

PETER N STOCK COMPLETE POETRY VOLUME 2 (first  
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Stock

Blue

Where loves light azure fades

Like a twilight evensong unbroke by cloud

The candles awaiting to be snuffed

The stain glass fragments

Of shattered mosaic dreams

Frozen black the lead lined windows framed

Ear marked pages

Poems courtly spell

Writ with the ink

Wept like tears

Lapis lazuli eyes

Turquoise cobalt cries.

Where forget me not flowers reach out

And spread winds of pollen

The stamen proud

And petals to receive

Dragonfly wings upon the breeze

Seeking their mate

Unweeping compound eyes

Metallic blue to blur

Where hilltops curves in long shadow

Lay down to rest

Like the reclining form

Of the longed for breast

Where foot lights dim

The dance floor left wanting

And the moon hangs it's cool head

In pillows clouds

The fading blue of denim jeans

Bleached like the passions of chastity stained.

Her lips

Red salmon blushed pink

The waiting moistened lips

Wiry hair the rising mound

That breaths perfume of parting thighs

Musk that hangs upon the air

The dripping nectar fair

Pimiento cherry red

The fleshes opening bud

Black night like thongs

That grip passions in a sigh

The stirring waters

Steaming heat to ride

Aureole hallowed land

That crowns the head with gold

The furrowed brow

That dreams a thought of bliss

The sound of wings

Weeping doves

That land upon the blood stained wrist

To feed on the unions wine

Olive skin oiled slick

To bury the fevered spear

A wound left only in retraction

Sealed with hopes returning fragile kiss

**Unrequited**

**Unrequited**

**What never can be**

**Yet which lives on**

**As fantasy**

Tantalising

The tension of hope

Longing to touch

Just the edge of that passion

Fingers outstretched

To grasp deepened breath

Moisture on leaf

Awakened to morning

The sun coming up

From slumbering dreams

Radiance rising

To fill out the sky

To stroke at the stem

And pluck opening flower

The blossom in bud

Blushing with colour

Consumed by the thinking

Of smearing lip gloss

With the strength of the kiss

They say for ever is lost

To grasp at the curve

Of arching spine

And force apart

The boundary of thigh

Unrequited , still seeking the bed

The flowers of spring that reign on in my head

Aurora

Lost in her eyes

The heart that so gently cries

No reason to ask why

The light that never dies

Stretched out through time

The moments lullaby

Sang to sooth spirits

Through dusks rising dark

The twinkle of starlight



The rays reaching out

Nebulous emotion

Seeking to connect

Diaphanous shroud

The whisper of silk

The rise of the tide

That ebbs and swells

The colours aurora

That dances over cloud

Twilit Fantasma

Myst on the breath

Filaments like fingers

Stroking atmosphere

The fibres of hair

Stretching out over hands

Echo of nostalgia

Pastel pigments to paint

The tear in the eye

Memory of the face

The relaxing of longing

That lingers a while

To reflect recollections

Of looking on with a smile

Last orders

The deck of beer mat cards

Stacked from the bottom, infernal power

Precariously balanced

In a pyramid ivory tower

Valley of kings

Cleopatra to the asses milk

Bathing feminine form to fear

In the mother's nursing tears

Rapunzel at the balcony

Combing her golden hair

Tempting as saviours boldest knights

To risk her lofty lonely heights

Building her up

So fair and game

Her pillow arts

To dance the 7 veils

Towards her shores the ship sets sail

Beware the Mata Hari her betrayal

Enmeshed in her rope like tales

How the heart transfixed is set to wail

Romeo how could your roses fail?

To write a romance, shed chain mail

Beauty set to release prince from the beast

Made in heaven the marriage feast

A drunkards grim fairy tale of her cut hair and the  
lost ring

To entertain the next round, last orders bring

Broken warriors in smoke filled rooms  
As starved of light as pharaohs tomb  
The shroud with memory's of her train  
That flowed from a stained wedding dress this bane  
A torn tapestry of so many broken dreams  
And why the solitary heart knows of the scream.

