
To a pub that we well know.

We strode into this well-known bar  
Craving for some food;  
To be met with sullen faces  
That darkened down our mood.

I went straight up to the bar  
Looking for some ale,  
But the pumps were turned away from me;  
The beer was not for sale

We sat down at a table  
And both we ordered lunch'  
From a saddened looking waitress,  
Whose face was in a scrunch.

The food was almost edible,  
Not like we had had before;  
So as soon as we had eaten  
We headed for the door.

It was sad to see that this place  
Where we used to have great cheer;  
Ended up as tasteless,

And a pub with no beer.

## Spring Equinox.

Night equals Day,  
Day equals night.  
Spring Equinox is here,  
The darkness of Winter  
Gives way  
To the brightness of Spring.  
The days get longer  
Bringing brightness to our world,  
Waking up Nature  
And new life will be here  
For us all to enjoy  
As we walk the paths,  
The paths of Nature.  
The wonder can be seen,  
The wonder of Nature's Art  
Springing up around us all.  
So on this special day  
Be grateful,  
Grateful for this world,  
This wonderful New World  
That is starting today.

## Today Is The Day.

Well today has come,  
Another fine day  
As you may have been worried,  
Worried about it yesterday  
When it was tomorrow.  
But no all is fine,  
As today is the day,  
The day you worried about,  
Worried about yesterday.

## 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"

## Calliope Acrostic.

**C**alliope looks down on me  
**A**vailing me of words to write  
**L**eaving thoughts on the page  
**L**ike my life on paper  
**I**n everlasting memories  
**O**pening my life to all  
**P**ouring love and wonder  
**E**verlasting into the world.

## Digestives.

Yet again I made the mistake,  
The mistake of making them,  
Making digestive biscuits.  
I put all the ingredients together,  
Mixed them well into a crumbly dough,  
Rolled them out  
And cut them into biscuits.  
Into the oven they went  
And cooked them.  
They came out of the oven  
Light brown and ready,  
Ready to eat.  
And that was the problem  
As I had to taste one,  
And as ever they were wonderful.  
Into the biscuit jar they went  
And that problem now is  
That every time I walk passed them  
I need to try one  
Just in case they have gone off,  
And because of that  
They do not last very long,  
So once again tomorrow  
I will have to make some more.

## Please Achieve Peace.

Why do they do it?  
Why are there wars,  
Wars in our world.  
It is a form of madness,  
It is certainly not civilised.  
Why is it that we spend so much time,  
So much time inventing devices,  
Devices to kill each other.  
But we spend so little time working,  
Working on how to achieve,  
How to achieve peace.  
So come on  
Come on you out there  
Please achieve peace.

## My Beautiful Lady.

Another birthday arrives,  
Another year older  
But you are in my life,  
And with every year  
You become more beautiful  
As my love intensifies  
Every moment we are together.  
Age is but a number  
But our love has no age  
As it is so special  
And gets stronger each moment,  
Each moment we are with each other.  
So on this day I can say only one thing,  
I love you so much  
My beautiful lady.

## Make The Days Count.

In our lives we have memories  
And they can remind us,  
Remind us the nothing lasts forever.  
We then realise that time is precious,  
Is so precious in our lives,  
So we should not waste it.  
We must enjoy life,  
Enjoy life and remember,  
Don't count the days,  
Make the days count.

## Words Tanka.

When the sun rises  
And the world begins to wake  
I share words with all,  
Words of differing meanings  
To share with those who read them.

## Dog Walking.

It was a beautiful morning,  
The sun was shining,  
The birds were singing,  
And there was I walking with nature,  
Listening 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 thought struck me,  
That is the way,  
The way to walk the dogs.

## Happy Birthday Anne.

Eighty five years have come and gone,  
A life well lived from dawn to dawn.  
With wisdom gained and stories told,  
Your journey shines, a treasure to hold.

Through trials faced and victories won,  
Your strength and grace have brightly shone.  
Each passing year a cherished gift,  
In memories made our spirits lift.

Eighty five years a milestone grand,  
With love and joy we proudly stand.  
Today we celebrate your life's great span,  
Happy Birthday to our dearest Anne.

## Examining Status Quo.

Rossi, Parfitt, Brown and Edwards,  
Sang of those Pictures,  
*Pictures of Matchstick Men,*  
While I was sitting in *My Chair,*  
Sailing my *Paper Plane,*  
Across the way to *Caroline.*  
I was with them when they went *Down down,*  
When *Rockin' All Over The World,*  
*Again And Again.*  
Making us *Rock 'til You Drop,*  
With *Whatever You Want.*  
Their music is still with us,  
With me.  
Whenever I hear their music start  
I know exactly what I am going to get,  
And a smile comes upon my face.  
My head starts bouncing,  
My feet start moving,  
And takes me back to younger days,  
Where I hoped that their rocking,  
*Don't Stop.*

## A Day Of Natures Symphony.

I awake from my deep sleep,  
Dawn is just awakening,  
I lay there and listen,  
And there I hear it,  
I hear the wonder of dawn  
As the birds sing their introduction,  
Their introduction to the music,  
The music that will be there,  
Be there throughout my day.  
The slow introduction changes,  
Changes to the allegro of morning  
Where the birds go hunting,  
Hunting for their food.  
Chirping and shrieking at each other  
Finding food for themselves  
And for their babies.  
The largo of afternoon comes  
And peace descends in the orchestra  
As the birds rest and lay in their nests.  
Then at the end of the day  
The pianissimo of evening descends  
And My Day of Natures Symphony ends.  
As I fall asleep I hear them,  
I hear the blackbirds and robins  
Singing me a lullaby  
Ending my day of wonder  
And get me ready for the morn  
When a new day comes,  
Comes into my glorious life.

## The New Season.

Onto the lawn I stroll,  
My first game of the new season.  
The sun shines down on me,  
The lawns are immaculate,  
Cut so low and so flat.  
I hit my first ball,  
Towards the hoop it rolls,  
Not quite far enough  
But the second was better.  
And from then on  
Each time I hit a ball  
The experience I had,  
The experience of the game  
Came back and I was playing well.  
A wonderful start to the new season  
And a wonderful start in my new club,  
A club where Croquet was born,  
The most famous club in the world,  
And I was now a member of that club,  
And will enjoy the game even more.

## Strengthening Love Senryu.

Together each day,  
Our love gets ever stronger,  
No word can explain  
The increasing strength of love  
That we have for each other.

## So All Is Fine.

I arise into another day,  
A new day in my long life.  
There have been so many days  
And I have come into each one  
Full of hope and love.  
Some days are sad,  
But in my life  
Most are full of happiness.  
Each of my days is so special.  
So when people ask me  
"How are you today?"  
I answer with the same words,  
"I got up today, so all is fine."

## The Village Ghost

As we sat around the village inn  
Supping good dark ales,  
We regaled ourselves with stories,  
And ever taller tales.

The one about the village ghost  
Intrigued us most of all,  
About the way he used to sit,  
Upon the village wall.

The wall was at the village end  
Where the road went out of town,  
And there the ghostly figure sat,  
And looked out with a frown.

I left the pub one evening  
And went down to the wall,  
And down I sat upon the bricks,  
To fool them one and all.

I saw them all on the next day  
Gathered around the bar,  
And told them what I did last night,  
To show what fools they are.

Yes we saw you on the wall they said  
Right there at the end,  
But who was that sat next to you,  
Was he just a friend?

## In Harmony Together.

There I was once more  
Walking by My River,  
My lover and I hand in hand  
Walking in harmony,  
In harmony with My River.  
But it was different,  
The clear green water  
Flowed passed so swiftly,  
Its brown muddy state  
So dirty and fast,  
Nearly up to the top ,  
The top of the bank.  
It had been over the top,  
Flooding the park.  
It had subsided  
And the park was back,  
Back to its green swards.  
The ducks and swans paddled,  
Paddled on the side of the water,  
The water being so fast,  
So fast for them to swim against.  
We walked along though  
Enjoying the fresh air  
And the glory of the countryside.  
As we walked I knew,  
Knew that all would be well  
And My River would be back,  
Back as usual,  
Its wonderful clear green life  
Showing me the way  
As My Life went on forever  
In the harmony of My River,  
My Lover, and My Spirit.

## **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.

## My World.

She said those words to me,  
She said "I love you."  
I replied with those words,  
I said "I love you too."  
She replied with these words,  
"Prove it, Scream it to the world."  
So I did and whispered these words,  
Whispered them in her ear,  
"I love you."  
She looked at me and said,  
"Why did you whisper it?"  
I just looked at her with love  
And said these words,  
"Because YOU are my world"

## Cheltenham Croquet.

Into the club we drove,  
My partner and I,  
Our first time as members.  
Ready to play croquet  
We were greeted so well,  
All talking to us,  
As we talked to them.  
So accepting were the members  
Which meant so much to us.  
Onto the lawn we went,  
Went with people just met,  
And in that afternoon  
We became accepted,  
Accepted with joy and laughter.  
A wonderful afternoon was had  
And it was made even better  
As at the end we sat in the tea room  
And were eating tea and cake,  
What better end could we have  
To a wonderful day,  
A wonderful day at our new club.  
Our thanks go out to all.

## Unitarians.

Most of my life I was there,  
Going to church,  
A church where Jesus was,  
Was there as the son of god.  
This all changed,  
As where was that god  
When my wife suffered,  
Suffered for so long.  
So I forego christianity  
And a weight lifted from me,  
I saw that all organised religion  
Was just a farce.

I walked into the Chapel,  
A Unitarian Chapel  
And there I found new life,  
A life where god was there,  
Or god was not there.  
The belief that we had the right,  
The right to seek truth,  
Truth and meaning within us,  
Finding from self-experience  
The way to go forward.  
Within a community  
Each having their own beliefs,  
The own beliefs or doubts.  
Our own individual liberty is enjoyed,  
Where self-integrity is better,  
Better than a pressure to conform.  
A place where I have found a way,  
Found a way to look further,  
Further into my life  
Without beliefs forced on me,

Forced on me by organised religion.  
I know that my god and my spirit exist,  
Exist within me,  
And they are My God and My Spirit.

## Weak To Strong

In our lives we have both,  
Both strengths and weaknesses.  
Our greatest weakness  
Is when we fail and give up,  
But with our strength  
We can find a way to succeed.  
So when you feel weak  
And want to give up  
Just use your strength  
And try one more time.

## 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 covered 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 Shadows Were Back.

Into the theatre we went,  
Found our seats,  
Then onto the stage they came,  
Three guitarists and a drummer.  
They started playing the intro  
And out came the singer,  
And then it happened!  
I was taken back to my youth,  
Cliff and The Shadows were here,  
Here again,  
Taking me back to my teenage years.  
That time in the sixties  
Where life was wonderful  
And the music majestic.  
Such a wonderful evening,  
Full of my younger times.  
Everybody around me were the same,  
Living back in there youth.  
Looking arounds at the people  
The average age of the audience  
Was probably seventy years old,  
But all of us felt we were there,  
Back in the sixties,  
Listening to those great sounds,  
Those great sounds we had,  
Sounds we had as teenagers.  
Such a wonderful evening.

## Contented Happiness.

In life we always seek happiness,  
With happiness come blessings.  
They are in our reach  
As if you are content with what you have  
You are wise  
As you do not wish for what you do not have.  
So the same with happiness,  
It is like a butterfly,  
If you chase it  
You will not catch it,  
But if you are happy,  
Happy with what you have  
That butterfly will sit,  
Sit upon your shoulder.  
So do not chase happiness  
Or wish for that you don't have,  
Be content with what you have  
And happiness will be with you .

## People Watching Once More.

People watching once more,  
There I saw them,  
Saw them in the coffee bar.  
I sat drinking my coffee  
And looking round I saw them,  
An elderly grandfather  
And his very young granddaughter,  
It may have been his great granddaughter  
About two years old.  
On the table was a piece of cake  
And a pie.  
The young girl pointed,  
Pointed at the cake  
And the grandpa picked up a spoon,  
A teaspoon,  
He put a little piece of cake in it  
Placed it on the table.  
The little girl picked it up  
And put it in her mouth.  
She then pointed at the pie,  
Grandpa sliced off a small piece  
And put it on a fork,  
Placed in front of the girl,  
She picked it up and ate it,  
Ate it from the fork.  
This was such a delight  
Such a delight for me,  
For me to see,  
As smiles pervaded them,  
Such a wonderful time  
As I watched them,  
Watched their wonderful ways.  
The thought once more came to me

How can people hurt children,  
Children are so innocent  
And so wonderful to watch  
As they learn in life,  
Being shown the way  
By loving relatives.

## Apathy.

You see them in all walks of life,  
Bossing people around,  
Making them do the things for them,  
With force, pain and misery,  
But if you react they have won.  
All they want to see is the hurt in you,  
If they see nothing they have lost.  
So try to treat each occasion with apathy,  
As apathy can be a weapon  
Which they cannot understand.

## They Came To The Door.

They came to the door,  
Two young men,  
They were from a religious group,  
The church of Jesus Christ of the latter day saints.  
They started talking,  
Asking me questions,  
Questions about my religion.  
I told them that my belief,  
My belief in Christianity had gone,  
I had let it go when my wife died.  
She suffered for many years,  
All her life had believed,  
Believed and praised Jesus,  
Jesus as the son of god,  
But when she was taken,  
Taken with dementia  
He was not there,  
Not there at all.  
That is when I stopped believing,  
Believing in organised religion,  
As organised religion is a farce,  
A farce and a lie.  
It is like politics  
Trying to get people to see,  
To see in one way.  
They listened,  
They said there piece,  
And I said mine.  
They eventually went  
As I had out talked them  
And they could not get there way,  
Not get me to believe,  
Believe in religion,

As organised religion is a fallacy.

## The Mountain Of Life.

In the mountain of life  
There are so many paths,  
So many paths to climb,  
To climb up that mountain.  
What we need to know  
Is that every path leads,  
Leads to the same place.  
So in our lives we will meet,  
Meet at the top,  
So it does not matter,  
Does not matter which path,  
Which path we take,  
We will be together.

But in life there is that one,  
That one person running,  
Running around the bottom,  
The bottom of the mountain,  
Telling all that your path is wrong.

They just do not understand,  
Not understand what life is.  
Each of us have our own lives  
And have no need to be told  
That each of us is wrong.  
In our lives we go our own way  
And will reach the top,  
Reach the top of the mountain,  
The mountain of life.

## Daily Artwork.

We arise each day,  
There before us is the canvas,  
The blank canvas of the new day.  
It sits there waiting,  
Waiting for the colours,  
The colours of our spirit  
To sit before it and paint,  
Paint the new day,  
The new day in our life.  
Life is an artwork  
And each day we paint,  
Paint a new canvas of the day.  
When we go to sleep  
That new canvas is completed,  
Completed for that day in our life.  
As we sleep through each night  
A new canvas will be there,  
There for us in the morning  
And another new artwork,  
Another new artwork will be waiting,  
Waiting for another days art.

## Our Love Will Never Die.

Dinner was ready,  
Into our dining room we went,  
My lover and I,  
A glass of wine each.  
We sat opposite each other,  
Started our meal.  
We kept looking at each other,  
The love we had so strong  
And was getting stronger.  
Looking out of the window  
The light blue sky was above us,  
The occasional white cloud  
Floating by,  
A beautiful summer evening.  
We finished our dinner  
And just sat there,  
Sat there looking lovingly,  
Looking lovingly at each other.  
And then it happened,  
A beautiful piece of music started,  
Started and took us to another place  
Where love and beauty shone,  
Love and beauty shone between us.  
A perfect evening of love and beauty  
Had happened once again,  
Happiness and love ruled our lives  
And will forever be there for us.  
Our love will never die.

## Nature's Blanket.

We climbed the hill,  
Up the dale we went.  
It was a hard climb  
But we made it,  
Made it to the top.  
As ever the view was there  
And it was worth it.  
I had seen it many times,  
My friends just stood,  
Stood in quiet reverence  
Just taking in the majesty,  
The majesty of the patchwork,  
The patchwork of verdant growth.  
It was spread out before them  
It was like god's blanket.  
The colours of nearing Autumn  
Patched the blanket  
With russets, golds and reds,  
Studding the hedgerows  
With pops of colour  
That drew the eye.  
Colours that changed every day  
As Natures canvas painted new,  
Painted new art each day.

## 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!".

## The Happiness Of Life.

In our life we look for happiness,  
To get that happy life  
It is like creating a garden,  
It does not just happen.  
The seeds of joy must be planted  
And to get those seeds to grow  
They must be watered,  
Watered with gratitude.  
The sun must also shine on them,  
So give them that sunshine,  
That sunshine of positivity.  
They will then grow,  
Grow into the happiness,  
The happiness of life.

## Peace, Love And Joy.

Into the club we went,  
My lover and I,  
As we do every month.  
Onto the stage they came,  
Five musicians,  
Piano, saxophone,  
Guitar, bass and drums.  
The notes started  
And straight away I was taken,  
Taken into a new world  
Where jazz created a wonder,  
A wonder and joy,  
Where life was wonderful  
And all was well in the world.  
A magnificent time was had  
With the music taking me,  
Taking me out of any worries,  
Any worries I had  
And took me to a place,  
A place of peace and love.  
The time just disappeared,  
It went so quickly.  
The music ended  
And we drove home  
With peace and love,  
Peace love and joy in our hearts.

## It's So Unusual.

Well the day had come,  
I was off to buy it,  
To buy my new car.  
A great day,  
My lover was coming,  
Was coming with me  
And that would be a fun time  
As her name was Mary,  
The dealers name was Tom,  
So it would be a great day  
When Mary Berry met Tom Jones!

## My Saving Grace.

My River yet again came to my aid,  
The pain and frustration of those  
Whose lack of respect, and sheer impoliteness  
Was calmed, by my walk along the Avon.  
Strolling with camera to hand;  
A gentle time, with the sights and sounds  
That always seem to bring me peace.

At first the many people with holidaying children,  
Shouting and laughing, free from work;  
Running, skipping, playing with balls in the park,  
Getting wet by the water shooting up from the ground,  
The laughter increasing, the wetter they get;  
Unbounded happiness for me to see.

The many left behind, I walk into quieter streams.  
The swans gliding past with no noise at all,  
The pigeons floating in the air  
As they reach for the skies, or land in the trees;  
Their sounds of repeated coos,  
A balm to my calming spirit.

At last to the quietest part, where I stop and commune,  
With nature and my spirit, my special time.  
My river at my side, my God in my mind.  
The anger, almost departed.  
Then the fast walk back, the frustration paling in every  
Breath laden step, at last I am back to the start.

Anger dissipated.  
Frustration gone.  
My River has done its work once more.  
My saving grace going on for ever,

And will do so for far longer  
Than I will ever be able walk beside it.

## 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.

## For Eternity And Beyond.

I looked across the table  
I saw her sitting there,  
She looked so beautiful.  
She sat there talking,  
Talking to a friend.  
I looked at her with passion  
As that beautiful lady was mine  
And my love for her was strong.  
Our love for each other  
Is so very strong  
But on this day she shone,  
Her beauty shone to me  
And knowing she was mine  
Increased my love for her.  
She is my world,  
And will always be my world  
For eternity and beyond.

## Phone Cook.

I had to 'phone a company,  
The car insurance needed cancelling.  
So there I was on the 'phone,  
The voice said,  
"If you want this press one,  
If you want that press two,  
If you want the other press three".  
I pressed three but not realising,  
Realising that I pressed the number,  
The number that meant waiting,  
Waiting for eternity.  
The music played  
Again and again and again.  
The voice came on the 'phone,  
"Your call is important to us".  
While I was waiting  
The thought came to me  
That in this time,  
This time I was waiting,  
I could have cooked,  
Cooked a risotto.  
Half an hour of my life wasted,  
Wasted waiting on the 'phone!

## Into Summertime.

Mayday has arrived,  
The herald of Summer is here.  
Spring in all its glory surrounds us,  
The beauty of new life abounds.  
The buds on the trees  
Showing new growth,  
Their leaves expanding  
Bringing the wonder of Nature,  
The wonder of Nature to us.  
The sun shines down  
Lighting up our world  
To the glory of Summer  
Bringing new life and wonder,  
New life and wonder to all  
As we enter into summertime.

## Sibling Rivalry.

We are both of an age now,  
Both in our seventies,  
My brother and I,  
He is three years younger,  
Younger than I am  
And all our lives we have got on.  
In our youth we were competitive,  
Competitive in racket sports.  
He could beat me at Squash,  
I could beat him and Badminton,  
But Tennis was the game,  
The game where equality ruled.  
We just would not give in,  
Not give in to each other.  
Sweat poured from our bodies  
When we came off the court,  
Almost crawling off,  
As we would do our best,  
Do our best to beat each other.  
We no longer play  
But we do compete.  
We both left home knowing,  
Knowing how to cook.  
So now when he and his wife  
Come to dine with us  
I try to him make the best meal,  
The best meal he's ever had.  
And equally when we dine with them  
He tries to make me the best meal,  
The best meal I've ever had.  
And the one thing that I have won  
Is my hair,  
My hair has some grey in it

But I have fewer grey hairs,  
Fewer grey hairs than my younger brother.

## Respighi's Rome Part 1.

The children laugh and play,  
Singing songs, playing soldiers  
In and around the pines  
That grow in the Borghese Gardens.  
Such enjoyment and fun  
That can transform you into thoughts,  
Thoughts of the Fountain of Valle Giulia.  
Dawn breaking through the dark of night,  
The cattle walking slowly by the water  
Towards the Chapel, so deserted ,  
But always having the Pines,  
The Pines for friends  
Always there, looking over, protecting,  
Protecting all below them

## And It Rained!

Well here it was  
The first match of the season.  
The two teams arrived  
Put all their wet gear on,  
And then we started,  
Started to play this game,  
This glorious summer game  
In the pouring rain.  
There were puddles on the lawns  
But we played,  
We played our croquet match.  
Nearly all day it rained  
But we never gave in  
As the game was more important,  
More important than our wellbeing.  
At the end of each game  
The bedraggled players raced,  
Raced to the pavilion  
To dry out and have a hot drink.  
At the end of the match we gathered,  
We all gathered in the pavilion  
Drinking tea and coffee,  
And best of all  
Eating cake.  
The day had been wet  
But the company was wonderful  
And we all left feeling good,  
Feeling good after a great day,  
A great day in fine company.  
We will play again  
But when we do  
It would be nice to play,  
To play in the sunshine.

## Health In Life.

We always try to stay healthy,  
We see the doctor,  
We take medicine  
Hoping to feel better,  
But this does not always happen,  
As what we should realise  
That most health comes from within.  
It comes from peace of mind,  
Peace in the heart and soul.  
Laughter is a great healer,  
But the best healer of all  
Is the healing of love,  
That takes us though each day  
And into the next day of wonder.

## Our Book.

There is the book before us,  
Each page is different.  
Every chapter gives us new things,  
Some chapters bring us sadness,  
A sadness that we must accept.  
There are more chapters that are happy,  
Bringing happiness to us.  
Many can be exciting  
Showing us the wonder of life.  
So many things are in the book  
But if we do not turn the page  
We will never know what is there,  
There for us in that next chapter,  
For us in our Book of Life.

## The Great Grey Beast.

There it goes, the great grey beast;  
Belching out smoke and noise.  
Where is the peace that was there?  
When I did the work.

This mobile combustion engine  
That seems to have taken over the world.  
Using oil that will vanish soon,  
Eaten by these mechanical beasts of burden.

These fine summer days where I laze  
In a grass covered field, with my partner.  
We just amble around, at peace,  
The occasional passer by stroking us, with fondness.

I dream of days passed, where my mate and I  
Would be called by the farmer to go to work.  
Those days where we were harnessed  
To that plough, that tilled the soil

Those days of peace and quiet, broken only  
By the quiet call from the farmer "Walk on".  
We plodded sedately, pulling this machine  
Quietly and with absolute ease.

The occasional sound of stones hitting stones  
As the earth was turned over;  
The sounds of birds in the distance,  
Added to the stillness and peace.

The re-assuring screaming of gulls and crows,  
Pecking at the ground behind us;  
Looking for sustaining morsels of food

To feed themselves, or their families

All day we would pull in a reverie

Enjoyed by all.

We were at peace with everyone;

No cares in our silent, carefree, world

When day was done the call of "Whoa" was heard.

The farmer would release us from our task'

Pet us fondly and lead us home.

A job well done, with no hardship.

The day then came when we were eclipsed

By the great grey beast!

Let it get on with it then!

I can look back at those green fields with the pride

Of a job well done over many years.

And a rest truly earned.

## Reading In The Park.

There we were,  
My lover and I  
Walking around the park,  
The park by My River.  
A beautiful sunny afternoon,  
So many people there  
Enjoying this wonderful time.  
There were couples walking  
Holding each others hands,  
As we were.  
Children running around  
Playing on scooters and bikes.  
There was one big party,  
Many family members and friends  
Sitting round in a circle  
Eating, drinking and laughing.  
The was another group playing,  
Playing rounders.  
They were hitting a ball,  
And missing the ball,  
Running around the posts,  
But so full of fun and laughter,  
A delight to watch.  
But during our walk  
I saw something that,  
Something that meant so much,  
Meant so much to me.  
On three separate benches  
There sat a lone person,  
And those people were reading,  
Each reading a book.  
This was so inspiring to me  
That I felt I had to write,

I had to write these words,  
As reading books is special,  
So special to me,  
And to see these people reading  
Was so wonderful.

## And All That Jazz.

It started, as with much of my love of music,  
With my Dad.  
With him Swing was King  
And the monarch was Benny Goodman.  
This was my introduction  
Of the world and wonder of Jazz.

From those early days I have listened  
To many types of this music and loved them all.  
The very early times of Bix and Jelly Roll  
And of course ol' Satchelmouth leading the way.  
Though the thirties of the big bands  
Basie, Ellington, Shaw and Miller;  
Leading to the swing of the forties.

