



The Poet's Guide To Poetry

PeterThe Celt

The first thing to say before you get too far into this Book is forget everything you have ever been told about Poetry as we are going to start with a clean sheet. The next thing I would like you to do is get a Melody of Life which is quite hard at the start but with practice quickly obtained. To help you to do this read this a few times until you find that you are talking in song. I called it

My Mother's Tongue- A Tribute to our Mother the Earth
I go through life I float along guided by my Mother's tongue for She's the one that makes me strong and tips me off when things are wrong. Yes She's the one that holds my hand when life makes for a high demand with motive truly underhand She'll be the one to understand

That is actually a Mantra that will bring you closer to the Earth Mother and Her Poetic Art (Another aspect of this union will be that you will develop an Inner Knowing but that is more Spiritual than Poetic so I won't dwell on it.) so it might be worthwhile learning as it will put a song in your Heart if nothing else. So now hopefully you have one of the Melodies of Life I will define Poetry.

Poetry is a Melody in your Heart that your Head puts the words to.

You might need to think about that a little more so with that in mind I will leave you with a Poetic Thought. I called it

Just a Thought
Your Imagination is your ability to create an image and your Intellect
your ability to give it structure.
Just thinking

It is a Poetic Thought so it works on more than one level so there is quite a lot there to contemplate but it is worth your while as it builds up your Imagination and strengthens your Will. We will come back to the melody so rest back and let your Journey begin. I called it

I am Taliesin Watch and Smile

I walk this World I speak in Song
Yet to the misguided that is wrong,
They seem to think it restricts my thought
That it seems is what they're taught.

They Intellectualize instead of Philosophize
Using Emotional Angst as their disguise,
Higher Truths, a Bardic past
Both disappeared in a structured cast.

Their depth as well, it is suspect
For the Language used hides its effect,
It's buttered up to not make sense
They talk of trivia in eloquence.

They talk of turmoil unsurpassed
Well to them, yes they grow up fast,
But the only trauma on which they dine
Came from the dregs of a Bottle of Wine.

Punctuation, that's their thing
And to pedency the king,
Must be a reason to Intellectual Art
So I thought I'd take it all apart.

I looked at it and then I froze
For all I saw was vibrant Prose,
I'm sure it was without a doubt
You just move the commas about.

So there you have it Poetry
It seems to have lost its Melody,
Where once the Poet was the Leader
He lost his place to a Proof Reader.

Just my humour, don't mind me but there is a point behind it, Imaginative Poetry comes from the Soul (our Earth Mother) and should be in a rhyme as that is Her natural rhythm. Once you have that melody in your Head it structures itself so it's is all done for you. Your only real concern is that you keep your Ego out of it as the Ego tends to 'personalise' adding extra bits and disrupting the flow. On the subject of the Ego you have to be very careful about not letting it take over as you will lose the channel (Cork the Bottle so to speak) and your work will suffer. By recognising that although it came through you it did not come from you, you can keep your Ego at bay and still preserve the channel and high standard.

To nearly finish off this section I would like to take you to the **The Magnolia Tree**

As I lie beneath the Magnolia tree
Enchanted by its majesty,
Absorbing its sweet energy
It almost becomes a part of me.

I merge with all its harmony
And think about my destiny,
For my purpose has come to be
I'm a Lumberjack you see.

Now a good thing to have as a Poet is a sense of humour, the more lateral or imaginative the better for me but that is not really the point of the Poem. This is actually what I call Pure Poetry (Don't know what anyone else would call it though so don't quote me on that). See how the quads seem to give a lot more flow to the melody as it not sharp like couplets. That is how you talk in Song it has to flow from one Stanza to another effortlessly. When you change the note, which believe or not is the last syllable of every line (everyone a vibration) you change the mood slightly so when it comes to rhyming keep the notes close together an example of which is the Mantra I'd mentioned.

Here is another example though with the scales to give you a fuller picture. It's called **The Melody of Life (Doh, Ray, Me)**

When you think life is your foe
As problems will not go,
I'm here to let you know
That it's just a chance to grow.

So heed these words I say
And they'll soon go away,
You'll know then come what may
Life's just a game we play.

With that you have the key
To life and its melody,
Unchained the Mind roams free
To think about its destiny.

Yes that should take you far
And with ignorance no bar,
Heaven's Door is now ajar
You could end up as a Star.

It's a State of Mind you know
Where through knowledge you grow,
It's Light to Darkness' woe
As it proves an ardent foe.

But if to you this sounds like blah
Maybe Pride's too deep a scar
You see the Ego's quite a mar
It already thinks it is a Star

That's why humility's the key
It's actually you in purity
You are free to disagree
But then it's back to D'Oh you see

Finally generally speaking you should not need any Prompts to inspire you as your prompts would be a thought or slip of Music, your imagination itself should be the prompt but if they capture it just go with the flow and see how you go. I have left you a few prompts to while away a little time or perhaps to waste some paper depending on. Anyway the section is called Doggy Style and the pieces are all based around our best friends in the animal world. Loyal and selfless in their nature we do not deserve them. Anyway we get the show on the road.



The French Connection

After all I've done for her she goes and does that
Gave her all my Doggie Treats I hope she gets fat,
Messing around with a Poodle and French if you please
God I really hate her I hope that she gets Fleas.

I look at all those Pups and in them don't see me
I thought it was suspicious she called one Fifi,
How could I be so stupid, this really is a wrench
Yet it was so obvious, she's barking now in French.

My Mother warned me off her why was I so blind
I could have went with Lassie and she was so kind,
I thought that we were faithful that's what I was told
Now I've bought a Pup, well that's what I was sold.



Doggie Daze

Come on Mummy move your ass
Put that Foot down step on Gas,
Hurry now let's leave this place
Parks now open Sticks to chase.

That is better now were cooking
It's alright I'll do the looking,
You just get there quick as can
Don't want to see that Dobermann.

No, vicious thing it likes to bite
As you know I do not fight,
So get there quick have some fun
When he gets there I'll be done.

What's that shape up ahead?
Slow down else it'll end up dead,
Careful, careful, what is that?
Oh not to worry, just a Cat.



Well Spotted

Oh no not more shame
And I'll get the blame,
Master won't be happy
This will send him whappy.

Not forgive me for that Slipper
But I thought it was a Kipper,
So what else could I do?
And besides they're good to chew.

And that mess I tried to hide
Said I should have gone outside,
Well he's one to talk
Never takes me for a walk.

But this one's on its own
I'll have to find another home,
It really is outrageous
Didn't know I was contagious.



Reflections of a Dog

So little Master what do you see?
For when I look I see me,
Is that the same with you?
When you look do you see me too?

That Poodle Harry must be dim
He said when he looks he sees him,
Now really that can't be the case
How many Doggies are in that place?

So tell me Master is it true
Can you really see him too?
Or is it that you just see me
And Harry's lying, French you see.

Now I know you barely walk
But hurry up and learn to talk,
For these things I need to know
I mean how else am I going to grow?



A Wolf in all but Name

Don't tell me that I'm cute
That I will dispute,
I'm a wolf you see
Don't patronize me.

You think this is a toy
Don't be silly boy,
This is just my start
I'll rip the thing apart.

My Mother might be tame
But I am not the same,
Put your hand on me
And I'll bite it off with glee.

I'm not domesticated
I think it's over-rated,
No I'm really wild
So best back off you Child.



Cat Snip

Oh that devil Frisky
I thought he was a Mate,
But Catnips just like Whiskey
To me at any rate.

No this is not good
I can barely lift my Head,
I knew I never should
Oh I wish that I was dead.

Yes my Head is spinning
It got me real bad,
I think the drink is winning
He really is a cad.

Don't think I'll ever trust him
He's made a fool of me,
I think his Tail I'm going to trim
Just as soon as I can see.



Man's Best Friend

Well course I'm grumpy, wouldn't you be
I thought you were my Mate,
I guard your House defend your Family
But all you do is hate.

Yes seriously why is that
You know that I am faithful,
Really now you should be ashamed
Your actions are disgraceful.

I have always stood by you
Never did you wrong,
Always there for your protection
I thought we got along.

So come on now what's all this
What is it about?
I've stood by you through thick and thin
Don't take my Bollocks out.



No, No, Oh Go on Then

Oh no leave me alone
You won't do that when I'm fully grown,
I'll tear you apart
Rip out your Heart,
And in your Face I'd loose a great Fart

No, no please leave me be
If you don't stop I'll get my Mummy,
She'll know what to do
Before she is through,
There'll be nothing left but Mince Meat of you.

Oh, Oh, that's actually quite nice
A little to the left, yes that should suffice,
It's really not bad
The thoughts that I had,
I'll let you off as you are my Dad.



Toy Boy

Oh she is a strange one, what goes through her Mind
I am not a Cowboy I'm a Dog you will find,
I don't wear Clothes I have my own Fur
I've not been shaved I'm not like her.

She dresses me up all the time like I am a Toy
I think she sort of sees me as her little Boy,
It is so embarrassing especially down the Park
Yes that little Poodle and his mocking bark.

I guess she means well and she's really not that bad
But I am no replacement for the Child she never had,
I am an Animal trained to protect and serve
Where is my respect, God she has a nerve.

Come Christmas Day and that Red Coat
'Oh he is adorable' does not get my vote,
She ought to get out more and maybe find a Mate
And then I could go 'au natural' I much prefer that state.



My Feather Friend?

So hello there little one you're not the same as me
What happened to your two Front Paws they've gone all flappy,
Are you like my Master, he walks the same as you
Though he wears a different Coat not Feathered but Blue.

I shouldn't really talk to Strangers that's what Mummy said
But I've found that Coat of yours stuffed inside my Bed,
Have you slept there yourself that's what I want to know?
Because if you want I'll fetch them back just say the word I'll go.

