



The Poetic Thoughts Of Meow See Tongue

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1. The Lightning Strike

The noise of Thunder echoed all around
My very Bones shuddered to the sound,
A bolt of lightning struck the nearest Tree
And in my panic I twice banged my Knee.

In a Phone Box a Hundred Miles from home
With little Money I was on my own,
No communication now the Phone is dead
And little Petrol I should have stayed in Bed.

It scared me a little if the truth be told
Yes I was shaking and not just from the cold,
The Welsh Rain also did not save my plight
Nor the fact it was turning into Night.

Think that bad it gets better yet
I had a Motorbike and was soaking wet,
So I stood there sheltered from the Storm
Sodden, down trodden and anything but warm.

Well I stood there and Twenty Minutes passed
Though under Shelter I knew it wouldn't last,
I had to get home, I couldn't hang around
Though in my favour the Lightning went to ground.

The Rain though heavy had started to ease
And so the shaking that had been my Knees,
With grim foreboding I got on my Bike
And apprehension set off into the Night.

2. Zombie Shopping

Running late for my date
In a hurry "Excuse me mate,"
Crowded Street, Summer heat
Pedestrians are not too fleet.

Stuck behind, restless Mind
Wanting space but could not find,
Slowed my pace, not a race
But need to be another Place.

Up ahead a man half dead
Unless he just got out of Bed,
Going slow, erratic flow
Impatient seeds begin to sow.

Try to pass, too much mass
"Come on mate, move your ass,"
Hit a death, hold your breath
I think this fellow must be deaf.

Go to left, chance request
At obstruction he is deft,
Go to right he's blocked my light
Manoeuvrability's lost its fight.

Can't get round, no space found
The halt of progress has been ground,
What to do, got no clue
Unless he moves I'm in a stew.

"Come on mate, running late
Stand aside I just can't wait,
Are you deaf?" save you breath
The Shops have made him wits bereft.

3. Colourful Tales

At the foot of Mount Bloreng
you'll find a hut that's painted orange,
Outside of it you will see a chilver
that's known to all by the name silver.

Well alright I made it up
for the sheep was really a tup,
but poetic license is my thing
it gives the rhyme more of a sting.

A chilver is a baby ewe
That's for those who had no clue,
And Mount Bloreng is found in Wales
So no more of my colourful tales.

4. Drink will be the Death of me

I abused the privilege of pleasure and it took it out of my health
I'm not just talking physical as it also took my financial wealth,
The pleasure actually wore off but still I carried on
It now was part of me I fell victim to its con.

It started off quite early when I first left school
I had money in my pocket and drinking was the rule,
It was the adult thing, well that's what I was told
And it gave me a strange feeling it seemed to make me bold.

Sure it had a down side I used to get quite loud
And I could be aggressive especially in a crowd,
But the feeling that it gave to me just could not be beat
So I would drink that much I couldn't get off my seat.

Time marched quickly on and I was still under its spell
I put on lots of weight and my stomach started to swell,
It aged me quite dramatically and that is not a lie
And another truth I've realised is that I'll be drinking till I die.

5. Wot You on?

Sitting here on my own
Pondering on thoughts home grown,
Contemplate,
Meditate,
A restless Mind I cannot sate.

Sitting here by myself
Not really in true Mental Health,
Nothing taught,
So nothing caught,
But restlessness will not abort.

Sitting here all alone
Delving into things unknown,
Darkened plight,
Need some Light,
Just something to aid my plight.

Sitting here with no one
Thinking maybe it's a con,
Progress made?
Mind decayed,
A high price for that Smoke was paid.

6. In My Mind

In my Mind I've crossed a Thousand Bridges
And killed a Hundred Trolls,
I've sailed across majestic Oceans
In various heroic roles.

I've climbed the highest Mountains
To conquer was my thing,
I've sat and talked to interesting people
From a Fairy to a King.

In my mind I've fought in many battles
Roman, Greek and Celt,
I've stood there with my Sword in hand
Sweet victory I have smelt.

I've conquered and been conquered
Vanquished as a Slave.
Yes I've travelled many spheres
A false memory to save.

In my Mind I've wrote a Poem
To illustrate this verse,
And though its there for writing
I think I have a curse.

For though the thoughts are restless
It will end in sorrow,
The Television on the blink
Will be fixed Tomorrow.

7. Non-Sense

Some People think I'm sick
It's the way I'm brought up,
Some People think I'm thick
It's the way I wasn't taught up.

Some People take the Mick
Well until I've caught up,
And some get on my wick
But I can keep this onslaught up.

So let's hear it for our Poetry
A waste of time, a travesty,
It's not how it's meant to be
Metaphorical identity.

Let's hear it for our vibrant verse
Devoid of meaning, clipped so terse,
It's fell down to rational curse
Mechanical musing, nothing's worse.

Some People read these words
And look for understanding,
They'll come back for seconds and thirds
Finding it demanding.

They'll hunt for hidden girds
To help the meaning's landing,
The height of the absurds
Pretentiousness outstanding.

8. Memories

The Shroud of Time dissipates in my Mind
Evoking scenes long since left behind,
Situations suppressed by natural progression
That will only resurface through mental regression.

Events once alive though now they are dead
Consigned to the Archives of History instead,
Yet still they exist, alive in my Mind
Awaiting a purpose, a use for to find.

As I conjure them forward each bring their pain
Sapping my Spirit, an emotional drain,
Reliving past torment etched into my Soul
No chance of redemption, despair my one goal.

As clear as now with sensation's intact
The passing Mood to a scene so exact,
The mental anguish as clear as a Bell
A reawakening of a tortuous hell.

So what is it with Memories, the power they hold?
Their vivid clarity that emotions unfold,
Their fleeting reality, transfixed in a frame
Dragged into Consciousness along with their shame.

Whispers of past times shout loud in my Head
Before fading away to their Unconscious Bed,
Yes the power of memory is out on its own
Though this doesn't help me find that lost Phone.

9. Blockhead

My thoughts dwell in the wilderness
A barren, desolate place ,
No more creative vibrancy
It's gone and left no trace.

I struggle through the recesses
Of a dark and empty Mind,
I wander through a blank abyss
For that is all I find.

No spark of inspiration
No concepts to define,
No lateral flights of fantasy
Nor imagery refine.

No sight of Poetic vision
To everything I'm blind,
No depth of understanding
Just the shallow kind.

So here I sit with Pen in hand
Yet nothing can I write,
Searching hard for material
Guess it's a losing fight.

I can't seem to rid this block
That's hampering my Mind,
I think it's just a waste of time
Till I lose this bind.

10. Writerwithastutter.

Some people speak in song, that's how it's meant to be
They just come out with words in such fluidity,
They don't even have to think it just comes naturally
It gives their words more power and extra vibrancy.

Me though I am different, I have a nasty stutter
So everything I say just comes out as a splutter,
It's actually quite embarrassing to have to live with it
And it makes me reticent and not just a little bit.

So instead I put my thoughts to pen it's easy that way
It does not distract the audience from what I have to say,
It seems to give a better channel without self conscious clutter
Yes it was a good day when I became the writerwithastutter.

11. Car Hoot

Sunday Morning up before Dawn
Splitting Head Ache, usual form,
Dehydration, you know the score
Saturday Night, say no more.

So I got up with aching Head
Wishing I could stay in Bed,
But I knew the chance was none
Not when there's a Car Boot on.

Six o'clock waiting at the Gate
My Missus hated to be late,
She had bargains on her Mind
And a strong desire to seek and find.

Impatiently she checks the Watch
Whilst I yearn for a Triple Scotch,
To compensate the warmth of Bed
And prepare me for the fight ahead.

Gates are open and we pour through
And she's in there a Ferret true,
Rooting round without no shame
Years of practice honed her game.

I look around, I can't complain
Might find a Book to ease the pain,
Yes I'll cope, without a doubt
For it's the only time I take her out.

12. The Scrounger

I never saw him buy a round
Not in a couple of Years,
Yet always at the Bar was found
Looking for free Beers.

He'd look at you through pleading Eyes
A sad pathetic sight,
Unflinching in his desperate sighs
Yes pity was his might.

No way could you blank him out
He was always by your side,
And though there was a Crowd about
From him you couldn't hide.

I guess he must have took to me
On seeing a soft touch,
And though I liked his company
I thought it cost too much.

Sometimes I would stay at home
Just to avoid the cost,
Though I hated it on my own
So that cause was lost.

Complaining though seemed untoward
A dead Horse to flog,
I mean how do you tell the Pub Landlord
He's got a scrounging Dog.

13. Ogress Kelly

The Ogress Kelly was a cantankerous old Bidy
She addressed every man with her pet name Kiddy,
From the Postman dropping Letters at the Box
To the Chinless Wonder pursuing the Fox,
To her you see they were all the same
Another target for her to blame.

When Grace was younger she had no rage
They say it crept up along with her age,
No to see her there in her youthful glow
Was guaranteed to make desire grow,
Yes in Days gone by she could turn a Head
Long time gone, all those Suitors are dead.

I once heard tell she had a Beau
A local Goat's Herd called Alan Roe,
Who betrayed her on her Wedding Night
Left her standing, a humiliating sight,
She just stood there feint and giddy
Calling after her beloved Kiddy.

Well time reneged on its deal
Her emotional wounds did not heal,
With bitter memories sown and grown
Come to malice she was on her own,
She judged the kind by the man
And from then on life went down the pan.

14. Crosswords Blues

Black and white emptiness, boxed in like my Brain
Cryptic Clues, ecliptic blues, causing Mental pain,
Lateralism beyond my grasp, well outside my range
Yet still I'll sit and ponder it, isn't that real strange?