Then out of this came the sound that was bebop;  
Bird and Dizzy in the lead, with this strange sound;  
Alien noises to the establishment,  
But became so wonderful to hear.  
It changed the course of Jazz history.  
The chromatic changes that weren't thought possible,  
Now becoming the sound, to which many flew.

Bebop mutated into so many varied type of Jazz.  
It lead to the disaster that was 'avant garde'.  
A sound, to my mind, that just wasn't music.  
That Coltrane record I bought,  
Put the needle anywhere on the disc,  
The sound was just as bad.  
I wonder if I could listen to it now,  
With my more open minded view of music.

Cool Jazz given birth by Miles;

So harmonic, so soft, so mind-blowing.  
This sound of mellow tones coming through my mind  
And into my soul.  
The beautiful sounds of Chet, Stan and Dave;  
Pure melancholy, transporting me  
To a world where all is calm and peaceful.

Trad, that sound that some decry,  
But whenever it is played, all the feet tap.  
Acker and Kenny leading the way  
With this cheerful and foot tapping sound,  
That can never fail to lift any depression  
With its sound of unalloyed joy.

And then of course there was Oscar.  
The man who can take me to places  
That only exist in my dream of heaven.  
This man who when he died  
Took a piece of my life with him;  
A man whose music was part of me,  
And still is.

Jazz, the sounds that many can't stand.  
But to me, a world of such varying ways  
Of contemplating the world of music ,  
That has been with me all my life;  
And is still there for me.

## Yet Another Fine Day.

I awoke in the early morn,  
The light through the window  
Showing it was after dawn  
On this summer's day.  
Down the stairs I went,  
Through to the conservatory  
And out to the garden.  
My friends were there  
Awaiting for their food,  
They sang to me in harmony,  
The harmony of Nature's tunes.  
I walked round looking,  
Looking at new growth  
That was getting stronger,  
Stronger and more resilient.  
This was going to be a good day  
And I had awoken into it,  
Another fine day to be had,  
To be had in my long life,  
My wonderful long life.

## **Musical Peace.**

Once more it has happened,  
The radio is playing,  
A piece of music is played  
And I am taken once more,  
Taken to that place of wonder,  
That wonder that music causes,  
Causes in my life.  
The notes from the piano  
Floated into my heart  
Bringing me such joy,  
Such joy in my life.  
Music is so calming  
It is where I go for peace,  
So my love of music  
Brings me peace all the while.

## Watson And Holmes Went Camping.

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"

## Chet Has Gone.

He is no longer here,  
He left this world on this day,  
This day thirty six years ago.  
A man I revere so much  
Just listening to that sound,  
That sound he makes,  
Makes on his trumpet  
Takes me to another world,  
A world of beauty and wonder.  
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.

## 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.

## Into And Beyond.

Once more I walk,  
Walk by My River  
And once more  
Its green crystal clarity  
Flows gently by me.  
Gone is the rushing brown water  
That was flowing recently  
With the skies erupting with rain.  
So once again I walk in wonder,  
In the wonder of Nature's beauty,  
Following My River with My Spirit  
And we will walk on together  
Into and beyond eternity.

## Why Wars?

Throughout the world  
Fighting goes on,  
But why?  
Why are these wars happening?  
So many killed,  
So many innocent people dead,  
Dead because someone wants more,  
Wants more for themselves  
In a world that has plenty.  
But those who have most  
Will not share it,  
Share it with those who need,  
Who need help in this world.

"War is created by people,  
People too old to fight,  
For those too young,  
Too young to die"

## Lovelorn Acrostic.

Lost in dreams, a heart does mourn,  
Over memories, feelings torn.  
Voices echo from the past,  
Endless whispers that forever last.

Lonely nights, the soul does yearn,  
Old wounds ache, and fires burn.  
Remembered smiles, tears forlorn,  
Never-ending lovelorn.

## Look To Infinity.

Infinite stars paint the cosmic canvas,  
Endless whispers in the night,  
Boundless dreams in the heart,  
A dance of eternity in every light.

Beyond the horizon, where time dissolves,  
Infinite possibilities the universe revolves,  
Endless stories, untold and vast,  
In the symphony of forever, the present is cast.

Look to infinity, where realms unfold,  
Limitless wonders, a story to be told,  
In the tapestry of existence, we find our place,  
A cosmic journey through time and space.

## The Nature Of Wales.

Into the wilds we went,  
My lover took me,  
Took me to Wales  
To the place she once lived.  
She drove over the wilds.  
The beautiful countryside  
Stretching for miles.  
Hills and mountains all over,  
Sheep and cattle in the green  
Enjoying their life.  
My lover took me to places,  
Places I had never been  
And the enjoyment of the views  
Just blew my mind.  
Such a joy being as one,  
As one with Nature's glory,  
Nature's glory and wonder.

## Tears Of Life.

In life we can shed tears  
But those tears are meaningful,  
They are messengers in life.  
They could show overwhelming grief,  
Or tears of deep contrition.  
But they can also show that love,  
That unspeakable love  
Pouring from our eyes  
In the beauty and wonder,  
Beauty and wonder of our life.

## Hugo.

Into the coffee house we go  
And there they are,  
A friend sitting in a chair  
And there on her lap he sits,  
Hugo sits there,  
His clear eyes staring ahead,  
His tongue at the side of his mouth.  
He sees us and gets down,  
We stroke his pale coat  
And he looks at us.  
He is like an elderly man,  
Cannot see well,  
Has no teeth  
But he knows us  
And is so friendly,  
So friendly to all.  
I give him a treat,  
Which he enjoys.  
Hugo has been on this world,  
Been on this world for many years  
And during all his fourteen years  
He has been loved,  
Been loved by our friend  
And it shows every time,  
Every time we see them.  
The joy in each others company,  
Is unbounded and is there,  
There for all to see.

## Music In Life.

It has always been there,  
Been there in my life.  
From the day of my birth  
To my current old age  
Music has always been there.  
So many different types of music,  
Mainly classical and jazz,  
The two most wonderful types.

Whenever you hear,  
Hear the right music  
You can forget everything,  
Or you can remember everything.  
Music is such a power,  
Such a power in our lives.

## General Election Rant!

Well, here we go again,  
Another flaming election!  
Everyone saying  
We will do this FOR YOU!  
We will do that FOR YOU!  
Knocking on our doors  
Telling us  
We need to vote for them  
And not for others,  
I will answer them all the same,  
Tell them that people died,  
Died to give us a vote,  
A secret vote.  
So I don't tell anybody,  
Don't tell anybody who I vote for.  
All the time in my long life  
I have not told anyone.  
So here we are,  
Another General Election  
Where we vote for politicians,  
Politicians to run the county.  
I only have one thing to say,  
To say about that,  
"How do you know,  
Know when a politician is lying?"  
"Their lips move!"

## Looking Ahead.

When we look at our life  
We look ahead and wonder,  
Wonder how we are going to master it,  
How to master it in one day.  
But that is not possible,  
Just relax and look,  
Look at the moment  
And master that moment.  
Each moment mastered  
Will take you to the next  
Until the day is over.  
Once that day is over  
The next one is there  
And again master each moment.  
Then the way will be easy,  
Easy to get ahead in life.  
All we need to do  
Is to master each moment,  
Each moment in our life.

## Havan For Shivani.

As we step into your house  
Your house has become a home,  
And on this day  
Friends and family join together,  
Gathering to bless this house.  
All negative thoughts dispersed,  
Dispersed into the ether of the Universe  
Good wishes are brought,  
Are brought from the stars,  
Brought into the glory,  
The glory of your new home.  
May the peace and joy  
Of this day remain,  
Remain in your new home forever,  
And may the sun shine on your life,  
Shine on your life forever more.

## Singing In Hindi.

What a beautiful day,  
Meeting new people,  
Talking and laughing,  
Eating fine food,  
Drinking Indian tea,  
Chanting in Hindi,  
Singing Indian songs.  
Such a wonderful time  
Found in a world,  
A world I had never known.  
A world of joy, love and praise,  
Praise to all people,  
All people,  
All religions,  
All beliefs and none,  
Such an open world  
To which we were invited.  
A day of new knowledge,  
New knowledge and joy  
Were found,  
Found within their lives  
Which they shared,  
Shared with us  
On this wonderful day.

## 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 be 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.

## Walking To the End Of Time.

Into Nature's realm I walk,  
The trees surround me.  
I look up through the branches,  
The bright blue sky shines though  
Highlighting the leaves.  
The sun sparkles on the edges,  
The edges of branches  
Creating shadows beneath,  
Beneath my feet  
On the path that I tread  
Leading me to the wonder,  
The wonder that Nature brings,  
Brings to me every time,  
Every time I walk with it.  
Nature's symphony is there  
Playing music to my heart.  
The birds singing in harmony,  
The harmony of life that comes,  
That comes to me with Nature.  
Nature's world is part of me  
And will always be there  
As I walk with it along My River,  
Walking to the end of Time.

## **Some See Senryu.**

Some just see nothing,  
Or don't believe in our lives,  
But those who care do.

## Love Of My Life Acrostic.

Light of my world, you bring me joy,  
Opening my heart like a precious toy.  
Vivid dreams you help come true,  
Everlasting bond between me and you.

One soul, two hearts entwined,  
Forever yours, forever mine.

Memories we create, so sweet,  
You make my life complete.

Life's journey we'll walk together,  
In your arms, I'll stay forever.  
Faithful love, pure and true,  
Eternally grateful, I love you.

## If There Wasn't A Price....?

They say that age is the price we pay for experience.  
When we first find out as a child that floors are hard and  
Hurt when you when you fall.  
When parents yell as we get near the fire, we end up in tears  
Wondering if they love us.

As we get older our experiences grow and make us  
Supposedly much wiser than we were before.  
The biggest lessons we learn  
Are from our many mistakes that we make as we go  
Along life's rocky road.

It's not only age that pays for the curve of our learning.  
We also deliberately take the choice that we know is wrong  
Making a choice that we  
Know is wrong in our hearts and minds but  
Is right for others

If there wasn't a price we wouldn't know,  
We've learned something.

## Another Day.

I awake in at dawns light  
The sun shining brightly  
And I know that it's a good day,  
I know this because I awoke,  
Awoke into another day,  
Another day in my long life.

## BMW Rant!

It is spreading,  
This disease,  
This disease BMW drivers have.  
More and more people are doing it,  
They are not bothering to indicate,  
Indicate which way they are going.  
I know BMWs no longer install them,  
No longer install indicators  
But are they now spreading the disease,  
Or are BMW drivers now driving instructors!  
So many just do not signal,  
Or they do what happened yesterday.  
I followed a car to the T junction,  
The car indicated it was turning,  
Turning right  
And then turned left!  
Do people no longer care,  
No longer care about driving,  
Driving correctly.  
Or do they think,  
Think they are driving,  
Driving BMWs  
And no longer need to indicate  
As BMWs rule the roads!

## Moonlight Sonata.

Yet again it has happened,  
A piece of music plays,  
A piece I have heard so often,  
So often during my long life.  
But this morning to took me,  
Took me to a place of beauty,  
Beauty and absolute joy.  
Music does this to me,  
Does this to me so often  
And it always surprises me,  
Surprises me when it happens.  
But that is my joy,  
My joy of music in my life.  
It has always been there  
And it always surprises me  
And on this moment I say thank you,  
Say thank you to Beethoven  
Thank you for the composition  
And thank you to Daniel  
For playing it so well.

## Peace Doves?

Doves of peace they are called;  
Pristine white for purity.  
Not in our garden they aren't!  
Steal food from the wild birds!  
Assault the birds with beaks of wrath!  
No matter how we scare them,  
They persevere with their errant ways.  
Reminding me of politicians,  
Going their own way  
Without thought or care for others.  
Politicians and white doves,  
Should be eradicated from our lives.

## But It Is Wonderful.

What is it with us?  
In the same place all day,  
Me playing croquet,  
Mary doing the teas and coffees.  
A match that lasted most of the day,  
Great fun was had in the match,  
A team of jovial players  
Leading to a great time,  
A great time on the lawns.  
I would be with her between games  
But we missed each other,  
The closeness we have is indescribable.  
We love each other so much  
And need to be close,  
Close with each other all the time.  
Once we got home all was fine  
We could be in each other's arms  
And cuddle the evening away.  
We do not understand,  
Not understand why we are like this.  
Mary loved her David,  
As I did my Joyce,  
Married for many years  
And they both passed,  
Passed from this earth.  
And then Mary and I met  
And the love we have for each other  
Is so different,  
So unique and so strong.  
We just do not understand,  
A couple in their mid-seventies  
Reacting like young people,  
Young people in love,

And all we can say to each other  
Is "I love you"  
And that just does not seem enough,  
Not seem enough for how we feel  
How we feel about each other.  
We just do not understand,  
But it is wonderful.

## **Beegie Adair Acrostic,**

**B**ye the age of five she was playing,  
**E**ntering the world of music  
**E**njoying the piano.  
**G**oing on into the world of jazz  
**I**ntriguing all with her playing  
**E**verlasting wonder of music.

**A** lady unknown to me  
**D**uring my life until that day,  
**A** piece by her was played on the radio  
**I** now listen to her records so often,  
**R**eleased for over sixty years.

## Our River.

Along My River I walk,  
But it is now Our River  
As my lover is by my side,  
Holding each other's hand  
Two people so in love.  
I look at Our River and see,  
See our reflection,  
And see two lovers,  
Two lovers made for each other.  
Our River flows gently passed,  
The swans and geese sailing,  
Sailing gently with us  
As we all journey on our path,  
Our path along Our River,  
Our River to eternity,  
To eternity and beyond.

## Farcical Croquet.

On the lawn we went,  
The Friday boys started playing.  
Three old men,  
One recovering from gout,  
One recovering from an arm injury,  
And me without any problems  
Except being old.  
We started hitting the balls,  
Hitting the balls towards the hoops,  
Playing the game we enjoyed,  
The game we enjoyed so much.  
Could we get them through the hoops,  
Could we be blowed,  
We all kept on failing,  
We would hit the uprights  
But getting the balls through,  
Through the hoops was a farce.  
We played two games not three,  
Three was our norm,  
But we gave up after two,  
We did not want others to see,  
To see how badly we were all playing.  
Hopefully next Friday will be better.

## 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.

## With Us To Eternity.

We sat in the Chapel,  
Friends all around.  
We were asked to light a candle,  
Light a candle of delight,  
Or of sorrow,  
Or not light a candle at all  
It was entirely up to us.  
I could not refuse  
And lit a candle,  
Spoke of my absolute delight,  
Delight of Mary,  
Mary and I.  
We had found each other  
And together we go forward  
Into a life together  
Knowing that Our God  
Is looking down on us  
And smiling at our joy  
Which will be with us,  
With us to eternity.

## Cloud Submarine.

There we were playing croquet  
I looked up at the clouds  
And there I saw a submarine,  
It took me back,  
Back to a time in my life  
When I went aboard submarines  
In the dockyard where I worked.  
A time of great joy in my life,  
A job in my early working life,  
A place where I sorted problems  
Problems on Naval Ships.  
I was a metallurgist and chemist  
Sorting out problems found on board.  
I met many sailors,  
Had great times with them  
And I went into parts of the ships,  
Parts where many would not go.  
Testing for problems  
And checking all was safe  
When others were working.  
Thanks to that cloud  
I was taken back,  
Taken back to a wonderful part,  
A wonderful time of my life  
And gave me the purpose,  
The purpose of the wonderful life  
The wonderful life I have had.

## Goldberg Variations.

I awoke in the morning  
And music came into my mind,  
A piece of music by Bach,  
Music normally played on a piano  
By many famous pianists.  
But the one that came to mind was different,  
As it was played by Katrin,  
Katrin Finch,  
A harpist.  
I came down the stairs  
And had to put it on,  
I sat and listened with joy,  
With joy at this marvellous sound.  
The relaxation of the day started,  
Started with the harp playing,  
Playing The Goldberg Variations.

## The Glory Of Children.

Into the coffee bar we went,  
Got our coffees and sat down,  
Sat down with friends.  
Another friend came in,  
Came in with her two retrievers,  
I gave them both a treat as normal.  
They then laid down and we chatted,  
Chatted about many things.  
We laughed and we joked as normal.  
As I looked around I saw them,  
Saw two very young girls  
Running and scooting around,  
They were laughing with enjoyment.  
They saw the dogs and came over,  
Their mothers with them.  
They stroked the dogs with gentleness  
And all was wonderful.  
They started running around again  
Playing so nicely.  
The thought then came to me  
As it always does when children are playing,  
Playing in such an innocent way.  
How can people hurt children,  
Harm them in such brutal ways,  
Such brutal ways we hear about,  
If I came across these people  
They would not last very long,  
I would hang them from a bridge,  
Hang them by their spheroids  
And let the crows have them.  
Children are so wonderful  
And so very innocent  
They should never be harmed.

## And All Was Well.

It was so odd last night,  
I went to choir as usual,  
Something that I have done,  
Done since the first day,  
The first day it formed,  
Formed sixteen years ago.  
Being a founder member  
I had seen it all,  
The good and the not so good,  
But mostly so superb  
And so satisfying.  
But last night was different,  
The music director had a bad time,  
He criticised us all the time,  
He must have had a bad day.  
We went home,  
I was not too happy with the night  
But we got indoors,  
I put on some soothing music  
And poured myself a drink,  
Laphroaig of course.  
And there I was calming down  
With the three best things,  
Three best things in my life.  
My lover by my side,  
Chopin being played gently,  
And a Laphroig being sipped.  
Calmness came to me  
And all was well in my world.

## Computer Memories.

Came that day yet again!  
I was working for local government,  
Working in the Housing Department  
At a time when computing started,  
I was looking after them,  
A very new way of work at the time.  
As in local government  
They re-organised every nine months,  
This time I was left out,  
Left out of a job.  
I went to my manager  
And he said not to worry  
A position will be found.  
So I just said to him,  
"What about the computer?"  
He looked at me in astonishment,  
"Bloody Hell!" he said,  
"I forgot about them!"  
That's how new computing was  
When I first got into it at work  
All those many years ago.

## Days Are Here.

Every day we awake into a new day,  
A day that may be good,  
A day that may be not so good.  
But each day we arise  
We should not count them,  
Don't count the days,  
Let the days count  
And enjoy everyone,  
They will not come again.

## Tricky Ideas.

The idea comes to you,  
It comes into your mind like magic.  
They can be tricky though  
As you need to remember them,  
And at my age holding onto an idea,  
Holding on to it long enough,  
Long enough to write it down,  
As I have this one,  
Can be very tricky.

## Better Life Senryu.

As I live each day  
The true wonder of my life  
Is always better.

## Hilary Limerick.

There was a strange lady called Hilary  
Who must have lived in a distillery,  
Her words were so loud  
She upset all the crowd  
And should have been hanged in a pillory.

## Litha Acrostic 2.

Light lasts longest this day,  
Injecting our souls with glory,  
Taking the darkness away from us,  
Healing the sorrows in our life,  
Adding the wonder of love to our hearts.

## Singing Clouds.

The rehearsal was over,  
A brilliant night of singing,  
All sang well and enjoyed the evening,  
But the best was yet to come.  
As we came out the building  
Nature's artwork astounded us,  
The wonder of the evening sunset  
Brought such beauty to me.  
The orange clouds shining  
As they sailed in the blue sky  
Bringing such glory to all  
Showing us that Nature can amaze us  
As it certainly did in this moment,  
This moment in my life  
Another moment of wonder,  
As the clouds sung to us  
Sung to us with their beauty,  
Their beautiful artwork.

## Tasting As Good.

Is it a bad thing to do?  
I make biscuits,  
Make them so often.  
They could be ginger ones,  
Or digestive,  
Or the queen of them all,  
They could be shortbread.  
They all taste so good  
But there is a problem,  
As every time I pass,  
Pass the biscuit tin,  
I need to try one,  
Try one to find out,  
To find out if,  
If they still taste,  
Still taste as good,  
Taste as good as before.

## Alex And Reg.

I have known them,  
Known them for a long time.  
They came to the coffee house,  
The coffee house I went to,  
Went to several times a week.  
There they were  
Sitting in the window  
Drinking their coffee,  
I used to greet them  
As I saw them regularly.  
We had the odd chat  
On the way to get my coffee,  
And would I sit at another table.  
Then Mary and I became one  
And we both went for coffee.  
We then started to sit with them,  
Sit with these two men  
And talk and laugh together.  
Talk of many things  
Both humorous and serious.  
So every time we go now  
We sit with them,  
Sit with Alex and Reg.  
And the way I see them now  
Is not as acquaintances,  
But as friends,  
As very good friends.

## Raindrop.

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.

## Time Is Like A River.

As I walk by My River I realised,  
Realised that time is like a River.  
If you touch the water  
You cannot touch the same water again  
As the River moves on  
And that section of water has flowed,  
Flowed away and will never pass again.  
So each moment of life  
Is like that River and they move on.  
Every moment in life is unique,  
Ensure that you enjoy every moment,  
Enjoy every moment in your life.

## Focus Ahead.

Things happen in our lives,  
Many of them we cannot do  
And seem to stop us,  
Stop us moving forward.  
So we need to move forward  
And look beyond what we cannot do,  
And focus on that which we can.  
We will then go ahead in life  
And reach that place for which we aim.

## Richness In Life.

In our life we have wealth,  
Wealth that is unseen.  
That wealth is our health,  
We must cherish it,  
Cherish it with our choices,  
The choices we make today.  
For each choice we make today  
Determines the richness,  
The richness of our tomorrows.

## Studying The Flaming Obvious!

Have these people nothing to do  
Except investigate the obvious  
Costing thousands of pounds!  
But no, they go their costly way!  
This time discovering why owls  
Can fly in silence.

All they need to do was ask  
Any birdwatcher, even me.  
I have known practically all my life  
That owls fly silently  
Because their feathers are so soft  
They don't disturb the air.  
Can I be paid for this?

## Our Special Place

So here we are again,  
Away from normality,  
At our favourite hotel.  
Our room overlooking the sea  
And our love seems so strong,  
So much stronger here.  
Though how it can get any stronger  
We just do not know.  
But laying with each other  
With the sun shining on us  
As it rises above the sea  
Is so special to us.  
We come here a great deal  
For we know it is special  
So we have named it,  
Named it OUR SPECIAL PLACE.

## We Will Return.

Another day in our hotel,  
Another wonderful day awaits  
As we enjoy our time,  
Our time on the island.  
Our favourite place  
Where life is so peaceful,  
So peaceful and joyful  
And we are with each other.  
We have a wonderful life  
And always will,  
This place is ours  
And we will return,  
Return again and again.

## For Cassie.

Along the beach we walked  
Along Bembridge Beach  
Towards the lifeboat station  
The sand and rocks beneath us  
The beautiful sea rolling to us  
A beautiful afternoon  
Paddling by the sea  
Was a father and young son  
The boy had a bucket  
I asked his dad if I could use it  
He kindly said yes  
And I filled the bucket with sand  
Turned it upside down  
And built a sand castle  
A castle for Cassie  
To bring back memories  
Her memories of walking  
Of walking along this beach  
Walking here in her past  
To bring her back memories  
Her fond memories  
When she built sandcastles  
Built sandcastles here  
Here on Bembridge Beach.

## Home Once More.

We are back home,  
Back from our special place,  
That place by the sea  
Which has become our second home.  
We go there so often,  
The hotel is wonderful  
And the staff so helpful.  
The entertainment is out of this world,  
We enjoy every moment.  
But the best part  
Is we are together,  
Together in our own world,  
Our own world of love and joy  
Which still surprises us  
As that love is so deep  
And is getting deeper.  
We will go back to that place,  
That place which is so special,  
But the most special  
Is we will be together,  
Together for eternity,  
And beyond.

## 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.

## Stars In My Life.

Into the dark sky I look,  
The waning crescent moon  
Shines gently upon me.  
The stars speckle in the darkness,  
Each one a memory,  
A memory for someone.  
They shine for me  
Showing those who have passed,  
Passed into the night sky  
After bring love and joy,  
Love and joy in my life.  
Memories of friends and relatives  
Shine from the stars  
Enhancing the wonder of life,  
Knowing they were there  
And always will be with me,  
With me in my life on this earth  
Until that day in the future  
When I will become a star,  
A star for those I know,  
Those I know in this world,  
Knowing that my star will be there,  
Be there for them  
And remind them of the good times,  
The good times we had in my life.

## Their Lips Move.

Well it is over!  
All the bullshit has finished  
And we will be relieved.  
The election has finished,  
A new bunch now rules,  
Rules the country.  
I wonder what they will do?  
You can never trust them  
No matter who wins,  
As how do you know,  
How do you know when,  
When a politician is lying.  
I'll tell you how,  
Their lips move!!

## Playing The Game.

Onto the lawn we went,  
My friend and I  
Ready to compete  
By knocking balls through,  
Balls through the hoops.  
There we were in the middle of summer  
Dressed for a winter's day.  
The rain was drizzling down  
So we had wet gear on.  
We started playing,  
The rain eased  
So we took off the coverings  
And played in normal clothes.  
Then the sun came out  
And I was in a summer shirt.  
We played our games,  
Played with joy and pleasure.  
We had almost finished  
When once more the heavens opened  
And again we played in the rain,  
Until the end.  
The weather never stops us playing,  
Playing the game we love.

## A Day Of Music.

What a day,  
A day filled with music.  
To the Brass Band Day we went,  
Thirty brass bands around the town.  
I go every year,  
Every year to this festival,  
This Brass Band Festival  
And see some wonderful bands  
Playing music I enjoy.  
This year was different though,  
I couldn't stay all day,  
I had to leave in the afternoon  
As that evening I would be singing,  
Singing in the choir,  
The choir I have sung in,  
Sung in since the day,  
The day it first started,  
And this day we had a performance.  
So in the evening I was on the stage,  
On the stage with the choir.  
We sung our hearts out  
Singing songs we enjoyed.  
The audience applauded and cheered,  
They had a great time  
As did the choir.  
What a great day I had  
A day filled with music.  
Music is my life  
And always has been,  
It has been with me all my life  
From the day I was born,  
And will be with me forever,  
Forever and beyond.

