



# **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 book 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 past  
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's gone 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. The Autumn Experience**

The golden leaves an autumn hue  
Squandered on the ground  
Its covering a carpet new  
No flora to be found

To walk the bed of nature's death  
To a clean and crispy sound  
Brings to life the emptiness  
When nature's not around

The trees now just a vacant frame  
Jump out from the floor  
No leaves about to hide their shame  
Their verdant coat no more

No substance to majestic claim  
Snatched by nature's claw  
Just spectral figures grotesque and lame  
Pitiful and poor

Oh how I like to walk the wood  
When autumn is in season  
It fills me with a sense of good  
A sense I find so pleasing

Surprising that I think it should  
To Mother Nature treason  
But if you stand where I have stood  
You'll understand my reason

#### **4. My Love for You**

My love for you will never fade  
Whilst life beats in my heart  
My love for you will never shade  
My passion you're the spark

My love for you will always shine  
For you have the switch  
To turn me onto things sublime  
And truly bewitch

My love for you will never die  
It will last eternity  
For whilst the clouds traverse the sky  
You'll be part of me

And whilst the sun exudes its glow  
You shall have my love  
For destiny has pulled the bow  
Sanctioned from above

My love for you will always be  
For it's set in stone  
You took away my apathy  
When I was on my own

You showed me a new state of mind  
Once found never lost  
Up till then I had laboured blind  
Not knowing of the cost

## **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. The Frisco Kid**

I met her south of Frisco where she was dancing at a disco  
She swayed around like fire and ignited my desire  
She looked in my direction and I had my first erection  
She must have seen the bulge and thought she would indulge  
She came up by my side and said "You cannot hide  
I've had my eye on you; you'll be a man before I'm through  
So come on what do you say would you like your wicked way"  
I looked at her unsure; I thought she might have been a whore  
I wasn't being untoward it just that she was forward  
I mean I'm not being funny but I didn't have the money  
And if the offer was her ware I could not afford the fare  
"So you need some time to think, that's alright I'll have a drink  
I am the patient kind guaranteed to blow your mind"  
Well I bought us both a drink which we did quickly sink  
Then I bought us both another inhibitions for to smother  
It must have been the whiskey but I was getting frisky  
So I put my mind to work the offer I wouldn't shirk  
She might have been a hooker but I wasn't a sucker,  
I wasn't going to pay, I'd just run away  
She said "Are you ready?" and I walked out unsteady  
I don't know if it was nerves or the drink that caused the swerves  
Well she took me to an alley where we got rather pally  
She got down on her knees her intention for to please  
And as I leaned back in ecstasy I thought virginity wasn't me  
There only was one sorrow they wouldn't believe me at school tomorrow

## **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. The Magpie**

Oh clever magpie hated by all  
I'm afraid your intelligence was your downfall  
Your whole existence schooled in guile  
You live your way in an artful style

You conquer life, make it accountable  
No problem is insurmountable  
You truly are a noble fowl  
A lot more wiser than the owl

Oh majestic magpie sublime in grace  
The darkest ebony that is your face  
Those deathless eyes cold and hard  
And that sharp beak, a black glass shard

You truly are a marvellous sight  
Coloured both in black and white  
Yet when the sun is its most keen  
Rounded with a turquoise sheen

Oh foolish magpie with your desire  
To be like man and have his fire  
What chance have you with those wings  
So instead you collect shiny things

In the hope of warming up your nest  
Come to alternative that's the best  
Your rational is no recompense  
What happened to your common sense?