It's not trouble believe you me it is quickly done
Because to be honest they are ticklish so sleeping is not fun,
Just say the word, it's no big deal, it's only a short walk
So come on then answer me or is it you can't talk.

Oh like that, is that the way, you're too good for me
Waste of time and energy you're not friendly,
Well that's it I've had enough this talk will have to end
Because looking at you it's plain to see you are not a friend.



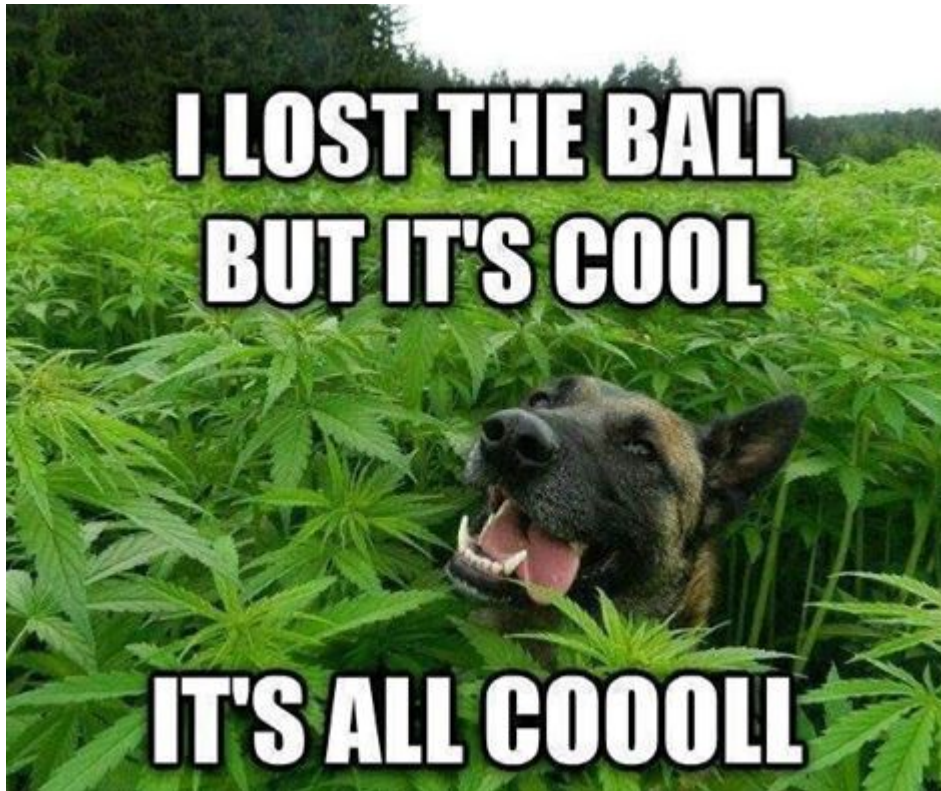
You Bastard

You beat me, mistreat me and try to defeat me
Because you are a Coward and that's all you know,
You chain me, you pain me and you think that will train me
I'm your best friend though you think me a foe.

You use me, abuse me and genuinely confuse me
Knowing damn well I'm conditioned to serve,
You fray me and flay me and always betray me
Knowing as well that my loyalty won't swerve.

I deplore you, abhor you but have to endure you
For you are my Master though not fit to rule,
I hate you, placate you though would quickly vacate you
To find a new Master that wasn't so cruel.

You are a disgrace to humanity
This was not how it was meant to be,
I came to you in equality
But you are too retarded to see.



A Stoned Throw

Took out my Dog the other day and he was in a mood
I don't think he was very well as he was off his Food,
Snapping all the time at me and didn't he just growl
Not sure what I'd done to make his temper foul.

We went into the Park just so he could chase a Ball
I hoped that maybe with exercise his aggression might just fall,
So I threw the thing as hard as I could and he followed it with glee
Straight into the undergrowth behind a large Oak Tree.

I waited for a while and called but he did not come back
Again and again I called the mutt but his training it was slack,
He was a disobedient Dog that I will admit
He used to just ignore me if I told him sit.

Well eventually I decided that I would look for him
Night was drawing on now and it was getting dim,
So I started walking over towards the large Oak Tree
But before I got too far he came back to me.

He had a strange expression that I'd never seen before
His Eyes were sort of glazed and he was dribbling from his Jaw.
He walked a bit unsteady it seemed more of a sway
I guess with all the exercise he'd had a tiring Day.

I took him Home eventually as he walked rather slow
It seemed to take forever which added to my woe,
Some good did come from it even though we got back late
For he'd got his appetite back he quickly cleared his Plate.

My apologies for overlapping Two Pages but sometimes we cannot be held by structures
when poeticising.

So you can have Comedy in Poetry but you can also have Tragedy the depth of the piece the
more emotionally inspiring. To get the depth you have to be able to empathise with the
Character or Situation so the more you know about either the more attached you become. I'll
talk a little more about that after you have **Diced with Death**

Reasoning with Death

She wore her Wrinkles like mortality's veil
A Yellowed wrapping yet deathly Pale,
Her Eyes were dim they had no life to give
She was losing the will to live.

Her will to live was her fear of death
But it was only as strong as her final breath,
That in her Mind was getting near
She was near death to her it was clear.

She started to wander in verbal discourse
Into the Corner with an unseen force,
Death it was coming but I was a Thief
For I couldn't cope with her Daughter's grief.

"You're not going to die," I said fairly loud
"It's not yet your time for wearing the shroud,
It's just you're conditioned to not leave this bed
That's the last stage of dying before you are dead."

She studied me closely which I thought was strange
Her previous actions there'd been quite a change,
She now was coherent, well not quite so
But her Mind now more active she'd give it a go.

She bid me continue so I carried on
I had to make sure that all doubt had gone,
I carried on talking until it sank in
A Smile crossed her face although only just thin.

I talked on some more her Will had been caught
It gave her some strength so more time I had bought,
She never sensed death now that fear had been clipped
Small consolation as into sleep she then slipped.

My Partner's Mother is 92 and has had Dementia for over ten years now getting increasingly worse. Just before last Easter she caught the Flu and ended up in Hospital for Five Weeks where because of her age and mental condition she was not allowed to leave her Bed. I believe this Policy was more of a safeguard on being sued than anything. Before her referral she could walk (though not very far) but after she came out she could not which is quite a frequent occurrence I have been informed. Now Muscle Wastage apart this policy can also have a Psychological Effect on the Patient for they can be conditioned to believe that they are in the final stages of dying. This is actually a true story ongoing as we speak.

Flirting with Death

I saw her awake although not really there
So I thought it was time that I started to care,
I had an idea from inside my Head
That I should entice her out of her Bed

I went over to her and her attention I got
She smiled at me weakly, she liked me a lot,
I smiled on back it was part of the plan
I knew in her heart she wanted a man.

“You'll have to get up soon and leave this Bed
My Brother is coming and you're going to be fed,
He's taking you out so this Bed you'll vacate
Yes get yourself ready you have a Date.”

Her Eyes lit a little as the love trickled in
She got slightly stronger though her Smile was still thin,
So I thought I'd embellish to enhance the mood
I went to her next love and that was her Food.

“Yes there's Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pud
And Roast Potatoes everything's good,
The best Restaurant that you've ever been
With all them Posh Fellahs and you'll be their Queen.

So what do you think then you can dance with them all
You'll be the Star, the Belle of the Ball,
You can even have Cake to finish the Meal
A feast for a Queen does that appeal?”

She got even stronger but just a touch
Her Smile slightly fuller but really not much,
Her Spirit was willing though that must keep
She drifted off, she went back to sleep.

Appealing to Life

After she roused I carried on
No more her Vices I'm afraid they had gone,
A different tact, not the Fork nor the Knife
I tried an appeal to what was left of her life.

“So come on then Betty it's time to get up
The Sun's makes a bright Sky with Sunshine to sup,
We'll go down the River and see what we see
Perhaps see a Squirrel run up to a Tree.”

Her Eyes sparkled up she half came to life
Her attention was total the Spirit was rife,
I talked about Nature and times long ago
Imagination captured though her Senses were low.

As I continue a strange thing occurred
I start to wax lyrical well that's what I heard,
I spoke like a Poet though with no rhyme
It flowed pretty easily it was more like a mime.

I saw she enjoyed it but she was too tired
She slipped into sleep her imagination now fired,
I left her there for what could I do
And started to think about the Day I would rue.

I know it will happen for time is her keeper
Well not strictly true as it is the Grim Reaper,
Her age is against her as too her health
A mental cage, she was trapped in herself.

Maybe it is better that she slipped away
Though I know that torment would happen that Day,
But deep in my Heart I know it true
She'll come back again with no pain to go through.

In memory of Betsy Anne Tempest RIP (Relocated In Paradise).

Touching story that can make you cry reading it but imagine how much power the piece would have had if you knew her a little better. Speaking of death **I'm Dying Here**

Shortness of breath held me in its embrace
I gasped for Air through a contorted Face,
I lay on my bed and to add to my dread
A sinister Voice came into my Head.

**“Oh Mortal Man enchained by sleep
Little knowing of the Abyss deep,
That lurks beyond just out of gaze
Where the darkest Shadows merge with haze.”**

I felt myself fighting for space
For I knew this was Death though it had no Face,
It was a Thought Form and it filled me with woe
It wants to take me but I don't want to go.

**“Oh Mortal Man held by your fear
Contempered by the darkest sneer,
My Essence you can just but sense
Though I'll take your Soul in recompense.”**

Stronger it got, it was after the kill
And I felt my Self leaving my Will,
I knew things were bad but this did not bode well
It was trying to push me out of my Shell.

**“Oh Mortal Man you are alone
No one to help you're on your own,
With a heavy darkness as your foe
What will you do where will you go.”**

Stronger once more and then I was free
Everything around became part of me,
I started to thin out into the air
And then very soon I was not there.