## Daffodils Lost Limerick.

There once was a daffodil host,  
Found by the side of the coast,  
So far from the lakes,  
That now it just shakes,  
The spirit from William's old ghost.

## The Beauty Of Nature.

Nature is always with me,  
My Dad and I went birdwatching  
And walked with Nature.  
He showed me the respect,  
The respect I now have for Nature.  
I have walked many places,  
Many places in this country  
And enjoyed every moment.  
I have seen both old and young,  
New life and old,  
But this year it is strange  
As I keep on seeing robins,  
Young robins that I have rarely seen,  
Rarely seen before.  
That is the beauty of Nature  
Something new can be seen,  
Can often be seen  
Bringing wonder to our minds.

## **My Love Senryu.**

I see her spirit  
When I look deep in the eyes  
Of the one I love

## Quartet For The End Of Time.

I awoke in the morning  
Music on my mind,  
What shall I listen to,  
Listen to today.  
Would it be jazz?  
Would be The Man in Black?  
Would it be classical?  
So much choice,  
Then it came to me,  
Classical would be the one.  
But again, what type?  
Then it came to me,  
That piece that moves me.  
A piece composed,  
Composed as a prisoner of war.  
Just the four instruments were there  
Clarinet, violin, cello and piano.  
Messiaen wrote the piece  
And it was played,  
Played to the prisoners and guards  
Who applauded it loudly.  
That is the piece I will listen to,  
Listen to today.

## Come With Me.

There it came on the radio,  
I was sitting wondering,  
Wondering what words to write  
And the music started playing,  
It was Schubert,  
Schubert played by Mitsuko Uchida.  
A sound so wonderful  
I was drawn into the wonder,  
The wonder of the sound  
So beautifully played.  
I was taken to another world  
Where love was all around  
And the beauty of life was alive,  
Alive and forever there,  
Forever in my world  
And in your world.  
Come to this place with me,  
Where love rules the world,  
Come with me.

## Living In A Quieter World.

There was a time not long ago  
When sounds of life were often lost.  
She couldn't hear the goldfinch song  
As they twittered in the garden.

I would often say as we walked along  
Can you hear the Great Tit call; "teacher, teacher, teacher";  
But no, the sound was lost to her  
As her hearing failed.

The glorious sounds of nature so wondrous  
To me, taken for granted?  
Now renewed, trying to describe  
The sound, she no longer heard.

Then came the day when her hearing  
Was artificially aided, and the noise  
Of nature, once missed, found it's way  
Back into her mind

The traffic sound once almost unheard  
Roared by in a blast that  
Made her jump, where before she  
Hardly noticed it's awful noise.

She turned to me in shock and said:  
"I want to live in a quieter world"

## Bag Lady.

We had been asked to sing,  
My choir had been asked to sing,  
To sing at the River Festival,  
An annual event in our town.  
So there we were arriving,  
Arriving in our posh clothes.  
The stage was there,  
And was somewhat strange  
As it was the back of a transporter.  
But we got the three instrumentalists on it  
And the Choir stood on the ground,  
On the ground in front of the truck.  
One problem we had  
Was where to put our stuff,  
But My Mary came to our rescue,  
And there she was seated in front  
With our bags surrounding her,  
She had become our 'Bag Lady'.  
So we started our songs  
And each one was cheered.  
A great time was had  
And we sang our hearts out  
To the wonderful people in front of us.  
A good afternoon was had  
And at the end we were cheered loudly.  
And then we went back to her,  
Back to get our bags,  
Get them back from our 'Bag Lady'.

## Spain Won.

Did you see the game?  
The game where Spain came out on top!  
What a game it was,  
Some incredible shots displayed,  
A game that will go down in history  
As the way to play those shots,  
And Spain won,  
Alcaraz beat Djokovic  
In a wonderful game of tennis.  
Oh, apparently Spain won,  
Won some other game as well.

## The Flaming Obvious.

Into the barbers I went,  
Had my locks shorn,  
Nice chat with the barber,  
All finished, looks good,  
Came out with less hair,  
Less hair than I went in with.  
I then waited,  
Waited for what somebody would say,  
As someone does every time,  
Every time I get my hair cut.  
They look at me and say,  
"You've had your hair cut!"  
I reply, "I know! I was there!"  
Why do they say this,  
Say the flaming obvious!

## The Right People.

You know when you are with them,  
With good friends  
Where you chat and laugh,  
Laugh at and with each other.  
It is so good  
That I don't have to be careful,  
Careful of what I say,  
As that's when you know,  
When you know  
You are with the right people.

## Turing.

As you go through life  
Looking at people  
What do you imagine  
That they imagine?  
Do you look at some  
And think that nothing  
Nothing will come from them?  
Do you look at others  
With great expectations?  
Sometimes you are surprised,  
As those of whom you imagine  
That nothing will come from,  
Will do the things,  
That nobody could imagine.

## Sitting Ducks.

There we were walking along Our River,  
A beautiful sunny morning,  
The green river clear as glass  
We could see the bottom.  
As we walked we looked around,  
One lady sitting on a bench reading,  
Reading a book.  
Another elderly couple sitting in the sun,  
Sitting there in happiness.  
As we walked on we saw them,  
We saw the ducks,  
Not swimming in the water  
But sitting in a line on the concrete,  
The concrete path at the boathouse.  
All looking out to Our River  
As we were.  
I had never seen so many doing this,  
And they just sat there,  
Sat there like sitting ducks.

## Whatever You Want.

What is it about them?  
Every time I hear them  
A smile comes to my face,  
My head begins to nod,  
My feet start to move  
And life is wonderful.  
In my passed days  
I have danced and rocked,  
Danced and rocked the night away  
As their music plays.  
No matter where I am,  
Or what I am doing  
If Status Quo play  
I get taken to a different world,  
And all is full of love and joy,  
Whatever you want.

## The Age Of Innocence.

In a circle they sat,  
The young ones listening,  
Listening to a story.  
I looked at them all  
And then I saw them.  
A little girl leaned over,  
Leaned her head  
Onto the lap of a little boy,  
He gently lifted his arm  
And placed it around her  
Keeping her comfortable  
As they heard the words.  
A sign of trust in the young,  
And showing us all the age,  
The age of innocence.

## Apathy.

You see them in all walks of life,  
Bossing people around,  
Making them do the things for them,  
With force, pain and misery,  
But if you react they have won.  
All they want to see is the hurt in you,  
If they see nothing they have lost.  
So try to treat each occasion with apathy,  
As apathy can be a weapon  
Which they cannot understand.

## Hurt.

Onto the stage they came,  
Three musicians,  
Guitar, bass and drums.  
Then he came on,  
The Man in Black  
And started singing,  
Singing songs I knew  
And had known for years.  
He was joined by his wife  
And they duetted with love,  
Love that had been with them,  
With them for many years.  
Then came that moment,  
The lights went down,  
He was on the stage alone  
And sang that song.  
A gentle light shining down on him  
The light of his life  
Taken from him  
Leaving him alone.  
So he sang this song,  
Tears running from my eyes,  
His last song before that day  
When he went to meet her  
And they were together once more  
In the glory of their love.

## Another Day Arrives.

Another day arrives  
And I awake into it.  
The sky is grey  
But it is warm  
And not raining,  
So what shall I do  
What shall I do today.  
Well coffee calls  
So up to our coffee bar  
We will go,  
Drink coffee  
Talk and laugh with friends,  
Friends we know will be there.  
Home for lunch  
And then off to the lawns,  
The croquet lawns we'll go,  
Play the game we enjoy,  
Enjoy so much.  
And there we'll meet people,  
Meet fine people at the club,  
The new club we have joined.  
Eventually back home,  
Cook some dinner,  
Listen to some music  
And then back to bed,  
To sleep soundly  
After a good day,  
Wondering what day we will have  
What day I'll have tomorrow.  
If I get up  
It will be a good day.

## **Riopy Is Here.**

Another new composer comes,  
Comes into my life.  
For many, many years I have listened,  
Listened to music,  
Listened since my birth  
And have heard so many,  
So many composers.  
Now here is yet another one  
Giving me such a sound,  
Such a relaxing sound.  
Riopy is now in my life  
And I will listen,  
Listen to more of his music.

## Laphroaig.

I know it is there,  
Hidden from the view of others,  
It sits in the dark,  
Just waiting for me.  
This glorious friend  
That can do me no wrong,  
Always there,  
Waiting for that time  
When I need it before me,  
To enjoy its wonderful companionship.  
I open the cupboard door,  
And there it sits  
In all its glory,  
This nectar from Scotland.  
Pure and untarnished.  
I coax it gently  
Into a crystal glass,  
Raise it to my nose,  
To inhale  
Its mesmerising, smoky scent.  
I take a sip,  
And roll this glory  
Round my mouth  
In absolute rapture.  
It arouses my taste buds  
To a state of ecstasy.  
Slowly it slides down my throat,  
Its warmth and love,  
Coating my soul with joy.  
My wonderful scotch,  
My Laphroaig.

## Another Beautiful Day.

As I stand on the cliff edge  
I look out to the horizon,  
The green pastures below me  
Interspersed with white dots  
As the sheep safely graze.  
I hear a sound and look up,  
A buzzard sails over me  
Its wings outstretched  
Sailing in stillness,  
The stillness of this day,  
Bringing peace all around.  
The blue sky above me  
With puffs of cloud sitting their,  
Their stillness brings me love,  
Love for nature and for life.  
Another beautiful day in my life.

## Christmas In July.

In my long life  
I have seen many things  
But yesterday I saw something,  
Something I could not believe.  
We went up to the garden centre  
To go to our coffee shop  
And enjoy coffee with friends.  
We got out the car  
And there they were,  
A family dressed in Christmas clothes!  
I spoke to them,  
Apparently Father Christmas was there  
And they were taking the children  
To see the red coated bearded man.  
It seemed that the Garden Centre was celebrating,  
Celebrating Christmas in July.  
One of the shops had Christmas decorations,  
Decorations all over it's entrance,  
Kids and parents were flocking in,  
Flocking in to celebrate,  
Celebrate Christmas in July.  
The only thing I could think of  
Was why the hell is this happening,  
Its bad enough to have it once a year,  
We do not need it twice!!

## Second Chance.

Why am I so positive  
People ask me  
As they do not understand,  
It is the way I have become,  
Become since that day,  
That day sixteen years ago.  
I had a serious problem,  
A problem within my head.  
There was a growth there  
And it caused me such pain.  
The medics found it and told me,  
Told me it needed removing.  
And that is when my life changed,  
Changed for the better.  
The surgeon looked at me  
Looked at me and said,  
"If you don't have this operation  
You will die!"  
So I had the operation,  
Lost four hours of my life,  
Lost that time in anaesthetic  
But I came round  
And all was well.  
So now I am positive,  
Positive in life,  
As I have been given a second chance,  
Given a second chance at life.

## 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.

## Heat Exhaustion.

We arrived at the club  
Greeted with tea or coffee,  
And prepared for the match,  
The croquet match.  
My opponent and I  
Went onto the lawn  
And started our match,  
And that's when it started.  
I just could not do it,  
Could not hit the ball properly.  
It was one of those days,  
But there was a reason,  
It was down to the weather.  
It was so very hot  
And it got hotter through the day.  
I just cannot cope in the heat,  
And playing croquet  
A game that I love shows this.  
By mid afternoon I'd had enough  
And had to stop,  
Stop playing the games,  
As I felt totally exhausted  
And knew I could not go on.  
So I told the captain,  
Told her I could not do it,  
She understood kindly,  
So off I went.  
My lover and I went home  
Where I collapsed.  
Collapsed in front of a fan  
And had a cooling beer  
Then fell asleep in the armchair  
Eventually recovering,

Recovering from the exhaustion,  
The exhaustion that the heat created.  
I am not good in the heat.

## Songs Of My Youth

Into the Jazz Club we went  
Not knowing what to expect,  
We were to be told a story,  
A story about Lonnie Denegan  
A group that I remembered,  
Remembered from my young years.  
They came onto the stage  
Started to play and sing  
And took me back,  
Back to those wonderful days,  
Days of rock and skiffle,  
Days leading into my teenage years.  
I knew all the songs  
And was singing away so happily.  
Such a wonderful evening  
Bringing joy to my heart  
And memories to my mind.  
The time just flew by  
And the show was over  
And I walked out of the club,  
Walked out a very happy man,  
Singing those songs,  
Those songs of my youth.

## Bad Day Survival.

We all have them,  
Have rough days  
And think they are impossible,  
Impossible to endure.  
But what we must realise  
That in our track record,  
Our track record of life  
We have had bad days  
And have got through them,  
Got through them to arrive,  
To arrive where we are,  
Where we are today  
Having got through,  
Got through them all,  
Got through all those bad days.

## Breathing In Music.

A piece of music came on,  
Came on the radio.  
I stopped,  
Stopped writing and listened,  
All I could do was listen and breathe.  
Long breaths in,  
Long breaths out,  
And just listened,  
Listened to the wonder,  
The wonder of Mozart.  
Each breath I took  
Brought in good air  
And took out the bad air.  
The wonder of life was breathed in,  
The bad things breathed out.  
That's all I did,  
Breathe in and out  
And listen,  
Listen with joy,  
And my day started,  
Started on those notes,  
Those wonderful notes  
Leaving me knowing,  
Knowing that today would be wonderful.

## Thank You Wolfgang.

It happened again!  
I get up,  
Come downstairs,  
Put the radio on,  
Sit down,  
And Mozart enters,  
Enters my life again.  
Two days running  
Wolfgang takes me to his heart,  
Into his heart at the beginning,  
The beginning of my day.  
His music surrounds me,  
Surrounds me with beauty,  
Beauty, peace and love.  
So once again  
I start breathing,  
Breathing in Mozart's glory.  
Such a wonderful start,  
A wonderful start to my day.  
Thank you Wolfgang.

## Natures Wonder In Life.

Alongside My River I walk,  
Meandering slowly,  
Looking around,  
Listening to the sounds,  
The sounds of nature.  
The quacks of the ducks,  
The absolute silence of the swans  
Gliding passed on the clear green,  
The clear green water.  
The sound of woodpigeons  
Squawking from the trees,  
The occasional "teacher, teacher"  
As the Great Tits call.  
I look into My River  
There I can see fish  
Swimming gently,  
Gently amongst the green leaves,  
The green leaves of the plants.  
The plants swaying gently,  
Swaying gently in the water.  
I walk with joy  
Knowing that the wonder of Nature  
Will always be there,  
Be there to raise My Spirit  
That is within me,  
And will be for eternity.

**I.**

I obviously started in my mother's womb  
To force myself out screaming and crying  
Into this unsuspecting world.  
This little bundle of joy who was to achieve what!  
I went to school and scraped some exams  
That earned me the right to work for forty seven years  
During that time I married and had children,  
Then married again.  
I finished work and relaxed into retirement.  
Retirement, probably the busiest time of my life  
But worth it when I look back and consider  
All the blessings that came to me during my time  
So far.  
So on I go, still blessed by family and friends.  
I wonder what my legacy will be?  
I wonder what they will say about me,  
When I am no longer in this body,  
That originated in my Mother's womb  
So long ago.

## Me, Mary And Nature.

Another day on the field  
Trying to knock a ball through a hoop,  
But on this day it was not important,  
Not important to me  
As I was surrounded by beauty,  
The beauty of Nature surrounded me.  
The woodlands full of green  
As they sloped up the hills,  
The horizon going up and down,  
Not a building in sight  
As the forests soared around,  
Their glory covering the land.  
I would look up,  
Look up to the bright blue sky,  
So clear and alluring  
With the occasional white cloud  
Floating gently in the blue.  
Best of all was she was there,  
My lover was there  
And between matches  
We would sit close together  
And share our love with the glory,  
The glory of Nature.  
So, there we were,  
Me, Mary and Nature  
Joining in the wonder,  
The wonder of our life,  
Our life together.

## As I Sit Here.

As I sit here,  
I look at this blank page  
And just start to write.  
I wonder what it will be today?  
Words of love maybe;  
That love of my lover,  
Of my family,  
And my friends.  
Maybe it will be of music  
That always runs through my life.  
May the glory of nature,  
The enjoyment of my time  
Walking beside My River,  
Looking at Natures wondrous art  
And hearing her accompanying symphonies.  
Whatever I write  
It will be of joy, happiness  
And of course love,  
So let me begin.....

## Heaven Is Where Dreams Come True.

I want to be in a world where I walk along  
Without a care to be seen.  
Where I can talk to people, and their problems  
Remain unseen.

The world where all is right and I can live those dreams  
That form in my mind.  
To live in a world where each help each other,  
Where everyone is kind.

A world where accidents sometimes happen but remain  
An accident; not to blame  
Others, who may sometime in the future,  
Do just the same.

To walk with my love along countryside paths,  
By sun drenched rivers.  
Listening to the gentle breeze rustling the trees,  
That my world delivers.

To be just on my own overlooking the sea,  
As the waves hit the sand  
On the shore, with their billowing spray  
Covering the land.

To look at the sunset at the end of the day,  
So red in the sky.  
The vivid colours bringing wonder,  
To my tear stained eye.

Surely these thoughts search for a place that  
Calls strongly to you,  
That place will be found in "Heaven, where,

Dreams come true".

## Our Favourite Place Once More.

Well once more we are here,  
Here in our favourite place,  
And as I awoke this morning  
The beauty was out there.  
Looking out from the balcony  
The sun poured its golden rays,  
Poured them into my heart and mind.  
The sea rolled towards me  
Bringing joy and wonder from afar.  
Best if all we were together,  
My lover and I were here again.  
Our love getting stronger each moment  
As we share the glory of our lives,  
Share them in our favourite place,  
Share them in our favourite place once more.

## Mist And Foghorns.

Another day has begun,  
I awake and look out,  
Today is different  
All I see is mist,  
But no matter  
It is still warm.  
All I hear are foghorns,  
The sounds from the ships,  
The ships that I cannot see.  
But none of this matter  
As me and my lover are here,  
Here in our favourite place,  
In our favourite place once more,  
And all is wonderful.

## Housing Wreck.

There we were walking along the beach  
And there we saw it,  
Saw our beach hut,  
The one we would want  
On this our Island of dreams.  
It had outside stairs,  
A roof to cover us ,  
Pipework around,  
And trees and bushes around it.  
It also had an outside bath  
So we could bathe and see the sea.  
It needed a little work,  
A little work to fix it,  
But I am sure my mates would help,  
Or would they just laugh,  
As we did as we passed,  
Passed this wreck of a hut.

## Home Another Way.

Home we came,  
Home from our break,  
Our break to our favourite place.  
Along the Isle we went  
To the ferry port,  
Drove onto the ferry  
And sailed gently,  
Gently across the Solent.  
Drove off the ferry,  
Put the sat nav on,  
Only another hundred and thirty miles,  
A hundred and thirty miles to go.  
The sat nav showed road closures  
So it took us a different way,  
A different way than normal.  
It took us to places we had never seen,  
Through towns and villages  
But we were never held up.  
We passed ponies and donkeys,  
Cows and sheep  
Wondering over the roads.  
We saw horses looking in a shop!  
We saw some great fun things,  
We arrived home at the time we expected  
In spite of not going our normal way,  
So the sat nav got it right.

## 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.

## Canal Cyanide.

How can it happen?  
How can they spill cyanide,  
Spill it into a canal.  
The company should be stopped,  
Stopped from using it,  
Stopped from using cyanide.  
Then there are the statements,  
Statements from so called experts  
Saying if you have certain symptoms  
You may be affected,  
Affected by this lethal poison.  
Many years ago canisters of cyanide  
Were dropped off a ship accidentally,  
When the expert was asked,  
Asked what the symptoms were,  
The symptoms of cyanide poisoning  
He came up the one word,  
The one word that tells of the symptoms.  
He was asked:  
"What are the symptoms of cyanide poisoning?"  
He replied "DEATH!"

## The Great Grey Beast.

There it goes, the great grey beast;  
Belching out smoke and noise.  
Where is the peace that was there?  
When I did the work.

This mobile combustion engine  
That seems to have taken over the world.  
Using oil that will vanish soon,  
Eaten by these mechanical beasts of burden.

These fine summer days where I laze  
In a grass covered field, with my partner.  
We just amble around, at peace,  
The occasional passer by stroking us, with fondness.

I dream of days passed, where my mate and I  
Would be called by the farmer to go to work.  
Those days where we were harnessed  
To that plough, that tilled the soil

Those days of peace and quiet, broken only  
By the quiet call from the farmer "Walk on".  
We plodded sedately, pulling this machine  
Quietly and with absolute ease.

The occasional sound of stones hitting stones  
As the earth was turned over;  
The sounds of birds in the distance,  
Added to the stillness and peace.

The re-assuring screaming of gulls and crows,  
Pecking at the ground behind us;  
Looking for sustaining morsels of food

To feed themselves, or their families

All day we would pull in a reverie

Enjoyed by all.

We were at peace with everyone;

No cares in our silent, carefree, world

When day was done the call of "Whoa" was heard.

The farmer would release us from our task'

Pet us fondly and lead us home.

A job well done, with no hardship.

The day then came when we were eclipsed

By the great grey beast!

Let it get on with it then!

I can look back at those green fields with the pride

Of a job well done over many years.

And a rest truly earned.

## Iconic Love Acrostic.

In your eyes I find my home,  
Compassionate whispers so we're never alone.  
Ours is a story written in the stars,  
Nothing can break what's ours.  
Immortal love, beyond time's embrace,  
Cherished moments now in every place.

Lasting passion is ever strong,  
Our love is here where we belong.  
Vows we whisper are forever true,  
Eternal flames for me and you.

## Understanding Songs.

Why is it that pop music is so bad!  
You cannot understand the words  
As the singers are screaming them!  
In my youthful years  
I could hear every word,  
Elvis, the Beatles, Pink Floyd  
Just to name three,  
Three over three decades.  
And then there was the Rat Pack.  
Three singers who are still held in awe,  
Frank, Dean and Sammy  
So much beauty in their singing,  
You knew what they were singing about.  
Unlike today,  
When the words are never heard.

## Three Things.

In a good life we need three things  
Every day we get up.  
We need something to do.  
It could be a project,  
A project we are working on.  
It could be meeting friends,  
We need to do something in life.  
The next thing we need is love,  
Love from people around us,  
Or from that one person,  
That one person so special,  
So special in our lives.  
The third thing we need,  
We need to recover,  
Recover from any problems,  
Any problems we have had.

I am a lucky man  
As each day I get up  
There is something to do,  
I also have the love,  
The love in my life  
And she is always with me.  
As for problems  
I have overcome them,  
Overcome them throughout my life  
And reached the glory,  
The glory of old age  
Showing me a good life,  
A good life that I have had.

## All Was Well Once More.

They seemed to be out yesterday,  
Those people on the road that were after me.  
The lorry that pulled out on the roundabout,  
Pulled out in front of me,  
Couldn't argue with him.  
The jam at the roundabout  
Blocking it completely,  
Delaying us getting to our coffee shop.  
Coming out of the car park  
Three cars pulled out in front of us.  
Eventually got home  
And in the afternoon I got my revenge,  
I hit those croquet balls hard,  
Hit them so hard and won my games.  
And then calmness was there  
As we went into the clubhouse,  
Sat down talking to all,  
As we drank our tea  
And ate our cake.  
A good day at the end,  
At the end of the day,  
The day that started so badly,  
Now all was well once more

## Dawn's Full Moon.

The full moon lingers pale and bright,  
A ghost of night in morning's light.  
Soft whispers weave through fields of dew,  
Where shadows fade and day breaks through.

The world is still in quiet awe,  
As dawn's soft fingers to my heart pour.  
A silver orb in sky's embrace,  
Retreats having been so full of grace

Yet in the hush before the day,  
The moon and sun in silence lay,  
Two realms a breath apart now gone,  
The full moon yields to coming dawn.

## A Walk On The Moors.

As I walk upon the moor at dawn  
The shadows appear ,  
Creating images of long dark hills  
Throughout the vale;  
Touching the water of the river  
With gentle, caressing fingers  
Of grey love.  
The sun getting higher,  
The shadows start to recede;  
And the water sparkles  
In the new day.

As I walk up a mist appears,  
The sun warming the dew  
Creates this steamy world  
For so very few moments;  
Until clarity is restored,  
And the world of green  
Can be seen all around.  
The white dots of sheep  
Safely grazing all over  
This verdant sea of grass.

The silence is broken  
By the plaintiff call of curlew,  
A sound of such sorrow,  
Creating such sad emotions  
Within this beautiful vista.

On I go towards the top,  
Watching the fleece like clouds  
Slowly sailing through the sky.  
Such peace and tranquillity

So glorious, seemingly there,  
For my absolute enjoyment.

I feel so blessed that this world  
Can be so wonderful to view,  
All other thoughts are banished,  
So that the peace of the world  
Is with me.

## Good Shopping.

Now that's what I call shopping!  
Into the car I got at ten passed one,  
Down the road I drove  
Into the car park of the shop,  
Very near the entrance.  
Into the shop I went,  
The shop assistant greeted me.  
I showed him a picture,  
A picture of what I wanted,  
He said yes we have that,  
He got a case of it  
While I picked up a case,  
A case of another I wanted.  
We went to the till,  
He had my details  
As I had been there many times.  
I paid for the two cases,  
He took them out to my car,  
I thanked him.  
I drove home  
And was back indoors,  
Back indoors by half passed one.  
As I was putting the wine in its place,  
The Piersporter in the 'fridge,  
And the Rioja in the wine stand  
I thought about it and realised,  
Now that is what I call shopping.