Sometimes though I'll solve a Clue, get an answer right
But generally though venerably I seem to lose the fight,
I'll sit and stare for Hours looking for a breakthrough
Though all in vain for, for all my pain I haven't got a clue.

15. The Dagger in my Heart

They say that Love is blind, well its deaf as well
Everybody warned me yet I condemned myself to hell,
The endless void of emptiness where your Heart should be
I thought that I could fill it, oh how foolish me.

I thought that you would change, guess it was my vanity
I'm guessing that this Love thing took away my sanity,
For all I saw was good, perceptions were love painted
Those Demons that you carried I took them to be Sainted.

The illness that possessed your Mind I thought that I could cure
I'm afraid this Love inside me made my judgement poor,
For all I got was aching, my Heart found constant pain
You sapped my Self Esteem, my Spirit you did drain.

You took away my joy, replaced it with who knows
For all I had was emptiness, what should have been your Rose,
All I had was sorrow, frustration and despair
Knowing deep inside my Heart you would never care.

What keeps me in these chains of misery and woe?
What is it that holds me when I want to go?
What is this that binds me to this emotional hell
With some misguided hope that things would work out well?

I've looked into my Soul, searching high and low
If you ever find the answer please just let me know.

16. Heart Beats

When the Wolf Man howls through the chill of Night
And the darkness echoed to enhance the fright,
When the threat of death is on your Door
And you run on instinct nothing more,
Be still my Heart.

When a man comes at you with a loaded Gun
And behind him is the blinding Sun,
When you know your judgement must be sound
As you are on the final round,
Be still my Heart.

When you're swinging on the high Trapeze
And you sense your Partner is about to Sneeze,
When you look down there's no place to go
Just a one way war gravity your foe,
Be still my Heart.

When you sit and gaze lovingly
And I can feel its intensity,
When your actions drive me to one Knee
When I want you to be part of me,
Be still my Heart.

When I'm lying forward cramped in pain
Like a Bear has hugged me half insane,
When I try to talk through gasping breath
Knowing that I am close to death,
Still be my Heart.

17. Let's Hear it For the Buoys

Let's hear it for those true wise men
Who define ideas with the Pen,
Who make the knowledge come to ground
With definition clear and sound.

Let's hear it for the Poetess
Who hides her words in fancy dress,
Whose insight goes through every portal
With understanding more than mortal.

Let's hear it for those men of steel
Who protect our Country and bring to heel,
Our Enemies and those who harm
Our peaceful ways through their alarm.

Let's hear it for the Pub Landlord
Who serves his Fare with sweet accord,
Who listened too with concerned Ear
As you spill your problems and your Beer.

Let's hear it for our Football Team
Our Saturday Milk not quite the Cream,
They seem to think victory a sin
Could they at least try and win.

Let's hear it for all of the above
(Hopefully give the Albion a shove,)
May they always lift our Spirits high
And fill our emotions when we are dry.

18. Sorry

I'm sorry, so sorry.
I'm sorry how I talk to you
I'm sorry what I've put you through,
I'm sorry for the things I do
I'm sorry that I leave you blue,
Sorry.

I'm sorry, so sorry.
I'm sorry that I'm quick to blame
I'm sorry that I like to shame,
I'm sorry I put out your flame
I'm sorry for the odd Mind game,
Sorry.

I'm sorry, so sorry.
I'm sorry for the emotional drain
I'm sorry for the mental pain,
I'm sorry that I've become your bane
I'm sorry that I try to reign,
Sorry.

I'm sorry, so sorry.
I'm sorry for my selfish ways
I'm sorry for my glory daze,
I'm sorry for my deluded haze
I'm sorry for my wandering gaze,
Forgive me.

19. Let Basking Lizards Lie

I was born under a Mountain, my Mother was a Song
My Father just a memory, we did not get along,
My Brother was a Billy Goat my Sister a Great Bear
My Grandfather was the shining Sun high up in the Air.

I was created for a purpose that is yet unseen
I was brought up in the darkness to ignorance I am keen,
I was raised in uncertainty heightened by my fear
I never sort compassion nor did I shed a Tear.

I was suckled on Nectar from a Honey Bee
I lapped up Ambrosia on my Mother's Knee,
I was raised like a Lion though not by his Pride
I was brutally beaten till my Childhood died.

I was thrown in the Daylight, dazzled and confused
Looking for sustenance though it was refused,
No quarter given just a need to eat
I do not see Siblings but rivals for Meat.

You often might see me, for I have to bask
I'm afraid my Heating System is an arduous task,
Don't think me vulnerable, that's a bad mistake
Don't come to close, it's a bad move to make.

You know my upbringing and my pedigree
You know all there is so please leave me be,
Now I know curiosity sometimes is flattery
But not at the moment I'm charging my battery.

20. Salad Daze

Those Glory Days, faded haze
Enchanted with nostalgic daze,
Those Fated Days with foolish ways
Entwined in the exuberant phase.

Those Golden Days of Wheat not Maize
When all was well with no malaise,
Those Learned Days, past may on 'A' s
Let's hear it for the Salad Days.

21.Sweet Dreams

The darkness came again last Night
And caught me in my Sleep,
With vicious flights of emptiness
And stench too foul to speak.

With cold, so cold frigidity
That froze my very Soul,
That took away my confidence
Lost in the darkest hole.
Sweet Dreams.

22. The Wind

The Wind was strong again last Night
It took down Fences with its might,
Ridge Tiles too, lay on the floor
Smashed to pieces, whole no more.

Yes in its wake it left devastation
Financial Bills to the Neighbours frustration,
But not to me just a knowing smirk
Knowing that I'll soon have work.

23. Fast Food

God save me from that fast food with its morish taste
It tempts me into gluttony and settles round my waist,
I just cannot resist it it drives my taste buds wild
Yes when I have it in my hands I feel just like a child.

It seemed to come from nowhere and it took over very fast
With a myriad of choices and I mean truly vast,
It was cheap and cheerful and I didn't have to cook
It didn't take that long before the saucepan I forsook.

I started to get quite idle, lethargic you could say
And I put on weight, I couldn't keep obesity at bay,
My arteries got clogged up I found it difficult to talk
But anyway my burgers here we'll have to end this talk.

24. Rambling

Yesterday when I was walking
I was just continually talking,
Though I was not consorting
For all company I was baulking.

Some might think I'm rambling
But I prefer to call it gambolling,
Through thought and notion ambling
Whilst cheeping like a Brambling.

25. The Poetry of Love

Through wit to woo is the Poetry of Love,
The vibrant sound that's all around
Echoed from above,
The majestic being of creative seeing
That penetrates the Heart,
The sensual lift from an articulate gift
You've lost before you start.

To woo through wit is its Poetic Cause,
You'll sweet cajole, caress the Soul
Following its Laws,
You'll subdue Parriers and break down barriers
With its artistic lilt,
Assault and battery through subtle flattery
All strong resolve will wilt.

Through wit, to you its Poetic Effect,
It will Senses season, negate reason
And swamp your intellect,
It will ignite passion and perceptions fashion
With its bounteous charm,
Leave you breathless yet you'll feel deathless
A truly natural balm.

26. A Pagan's Instinct

I stood there spellbound and watched them at play
Two Butterflies in the gentle Winds sway,
Buffeting together in the sweetest caresses
Flicking gently the softest Silk Tresses,
Enchanting to see as they sailed the Wind
My love of Nature could never rescind.

I stood there spell bound and watched them at play
Two little Rabbits at the break of the Day,
Hopping and jumping with raw energy
It gives me a lift, such a pleasure to see,
Yes to see them cavort in exuberant flow
My love of Nature can only just grow.

I stood there spell bound and watched them at play
Two Tiger Cubs though it's more like affray,
Biting and tumbling around on the floor
Such a strange mergence, soft Fur and Claw
To see them at play is a laughter employ.
My love of Nature fills me with joy.

I've stood there spellbound on many a time
Truly engrossed in Nature sublime,
Man's World around me just does not exist
A mere illusion enhanced by the mist,
Here's my reality, its truth from my Pen
Our love of Nature gets lost when we're Men.

27. An Autumn Night

With windswept Hair in the cooling Breeze
I look up at the Sky,
The gentle sway of majestic Trees
I kiss my cares goodbye.

The sound of Wind caresses my Ears
And lifts my Senses high,
Its gentleness soothes all fears
All stress is just a lie.

The tranquillity of an Autumn Night
Soothes my very Soul,
Just Nature here no Man Made light
To besmirch her role.

No trace of artificialness
Solitude now my goal,
Just emptiness no Man Made mess
To tax and take its toll.

The Star lit Night twinkled bright
A silken Sequin Dress,
Its patterned form an inspiring sight
Humbling none the less.

Its immensity in its density
Does nothing but impress,
I could stand and scan extensively
And still not find redress.

28. The Wannabe

She sits there in reflected light
No talent herself she isn't that bright,
Sad I suppose but I guess it's her choice
No personality and with it no Voice.

A pretty Picture well who knows for sure
Under her make up a crushing bore,
Behind the mask an inane fool
Who hangs with the Divvies thinking it cool.

She sits there alone in her Mind
Looking for depth, something she can't find,
Ideas too, don't come her way
Come to creation she has little to say.

“Emotional Beef, der what is that
Is it something that I feed to my Cat?
Well it is Meat I guess it must be
Oh my Head hurts, where is the Dictionary?”

She sits there alone in a Crowd
Conversations all round, to her though a Shroud,
She just nods her Head and says “Ha, ha”
When in reality she's hearing “Blah, blah.”

To all that do know her it's easy to see
Past her disguise, a pathetic wannabe,
Think this is cruel, well yes I concede
Though she won't notice, she probably can't read.