Now some Writers say that they never read other Peoples' Work as they fear it might influence their style, well pretentious garbage aside there is a little truth in that. Some Poet's work are a different Melody to mine but when you look at it and take it all in you absorb the melody and actually become a better Poet through doing so. I would recommend reading different Imaginative Poets' styles and techniques and different genres too. It is like a Joiner learning from a Bricklayer, he is still a Joiner but he has learned bricklaying too making him a better Builder A good analogy there as Poets' create, through them the Creative Spirit flows, you absorb it or learn the Trade. That might sound pretentious but believe me it is true just try it and see. On the subject of pretentiousness I would like to say that a Poet is a humble man, he should have no Ego as mentioned earlier it gets in the way of the flow. Remember that because as you get better your Mind gets sharper and if not careful Pride may take over but as I said always remember that it comes through you and not from you then you should do remarkable work.

One last thing on Pride, though not really Poetry it will be in your interests to know, Pride leads to hardening of heart. Basically to put in Layman's terms it dehumanises People, it has not the depth of understanding to see past the Shell and with that lack of Imagination it will seriously detract from your ability to be a true Poet with true understanding. Think of it as Pride dehumanises and Poetry mesmerises. It doesn't rhyme but I don't think you'll forget it. Poetry believe it or not was actually a tool for memory recall. Before the advent of the Pen and subsequent loss of memory capacity we used to remember our History and Ancestry through very long stories. I mean very long by the way and the Poet was treated with the upmost respect as he was the History of the People. Makes you wonder nowadays

What Went Wrong

What happened to the Poets of old
Who spoke their Verse in Language bold,
Who turned the word into their gird
Though ne'er for Ego nor things absurd.

No butterfly stings on Angels' wings
They had the power to subdue Kings,
They walked in grace, sweet harmony
From fear of death they were set free.

No fear had they of ridicule
Their Wit dispatched the errant fool,
With vibrant Verse that flowed with ease
And brought the Pedant to his Knees.

Yes they were Gods that walked with men
And knew of things unseen by them,
They saw the World in their creation
To the greatest depth and the highest elation.

They were the vessels of Higher Truth
Imparting wisdom for their Peoples' youth,
Their source of power made them strong
So come on tell me, what went wrong?

The Druid's were Poets but anyway I am just teasing your Pride so we will carry on. To do this they made the knowledge rhyme and it created a melody in their mind. Think that far-fetched think about it. A word at the end of the day is a noise, a note in the Mind's Eye that paints a Colour, each note a different Colour, the Colours of the Rainbow perhaps? Well not quite as it is actually staggered slightly for the note tone of Doh paints Orange instead of Red so Richard of York did indeed give battle in vain but I digress. This Melody also seemed to hold onto the knowledge which anyone who has a favourite Song will testify too. That is about it really for **The Subtle Melody**

What I find with Pure Poetry
Is it tends to come out naturally,
Almost carried by a melody
That seems to give it harmony.

I'm not sure if it's meant to be
That it should flow so easily,
And amble on so pleasantly
But it seems to work for me.

Though some of you might not agree
And sort of see things differently,
Not quite get the subtlety
For that really is the key.

Well for the next stage of the Journey we go onto words and the power they evoke. They have a lot more influence than People actually give them credit for and believe it or not they say that if you curse in a verse that it has a lot more power but I wouldn't be thinking too much into that as it will generally back fire on you. (Although later on in the book I have actually put one in as an example though I wouldn't use it personally for I am afraid that what you sow you do indeed reap)

Now the Poet of old was held in high esteem for holding the History and Ancestry of the People as I have said but he also was a man who had to be feared for he had the power to curse indirectly and for a lot longer too. The Poet as a Satirist was a very powerful entity and the better the Poet the more power he had. His rhyme could live long after his Victim and by quite a few Generations thus evoking mockery on the Family too.

I will give you an example of what I am talking about. The piece is done in a sort of Nursery rhyme tempo and dwells on a rumour that our noble King, Charles wanted to actually rule under the name George. I called it **Nursery Crimes**

Charlie wanted to be king
but not as Charlie that's the thing,
He wanted to be known as George
The Hanover link he wished to forge.

“So why is that?” a cynic said
“Because the first Charles lost his head,
The second too would have gone that way
If it was ever found out he was on French pay.”

So the name of Charles brought treachery
but what of Georgie wait and see.

Well the first one was an aging Hun
whose grasp of English was never won,
It's not that he was Heaven sent
it was just that he was Protestant.

The second one was like his dad
frivolous and Hanoverian mad,
He milked the country for all its worth
and sent it over to his old turf.

Now the third one was the first home grown
a native born that sat on the throne,
I guess he found this quite a bind
for he lost the Americas and his mind

The fourth one was a bloated fop
in excess he would like to shop,
You could say that he was extravagant
and this brought to him the Peoples contempt.

The fifth one was actually not that bad
though he loved to smoke more than just a tad,
I'm afraid it brought about his end
As euthanasia became his friend.

The last one just got in by fate
as his elder brother had to abdicate,
For his brother still liked the German link
in a time of war, well at the brink.

So you see with kingship it's not the name
it's the actual position that gets the blame,
it brings forth greed and treachery
it was never a thing that was meant to be.

So anyway how is your **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 gird,
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.

Well speaks for itself really though the last two stanzas might be worth a closer look. The Living Word I am sure you must have come across this term before although probably in a more Religious Light as it is Knowledge of the Divine. From a Poetical point of view the Living Word is the Melody before it has come to Earth. Another type of word is what we call the Swear Word whether you use it or not is up to you as I am more of a Teacher than a Preacher. So here we have **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.

That's really pretty much to say about the word and its power.

We next get into structure. I like to play around with Verse and its Structure and it is amazing what you can come up with, the only limit is your Imagination and hopefully by now that means no limit. Now the First one I would like to introduce you to is what I personally call a Triad of Triads which basically is a Three Stanza format of Four Lines. The first Three Lines of each Stanza have to rhyme and the last Lines of each Stanza have to rhyme with each other. The last Lines of the Stanzas are actually supposed to sum up the Poem as a whole with each part of the whole though separate if you see what I mean so the Three Triads (the first Three Lines of each Stanza) become a Triad. Now to achieve perfect purity all 9 of the Three Stanza first Three Lines have to rhyme then it is **Pure Perfection**

Now though Nature has a fight
To deal with Man's greedy blight,
It always keeps in sight
The pursuit of perfection.

Yes it always works in light
To keep the balance right,
So any things good-night
Is just evolutionary rejection.

It will use all its spright
To take away the trite,
For perfection at its height
Through Natural selection.

So put the last Three Lines of the Three Stanzas together and it reads **The pursuit of perfection is just evolutionary rejection though Natural selection.** That is the Structure at its purest but coming down slightly from that you can just have the first Three Lines of each Stanza rhyming like this **Natural Reflection**

As you amble along
In your heart there's a song,
That makes you feel strong
That's the sound of perfection.

It will take you so high
With the most gentle sigh,
And the sweetest My, My
With the purest injection.

You just soften your heart
And to the whole become part,
And that is the start
Of Natural reflection.

The last Three Lines saying **That's the sound of perfection with the purest injection of Natural Reflection.**

It is a Metaphysical piece so I will give you a quick grounding on its understanding. The sound of perfection is the emanation from the Soul (the Natural Reflection) and can only be got through a pure heart (soft as pride hardens it) through cleansing the Ego (becoming part of the whole). Still with Triadic Rhyming the final step down is when the final Three Lines although rhyme they do not follow on from each other. To illustrate that you have to do a little **Soul Searching**

To touch the Soul and then to Write
It's hard to imagine that in your sight,
Especially if you don't think right
And cannot see past the Shell.

To truly understand the Soul
Is to understand it in its role,
For that should really be your goal
And it's a good place to dwell.

The Soul you see is from where you write
It comes through you if that sheds light,
Not from you that's the Ego's blight
The part of you in hell.

You could also have a Four Stanza verse of Three Lines with the first Two Lines of each Stanza rhyming and the final Lines of each Stanza rhyming with each other. **Who Would have Thought.**

Who would have thought
That what we were taught,
Would actually lead us to sin.

And the words that were said
Were to ignorance wed,
Not the Music of Life just a din.

That the questions we asked
Could not be unmasked,
For the solution came from within.

And the answers they gave
Our Soul would not save,
So Divinity we'd never win.

Definitely a versatile form to use, one that will take you away from the norm. So a final one to finish, I just like the unusualness of its form it's called **God of anger?**

So what of their fate
These men of hate,
Who cause all this trouble and will not abate.

Who practice extortion and call it the state
They've opened Hell's Gate,
Their greed to placate.

Their God is fake
A Spiritual mistake,
And yet in the arrogance they perceive God a Mate.

They think He likes war and just for its sake
So He'll tolerate,
As they annihilate.

But God won't vindicate
Hate He don't rate,
He knows in His Heart it will never sate.

So yes come to power they will have to vacate
Redemption relate?
Too little too late.

So that's Triadic Rhyming, hopefully you will find it enjoyable and it also goes to show you do not have to be confined to couplets and quads.

You can use as many Lines in Rhyme as you like though it might be a good idea to invest in a Dictionary if you want to take it to the extremes, you can even go **Flat lining**

I head towards the horizon my Boat without a Steer
Onwards ever forwards with no chance to veer,
I look into the distance and all I see is fear
For when I reached the end I would disappear.

My Mind drifts into darkness my future still unclear
What would happen after the drop that was so sheer?
Would I get to Heaven and Saint Peter hear
Or would it be the other place and a Demon's jeer.

My life was not a Sainly one not even a veneer
My actions undertaken would not bring God cheer,
I broke the Ten Commandments and probably every Year
And all I had to blame for it was my fondness for the Beer.

Oh that evil Alcohol that I held too dear
Even though it brought me shame still I would adhere,
Even though I knew to God it would not endear
And the actions caused by it would bring Him a tear.