## Another Friday Morning.

Just the two of us went this morning,  
Two of the three Friday Boys.  
Our friend could not come,  
He had had a fall and broke two ribs,  
But the two of us were there  
On these immaculate lawns  
And we played,  
We played so well,  
And with such enjoyment.  
Once again on our Friday morning,  
Our Friday morning was wonderful,  
Playing the game we love so much.  
Three games we played  
And it was two one to me,  
But the score did not matter,  
It was playing the game,  
The game of croquet,  
With my best friend.

## "I Love You."

We just do not understand,  
Understand how our love is so strong.  
My love for my wife of nearly forty years  
Was also so strong.  
As was Mary's for her husband.  
Both now passed  
And waiting for us to join them.  
But this love we have is different.  
We just cannot be apart from each other,  
We need to be at each others side,  
At each others side all the time.  
Our love increases each moment,  
Each moment we are together.  
We are both in our seventies  
And we feel that our love is young,  
Like that first love we had in our younger days.  
When we go out people can see,  
Can see that love we have,  
That intense love we have for each other.  
We just do not understand  
And all we can say to each other is  
"I love you"  
Which seems so little,  
So little considering the strength of our love.  
But it is all we can say,  
"I love you."

## Here's Looking At You.

It was released before I was born  
But I had never seen it,  
Never seen it until two days ago.  
I had seen some excerpts  
And knew some of the words,  
And now I know,  
I know that this will be,  
Will be the beginning,  
The beginning of a beautiful friendship.  
It happened when she asked him,  
"Play it Sam"  
And he played that tune,  
That famous tune.  
Rick comes over  
And sees her,  
Sees the one he loved,  
The one he loved some time ago,  
She is sitting in his bar and he says,  
Says those words,  
"Of all the gin joints,  
In all the towns,  
In all the world,  
She walks into mine."  
They talk and recall their love  
And they remember,  
They will always have Paris.  
As they part once again  
He looks at her with love  
And says those words,  
Those words we all know.  
"Here's looking at you kid."  
So that was it,  
I had now seen Casablanca

And a very good film it was,  
I am sure others will agree.  
So now for all of you out there  
I will go out,  
Go out and round up the usual suspects.

## The Ferris Wheel.

"Come on then!" said my cousin;  
"Let's go on this one"  
There was me young and vulnerable  
With my elder cousin, enjoying this fair  
I had been having a great time;  
Trying to pick up floating ducks  
With a loop on a stick as they went around  
Gently, in this circular pond  
Would I get one and win a goldfish?  
I wanted the man to dip into the bowl  
And pull out a fish, just for me,  
But no not this time, maybe next.  
What about a coconut, you can have three goes  
For one of my treasured threepenny bits.  
One ? Nearly got it! Only missed by an inch  
Two and three, hits! Must be glued in the ring!!  
"What about the Ghost train?"  
Have you seen the faces of those people  
Who have been on it! They look scared to me!  
I'm having none of that!  
"Come on then!" said my cousin;  
"Let's go on this one"  
There it was this slow moving wheel  
That became my Nemesis  
So I went with him, on this monster  
Sat on the wooden seat  
The man put the bar down in front of me  
But It's OK I can still get out.  
Then it moved, up towards the sky.  
It's not too bad, but up and up it goes,  
I look down and see these shrunken people  
Walking around the ground with no apparent care.  
The wheel is coming to it's zenith,

It stops!!  
What's happened, it's broken!  
I'm scared, so high up in this world  
My cousin tries to comfort me;  
Or was he laughing?  
The tears of absolute fear  
Trickle down my face.  
It moves again, they've fixed it  
But then it stops again!  
"Fix it! Fix it! Fix it!" I yell  
It starts to move again.  
Down we go getting nearer the earth  
Until at last we reach the point  
Where we got onto this monster.  
It doesn't stop!!  
Around it goes again and keeps on stopping;  
I do wish they would fix it, or stop where  
I can get off, but no, round it goes again,  
Passing where we should run from this thing.  
At last, through all the stopping and starting  
It stops for us and crying, shaking and scared  
I get off this machine, giving hateful looks  
Back at it, this monster called Ferris Wheel.

## Swans Of Peace.

Along Our River we walked  
And there swimming towards us  
Came many swans in a line,  
Swimming towards us,  
Swimming against the flow,  
Against the flow of the water,  
In absolute peace and calmness,  
So beautiful to see.  
And the thought came to me  
Why cannot our world be like this,  
Be peaceful and calm  
So that we all get on,  
All get on and enjoy our lives,  
Without the horror,  
The horror in our world,  
Our world we have at this time.

## All Was Well Forever.

Once again it has happened.  
Music came on the radio  
And I was taken,  
Taken to that place of wonder  
Where music often takes me.  
That place of peace and tranquillity  
That is there for me,  
There for me when music plays.  
This time it was a blues song  
Played on a clarinet,  
So gently played with feeling,  
A feeling that came into my heart  
And took me to that place once more  
Where life was so wonderful  
And all was well forever.

## Sonnet For Autumn.

The wind blows so strongly,  
Bringing leaves to the ground,  
I walk with nature longingly,  
As Autumn starts to abound.

The green of the trees is turning,  
As the artwork starts to show,  
I see the trees start burning,  
As Nature begins its glow.

My favourite time is coming,  
Bringing beauty to my eyes,  
My heart begins its drumming,  
As Summer becomes a guise.

So come on Autumn, come home to me,  
And fill me with your wonderful beauty.

## Dancing On The Water.

They glide along with effortless ease,  
Sliding past each other, in this strange dance.  
Bulging bellies full of the breath  
That comes from the blowing wind.  
Turning together, as though linked,  
The water sliding beneath them,  
With a sound of sibilance  
Only heard by those close by.  
They dance with each other on the waves,  
This dance that seems to have no meaning;  
The only music, the sounds of nature,  
Spilling from the water and the wind.

Until at the last the horn booms out  
Signalling that a yacht has won this race.

## **This Is Me.**

There are so many types of people,  
Types of people in life,  
And of those types  
Nobody is superior,  
Nobody is inferior,  
But nobody is equal either.  
Everyone is unique,  
There are none that are the same.  
You are you,  
I am me.  
So in my life say,  
"This is me,  
If you don't like  
Don't like what you see  
It is not my problem,  
It is yours."

## Gifts In Life.

I saw them,  
Two people sitting side by side,  
Sitting on a bench in the park.  
Two such different people  
Talking, smiling and laughing,  
Laughing with each other.  
They were so different in the way they looked,  
He was a man of about thirty years  
Dressed in a leather jacket,  
Ripped jeans,  
And a streak of hair.  
She was an elderly lady  
Dressed in the way we expect,  
But they were having a great time.  
It goes to show,  
Show that friendship is a gift,  
A gift that comes wrapped,  
Wrapped in different packaging.  
Its not the wrapping that counts,  
But the gifts within the package.

## Peace To All Acrostic.

**P**erhaps one day it will happen  
**E**veryone gets together  
**A**nd harmonizes with each other  
**C**reating peace and love  
**E**nthralling all our world

**T**ake out the anger and hate  
**O**bviate fighting wars

**A**ccept the love of other  
**L**eave hatred away from our lives  
**L**ove the world as one.

## **From A Distance.**

We see so many things,  
So many things in our lives.  
From a distance all seems good  
And the world looks wonderful.  
We all have enough,  
Enough to keep us well,  
And we see nobody is in need.  
Music flows through us all  
Showing that peace is there  
And harmony rules our lives.  
We see so many wonderful things,  
But only,  
From a distance.

## 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.

## Old Codgers Sonnet.

Like loves young dream  
She came into my life  
Her smile such a glorious gleam  
It cut me like a knife.

Us two became like one  
Never falling apart  
And having so much fun  
We stole each other's heart.

Our love became so strong  
That increased every second  
To each other we now belong  
With a love that had beckoned.

Us old codgers cannot believe it  
In our seventies with love we were hit.

## Jazzers List.

We met in the coffee bar,  
This man and me.  
We chatted and laughed,  
Then we talked about music,  
Music is my life  
And he too enjoyed it.  
I told him I liked jazz,  
And he said he did not like it.  
So I told him about jazz,  
How different the styles were.  
I suggested he listened to Chet,  
Chet Baker, my favourite trumpeter.  
We met a few days later  
And he said how good it was.  
So we talked about him  
And I mentioned others he might like.  
I came home and now I have,  
I have a little list  
Of jazzers he may like.  
Chet comes first  
With Oscar close behind  
And Brubeck's there of course  
With Louis and Ella.  
Glen and Benny are there  
Jacques is also there,  
And of course she's there,  
Beegie Adair is there,  
I have her on my list,  
A list that is such short  
As there are so many,  
So many jazzers in my life,  
So many more for him to hear.  
So much music,

So little time.

## Feather Of Life.

Into the room I went  
And there it was  
Laying on the floor,  
A white feather  
Left for me.  
I knew she was there,  
My Angel was there  
And always will be.  
My Angel of life  
Is always there,  
Always there for me.

## Thank You Dad Sonnet.

I awoke to the new day  
And there he was in my mind  
The man who showed me the way  
To show respect and be kind.

He was there from my birth  
He was my Dad, my teacher  
He taught me what life was worth  
To move forward and reach her

He brought music to my ears  
My life sailed with music played  
And still has for many years  
For so very long it has stayed

He died on this day years ago  
And I say to him thank you Dad.

## Croquet Enjoyment Tanka.

We played and we laughed  
Once more on the croquet lawn  
With and without skill  
A wonderful afternoon  
Had by all together.

## Sonnet From Calliope.

My Muse appears before me,  
Calliope in my heart,  
Words come to my mind to see,  
To write for you to impart.

Her words flow like a river,  
Always bringing joy to me,  
Making my heart just quiver,  
Like waves going out to sea.

The words end up on this page,  
And Calliope leaves me,  
Making me a better sage,  
And fill my life with such glee.

This sonnet is now complete,  
And ready for you to read.

## Island Of Dreams Sonnet.

There is a place that I know  
Where there's generosity,  
Somewhere that I want to go  
Where there's no ferocity.

This place is so full of peace  
And no one argues at all  
As those differences will cease  
When just love is at our call.

Everyone's there for each other  
None suffer being alone,  
We're like sister and brother  
Where just love and peace are known.

Come all of you and join me,  
Come to my Island of Dreams.

## Being Alive.

They are there in our lives,  
They come sometimes,  
Sometimes unexpectedly  
And take us by surprise.  
Often we expect them  
And just wait in anticipation,  
Waiting for that special occasion.  
But we have them all the time  
And we do not realise it.  
So we should not save them,  
Should not save anything,  
Anything for that special occasion,  
As being alive is that special occasion.

## Reading Is A Crime.

There was a crowd of people  
Standing at the bus stop  
All of them looking at their cellphones  
There was another man  
Just sitting on a bench  
He was reading a book  
Suddenly a policeman arrived  
He drew his gun  
Pointed it at the man and shouted  
"Put that down,  
Whatever it is your holding  
And walk slowly towards me  
With your hands in the air!"

Is this what life will be  
Will be in time  
When reading books  
Reading books is a crime!

## Sonnet For Steven.

When silence fills the room where once you stood,  
And shadows fall where light from you once shone,  
I search for words to make this heart feel good,  
But find that all the comforts now are gone.

Your voice, a whisper in the wind, grows faint,  
Yet echoes in the corners of my mind.  
I see your face, in memories so quaint,  
But in this world, no trace of you I find.

Though time moves on, it cannot heal the pain,  
Of losing you, my guide, my strength, my ground.  
The days grow long, the nights a cold refrain,  
For in your absence, sorrow knows no bound.

Yet still I hold you in my soul's embrace,  
Where love for you will never be erased.

## Smiling Sonnet.

There we were in the coffee shop,  
Just the two of us Mary and me,  
We chatted away like we'd never stop,  
When in they came a baby and he.

The dad got the baby out of the pram,  
And the smile that lit up her face  
Hit me with a beautiful slam,  
A wonder to see in our favourite place.

He put her in a baby seat  
And brought food and drink,  
The baby smiled and ate some cake,  
This wonder of new life made me think.

The smile that baby girl gave to all  
Would make the day of one and all.

## **Our River Of Love.**

Along Our River we walked,  
The beautiful clear green water at our side  
Gliding so gently passed us.  
The mirror images of the trees  
Looking up from it in glory.  
We walked along it in awe,  
In awe of the beauty around us.  
Looking up at the clear blue sky  
With pure white clouds sailing,  
Sailing so very gently above us.  
What could have been better,  
The beauty of Nature's wonder  
As Our River, the trees and the sky  
Surrounded us with love,  
Combined with our love,  
The wonderful love we have,  
The love we have for each other.

## Back To My Youth Sonnet.

In my older years I start to look back  
To the wonder times of my younger years,  
Those times that are now written on the plaque,  
The plaque set my mind showing no fears.

Those wonderful times of playing with friends,  
Chasing over the fields and climbing trees,  
Where our life was full of great dividends,  
And dirt and scabs were always on our knees.

Such a wonderful time being so young,  
Young and so very fearless in our lives,  
The place from where our lives of wisdom sprung  
And into the future life where it strives,

Those younger days took me into the place  
From where I reached my wonderful old age.

## Love Into Light Sonnet.

We live in this world where lies and hate rule,  
Why is our world becoming even worse,  
Where the sycophants are given the worst tool,  
And their hatred of all is very terse.

Why cannot we bring peace to all our world  
Where agreement in the best things of life  
Can be brought to us like a flag unfurled  
And we can dismiss the hate that is rife.

We can love each other with such kindness  
And bring wonder and joy to all we know,  
Dismiss all the hate from rulers blindness  
Bring back love and beauty with life aglow.

Every drop of love you give  
Adds so much light to the world

## **Sonnet Tanka.**

Where do they come from,  
The words that I want to write.  
Sonnets rule my life,  
But this one is a Tanka,  
So very much different.

## Old Codgers Love Sonnet.

What have we done to get into this life,  
Our love so strong we do not understand,  
In our time together there is no strife  
Within that short moment that has now spanned.

We have come together as if one soul  
Feeling so alone when not together  
Walking through our life in a gentle stroll  
In our superb world full of fair weather.

At our old age we just don't understand,  
Both in our seventies had a good life,  
We had lost passed loves in time that had spanned,  
Mary lost her husband, I lost my wife.

Now us two old codgers live life's new dream  
With feelings of love in our life's bright gleam.

## Love Must Ever Be Acrostic Sonnet.

Love must be the way we go in this world  
Overcoming the troubles that we know  
Verifying love like a flag unfurled  
Enjoying each day through our sorrow flow

Making life on this world be full of peace  
Understanding all that we know abound  
Saving this earth and making love increase  
To form that place where joy and peace come round

Everybody must work with each other  
Victimising now a thing of the past  
Everyone now like sister and brother  
Roving this world knowing that hate passed

Bring love to this wonderful world of ours  
Ever living in those universal stars

## Autumn Equinox Sonnet.

The daylight softens, fading from the sky,  
As autumn's breath begins to cool the air.  
The golden leaves like whispered secrets lie,  
A burnished crown upon the forest's hair.

The world tilts slowly, balanced in between  
The light and dark, a moment's fleeting grace.  
The sun, though faint, still bathes the earth in sheen,  
Before the night begins its steady chase.

Now harvest moons rise high, the fields abound,  
As summer's fervour yields to slower days.  
The quiet calls of dusk, the twilight sound,  
Invite reflection in their softened haze.

A season's turning, measured, calm, and still,  
The equinox has come, and bends our will.

## Rain Bringing Life.

Rain streams from the sky  
On this September day,  
It just will not stop.  
It hits the ground and flows away  
Down the hills,  
Along the roads  
Into the drains  
Or into Our River.  
From Our River it flows to the sea  
And the oceans are filled,  
They flow around the world.  
As the water lifts from the sea  
In a mist of wonder  
Into the heights of clouds  
Who move on over the land  
And spill their drops all over  
Bringing life to all in our world.

## Unknown Future Sonnet.

I look from the bridge over Our River,  
The water so high we can't walk by it,  
It makes my heart and soul all aquiver  
Being unable to stroll beside it.

It has been such a saviour in my life,  
Walking beside it to eternity,  
Where I used to walk with my loving wife  
Who has moved on to that place before me.

We used to walk beside the flowing stream  
As I do now with Mary at my side  
And Joyce looking down becoming a dream  
Where we will all meet at Our Rivers side.

Eternity brings us all together,  
To travel into our unknown future.

## Our Time Of Jazz.

Every month we go there  
Walk into the club we enjoy  
To listen to jazz of all types.  
We are there all evening  
And had a wonderful time.  
Looking around I see the people,  
So many people fill the club,  
But then I realise  
That most of them are our age,  
Our age or older,  
And maybe in ten years time  
It could happen,  
That because of our ages  
The club may well be empty.

## From The Hilltop Sonnet.

From the hilltop I look over the land  
The beauty of the greenery below  
Flowing the whole way to horizons band  
The green of many hills both high and low.

The land is interspersed with bands of brown  
Where the woods and forests grow to the sky  
And from where I am standing look low down  
But bring beauty and wonder to my eye.

The glory and beauty of this great view  
Brings such happiness and love to my mind  
I am so lucky as all my life through  
Nature's wonder has to me been so kind.

Nature has become part of my long life  
And I hope that it never comes to strife.

## Autumnal Tanka.

Red, yellow and gold,  
Autumns colours fill my mind,  
Glorious nature.  
Frosts will soon carpet the ground,  
And sparkle in the sunlight.

## I Look Up Sonnet.

I look up into the sky passed the clouds  
Beyond the beauty of the bright blue sky  
Into the Universe that the sky shrouds  
Letting my questioning mind to it fly.

I look up into the sky passed the moon  
To the wondrous darkness filled with bright stars  
Into the Universe where I'll be soon  
Chasing the times of all my fine memoirs.

I look up passed the world that's in my mind  
Beyond reality into those times  
Where my love for all has gone and enshrined  
Where my love for all loudly strikes it chimes.

The Universe is there both day and night  
To bring peace to us all with this I write.

## Beauty Sonnet.

In life we see many beautiful things,  
It may be an artwork that enthrals us  
And shows us what life to others brings  
And dismiss things that are superfluous,

Nature shows us beauty throughout the year  
Bringing glory and wonder to our life  
And can to our eyes bring many a tear  
Bringing us to that place without any strife.

Then there is the beauty in humankind  
Showing that love in the world can abound  
In the hearts of those friends that we find  
As our lives move forward and go around.

Beauties in the heart of the beholder  
And gets ever stronger as we get older.

## Make Love Ever Be Acrostic Sonnet.

May love's wonderful beauty ever sing  
As it flows gently and ever so bright  
Keeping close the warmth that pure love can bring  
Ever keeping brightness within its light.

Lingering in our heart like stars above  
Our hearts become as one and never part  
Valuing the strength of our lasting love  
Ever flowing free from our loving heart.

Every moment it is there each day  
Vowing to overcome those days of strife  
Ever defending against its decay  
Renewing that love that is in our life.

Bringing joy and love ever in our lives  
Ever will be that love within us strives.

## Music In Life Sonnet.

Music has been with me all of my life  
It has always been there in the good time  
And helped me to get through those times of strife  
Bringing me the ways that are so sublime.

It may be music of classical style  
Where Bach and Mozart seem to lead the way  
Who will always leave my face with a smile  
Bringing wonder to me every day.

Jazz then comes into my ears all the time  
Bringing foot tapping glory to my heart  
With music that changes with every chime  
Making it so hard for me to from it part.

So much music out there for me to hear  
And so little time in life while I'm here.

## Grandfather's Clock.

It has been with me all my life.  
Hanging on the walls of only two houses.  
Bought by my Grandfather in the year of my birth  
And brought into the family home,  
The one where I was raised.  
A home of care and love,  
Of fun, happiness, learning,  
And of course music.  
The clock looking down upon me,  
Consistent throughout my life.  
My grandfather passed to another world  
But the clock stayed where it was,  
In the house that was now my parents.  
The clock saw me grow into a young man,  
Into a married man and away from the home,  
To a home of my own.  
My father moved onto that symphony in the sky  
But the clock stayed with my mother.  
It hung on that same wall for fifty two years  
Until the time when my mother passed on.  
The clock then came to me,  
And has now hung on the wall in my house  
For twenty four glorious years;  
Still looking down on me  
As my lover and I enjoy our life together.  
The clock has never failed, never needed repair.  
My Grandfather's clock,  
The clock I have known since my birth,  
Counting my time in this world,  
Until I leave for another place.

## Walking By Our River Sonnet.

Once more we were there next to Our River  
The sun shined on it bringing us wonder,  
To be by it again made me quiver  
And my heart started to beat like thunder.

The glory of Our River brought us hope  
That we would flow on its path forever  
Taking us to that place where there is scope  
And our lives would never ever sever,

Taking Our Spirits to that wonder place  
Where new life moves into infinity  
Ever giving us such beauty and grace  
With our god forming us our trinity,

Our River is so meaningful to us  
And will take us to a wonderful place.

## Another Year Gone.

Tomorrow it happens,  
Another year will have passed,  
Passed in my life,  
Another great year further,  
Further in my long life.  
I often look back and remember,  
Remember the wonderful times,  
As a child playing with friends,  
Into my teens and going up the pub  
To play darts and cards with friends.  
Working for my whole life,  
All forty seven years and one month,  
Never out of work.  
Married to My Joyce,  
Married for almost forty years  
Until that time when dementia took her,  
Took her away from me ,  
But I know she will be there,  
Be there waiting for me.  
Then came that time when I met her,  
Met my second love,  
And she and I live in wonder.  
Our love so strong  
But knowing our lovers now passed will be there,  
And the four of us will enjoy life  
Enjoy life together when the time comes.

So looking back on my life  
I have had a wonderful time  
And look back of it with love,  
Love and thankfulness  
For the time I have had,  
The time I have had in this world.

## Back In The Day.

The picture came upon the screen  
And took me straight back,  
Back to my times in the pub.  
It could have been me,  
A pint on the table,  
A fag in my hand,  
And playing cards.  
Such a wonderful time  
So many years ago.  
Good friends,  
Good company,  
Lots of laughs,  
And the beer was wonderful.  
A treasured memory in my life

## Each New Day Sonnet.

The new day begins as the sun rises  
Bringing wonder and beauty to this day  
With times of great joy and with surprises  
To help us go forward towards our way.

Each day brings a different way to life  
Learning things taking us to places new  
Keeping us away from those times of strife  
Into some places that we never knew.

The day passes going into the night  
Where sleep and dreams remove us from this day  
Preparing us for a wonderful new flight  
Into the brand new day coming our way.

Each new day we live takes us into joy  
Bringing new life that we cannot destroy.

## Tomorrow Will Come.

In life we can go three ways,  
We can stay in the present  
And not think of those past days,  
Those days which came and went.

We can think of those days passed,  
Those days of both good and bad  
Where experience amassed  
And to our life gone did add.

But looking forward's the way  
As life is still there waiting  
In each wonderful new day  
With glory for us baiting.

So live today ,  
Remember yesterday,  
But look forward to tomorrow.

## The Steps Of Life Sonnet.

I have walked so many steps to get here  
Walking up the hills to the top of all  
And down the other side into the deep  
Answering the wonder of my life's call.

Each hill I have climbed brings new life to me  
Bringing me experience which can't be taught  
Showing me how to achieve all I see  
And giving me the wonder of new thought.

Walking down the hills brings me love and peace  
As I reflect on all the new I've seen  
And the worries that I had can now cease  
Bringing me the peace that I can now glean.

The walk of life brings me such wander,  
So each step I take I will not squander.

## Earth's Birth Sonnet.

God sat down and created our new earth,  
He brought forward clouds, sea and land.  
Life was brought to the world with brand new birth,  
And animals roamed the earth in their band.

Then man was created to rule over all,  
A woman joined him to create new birth.  
God watched them move forward over their sprawl,  
Making out what they would ever be worth.

He then came down to them and rightly said,  
You will have complete control of this all,  
Of all corners of this world and its land  
And from all its corners you can now trawl.

God moved away and made the new world round,  
Laughing loud as no corners could be found.

## Music Creation Sonnet.

There before him sat the blank manuscript,  
On it he put a black dot with a tail,  
The next note to the page he gladly slipped  
Starting the music that to all would sail.

As he finished each page of the music  
More notes would start to gather in his mind  
And from them all the next one he would pick,  
So many notes there for him to try and find.

He then came to the last page to be writ  
Finished with a joyous grin in his mind,  
He played the music and all notes did fit  
But there was another tune in his mind.

Once more he then composed some more music  
And the metronome would once again click.

## **Our Intense Love Tanka.**

And the rain fell hard,  
Such intensity was felt,  
But not like our love,  
Our love so very intense  
To flood our lives for ever.

## 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.

## Orchi And Goldie At Hastings Sonnet.

On that beach Orchi and Goldie were sat,  
Me drinking my whisky, without water,  
Orchi eating his pork pie with no fat  
While Fido around the beach did potter.

We looked out to the sea and saw all the ships  
Filled with those Normans to conquer our land,  
But all was well as Harold to us skips  
With all his soldiers riding in a band.

But Orchi ruined it all in his way  
And told Harold to look up in the sky,  
An arrow came down from within the fray  
And struck that poor Harold right in his eye.

So from that fine day in ten sixty six  
The fault of Harolds death with Orchi sticks.

## Walking In Old Age Sonnet.

Here we are, two old codgers together  
Both alive in our late seventies  
Lived our lives through both good and bad weather  
A life that seemed to pass us like a whiz.

Looking back we feel we are so lucky  
We can still both walk around without help  
No sticks or frames which can be so yucky  
Walking by Our River without a yelp.

Many of our age or younger than us  
Can not walk without the help of a stick  
Which can make them in their minds swear and cuss  
And others we knew left life with a flick.

We will keep walking our life together  
Towards that place we will share forever.

## Scatter Sunshine.

If life is so good to you,  
You could be a messenger  
And scatter sunshine to all  
Which may touch others unknown,  
And change their lives forever  
With something very simple,  
Like giving them a kind word  
Taking them to a better place,  
A better place in their lives.  
So scatter your sunshine to all.