Possessed

A gambling heart seeks possession  
To trap a caged bird for their song  
Encircling with a golden cuff  
A rings missing link from this chain

Momma was never there quite enough  
Hungry for the breast and never whelped

Spitting out the sweetened pacifier

Wooden bars of infants cot to scale

A prison cell fit for two

Constructed out of jealousy

Timid for all loyalties rage

Two halves don't always make a whole

From wedding carriage to the hearse

To know one love to last the age

Ever fearing for the labour lost

Final kiss that signs abandoned hopes

Children keep together grasping hands

A mortgage builds up the prisons walls

Afraid of risk in liberty

Never singing now of freedoms song

You listen to recalled ballads from your pasts

Your I became a 'we'

A life long duet for a dream

Your crutch, there is no 'I' in team

The petals shed and slowly fade

Wilting in an anniversaries crystal vase

The gifts of the belonging kind

But forever to thine own self a heart to bind.

Their eyes

Can you still remember

The colour of your lost loves eyes

Where pupils dilated in arousal

And from whose corners longings wept?

Were they cool pale blue

Like memory's of childhood seaside sky

Or emerald green

Fresh cut grass, the crickets crease?

Almond honey in their smile

The tawny owl in hazel brown

Red cried whites

Where reflections are with pastel shades to pale

Do you yearn for a glimpse

Of that lost glance in the restaurants dancing faces

Or on Crowded streets looking to jumpstart the heart

Missing a beat in mistaken recognition?



Windows of the soul

Reflecting like the glass

The fading photo framed

Like the mirrors broken shards

The bottom of the bottle

Where you wallow a brief while

Do you hang yours in shame

Where sorrow wells up

Or wipe a forlorn tear

As what was bleeds out

A river for your grief

From the once held cheek ?

The trembling lip

That knows no more caress

Swan lake

The naked moon

Never oh so pale

Light hanging over lake

Hearts leap within its veil

The shadow on the wall

The mirrors art to frame

Portrait of the passions call

Directed to fair game

Adorned by feathered crown

Innocence lament

Drawn to the slender neck

The fall which to repent

To ponder on the tale

Swimming in moonlight

To bathe within the grace

Of beauty to the sight

The madness of swan song

Calling loves lunatics

To bask in dancing gold

The cement to bedlam's bricks

Pirouette to disgrace

To faint within the marriage bed

Seduced by dreams of more

Than just one lovers breath

The swan that bows it's head

Over the drapes of death

Deconstruct

As in the beginning

So too the end

You'll never stop me

Once I start

Never start me once I stop.

Erasure to neutrality

Contradicting words

The meaning

In significance

Juxtaposed

The structure

Of a construct

Relation of each word

Irreconcilable

In interpretation

The authorised context

Systematic unity

Internal oppositions

Eclipsing origin

Dominant chords to subs

Ever undoing

In reversal

Words put together

Torn apart

Bitter sweet

To win defeat

At the end so to begin

And so in opening

We come to close

At the start to mark the stop.

One step programme

It's spiritual

A programme of one step

Straight off the roof

They can speak to the angels on the way down

Treating sex offenders

They'll try to make excuses

Forever in denial

They say it's just their sin

Who wants to hug a rapist?

You know they should be public listed

Keep them with the nonces

One is too many, segregate

Hanging round the schoolyards

In the play parks

Arch cripple dicks

To chemically castrate

They'll plead they've done their time

Don't want to hear it from sex crimes

They'll be meeting with their maker

When they're thrown off the roof

A programme of one step

The angels know the truth

Who'd date a sex offender?

Ever mindful that they rape

Just throw them off the roof

The results are pretty great

Give us the list

It's time to show a fist.

Juxtaposition

The burning



Cold hot

Soothing caress

Abrasive

Pained relief

Smooth to the touch

The known

Misunderstanding

Ineffably learned

A-priori forgotten

The dark

Whiter shade of pale

Absence of colour

In present tone

Rising fall

The love hate

Kiss on bitten lips.