29. Signs

'Topics for discussion' it said on the Door
So I entered in not knowing the score,
To talk about Chocolate was what I thought
Yes come to stupidity I'm truly caught.

'Wet Paint's another that gets me each time
It's even induced me to commit a crime,
Well not just one it happened with frequency
Surprising the Fine for Public Indecency.

'Turn Left' as well. I don't want to be told
What Political Views that I should uphold,
I'm not a Tory don't get me wrong
But dictation like that is a little too strong.

And that 'Stop' sign, that's not to my taste
Standing around like I've time to waste,
It's been 3 Days and I've not moved a foot
I'm getting impatient and causing a rut.

Yes come to Sign reading I'm at a loss
I don't even know the Sign of the Cross,
I seem to discern Signs the wrong way
And misunderstand the thinks that they say.

My Lateral Mind takes things as Literal
And leaves me stranded, it's almost a ritual,
To the Meat of the Message I'm but a Vegan
One thing's for sure I will not make a Pagan.

30. Jezebel

Jezebel, oh Jezebel
To taste your Wares I'd go to Hell,
I'd walk through Fire just to smell
Your fragrant Hair and exquisite Shell,
I'd suffer torment in a dank grey Cell
And face the wrath Candle, Book and Bell,
For I am truly under your Spell
You foul dark Creature Jezebel.

Jezebel, oh Jezebel
You have my Heart, my Soul as well,
You took my Senses, they quickly fell
To lurid passion, in which you excel,
My sense of reason you did quell
My imagination you did compel,
My very being I would gladly sell
To the thought of you foul Jezebel.

Jezebel, oh Jezebel
You have for power for desire to swell,
Your very touch ignites to tell
That I am nothing, an empty Well,
The sensual force that you impel
Has took me over, my death knell,
No longer am I Pete Burnell
Because of you Sweet Jezebel.

31. When I Think of You

When I think of you well what can I say
You fair lift my Heart in the most beautiful way,
You fill me with joy, much more than I'm worth
You give me sweet succour, my Senses rebirth.

You lift my Spirit, quench my desire
Oh so much happiness that you inspire,
Oh so much mirth on my Heart Strings
The mere thought of you brings Angel Wings.

When I think of you my Heart wears a Smile
Full and becoming beaming in style,
It lightens too and transforms my Soul
Aiming my Spirit with Heaven the goal.

Taking my fears, those negative doubts
And nulling their impact, those depressive bouts,
Lifting me with it into tranquillity
Merged in with passion and mixed liberally.

When I think of you I pulsate with Love
I throb in fulfilment, my thoughts are above,
You generate new life to my flagging Soul
Your pure loving energy renews me whole.

You are my purpose carnated in dress
Sublime existence, I serve no duress,
My thoughts you imagine dwell right by your side
You as a concept is a Place I will bide.

32. Cheer Up (for God's Sake)

My life is over since you've gone
Memories are just tears,
The flame of joy that once burned
Snuffed out by my fears.

That zest for life once in my grasp
Has all but gone away,
All I hold now is solitude
Loneliness moulds my Day.

My Heart shattered and scattered
Carved up in my Mind,
Searching hopefully for some solace
But in despair I'm searching blind.

No comfort in the darkness
Just desolation pains,
No end to all this starkness
No chance of making gains.

Oh yes to woe and misery I still hold the cup
It's either Church or Suicide; oh I wish I could cheer up.

33. Olga's Song (the Melody)

My Love for you it grows
It takes my Senses and it lifts them on their Toes,
It breaks my Sentence and then turns it into Prose
It moulds my Heart.

Yes when I think of you
I feel new life emerge in a vivid vibrant hue,
I feel the joys of Spring mixed with the Mountain Dew
You have that spark.

And when you're here with me
The World spins by but you are all I see,
You take my essence for my purpose needs to be
We'll never part.

34. Love-Light

See how that special Light sparkles in your Eye
Long may it crystallise, may it never die,
May it be Eternal like my Love for you
So whilst it shines our Love will be true.

You see it's a Beacon for my yearning Heart
It is the Sirens on Odysseus' Chart,
And though its motive is not one of doom
It kills uncertainty and takes away my gloom.

The first time I saw it, it took me by surprise
There in its being, free from any lies,
Pure adoration, what else can I say
I was electrified that it shone my way.

Truly ecstatic I bathed in its glow
Cupid's Arrow and I was the Beau,
Yes that first memory lucid and bold
Will always be with me, comfort when I'm old.

Now my whole life revolves round that shine
For when it Smiles I feel divine,
I feed the Fire, that's my endeavour
So that that Light might go on for ever.

That is the purpose, the Light that I serve
And to its upkeep my loyalty won't swerve,
Whilst it's ignited I am at peace
My only concern that Fire might cease.

35. Happiness.....

A fleeting moment of content
A glancing glimpse of merriment,
Surely it can't be a State of Mind.

An uplifting, a joyful burst
A temporary quenching of a thirst,
Though not enough to take away the bind.

A climax of mental ecstasy
A vanquished second of misery,
No more than 10 minutes you will find.

A playful burst from a mirthful jet
Or even just a Cigar from Hamlet,
Now thank you for your time you're really kind.

36. A Well Lubricated Nut

The most dangerous part of a Motorcar is the Nut that holds the Wheel
I found that to my cost once these Legs had lost their feel,
He just came out of nowhere, high on Alcohol
Didn't even see me yet launched me like a Bull.

I still hold the memories; they haunt me in my Sleep
I yet wake up in terror under their heavy keep,
Flying through the Air down a leafy Country Lane
And only waking up just before the pain.

Though I need no memories as the pains with in my Head
It's my only bit of company in this sterile Hospital Bed,
Every little movement and it comes straight to the fore
Tearing at my senses and causing sweat to pour.

Leaving me quite breathless, gasping out for life
Quite ironic really as death would end this strife,
I know one Day I'll be strong enough to bare this heavy Cross
But no, not at the moment, it's too much of a loss.

No my life is hell, I have a broken back
Just through some Drunk Drivers concentration lack.

37. Flower Power

Won't you come with me through the Buttercups and Bluebells
And see those Dandelions resplendent in their Manes,
Walk in company with the Flowers and their Dew smells
The sweetness of the springtime those Daffodil Candy Canes.

Those humble little Daisies stand there in a cluster
Conversing with the Wind as it gently passes by,
The great Hyacinths with the beauty they can muster
Fighting for the attention of a passing Butterfly.

Yes I like to walk in the vivid World of Flora
Nature's majestic beauty growing in the ground,
Leave my cares at home and immerse in the aura
And take in all the goodness, there's a lot around.

38. A Recipe for Disaster

I had a Chicken Tarka; it's like a Tikka only Otter
Followed by some Naam Bread, I used it as a blotter,
Three Pints of Lager just to wash it down
Mixed liberally with Whiskey, I was on the Town.

Then I dropped a Tablet, I think it was an 'E'
I wasn't really sure though, dyslexic you see,
Had a few more Lagers, getting quite a taste
With some high brand Cigarettes for my Lungs to baste.

Twenty Minutes later saw me at a dance
Doing the Travolta, my Mind was on romance,
Sweating like a Papist and didn't it just pour
Though I didn't notice, I just topped up more.

Over in the corner some Carcass got my Eye
Well not being funny I was pretty Fly,
Sidled over quickly but no Wedding booked
For the Night's ingredients had just been cooked.

Instead of down on one Knee waiting for the nod
I was down on both Knees calling out for God.

39. The Angel of Death

Old Ma Kelly lived on her own
She never had company nor even a Phone,
She lived like a Hermit with no Money to save
Her only real purpose was tending a Grave,
It was that of her Husband her only real love
Now she had no one except the Good Lord above.

Her Children now grown up had long fledged the Nest
And as for their Mother she was seen as a pest,
Their lives were too busy and already planned
There was no place for distraction and its costly demand,
So Ma Kelly found solitude and something to fear
Her future was bleak there was nothing to cheer.

Her health too was ailing, she should beware
For if she couldn't manage she'd end up in Care,
She had heard about Care Homes and it filled her with dread
And desire to join one she would rather be dead,
She cursed her old Body as she sat in her Chair
And then cursed her life, it was so unfair.

Outside in the darkness she was not alone
A Predator lurked there its intentions unknown,
As it watched old Ma Kelly she was unaware
She never saw danger only despair.

40. What Could Have Been

He sits alone remembering what could have been
If only he had had the courage to make life less obscene,
The opportunities, chances missed, that had plagued his life
His constant need for Alcohol to cope with any strife.

He could have been a Shaker, a Mover or a Player
But he lacked the Heart of a Dragon Slayer,
He could have been somebody, the Party's Life and Soul
Instead he just plays Solitaire, loneliness his goal.

He could have been what should have been
And would have been if his fear wasn't keen.

41. The Whole That was my Heart

A darkened Cavern on a Stormy Night
A wall of silence devoid of Light,
A stagnant odour, a rancid smell
A place of solitude, an emotional hell,
The darkest darkness, you know the blackest part
That was the whole that was my Heart.

42. Women You Can't Live with ThemYep

Nice name for a Title, pretty controversial
But imagine for a moment a little role reversal,
Instead of here to read, why not here to write
Can you justify the Title without a stereotype?

Think that it is easy, well maybe that is true
I don't know myself so I'll leave it up to you,
I would like to see it done if it's to your taste
For the simple reason it's too good a Title to waste.

Well now I've said my piece I have time to kill
And with Four Verses left that's a lot of Blood to spill,
So I thought I'd use these lines to cut through all the hype
And get down to the core, what is a stereotype?

Many times I've heard the term, usually on T.V.
And though it comes in many forms what does it mean to me,
Quite a complex question worthy of some thought
See you in the next verse if attention's caught.