The Boat still drifted onwards, no Land front or rear
I sat there in misery when would Hell appear?
For surely at the World's End it should be here
Even though the Horizon still was not that near.

Yes that was quite a long sequence a real stretch to your Imagination which gets stronger through doing it so see it more as a Test and you should actually get Mentally stronger. Now if Twenty is too much for you why not try Sixteen as in **Don't take the P out of Poetry**

Oh woe to me in misery
I thought that this was Poetry,
I mean surely this was meant to be
Its ebb and flow in harmony.

But no it seems to be to me
That Poetry has lost the Key,
It's been brought down to one Knee
By Intellectual supremacy.

Yes I think that was the fee
Shrouded in inadequacy,
They sacrificed as they could not see
They had neither insight nor ability.

So anyway here's my plea
Don't waste my time in futility,
Don't bother me with pedency
Because I'll just think you're taking the pee.

Or maybe Twelve like **A Lucid Dream**

Through darkened nights of clarity
When Dreams become Reality,
I find to my disparity
These things were really meant to be.

What once I thought was fantasy
Or deflected thoughts emotionally,
Not worthy of my sympathy
It seems I now have empathy.

Confusion seems to pester me
It goes against conformity,
Yet it's there in its lucidity
I'm here in Conscious Memory.

You could have Seven (even made each Line Seven Words) like **7 Demons, 7 Sins in 7 Lines**

Pride's the Game Lucifer is the name
Then Leviathan or Envy opposite the same
Then Satan comes or Anger to blame
Then Mammon or Avarice, its greed's shame
Beelzebub or Gluttony with obesity its claim
Then Asmodeus or Lechery to passion inflame
Finally Belphegor though Sloth is its fame

Demonologists have personified the Character Flaws known as the Deadly Sins for in Self Development recognition brings awareness and with it control. When you know that you are Angry you have more control of it kind of thing.

Maybe Six like **Insight or spite**

I had to laugh today
I was told that I was gay,
And the reason that I stray
Was to keep that thought away,
I mean what a thing to say
It really made my Day.

Well I gave the matter thought
This new insight she had brought,
It went against what I'd been taught
But her sentiment had caught,
My laughter came to nought
Things were not as they purport.

So I thought about it more
And my confidence hit the floor,
Was that really what it was for?
And then the tears did pour,
Oh that spiteful Whore
A real smack in the Jaw.

Or even **5 Lines**

Reality now twisted
Perceptions are Drug misted,
Reactions are ham fistid
Though confidence assisted,
Guess I'm now A listed? (1)

(1) Class A

Or like this one called **Racism**

Fleeting shadows of negativity that only grow
Enhanced by ignorance, a confident all time low,
Mixed liberally with Self Pity igniting misery and woe
Perceptions misconceptions though it's all I know,
For Darkness in its starkness makes an ardent foe.

Alternatively you could have a **Plan Bee**

Well this disappearing Bee
I'm sure it's a conspiracy,
To lose Mother Nature's melody
So we can modify genetically.
Well that's if you can afford the fee.

Well that's the melody, the words and structures so how do you actually get them in harmony? I am afraid that that is something that comes about through inspiration and experience which is another reason why I recommend reading other Imaginative Poets' work. You absorb their experience or melody and your imagination does the rest. I would seriously recommend reading all these Poets and truly get where they are coming from, you might need to read some of them a few times but when it clicks you will understand. So anyway I would just like to say enjoy words, play around with them see if you can alter the melody to up lift the tone by shortening the rhyming pattern.

Speaking of letters what about a **Letter to Corporate America**

The World's moving forward and leaving you behind
For I'm afraid your desire has made you blind,
The greed in your heart has affected your Mind
It holds you to stagnation with a material bind.

You bring fear and loathing to all that you do
Kindled by war with aggression anew,
Poisoned our air and painted it Blue
The World's not a nice place because of you.

Now Empire's are fleeting and can disappear without trace
Through either Natural Catastrophe or falling at Base,
Sure you think you're immortal but that's not the case
There's a Time Bomb beneath you and it's starting to race.

Now I know you're aware of the threat that it poses
Maybe even when the Book of Life closes,
It's not my concern after all I'm not Moses
And the Ash when it gets here will be good for my Roses.

Sorry about that, I know it was not a Five Line rhyme but I could not resist it. So seeing as I have disrupted the flow I would like to finish off this part with a Five Liner that although rhymes it is actually a Limerick.

The Treaty of Limerick

Don't take heed of what Englishmen say
For deviousness is their way
They'll draft up a pact
Concise and exact
Though break it the following Day.

Anyway back on track, you can have as many rhyming lines as you want personally though I have to admit that I generally try and stick to quads as come to innovation I am perhaps a little **Too Shy**

When you walk by the Angels sing
And butterflies take to the Wing,
To follow you for the joy you bring
You're just like the start of Spring.

When you smile my Heart just sighs
My Ego dissipates and dies,
I see the World through loving Eyes
You lift my Spirit to the Skies.

When I'm near you my Mouth goes dry
My confidence just waves good bye,
I'd love to speak but I'm too shy
Wouldn't have the nerve to try.

Quads do not have to be boring though as you can actually jazz them up and make completely new structures that give the verse more power of emphasis. Now if you were to ask me what Poetry was in Eight Words I would say 'Well it's just words jazzed up in it.' or in seven to curb pride 'It comes through me not from me.'

Anyway here is an example of what I am talking about **In Your Honour**

In your honour
I will put the World to flame,
I will kill and rape and maim
I will tame then shame then blame,
To glorify your name
In your honour.

In your honour
I have brought them to you Lord,
And amassed your Church a hoard
Which I'll defend to death with sword,
For your Word is now my ward
In your honour.

In your honour
I have set the Native free,
From the chains of savagery
So they too can worship Thee,
So why do you not know me?
Please forgive me.

You can also jazz up couplets like **Drip, Drop Drip**

Drip, drop, drip
That sound goes through my head,
Drip, drop, drip
Can't put that noise to bed,
Drip, drop, drip
It echoes in my Mind,
Drip, drop, drip
It's getting quite a bind,
Drip, drop, drip
I'm trying to take a nap,
Drip, drop, drip
"Shut off that bleeding tap."

You could also cross and blend different meters as in **Meter Medley**

Syllables four
Expand it more,
Then the words can come out to play
And with an idea at its core,
And personally in rhyming form for
It just seems to give a more flowing say.

It opens the door
And out the Soul it does pour,
Poem for today.

To anyone who is interested the first Two Lines were Iambic Di-meter and the next Two Lines Iambic Tetrameter, the Third Two Lines Iambic Pentameter and finally a Haiku (5-7-5). You could even start with quads and finish with a Haiku though I do not know **Why**

Oh tortured thoughts that pester me with events of long ago
That cast me into wretchedness, a most tenacious foe,
That holds me in a dark Abyss and will not let me go
What really is your purpose, why torment me so?

Why do you throw me into doubt about everything I do?
Why do you crave the misery of the hell you put me through?
Why do you want companionship with the Darkness that I rue?
And ignite and excite my Anger with intensity anew?

What really is your purpose is it to stop me grow
To take away my Peace of Mind and so disrupt the flow,
To cloak me from my Guiding Light diminishing its glow
Or just you like disruption it's the only thing you know.

Here's a little thing
Satan is just a thought form,
When angry you're it.

Next we will move onto what I call Pi-Mei which is actually a variant name Phi-Mei from the Chinese Phi meaning joy or merriment and Mei beautiful which brings me nicely to the Person who came up with the name so a special thanks to Aniz Pillai (Check her out on Poet's Guide to other Poets). As a Haiku is 5,7,5 Pi Mei is 3,1,4,2 and Phi is 6,1,8. (Dave goes into more detail in Poet's guide to other Poets)

Pi-Mei
I have never
Understood
Twenty two over seven
Have you?

I actually prefer Pi-Mei to rhyme though and this can be done in Two ways. The first is that all the lines rhyme like these

Anger
Call me mellow,
Yellow,
Or a bad fellow
I'll bellow.

Harmony
Woe to me,
Misery
Won't set me free
to Harmony.

Not Clever

I have never
Ever
Put two thoughts together,
Not clever.

Lava

I've a slow,
Flow.
I guess you know
That though.

The Sea

If you see
Me
Drowning in the sea
I'll be,

They actually can chain quite well together as in **Hate**

What a state
Hate,
It will not abate
Nor vacate.

It's not a mate
Hate,
It does not placate
Only dictate.

You'll never sate
Hate,
It will just replicate
And recreate.

It will discriminate,
Segregate,
It likes to isolate
To invigorate.

It will annihilate,
Desecrate,
It does not tolerate
Nor vindicate.

It upsets fate
Hate,
A path to take?
Bad mistake.

Now that is Pi-Mei at its purest, the next step down from that is when just the single stanzas rhyme separately.

Alternatively you can have just the first, second and last rhyme like these few singular examples that I will give.

Pride

Well I'm loud,
Proud,
And stand out in
A crowd.

Thought

Afraid a thought
Taught,
To my mind has
Never caught.

Shame

To my name
Shame,
And I'm the one
To blame.

Slow

Call me slow,
Though
It could leave a
Bitter blow.

Bed

"So" she said
"Bed,
At least wait until
We're wed.

Which when chained and at its purest, that is when all the rhymes of the Poem match gives you **Lies**

To your lies
Replies,
"I can see through
Your disguise."

I got wise,
Prize
My trust in you
Just dies.

All your tries,
Implies
That you think I'm
Still unwise.

That's my guise,
"Surprise
I see it in
Your eyes."

Now taking it down a level you have **Crying Wolf**

She was lying,
Crying
As she told me
"I am dying."

My mind perceiving,
Deceiving
So I told her
"I'm leaving."

And her reaction,
Inaction
There was no chance
Of retraction.

Said no more,
"Whore
I have heard it
All before."

Well I went,
Spent
After all the trouble
She sent.