## What No Internet!

The man came to upgrade  
Upgrade the Internet  
Pleasant guy, full of good humour  
Set it all up and left  
Saying it would take a couple of hours  
A couple of hours to set up  
Well hear I am the following day  
With no Internet  
No telephone  
And only Mary's phone to connect  
Connect to an Internet  
SI that that is how  
How these words get here.

## Knowingly Full Of Love.

The morning was here,  
I looked out of the window  
And there shining down was the moon,  
The full moon brining light to my life,  
My life full of joy and love  
Now highlighted by the beauty,  
The beauty of this wondrous moon.  
Another day starting with wonder  
And knowingly full of love.

## Welcoming Light.

Was I alone on this motorway,  
The fog filled the air,  
No other cars to be seen,  
I could just make out the road  
At this slow speed.  
Then, out of the gloom,  
A light!  
Ah! I wasn't alone,  
A light to welcome me,  
Into a world where others dwell  
I drew closer to this welcoming sight.  
Which said;

"FOG"

## Dinner With Friends Sonnet.

A gathering of friends, the night is young,  
We sit around the table, candles glow,  
Our laughter fills the air like songs unsung,  
As stories shared allow our bonds to grow.

The clink of wine glasses, a toast to cheer,  
With plates abundant, savoury and sweet,  
The flavours mix with memories so dear,  
In every bite, the warmth of friendship meets.

As hours drift and stars begin to rise,  
We linger still, our hearts content, at peace,  
With every look, a spark of joy implies  
That moments such as these will never cease.

In friendship's feast, we find our richest fare,  
For love and laughter bloom when we are there.

## Back To The Sea.

Well today's the day,  
Off to our island once more.  
Four days by the sea,  
Back down on the Isle of Wight  
Which we call our second home.  
Ready for a time of peace  
In the place that we both love.  
Walking the beach by the sea,  
Looking out to the wonder,  
The wonder of the sea view  
As we wander hand in hand  
Towards our life forever.

## **We Have Arrived.**

Well we are here,  
Here at our second home.  
Across the water on the ferry,  
Drove off it onto the Isle  
And started our short journey,  
Short journey to the hotel.  
It was a bit grey  
But that was fine.  
And then we drove into it,  
Drove into the heavy rain.  
After half an hour got to our place,  
Our haven of love and peace  
But we sat in the car  
As the heavens had opened  
And the rain poured.  
When it eased we entered,  
Entered the hotel and all was fine,  
We had arrived at our second home  
And from this place enjoyment thrives,  
And all will be wonderful,  
Even more wonderful as ever  
Because we are together  
As the one person we have become,  
Living our life in love forever.

## Canvas In Our Imagination.

A song is like a painting in words,  
As it blends imagery and emotion,  
In a narrative that brings scenes,  
Brings feelings, and stories to life.  
Much like a painting uses colour,  
Colour, light, and texture  
To evoke a response,  
A song uses lyrics,  
Lyrics melody, and rhythm  
To paint a picture  
Paint a picture in the listener's mind.  
Each element of a song  
Tone, metaphor, phrasing  
Can create vivid images,  
Just as a poem can  
Through its careful selection  
Careful selection of words.

Both songs and poems are forms of art,  
Forms of art that transform,  
Transform the intangible emotions and thoughts  
That can be experienced by others.  
This makes each one a unique "painting,"  
Where the canvas is our imagination.

## **Trovatori Acrostic.**

**T**ales of love and adventure untold,  
**R**hythms of passion in melodies bold,  
**O**pera's voices soar high in the air,  
**V**ibrant with drama, beyond compare.  
**A**nguish and joy entwined in their fate,  
**T**riumph and sorrow both resonate.  
**O**rchestras swell, the stage set alight,  
**R**ealms of emotion, pure and bright,  
**I**mmortalized in music's flight.

## Home We Will Come Sonnet.

Well the few days away are now over,  
Another time spent at our second home,  
More wonderful time spent with my lover,  
Knowing that tomorrow home we will come.

Such pleasant days walking beside the sea,  
Hand in hand with our love always with us,  
Our love for each other others could see,  
And their jealousy may have to discuss.

The sea could see that our love was so true,  
It would never change in eternal life,  
Just going on for ever just us two,  
So strong it has never had any strife.

Just two of us together in our world  
Where anger could never ever be hurled.

## The Sibilance Of Showers.

As I lay awake listening to nature;  
The breeze rustling the leaves,  
Just moving them gently, producing a sound  
So difficult to discern.  
The blackbird singing to his partner  
In melodies of wonder and awe;  
Soon he sleeps leaving the stage  
For the robin, whose wonderful song  
Is always there at the end of the day.  
Then all becomes still and quiet  
Except for the gentle caress of the breeze.

Gently, so gently, a new sound is heard  
Coming slowly towards me.  
A sound of absolute intimacy,  
Until at last, my eyes gently close.  
And I fall to sleep,  
To the sibilant sound of showers.

## Home Full Of Cheer.

Into the church we went for the soiree,  
And evening of music words and humour  
Bringing a fine end to another good day.  
The sitting room was prepared  
For the performers to sit in comfort,  
Looking out at friends in the church.  
The piano started the evening  
With a wonderful piece of music.  
Poetry was read both sad and funny,  
Words were read from people's lives  
And all were enthralled.  
Supper was eaten,  
People conversed with each other  
And good times were shared.  
The performances came to an end,  
All had a good time.  
The feeling of gratitude went round  
Thanking those who arranged,  
Arranged this fine evening,  
And we went home full of cheer.

## Just One Day.

Each day comes into our lives,  
It is only that one day,  
We cannot master our life  
In just that one day we have,  
Just relax and master that one.  
Move into the next day  
And do exactly the same.  
Doing this every day  
Is the way to move,  
To move into our future,  
Into a wonderful future,  
Just one day at a time.

## Croquet Again Sonnet.

Walking out onto the lawn for the first time,  
First time since they were closed for upgrading,  
Beautifully prepared to start my climb  
Up the practice curve to lift my grading.

The first ball was struck with resounding joy,  
Towards the hoop it sailed gently and stopped,  
To line up with the hoop as was my ploy  
And in front of the hoop it nicely dropped.

The game was played with humour and with grace,  
A gentle game full of joy that beckoned,  
A wonderful time in this joyous place,  
The only problem was that I came second.

T'was the first game since the lawns re-opened  
But it was a good day that I enjoyed

## Bad To Best.

Life can be so strange at times,  
We walk the path towards our future  
When something happens,  
Happens to bring sorrow,  
Sorrow and sadness in life.  
But on looking back  
Many of those things changed our path  
And took us to the best things,  
The best things that happen,  
That happen in our life.

## Halloween Acrostic.

Haunting whispers fill the air  
Alarmed by shadows on this night.  
Lurking spirits follow your path,  
Lanterns start to glow in the night,  
Ominous clouds hide the moon,  
Wicked laughs sail the streets  
Encouraging this eerie night where  
Enigmatic strangers come together,  
Negotiating the thrill of Halloween .

## Samhain Sonnet.

The thinning veil, as autumn nights descend,  
Reveals the breath of those who walked before,  
A whispered chill where golden leaves suspend,  
And stirs the silent hearth with tales of yore.

The stars hang low; the sky grows dark and deep,  
While moonlight paints the fields in silver glow,  
The world a dream, as quiet spirits creep  
To walk the paths they knew so long ago.

Through hollow woods, a murmured calling swells,  
The voices of the past, both kin and friend,  
And distant chimes of spectral midnight bells  
Remind us all that life must someday end.

Yet in this night, the realms of death and birth  
Embrace as one?the bridge 'twixt worlds and earth.

## Swing From Paris Sonnet.

Where did that time go listening to them,  
Just four of them playing such good music,  
Songs from the past into my heart did thrum,  
And brought to me beauty that did so stick.

They played the music from within their hearts  
Straight into the being that was in me,  
Only the four of them playing their parts  
With a wonder that set all our thoughts free.

So Swing from Paris keep swinging away  
With the glorious music that you play  
Bringing the smile and goodness to our way  
And we'll return and see you another day.

Such a wonderful time you brought to all  
That filled us with the wonders of your call.

## Thank you Again Wolfgang.

Sitting contentedly in our lounge  
Close to each other,  
The television is turned off  
And music is to be played,  
But what shall it be.  
I look at my vast collection  
And then it hits me,  
We must have some Mozart  
And there they are in front of me  
All of Mozart's piano concertos.  
So from the box I select one,  
Select one at random  
And onto the stereo it goes.  
We are then taken into a place,  
A place of wonder  
Where Mozart's music takes us.  
There we were in the realms of glory  
As the music enters our hearts  
And makes our love,  
Our love for each other increase.  
Many things bring this love to us,  
But Mozart just made it stronger,  
So thank you again Wolfgang.

## Eyes, Heart, Mind And Soul.

Always have eyes in you to see the best  
The good times are out there for you to see  
So seeing the good times should be your quest  
Bringing wonder to your mind full of glee.

Have a heart that can forgive the worst in life  
Bringing happiness to all around you  
Removing those things that bring people strife  
So that love and beauty can from you strew.

Enable your mind to forget the bad  
And may your soul be full of love and hope  
Removing all the sadness that you had  
Moving up to the top of your life's hope.

May your eyes, your heart, your mind and your soul  
Bring beauty, wonder and love into you.

## Awake Once More.

Once more I awake from sleep,  
My lover sleeping by my side,  
Another day I will reap  
Filled with loving life and pride.

So many days I have had  
In my long and superb life,  
Not so many days were bad,  
So few were filled with any strife.

Each day brought me something new,  
A wonder for me to see,  
Maybe nature for me to view,  
Or music to set me free.

I look on the life I had  
And am so thankful for it,  
Looking forward to days to add,  
Never ever will I quit.

## The Last Leaf Of Autumn.

Into the garden I go once more,  
Just one more effort to tidy the leaves.  
The tree has been standing there,  
In all its glory, throughout the year.

The brilliance of green throughout Summer;  
The birds hiding behind the leaves,  
Not showing themselves,  
But singing through the day  
And into those long warm evenings.  
And I, just sitting and listening to them;  
Hearing Nature's symphony.

The slow change to orange and red  
Painted by Autumn's brush;  
An artist whose work has no bounds.  
So many colours on her palette,  
Creating imagery unbounded  
By any restrictive thought;  
Showing Nature's tapestry.

As Winter draws nigh  
The leaves start to fall,  
Leaving gaps through which  
The birds can at last be seen.  
The chill on the air darkens the colours  
As the leaves float to the ground;  
Leaving Nature's starkness.

The leaves now cleared,  
The garden now tidied  
I go indoors, a job well done.  
I look up at the tree

Now bare and waiting for Spring,  
But there in all its glory, at the top of the tree,  
Shines the last leaf of Autumn.

## Step Counting

Each day we count our steps,  
The counter on our 'phones tell us.  
So yesterday once more our steps were counted.  
I walked to the car,  
Drove to the coffee lounge,  
Walked in and sat down,  
Had my coffee,  
Talking to friends.  
Walked back to the car,  
Drove to the pub.  
Walked to the bar,  
Met some friends.  
We had lunch  
And a couple of pints.  
Walked to the loo,  
Walked to the bar,  
Finished lunch.  
Walked back to the car,  
Drove home.  
Walked from the car,  
Into our home we went.  
Walked to our chairs  
Sat down and rested  
After a busy day walking,  
Walking nearly one mile.

## Life Prelude Sonnet.

Into the still water I tossed a stone,  
The ripples circulated its entry,  
Each one getting wider out on its own  
As they reached trying their best to flee.

The circle of our life expands each day,  
Moving towards that place where time will end,  
And each of those days we will find a way  
To enjoy each moment that we will spend.

So may every ripple of our lives  
Bring us love, peace and wonder all the time,  
Moving the past into our life's archives  
As each moment upwards we will then climb.

May the ripples that we ever exude  
Be the start of our future life's prelude.

## Each New Day.

Leaves change their colour  
In the wonder of Autumn,  
Their coloured artwork  
Bring such beauty all over.  
Natures art brings glory to all,  
Each day it is different  
Showing us all its unique wonder.  
Then comes the day  
When the leaves are gone,  
But we know that will not last  
As new growth will form  
As Winter turns to Spring,  
And new life will be with us  
To enjoy once more,  
As we all do  
When each New Year comes,  
Comes into our lives.

## Work Out Better Sonnet.

In our life we think of so many things,  
There are things that bring so much joy to us  
That fun, laughter and love to us all brings  
And form the goodness of life without fuss.

There are also things that make us so sad,  
Bringing sorrow and regret to our minds  
That our vision of life becomes so bad,  
That the goodness we had it really blinds.

Then there are the times of equal feelings  
Where both good and the bad are often there  
And bring us a choice of finding dealings  
To move forward towards that we can bare.

What's the worst of whatever could happen?  
It could work out much better than you thought.

## Lying In The Dark.

Here I am,  
Just lying in the dark,  
Undisturbed for so many years,  
Just minding my own business,  
Getting more mature as time passes.  
I think of those times  
On the sun kissed hills of Spain;  
Lying and growing in the sun,  
Those beautiful Senoritas caring  
For my every whim through childhood,  
Into young adulthood,  
Until fully grown.  
Magic times of joy and freedom.

Maturity brings change;  
A different way of life.  
Squeezed and pressed in many ways.  
A new way, a new place.  
Resting within a wooden cavern,  
Surrounded by the smell of smoke.  
The smell getting into my being.  
Longer and longer I rest,  
The odour completely permeating  
My life, my soul, my spirit

Then comes the day  
After so many years, now mature,  
And ready for my journey of life  
Into old age.  
Now in a glass cage,  
Resting quietly in the dark,  
Ready for my fate.  
Getting stronger, even more mature,

Until that day, which will soon come,  
And I am lifted gently, lovingly,  
Withdrawn from my peace.  
My life is at an end,  
As I flow gently into the glass  
And am enjoyed by a connoisseur  
Of Rioja Gran Reserva.

## The Sun Shone On Us Sonnet.

The sky has been so dull and grey for days  
But today was different, the sun did shine  
Bringing light and pleasure to all our ways  
And goodness to all who we did combine.

We start off this day drinking our coffee,  
Having met friends on this glorious day,  
Talking and laughing with glorious glee  
As through this morning we wind through our way.

In the afternoon we croquet with all,  
Hitting balls in the glorious sunlight,  
The cheer of the day did to us all call,  
Making our lives so beautifully bright.

The sun dispersed all those grey clouds from us  
And brought beauty and wonder to us all.

## Messengers In Life.

We can all be messengers,  
Messengers in this cruel world,  
But the messages that we send  
Must scatter sunshine  
And encourage people to feel better.  
There are people who need help  
And maybe you might touch them,  
Touch them with a kind word  
And it may pull them up,  
Pull them up to a better place,  
A better place in their life.  
So in your life be an encourager  
As it maybe you that help,  
Help others with that kind word.

## Ode To Profiteroles.

There they sat on the plate,  
These beautiful, tempting creations,  
The choux balls covered with thick chocolate,  
Looking so good, so luxurious.  
How could the beauty of their creation be spoilt?  
Could I be the one to disturb these works of art?  
How could I not?  
They were there for me to eat,  
So I chose one, or was it two,  
Put them on my plate,  
Sank knife and fork into them.  
The white cream oozed from within their bodies,  
The first mouthful sent me to heaven.  
The delicate taste of pastry, cream and chocolate.  
So delicious, so wonderful;  
So moreish.  
How could I not have another bite?  
And once more I was in paradise,  
The artist's work was destroyed,  
But the chefs work sent me into raptures,  
Proving that art can be found in cooking,  
Especially in profiteroles.

## This Is Me Sonnet.

I try to respect all in my good life,  
Most are good and my world is very fine  
So that I can live it without much strife  
And be in that place that I will find mine.

Sometimes there are those who don't really care  
And want to argue with all those around,  
They cannot see the good in life that's there  
So arguments they have in them abound.

But in my life I don't argue at all,  
As I find apathy helps me get through,  
And brings peace and wonder for me to call  
In each of the times that I can review.

If some people do not like what they see,  
It is not my problem, as this is me.

## Croquet Supper.

Into the croquet club we drove,  
But not to play the game we love,  
We came here for supper.  
Found a table and sat down,  
Other members came in  
And talking and laughter abounded,  
Such wonderful friendships were around.  
The meal was ready and up we went,  
The selection was for Indian food,  
I had my Chicken Tikka,  
It was wonderful,  
We then had some fun.  
I read two of my poems  
Before starting with stand up bingo.  
And then we had a quiz,  
I didn't get any right  
As I was asking the questions.  
I read some more of my poetry  
Which all seemed to enjoy.  
It was a glorious evening  
Which we all thought was wonderful,  
I certainly did.  
So much laughter,  
So much fun was had by all.  
That's the beauty,  
The beauty of Cheltenham Croquet Club,  
We all mix in and do our bit  
And everybody is so happy,  
Sometimes we even play croquet.

## My Wish For You.

In our lives we can have times when we are down,  
But life can be better,  
As I have wishes for you.

When you are lonely,  
I wish you love,  
To bring you to a better place.

When you are troubled,  
I wish you peace,  
To ensure your life is unperturbed.

When chaos reigns,  
I wish you inner silence,  
To bring calmness into your life.

When things look empty  
And you have nowhere to go,  
I wish you hope,  
To find your way in life.

## Just Imagine This world.

Along the road we were going,  
The radio playing in the car  
And that song came on,  
A song that is so meaningful,  
So meaningful to me,  
So meaningful in this war torn world  
Where people disagree  
And fight each other,  
Fight for what they think,

.  
"Imagine all the people  
Living life in peace"

If only we lived in a world,  
In a world where all was equal  
And we all helped each other.  
And a life full of love  
Was there for us all,

"You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will live as one"

Just imagine this world.

## A Walk Through The Woods.

The day was grey as I walked in the woods,  
A gentle stroll amongst the trees.  
Just nature and I walking together  
Enjoying the peace of each other's company.  
The colours of nature's world so vivid  
On this damp November day,  
The dampness seemed to enhance the colours,  
Reflecting the world around me.  
I was at peace with my world  
And at one with nature.  
The wind blew in the trees  
Adding a symphony to my world  
And showering me with golden leaves,  
Shed by the woodland trees.  
The rain gently fell about me,  
But only increased my joy  
At the diversity of my small world.  
As I came to the top of a hill  
I looked down,  
There before my flowing gently by  
Was a river;  
Surely it couldn't be?  
But yes there it was  
My River.  
Had I unknowingly followed  
Natures trail that had taken me back  
To My River, My Spirit.

## **Snow Of Beauty Sonnet.**

I looked out of the window this morning,  
Everything was covered in this white stuff,  
The winter had come without a warning,  
So today I'd have to get out my muff.

Out to the car I went, shovel to hand,  
Clearing out this white stuff around the car,  
Scraping the snow of which I had not planned,  
We needed the car to not go too far.

So down the town I drove on the white roads,  
Not much traffic around to be seen,  
Into the car park where spaces there were loads,  
The white stuff covered the park in a sheen.

Yes the snow had come to cause us new hell,  
But its beauty covered us with its spell.

## The Literature Of Music.

In my life music is a must,  
I listen to it all the time.  
In all types of it I do trust,  
Even unknown music.  
I just get a hook into the sound  
And expand the feeling  
That comes to my mind.  
What I also realise in music  
That it is literature,  
Literature of the heart  
And always continues  
Where speech ends.

## Life's Never Ending Span.

The road that I walk is always ahead,  
Along which its path I still gaily tread,  
I know the road ahead is not too long,  
Shorter than the path I have walked along.

Each step I take brings me to a new place,  
Mainly to that place so full of fine grace,  
Sometimes to where sadness is there in wait,  
But that part of life is part of my fate.

Looking back along my long road of life,  
It had more happiness than any strife,  
I've been so lucky in the life I lead,  
I feel that in all that time I've been freed.

I look at myself as a lucky man,  
Enjoying my life's never ending span.

## Chopin Fantasy Impromptu.

Why does music do this to me?  
There I was reading and writing,  
The music playing as usual  
When suddenly I stopped,  
Stopped and was taken away,  
Taken away to the world of music.  
A piece came on the radio  
And transported me to that place,  
That place of emotive joy.  
I just sat still and listened,  
All else was forgotten.  
I was in Chopin's world,  
A world of wonderful music  
Where peace, love and joy reigned.  
The piece finished and I came back,  
Came back refreshed,  
Refreshed and full of love.

## Old Navigation.

So long ago it happened,  
Cowboys would ride their horses,  
Ride them during the day  
Being able to see,  
See where they were going.  
But when the darkness fell  
They could not see,  
So they hung lanterns,  
Hung lanterns on the saddles.  
They could then see,  
See the trail more easily.  
That is when it started  
And was the earliest form,  
The earliest form of navigation,  
Called saddle light navigation.

## Filled With Joy.

Into the monastery I went,  
Sat down in the silence.  
The monks came in,  
The perfume from the incense mingles,  
Mingles with their deep intoned words,  
It filled the whole room.  
I sit down beside the others and close my eyes,  
Letting my mind drift,  
Drift as the sound and the scent engulf me.  
I feel as if I'm floating,  
Floating in a space  
A space between two worlds..  
One of which is real,  
One of which is imagined.  
Where all who have passed are there  
There in my mind's eye.  
I see all the people that I love,  
That I love the most  
And are here with me.  
The cold, heavy sense of grief,  
Sense of grief I've been carrying,  
Carrying in my heart for so long  
Is replaced by something else,  
Something lighter,  
Something lighter and filled with joy.

## Death Asked Life.

They spoke with each other the day they met,  
Death asked life the question,  
The question he wanted answered.  
"Why does everyone love you,  
But they all seem to hate me?"

Life looked at death in a thoughtful way  
And replied with his intriguing words  
That were so full of wisdom.  
"Because I am the beautiful lie,  
And you are the painful truth."

## An Unreal Dream.

I sleep and dream of a world  
Where all is joy and love.  
People smile and acknowledge you,  
They talk and laugh.  
All is calm and light,  
The light is there throughout the world.  
There is plenty for all,  
No starvation,  
No drought,  
No killing.  
The strife of old has passed,  
There is no more fighting,  
No destruction of each other.  
No destruction of the natural world,  
Nature is safe from human kind,  
Undisturbed and enjoyed by all.  
Life is a wondrous journey.

I then awake from my dream,  
Back to reality, and the realisation that,  
The politicians are still with us!

## Jazzy Night Sonnet.

Into the jazz club we went yet again,  
A quartet was there to play their music,  
From the stage their sound sunk into my brain.  
Sax, piano, drums and bass did the trick,

Music I knew and some that I did not,  
Blew my mind in the way it was just played,  
Took my mind to the place that hit the spot,  
Where mind and body to its beat just swayed.

Such a superb bunch of jazzy swingers,  
Playing their wonderful music for us,  
They played their jazz like those mastersingers,  
With such perfect wonder and little fuss.

The night ended and we went on our way,  
Hoping we would see them again one day.

## Buddha Says

In life there are three kinds of people  
Whose minds are of differing kinds.

The first kind have a mind like rock,  
Their thoughts are carved there,  
Unmovable from their life.  
They stay angry or sad or frightened  
For a long time,  
And cannot move on to a better life.

The second kind have a mind like sand,  
Their thoughts vary.  
Anger and sadness are written there  
But they can pass away quickly  
Because sand shifts,  
And their thoughts change .

The third kind have a mind like water,  
Their thoughts cannot be written.  
Most pure and undisturbed  
Thoughts never can be written there,  
They just flow through,  
As they are not held on.

Buddha says.

## Music Time Machine.

In our lives we think of days gone,  
The good times and the bad ones.  
Many things remind us of them  
But the one that I always use  
Is the music I listen to,  
It takes me to times of the past.  
It reminds me of my Dad  
The man who brought music,  
Brought music into my life.  
The sounds of Jazz he played  
And the glory of classical.  
All my life I have had music in it,  
Music of many kinds  
But mainly classical and jazz,  
And this is due to my Dad.  
And because of my love,  
My love of music  
I find that music is like a time machine  
As it takes me back,  
Back to such wonderful times  
Which are still here in the present.

## I Now Say The Word.

Well the day has come,  
The day when I can say it,  
Say the word I have been avoiding,  
Avoiding for eleven months.  
So here goes,  
The C word is here,  
Christmas is coming,  
Coming within this month.  
Roll on January.

## To The Gym.

In this life we must keep fit.  
As I get older I slow down,  
So I have seen our local gym  
And now go there.  
Go there nearly every day,  
I nearly went there Monday,  
Nearly went there Tuesday,  
Walked past it Wednesday,  
Drove past it Thursday,  
Nearly went there Friday,  
Then at the weekend  
I stopped and had a rest,  
A rest from nearly going,  
Nearly going to the gym.

## Precious Days Sonnet.

Every morning we come awake  
Into that new day that is before us,  
We must that day fully, joyfully take  
And bring wonder to that day without fuss.

Think of that so precious thing that is there,  
The wonder of being alive this day,  
Enjoying all this day will always share,  
So much beauty coming to us to play.

The privilege to be so much alive,  
Being able to think that all is good,  
To breathe in the glory for us to thrive,  
And enjoy all of the love that we should.

Rising each day is so precious to have,  
Enjoy each one with breath, thinking and love.

## Sitting By My River.

I sit by My River, the sun shining softly about me;  
The water gliding slowly by, with barely a ripple  
To break its smooth passage as it passes by,  
Seemingly to eternity

A circle of ripples break the mirror-like surface  
As a fish kisses the air from below the water;  
The ripples slowly getting wider and less distinct,  
Until they disappear, and all is smooth again.

Swans glide by, imperious in their looks.  
Their feathers so white and precisely formed;  
Their reflections in the water, so perfect,  
That they are indistinguishable from the real.

The slow passage of a barge creeps by,  
A friendly wave of acknowledgement  
Between myself and those on board;  
Enjoying their life at four miles per hour.

The speed and sibilance of a canoe pass,  
Causing barely a wave as the slim hull  
Cuts through the water with absolute ease;  
The waves sighing at the river bank beneath me.