What is a stereotype, right down to the core?
Trivia aside, I mean I want the answer pure,
Cut through all perceptions there only is one answer
One line left to go then the Final Stanza.

So the stereotype then that point I'll now address
It's a Metal Plate in the Printing Process,
Cast from set up Type you could say a Template
So tell me why this thing should inspire so much hate?

43. Women.....Yep

The little Spider tapped the Web
What thoughts were going through his Head?
As he moved towards his destination
A dangerous act of procreation.

Thoughts of impending ecstasy
Or more of caution because he could see,
That though he might have found a Mate
Death could join him on their date.

The little Spider tapped again
The restlessness he could not feign,
His appetite it needed sating
All his desire quenched through mating.

The Primal Urge that had brought him here
Was so strong it could quell his fear,
His need to seed to carry his kind
Was the only purpose in his Mind.

The little Spider found frustration
Could it be she's in gestation?
All the fear and his utmost care
Didn't matter she wasn't there.

So he turned away from death
And I'm sure he muttered under breath,
Though I might not quite have grasped the Lingo
“Oh 'eck I think she's still at bingo”

(Sorry about last line I know it's a stereotype but I couldn't resist it)

44. The Gigolo

I'm 6'2" which you might construe
Is the Height of Romance,
With vibrancy and fluidity
I could lead you on a dance.

I can guarantee when you're with me
We'll light up the Floor,
When we dance as one under the setting Sun
A whisper, nothing more.

When you sit with me in good company
Conversations never crude,
I will stimulate, educate
And per chance enhance your Mood.

I will invigorate, exaltate
I have the power that flatters,
Yes when you're with me you will see
You're the one that matters.

Sure you have to pay but in a way
It's really not a crime,
There's nothing lost, it's worth the cost
To be made to feel divine.

It isn't sordid it should be lauded
A Service to Mankind,
For I bring bliss and happiness
To those that cannot find.

45. Guinevere

She glides with the grace of an elegant Swan
One stolen glance and my Heart it was won,
One stolen glance was all that it took
For my Heart to fall victim and forsake its nook.

Yes when I saw sweet Guinevere
She trivialised all I held dear,
A goddess in the land of time
A supernatural being divine.

She speaks with the voice of a Thousand Caresses
In the softness of a Million Silk Dresses,
Her warm dulcet tones hold me to her
With the strongest of chains yet up most of care.

Yes when I heard sweet Guinevere
She seemed to vanquish all my fear,
She soothed my clumsy restless Mind
In a tone so strong yet so refined.

She holds herself like a goddess incarnate
In an aura so subtle with pure resonate,
Such marvel, such beauty, such strength in her pose
My Heart lost its Thorn and threw her a Rose.

Sweet Guinevere to you I hold dear
You light my passion and subdue my fear,
You are desire to my aching Heart
You are my reason, my sensual start.

She comes to me in the cold light of Day
Her Spirit absorbs me then throws me away,
To her I was nothing, a minor distraction
I was the one with the fatal attraction.

Sweet Guinevere don't shed a tear
For though I'm not with you I'm pretty near,
Without your love my life I can't face
Now underground is my resting place.

46. Time Travelling

The Years are flying by but that I guess you know
Remember when we were younger didn't it go slow?
So what is it I wonder, are we nearer to the Sun
The Global Warming they talk off, is it just a lie that's spun?

Is it really heating up because the Sun's Rays are much stronger
We're getting closer to the source so our orbit is less longer?
Yes come to lateral thinking that one gets the cup
Did time go slower on your Grandfather's clock, the one I'm winding up?

Time does go quicker when it's not the structured kind
Time you see in passing is just a State of Mind,
A watched Pot never boils would be a good example
A shallow one perhaps, merely just a sample.

But it shows a variance to illustrate the case
And promote the Theory time has a complex face,
No, structure gives it purpose, a boiling Cup of Tea
So why does time go slow then, I would say impatiency.

Back to when you were younger, you were still at School
Every Year was different, the Syllabus the rule,
Your purpose was to learn, your Mind was in full growth
Time was put to purpose (well except if you had Sloth).

On leaving Education though the Mind might get defiant
For the next Milestone it must reach is its own Retirement,
It just switches off, concentration lacks
Then time comes into play and with speed it attacks.

47. Sunday Done Day (the Pressure Cooker Released)

Sunday Afternoon with my Mates
Getting into altered states,
Restless Mind I must be bored
Conversation untoward,
Mind expanding not so terse
So now I open up this verse.

Well there I was in the middle of a Wolf Pack
All wild and single and no holding back,
Yet I was a Dog, domesticated and tame
My Live In Partner, it's her that I blame,
But as I listened into their conversation
I thought reality has gone on vacation.

Debating which Sugar Babe was the best looker?
No not at all, a Pressure Cooker,
Sure they over stressed the Swear Word as compensation
But listening in it was no exaggeration,
I think that I cringed, not visibly
Surely this Sunday was not meant to be.

48. The Banks of Despair

On the Banks of Despair my Heart lies there
By the Sea of Misery for that is all I see,
The Island of Sorrow is my home tomorrow
If only I get through, this sea the darkest blue.

On the Waves of Misery is how I cross the Sea
With emotions so strong they help me float along,
Constant annoyancy is my only buoyancy
And heartfelt dejection my only direction.

On the Banks of Despair you left my Heart there
When love lost its say and you took your Heart away,
Wrenched from my being and thrown from my seeing
But I will cross the Sea till my Heart belongs to me.

49. Conversations with Ghosts

Hello, how are you?
(What do you care?)
I thought as I was passing through
(No don't you dare.)

I might just drop in for a while
(No you'd better not,)
Just to see how you are feeling
(Like you care a lot.)

Now I know we've had our differences
(That's to say the least,)
But these things want sorting
(Don't make this Meal a feast.)

My T.V. For a start
(Oh God, not again,)
And then of course the Hi Fi system
(Save me from this pain.)

Now I know we don't get on
(Picture already signed,)
And so save a lot of trouble
(You're so bloody kind.)

I'm bringing Dave with me
(Not that bleeding Nutter,)
I hope that you don't mind
(Melted well that butter.)

Well anyway things to do
(Like I really care,)
I'll see you at 2.30
Okay (I will not be there.)

(A one way Telephone Call from an ex claiming back her life)

50. Swan Song

A Virgin's Tear, a brutal smear upon the Land
Deprived of goodness a greedy Heart makes its demands,
Balance lost, the shallow cost of foolish Pride
The purity we once held dear has all but died.

Arrogance now moulds our thoughts and taints our being
Misery is all around but we're not seeing,
Self Centredness is our redress to the reality of truth
Common sense no recompense, it's too aloof.

Trivial pursuit once a game is now our Grail
The Higher Truths our passage home has long set sail,
Understanding long since lost in histories pages
Ignorance has blinded us to the Wisdom of the Ages.

We've lost our way, the Path of Light, what a crime
And ultimately we've made our lives a waste of time.

51. The Chicken and the Frog

I went into the Library the other Day just to have a look
And whilst I was there browsing a Chicken asked for a Book,
Quite a surprising event but here's the funny thing
It was given one which it put under its Wing.

The Chicken waddled out but before 5 minutes through
It returned with "Book, book" and ended up with Two,
Come the Third occasion with Three Books under Wing
I decided to follow, curiosity was the thing.

Well he took me to this Field in which there was a Pond
On the edge there was a Frog and they must have got along,
For the Chicken passed the Tomes saying "Book" each time he fed it
The Frog just looked at them and to each one just said "Reddit."

52. String

I was in the Pub the other Day serving a drink as was my way
When a Piece of String came in,
Well curiosity must have been my buzz for I asked it what it was
Which I guess it thought the gravest sin.

“I am a Piece of String; it ain't no real big thing
Now do I get a drink?
It's really no big deal; you don't need to make a Meal
There really is no need to raise a stink.”

Well I could not refuse so I served the Cord some booze
And carried on behind the Bar,
Then in a case of Deja vu, well not one it was actually Two
I had 3 Pieces of String having a Jar.

Well a Fourth one came in and I guess he was not of Kin
For it was a manky thing,
By now though I was wise, curiosity would not rise
I said “You're a Piece of String.”

Well it looked straight at the ground, no answer first was found
It seemed to shuffle round a bit,
Then it said in a little Voice, forced though not by choice
“No sir, I'm a Frayed Knot.”

53. Yer my Best Mate

Johnny Walker was a talker; well that's what I found
When I'm with him he creates a din, a most unholy sound,
Obnoxious too before he was through I'd get into a fight
But in the end he is a Friend so every thing's alright.

When we first met I was a boy and yet I thought I was a man
I'd drank before, you know the score, straight out of the Can,
The Village Green was our scene, where we used to meet
Then he turned up and took the Cup, he could not be beat.

I've stuck with him thick and thin he's never steered me wrong
And though often rude sometimes in a mood we generally got along,
Sometimes he'd flare but I didn't care after all he was a Mate
Yes we were Friends and to those ends I could tolerate.

54. All of the Above

Have you ever seen a Snowman whose Nose was not a Carrot?

Have you ever seen a Pirate that actually had a Parrot?

Have you ever seen a Dove?

Have you ever known a Police man that actually had the time?

Have you ever met a Poet that never had a rhyme?

Have you ever been in Love?

Have you ever crossed a Zebra and got a bloody Nose?

Have you ever found a Centipede and trod on all its Toes?

Have you ever felt that shove?

Have you ever scanned a pointless List?

Have you ever pondered on something missed?

Have you answered all of the above?

55. The Auld Romantic

When Mills and Boon turned to Pills at Noon my Head renounced romance
With a dodgy Knee my only company, no longer could I dance,
Now the only Rose is my ruddy Nose, Cupid's Arrow is a Lance
As I sit and stare in my new Wheelchair no emotions left to chance.