#### **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. My Lady**

My lady I humble myself before your grace  
In your loveliness pride has no place  
Before your beauty I find myself meek  
For within your heart is the gold I seek

In your eyes diamonds unfold  
Merged with lashes made with gold  
Tempered with the warmth of love  
And twinkling like the stars above

In your mouth an ivory crown  
Encased in lips, a crimson gown  
A silken trim around a gleaming light  
That can lift my heart and passion excite

And oh those cheeks of a fox glove hue  
A stature proud, a skin so new  
That covers like the finest table cloth  
Yes before your grace my hat I'll doth

#### **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. It Would be Rude Not to**

A playful smile, seductive eyes  
A hint of shyness, just a disguise  
An upward glance, a forward tilt  
The softest voice with the sweetest lilt  
“You would though, wouldn't you?”

I held her gaze for I thought I should  
For if the truth be known indeed I would  
Indifference was my safest bet  
So I thought that I'd play hard to get  
“Sure I would but you would too”

Her head came back, a knowing smile  
I guess she must have liked my style  
She spoke to me through alluring eyes  
My heart shattered into a thousand sighs  
“You speak in truth what shall we do?”

I held her hand and led the way  
We walked forward no more to say  
A chance meeting, passion intense  
But what I'll say in my defence  
“It would be rude not to”

## **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 divvys 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 doubts  
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. Love Story (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. S.O.S**

In days of old when my jokes were fresh  
There lived a man they called S.O.S.  
A ship's captain, well that's what he preached

He was always there as a moral guide  
Unless of course you managed to hide  
But on a small ship there is nowhere can't be reached

He was the bane of many a crew  
For all the lectures he put them through  
And dark mutterings followed him around

For though he was a man of the cloth  
And in reverence each a hat must doth  
They say they cheered when his body was not found

Often though they would call for him  
Just in case he could forgive a sin  
Usually when the ship was in distress

For when Davy Jones locker beckoned  
You need all help, well so was reckoned  
And after all he wore religious dress

### **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 nights 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. That Beautiful Smile**

The music of a heartbeat, the lyrics of a song  
The fragrance of a rose, so subtle yet so strong  
A little drop of mountain dew, only just a touch  
And a trace of starlight, seriously not much

The taste of food in hunger, the spiritual lift of art  
The playful bird of paradise in the court ship part  
The gracefulness of a humming bird hovering on the wing  
The nightingale and the little robin when it starts to sing

The autumn smell of a river just beside a weir  
And the youthful exuberance of the running deer  
All have their place and excel in their own style  
But none can compare with the beauty of your smile

#### **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 Them .....Yep**

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 two 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 Robin**

There goes my little friend a dartin' and a bobbin'  
He's such a joy to see, that playful little robin  
One moment he is there, the next he's gone away  
Then he's back again, what more can I say

A pleasure to my heart, a fleeting joy of life  
Oh that little fellow in his constant search for strife  
He takes me to another world, one that's full of mirth  
That must be the reason that he symbolises rebirth

First time that I saw him he took me by surprise  
I was working in the garden about the time that summer dies  
Just a little weeding to finish off the day  
Distracted by a cheep, the robin came to play

Perched upon the handle that once had been my spade  
He looked a pretty picture, a greeting card well made  
He was so adorable in his bright red vest  
I'm sure he had a roguish grin that cheeky little pest

He comes every day now; I guess he likes it here  
I'm not one to moan though he always brings good cheer  
I'm always pleased to see him, a most welcome guest  
Yes come to entertainment he really is the best

Talk of birds of paradise that might be your thing  
But to me the humble robin has got to be the king  
Sure if it's a beauty contest the little robin fails  
But come to confrontation the fellow's hard as nails

#### **45. The Swear Word**

I have the power to paint a sentence blue  
Yet I'm no artist so what else can I do  
I have the power to set emotions rife  
To regenerate, assimilate and turn into strife

I have the power to subdue and shock  
To humiliate, degenerate and anger unlock  
I have the power of emphasistion  
To intimidate, obliterate with open derision

I have the power to see through pretension  
To shun etiquette as a feeble invention  
To open your eyes through emphasis of feeling  
To put special stress to aid in your dealing

I have the power to cut to the chase  
With vulgar expression in a language called base  
I cut through formality with the strength of my aim  
The greater the strength the greater my claim