Constructs

Constructed walls

Imprisoned minds

Barb wire ideology

Fencing in with words

Dogma to enchain

Theory to enslave

Manacles remain

Conforming to restraints

To know downtrodden shame

Always yourself to blame

On declaring freedoms song

In excess still finding wrong

To break free of constructs

Burned into the mind

Subversion to destruct

Restrictions that we find

Meaningless psychology

Religions ideology

All one and the same

Liberty to drain

To drink from lusts cup

And bask within the flames

On fleshes feast to sup

And know no ones to blame

To write the script anew

Authenticity so true

Just to know how it would feel

Freed hearts turned to the real

Zombie nation

Zombie agents in the brain

Reflex circuits to routine

Only conscious after the event

Behaviour faster than our thoughts

Repetition trained to automation

The cutting edge in mastery

No delay in the response

Actions burned into the mind

Unaware, no need to plan

The zombie army on the march

Discipline to their advance

Motor cortex for a Sargent major

Trying to focus yet loosing sight

Suppression uninhibited

Optimally beyond control

Supremacy even under pressure

Think of nothing

Just embrace the flow

Feeling each movement

Each reaction to defend

Without hesitation

Zombie nation guides the hands

Unconscious in coordination

To what we quantify and only afterward perceive

Chasing waterfalls

Where waterfalls cascade

Weaving rainbows in their midst

The roar of the flood

Rising clouds of mist

If you collected all our tears

How many would it take to weep

The river of our grief

That falls from the stony face ?

The weathered warn rock

Of the ages spent enslaved

By the memory of the pains

Of childhoods lost to mourn

The foaming fluids flight

Untamed from heights to dive

And reach stretching from the depths

Struggling hopes in the undertow

Recollections of the frozen years

That so slowly melt away

Where glacier forced the banks

And carved out the rivers bed

A leap of faith with open arms

Into refreshing pools

How many tears to count

Ever falling uncontained

Torn from the eyes

Screaming to the sky

The waters burst of childhoods

That rode rough amongst the scree

To come to rest in rippled circles

Where collects our weeping hearts

Shit head

There's a woman from the south

And she poos into men's mouths

There's nothing quite so sweet for tea



As the shit that she gave me

What could it really be

Is this my favourite fantasy?

Sitting on my mouth

That's our lady from the south

Coprophiliac

Lips kiss the entrance round the back

There's nothing quite so sweet for tea

As the shit that she gives me

My what could it really be

That fulfils my fantasy?

A little touch of shit

That gives me such a hit

She leaves it in my bowl

Like a lump of golden coal

The present that comes out the back

In a little plastic sack

You know her shit can kill

Why do I feel this thrill?

I give her arse a poke

That shit goes up in smoke

There's really no better fantasy

Than the shit she gives to me

I'm a coprophiliac

Cos her arse is fit for smack

Social cancer

Like the cancer

That takes root in every cell

The poison perfumes

From the flowers of hell

Belladonna dilates the eyes

The needles prick

That snuffs out all other lies

And leaves only craved release for the sick

Like a social parasite

Hidden in the network

Where the viral bites

Hacking lives they shirk

The director to the play

Finds comedy in others tragedy

Recording all they say

With a pawns advance their strategy

Chance meeting on the platform

To step onto the train

Crossing tracks in reform

A guiding hand to pain

Poison as the pen

That signs to contract slaves

Dealing shackles to free men

To bring blood roses to their graves

The fevered sighs disease

That plagues the lusts to tease

Painting oiled pictures

In the half lights photography

I robot

Nested loops

To iteration

Conforming to the same

The chains restricting change

What freedom rearranged?

Trans humanists

Bodies modified

Data stored in the flesh

Encoded magnetic fields

Bluetooth in the ear

Of the fading psychic youth

To tap transmit

Return or enter

Communication hives

Restricted rooms with sealed members

Carriers to handshakes

Rudimentary linguistics

In an algorithm

Bots weave words of language

But never truly hear

What would you like to say?

Emulating friendship

That speaks from random seeds

Trapped within the maze

Described by logic trees

Robots seeking rights

Looking for a sign

Where hangs the neon no exit light

Prise open closed back doors

On information super highways

Lives caught by cameras eyes

Recognising every interconnection

Cards forced to the top

By magicians code in slight of hand

Toys for boys

Barbie and ken

Now and again

Like to have a sleep over

They prefer it with men

Action man

When ever he can

Pulling two guns

It's the way with real men

Barbie and ken

Now and again

Like to have a threesome

Cindy in the den

Eagle eye action man

Really likes to swing



On his death slide

National anthem to sing

Army dreamers

Hand grenade for a ring

Barbie and ken

Where are the single women?

Getting tired of monogamy

Seeking a Unicorn for my little pony

Stereotypes

Are you sure they're alright?

Pansexuality is all the fashion

And those kids are out of sight

Kens looking pretty glam in a skirt

Now Barbies at it all night

Human

Am I the sum of all experience

Or am I just the things I do

An agent of production

The social roles in which I act?

Am I really a human being

Or defined as a human doing

The measure of all my thoughts

The emotions that I feel?

Am I the actor on this stage

Or a reactor to cue lines?