But with in my Heart there is a spark, a stirring of new life
And though it's low it's soon to grow with memories of my Wife,
How we used to Court how we never fought, neither liking strife
And that fateful Day when she said OK and we shared the Wedding Knife.

Yes within my Heart we will never part she's still here with me
When I look around and Love is found she is all I see,
When I'm feeling low and my pain won't go it's she that sets me free
Yes the Head was wrong now my Heart is strong she's my reality.

56. My Cat

I looked into an open Grave which soon a cherished Friend would save,
My Cat.

My Mind drifts back to the good old Days when we used to play in a joyful haze,
My Cat.

How he'd run and jump without a care, how he'd greet me with a loving purr,
My Cat.

How he'd sit contently on my Knee almost like he was part of me,
My Cat.

How he used to scratch, how he used to bite, how he'd always stay out every Night,
My Cat.

How he used to defecate the House and occasionally leave a butchered Mouse,
My Cat.

How he...ah what's the point it's not like he was Kin
Forget about the empty Grave I've got an empty Bin,
Sod that.

57. And God Created Eve

Her playful Eyes flicker with my Heart
And tease my Senses tearing them apart,
Her silken Hair falls around her Face
Soft sheened in Gold though only just a trace.

Her laughter lifts and takes my Spirit high
Her kisses tingle and leave a heartfelt sigh,
She is all Woman my Senses don't deceive
For I see her in me and God created Eve.

58. And Adam and Eve just Created

“Stand back Eve, it's your safest bet
I don't quite know how big this will get,
All this is new to me.
I don't quite know what is going in
This is a recent phenomenon,
How will this help me wee?”

Well Eve looked at Adam with intent
And her Face did gladden with content,
It reminded her of the Snake.
So she sidled up seductively
And she straddled him erotically,
With the Apple gone it now was time for Cake.

59. Spring Fervour

The vibrant Bud that heralded Spring was early this Year
So too the gambolling Lamb and the Fallow Deer,
The Daffodil, Tulip and Bell were quick to appear
Along with the talkative Bird and his message of cheer,
Yes the Seasonal lift I get from Spring just absorbs fear
So Winter's death, the earlier the better, I won't shed a Tear.

60. Satan's slave

I looked into the wilderness where once there was my Soul
I stared into the dark abyss, despair my only goal,
I faced my many Demons no victory in sight
What chance have I a mortal against all Satan's might?

I sat awhile and pondered on, still in a darkened mood
No chance have I for nourishment as ignorance is my food,
I scrambled in the darkness desperate for a light
What chance have I a mortal against all Satan's might?

My Mind is in confusion where is it I can go?
They talk of God and Angels but really I don't know,
It's getting to the funny stage that I don't know wrong from right
What chance have I a mortal against all Satan's might?

61. The Wise Hedgehog

Cedric of a Thousand Points called forth all the Kin
He had some wisdom to impart that hopefully would sink in,
It wasn't just the mundane kind, roll into a ball
No this little gem of his could have saved them all.

It concerned the Two Eyed Monster that took out most his kind
And how you could be safe from it, quite an unusual find,
He had tried it many times and it took away his fright
Now he had no fear as he walked about at Night.

“Just stand there and face it, you won't come to harm
Do not fear the noise; it's there to cause alarm,
Right between the Eyes is the safest bet
I've done it many times and I've not been hurt as yet.”

No one would believe him, what else could he say
He would have to prove it, sort of lead the way,
So he walked into the Road with grim determination
Hoping some would join him but he got frustration.

So he stood there on his own, solid and defiant
It was just a shame that the next Car was a Reliant.

62. The Gentle Breeze

Sweet soft the movement of the Breeze
As it fluctuates between the Trees,
The gentle rustle of the Leaves
The echo of Ten Thousand heaves.

Long may you ceaseless come with class
En waving, verdant, vibrant Grass,
Creating movement as you pass
The World bows down before your mass.

See how the Flowers merge and swoon
They sway in time to your wistful tune,
As you steal their scent to our nasal boon
You bring forth joy with your sensual croon.

Yea how I wonder at your sight
As you bring life forth with your gentle might,
The Seeds and Fruit that you put to flight
Regenerate Nature's productive plight.

In truth you fill my Soul with awe
As I ponder contemplate, explore,
My Mind needs reason to endure
What is it you are hoping for?

63. Universal Flaws

People talk in Spiritual Terms as if it was au-fait
But do they truly understand what they actually say,
They spout out about things Mind, Body and Soul
It's just New Age Psychology in a different role.

They throw in Spiritual Terms to try and uphold the Cause
Just knowing the Effect, what about Spiritual Laws?
Sure they'll talk of Karma but see it more from fear
What about its bounty, it's there to give you cheer.

Fate too is another word, situations through the Stars
But come to understanding, they're still restrained by Mars,
Find your Inner Child they say, it won't guide you wrong
Through it you'll find Inner Peace to help you get along.

Go out there and find yourself, that's another one
Then you'll truly know Thy Self but is this just a con?
They think that they're enlightened and in a way they are
It's just that the Light they have will not take them far.

They think the Universe works for them when it's not the way
All that gives is Spiritual ruin, oh and Soul decay,
The arrogance of Man it seems has no limitation
It sees the Spiritual World and creates an imitation.

One that is so far removed it will never come to Earth
It will never truly understand it and miss out on rebirth,
No Humility's the key for a oneness with all kinds
Yet they'll see it as a weakness for inferior minds.

Sure they'll get Material Reward for the Universe is all giving
But they won't get Peace of Mind, just the stress of living.

64. Sunny Daze

The gentle Sun with outstretched arms
Brings life to all around,
It radiates with serene charms
As it warms the ground.

The gallant Rose of stature proud
Heads up in its direction,
It separates from the mundane Crowd
As it strives towards perfection.

The torpid Gecko basks in its reach
In need to charge its battery,
So, too we tan upon the Beach
Imitation is our flattery.

On wondrous Sun, enchanting light
You break the Morning haze,
You take away our darkened plight
And leave a sunny daze.

You invigorate, regenerate
Lift our very being,
You illuminate, exhilarate
And aid us in our seeing.

65. Speechless

How can I describe your beauty when its took my breath away
How can I define your elegance, its more than man can say?
Your charm transcends anything that I articulate
I could never do it justice, not at any rate.

To even try in truth would be a waste of time
No, much more than that, it would be a natural crime,
For when you were created Nature found perfection
Flawless in your being, Love without defection.

Purity divine beyond my understanding
Sublime loveliness with no chance of landing.

66. The Restless Mind

Meandering thoughts, myriad points
All interlinked with tenuous joints,
Rapid procession, no natural progression
Instead of advancement I just find regression.

No static illusion, no logical conclusion
No Peace of Mind just rational confusion,
Abstract concepts with no definition
Floating through time with no recognition.

No contemplation just mental frustration
Come to enhancement I just find stagnation,
Fleeting allusion with outside intrusion
I think of achievement but it's just delusion.

Inspiration a bind perceptions not kind
No insight to find with this restless Mind.

67. Reality

From the Light of a Thousand Smiles
To the darkness of my being,
From the joy of Poetic Styles
To the sadness of my seeing.

From the depths of a Hundred Hearts
To the height of mediocrity,
From the bliss of our virtuous parts
To the Mortal Sin of Gluttony.

From the echo of my Childhood days
To the memories that still hold,
From the illusion of reality's haze
To the drink that makes me bold.

You may travel many thought forms only to find
That ultimately reality is just a State of Mind.

68. A Mammoth Task

Og and Ug left the Cave in a Philosophical mood
For having killed a Mammoth there was no urge for Food,
Their Mind could dwell on other things, how things came to be
They were looking for expansion, past reality.

Now in their quest for knowledge they were pretty raw
They knew of life and death but in truth nothing more,
Up until just recently they were hunting smaller Prey
So that meant time was short, they were hunting every Day.

Now though with the Mammoth time was on their side
So Philosophical Concepts, they could open wide,
Why is Water wet, why does Fire burn
As you can imagine they had a lot to learn.

Why is the air changeable, it goes from hot to cold?
Yes it is amazing when curiosity takes a hold,
Many, many questions but answers they were few
They would be wise men by the time they were through.

Not though at the moment they were starting out
So they left the Cave to see what was about,
Now usually with Philosophy the questions start with why
But they did not know that as they looked up to the Sky.

They were looking at the Sun; they knew it to be hot
That was all they knew so the question was a what,
It was Og that asked the question as the Sunset neared
Quite a little poser so Ug scratched his Beard.

He watched it for awhile as it set behind the Hills
Though for all his pondering all he got was ill,
“Well as to what it is, I'm afraid I'm unaware
But see behind them Hills there must be Thousands there.”

69. The Writer's Lament

I have the Pen that ignites a Hundred Dreams
I have the Pen that excites a Thousand Screams,
I could take you to a World of your own making
With Characters so close to life, too deep for faking,
I could take you from the heights of joy to the depths of sorrow
Plough through your emotions effortlessly with the deepest Furrow,
Yet no one is listening.

I could give you the insight to the World around you
You'd be erudite in Nature before I'm through,
I could make an imaginative Picture of your locality
With such vividness that it is reality,
I could Baptise you with the heat of Creative Fire
With words so melodious, a Mental Lyre,
Yet no one's at the Christening.

So why it is my words have lost their favour
What has caused the taste to lose its flavour?
My Books lie dormant on the Shelf
No Audience where once there was a wealth,
Have I lost my touch and became too twee
Or is it that you can watch it on T.V.
Well I'm done with glistening.