I have the power to humble the proud  
Turn the Emperor's new clothes into a shroud

I have the power to play to the masses  
To bring forth emotion promoting dark clashes  
To exalt false courage, to placate you fear  
To destroy those standards you hold to so dear

I have the power and on that I swear  
For that is the power, the power to dare

#### **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 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 "read it"

## 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 deal  
There really is no need to raise a stink”

Well I could not refuse so I served the chord 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 aright

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 wheel chair 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. Word Power**

Have you ever wondered about the power of the word?  
And it does have power I'm not being absurd  
I'll give you one example, well if I can  
You may kill an animal but murder a man  
The two words mean the same that you will admit  
Yet one evokes emotions and sometimes quite a bit  
That's one aspect of its power, it brings emotions to life  
Yes emotive words have caused a lot of strife

The power of a single word you already know  
But put it in a sentence and watch the power grow  
Added with an idea to get its fullest strength  
You could change the world and do it at great length  
So that's one power, the power of evocation  
But it had another one and that is education  
It provides the framework to quantify your find  
I guess you'd say a spoon when feeding the mind

Finally another aspect called the living word  
The essence of your being but also a good girl  
It works through energy transference, simple nothing more  
And yet it moulds your purpose and is actually its core  
You see the word is a calorie when all said and done  
A spark of metaphysical light, a ray from the sun  
It actually lives inside you but in a different way  
A sprinkling of consciousness, not enough to say.

#### **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 ills  
“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 become 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. Mind Play**

The constant stream of criticism  
Ceaseless never ending  
The inability to compromise  
Solid, never bending

The whole spectrum of put down lines  
Sapping self esteem  
Perfection never satisfied  
Always find the seam

No matter what I do it's never up to scratch

The verbal manipulation  
To keep me in my place  
The condescending punch-line  
That knocks me on my face

The feeling of inadequacy  
That you do inspire  
The general air of worthlessness  
My confidence expire

You and emotional turmoil, the perfect match

The frustration of endeavour  
Tears into my soul  
I turn into your obedience  
My subservient role

An extension of your well being  
That is all I am  
Yet still I'll never leave you  
I am just your lamb

As you often tell me you are quite a catch

### **73. Love is Real**

Love is like a rose's scent caught amidst the breeze  
You can not quite define it, though it leaves a sensual sneeze  
Never try and rationalise it else it might lose its hold  
Love inspires confidence; it's what makes you bold

Love is self fulfilment; it's what makes you whole  
It's the missing link to your emotional goal  
Its joy lies in its giving, a selfless task to serve  
It's bliss in its receiving, an uplifting of verve

Love knows no boundaries, it negates self consciousness  
It has no fear of judgement and cares even less  
It stands alone in purity, what need has it to hide  
It alters your awareness when it deigns to bide

Love is all around you though on a different plain  
It also is a part of you, your essence when not vain  
It's actually a state of mind if you can believe  
It's when you think of others not wanting to deceive

Love when in your heart you cannot disguise  
It's a catalyst to the light inside your eyes  
It comes out in your aura so everyone will know  
And as it is contagious, just watch and it will grow

Love's the final destiny to find your inner being  
It just seems to take over enhancing what you're seeing  
Once you truly have it you can do no wrong  
For it enhances worthiness, it's what makes you strong

#### **74. The Bulldog Bash**

As I look across the fields from tents I can't escape  
A blanket of canvas across the lush landscape  
Motor cycles everywhere, glistening in the sun  
The canvas is not blank as silver threads are spun

Figures dotted everywhere, denim, leather clad  
Want to paint a picture, see it isn't bad  
Get past all the stereotypes; you'll be surprised at what you find  
It's really just a gathering of people the same mind

Heavy metal music in a jovial atmosphere  
Always friendly banter, always lots of cheer  
Never any trouble, just have a good time  
Maybe some high brand cigarettes not really a great crime