Ducks with their iridescent green heads  
Come swimming by, squabbling and quacking  
In search of food and females,  
Until they climb onto the bank to rest.

I leave My River, safe in the knowledge  
That it will always be there for me;  
For those days when I need the peace,

And the calm, that it brings to me.

## The Power Of Silence.

In life you come across them,  
Those people who do not listen,  
Do not listen to wise words.  
These people are pointless,  
Pointless to talk to.  
So don't waste your words  
As those people deserve,  
Deserve your silence,  
As sometimes it is powerful,  
So powerful when you say it,  
When you say nothing at all.

## Natural Art.

I sit on the hilltop high above the vale,  
Occasional white balls of cloud  
Sail so gently passed me,  
Painted with natures brush,  
On a canvas of pale blue.

I look down the valley  
At the vista that the artist has created.  
I see greens of many shades,  
The deep green on the leaves of trees,  
Interspersed with the lime greens in fields.

The vast panoply so varied;  
The splashes of yellow  
Intermingled with browns and red  
Of earth and clay, natures birthplaces,  
Covering the valley before me.

The river, meandering majestically below,  
Sparkling from the beams of light  
Passed down from the golden sun.  
The river, like a moving brush,  
Sending succour and colour to the fields.

Nature's canvas set out all around me  
For me to enjoy in this world;  
And the symphony of birdsong  
Adding to the natural art  
Which I cherish with love and wonder.

## Music With Dad.

Back I went in a moment,  
The music played and took me back,  
Back to the times with him,  
Times with my father.  
We would sit and listen,  
Sit in the lounge and listen,  
Listen to such music,  
Such wonderful music.  
And when this piece played,  
Played on the radio this morning  
He was there with me,  
Sitting and listening,  
Listening to one of his  
And one of my favoured pieces,  
Favourite pieces of music.  
So there we were together,  
Together once more  
Sitting in silence and listening,  
Listening to Borodin  
As his quartet played,  
Played for both of us.

## In Amongst The Blackbirds.

Down the garden I go,  
Bird food in hand.  
Fill the feeders with seed,  
Fill others with sunflower hearts,  
For the Goldfinches of course.  
Towards the bird table I go,  
Put some seed on it,  
But also the sultanas.  
As I empty the packet  
The Blackbirds appear  
All around me in the trees,  
When I put the last sultana on  
A Blackbird lands near my hand,  
It looks at me in gratitude,  
I remove my hand and stay still.  
The Blackbirds come nearer  
And join each other on the table  
In their first feast of the day.  
I stand a look at them,  
As they look at me,  
Trusting me.  
I thank and praise nature  
That they accept me,  
Accept me as a friend,  
And allow me their trust  
As I stand amongst them,  
In amongst the Blackbirds.

## Sailing To Peace Sonnet.

I am sailing down the River of Time,  
Towards a place where it is peace that reigns,  
Where life and love rule in that place sublime,  
And where joy for all rolls over the plains.

The times that have passed I can leave behind,  
Where war and unrest were always the way,  
They can forever be banned from my mind,  
And life can be everybody's new day.

So sail with me towards that peace on earth,  
Where love fills our life with beauty and joy,  
And can show all the people what they're worth,  
With gifts of love and respect to employ.

I am sailing down the River of Time,  
Come and join me towards that place of peace.

## Ella Fitzgerald Acrostic.

Ever within my mind,  
Like an angel of songs  
Living in my world,  
Always bringing cheer.

Forging tunes of wonder  
Into the world of jazz,  
Taking music to a different place,  
Zooming all around my life,  
Gathering wonder for all,  
Everlasting sounds  
Raising me to a better place  
Along my road of life,  
Living in my world  
Down to its ending.

## Raining For Peace.

I lay in bed listening,  
Listening to the rain  
Falling from the heavens,  
Cleansing our world,  
Washing away our hurt and sorrow  
And lining the Earth in a new coat of love,  
Where pain and suffering  
Are prevented from bursting its protection.

Or is it falling in shivering sorrow,  
Weeping for a world gone mad,  
Crying for the shame and hate,  
Flowing through the world.  
A place of terror  
A place where love has failed,  
Trying to wash away the blood  
That man is pouring on this Earth.

One day the rain will fall for peace,  
And our world will once more  
Be a place where we will all  
Make love, Not war!

## The Shadows.

There it was, still there,  
Still there amongst them,  
Amongst my records of the past,  
The very first album that I bought  
And the very first album of the group.  
The memories it brought to me  
Took me back to that time,  
That time in the early sixties  
When pop music was great.  
Cliff was around singing to us  
But the group with him were there.  
The Shadows blew my mind,  
Their music was wonderful.  
So I bought their first album  
And it has been with me,  
Been with me for years,  
For sixty three years,  
And still I listen to it,  
Still listen to The Shadows.

## Grey Day Sonnet.

What a grey day is was all of the day,  
A fine mist in the air all of the time,  
Not really rain but the wetness did stay,  
And this miserable day was now prime.

Not a glimpse of the brightness did abound,  
Just grey and misty for all of the hours,  
No matter what the greyness was around,  
And misery seemed to always be ours.

Even though the weather was not so good,  
My life was still filled with love and wonder,  
As beside me my lover always stood,  
With love that would never go asunder.

So even on those miserable days  
Our love for each other will find its ways.

## Forever Love Tanka.

Love is forever  
As our love flows between us  
And all can see it  
As our lives move together  
Into never ending love.

## Another Choice.

The day came when I had to make a choice.  
Nothing simple; one of those life changing choices  
That comes to all of us, throughout our lives.  
How much would this change my world?  
The thought of it sent shivers down my spine.  
Chose which one?  
Would it be the right choice?  
So many memories of bad decisions in my life!  
This one has to right!

There was no Laphroaig on the shelf!!  
So the choice was Glenmorangie or Jura!

## Into The New Year.

The New Year is approaching our lives,  
Another year for us to formulate  
And try to make our lives better,  
To be filled with love and joy.  
For many this year has been sad,  
So to you all I say,  
May the tears you cried in this year  
Water the seeds you plant,  
You plant for next year.  
May your life grow in beauty  
To be full of wonder, peace and love.

## Love Is All Acrostic.

Loyal hearts that never part,  
Open arms to heal and start,  
Vows of kindness, pure and true,  
Every day, a bond renews.

Infinite care, in moments small,  
Sharing freely, giving all.

A light that shines through every fall,  
Lifting spirits, standing tall,  
Love, the greatest gift of all.

## Pure Hearts.

It happens all the time,  
People try to impress others,  
Impress them by what they have.  
They may dress well,  
Live in posh houses,  
Drive big flashy cars,  
But it just does not work,  
Does not work for me.  
All I want to see  
Is for people to be good.  
I have a respect for those,  
Those who have a pure heart  
And are filled,  
Filled with good intentions,  
Good intentions for all.

## The Day Music Died.

Up into the plane they went  
Going to another gig.  
They took off into the air  
But they fell out of the sky  
As the plane crashed.

That was the day,  
The day that music died,  
As Ritchie Valens,  
Big Boppa,  
And worst of all,  
Buddy Holly died.

The whole world was shocked,  
So sad at his death.  
The greatest rock star of all  
Losing his life so young,  
So much music lost.

Whenever I hear his songs  
I start singing,  
I seem to know them all.  
One of the greatest rock stars  
Lost to the world,  
Lost at such a young age,  
But his music lives on.

## Coffee#1 Christmas Sonnet.

Into the coffee bar I go once more,  
A place I've been going for many years,  
Where I am greeted with smiles at the door,  
As towards the drinks bar my steps now steers.

All of the staff know me so very well  
And my coffee can be waiting for me,  
As what I want to drink I need not tell,  
So we joke and we laugh with so much glee.

We are now approaching that Christmas Day,  
And with these new words I would like to say,  
Thank-you to you all for pleasure you give,  
And that each new days are there to relive.

So Happy Christmas to everyone here,  
And may the New Year bring you such great cheer.

## Longest Night Sonnet.

We now enter into the longest night,  
The day is now over where the sun shone,  
Its rays shining on us with that bright light,  
But that light has now left us on our own.

In this darkness we now sit together,  
Looking towards the light now increasing,  
Bringing to us such glorious weather,  
And the troubles in our world now ceasing.

On this solstice day hope's there within us,  
Bringing us a wish of hope, love and cheer,  
Where peace is with all the world to discuss,  
Bringing us peace and love throughout the year.

We are entering into this longest night,  
And now coming into the birth of light.

## Light To Brightness.

I awake into the darkened morning,  
The sun not yet shining on me,  
But this is the day it starts,  
The days starts to get longer,  
Get longer each morning I wake

This light will show me the way  
As each day shows its glory to me,  
The light of my life will glow brightly  
Showing me the way to go forward,  
Forward in my wonderful life.

The brightest light will be there,  
Be there all the time.  
My loved one will be next to me  
Her light shining over me forever,  
And that light will take us to eternity.

## Happy Birthday Chet.

That day has come once more,  
That day he was born  
And brought so much joy,  
So much joy into my life.  
He blows his horn  
And the melodious sound  
Reaches me in mind and heart.  
So many problems in his life,  
So full of drugs,  
Yet his music never suffered.  
His music so important,  
So important to me.  
So once more as I listen,  
Listen to his music,  
I wish him Happy Birthday,  
Happy Birthday Chet.

## Errors In Life.

In our life we can make errors,  
That is not unusual  
We are just human after all.  
But if somebody really screws up  
And makes an awful error in life  
Which brings despair and horror,  
Despair and horror to all,  
And then they blame it on others  
They are surely set to be managers,  
Or even politicians.

## Christmas Wishes To MPS.

To all my friends on My Poetic Side,  
And to all others who share their fine words,  
Showering me with their fine words of pride,  
That fly though the ether like wondrous birds.

I wish you all Such joyous loving times,  
On this most special day at this year's end,  
And into the New Year give me more rhymes,  
As I will to you also my words send.

May your lives be filled with joy and wonder,  
And be full of that love which you deserve,  
Never to be pulled to a life asunder,  
But filled with effort glory and verve.

To all of you my best wishes I send,  
And may your great writings never end.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

## Decisions.

In life we make many decisions,  
Some are good,  
Some are bad,  
But if we can be in a place,  
A place of calmness  
We make decisions in that place,  
In that fine place of peace  
We can think about them  
And make the right decisions.  
If we make those decisions,  
Make them from a reaction,  
They could be wrong  
And lead to unrest.

## All That Jazz.

It started, as with much of my love of music,  
With my Dad.  
With him Swing was King  
And the monarch was Benny Goodman.  
This was my introduction  
Of the world and wonder of Jazz.

From those early days I have listened  
To many types of this music and loved them all.  
The very early times of Bix and Jelly Roll  
And of course ol' Satchelmouth leading the way.  
Though the thirties of the big bands  
Basie, Ellington, Shaw and Miller;  
Leading to the swing of the forties.

Then out of this came the sound that was bebop;  
Bird and Dizzy in the lead, with this strange sound;  
Alien noises to the establishment,  
But became so wonderful to hear.  
It changed the course of Jazz history.  
The chromatic changes that weren't thought possible,  
Now becoming the sound, to which many flew.

Bebop mutated into so many varied type of Jazz.  
It lead to the disaster that was 'avant garde'.  
A sound, to my mind, that just wasn't music.  
That Coltrane record I bought,  
Put the needle anywhere on the disc,  
The sound was just as bad.  
I wonder if I could listen to it now,  
With my more open minded view of music.

Cool Jazz given birth by Miles;

So harmonic, so soft, so mind-blowing.  
This sound of mellow tones coming through my mind  
And into my soul.  
The beautiful sounds of Chet, Stan and Dave;  
Pure melancholy, transporting me  
To a world where all is calm and peaceful.

Trad, that sound that some decry,  
But whenever it is played, all the feet tap.  
Acker and Kenny leading the way  
With this cheerful and foot tapping sound,  
That can never fail to lift any depression  
With its sound of unalloyed joy.

And then of course there was Oscar.  
The man who can take me to places  
That only exist in my dream of heaven.  
This man who when he died  
Took a piece of my life with him;  
A man whose music was part of me,  
And still is.

Jazz, the sounds that many can't stand.  
But to me, a world of such varying ways  
Of contemplating the world of music ,  
That has been with me all my life;  
And is still there for me.

## Love To Eternity.

When that person comes into your life,  
That person you fall in love with  
You know that the love is strong  
As they take care of your heart  
And keep it safe from harm.  
That person will open up their soul  
And keep no secrets from you,  
They will always bring you happiness  
And with that person you can laugh,  
Laugh at and with each other.  
I now have that love  
With the person that I love,  
Love so much,  
And she loves me,  
Loves me so much,  
As we travel in our love to eternity.

## Passed Mistakes.

In our lives we all make them,  
We make mistakes many times,  
We may not know from where they come  
But in our minds they send their chimes.

Going back in time we cannot do,  
But using them to learn in life  
Is the way that then you knew  
To get to a place less rife.

Knowledge leads us to better ways  
And to forgive ourselves each day  
And to ourselves bring praise  
To show us to that better way.

## Five Years Ago Today Sonnet.

Today is now that sad day in my life,  
Five years ago today I lost my wife,  
Taken from me after so many years,  
That when she passed I shed so many tears.

Forty wonderful years of married bliss,  
Why was she taken from me just like this,  
Dementia came to her life and took her,  
So that at her end she just did not stir.

I sat by her bed as she took her last breath,  
Strangely a release came to us from death,  
As she passed into heavens fine abode,  
And her star above down on me she showed.

She still looks down on me with pleasure shown,  
So pleased for me as I am not alone.

## The Last Poem This Year.

I sit with the blank page before me  
And start to write these words,  
The words for this poem,  
The last one of this year.

This year has had so many troubles,  
Troubles in the world where we live,  
We hear on the news of death and destruction  
Where so many are killed.

But away from the news we have our lives,  
Our own lives where all is well,  
So I say to you all live your life well  
And fill it with happiness, peace and love.

## The New Year Of Love, Joy And Peace.

Midnight came,  
The New Year was here,  
So out of the front door I went  
Glass of scotch in hand,  
And across the road  
Some neighbours were out.  
We wished each other  
A Happy New Year,  
Stood and chatted in the wind,  
Fireworks going off around us.  
We were the only ones out  
So as usual I said 'Cheers',  
'Cheers' to the New Year  
And to all in my life  
Both present and passed.  
And the same I say to you,  
To you all who read these words,  
May the New Year be filled,  
Filled with love, Joy and peace.

## Travelling Through Life.

As you travel through your life,  
For what are you seeking?  
The struggle throughout childhood  
Into young adult hood,  
Fraught with fear,  
As you conquer the unknown.  
The unknown becomes the experience  
That is used throughout your lifetime,  
Each new event widening that knowledge.

Life can be a jungle.  
As you battle through adulthood,  
Trying to go forward.  
Others pull you back or distract you,  
From reaching that unknown goal  
For which you strive.  
The turmoils that you face each day,  
Adding to your experience,  
But finding it harder to achieve.

You move into your twilight years,  
Your journey nearly over.  
What has it meant?  
Are you still going forward?  
Was your life worth the living?  
Are all your dreams achieved?  
Have you found what you sought?  
Was your life mapped out?  
Did you follow the route?

I look back on the life I've led  
And find that my jungle had its problems.  
But I still moved forward,

And that my life's journey  
Was filled with joy and love.  
As I come into the light of old age,  
I can look back and think that my life was good.  
And when the time comes;  
I can leave it as a contented man.

## Into The Great New Year.

On this New Years morning  
I step into the shower,  
The water flows over me  
Washing all the old year from me,  
Taking away any worries in my life  
Leaving everything that is good  
To take into the new year.  
My life has far more good than bad,  
I have the beauty of Nature around me,  
The glory of music within me,  
And my beautiful lover beside me.  
My life is so good  
So I know this New Year will be  
Will be so wonderful,  
As I know this particular day,  
This day is already good,  
As I got up this morning.

## Brightening Love.

What a strange morning it was,  
There we were,  
In the middle of winter,  
Temperature barely above freezing,  
But there we were,  
Walking along the beach  
In glorious sunshine.  
The sun shining down,  
Shining down on us  
As the new year starts,  
And my lover and I walk,  
Walk together in the sun  
With our love,  
Our love for each other  
Brightening this bright day.

## Another New Day Tanka.

Another day comes,  
I rise into this new day  
Showing all is well  
And another brand new day  
Enters into my long life.

## The Time Has Come.

Well that time has come,  
The time to leave the island,  
The island we love.  
Back to our home  
Where love abounds,  
Abounds within its walls.  
Our love comes with us,  
With us all the time  
But our home is special  
As our love permeates,  
Permeates the walls  
And increases our love  
All the time we are home.  
So we will be there today,  
But we will be back,  
Back to our island,  
The place we call,  
We call our second home  
As it too is so full,  
So full of the love,  
The love we have,  
We have for each other.

## Watson And Homes Went Camping.

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"

## Our Lakeside River.

Once more we went into town,  
There we saw Our River,  
But Our River was a lake  
Covering the fields around it,  
Swamping the Bandstand.  
The swans and geese were swimming,  
Swimming all over,  
All over the fields,  
Some around the swings and slides.  
But it was a glorious sunny morning  
And the view of Our River was superb,  
The images mirrored all over  
Bringing joy to our world  
As we looked at its beauty.  
Knowing that it would change,  
Change in time  
And we would walk together once more,  
Walk together by the side,  
By the side of Our River,  
Our River leading us,  
Leading us to Eternity.

## An Evening Out.

There she is this young lady  
With whom I am going to dine,  
Walking towards me  
In her usual purposeful way.  
We greet each other  
With a loving hug.  
We walk to the eatery  
And order some food,  
Thai this time.  
As we eat, we talk.  
We talk of many things.  
Of her life,  
Of mine,  
Of families,  
And friends.  
We look back,  
And as we look back  
I find she has no regrets.  
No problems with wrong decisions,  
Just dismisses them without any fears.  
As I near the end of my time on this world  
We talk of her new life before her,  
Her ambitions,  
And where her future will be.  
She has her plans,  
They may be changed,  
Changed by circumstances  
That come into her life,  
But she will deal with these  
In her usual positive way.  
We talk of music, art and poetry,  
And agree that each is subjective  
Within each of us.

We talk of her writing  
And the joy she finds in it.  
The time flies by,  
The meal is finished  
And we wonder where the time went,  
But that is what it is like  
When we meet,  
Time seems suspended.  
She is my Granddaughter,  
But better than that,  
She is my friend.

## My Path Of Life.

In life I have travelled so many paths,  
Some leading me to sadness,  
Some to happiness.  
But along those paths  
I may not have gone,  
Gone to where I intended,  
But each path has brought me,  
Brough me to this place,  
This place where I have ended,  
The place where I need to be.

## Never Blame.

In life we meet many people,  
They bring all feelings to us  
But we must never blame them,  
Never blame them for things,  
Things they bring to our lives.  
As good people bring us happiness,  
Bringing joy to our world.  
Bad people bring us experience,  
And experience cannot be taught.  
The worst people teach us,  
Teach us to take another way.  
But the best people give us memories,  
Memories that fill our lives,  
Fill our lives with joy and love.

## My Live With Music.

I cannot remember it never being there;  
Those sounds, so wondrous enveloping my senses.  
From my earliest years I was surrounded  
By the music of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky  
And of course Mozart.

I have listened and loved all types of music,  
From the stunning soundscapes created by Tallis,  
The genius Johann Sebastian Bach.  
The many Russians who create such music  
That the wonder of the sounds astound me.

I have ventured into more modern music,  
With Shostakovitch, Messian and Glass.  
Glass a composer that is surprising,  
Seemingly so simple and repetitive,  
But wonderful sounds enter my mind.

There is always jazz, always there,  
Oscar, Dave, Dizzy, Miles, The Bird.  
How do they make this wonderful sound  
That comes from their hearts, with  
Such amazing ease.

So many emotions come to me  
When listening, I laugh, I cry  
I get angry, I feel love and I feel calm.  
Music, is my refuge when life  
Gets in the way of living.

There often comes a point in my life  
Where only Quo will do  
You know what you are going to get;

It always lifts my state no matter  
What level my mind is at.

The genius of music by Pink Ffloyd,  
The Moody Blues and Queen.  
They would get nowhere now,  
In this time of formulaic music  
That has to follow a set pattern.

There is so much music.  
I realise that the more  
I know about music, the more  
Ignorant I am, so,  
I strive to learn more.

With all these journeys into  
Many and various genres of music  
I find that I need to come back  
To a solid foundation, so I surround myself  
With the genius that is Mozart.

## **Our Book Of Life.**

We are all in a book,  
The book of life.  
When we read the chapters  
We find some are sad,  
And some are Happy,  
And there are those,  
Those that are exciting.  
We must keep reading,  
Reading our book of life  
As if we never turn the page  
We will never know,  
Never know what the next chapter,  
What the next chapter has in store,  
Has in store for us.  
So keep reading,  
Keep reading your book of life.

## New Moon Sonnet.

I wake this day before dawns early light,  
Open the curtains to look at the dark,  
But the full moon does shine on me so bright,  
That brings me glory and music like a lark.

The brightness of this full moon starts my day,  
With glory and wonder waiting for me,  
As its light in my world shows me the way,  
To fulfil my day with beauty and glee.

So into this new day do I now know,  
That it will be filled with the love of life,  
From which the love and joy from all will flow,  
In my daytime path without any strife.

So I thank the moon for its wonderful light,  
Showing me that all this day will be bright.

## Death In The Night.

As day turns to night, and the sun disappears,  
I leave the safety of my hidden place  
And fly into the night.  
I fly on black, silent wings,  
Moving me with ease through the air.  
Looking down, I see a world below me,  
That is dying.  
They kill each other for no reason.  
But I can stop that!  
I can make it that they live forever.  
As I land amongst them  
And feed on their blood,  
My fangs deep in their veins,  
They become as immortal as I.  
I am sated for another night.  
I spread my wings and fly back to my hidden place,  
Returning to the safety of my tomb for another day,  
Until the sun leaves the sky,  
When once more I go into the darkness,  
Where I may seek you out.

## Start The Day.

We come into the new day,  
And into that new day  
Do not bring any broken pieces,  
Any broken pieces from yesterday.  
As this new day is a new beginning,  
A new beginning into your life.  
As each day we wake up  
We awake into that first day,  
That first day of our new life.

## Healthy Body.

In this life we want to keep well,  
To try and keep healthy all the time.  
What we need to realise  
Is that health need not come from medicine,  
It comes from many other things.  
Peace in the mind,  
Peace in the heart  
Are ways of keeping well.  
But mostly it comes from within you,  
From laughter,  
But mainly it comes from love,  
So keep that love for others,  
For others to see,  
To maintain your healthy life.

## Mozart Yet Again.

Yet again that music came to me!  
I was sitting with a blank page before me,  
Getting ready to write  
When on the radio it came,  
Came and stopped me,  
Stopped me from writing,  
Writing my new words.  
The music took over,  
Took over my body and mind.  
I just sat there almost in tears  
As this glorious music surrounded me  
And brought such emotion to me.  
It was Mozart once again,  
The finest of all composers  
Bringing his world to mine.  
I just sat there and listened,  
Listened to the end  
And then these words,  
These words came to me.  
For all to read.

## Walking By My River Sonnet.

By gentle waters where the willows weep,  
I wandered slow, beneath the evening haze.  
My River whispering secrets, low and deep,  
As twilight wove its soft, enshrouding maze.

The moon, a silver sentinel on high,  
Adorned the path with beams of tender light.  
Reflections danced like stars within the sky,  
A mirror to the soul in tranquil night.

Beneath the boughs, a quiet peace I found,  
Where memories and dreams entwined with grace.  
My River sang a song without a sound,  
Its current's rhythm matched my heart's own pace.

In nature's arms, I felt the world composed,  
Where love, time and My River's flow reposed.

## Seventies Love Sonnet.

The brightest light in my life is with me,  
The lady that I love with all my heart  
Is forever there and always will be  
And we know we will never be apart.

If we are apart just for a short time  
We just miss each other so very much  
As our time with each other is sublime  
We need to be close for that loving touch.

Our love for each other is so, so strong  
That we need to always be side by side  
Hoping that our life together is long  
And we walk to eternity with pride.

It is so unbelievable for us both,  
That in our seventies we fell in love.

## Live For Today.

We often think about our past  
Where we lived and learnt,  
But it must be left there  
As if we live in our past  
It could destroy our future.  
We always need to move on,  
Move on into our future.  
So remember to live for today,  
For what today has to offer  
And not for yesterday,  
For what yesterday has taken,  
What yesterday has taken away.

## My Saving Grace.

My River yet again came to my aid,  
The pain and frustration of those  
Whose lack of respect, and sheer impoliteness  
Was calmed, by my walk along the Avon.  
Strolling with camera to hand;  
A gentle time, with the sights and sounds  
That always seem to bring me peace.

At first the many people with holidaying children,  
Shouting and laughing, free from work;  
Running, skipping, playing with balls in the park,  
Getting wet by the water shooting up from the ground,  
The laughter increasing, the wetter they get;  
Unbounded happiness for me to see.

The many left behind, I walk into quieter streams.  
The swans gliding past with no noise at all,  
The pigeons floating in the air  
As they reach for the skies, or land in the trees;  
Their sounds of repeated coos,  
A balm to my calming spirit.

At last to the quietest part, where I stop and commune,  
With nature and my spirit, my special time.  
My river at my side, my God in my mind.  
The anger, almost departed.  
Then the fast walk back, the frustration paling in every  
Breath laden step, at last I am back to the start.

Anger dissipated.  
Frustration gone.  
My River has done its work once more.  
My saving grace going on for ever,

And will do so for far longer  
Than I will ever be able walk beside it.