70. Gone but Not Forgotten

My Mind it sometimes wanders to events of long ago
When I was but a Child with so much time to grow,
I would sit and listen for Hours to my Mother's Song
And sometimes if the mood was right I would sing along.

“I'm a Rambler, I'm a Gambler
I'm a long way from home,
So if you don't like me then leave me alone,
I'll eat when I'm hungry and I'll drink when I'm dry
And if the Moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die.”

Sure now there were other Songs all of an Irish vent
It reminded her of home, the place her Childhood spent,
But that was the one that I remember most
It seemed to stick with me as through the Years I'd coast.

Now as the Years moved on my Mother's health just failed
To have to watch this happen well my Heart just ailed,
The feeling of helplessness that the scene evoked
Even to this Day my memories still choked.

Well the final outcome, I think that you have guessed
I stood there full of grief as they laid her down to rest,
The only strength I had was the Song she gave
So I stood through Tear Stained Eyes and sang it to her Grave.

“I'm a Rambler, I'm a Gambler
I'm a long way from home,
So if you don't like me then leave me alone,
I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry
And if the Moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die.”

71. The Dance of Death

They circle around in a dance to the death
Each one a Predator with quickened breath,
Both to the left, then to the right
Looking for weakness to finish the fight.

Weapons are ready coiled for attack
No chance of a truce, no going back,
One will taste victory, the other defeat
One will see triumph and live to eat.

One edges forward on the attack
The other keeps check and slightly falls back,
One feigns a thrust the other a parry
Then quick to the right, no chance to tarry.

A lightning strike, off target wide
Back to position, next chance to bide,
No quarter asked, no quarter given
Each in pursuit, each deadly striven.

The dance it continues, motion intense
Both in attack yet both in defence,
A battle of wills, which one is stronger
With the speed of one plunge the battle's no longer.

The dance it is finished, a victim was found
There motionless it lies on the ground,
Where once was life now it's let loose
The scorpion is dead long live the mongoose.

72. Kissing

In my life there's something missing
It seems I'm never kissing,
My affection doesn't want to come to ground.

I have often asked me why
Is it because I'm too shy,
Because that's the only answer I have found.

Now I'm sure that it goes deeper
For shyness is not my keeper,
Maybe something from my dark and hidden past.

But as to what its cause
Well I'm afraid I'll have to pause,
For to me the mould is well and truly cast.

Could it be lack of affection?
My Mind tends to that direction,
My Parents I remember were quite cold.

Maybe it left me in a muddle
For I never had a cuddle,
And maybe this aloofness took a hold.

Now please don't get me wrong
You see we really had a bond,
It's just that Love to them was a different way.

They gave me understanding
In a World that's too demanding,
Which I'll be honest gave my Mind a stronger say.

Now they say that by your knowing
Your Mind excels in growing,
And so hopefully my Mind is now at peace.

If that truly is the way
Then all I've got to say,
Is that my lack of affection will now cease.

73.Napper O'Grady

Napper O' Grady had an Eye for the Lady
And an outlook on life that some would call shady,
A bit of a Dealer and sometimes a Stealer
One thing about his he wasn't a Squealer.

A Second Hand Car you would not drive far
Something would go wrong and your Day it would mar,
A dodgy Green Suit, all Whistle no Flute
It might look the part but the Stitching's a hoot.

Yes Napper could sell and do it quite well
His words over powered the Rats that you smell,
A Natural Gift through your Pockets he'd shift
And if he was lucky its bulge he would shift.

With buying too, you wouldn't have a clue
You'd think it a favour before he was through,
The man could sign read and assess your need
And believe me he made any Stone bleed.

A Builder by trade and sometimes he played
Though often the game was stopped or delayed,
For Napper my Idol was pretty idle
On hearing a deal off he would sidle.

So here I stand on my Piece of Land
Where a Conservatory once had been planned,
No Napper around, the Job gone to ground
Yes come to Napper my logic is not sound.

74. Reality Bites

The Cat looked at the Mouse and sneered with disdain
Before sinking its Teeth and giving more pain,
The Mouse squealed in fear for it knew the cost
No chances of leniency its life was now lost,
It looked at the Cat and just asked it why
Why was it that it had to die?
A pertinent question and not one that's rude
For the Mouse knew for a fact that it wasn't for Food.

It had seen its dead Friends with their bodies intact
And although badly mauled they still were exact,
The Cat looked at the Mouse and it deigned to speak
“So in your death throes its answers you seek,”
It sank in its Teeth thus increasing the grip
And tossed back its Head so the Mouse had to flip,
It hit it mid air with Paw open handed
And caught it again before it had landed.

It dropped it floor bound, it was going nowhere
And answered the question, it was only fair,
“I could pontificate but at the end of the Day
I am the Predator and you are the Prey,
That's what it is; it's just Nature's Law
I was created to give you what for.”

“I hear what you're saying but it's just deceit
For Natural Law says that I you must eat,
You don't kill me for Food, nothing of the sort
You seem to perceive it as some sort of Sport,
So tell me the truth as I'm waiting to die
Give me an answer, please tell me why.”

“I kill because I can, you wanted the truth
There, now you have it, it's not that aloof,
I can't rationalise it, it defies understanding
Even to try just seems demanding,
Instinct maybe, hell I don't care
You're starting to bore me, I'll end the despair.”

The Cat killed the Mouse; its life was now done
Strange when you think it had actually won,
For intellectually speaking it carried the Day
It left the Cat flustered with nothing to say,
But life's not like that for Reality's a Thief
And the size of your booty is the size of your Teeth.

75. Time-the Thief of Life

Time is a precious thing, the ticking of a Clock
Time for all the joys to bring and problems to unlock,
Time to heal the sorrow, time to rest your Head
Time to sit and wonder so curiosity is fed.

Time is the passageway between birth and death
I'll leave that for a while, give you time to catch your breath,
Time is so transient, just a fleeting moment
Yet it seems a lifetime when you try and circumvent.

Time is an illusion that comes from man's made Watch
Seconds, Minutes, Hours, each one has a notch,
Time in man's sense is actually a waste of
It doesn't flow freely, every Four Years there's a cough.

Time is last orders when you're at the Bar
Time is the enemy when you're travelling far,
Time is the thing that seems to make you age
Time is the marker on History's Page.

Time is the essence of Nature's evolution
Time is the Seasons, the Earth's revolution,
Time is a Sentence served in a Prison Cell
Time to recuperate so you end up well.

Time has the power to make you forget
But it's also there to remind you of the things you regret,
It should be contemplation and it really is a crime
That in this Modern World of ours we do not have the time.

76. The Taxi Driver

I am a Taxi Driver and Night Time is my Day
I pick up Drunks and Lary Punks high on Mind decay,
I've seen the sordid side of life that I won't deny
Tragic lives and misery, enough to make you cry.

I could tell you many Stories, enough to write a Book
Though judging by the Audience some are best forsook,
So instead I'll give you insight into the effect of drink
And hopefully if I tell it right you might stop and think.

Now I am not a preaching man nor will I patronise
And I also know to most effects that all of you are wise,
But here's a little pearl that I've bet you've never seen
One with realisation will make you not do keen.

It concerns the drinks influence upon your memory
And how it alters confidence effecting how you see,
You might think you understood drink that is not the case
I'm afraid that come to judgement you're barely at first base.

Consciousness is a mixture of thought and memory
It's quite a finally balanced piece of machinery,
Mixing it with Alcohol is like watering the Oil
It hampers your performance; your body control will soil.

It nulls your reflex action, you forget to steer
It taints your Natural Instinct; you lose your rational fear,
Basically it blocks you from your Instinctive Side
It actually makes you vulnerable, a fact that you can't hide

77. Alone in a Crowd

Here I stand alone in a Crowd
Conversations all round but to me just a Shroud,
Think that I'm lonely, it would seem to fit
But like Da Vinci's last supper I'm aloof from it.

Everyone is talking in groups or one to one
Want a lesson in Psychology this one should be fun,
As I sit and listen, hear what they have to say
My Mind goes a little deeper, insight comes to play.

I don't listen to the words that would be banality
No what I tend to do is to gauge the groups mentality,
I could talk of Alpha Males and mutual respect
And the lesser mortals they seem to neglect.

I could talk about the dominance that comes into play
And how they vie for precedence to have the greatest say,
I could talk about the pecking order and their inter action
And designate Labels to a professional satisfaction.

I could mention all of that and perhaps a little more
But it's been done to death; I would be just a bore,
So to make a change I'll try something new instead
Find what stitches the Labels, you know the Common Thread.

Yes there actually is one; I'm not one to deceive
It's the fear of judgement, it you can believe,
All of the participants from the Lion to the Mouse
Harbour the same fear it's sort of in house.

Not wanting to sound foolish they're careful what they say
Because to them a loss of Face is a heavy price to pay,
So forsaking the Heart they speak from the Head
Depth of conversation, the chance of that is dead.

Yes come to listening, my mental skills are honed
I guess it is my fault, I shouldn't go there stoned.

78. You Make my Day

When the Sun Shines out in its softest burn
Not quite twilight but on the turn,
Elevating flora in a dim bright light
And directing Birds in their final flight.
I think of you.

When the Insects finally go to ground
And the Day Light Creatures are no longer found,
As the mood of Day turns into Night
And darkness clouds my very sight.
You are my World.

When the Night Time starts to streak with Light
And the darkness fades for its lost the fight,
When the falling Moon heralds the Day
As the rising Sun regains its say.
You're here with me.

When the sun rises through the Morning Sky
And heats the air in a gentle sigh,
Whilst the Flower starts to lift with life
And exude its scent to attract a wife.
You have my Heart.