Interesting conversation, mechanical or crash  
Never short of entertainment at the Bulldog Bash  
Seriously get over; it's a thing you'll not regret  
You'll have a great time, a weekend you won't forget

Bikers have a bad press of that I don't deny  
And sure you get some mad ones; I'm not one to lie  
There's good and bad in everyone, seek and you will find  
Don't let your perceptions make your life a bind

It's the same as everyone, treat them with respect  
For it is your actions that they will reflect  
It doesn't matter where you are, life is just the same  
Look unto yourself don't let bikers get the blame

### **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. The Stalker**

You don't know me  
You think that you do  
You don't know me  
But I know you

I watch you at night, when you are asleep  
I'm that close to you I hear your heart beat  
The blanket lifts up as you inhale  
But given the chance I'd make it fail

You don't know me  
You think that you do  
You don't know me  
But I know you

I see you sometimes when you're on your own  
I'm watching, waiting whilst plans are being sown  
To you I am nothing, not worth a say  
But just heed these words for that you will pay

You don't know me  
You think that you do  
You don't know me  
But I know you

I am the predator and you are the prey  
Before me you are helpless, a life cast away  
You have no defence, you have no voice  
You'll meet your end at the time of my choice

You don't know me  
You think that you do  
You don't know me  
But I know you

You pull me about like I'm a doormat  
When you're just a baby and I am a cat  
I'll sit on your face and your breath I will smother  
Then leave you in death to be found by your mother

### **79. The Eyes Have It**

Oh gentle eyes, love light bound  
A shade of blue that's so profound  
A loving gaze  
Senses amaze  
A cherished look my heart astound

Oh radiant eyes, a soulful lift  
Mother Nature's finest gift  
Divine light  
Sublime sight  
Give my spirit an upward shift

Oh sensual eyes, emotional cure  
You give me bliss right to the core  
Soul ignite  
Heart excite  
A look from you and there's nothing more

Oh caring eyes, such tenderness  
You give my heart such sweet redress  
Soothing calm  
Natural balm  
Total comfort and nothing less

Oh vibrant eyes, a heartfelt sigh  
You lift my spirits to the sky  
Cupid's bow  
I guess you know  
I'll love you till the day I die

### **80. The Seasons-an Unopened Jar of Honey**

The new shoots growth, the start of spring  
The fledgling bird takes to the wing  
The bulbs ignite their glorious hues  
The boxing hares that so amuse

The scent of spring is in the air  
New lovers walk without a care  
Yet I'm stuck in here missing all the fun  
I've a jar of honey that won't be undone

The sun shines strong for summer's here  
The flowers bloom and bring good cheer  
The butterfly sails the wind  
The buzzing bee ne'er did rescind

The verdant grass all lush with spring  
The biting gnat and the wasp with sting  
This lid's defied everything I've done  
But I think I've got it on the run

The season's turn and autumn's here  
The golden leaves mean the fall is near  
The ripened seed, the tree has fruit  
Nature's bounty and our annual loot

The squirrel stacks up for the cold  
Before winter takes its frosty hold  
To lid opening, success is none  
The web of frustration has been spun

Winter's here and its nature's death  
The skeletal tree with leaf bereath  
The snow lies heavy on the ground  
It lights the air and muffles sound

The year has done we've hit a dearth  
And so must wait for spring's rebirth  
I think this bleeding lid has won  
Now where did I put that loaded gun?

## **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. A Triad of Triads

Do you ever sit and wonder about a poem's style? Just get past its content and see the structure raw so gauge its understanding and recognise its might. It might be in your interests to ponder for a while, work out in your mind what it's actually for and then maybe who knows get poetic insight.

Get the versing right it has the power to beguile, you think that it's just rhyming I'm afraid there's a little more for with discernment's power it will all come to light with a flow so freely it would make a river smile. It's actually a vessel to which your thoughts just pour so it would be in your interests to get the balance right.