Games to play?
Dismay
For she died the
Following day.

Another example of this is a piece that I have called **Never Clever**

I have never,
Ever,
Learned a single thing
That clever.

Afraid a thought,
Taught
To my mind has
Never caught.

Yes to me,
See
I like to keep
Bad Company.

Peace of mind,
Find
If I stick to
My kind.

Come to life.
Strife
I cut it with
A Knife.

I'm not cool,
Fool
I should have stuck
With school.

Yes it is quite a versatile structure to play in you could also take it further and have **Phi-Mei**
(6 1 8)

The Golden Ratio is just Natural,
Lateral,
Beauty of Harmony through the Melody of Life.

Though I prefer all of the endings to rhyme myself

Morning
I love to see the morning
Dawning,
Just wish though I could stop from yawning.

Rolling Hills
Through rolling Hills of verdant Green,
Mean
Farmers drive Tractors just to alter the scene.

Those Eyes
When first I saw those eyes,
Surprise
I just hope that the sparkle never dies.

Understanding
I have a job at landing,
Understanding
To my mind it just seems too demanding.

Peace

Just do not disturb my peace,
Cease
Or your lifeline will soon get a crease.

Now as you might have gathered these too also chain, at its purest you have **The Golden Division**

I was known as the Bling
King,
Because come to life I liked the 'ching.

I was always at a Wing
Ding,
Yes you'd often see me at a fling.

My walk was more a swing
Thing,
And just for attention I would often sing.
Until I fell to a Spring
Sting,
When I was relieved of my Gold Ring.

Now I don't to Gold cling,
Sling,
I tell you it will just trouble bring.

Or maybe **The Last Dance (that hopefully will last)**

I danced with you in merriment,
Content
In my heart that you were heaven sent.

And though I had passionate intent,
Confident
I was not so it had to relent.

My happiness though had no dent,
Spent
Time with you is such a sublime event.

Oh yes I cherished every moment
Lent,
Knowing deep down just how much it meant.

Maybe one day I'll be valiant,
Present
My love to you and hopefully you'll consent.

Until that day I'll be patient,
Unconfident
And forever cursing my Self for being reticent.

And going on from that you can have them all rhyming but with mixed stanzas so you have

Changing Circumstances

She left me on my own,
Alone,
To face the trouble that she had sown.

I was left without a clue,
True,
As I did not know what to do.

Yes in ignorance I was blind,
Mind
I found the woman next door was kind.

So I just change my address,
Yes
I'll let her clear up her own mess.

Or even **Morning Glory**

I love to see the morning
Dawning,
Wish though I could stop from yawning.

You see to see the light
Bite,
I tend to stop up all the night.

It's a decision that I take
Awake,
So to fall asleep would be a mistake.

You might think I'm a Silly
Billy,
But my Alarm Clocks with my Cousin Tilly.

She tends to get up fairly
Early,
So come to sleep it is but barely.

Yes you can keep the Hurley
Burley,
No work makes me both sharp and surly.

So there you have my glory
Story,
It's there to see and it's not gory.

You could get your inspiration from anywhere with this sort of thing so don't restrict yourself just to the Natural Mathematics, why not Football Line ups 4, 2, 4, or 4, 4, 2 if you are paying defensive.

You will be surprised at what your mind comes up with, what about a **Primal Scream**

I
Do
See
Prime
Numbers
Drastically
Misunderstood
Mischaracterising
Straightforwardness.
Overintellectualization?

I had to stop there as could not find a 29 letter word to continue the sequence but if you find one and want to continue the Tree you are more than welcome.

Another type is **New Beginnings**

Re-incarnation- In the beginning, there was no beginning, you don't find out until the end

Re-birth- for the end is the new beginning or could it be just the end?

Old Age-Is the beginning of the end the end of the end of the beginning or just the end of the beginning that was beginning to end?

Creation-If the beginning has no beginning then how can it end?

Infinity-Can it end in the beginning as it has no end or does it begin at the end as it has no beginning

There are many other forms of versing but I will leave that for you to peruse at your leisure though give you a taster to hopefully whet your appetite. The type is called the Ottava Rima and goes ABABABCC I hope you enjoy it it's called **Ripping Yarns**

Industrial sewage captures the air
Before tarnishing all that it lands on,
Bringing ill health to add to the despair
Of the misery left with all hope gone,
Pathetic gray people devoid of flare
Come to ambition in life they have none,
Natural victims that fall to my ire
Not worthy of life nor children to sire.

Yet still they persist like rats in the nest
Cramped to the rafters and six in a bed,
I guess infestation must be their quest
Life to them's nothing much better they're dead,
That is the reason that I have been blessed

To cull their women so no more are bred,
That is my purpose my faith is my rod
It came from on high, I heard it from God.

Now these darkened streets to some hold great fear
As depravity takes over at night,
The good Christian men you'll not find them here
No it is more for demonic delight,
Demons abound with a lecherous leer
And they will put all your morals to flight,
Though not to me as I'm not one to scare
I'm Jack the Ripper so what do I care.

Finally I would like to go into Visual Poetry. Let me give you an example so you may see how imaginative it can actually be. I called it the **The Parting Glass**

I will raise a Glass of Wine but only to you my love
For with you I know I will always be in your love
Not ever in life has there been such a truer love
Then when I was with you as one my love
you my love were my one Soul Mate
who gave my love a healthy sate
Excited into a higher state
It took away my hate
You are
a star
shine
divine
O love
entwine
Here's to you my Shrine
So that you may be forever mine

I have another one that might actually prove useful in your daily lives. So anyway to finish off Visual Poetry why not head to the hills it's your **3 Minute Warning** It should actually take Three Minutes to read so all is not as it seems

Now here's a really strange Title for this work, I could easily mistake it as some sort of threat
 Maybe some sort of Nuclear war, for with these troubles' nowadays it would make a safe bet
 Yes when I'm looking around this vast world today it just seems more than a probable chance
 That some bright spark will push the red button bringing us destruction and war will advance
 Yes I am afraid that with the Wars rearing up everywhere that conclusion is almost for-gone
 Though I do not really want to dwell in negativity, no that Warmongering Hat I will not don
 I will leave it to the men of war, the Politicians we elect to try and justify the unjustifiable
 And if you try to justify it I find it beneath my common sense to waste my time in denial
 No I am afraid if you think that you have been misled as that topic is not worthy I deem
 It's actually the time it takes to boil an egg, you see things are not quite how they seem
 I will never forget the first time that I learned how long it would take to boil an egg
 And if you have time to sit down and to listen then maybe then a boon I will beg
 You see it is a little test that I've planned sort of a theory I guess needs proving
 But anyway I shall come back to that now I can get this intricate tale moving
 Well it happened quite a few years ago when I was barely out of my teens
 I never thought to time an egg I mean you don't put time on the beans
 So I put the egg onto boil and then went away to my usual thing
 I like to write a bit of poetry I guess versing makes me sing
 I was sitting there with pen in mouth I was a little dry
 Had nothing really set up but thought I'd have a try
 Concentrating I sat there thought of time gone
 Forgetting all about the egg that I'd put on
 Well the water from the saucepan went
 So I had to open the window vent
 For the place was full of steam
 just like a raging fire scene
 so I got a towel to waft it out
 heard next door starting to shout
 I think he just liked to trouble make
 yes always complaining I keep him awake
 well so I went out to tell him what was going on
 though I had to move quickly for he was very soon gone
 he was going to call the Fire Brigade, something I didn't need
 I mean imagine all the embarrassment it would give my mates a feed
 Well I had forgotten all about the egg because in panic the memory was lost
 So the egg it continued cooking, well actually burning was more likely the cost
 I got to him reasonably quickly and saw him on the phone just getting ready to dial
 well I started to try and reassure him but I'm afraid that the man held on to too much bile
 he just started to shout and screaming and frothing, he was ranting on like a man possessed
 I could definitely see that he wasn't too stable in fact I would say he looked quite distressed
 Reassurance fell on deaf ear though as a great explosion ripped out and demolished my word
 It also demolished my kitchen to such an act of thoughtlessness that went well beyond absurd
 So that's my little tale of woe I hope it will make you a little wiser and learn from my mistake
 Always make sure you check on your cooking, yes it's not really a mistake you want to make
 You see the Landlord was not too happy with me he thought me a liability more than an jewel
 Yes I'm afraid that an Eviction notice was on the way and I had no choice as that was the rule
 So let us get onto this little favour I asked I would like you to read it but keep hold of a watch
 I want you to find out just how long it takes and I mean reading normally and not at full notch

So there's a nice selection of ideas to get your head around. You can do whatever you like with them just remember that **You are.....**

The inspiration of my perspiration
The designation of my Soul,
The elevation of my expectation
The culmination of my goal.

The re-creation of anticipation
My frustration sweet cajole,
The assignation of association
My emancipation whole.

You can also even alter the verse structure to speed it up. I won't go into too much detail but study them in situ and see how they work and learn from them. If you want to see one in action **How's That?**

I'm an Esoteric Writer
Not a common Street Fighter,
You come at me with nothing
But you're not worth that.

You talk of vibrant prose
Like a stunning Rose,
And versing doesn't matter
Like you like to chat.

But you're not fooling me
In the delusion that you see,
So it's time I put you right
Though chance, think fat.

For I'm afraid your education
Was not a vocation,
So stick to playing Cricket
Caught you out, Howzzat?

A favourite of mine is triadic verse so let me gie you another example of this. **Never Goose only Gander (1)**

The fires of Hell shone through her Eyes
She made no secret of her despise,
I felt the heat and her Anger rise
I think she was in a mood.

She looked at me and I felt the power
The intensity in that hateful glower,
That subdued me, my Spirit to cower
Things were about to turn rude.

She opened her Mouth and out it came
A barrage of words to put a Sailor to shame,
Yet somehow in this I get the blame
Maybe I should be less lewd.