When the full Red Sun hits its greatest height
And throws out its heat with its fullest might,
Whilst the creatures bask in the mid day shade
Realising progress won't be made.
You make my Day.

79. Liberty Belle

My lovely Maiden when you melt in my Arms
My Senses tingle to your alluring charms,
My restless nature just purifies and calms
You truly exude the purest natural balms.

Yes I was lucky when you first chose me
You gave me comfort from life's misery,
Come to fulfillment you held the key
To unlock my Soul and set me free.

My precious Diamond you light up my Eyes
And cut through darkness with its loveless lies,
Dispelling solitude with its excessive guise
Dispersing Anger into Love felt sighs.

Yes I was blessed with life anew
You gave me meaning to help me through,
An Inner Knowing that all I do
Now has a purpose and that is you.

My fragrant Rose you activate desire
You play my Heartstrings like a subtle Lyre,
You excite passion in your vibrant fire
That negates Self Doubt, its Funeral Pyre.

Yes I am wholly under your sweet Spell
You gave me Heaven where once was Hell,
You showed me life could turn out well
You truly are my Liberty Belle.

80. The Curse

Paddy O' Shea lived down our way
Give him a drink he had plenty to say,
Down at his local loud and vocal
Attention to him was always quite focal.

Conversation unfit? Not even a bit
He was considered by all as some what a Wit,
The man was a Poet and didn't he know it
Yes come to Verse he just seemed to flow it.

I remember one day, I think back in May
He'd been out on the Town and drinking all Day,
No more the swagger the man was a Blagger
The best he could manage no more than a stagger.

Yet still with the verse abrupt and terse
His Voice slurred heavily as he uttered a Curse,
To some Taxi Driver, a Ducker and Diver
Who Paddy was convinced had stolen a Fiver.

Well time became past, it never does last
I'd forgotten completely the Curse had been cast,
Till I read a Story, resurrected with glory
About a man who had died in an accident gory.

A Moral Tale, its message won't pale
Don't Curse in Verse it will never fail,
The Powers that Be, their Language you see
So to make a Curse work that is the Key

81. A Chequered History

Cheques in the Post
Check the Pig Roast,
Check out that walk
Czech, how they talk

Check, is it mate?
Check, you're too late,
Check on a Dress
Check, to repress.

Check out, the Till
Check up, Health Bill,
Check, to restrain
Check, hamper gain.

Check is it ready?
Check are you steady?
Check can we go?
Check, stop it grow.

Check an advance
Checkers Twist dance,
Check out, The End
Goodbye my Friend.

82.Life's a Bitch (But I'm a dog so I say F##k it)

I live in a world where truth is a crime
And lies just repeated time after time,
Where people use anger to get what they want
And love is no more, it drowned at the font.

Where cruelty is normal, it's every day life
No more contentment we just get strife,
Fear is our captor and didn't it do well
It turned our world into a living hell.

They have us enslaved to poverty
No time for leisure for you and me,
Life is just toil to make others rich
Guess that's enough of my hate fueled bitch.

83. The Golden Egg

Story Time with a rhyme
Concerning little Pixie's crime,
Mother's Goose now is loose
The naughty Fairy cut the Noose.

Flapping round, what a sound
Feathers flying all around,
Damage done, no peace is won
The giant Goose is on the run.

Fairy Queen is getting mean
Looking at this frantic scene,
What a mess, with no redress
But little Pixie can't care less.

Laughing choke, to her a joke
Watching as the things get broke,
Tears run, guilt there's none
Everything to hers just fun.

Goose meanwhile used its guile
Took to the air with such great style,
Tragedy, it hit a Tree
It and life parts company.

Goose is dead Queen sees Red
Smacks little Pixie round the Head.
Pixie begs quickly legs
Her mum will miss those Golden Eggs.

Strange Story, a little gory
Looking for its hidden glory?
Take to ground something profound
Don't look here as it won't be found.

84. Grow Up

My Partner's Daughter is like a Snail
Where ever she goes she leaves a trail,
Discarded Books half empty Cups
I'm afraid she sips instead of sups.

Her dirty Clothes strewn all around
Then she wonders why nothing's found,
I've never met such a wayward Child
Seriously she drives me wild.

My Partner's Daughter is thoughtless too
Come to Others she has no clue,
She'll want to shift and need a Lift
No notice given, you get the drift.

Yes I'm afraid that little Flower
Always calls during Rush Hour,
Oh how I pity her poor Mam
For ever stuck in a Traffic Jam.

My Partner's Daughter's quite a cost
With her bad memory things get lost,
Mobile Phones, her Mother moans
Then Sunday Morning Car Boot combs.

Yes life with her is a constant strive
You wouldn't think she was 25,
Yet come to life she's but a pup
Oh how I wish that she'd grow up.

85. Kayley the Gnome

I have a Gnome called Kayley and we will never part
Though he has a nasty habit, he just loves to Fart,
It's sort of a defence mechanism to keep People at bay
If you come too close to him he will rip away,
Now it doesn't smell, please don't get me wrong
But as a shock value it is pretty strong.

Yes he is a Tyrant, with him there is no messing
He even holds his Hands out like it was a blessing,
You think that he's benign, there's nothing to be feared
He looks a bit like Santa Claus with his long white Beard,
But that is just a trap to lure you to his Heart
Once he has you in his grasp he'll loose a giant Fart.

Many he's caught out with his innocent air
From the young to the old they all fall to his flair,
He doesn't discriminate, equality is his way
Yes come too close and everyone will pay,
Sometimes I do worry though, he might cause great harm
Someone could have a Heart Attack with his false alarm.

Many Years I've had him through the heat and cold
And there's truth in what they say, he never grows old,
But I have noticed that time has made him dour
He's lost his joy of life; he's lost his trumping power,
I will not forsake him though and sent him to a Cattery
No instead I think I'll invest in a new Battery.

86. Lost Horizons

Where the Sea blends into the Sky
There you will find me,
In Medusa's loveless Eyes
There I will be.

From the Pipes once held by Pan
I am the melody,
To the mysteries of life
I am the key.

Yea though you walk with death
I am beside you,
Yea though you talk with breath
I am inside you.

Yea though you look for me
I can't abide you,
Yea though you search the Sea
I have defied you.

Whenever you call my name
I will ignore you,
Whenever you fall to shame
I will abhor you.

Whenever you look for blame
I will explore you,
Whenever you search for fame
I will deplore you.

87. Obsession

Say my name once again
Take away my pain,
Show me that you care for me
So this life is not a bane.

Let me hear your velvet tones
Caressing sweet my Ears,
Let me know you're still with me
Alleviate my fears.

Once you used to have my name
Through our married vow,
Once you used to hold my flame
That was then not now.

Love seems to have lost its way
Where did it go wrong?
How I yearn for times gone past
When our love was strong.

Though you never wear my ring
You're still part of me,
And though you've left my Heart unlocked
You still hold the key.

Though my love lies on the edge
I could never fall,
For I sit here by the Phone
Just waiting for your Call.

88. Distraction

My Mind drifts onto the noble Rose
With the fragrance of the Spring,
The slenderness, the tenderness
Of a Butterfly's Wing.

What marvel, what majesty
Perfection is the thing,
Truly Mother Nature's Prize
It wears her Wedding Ring.

How often do I contemplate
On its pure untainted form,
A model of completeness
That transcends the norm.

Fragile in its nature
Subtle, uniform,
And yet it has an inner strength
To weather any Storm.

How often do my thoughts dwell
On the things I've said,
I find it quite distraction
My concentration bled.

I'm trying to write this Poem
But chance of that is dead,
God this bleeding Flower
Just will not leave my Head.

89. Sunday, Fun-Day

There I was sitting in the Pub
Smashed and mashed now here's the little rub,
Though my Mind's coherent, as clear as a Bell
I found co-ordination had gone to hell.

I knew I had to go whilst my Mind was winning
For if I left it any longer my Head would soon be spinning,
No Common Sense dictated leave and pretty quick
I couldn't cope with the embarrassment of ending up Sick.

So I edged towards the Door looking for my chance
Knowing that my walk would be more like a dance,
I did not want attention I could not live it down
I didn't want the knowledge out I was a drunken Clown.

I grabbed hold of the Chair and with a push got up
Vowing that in future times a little less I'd sup,
Keeping to the Wall I crept towards my goal
Pretending I was Sober, quite a difficult role.

I'm guessing People noticed but by then I didn't care
I saw the Doorway and I was nearly there,
Just a few more Feet and I'd be out the place
Dignity intact, without a loss of face.

Just a few more Feet but it was open ground
Nothing to hold onto and co-ordination unsound,
So I put my hand against the Wall, gave myself a push
Heading to the Door and I was in a rush.

Still an open channel and not far to go
Just another Foot and then came the bitter blow,
The Door you see it opened and it came at quite a cost
The shock to the system, well my balance it was lost.

My Legs just went beneath me and I fell to the Floor
I remember Peels of Laughter and then nothing more.

90. Confusion

As I sit here and dwell on life
I'm under no illusion,
People judge on trivial things
And this leads me to confusion.

Is there a point to this?
Is it just an Ego transfusion?
Or is it a little more sinister
A case of Mass delusion.

They may wrap it up in fancy words
Psychology comes to play,
They may condescend and to that end
Think they've got their way.

They may prevaricate till their Hearts content
And think that it's okay,
But in the end it's a waste of time
I'll wait to Judgement Day.

No to hear them going on
Fair keeps me amused,
The Flowery Words and Butterfly Stings
They think I'm being abused.

Nothing new ever comes from them
It been already used,
I'll leave them to their own delusion
I'm never that confused.

91. The Poet's Prayer

Long may substance overcome flair
So when we look there's something there,
And when we listen to the Poet's rhyme
We know it's not a waste of time.