In its essence it is purity its shed all the bile so treat it with respect, it never was your whore.

It's actually a lance to help you with your fight, its straight from divinity there's nothing to defile. It truly has the power to open heaven's door. It's your imagination once it's lost its fright.

Its power of portrayal stands out by a mile it can carry a poem's mood gauge without a flaw It brings in a different aspect to aid you in your plight yet its subtle nature hides it from your dial. It makes its understanding free flowing and pure and promotes a certain tempo to give the verse its bite.

You probably will not notice this, just put it with the pile, think that it is nothing not really worth the score but it hides a secret so subtle yet so tight.

So the secret then, it actually rhymes though it is that subtle you can barely see it. Don't believe that well divide the piece into triads, the first three lines finish style, raw and might, the next triad lines finish while, for and right. Take all the first parts of the triads and put them together and then second and finally third and you get.

Do you ever sit and wonder about a poem's style?  
It might be in your interests to ponder for a while  
Get the versing right it has the power to beguile  
With a flow so freely it would make a river smile  
In its essence it is purity it's shed all the bile  
Its straight from divinity, there's nothing to defile  
Its power of portrayal stands out by a mile  
Yet its subtle nature hides it from your dial

Just get past the content, see its structure raw  
You think that it's just rhyming I'm afraid there's a little more  
It's actually a vessel to which your thoughts just pour  
So treat it with respect, it never was your whore  
It truly has the power to open heaven's door  
It can carry a poem's mood gauge without a flaw  
It makes its understanding free flowing and pure

So gauge its understanding and recognise its might  
And then maybe who knows get poetic insight  
For with discernment's power it will all come to light

So it would be in your interests to get the balance right  
It's actually a lance to help you with your fight  
It's your imagination once its lost its fright  
It brings in a different aspect to aid you in your plight  
And promotes a certain tempo to give the verse its bite  
Alternatively you could do it in couplets, take the first two then the second two and  
finally the third giving you this.

Do you ever sit and wonder about a Poem's style?  
It might be in your interests to ponder for a while  
Just get past the content, see its structure raw  
You think that it's just rhyming I'm afraid there's a little more

So gauge its understanding and recognise its might  
And then maybe who knows get Poetic Insight  
Get the versing right it has the power to beguile  
With a flow so freely it would make a river smile

It's actually a vessel to which your thoughts just pour  
So treat it with respect, it never was your whore  
For with discernment's power it will all come to Light  
So it would be in your interests to get the balance right

In its essence it is purity it's shed all the bile  
Its straight from Divinity, there's nothing to defile  
It truly has the power to open Heaven's door  
It can carry a Poem's mood gauge without a flaw

### **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 way ward 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 state 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 Last Good Bye (Probably)**

Well this is it, now I dry up  
The very last drop from my poetic cup  
What inspiration will I be using?  
A lateral concept, a poetic musing

A flight of fancy, maybe a song  
Or a poetic insight that probably is wrong  
A piece of love tore from my heart  
Or maybe Kayley now he can fart

A stalker perhaps in a new guise  
Or a political piece to combat the lies  
A comedy piece laid out to deceive  
No better not I'll leave that to Steve(1)

No, none of these I'm afraid the well is now dry  
So all that is left is to say my good bye  
You are a good people, an honour to know  
And very good poets when you have a go

I count it a blessing that our paths have met  
And vow to myself that I shall never forget  
Your words of encouragement straight from the heart  
And all your comments both witty and smart

Your poetry too stands out on its own  
A broad range of vision, a spectrum home grown  
A pleasure to read and inwardly digest  
No self importance just poetry at its best

So with that in mind I bid you farewell  
Will I return, well you never can tell  
Not at the moment I'm running on empty  
But who knows in time it might turn to plenty

(1. Steve Stirk, a Merseyside poet, you can find him on Chuckle Street, a friends reunited poetry group)