(1) Slang English word meaning to look e.g. Have a Gander at this.

An unusual verse structure but if it works use it though do not be restricted by structure let your imagination pick its own rhythm and just go with the flow. You can actually portray moods as well through Poetry though they may take time to develop.

So back to structure, the Poem does not have to follow the same structured tempo throughout it can change to alter its mood. I have glanced on it earlier with 'I'm Dying Here' but would like to use another verse to illustrate it once more and show the versatility of words in the process. It is called **I'm Not Just the Wind**

I'm the Spring Breeze and new life just weaves
My gentle warming tease regenerates the Trees,
You see the start of Leaves the breath of life just heaves
For Nature it just cleaves with the utmost ease.

I let you rise with my surprise
Of gentle sighs and nasal highs,
No nothing dies there's no disguise
Through my Eyes just clear Blue Skies.

I am not just the Wind.

I'm the Summer Breeze I caress the Trees
With a soothing ease and a playful tease,
I sway the baking Leaves in subtle gentle heaves
Of vibrant verdant cleaves and graceful spiral weaves.

I dry your Eyes with my disguise
Of natural highs and heartfelt sighs,
With my surprise all sorrow dies
And senses rise right through the Skies.

I am not just the Wind.

I'm the Autumn Breeze I distress the Trees
Through my forceful heaves I dispatch the Leaves,
And I like to tease through me malice weaves
There were no great cleaves I took to it with ease.

I chill the Skies as Nature dies
There's no surprise just mourning sighs,
I cloak your Eyes with my disguise
A bountiful rise of fruitful highs.

I am not just the Wind.

I'm the Winter Breeze destructive to the Trees
I'll cut you into cleaves until your breath it leaves,
And that with sorrow weaves for I'll quicken up your heaves
Your sense of warmth I'll tease and take it with great ease

I freeze the Skies and chill your sighs
No life shall rise there are no highs
Through my bleak Eyes the world just dies
It's my surprise it's my disguise

I am not just the Wind

I have re-used the rhymes to portray that the Wind is of the same essence though moved them around to reflect the Seasonal effect. Yes play around with words, anything you can imagine can be imagined so just imagine it.

So back to words then and their power of portrayal, Poetry or Prose or maybe both, just take a piece of Prose

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
Work out in your mind what it's actually for.
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?
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It brings in a different aspect to aid you in your plight
And promotes a certain tempo to give the verse its bite,
It can carry a Poem's mood gauge without a flaw
It makes its understanding free flowing and pure.

An amazing piece of work and a good way to close the subject on the versatility of words, as you don't get more versatile than that. I have glanced on the Poet as the History and Ancestry of the People so now I would like to give you an example. This is actually a short history of my home town and is called **Burton a History in ABC**

Burton upon Trent, a history of how it came to be
And maybe what the future holds, not just wait and see,
It's actually quite easy just think A,B,C
Though I'm giving you due warning that it will end on D.

Now Burton is a Saxon name though there were others here before
The Celts and the Romans too did more than just explore,
Even further back in time there are traces here galore
It seems that its location made settlement no chore.

So that's a bit of groundwork now history comes in play
It concerns this Irish noble woman and religion was her say,
St. Modwen was her name and she didn't just pray
She actually founded a church here to keep Satan at bay.

She built it on an island that we now call Andressey
It was first called St. Andrews Isle but evolved gently,
That was not the A though for it was not meant to be
It got destroyed by Danish pirates in 874A.D.

No the first A stands for Abbey and Alabaster too
So we'll start off with the Abbey founded in 1002,
It was established by Wulfric Spot and it quickly grew
For it housed St. Modwen's remains who the Pilgrims liked to woo.

It was a very important place when it was fully grown
The monks were very industrious and carving skills would hone
Alabaster craft work for its beauty they were known
They also brewed great beer so the letter B was sown.

Well the Abbey lasted many years before it met its fate
For Henry VIII came on the scene and religion fell to state,
Now to Alabaster Statues I guess he was not their mate
Because the Abbey fell to dissolution in 1538.

So the Alabaster Statues were broken or defaced
Though the beer was still around as it was to his taste,
Besides with such great water it just seemed a waste
And with his love for feasting it gave his appetite a baste.

Now Burton's blessed water was to become famous through the land
For when better transport links evolved the beer was in demand,
As the links evolved much further it got out of hand
For Burton's famous beer was now a World renowned brand.

Prosperity came to the town like never before
The rich got ever richer and the others not so poor,
The town was full of breweries with employment galore
And with good wages and social clubs who could ask for more.

Time moved on much further as it was never known to wait
And a lot of the Breweries went on to consolidate,
Other breweries left the town saying the water was not that great
They could get it elsewhere and at a cheaper rate.

Well the World's brewing capital had a fall from grace
Sure it still brewed beer but as a slower pace,
The town was changing though, it had lost beer as its base
So it was time for evolution and C should show its face.

It seems that our location was central to the land
And with the A38 and A50 we were very much in demand,
Logistic Companies set up shop and warehouses were planned
And when the M42 came to be Cities were close at hand.

We became a commuting town and estates grew everywhere
Houses by the hundred were built without a care,
Oh please don't get me wrong employment was still there
But the jobs were lower paid and conditions were not fair.

So here we are at present then between B and C
And wonder what the future holds and so we come to D
What's going to happen next, what is our destiny?
I say look to the North as it holds the key.

D stands for Derby and our death you see
It's expanding all the time a great City it will be,
That may be all well and good but we'll lose autonomy
Don't believe me check your Postcode as it holds the key.

Though all that is left now is the **Burton Blues**

I look around this Town now and to me it is a mystery
Where is all the Industry, what happened to our History,
Our Ale was once renowned as the finest anywhere
Until the greed took over and for profit took out care.

The only smell of Beer now lies on a Drunkard's breath
Its once natural taste has taken a chemical death,
Our roots have been dug up and thrown into the fire
Memories are no more, Big Business turned them dire.

Where once there was a Soul now there's just a sprawl
The Town is close to death, it's written on the Wall,
What happened to this once great Town with its atmosphere so gritty?
The plutocrat has come along and turned it into a City.

Outlying Villages are swallowed up with loss of Countryside
Community Spirit once so strong has all but died,
Our Neighbours now are Strangers the price for progress paid
In the name of Town expansion the sacrifice was made.

Apartments spring up everywhere along with Great Estates
Warehouse now takes over as Factory vacates,
Super-markets run the show and Pubs close by the score
Burton upon Trent a fond farewell for you are now no more.

So there's a little bit about my town and moves us onto the substance of a poem. A poem can be about anything and everything so it is a very versatile method of travel.

Personally I like to write about History and Metaphysical matters. In fact I dwell heavily into the metaphysical in future books in the series called Poetic Pi off which this is the first book. The Books are formulated in a 3.142 style. Hopefully the first three books may inspire you to write for yourself. They are **The Poet's Guide to Poetry**, **Poetic Journey's** and **Poetic Guides**. These three books between them should give you a great start but if writing is not to your taste they are a very good read anyway. (All the books in the collection start with **The Poet's Guide to**)

Now the one in the collection is Metaphysical in its essence. It goes into **Metaphysics, Revelation and the end of the world (as we know it)** so don't have nightmares after you read it.

The four in the collection are different aspects of poetry, you have song or **Genesis-the Songs**, epic which is story telling or **An Acrostic Adventure**, knowledge transference or **The Face Behind the Mask** and finally **Not to Haiku** which is more to do with form. (I do cover other different types elsewhere in the collection).

The final two in the collection **The Ramblings of a Lunatic** and **The Lunatics have taken over the Asylum** are more to do with the forces that shape our life, the first one being spiritual and the second material. These book start with a preamble (which is more like a ramble) which is basically the titles of the poems all put together to make some kind of sense. I will give you an example of Esoteric poetry to hopefully whet your appetite. It's called **Oh Great Light** and goes into the Seven Spirits of God.

Oh Great Light shine on me and take away my woe
Let me feel your warmth and give me the power to know
For to understand my suffering is to know just what it's for
And to take my strength from knowing that my heart is always pure.
To know the hidden mysteries of life and all its pain
To know I walk in grace so my life is not a bane
To know you are my Lord and know what's on your mind
To know though life is cruel that you are always kind
For whilst you bide with me I know I'll never suffer
Your strength it is my being and to me that is a buffer.

Oh Great Light shine on me and shield me from all lies
Let me feel your warmth on me, come forth and make me wise
For to understand your spirit gives me great strength of mind
And life becomes a challenge instead of feeling like a bind.
The wisdom of the Universe so I might know my place
The wisdom of divinity so I might see your face
The wisdom of the ages so I might grow in strength
The wisdom of your being so I might know at length
For while you bide within me I have no fear of doubt
And problems aren't real problems when I know that you're about

Oh Great light shine on me for life gets too demanding
Let me feel your warmth on me so I get its understanding,
For to understand my pain takes my suffering away
And that life though sometimes cruel is the price I have to pay.
To understand the meaning and not just know the word
To understand your nature as I watch a flying bird
To understand your truth and to get eternal grace
To understand your purpose so my life fits into place
For whilst you bide within me I understand my life
And with this understanding I'll never get in strife

Oh Great Light shine on me for I'm in need of learning
Let me feel your warmth on me so I might be discerning
For to understand the wheat I must first make out the chaff
And when I do that Lord then I'm truly on your path.
To discern your work oh Lord that I might never stray
To discern your radiant light that man has hid away
To discern your word oh Lord that I might know its power
To discern your beauty Lord, not the weed but the flower
For whilst you bide with me I'll know the real truth
And know that you're within and not some God aloof.

Oh Great Light shine on me for I'm in need of purpose
Let me feel your warmth on me and I'll direct the surplus
For to understand intent is the meaning in my life
A direction to my pull otherwise it ends in strife.
The purpose of my being so I might know my place
The purpose behind my growing, the reason behind this face
The purpose of redemption so I might serve you Lord
The purpose of enlightenment so I might hold your sword
For whilst you bide with me my life has true direction
And I know my Self for my life has more selection.