Long may depth fill our verse
And take away our mortal curse,
May we never fall to mental vanity
Forsaking truth and with it sanity.

Long may suffering have its place
For life's experience has a varied face,
May we never fall to material delusion
And be tempted by conceptual confusion.

Long may insight rule our World
And wisdom too, once its unfurled,
May we always walk in the light of Day
And ne'er crave darkness through Mind decay.

Long may purpose bless our being
And bring clarity to what we're seeing,
May our life become a lucid Dream
And our verse flow freely without a seam.

Long may understanding be our aim
May we strive to grasp the eternal flame,
May we lose preconception with its rigidity
And achieve perfection with its fluidity.

92. Derry City

Well I went up to Derry City
A fair Colleen I hoped to find,
On hearing that they all were pretty
And the Streets were Maiden bound.

I brought with me a Pot of Money
My one intention to impress,
And to show no motive funny
I even donned my Gentleman's Dress.

Well I must have looked a real Picture
Walking round with Watch in Hand,
Shame it wasn't a permanent picture
Relieved from me by Thieves demand.

They also took my Walking Cane
And the Money Belt I owned,
And the Cloak that sheltered Rain
Even though it was only loaned.

Well I gave to them without resistance
It wasn't like I had a choice,
Then I ran to seek assistance
Hoping to hear a friendly Voice.

I came across a burly Scuffer
Who excelled in flagrancy,
Thinking I was just a bluffer
He had me up for Vagrancy.

93. Use Your Imagination

My Father used to say to me when I was a Boy
“Sorry Son, times are hard, we can't afford that Toy,”
Sometimes it would bother me and I would find frustration
But generally I took it well and used Imagination.

Yes Imagination as a Tool brought me loads of fun
See that Stick upon the Floor, to me it was a Gun,
It all so worked with role play, I could be anyone
A Cowboy or a Soldier, without Uniform to don.

Now as time passed by I grew into a Teen
Circumstances never changed, they still were pretty mean,
Struggle brought me character, I was never materialistic
Let's be honest, come to life, you have to be realistic.

No I took to reading, mainly because it was free
It was only just a short walk to the Library,
I learned of different Worlds, it filled me with elation
To occupy my Mind, lost in another's creation.

Time passed by once more and life was still a fight
I evolved some more and from reading I did write,
Folk Tales, Fairy Tales, Mythologies by the score
I was creating my own Worlds, who could ask for more.

I found piece of mind, my imagination had a use
It now was creative so lost its destructive abuse,
Yes your Imagination is quite a Mental Tool
Don't ever neglect it; you'll become a lethargic fool.

94. The Nightmare

Do you sweat, do you scream,
When you wake up from a dream?
Do you gasp short of breath?
A near miss with death.

Are you restless excited?
Imagination ignited,
Do you find things unkind?
That pester your Mind.

Are you negative bound?
With no comfort found,
Do you only see pain?
With nothing to gain.

Do the Demons at Night
Torture through fright,
Do you pray for the day?
For the fear to allay.

Do you fringe Self Despair?
Though not quite get there,
Do you dread to go back?
And so Sleep do lack.

Do you crave for the end?
To this torment I've penned,
Well just answer please
And lay off the Cheese.

95. Age-a State of Mind

The sands of time slip slowly through my Hand
I watch with horror as they make their demand,
The youthful energy that I once had
The zest for life when I was a lad.

No more the urge do I have to play
No more excitement, it's had its Day,
My Body Clock is nearing Midnight
I no longer have the strength to fight.

Time moves on off that I'm sure
But to age I'm not its Whore,
I still have life, my Heart it does beat
The Wrinkles I have, my imagination's deceit.

I'm still the same, nothing has changed
My Mind is sharp it's not been deranged,
Whilst I have breath I'll never die
So signs of age I will never ask why.

Two different People both the same age
Which one is trapped in a mental cage?
Which one's a victim which one is free
Which one has the strength to defy reality?

Two states of mind, could be the same man
Which one would you take and follow its plan?
The choice it is yours so what will you do
I'm not here to preach but I've left a good clue.

96. The Memory Key

Intelligence, the ability to be
Imagination, the Mind's ability to see,
Which of these hold the key?
When it comes to creativity.

A strange question at first thought
When you utilise what you've been taught,
But things aren't quite as they purport
So sit awhile and we'll consort.

I would like to dwell on Poetry
The medium that sets your Spirit free,
You'd think imagination held the key
And you'd be right it was meant to be.

Though nowadays some Poetry isn't pure
It knocks sharply on the intellect's door,
With Poetic Comparisons by the score
Yes it seems to dwell on the Metaphor.

In olden days, I mean long ago
Before the Pen when you had to know,
They used the verse for Story flow
And to aid your memory and help it grow.

It sounds simplistic, well I suppose
But this should keep you on your Toes,
You see with verse experience shows
Its recall is much more than Prose.

Poetry though has another side
One which some of you'll deride,
One which now I'll open wide
If it's pure the Creative Spirit can bide.

You see Poetry when it's pure
Promotes Creative Growth nothing more,
From its wholesome vial a Spiritual pour
Don't spice it up, it's more effective raw.

97. Just Doing my Thing

Sometimes I like to rest awhile and let the World pass by
I like to try and answer questions that generally start with why,
It sort of gives me peace of mind and hopefully I'll grow
For when it come to Imaginative Thought, well you never know.

I sit awhile and wonder about the World beyond
To try and light the darkness and who knows get strong,
It's not a permanent picture; I'm not a mad recluse
It just that sometimes I need to stray from his World obtuse.

Sometimes I like to lounge around just watching T.V.
I find it pretty stimulating dependent what you see,
Nature Programmes generally but also Worldly things
Oh and mad Comedy, to me there's many kings.

I could sit and watch for Hours, growing, passing time
Or depending on my mood watch a gritty Crime,
I'm not a Telly Addict though please don't get me wrong
But a mild diversion helps me get along.

Sometimes I crave companionship, a sharing of Minds
Stimulating conversation and maybe hidden finds,
I could sit and talk for Hours if the conversations good
If it's caught your imagination anyone would.

Busy doing nothing, I guess People might say
Though I tend to see things in a more constructive way,
There's a World of Knowledge in which I am the king
I yearn for understanding because that is my thing.

98. T Hee

John Litten was a friend of mine
He liked to play around,
Often on the Course
Was he to be found.

He was always chasing Birds
Eagles, Albatross,
And often at the Swingers Club
Would their paths cross.

He told me once come down
Though I'd never played before,
I would have a real good time
And who knows maybe score.

At first I was reluctant
Perhaps a little shy,
But eventually I succumbed
And kissed my Wife good bye.

Well the place was full of Holes
That seemed to want filling,
And though my aim was bad
I was more than willing.

I don't think I'll go back though
I much prefer my Bowls,
Besides there's too much walking
Just for 18 Holes.

99. Mumble me

Windy City, nasty ditty
About how I came to grief,
Heavy Rain once again
Is there no relief.

Coming home, end of roam
Just been to the Pub,
Had a drink, well Two I think
I'd only a small sub,

Pretty sober, been on Cobra
Taste to me like.....
Better not, might get shot
Besides they call it lite.

So walking briskly might risky
But I was getting wet,
Couldn't see in front of me
Head down, safest bet.

Normally speaking no solace seeking
I would have been okay,
But the Wind took what's binned
And just threw it away.

Some stale Bread hit my Head
And though it didn't hurt,
Made me wonder, something stronger
I was on alert.

Looking round, nothing found
Yes I was distracted,
Didn't see in front of me
A Lamp Post had refracted.

Hit full bore, on the Floor
Head hurting like hell,
Mustn't grumble, only mumble
But with that you can tell.

100. Whatever the Weather (Weather Whatever)

I like the Sunlit Rain, it gives me a lift
Attunes me to Nature with a sensorial shift,
The heightened awareness it just seems to bring
The mergence with colour a most beautiful thing,
The fragrance aromas enhanced through wet light
Another reality, sort of dim bright.

I like the Sunlit Snow, it brightens my Day
It leaves me aglow though in a cold way,
The feeling of purity that it seems to bring
At one with everything a most beautiful thing,
The chillness around you enhanced through White bright
Another reality, sort of Snow Light.

I like the Fog, it gives me a chill
Mentally speaking a Paranoid thrill,
The feeling it gives me is almost primeval
Instincts alive, my reflexes full,
Yes out on my own when it is dark
A Paranoid reality's good for a lark.

I like the Weather it reflects my moods
It dilutes my Senses with the effects it exudes,
Sometimes it is draining and others a lift
Yes the Weather and me, we can never drift,
Some say it is boring, maybe it's true
But without the Weather what would you do.

101. The River of Life

Great, majestic River meandering to the Sea
What depth of understanding have you got for me?
What have you to teach me to help me grow in peace
To take away my darkness, my ignorance to cease?
You once were worshiped as a God; I know that for a Fact
Though as to why is a mystery, one that's still intact.

As I sit and watch your gentle flow it fills me full of awe
What really is your purpose, what are you hoping for?
I went to see a wise man, an answer for to find
To pacify my curiosity and quell my restless Mind,
And what he had to tell me just took away my strife
He told me that the River symbolised my life.

He said its Journey to the Sea was my time on Earth
That the Sea it was my death and the Clouds rebirth,
He said the Clouds returned again like a Salmon home to spawn
So death was not the end, not something to mourn,
“Why does it go back then, what really is the point
I see the sense in what you're saying but I need a joint”

“It travels back to reassess to understand the pain
To grow in experience before it turns to Rain,
Then it starts its life again, untainted just pure
For like you its restless, it wants to know what for,
When it finds the answer it knows the Rivers fake
So instead of going there it ends up in a Lake.”