## Gustav Mahler Acrostic.

Genius of symphonies all his life  
Unfolding wonder with each note  
Sweeping movements in each piece  
Traversing the heart with deep feelings  
Alluring melodies so profound  
Vivid with passion for all

Master of musical colour of sound  
Architect of dreams from music  
Harmonious landscapes for all to feel  
Laying his music into our lives  
Elevating music to celestial ground  
Revered by so many with his legacy

## New Joy To The Choir.

Back to the choir after Christmas,  
Into the third week we went  
But this was different,  
New people had started,  
Started in this return of the choir,  
Return of the choir in the New Year.  
We had a new Music Director  
And a new pianist,  
What a difference they have made!  
All the choir are happy,  
They enjoy their singing much more.  
So much enthusiasm to be seen  
As these two wonderful musicians  
Bring more joy and wonder,  
More joy and wonder to us.  
With them at the helm  
The choir will move on,  
Move on to a better place,  
A better place in their music  
And in their performances.  
So I give thanks,  
Thanks and appreciation  
To these two new people,  
Bringing so much more joy,  
More joy and happiness  
To all in our choir.

## Temporary Living.

Many things happen in our lives,  
And many of those things are temporary.  
If things are going well enjoy them  
As they may not last forever.  
If things are not going well don't worry  
As they will not last forever.  
So remember to enjoy the good things in life  
And remember them,  
As the bad things will happen  
But they can be forgotten,  
As they will move on,  
As we move into the better ways.

## Daily Sensuality.

I am with you every day;  
You take me into your hands  
And I glide smoothly over your shoulders,  
Sliding effortlessly down your back  
And up again, rubbing soothingly,  
Until your aching passion  
Reaches that point where, I move  
To the front of your body,  
Gently caressing the hills and valleys  
Of your soft smooth skin.  
I move down to the tender hills  
Of your rounded buttocks,  
And softly wander around them.  
You guide me to your legs  
Moving slowly up your calves  
To your soft, silky smooth thighs,  
Until your body tingles in anticipation,  
Causing me to move to that place,  
That place so aroused that all other thoughts  
Are driven from your mind.  
I caress the area that can explode with passion.  
Until the final moment when,  
You expel me sensually from your skin  
With glistening droplets of gentle warm water;  
And I am put back on the shelf,  
Ready to clean you under the shower, the next time.

## Mozart's Birthday Sonnet.

On this day in Salzburg he came to all,  
A child whose music would us all enthrall,  
Music so wonderful for us to hear,  
Brought into our ever-listening ear.

His nimble fingers dancing on the keys,  
Weaving a tapestry of such great sound,  
Music that for us all would ever please,  
Symphonies that would ever us embound.

Dear Mozart on this fine day of your birth,  
Your melodies travel both time and space,  
Bringing so much to us all on this earth,  
A fleeting touch of heaven's warm embrace.

As candles flicker on your day of birth,  
We celebrate your gift and endless worth.

## Words On This Page.

I look at this blank page  
And wonder what words to write,  
Could they be about Nature,  
They may be about Music,  
Or even my love for her.  
But this time they are none of these  
As the words that I have written  
Will be the ones that are here,  
Others will come again,  
On the next page I write.

## In Silence And Beyond.

In silence the mind is set free  
Letting the thoughts of life go  
And letting purity into the mind,  
Taking us to a place of pure peace  
Where we can be in our own world,  
To live our lives in unspoken joy.  
That silence tells us so much,  
Brought to us from within  
Where our Spirit lives within us  
And shows us the way into life.  
We know that that Spirit will never leave  
And bring love joy and life to us,  
In that silence of our life,  
Our life and beyond.

## Jazz History

Once more I was blown away  
Blown away by the music  
There they were on stage  
Just the three of them  
Clarinet, bass and guitar  
And they took me back  
Back to those days  
Those days when jazz was born  
Such wonderful sounds  
From a time long gone  
But brought to life  
Brought to life by these three  
These three wonderful musicians  
Who blew me away  
Back into the wonder of jazz.

## Imagine If You Will.

Imagine if you will a walk along the shore,  
The soft sandy beach of a sun kissed island.  
The waves lapping gently at your feet,  
The sun warming upon your skin.

Imagine if you will a view from the mountain,  
The valleys and cliffs seen below.  
The satisfaction of completing the climb,  
That was both challenging and rewarding.

Imagine if you will a walk through the woods,  
The trees allowing a path through them,  
To a clearing where your loved one waits,  
Where you can be together forever.

Imagine if you will this world at peace,  
No war, no strife, just freedom and joy.  
No rancour with your neighbours,  
No matter what your differences.

Imagine if you will a journey to the stars,  
Through the vastness of space.  
Travelling towards your Nirvana,  
Where all is peaceful and contentment rules.

Imagine if you will . . . . . ?

## The Pirates Of Penzance.

The pirates came onto the stage,  
Singing their songs of the sea,  
Not to all did their hatred rage,  
Just the few who would from them free.  
They released their young boy,  
Free to go his own way  
And he found his loved one,  
Now he was freed from the fray.  
The show went on in beauty and song  
And at the end all was good,  
And happiness filled the throng.  
The songs were sung,  
All that I knew and hummed  
As the show went on.  
Another wonderful evening  
Where the Pirates of Penzance  
Enthralled all the people  
Brought here to see,  
There songs they sung of love,  
Of love and the sea.

## The Six Nations.

The new day came,  
A day where I was taken away,  
Taken away into rugby's world.  
The Six Nations was back,  
As it is every year.  
Six countries playing the game,  
The game that I love watching  
And on this first day I saw them,  
Saw all three matches.  
France verses Wales,  
Scotland against Italy,  
Ireland verses England.  
There I was in my chair  
Watching them all  
As I am a rugby nut  
And have been watching them,  
Watching them forever  
From my time as a young boy  
And still to this time,  
As a very old man.  
The game intrigues me  
And always will do.  
So roll on next weekend  
When another three matches,  
Matches will come for me to enjoy.

## Whispers Of The Heart Senryu.

In the quiet night,  
Two hearts beat in harmony,  
Love's silent embrace.

## At One With Nature's Wonder.

Looking ahead to the horizon  
Natures beauty before me  
I am taken into its natural world,  
The green, brown and yellow artwork,  
And the blue of the sky above,  
The occasional white cloud floating by,  
The glory of this world before me.  
And then there is the music,  
Nature's symphony comes to me,  
Comes to my ears,  
And there am I brought to peace,  
The peace of being with Nature  
Bringing wonder and glory,  
Wonder, glory and life to me  
As I become one with Nature,  
At one with Nature's wonder.

## Together In Wondrous Love.

We still cannot believe it,  
Us two together,  
So much in love.  
Both in our late seventies  
Fell in love with each other,  
Fell in love only three years ago.  
A love that is so strong  
It is unbelievable the way we feel,  
The way we feel for each other.  
We must have done something right,  
Something right in our lives,  
Something right to feel this way.  
We were both married in the past,  
But they both passed into heaven  
And look down on us with joy,  
Joy that we have found each other  
And are having such wondrous love.  
We just cannot bear being alone,  
We must always be together.  
And together we will stay  
Until that day when we will meet,  
Meet our past spouses  
When we see them in heaven,  
And the four of us  
Going to eternity together,  
Filled with love and joy.

## Moon And Stars Sonnet.

When twilight fades and night begins to bloom,  
The moon ascends, a lantern in the sky,  
With silver beams dispelling shades of gloom,  
And stars, like diamonds, glisten bright on high.

In silent harmony, they share their light,  
A cosmic dance upon the velvet night,  
The moon's soft glow, the stars' celestial flight,  
In tranquil beauty, both their hearts unite.

Beneath their gaze, the world in slumber lies,  
A tranquil sea beneath the starry choir,  
Their whispered secrets sung in lullabies,  
Igniting dreams with soft, ethereal fire.

Dear moon and stars, your timeless grace is there,  
In night's embrace, I see you really care.

## On My Road Of Time.

I have walked the road of time,  
Walked it for so many years  
And each step of that road  
Has led to words on a page,  
Showing the good and the bad  
That I have seen along the road.  
But in my long life  
The good has always been there,  
It outweighs the bad so much.  
So I look back on my life  
And see so much good about it,  
And most of all the love,  
The love that has been there.  
From my parents who taught me,  
Taught me the right way,  
The right way to live with respect,  
Respect to all around.  
Then I met her,  
Met my wonderful wife  
And in our forty years,  
Forty years married  
We never had a row.  
The sad time then came  
When she suffered,  
Suffered and died,  
The saddest day of all.  
But then it happened again,  
I met another lady  
And love bloomed once more,  
And the new path started,  
The new path on my road,  
On my road of time.

## A Smile In My Heart.

Once more we were there,  
Seeing them on the stage,  
The finest Jazz Band I know.  
Ten times we have seen them  
And there will be more to follow.  
But last night was different  
As Marvin was on the stage,  
On the stage most of the time.  
A singer who drew me into him,  
Drew me into him from the start,  
From the first time I saw him,  
Saw him a few years ago.  
And last night he sang,  
Sang so many songs  
I was pulled into his singing  
And could listen to him,  
Listen to him forever.  
The band were so wonderful,  
Playing Jazz of old,  
Bringing such joy to all,  
To all in the theatre.  
And once more when I left  
When the concert was over,  
I went home with a smile,  
With a smile in my heart.

## The Battle Of Twickenham.

The battle started once more,  
Over so many years they came,  
That time back in Hastings  
In ten sixty-six they first came  
And won the battle.  
Throughout time they have come,  
The French have come,  
Our enemies forever.  
But they came once more,  
They came and tried again  
But this time it was different,  
As at the end of the Battle,  
The Battle of Twickenham,  
The English defeated them,  
Defeated those damn Frenchies  
By winning the match,  
Winning the Rugby match,  
Beating them in the last minute  
Giving England a marvellous win.

## The Game Of Life.

At the beginning of our lives  
The cards of our life get dealt,  
In each hand that we play  
We may win and move forward,  
Sometimes we lose and move backwards,  
But another hand will be dealt  
And that shows us,  
Shows us that we are still in the game.  
In those deals our future rises  
With every hand we get dealt  
And we will always keep moving,  
Moving forward,  
Moving forward all the way,  
To that place when the last hand,  
The last hand is dealt,  
And we move into another game.

## Night Time Worries.

At the end of the day  
My bed calls,  
Into it I crawl  
Hoping sleep will come.  
I fall into that sleep  
But then I wake,  
Something is on my mind.  
The thought of it keeps me awake,  
Eventually I fall asleep,  
But then I awake again,  
And another worry comes to me,  
But after a while I fall asleep.  
I awake in the morning  
Thinking about those things,  
Those things that entered my mind.  
Many nights I sleep well  
And have pleasant dreams.  
But then there are those nights,  
Those nights where I worry,  
Worry once more,  
Worry about nothing to worry about.

## Another Good Day.

The new day comes into my life,  
I awake into it,  
And as I have awoken I know,  
I know it will be a good day.  
The day will pass  
And sleep will come to me,  
And I have the hope,  
The hope that I will awake,  
Awake once more,  
Once more into another good day.

## Four Thousandth Poem Sonnet.

From that memorable day years ago  
The first words of my poetry did come  
And my mind with words did then come aglow,  
And every day my poems poems would hum.

Every day new words would now descend  
Onto the blank sheet there in front of me,  
And all those words from my heart would now blend,  
Into poetry that my mind set free.

So many pages have now been written,  
My life in its many forms can be seen,  
As each word I wrote has now been smitten,  
And shows you all how my life has now been.

So four thousand poems have now been writ,  
From within my mind where new words do sit.

## To My Loving Lady.

To my loving lady  
I wish I could turn the clock back,  
Turn it back to find you sooner  
So I could love you longer.  
I may not be your first date,  
Your first kiss,  
Or your first love  
But our life together is special,  
So special with love,  
With love that is so deep.  
I want to be your last,  
Your last everything.  
All I can say  
Is that I love you,  
Love you forever  
And will love you always,  
As In you I have found,  
Found not just love  
But my lover,  
My lover on my journey  
That makes that journey beautiful,  
More beautiful every step,  
Every step of the way.

## Show People Sunshine.

In life we can help in many ways,  
Be kind and scatter sunshine.  
If we show people light  
With such a simple thing  
Like a kind word or a smile  
We may touch their lives  
And bring them happiness  
As the light of their lives is lit.

## Sonnet On The Death Of A Friend.

In silken shadows where the cold light fades,  
A soul departs, too soon from earth's embrace,  
With sorrowed hearts, we tread these twilight glades,  
And mourn the friend who leaves an empty space.

The laughter shared now echoes faint and far,  
Like whispers lost upon the evening breeze,  
No longer shines their light, our guiding star,  
Their absence leaves us lonely 'neath the trees.

Yet in our hearts, their memory endures,  
A beacon bright against the darkest night,  
Their spirit lives in moments pure and sure,  
In every tear, a testament of light.

Though grief may weigh, and time may heal our pains,  
Our love for them in heart and soul remains.

## Walking In The Store.

I was walking in the store,  
My missus by my side.

She was looking at clothes,  
I was looking disinterested.

When all at once I saw him,  
This man some yards away.

There is a good looking young man,  
I thought.

We approached each other,  
And with each step he changed.

He got older,  
And wider.

And all at once I crashed into the mirror.  
I really must go to Specsavers!

## Sun On Our Lives Sonnet.

The dark grey days have been with us so long,  
Yet this morning the sun shone on our life,  
Bringing happiness and light to our throng,  
No longer darkening our days with strife.

Into the bright day many steps we trod,  
Enjoying the glory of Natures world,  
Glowing in the paths that that our world had shod,  
Where the beauty of life around us whirled.

Such a wondrous time we had on this day,  
Walking together with such harmony,  
Our time with each other showing the way,  
The light of our world so very sunny.

This day was a wonderful day for us,  
And we know it will forever be thus.

## What I Call Shopping.

I parked the car in the car park,  
The car park of the shop.  
Into it I went,  
The guy behind the counter said "Hi,  
How can I help you?"  
"I want a case of The guv'ner  
And a case of The Reisling please".  
The guv'ner is my favourite,  
And the Reisling the Mrs favourite.  
To the counter he brought them,  
I paid for them,  
Out to the car he took them,  
Put them in the boot.  
"Thanks very much" I said,  
"Have a good day." He said.  
And off I drove to home.  
It was such a fast shop,  
It must have been less than five minutes  
From parking the car  
Getting the wine  
And then driving off.  
Now that is what I call shopping.  
CHEERS!

## **Fine Day Tanka.**

Soft rays of sunlight  
Kissing the morning blossoms,  
Whispers of the breeze,  
A tranquil dance of nature,  
Heart's serenity unveiled.

## The Breath Of Music.

The sound came to me,  
The music so peaceful.  
I breathed it into my heart  
The beauty took me over  
And into I fine world I went,  
Breathing in the wonder,  
The wonder of the world,  
The world of music,  
Music that brought such love,  
Such love within me,  
In my mind, my heart and my soul.  
The breath of music is there,  
And I will breathe it forever.

## Calliope Acrostic.

Calliope looks down on me  
Adding words to my mind,  
Letting the words flow on the page  
Like a smooth river of time,  
Initiating ideas of love and joy.  
Opening my thoughts to be written,  
Presenting these new words  
Every day of my life.

## Music Is A River. Sonnet.

It flows through the ether in such wonder  
Bringing sounds of beauty and such glory,  
Sorrow and sadness it blows asunder  
As its sound enhances our life's story.

Music is there for all in this world,  
To bring many emotions to our life,  
Ensuring the hate is always unfurled,  
To make the love in all forever rife.

Music is like a river passing by  
Where we can dip into it with our cup,  
Bringing wonder to us so we can fly,  
In each of the notes that we can sup.

Drinking in music can sustain us all  
Bringing beauty and love for us to fall.

## Keys In A Mansion.

The door opens and into the first room you step  
And look around in wonder  
At the peaceful scenes on the wall.  
The soft furnishings all around  
Like a slow symphonic movement  
Played in a major key.  
The calm washes over you  
And you are at peace.  
As you step into the next room  
The key changes,  
It takes you to a world of nature,  
Sparkling all around.  
Trees and flowers abound.  
The sounds of a concerto  
Showing you that life is good.  
You reach the next room  
And all changes,  
The minor key shows anger,  
The cruelty in this world.  
The music so loud, so staccato  
Leading to the room where sadness abounds,  
Another minor key,  
Where the sound of a plaintive oboe,  
Casts its solemn tune into your mind,  
The leaden feeling shown and felt within the room.  
The darkness and gloom slide past  
As you reach another door.  
What will the next room show?  
What key will the feeling bring?  
Keys can be like rooms  
And in the mansion where you find yourself  
There are twenty-four keys.  
Emotions galore to be heard, seen and felt.

## Natures Symphony Is Here.

Up into the darkened morning I rise,  
Wander down the stairs to start my day,  
And I hear them,  
Hear them for the first time for a while.  
The solo from a bird sings to me,  
And the chorus joins in beautiful harmony.  
Natures concerto started my day  
And it gives me a wonderful feeling.  
As the day gets lighter the chorus will swell  
And Natures Symphony will play for me,  
Bringing its music to my glorious day.

## The Information Building.

When I entered the silence surrounded me,  
This was a hallowed place, full of answers,  
A place where joy and wisdom abounded.  
The occasional turn of a page was heard  
Where somebody was seeking knowledge.  
The footfalls so carefully trod  
Not disturbing others from their peace.  
As I creep down the rows  
The books either side look down on me,  
All these words needing to be read.  
I stop and gaze at the majestic tomes  
And slide one gently from the shelf.  
The words so beautifully crafted on the page  
Give so much pleasure in their form.  
I read page after page  
And there I find that for which I was looking.  
I almost broke the silence with my thoughts  
As there it was the information I needed.  
So much information in this library,  
This hallowed place,  
Had now answered my question.  
My bus was due in ten minutes.

## The New Jacques Loussier.

Such a wonderful night was had,  
Three musicians taking me,  
Taking me into another world,  
A world where classical met jazz,  
A world of wonder and beauty.  
The time just flew by as they played,  
Their playing was incredible.  
Bach and Beethoven were there,  
As were Massenet and Chopin,  
Many more joined,  
They were 'jazzified' into a new way  
Bringing wonder and joy to my heart.  
An evening that will stay with me,  
A new Jacques Loussier is here.

## The Beauty Of The New Day Sonnet.

As dawn unveils the sky's first tender light,  
The night retreats, a shadow's swift embrace.  
With hues of gold, the morning casts its sight,  
Awakening the earth with gentle grace.

The dewdrops glisten on the leaves so green,  
Each sparkling gem a kiss from heaven's hand.  
The flowers bloom, in vibrant robes they're seen,  
A symphony of life across the land.

The songbird's chorus greets the break of day,  
Their melodies a testament of cheer.  
In every note, a promise to convey,  
That hope and joy are ever drawing near.

Embrace the dawn, the gift that time bestows,  
For in its light, the heart anew it grows.

## **That Place Called Home.**

We leave our house many times,  
Sometimes just for errands  
And often to meet friends,  
Occasionally to go away.  
Each of those journeys is enjoyed,  
Going to new places  
Fills our hearts with joy.  
But in our lives there is one place,  
One place that means so much,  
So much in our lives.  
That place is always there,  
Always there for us.  
So when we open that door  
We walk into that marvellous place,  
That place that we call home.  
Home is where the heart belongs  
And life is at its absolute best,  
In that place called home.

## Love For Eternity And Beyond.

We just do not understand,  
Our love for each other is so strong  
And here we are both approaching,  
Approaching eighty years old.  
But our love is so wonderful,  
We cannot be apart from each other.  
Four years since I asked her,  
Asked her out for coffee,  
And now we are together,  
Together as one.  
Such a wonderful love we have  
Never known anything like it.

I loved my wife for thirty eight years  
And that love never failed,  
Mary had her love too of many years  
But he was taken from her.  
They are both looking down,  
Looking down on us from heaven  
And they are with us with joy.

This new love is different,  
And so very strong,  
We will go on forever until that day,  
That day when the four,  
The four of us are together for eternity,  
For eternity and beyond.

## Fighting For Peace!

Throughout the world they fight!  
Wars on wars!  
For what reason?  
They want their own way  
To do what they want to do!  
They sometimes call it  
Fighting for peace!  
That is not the way to do it,  
Talking reasonably to each other,  
That is the way to go,  
Bringing love to our world.  
But no they have to fight!  
And keep fighting 'for peace!'  
But what is the point,  
As fighting for peace  
Is like fucking for chastity!

## 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!

## 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"

## What Problems.

People see me as I am,  
I do not hide anything  
By telling untruths.  
I treat them with respect  
And help if I can.  
All my life I have listened,  
Listened to people's problems  
As listening does help  
Not just hearing.  
In listening they can fix their ways,  
By knowing that I understand  
And will help if possible.

Sometimes there are people,  
People who don't care  
And look down on me,  
But I say to them  
This is me,  
If you don't like what you see,  
It is not my problem,  
It is yours.

## The Final Song.

Soprano to my left,  
Soprano to my right,  
I was set in a cleft  
At the end of the night.

Mix yourselves all around the conductor said,  
So there we were a four part choir  
Not in our set groups as normal  
But mixed all over.  
So we sang,  
We sang our hearts out  
Each hearing a different voice,  
Different voice at our sides.  
We finished the song,  
The final song of the night  
And all had beaming faces  
As a wonderful sound had been made  
And smiling and joy abounded  
As we came to the end of our day.

## 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.

## Blessed Be.

In our lives we must be blessed,  
We can breathe every moment,  
Walk down the street with friends  
While talking to them with humour.  
We can see where we are going,  
Clean water is there for us  
And food is always on the table.  
We can sleep without worries  
And each morning wake into the new day.  
We are blessed with fine lives.  
So always be thankful  
As there are those who are not,  
Not blessed with what we have.

## Hippowhatsitphobia Acrostic.

Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia

Have you seen the word?

It scares you,

Puts the fear of God

Parading around your head,

Offering no comfort in

Pausing to let your 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 pneumoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis

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 boggyphobia.

## **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.

## The Moon Above.

I look out to the earl light of dawn,  
There I see before me the shining moon,  
Glowing for me as this new day does spawn,  
And fly me to the moon I start to croon.

A wonderful day awaits me this day,  
As the moons' bright early light has shown me,  
Bringing such brightness to show me the way,  
Into a day of such wonder and glee.

Another fruitful day in my long life,  
As I travel lifes journey into wonder,  
And through it all so very little strife,  
Giving me so much beauty to ponder.

My long life has been full joy and love,  
Seen all the time by that moon above .

## **We Met On A Crossing.**

We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
She was coming from Spring.

Her hot, yellow breath keeping us warm  
During those last few months.  
The green, freshness of spring  
Changed by her warming rays.

Her long, long hot days,  
Changing the colours to straw.  
The occasional silver of rain  
Coating the ground with new grass.

We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
And I was going to Winter.

My cool, shortening days , warning of winter.  
Leading the way from reds and oranges,  
To the whites and browns.  
And the long black nights soon to come.

But this is my time, the crisp frosty mornings,  
Her cool yellow breath leading the way  
Into the rich colours so varied and bright  
That make me so loved by all.

We met on the crossing quite by chance;  
The place where Summer found Autumn.

## Life Is Ahead.

In life we must always move forward,  
So remember the life in front of you  
Is waiting for you to go into it.  
Your past cannot be changed  
But it can give you wisdom  
To go into a brighter future.  
So just ask yourself  
Is what you are doing today  
Getting you closer to that tomorrow,  
Where life will be better in your world.

## Oh Dear Wales.

There we were watching,  
Watching the rugby,  
Well at least I was.  
Mary was by my side  
Doing her things.  
Wales verses England,  
Mary had her Daffodil  
And her leek by her side,  
But it did no good  
As England outplayed them,  
Outplayed Wales and won,  
Won significantly.  
Sixty eight points for England  
And only fourteen for Wales.  
Although Mary was born in Wales  
After this defeat she is still talking,  
Talking to me,  
And our love is still strong.

## Wet Words.

The words of poems can be hard to form  
And sometimes not at all  
But why do words come to my mind  
As I enter the shower stall!

## Another Weekend By The Sea Sonnet.

Another weekend by the seaside's grace,  
Where waves embrace the shore with tender sighs,  
A symphony of blue in calm embrace,  
Beneath the endless stretch of azure skies.

The sun bestows its golden warmth so bright,  
On sands where footsteps write our fleeting tale,  
As seagulls dance on wings of pure delight,  
And ocean breezes whisper soft and pale.

Upon the cliffs, the tower stands with pride,  
A sentinel against the twilight's glow,  
Together, hand in hand, we take our stride,  
In nature's arms, where peace and solace flow.

Each moment here, a treasure to retain,  
Each time we come to seaside's sweet domain.

## What Is Life Together?

What is life together,  
So many things are there,  
Together we may suffer  
And struggle along the way,  
But we do not give up  
As we are together  
And any foibles are accepted.  
We know how to value each other  
With the love we have,  
Which is so strong and will never die,  
But will get stronger,  
Letting us know,  
Know that we have a true life,  
A true life partner and lover.  
We are as one for eternity,  
And beyond.

## The First Day Of Spring.

The winters veil dissolves in golden light,  
As dawn awakens earth with tender grace.  
The weary boughs, once bowed in winter's blight,  
Now lift their arms to greet the sun's embrace.

Soft whispers stir where silent frost had lain,  
A melody of blooms and budding leaves.  
The brook revives, released from ice's chain,  
And dances free where winter once bereaved.

The robin sings upon the emerald crest,  
A herald of the season's sweet return.  
The meadows don their bright and fragrant vest,  
As petals burst and perfumed breezes churn.

Spring now reborn in colours fresh and new,  
Painting the world in life's most vibrant hue.

## Kindness In Your Heart.

What if?

Two words that ask impossible questions

Thinking about what would happen

If we could have done something differently

Such a waste of time

Just look ahead

And do it differently now

It could be that today is that day

That day when you help others

That you may not have done in the past

You could help that person

Help them not to fall apart

So no matter what has happened

Move forward with kindness

Kindness in your heart.