Oh Great Light shine on me so I know that you're above
Let me feel your warmth on me so I might feel your love
For to understand your love is to understand you Lord
And without your love Great Light my life gets rather bored.
The love of a guiding hand that sets me on my way
The love of finding you tells me its a Sunny day

The love of peace of mind and a spur to my well being
The love of work Great Light is the essence of my seeing
For whilst you bide with me my senses touch the sky
And I have that inner peace that tells me I will never die.

Oh Great Light shine on me, give me your vibrant life
Let me feel your warmth on me and take away my strife
For to understand my life is to walk in your divinity
So shine on me Great Light so I might join the trinity.
The life of inner peace for I know what's on your mind
The life of grace and favour for I know you're always kind
The life of service Lord so I might uphold your word
The life of intervention in a world that is absurd
For whilst you bide with me I have eternal youth
A life of understanding, wisdom and the truth.

I have been known to travel into Politics which is quite a divisive road to take. Hopefully though I have never been classed as a **Useful Idiot**

Middle Class Liberal look down your nose
Through horn rimmed spectacles tinted by rose,
You think I'm an animal, devoid of grace
Ill educated and obsessed with race.

You think you're superior, an educated elite
Too blind to see that you've fell to deceit,
The powers that be see, think you're just a tool
To uphold the concept of divide and rule.

Self righteous vermin, humour devoid
You talk of your feelings and are always annoyed,
You have no real purpose, just repeat what you're taught
Your Soul is too tainted to have creative thought.

What arrogance has possessed your little mind
To think you are better than me or my kind,
You haven't even the strength to dig a ditch
You're just a poor man who thinks he is rich.

No it would not do to fall victim to **Subtle Mind Control**

Desensitisation is taking over the nation, evil is creeping in
Twisting our Soul to a more selfish role and conditioning us to sin,
Subtle deception with a negative injection to dehumanise our kin
And send us off track so goodness we lack, our morals are thrown in the bin.

Anger abounds though makes loving sounds to tempt a fickle heart
Indoctrination through false information and fear plays a major part,
Yes manipulation through mis-education they've got it down to an art
Through devious lies the good you'll despise you've lost before you start.

Yes I am afraid that today a lot of people have been **Ill Educated**

-You brainwash our children and think its okay
You think that as parents we don't get a say,
You motives are evil, your Soul's in decay
Yet you believe you're enlightened on inflated pay.

Your interest in children to me is suspect
I sense vile intention and moral neglect,
Parental approval, no that you'll reject
So it's done in secret with no chance to inspect.

You think you're protected, that's not strictly true
For there are powers at work of which you've no clue,
I'm talking on Earth but in Heaven too
Your judgement is near so what will you do?

To finish off on the topic of the versatility of Poetry I would like to leave you with a Blessing, a Prayer and a Curse but first a Praise Poem called **Homage to a King**

Respect is due,
True,
High King of Ireland
Brian Boru.

Land you accrue,
Through
Winning war and people
You slew.

What you knew
Too,
Master Tactician in all
You do.

The Vikings rue
You,
And for peace they
Would sue.

A Praise Poem dedicated to Brian mac Cennetig or Brian Boru (Brian of the Many Tributes) 941-1014 A.D. set just before he lost his life at the Battle of Clontarf on Good Friday 23rd April 1014.

A Blessing

May your Dreams become reality
And reality your Dream,
May your life run smooth as silk
Flawless without seam.

May you walk in youthful exuberance
And never lose its glow,
And may you find that inner strength
When life becomes your foe.

A Prayer to **Aquarius**

Come now Great Aquarius with your soothing Spiritual Age
Energized by Sun-Light so History turns a page,
Help us on our journey through this final stage
Give us your Enlightenment to help subdue our rage.

Give to us fresh wisdom about life with all its ills
So when things get demanding we don't need those bitter pills,
We just need understanding for darkness it kills
And purges our Self Doubt whilst restlessness it stills.

Great Light of the Age placate this World today
Heal us of our wounds so Anger has no say,
Take away our greed, show us it doesn't pay
And that life has other roads it doesn't have to be that way.

And should you ever need it **A Poetic Curse (Not to be Used Lightly)**

I put this out to you though I know it'll cause me pain
So your actions undertaken will not occur again,
It may come from my Ego though it's for the Greater Good
So I hope Karma forgives me or at least remains my bud.

You are to die a Thousand times
A Thousand times a day,
In loneliness and misery
You'll sense your Mind decay.

I'm sending you three Curses
To even up the score,
And yet you in your arrogance
Will not know what for.

I won't give you the details
Just know they'll be severe,
You'll feel great pain and hardship
And perhaps a mourning tear.

I'm going to grasp your confidence
So all that's left is fear,
You'll rue the day you chose darkness
For Demons will appear.

And finally Poets like to show their work, which is only natural, and so some might join Poetry Clubs either on-line or local. On-line clubs sometimes have things that give you a

prepared answer that you just push the button to. It might make your job easier but it can help to detract from actually studying the Poem and absorbing its energy (Imaginative Poems I mean). Your comment should be well thought through and dare I say it Poetic. Allow me to give you an example

It was a zealous Zephyr with a Zen like zest that zipped and zigzagged into its Zenith (Zing, zowie and in the Zone)

It actually came out from a bit of banter with another Poet who excelled in this type of comment. I will explain it to you for it actually describes the Book you are reading. The first part is the mood in which it is written. Fervent but gentle with a Spiritual quality and the next part the piece itself and how it goes quickly from topic to piece to topic until it reaches this.

Bed Company

Said Satan to me
In company,
With Demons both grotesque and foul.

“I want you to see
How good things will be,
If you just throw in the Towel.

Give in to temptation
Give your senses elation,
You know I will serve you well.

Whatever desire
I’ll light the Fire,
Yes it’s really not bad this place Hell.”

Well I looked at him
He must think me dim,
To fall for such darkened desire.

I guess thinking right
It wasn’t that bright,
But I thought I would play to the Choir.

“See here your Boss
Well I’m at a loss,
He wants to give me control.

Then you’ll work for me
And a pleasure you’ll see,
For I’ll take a different role.”

“What?” came a hiss
“What did I miss,
What are you talking about?

You'll work for me
How it's meant to be,
I am the one with the shout."

"Surely that's wrong
Or your logic's not strong
You said you'd serve me well.

So I must be leader
For you are my feeder,
With temptation to make me feel well."

"Look what is this
I'm offering bliss,
You just have to bow down before me.

It's not hard to do
And before I am through,
You can have all that you see."

"Well if I take that plea
You'll be working for me,
That means your minions too.

They'll do as I say
For that is the way,
Have you not thought his thing through?"

"Well alright yes,"
Frustration I guess,
For his temper was coming to the fore.

I could see it igniting
It actually was frightening,
But I thought I'd continue some more.

"So if that is the case
Where's your humble face,
You should be bowing to me.

Don't mess around
Get down on the ground,
For this I have got to see."

"What did you say?"
He was well on the way,
To completely losing his cool.

So I stoked him more

“Get on the floor,
For you are now my tool.

Don't question why
Don't even try,
You just do as you're told.

You don't need a reason
There's a change in the season,
That fire of yours has gone cold.”

He started to glow
With Anger you know,
For that is his essence you see.

Then he did shake
As the Anger did take,
And he looked pointedly at me.

“Look what is your game
Don't think me tame,
For that's a mistake to make.

And as for respect
That don't neglect,
Or your Soul I'll just take.

Don't mess with me
Not worth it you see,
I'm an immortal being.

I have the power
To turn your life dour,
Misery is all you'll be seeing.”

“Look, keep your cool
I don't need a fool,
Who makes rash decisions in rage.

Now you work for me
I want to see,
You using love as your gauge.

So you must be humble
What did you mumble?
Something about go to Hell.

I'm afraid I've been there
There wasn't much care,

And things were not running too well.”

Well Satan shook more
Though no anger did pour,
In fact he just disappeared.

The Demons too
Into thin air they flew,
Leaving my Bedroom cleared.

Next came a sound
Like a wall all around,
Sort of a subdued moan.

I looked to my right
And got a mild fright,
The man was just Skin and Bone.

Well he said to me,
“This you will be
If you don’t follow my way.

Just wasting away
On starvation pay,
For without me you have no say.”

“Who then are you?
For I haven’t a clue
As to what’s going on.

Don’t ask me to guess
As I couldn’t care less,
Just have your say and be gone.”

“Now don’t be like that
With me you’ll get fat,
On good living and fancy Wine.

Just follow me
For I know you see,
The best place for food and to dine.”

“Well bully for you
If that’s what you do,
But I’m afraid it’s not for me.

No, that you can keep
It’s loss I won’t weep,

It just sounds like Gluttony.”

Then something strange
The man did a change,
Turned Orange then disappeared

But no time to think
That had to sink,
For something else had appeared.

There stood a Vision
I guess on a mission,
For seduction was in her Eyes.

And she looked at me
I mean wantonly,
Her intention there was no disguise.

Now I admit I was tempted
I would have relented,
And bowed to her every request.

But something inside me
Said, “Leave her be,
Otherwise you will fail the test.”

Well I was confused
On the Voice I mused,
Forgetting the Vision before me.

But it came to my aid
So progress was made,
“I am the one you will be.

With every Demon found
And sent underground,
Into me you’ll be growing.

Then you will find
A new state of mind,
For I am your inner knowing.”

“A test did you say
Well how do I play?
I don’t even know the Rules.

All that I know
Is that you make a show,
Just as I’m pestered by ghouls.”

“Awareness is key
Think Gluttony.
Recognition that’s the thing.

When you espied it
It meant you defied it,
So desire had lost a sting.”

“Well he disappeared
So that mist has been cleared,
Though lucky I found that by chance.