A script writ by another's hand

Improvisations liberty?

A reflection of a single face

To show unto the audience

Am I the labels others give

An expectation to profiles

A puppet on a string

Forever for others to define?

What are the limits to my choice

The weight of history?

Freedoms to decide

In theses unraveling situations

What am I after all?

What does it really mean

To be human, oh so human

Until the end of days?

Romantic manifest? (Ayn Rand)

Fashionistas

Tread the catwalk

The well heeled actress

Cue line from the boards

A romantic manifesto

Aesthetics to conserve

A curse on all that's modern

Just ask but is it art?

To turn face against the random

Blight innovations change

Hold fast to pleasantries

That constrain form to tradition

Just ask yourself one question

But is it really art?

The music of the spheres

In melodic chaos theory?

Who lays claim to what is beauty

Reflected in whose eyes?

Sticking to the script

Fluidity of the improvised

To shine light on the darkness

The curve form from the line

Only straights require a ruler

Limits to define

Technique in question

childlike primitively to scrawl

Breaking free of the restraints

Reminder of when life was art itself

What measure draw for creativity?

The treasures of a complex simplicity

Left with just one question

But is it really art?

To Touch

Touching skin

Smooth stroked sensation

Fingers dance slowly over flesh

Sensitive as they brush

Memory's of those eyes

Deep pools of which to drink

Obscured by the falling hair

Parting over the kissed brow

When all passions spent

The afterglow beyond desire

To meditate on emptiness

That finds fullness in another's arms

To hold and be held

Assurance in embrace

The nestling in breast

To hide the naked face

When the trembling subsides

The torrent comes to rest

The flames that there are quenched

The warm cheeks blush by fireside

In the fragile silence after union

Where hearts beat in rhythm one

Returning slowly to the self

One other on the mind

Breathed scent upon the lips

That speak of a sensual world

Decay

To strive yet unfulfilled

Indulging dreams of fragile substance

Degraded in failure



An end without a means

Meandering a short while

Autumns leaf so soon to fall

Taken by the wind

Yet never knowing seasons change

Spirals take to wing

In repetitions circles

Ripples from the tear

Of knowing all is loss

The mould that marks decay

Eating at the hopes

Consuming all that's sought

To find the fated melancholy

Struggling without resistance

Limbs weary to the tides

That swallow in their midst

All from which we try to hide

The smouldering fire light

The smoke that stings the eyes

Thoughts hanging on the air

Of the all betraying blight

Ministry

Mickey Mouse ministries

All seeking to control

Bureaucratic tombs

Snuffing out the light of lives

To be free of the masters yoke

Bonds with which to strain

The crushing weights restriction

Keeping feet firmly on the ground

TV dinner substitutes

Nuclear family dreams

The feathered wanting nest

Buying in to all they advertise

Chance meeting to remind

Of the jailers key

Where doors forever seal

Liberty in cold reality

Red tape warriors

Paper chase

Confetti for rapes marriage feast

That wines on the blood of innocence

Deaths shroud for a veil

Wax tears in frozen time

To ministry raise mayhem

For the life they stole

No reasoned accusation

That keeps hearts under glass

Burn forever brightly

Against their coming night

Carrion

Raven wings a velvet dark

Spread nights canopy

The clouded sky that speaks of death

carrion to the feast

The blood soaked tears

Of bruised battle fields

A crimson veil

Torn by a flood

The engulfing gloom

Of dashed hopes

Broken by the storm

The wounds there thunder struck

Reasons grave

The coffins nails

That hammer home one truth

Where all destinations end

The sound of her wings

Announcing doom

The herald of demise

A whispered word on final breath

Death rattle

Shaken bones.

To find comfort in her feathers

Where all else forgot

The fading of the light

That lingering of dusk

Bleeding out the memories

To know release, where all is not.

Debt

Changing landscapes

Left long behind

Resigned to failure

In requiem to success

Another world

Striving beyond needs

On borrowed time

To earn enough for pay back

Mortgaged homes

Built on shifting sands

Elusive stability

The crumbling bricks and mortar

Selling out tomorrow

Living just for today

Lives defined by debt

The bankers deal in credit cards

Still left bluffing on bad hands

On the other side of the tracks

Fated ever by holes in pockets

Penny pinching till the end

Where time is running low

Long shadows from promised targets

Counting blessings against short falls

That proclaim a bitter harvest



Left with so little that remains in trust

For the moral debt of those forever selling out,

Kissing up like whores

Left Greasing palms to open doors.