## **Fifty Years Ago, Blimey. Sonnet.**

Just sitting in the quiet place thinking,  
Just thinking of my life throughout the years,  
Such a wonderful time which is shrinking,  
But my future does not hold any fears.

Each thought I have brings me wonderful joy,  
Such beautiful times brought to me each day,  
Each day that I did so much so enjoy,  
Showing me how to move in the right way.

I thought of the joy of music in life,  
That brought such wonderful memories passed,  
Which never ever brought me any strife,  
But which moved by so very, very fast.

I think back to seventy five,  
And think blimey that's fifty years ago!  
Have for all that time have I been alive,  
And think of course, and I have more to go.

## Where Was Our Dinner!

What an awful evening!  
Into the restaurant we went,  
Taken to our table,  
Looked at the menu,  
Chose our drinks,  
Then ordered our starters  
And our main course.  
The drinks came swiftly  
Then we waited,  
And we waited,  
Waited for half an hour.  
Eventually they came,  
Our starters were placed before us.  
We finished them  
And we waited.  
We just chatted and drank,  
The plates were cleared,  
And then we waited again!  
We finished our drinks  
And we waited,  
Waited three quarters of an hour  
But still no main meal!  
I spoke to the waiter  
But he just apologised,  
And we waited!  
Then we got up and walked out!  
The staff apologised  
But what was the point,  
We had been there for nearly two hours  
And just had starters  
And a drink!  
We will never go back,  
Never go back there again!!



## The Irony Of Life.

There is so much irony,  
So much irony in life.  
Sometimes we are sad  
But it is the sadness that shows us,  
Shows us what happiness is.  
Noise can fill our lives  
So that when silence happens  
Our appreciation of it  
Brings peace to our minds.  
Sometimes someone is not there,  
And it makes us aware  
Of their value when they are with us.

## 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.

## To Forever.

Each day we awake  
We must be grateful  
As each day can be wonderful.  
Every second of every day  
Brings goodness to you,  
So enjoy every one of them  
As you will come to that time,  
That time when,  
When there are more seconds,  
More seconds behind you  
Than there are ahead of you.  
So go forward with those seconds  
As every one is new,  
And will take you to forever.

## Love For Eternity.

Lover mine I love you with all my heart  
With a love so strong it will never cease,  
That love I have for you will never part  
And that love I'll never ever release.

My love for you is so, so very strong,  
I am within your body and your soul,  
Where being with each other will last long,  
With our love together will be our goal.

Our love for each other will never fail  
As we walk this life together as one,  
And into eternity we will sail  
Passing into our own oblivion.

Our love for each other will forever be  
And it will be around us for all to see.

## **Freedom Is Here.**

We are so lucky in life  
As we have wisdom,  
The richest thing we have.  
We have the strongest weapon,  
That weapon is patience.  
We are secure in our life  
As we have faith within us.  
We have the greatest of all  
As we have laughter  
Which cures all ills.  
And the most surprising thing  
Is that all these things we have,  
Is that they are all free.

## Create Yourself.

In our lives we sometimes fail  
But those failures give you something,  
They give you experience  
And from that experience you learn.  
That learning makes you change  
And go forward to find yourself,  
But finding yourself isn't the way,  
As finding yourself leads to creation,  
Where life is creating yourself,  
Creating yourself to a different person  
To that person you will be.  
Once your creation is done  
Live life to the full,  
And create yourself for all.

## A Night Forever Remembered.

The choir walked onto the stage,  
The men of the Treorchy Male Choir.  
Dinner jackets, white shirts and bow ties  
Worn by them all.  
The pianist was introduced,  
And then the conductor strode on.  
The piano struck some notes  
And this glorious sound came,  
The enchanting voices shone,  
Shone a light of beauty on me.  
Such a wonderful sound  
That took me away into a new world,  
A new world of such enjoyment.  
The basses, baritones and tenors singing,  
Singing in beautiful harmony  
Bringing such joy to me,  
And bringing joy to everyone,  
Everyone in that packed theatre,  
Not a spare seat to be seen.  
The choir sang their hearts out  
And at the end we applauded,  
Stood and applauded,  
Such a brilliant evening was over.  
We went home  
And the songs they sung repeated,  
Repeated in my mind all night,  
A night to be forever remembered.

## Uncomposed.

I set off down the street,  
I was going Chopin,  
I looked in my pocket,  
I had forgotten my Liszt,  
I turned around,  
I had to go Bach.

## A Musical Journey Sonnet.

Uncomposed melodies do fill the air,  
As I stride forth, with Chopin in my heart,  
Forgotten Liszt, my pockets stark and bare,  
Yet Bach's refrain shall guide me to restart.

The notes of Chopin's nocturnes softly play,  
While Liszt's grand echoes linger in the mind,  
To Bach's pure harmony, I turn and sway,  
In music's thrall, a unity we find.

A journey through the streets, with tones so sweet,  
From Chopin's depth to Liszt's virtuosic flair,  
To Bach's divine, transcendent, rhythmic beat,  
This symphony of masters, rich and rare.

Thus, in this sonnet, music intertwines,  
A tapestry of legends, pure and fine.

## Island Of Dreams.

It is there for us to go,  
A place where love is found,  
Where acrimony is never there.  
We all help each other  
With caring and beauty.  
A place where all are welcome  
And disagreements don't exist,  
All work together,  
And work with each other.  
So put all your troubles away,  
Leave them all behind you  
And join me in that wonderful place,  
That place we all wish for.  
So come with me  
To the Island of Dreams.

## Storms In Life.

Every storm runs out of rain,  
Every dark night turns into day.  
The clouds will part, the sun will rise,  
And chase the shadows far away.  
The winds will calm, the waves will still,  
And peace will fill the air once more.  
The world will wake, reborn anew,  
With hope and dreams it will restore.  
So hold on tight through tempest's roar,  
And know that brighter days await.  
For every storm runs out of rain,  
And love will conquer all with fate.

## Shining Love.

The new day is here,  
Such a strange day  
As nothing is planned,  
But the one good thing  
About this day  
And every day in my life  
Is that she is with me.  
My lover will be at my side  
As she always will be,  
We just cannot be parted,  
We must be together.  
It is almost unbelievable  
That two old codgers,  
Old codgers like us  
Fell in love at our age.  
We have loved before  
But our partners passed,  
Passed into heaven  
Leaving us alone,  
Alone on this earth.  
But we met  
And our love sparked,  
A new love for us both.  
And on this day  
Even though nothing is planned  
All will be wonderful  
As we will be together  
With our love shining,  
Shining for all to see.

## One Day At A Time.

Every day we awake,  
Awake into a new day  
And that new day is wonderful  
As it is a new day in our life,  
A new day to enjoy.  
So deal with that day in beauty.  
Yesterday has gone,  
And tomorrow is not here.  
So live for today,  
Enjoy every moment,  
And make them beautiful.

## Brass Monkey.

There they sat on the deck,  
The deck of the old ship.  
Cannonballs just placed there,  
Placed there in a pyramid  
On a plate of brass.  
They sat there ready to be fired,  
Fired from the cannon.  
The plate was called a monkey,  
The name of many holders  
Back in the day.  
There was a problem though  
Occasionally it got cold,  
So cold that the monkey got smaller  
And the cannonballs fell off.  
So we ended up with the saying  
That is used often now,  
In very cold weather  
As we say it is cold enough,  
Cold enough to freeze the balls,  
Freeze the balls off a brass monkey.

## A World Without Love. Sonnet

In deep shadows where heartbeats never sound,  
A world now lost of love's sweet tender grace,  
Where happiness wilts and smiles are not found,  
And hope is but a fading ghostly trace.

No warmth of touch to soothe a troubled mind,  
Nor whispered words to calm a restless soul,  
In solitude the lonely hearts confined,  
Each day a struggle never feeling whole.

Bereft of joy, the skies forever grey,  
No laughter's echo in the silent air,  
Eternal night that never turns to day,  
Cold winds of sorrow whispering despair.

Come love divine come back and light our way,  
For in your absence life's a darkened way.

## Lessons Learned In Life.

In life I have learned many things  
And sometimes I am not in control,  
Life is full of new experiences,  
Experiences and lessons come.,  
Heartbreak and pain are part of it  
But it has also shown me other things.  
Love and beauty have been there  
Together with new beginnings.  
So with all these things in life  
We must embrace them all  
As it shapes us,  
Shapes who we are,  
And who we will become.

## Croquet Fever.

I must go down to the lawn again, to the bright green sward and the balls,  
And all I ask is a mallet and a hoop that calls.  
The hit goes down and hits the ball and towards the hoop it's racing,  
Towards the hole between the uprights its facing.

I must go down to the lawn again for the call comes to my mind,  
Where joy and happiness there I find,  
And all I ask is a windless day with a bright blue sky  
And the balls go straight every hit that I try.

I must go down to the lawn again to that wonder in my life,  
Where any sorrows in my mind are lost and never rife,  
And all I ask is a merry word from a laughing fellow drover,  
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the game is over.

## Universal Life.

Into the meadow I walked,  
The dark of the night around me.  
I lay down and looked up,  
Looked up at the dark sky.  
As I looked stars shone down  
Each one bringing joy to my mind.  
So many stars, each one unique.  
As I looked further the more I saw,  
And the wonder of the universe descended,  
Descended into my heart and mind,  
The glory of unparalleled wonder.  
Thinking of the universe as I lay  
I wondered,  
Wondered how much life was out there,  
We cannot be alone,  
There must be life out there somewhere  
And maybe one day it will come,  
Come to us and show us good things,  
Good things from their worlds.

## Unicorn Choir.

Into the woods I went  
Where I looked for food,  
I wanted herbs and mushrooms,  
All found in the wild.  
Back home I went  
And made a risotto  
Using all that I had picked.  
It was delicious,  
But then came the wonder,  
The wonder of the dish,  
The dish I had enjoyed.  
As I was sitting there,  
Relaxing after the meal,  
A choir of unicorns arrived  
And sang so loudly.  
They sang Bat Out of Hell  
As if Meatloaf was there.  
Then the brilliant light show came,  
Came and lit up my life,  
Bringing light and joy,  
Light and joy to my world.  
I must try to cook,  
Cook that dish again.

## Gratitude For Life Sonnet.

In morning's light, the world begins anew,  
A symphony of dawn in hues so bright,  
Each breath a gift, each moment fresh as dew,  
Embrace the day, let shadows take their flight.

With grateful hearts, we greet the rising sun,  
For life's sweet song, for whispers of the breeze,  
Our journeys tread, with paths that twist and run,  
Yet find our hearts at ease among the trees.

Though trials come, and storms may cloud the sky,  
In every tear, a lesson to be learned,  
For in the darkest night, stars still comply,  
And through the pain, our inner strength is earned.

In gratitude, we find our spirits free,  
A deeper joy, a life's sweet reverie.

## Tip Toe In Life.

We all move forward in our lives,  
Those steps we take  
Take us to many places.  
Sometimes we take big steps  
And they will take us quickly,  
Quickly to a new place,  
And that place could be good,  
Or it could be bad  
And those steps may need to stepped back,  
Back to start again.  
But often we take small steps,  
Small steps in the right direction  
And they may be the biggest step,  
The biggest step in your life  
And take you into the wonder,  
The wonder of new life.  
Just tiptoe if you must,  
But you must take those steps.

## Tests In Life.

We meet so many people,  
Meet so many in our lives.  
They all have a role to bring,  
To bring into our lives.  
Some will test you  
To see if we have the strength,  
The strength to move forward.  
Some will use you  
To get what they can out of us.  
Some will love you  
Bringing joy to our world.  
Many will teach us  
Showing us the way forward.  
But the ones who bring out the best,  
Bring out the best in us  
Are those who remain with us  
And are with us forever  
Bringing love, joy and wonder to us  
And are always there for us all.

## Loyal Hearts.

In fields of gold or city streets,  
With wagging tails and padded feet,  
They follow us through thick and thin,  
With eyes that speak the love within.

A bark, a bounce, a playful run,  
Their joy is brighter than the sun.  
Through storm or calm, they never stray?  
Our furry shadows, come what may.

No need for words, they understand  
A broken heart, a trembling hand.  
With just a nuzzle, soft and near,  
They quiet every silent fear.

So here's to dogs, both big and small,  
Who ask for little, give their all.  
A friend, a guardian, a guide,  
Forever faithful by our side.

## Not Perfect.

I am not perfect,  
If I was I would have nothing to achieve.  
Sometimes I say stupid things  
And laugh when I shouldn't,  
But it is not meant to hurt others.  
I have been wronged by others  
And have the scars within me.  
I am a little sad at times  
But I probably won't change.  
But I do make one promise,  
If I love you I will do so,  
Do so with all my heart,  
As my love for you is so strong  
And will not change,  
Will not change in my life  
Even though I am not perfect.

## The Four Composers.

I often get asked  
What is your favourite piece of music?  
It is a question I cannot answer  
As I love so much music.  
My normal answer is  
The piece I am listening to,  
Listening to at the moment.

There is a saying though  
That in music there are four,  
Four composers you must like.  
The first is Bach,  
Johann Sebastian Bach,  
The man who brought music to all.  
And then there is Beethoven,  
Ludwig van Beethoven,  
A man who brought wonder,  
Wonder in music.  
Then there is Mozart,  
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
A composer ahead of his time  
Who brought so much joy and glory,  
Joy and glory to us all.

Finally there is one more,  
And that composer is your favourite,  
The one that you go back to,  
Back to time and time again.

But in my mind there are so many,  
So in answer to that question,  
What is your favourite piece of music?  
It is the piece I am listening to,

Listening to at the moment.

## The Air That You Breathe.

I am always with you,  
You cannot live without me.  
Those first tentative cries  
When you leave your mother's womb,  
Signal that I am there.  
Throughout your life  
I come in various guises,  
Within the soft gentleness of sleep,  
The gasps of wonder at the beauty in the world,  
The rapidness during exertion and exhaustion.  
There then comes the time  
When your end in this world arrives,  
And at your last breath,  
You finally exhale me for the final time,  
As I am the air that you breathe.

## Think Hippie Thoughts.

Hippies walk free through lands of peace and love,  
Where flowers bloom beneath the skies above.  
A world where souls unite, no hate, no wars,  
And harmony resides on distant shores.

With beads and feathers, hearts of purest gold,  
They dance to tunes of stories yet untold.  
Their minds, unchained, embrace the cosmic flow,  
While morning dew adorns the earth below.

In twilight's glow, they dream of days to come,  
When every voice will join in freedom's hum.  
With gentle smiles, they seek a higher plane,  
Where joy and kindness ever shall remain.

So let us cherish thoughts so wild and bright,  
And live in harmony, a shared delight.

## A Better Person Today.

In our lives we all have a past  
And in that past we have made choices,  
Sometimes they may not have been the best  
But we got through them  
And realise that they taught us,  
Taught us to find a better way.  
So in this new day go forward,  
Go forward knowing ,  
Knowing that in this new day  
We will be a better person,  
A better person that we were,  
Than we were yesterday.

## Swans On My River, Sonnet.

The fine clear green waters of My River  
Pass slowly by me as I walk by its side  
Its beauty and grace to me deliver  
As I walk by its side with love and pride

The swans glide gracefully on its surface  
Reflections dance in the sparkling stream  
Going passed me in glory to their place  
Gliding together as in a fine dream

The river's embrace, so tender and sweet,  
Cradles these swans in its such loving arms,  
A tranquil retreat where hearts can meet,  
Away from the world and all its alarms.

My River, with swans so pure and so fair,  
A haven of calm, a breath of fresh air.

## Chopin's Nocturnes.

From where do these sounds come?  
So soft, so pure, so soulful.  
The sounds transported from the page  
Through the skill and passion of the pianist,  
To slide gently though our ears;  
Into our very souls.

Chopin, this man I once derided  
As being able to make me sad  
No matter how good I was feeling;  
Slowly turning my thoughts  
To the utter beauty and wonder,  
Of the music he created.

## Moving Forward Tanka.

The sun shines on us  
Bringing glory to our lives  
And love to us all,  
Each new day it shines on us  
We know that we'll move forward.

## Wonder Times.

I have lived a long life  
And enjoyed every moment,  
Now I have reached that place,  
The wonder years of my life,  
So many things are with me.  
I go out in the car,  
Drive to somewhere,  
Walk around for a while  
Then I wonder,  
Wonder where I parked the car.  
I sit at home in comfort  
I pick up a book to read,  
And then I wonder,  
Wonder where I left my glasses.  
Then I need to speak to a friend  
And I wonder once more,  
Wonder where my 'phone is.  
I have lived a long life,  
So many days of wonder,  
And now I wonder once more,  
Wonder what day it is.

## Respect All.

It happens on many occasions,  
Some people treat others badly,  
It is the way they seem to be,  
But you must realise  
There is something wrong with them,  
It is not you who are wrong.  
You are your normal self  
As normal people do not do it,  
They do not destroy others,  
They help others where possible.  
So be your normal self  
And greet all with respect.

## Live A Better Life.

In my life I have lived for many years,  
During that time I have done many things.  
I have loved many things that brought joy to me,  
And fallen in love with wonderful people.  
I have become lost sometimes  
But always find my way back.  
Sometimes I have been missed and hurt,  
Where friends have found me  
And brought me back,  
Back to peace and love.  
I have made mistakes which showed me,  
Showed me the right way to go.  
But in my long life I have learned,  
Learned how to live better,  
Live a better life.

## Lifetime Of Love.

When you find your person  
You will crave them like a drug.  
That physical touch,  
That eye contact,  
And the need to be beside them,  
Beside them in the same room.  
If they have gone for just five minutes  
You will miss them.  
Being with them makes you feel at home,  
And being in a safe place  
No matter where you are.  
That connection between you,  
Between you both is unique,  
And shows a lifetime of love.

## I Choose Love.

I choose Love.  
I choose Inclusion with Community,  
I choose Empathy and Compassion,  
I choose Equality and Diversity,  
I choose Kindness and Integrity,  
I choose Honesty and Justice,  
I chose Dignity and Respect,  
I choose Peace and Humanity,  
But most of all,  
I choose Love.

## Share Love With All.

In our lives we do many things  
Some we regret, but others go far.  
If we are kind to people  
That kindness will not disappear.  
It may feel unnoticed or unreturned  
But that kindness will make lives lighter.  
You may never know,  
Never know who needed your patience  
Or your smile,  
Or maybe just a gentle word.  
If you always show love  
That love will plant seeds,  
Seeds that will bloom,  
Will bloom in a way,  
A way you may never see.  
But that kindness is yours,  
Yours to share,  
To share with all.

## Walking Home One Night.

I was walking home one night,  
I was late so I took a shortcut,  
I went through the cemetery.  
The quietness surrounded me  
Bringing peace to my mind.  
As I walked on I heard a sound,  
A tapping sound.  
The further I walked  
The louder it got and I was scared.  
But then I saw it,  
A man was chiselling,  
Chiselling a tombstone.  
I was relieved to see this man,  
This man working.  
I stopped by him and asked,  
"Why are you working so late?"  
He looked at me and replied,  
" They spelt my name wrong!"

## Valley Of Contentment

Each day we climb those mountains,  
Those mountains of pleasure before us.  
The more we climb the more exhausted,  
The more exhausted we become.  
Each moment we climb  
We climb to find that happiness,  
But then we find that place,  
That place we were striving for.  
It is found not up the mountains we climb  
But we find it in the valley,  
The valley of contentment .

## Summer Arrives.

The new comes into our lives,  
The first day of summer enthral us  
As each new day gets longer  
Bringing light and love to us all.  
The buds on the trees open  
Into the leaves of their glory,  
Flowers open into the colour  
Bringing beauty in their artwork.  
We celebrate the wonder of new life  
As it surrounds us in our world,  
Our world of creativity in life  
Taking us forward into the world,  
The new world that is there,  
There for us to live in glory  
As we stroll into summers light  
Highlighting our new way  
Into another day in our world.

## No Expiration Date.

In life we can always move on,  
We can reinvent ourselves at any age.  
At forty we can start a new career,  
At fifty we can fall in love  
And then learn to dance at sixty.  
A new life can start at seventy  
So never say you can't do things.  
You can and you should,  
Should believe,  
Believe you can move on,  
As dreams don't have an expiration date.

## You Can Do This.

Some days it happens,  
There comes a time when you struggle,  
But if you do, you must remember  
You have reached this point,  
This point in your life  
Having survived all you've gone through.  
It may be that the best day,  
The best day in your life is to come.  
There will be people you need to meet  
And experiences you need to have,  
They are there waiting for you.  
You have come this far in your life  
And survived many struggles,  
This one just adds,  
Adds to your experience of life.  
So, you must realise,  
Whatever struggle you have,  
You can do this.

## Love People Tanka.

Always love people,  
Love them from within your heart  
Not your mood or need,  
That love for all should abound,  
Bringing loves freedom for all.

## One Day It Will Happen.

We live our lives one day at a time  
Not knowing when the last day will come,  
So be aware that one day you will be gone.  
You will have had your last hug and kiss,  
Hear your lovers voice for the last time.  
We will never know when this will be  
So live every day as if it were the last,  
The last time you will be with,  
Be with the person you love  
As every day with them is so special.  
Live each day with love,  
Love for that person in your life,  
And for all in our world.

## Words Written Limerick.

As I read through this very good write,  
It left me wondering if I just might,  
Be intrigued by the scheme,  
And the wonderful theme,  
Of these words that came into my sight.

## World Of Peace.

Well the day has come,  
A day a of celebration,  
A day to celebrate,  
To celebrate the end,  
The end of that war,  
That war that ended,  
Ended eighty years ago.  
A wonderful celebration  
But still they happen,  
Wars are still happening,  
Happening in our world.  
Why cannot we get peace,  
Peace all over our world,  
Share love for all  
And stop fighting.  
Will wars ever stop,  
Ever stop in our world.  
Or should we move,  
Move to another world,  
A world where peace reigns  
And people all love,  
All love each other.  
That is where I will go,  
Go to that world,  
That world of love and peace.  
Will you join me?

## The Best Of Everything.

The happy people can be seen,  
You think they have it all,  
Have the best of everything  
But many do not have it all.  
They have a few things  
And with these few things  
They make the best,  
The best of all they have.  
With hearts full of gratitude,  
They cherish moments, both big and small.  
No wealth or glitter can compare  
To the joy found in simplicity.  
For in their humble embrace,  
They find treasures beyond measure.  
Their smiles shine bright,  
Not from what they own,  
But from the love they freely give and receive.  
They build their dreams  
With hope and grace,  
Creating a world  
Where happiness is a choice,  
Not a possession.  
And so, the happy people can be seen,  
Living a life rich in spirit,  
Making the best of all they have.

## Unity For All Nations Sonnet.

In lands afar where different banners fly,  
And tongues unique sing songs of history,  
There lies a dream beneath the common sky,  
Of unity, embracing mystery.

From mountains high to oceans wide and deep,  
A bond unites in hearts of humankind,  
In peace and love, our solemn vows we keep,  
A future bright, where nations are aligned.

Though borders drawn by hands may separate,  
The spirit's force will transcend every wall,  
For when we choose to love and not to hate,  
We lift each other, never let us fall.

Together, strong, a tapestry we weave,  
In unity, the world's true hope we leave.

## Two Sided Life.

In our lives we can find opposites,  
We need to choose the way to go.  
Looking at our language we can chose,  
For hate has four letters  
But so does love.  
Enemies have seven letters  
But so does friends.  
Lying and truth both have five letters,  
Cry and joy have three.  
Then negativity has ten letters  
But so does positivity.  
So in life you can choose  
And I say choose the better way,  
The better way of life.  
Love your friends with truth,  
Bring joy to all  
As life is so good  
When you move forward  
In a positive way.

## Spirit Of Life.

As I walk by My River, I see my Spirit  
Flowing before me;  
Calmly, serenely, going on forever,  
The occasional ripple soon calmed,  
As any bad feelings are erased,  
Only seeing good in all life.  
Natures beauty there for all to enjoy.

As I look back along My River  
I see my long life, now behind me,  
That has been carried by my Spirit;  
A life of love, joy and contentment.  
It had its ripples, some severe,  
But love and nature calmed them all.

A life of contentment and joy,  
Which will forever be with my Spirit.

## Chet.

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.

## Being Alive Again.

Those days may come to us all.  
You drink your first coffee of the day  
And it tastes like a magic potion  
Bringing peace and wellbeing within you.  
You listen to music and the tunes bring wonder,  
Bring wonder to your life  
And your happiness is enhanced.  
Looking at people and they look at you  
And smiles come to your faces  
Showing there is joy in your world.  
The day ends and you sit,  
Sit beneath the night sky  
And its silence and beauty touches,  
Touches your life within you.  
So to you all I say  
I hope you all fall in love,  
Fall in love with being alive,  
Being alive again.

## 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?"

## Not Later Sonnet.

Do not wait until later, time is fleet,  
Life's duties summon, calling us to stand,  
With vigour face each challenge, not retreat,  
For fleeting hours slip like grains of sand.

Each moment's breath a treasure to embrace,  
In diligence, our dreams we shall pursue,  
Not leaving tasks to languish, but to chase,  
With fervour, till our aims come into view.

Procrastination is the thief of time,  
It steals the light of day and veils the night,  
Yet in our hands, we hold the power sublime,  
To shape our fates with every daring flight.

So let us seize the now, with hearts so bold,  
For in the present, futures are foretold.

## Nature To Infinity.

Once more we walked by My River,  
We looked down through the water  
The clear green beauty like a mirror  
Showing the depths of its wonder.  
As we walked I became one,  
Became one with Nature,  
As the songs of the birds came to me  
Enhancing Nature's Symphony.  
As we walked further into its glory  
The beautiful time in Nature  
Was shared,  
Shared with the love,  
The love of my life.  
We know our life will go on,  
Go on forever in Natures peace  
Until we join its never-ending journey,  
Never ending journey into infinity,  
Into infinity and beyond.