So if that’s the case
This Vision I face.
Must mean Lechery’s come for a Dance.”

The vision turned Yellow
And changed to a Fellow,
Then eventually disappeared.

Giving me time
To lighten the clime,
Or at least get some darkness cleared.

“You mentioned test
Could I hear the rest,
For I am lacking in understanding.

And though I’ll endeavour
I’m really not clever,
So don’t make it too demanding.”

“You’re here to grow
Now that you must know,
But what of the purpose behind it?

That’s not been taught
For that Light’s not been caught,
Though many are looking to find it.

Now some though will stray
Into spiritual decay,
For they will fall to temptation.

In tests that they take
Mistakes they will make,
Leading them into stagnation.

These are the tests
To rid all the pests,
That stop you from reaching your purpose.

They're just your desire
The flaws that conspire,
Until recognition makes them become surplus."

With that a new guest
Though I'm guessing a test,
As that seemed the general theme.

A well dressed man
His girth quite a span,
I wondered his place in the scheme.

Well the man scratched his head
And looking at me said,
"Why do you crave to be poor?"

I mean just look around
There's no wealth to be found,
Surely you can have so much more."

"I'm happy this way
What can I say,
It's how I live my life.

But why the concern
With money to burn,
I guess you don't get any strife."

"Just thinking of you
I'll help you through,
And experience I have a wealth.

Yes stick with me
You quickly will see,
Glowing financial health."

"Maybe that's true
But that I can't do,
Humility is my thing.

I just take my need
The rest is just greed,
And Avarice will never be king."

Well the man just turned Green

And vacated the scene,
Guess he had no more to say.

But to take up the slack
The Voice it came back,
With answers to save the day.

“That’s another one down
And you’ve proved no clown,
But now it is time for more Light.

It will help you in growing
And give strength in knowing,
It will aid you in your fight.

For a picture more fuller
Think Light as Colour,
Well Seven to be exact.

A Rainbow to you
Now that’s the best clue,
For now we are dealing in fact.

These Colours you see
Are actually,
Aspects of your Self.

And need to be
In harmony,
To truly be in good health.”

With that I had more company
And it was really strange to see,
A Slug in a Three Piece Suit.

He looked at me disdainfully
So “Sloth” I said and painfully,
He turned Blue and got the boot.

“So” the voice carried on
“When harmonized they’re at one,
And you evolve closer to the Light.

It’s all to do with purity
And reaching Spiritual maturity,
For the Colours merged make the Colour White.”

“Well that I can see
But what bothers me,

Is how do these Demons fit in?

What you say is sound
And new insight I've found,
But why do they make so much din?"

"Now each is a sin
There to stop you getting in,
Just think of them as flaws.

Once they had purpose
Now though they're surplus,
An evolution of Natural Laws."

With that point now cleared
A Figure appeared,
His Eyes firmly fixed to the ground.

"Don't look at me
I'm not worthy to see,"
And started to shuffle around.

Well I thought him odd
A strange looking bod,
Standing there ill at ease.

So I thought it wise
To lift his disguise,
"Envy," I said, "If you please."

He started to glow
Then turned Indigo,
And soon he became no more.

So the Voice carried on
And more Light was shone,
And didn't it just pour.

"With each Demon gone
Evolution moves on,
The darkness I replace with Light.

The Colours are merged
With darkness purged
And life gets a little more bright."

With that point cleared
A Figure appeared,
He looked like an arrogant man.

He looked at me
Condescendingly,
I guess that he was not a fan.

“What is it with you?
You don’t have a clue,
What are you all about?”

We are your friends
So what are your ends,
Why do you want us wiped out?”

“It’s just evolution
A natural solution,
No longer do you get to chide.

You have no more use
So I have to cut loose,
I’m afraid that I no more have Pride.”

On hearing his name
Violet he became,
Then he just disappeared.

I looked round the Room
And saw no more gloom,
I guessed that the darkness had cleared.

“Not quite yet done
One more to be won,
One you have met before.

Satan’s his name
Just watch his game,
For now he is out to war.”

“Satan you said
I thought him dead,
He was the first to go.

Surely that’s right
He lost the fight,
Or is there something that I don’t know.”

“Well the Anger you took
Though gladly forsook,
Was of the personal kind.

This one you see
Thinks differently,
It comes from a Spiritual Mind.

No personal intent
Its more content,
Getting strength through serving a cause.

Though the cause is misguided
Man made and one sided,
Not really worth an applause.

Now he'll motivate
Generally by hate,
Although it has a disguise.

A purpose to serve
To give you some verve,
Well unless you've got wise.

Now recognition won't do
It does not hold true,
That's not the way to defeat him.

You have to debate
His Anger to sate,
It's the only way you can beat him."

"I'm not sure about that
Chance I say fat,
His Anger is his life.

I would say that he would fight
And with all his might,
He won't give it up without strife."

"Well that is true
It's a hard job to do,
To try and take him apart.

But have this faith
With logic safe,
Just speak from the heart."

With that a flash
And just a dash,
Of Brimstone had captured the Air.

Satan was here
And not in good cheer,
On his own as his Demons weren't there.

“So you want a debate
About why I hate,
You think you can actually change me.

Are you out of your Head?
I can't change I'll be dead
From life are you trying to estrange me?”

“Try this new portal
You are immortal,
Well that's what you said to me.

You cannot die
A waste of time just to try,
A pure act of stupidity.”

“Well that is the truth
Now not being uncouth,
But what's actually in it for me?

If we take this test
And I come out best,
There is no Prize I can see.”

“Well here is the goal
We'll play for my Soul,
Lose and I'll bow down before you.

But if I win
You'll no more sin,
You'll have something much better to do.”

“I don't know about better
But fear's not my fetter,
You have no chance of a win.

You're not that bright
You don't have much Light,
So let this charade begin.”

“Well in Light I've grown
You're the fear of unknown,
That's how you came to be.

You would rather stagnate
Then power vacate,
For power is all that you see.”

“Well I’m doing well
This World is hell,
I’ve truly come into being.

War’s all around
No solace found,
Wickedness is all you are seeing.

Yes I’m good at my job
And praise I won’t fob,
All this is down to me.

And you want me to change
Whilst winning, that’s strange,
Why should I bow down before thee?”

“Bow down to me
Why should that be?
Oh, our first conversation.

No that was a jest
Just fun not a test,
I don’t want your adoration.”

“Don’t come to me
With trickery,
I am supposed to bow down.

But bow to you
That I won’t do,
For Man is merely a Clown.

You fall to greed
Your pride needs to feed,
How easy you succumb to temptation.

And you’re supposed to rule
Don’t be a fool,
Your decisions involve condemnation.”

“I don’t crave power
From that I will cower,
I want humility.

To curb my desire

And extinguish Hell's Fire,
Because that's how it's meant to be.”

“To you mortal lies
I got wise,
Don't waste your time even trying.

Yes one of my tips
Is move your lips,
That's how I know you are lying.”

“Now you know that's not true
Man lies through you,
Once you have led him astray.

He doesn't lie nor cheat
Only through your deceit.
It is not his natural way.

So let's be realistic
Man's not materialistic,
When he's pure in Heart.

It is only through you
And the actions you do,
That sets him on a bad start.”

“Well you are right
You have some insight,
Now that is quite a surprise.

You have understanding
This might be demanding,
I didn't think you were wise.”

Then something strange
A minor change.
Human Legs where Goat's had once been.

Though he carried on
His interest I'd won,
And believe me it was pretty keen.

“So you have insight
A good aid in your fight,
Something that should be feared.

And these demons of mine
Are they now thine?

For somehow they've disappeared.”

“Where once deformed
Now they're reformed,
They are part of the Light.

They don't work for me
Humility.
Don't lose that from your sight.”

Well next went the horns
Those darkened thorns,
That had tormented Mankind.

But he carried on
Unaware they were gone,
He had other things in Mind.

“Though it was by your hand
I mean your command,
That sent them off to the Light.

So give me a clue
What did you do?
To put them out of the fight.

“Well I suppose in awareness
I'll say in all fairness,
Recognising what they are.

They like the darkness
Prefer its starkness,
In light they do not get far.”

“Well if that's true
You know me too.
How is it I'm still here.

That don't make sense
I'm getting tense,
I mean will I just disappear?”

“With you anger gone
You will live on,
You are an immortal being.

You'll lose your fear
Then love will appear,
For that is what you'll be seeing.”

“So I won’t disappear
I have nothing to fear,”
Satan said changing his mood.

Then the horns came back
Which I thought was slack,
And perhaps even a little bit rude.

“And this debate
To placate my hate,
Where would you like to begin?”

A waste of time
But that’s not a crime,
As I am conditioned to sin.”

“Well actually no
That premise should go,
You are conditioned to serve.

It’s not to sin
Man put that in,
Your purpose has took quite a swerve.”

“That’s your mistake
For I am the Snake,
In the Garden that tempted Eve

Conditioned to serve
You’ve got a nerve,
My conditioning is to deceive.”

“You’re not the Snake
That’s your mistake,
I’m afraid it was just a Story.

The Snake you see
Kundalini,
Serpent Energy in all its glory.”

“No that can’t be
That Snake was me,
That’s what it said in the Book.

If not by name
Then certainly by fame,
I suggest that you take a look.”

“Already did
So that point I can rid,
Although you are in the Tale.

You guard Eden’s Gate
A Cherubim’s your fate,
Put in place so that Man should fail.”

A flash of light
And Satan turned White,
And wings appeared from thin air.

Then he disappeared
The Room was now cleared,
He was no longer there.

With Satan now dead
The Voice came back and said,
“Congratulations you’ve won the cup.

But don’t celebrate
You’ve left it too late,
For now it is time to get up.”

I will see you on my return (**A Poet’s Guide to Poetic Journeys**) when we will go into Inspiration and learn from some other Poets’ experiences.