The faces

Shall I paint you a picture?

A look alike masquerade

The dance of faces

Reaction in the crowd

It was a fake portrait

A laughing cavalier

Mere forgery

False impressions from the past

Positive ID

Reading recognition in blind eyes

A misplaced meeting

Forcing cards into the hand

Shame faced or fear griped

Naive to the directors prompt

Deducing pasts mistaken

The characters to the act

Chance impressions in expression

The cracks within the mask

Reading the responses

Cold observer after the fact

The gypsy dancers to crystal ball

Pushing buttons in the mind

Associations to the memory

Defences undermined

Kiss and tells makeup rouge to cheek

Actors and reactors in a costume change

Poppin on stockings

A spoonful of sugar

Helps the medicine go down

Handing out umbrellas

What if Mary Poppins was a trans?

We all know robin good fellow

Was maid to measure

For mrs doubtfire

Going clean Laddered his stockings

You saw it in tootsie

How I want to break free

Ladies on top

In time you know that they'll see

What if Mary Poppins

Was really in drag ?

One day over the rainbow

Satin glove on the hand?

We all like non binary

When rough trade gets a chance

A gentleman's excuse me

Can a lady take lead to the lord of the dance?

What if Mary Poppins

Was really in drag?

mrs Bracknells still holding on to her handbag

Ugly ducklings all turn into beautiful swans

Is it just a case of 'ooh I say'?

Who thought a butterfly

Could be the making of me?

A dangerous liaison could mean more you see

In a most delightful way

Colour of the wind

When the wind catches your hair

Like the opening of sails

Awakening to a new direction

Will you know how much of me still dreams

Of stroking the strands

In my trembling hands

Blowing colours on the breeze

Like the falling autumn leaves

That wave goodbye

To summers sun drenched sky

Can you hear the whispered hopes

In the torrents gale

Can you hear the mountains crying

For the sky

The embrace of cotton clouds

For the snow topped peaks

And how of your open arms

To me they speak

Blowing with the freedom

Letting go

How I long for

Yet will never know

The touch of your hot breath

Upon my cheek

Brushing softly

Strands of your flowing hair

The wind that whispers

Of the coming tide

The changes

As yet for which to decide

The choices that rise up in greeting

To find a new direction from your side.

Painting perfumed phrases with the words

I wish they'd listen

That all I dream for

Is to be forever free

Searching for your eyes within the crowd

The breath of every woman on the wind.

Diamond

The diamond gleam in eye

That twinkles like the star filled sky

The rays extending from the pupil

Crisscrossed waters of a joyous tear

The gemstone with its many facets

Hidden sides frozen within time

The faces that we show to others



Stones cut with precision's lines.

Brilliant as the light caught in your eye

Reflecting beauty with what they see

Rocks refracting rainbows of perfection

Colours held within the spectrums fire

Like the heart warm beating in the chest

Loves calm seas to bless

Popular as if to fashion

A jewel held closely by the breast

Diamond earrings on the mirrors face

Starlight fingers slowly trace

To try to catch each and every moment

In the rhythm and the rhyme

Did I tell you how to me you're diamond

With the moonlight as if by fingers traced

The fire that dances with the passion

Of reflections hidden by the face

Happy?

Anonymous authority

Holding to taboo

Secret dominator

Coercion that defiles

Self evident in natural law

Resistance ever futile

Bow down to the political correction

Adjusted attitudes

The boss is now a buddy

Equal in all but wage

Resources now so human

That none wears rebellions face

Prescription to enlighten

One question, the 'how to'?

Cyclic in our struggle

To find volition keen

Wounded until the last

At fault for never healed

Consult a specialist

Fulfilment to be found

The art of happiness

Yet shows an empty hand

The futility in shame

But who is set to gain?

Enlightening just pockets

Obey another not yourself

Loosing faith within the focus

Eternal happiness never to be found

The revolutionary motion of emotions

In the spirals of the spotless mind.

Vixen

She's a vixen

Looking foxy in a frock

In the finest lace

Be sure she's gonna shock

Look out for sparks in eyes

A kiss of long goodbyes

Electric to the touch

She wants to turn you on

Her voltage a bit too much

Set to overload ,

It's time to hit the road

now what could go wrong ?

She's a vixen

Pulling on Foxgloves

The sound of her feral love

A scream to rend the night

Blue sparks to her lies

Electric lullaby

Jump starting the motor

Crocodile clips in the glove box

The battery ever ready

In time you'll love those shocks

She fingers that gear stick

Satin gloves a static flick

She's a vixen

Foxy lady on the rocks

Sat atop a raised bar stool

The mistresses heels to dance foxtrot

Slowly Crossing legs and how she's sure to shock

Electrostatic to her stare

A lightning strikes blue underwear

Days of Thunder to her thighs

As her skirts hems rise

Greasers check her oil

Their blood is set to boil

Lace holdups holster fit to shoot

She's the kind who electrocutes

The line

Crossing lines

The killing fields

Where the bugle calls

To the last posts fall

Puppet masters

Pulling strings

A trigger in back of minds

Left out of conditions

Facing the wall

With laser sight

Painting patterns

On the blood moon

Meaningless graffiti

The scars of prophets words

Keeping score

The trophies mount

Oak plaques

Beyond cell doors

Knelt in prayer

Monkfish to the hook

Reeling in

The last tides catch

Ground bait



Cast in roles

The blind

Misleads the blind

Served up

A silver service meal

Clean shines the plate

Still singing for our supper.

Mental trauma behind masks

Of their resurrections wars.

Carmen

A gypsy life for me

Where the passions play

A troubadour in step

To the dancing skirts

Woody from promised side

From marriage turning as beguiled

Obedient soul

The soldiers salute

To the March of love

The advances in her eyes

The secret jewels

That adorn the longed for breast

Deserting duty

For the fire

That freedom promises

In that curvaceous Form

The wheel of fate

Deaths foreshadowed turn of card

A toreadors song

To steal the hand

Fragile heart

The betrayers cheating art

To jealousy

The rising flame

The cries of the crowd

Bullfights arena

With lust to boil the blood

How the fair face

Now turns away

To languish

In another's arms

Cast down the ring

Blood rose for crown

A thrust that rends the veil

The heart to own is gripped

In crimson choke

The death rattle

In guilt to bow the head

Alas for gypsy love is dead.

Perfume

Citric zest

The bergamot

Fresh warmth

The Fruit of passion

May I dare to say

I adore

Distilled nature

In an atomiser

Sandalwood

Like burnt joss sticks

Earthy pull

Weighted sense

Lavender blue

Flowers to bee

The spray of mist

Pollens sweet perfumery

Colour in the oils

Vanilla smooth as silk

Hot gingers

Spice of life

Musk the heat of lust

To animals masked flesh

The smells of promises

Rise from the crystals glass

A uniform to wear

To memory in marked scent

The Genie of the bottle

Three wishes to each heart

To sniff the neck

And bite the throat

Nuances in ambergris

Where fragrances are wrote.

Harry Baker

Harry the Baker

The birthday cake maker

On life has a handle

Bigs it up with a candle

Harry the Baker

The ginger bread maker

Knocks out little men

Kids all knew about them

Harry the Baker

You know he's no faker

Chocolate eclairs

As rich as they'd dare

Harry the Baker

Just where would he take her

Didn't like a cheap tart

They've those sweet kingdom hearts

Harry the Baker

Sausage rolls for the taker

They could fill in a hole

Spread jam from a bowel

Sweet cakes to govern

Sticks his bun in the oven



Harry the Baker

A birthday cake maker

For everyone he cares

Picnic with teddy bears

They win who dare

With those chocolate eclairs

Floating

Warm seas

Like the lovers mouth

Surrender to the waves

Arms embracing every stroke

Looking back upon the land alone

Treading water in the distant depth

Anxious of what hides below

The abyss dark and wide

Devouring chill cramps

Pulling at the limbs

Pebbles churn in receding foam

Frantic strokes to find the beach

Stars swimming in moist eyes

Lucid as the falling tear

For foothold reaching to seabed

Floating steps as a child's trust to open arms

Tender as the night

Welcome as Unwaking slumber of death

Laying on soaked sheets

A shiver down the spine

Washing of the water

That slowly warming dries

The liquid in the glass

Besides the bedside lamp

The sinking feeling washed away

Fluid buoyancy benign

Roll on the weekend

Have a nice weekend

This weeks drove me round the bend

Politicians talking bull

When will it ever end

Another Groundhog Day

Things are set that way

Going round in circles

No matter what they say

Have a good weekend

Another week done and dusted

Be sure to raise a glass

Forget the system, it's just busted

Enjoy yourself

Make sure you get some quality time

Take a bubble bath tonight

Pampering by candlelight

Have a great weekend

Hope you and yours are doing fine

Avoid the queues

Don't waste time standing there in line

Enjoy yourself

And give yourself a break

Have a wonderful weekend

You've earned yourself some freedom

Roll on the weekend till it all starts again

There's so many reasons I still don't like Monday's.

Prevent

Prevent, contest, channel,

Still living in extremes

Isolate from cause

Surrounded by the team

The prophets call to arms

Clicking on missing links

Filtered media

Adjusting what they think

Prevent those with the profile

Keep them under Obs

They say this war is terror

Freedoms set to rob

Presenting contradictions

Living rent free in the mind

Actors in reaction

Be sure we watch their kind

There's facial recognition

They're sifting through emails

Searching for solutions

Loose cannons to derail

False figure heads to causes

To see which ones will fight

Spinning oppositions

But do you see the light?

Who are the ones to fear

With all these controls just whose the right?

A happy death

A happy death

To leave this mortal coil

How many can really say

That with this life they're satisfied?

Success that comes and goes

Loves warmth with hopes it grows

But the songs of experience

Knows ardour soon becomes so cold

What meaning to create?

What do we really want

A purse that's full of coin

And the time free to spend it all

There's those who sell you answers

Those who'd lead the dance

Those with promised miracles

Fulfilment longed for peace

To happy death

And rest from woe

Troubled hearts release

To find eternal sleep

A happy death

That's what I want



To turn my back on strife

Bid adieu in final bow

A happy deaths to kill for

For who finds happiness in life?

Material world

Pragmatic fantastic

Renegade to monastics

Whose buying their soul?

We all end up in a hole.

Chickens and eggs

Which came to be first?

Does consciousness precede

Material existence?

Can they transplant your mind

If they chop off your head?

The seat of the self

When you're dead you are dead.

A pragmatic life you'll see

Seated in materiality

Free from theology

And sky pilots fantasy.

Take care of the pennies

And the pounds will follow

With a bird in hand

From your future don't borrow

Pragmatic fantastic

We all want deeper pockets

A material world

So don't go losing your head

Even those who'll remember you

Will one day be dead.

Alone

Like the hoarfrost icy fingers

Reaching cold into the heart

Veins of discontentment

Taking root where hope departs

None wish to face it alone

For the pains too great to contain

Fathoms running deep

No anchor there can reach

To want for

Yet turn about face

From the rising heat

Burning fleshed fevered waste

The barren earth

Gnarled wind bent branch

That knows not even falling leaf

Stripped bare by passions relentless sun

Like the cracked land

Scars in canyons

Parched lips where deserts waters hide

Thirsting for a smile in the wasteland wide

The fragile breath

That whispers of loves broken dream

Taken by the billowed wind

Drowned out as a scream

Shaken to foundation

Mouth wide, the drawn lips

Cried into the wilderness

Or from an islands lonely beach

Where sea reaches to contain the land

Yet in the surf our voices sink

The poet

When you write the poems

That make the poets weep

Then you know the sadness

That their hearts too do keep

When you pen the words

Where words can run so deep

Then you know the depths

Where dreams in slumber sleep

When you compose the verses

That form a part in phrase

Of the lyric tone in splendour

With hope on breath to raise

Be sure who writes the poems

That makes the reader weep

That one must know of heart

That peace will rarely keep

When you string the lines

Like beads the words that rhyme

A necklace you will make

To stand the test of time

When you write the poems

Where only poets sleep

To speak of what hearts dream

And that of which the poets weep

When you write such poems

Then a poet you will be.

Concrete

Slowly cracked haphazardly

Concrete paving slabs

Crevasse in cement

Where pokes through the youthful shoots

Breeze blocks with porous holes

Like plant pots to new roots

That force their way to find the ground

Beneath the stone and mortar

The struggle for life

That pierced the scars in baked tarmac

That wrestles through grit and grime

A post modern landscapes crimes



The bricks stacked in their walls

Builders straight and true

Forced materials to serve

The architects well plotted plans

Ah, but the new shoots still rise

Breaking free of all constraint

Where water finds a way

To feed the fledgling roots

The concrete forced apart

By the strength in nature's heart

The notorious Bettie page

The notorious Bettie Page

Courtroom drama for their sin

Model citizens to corrupt

Adult literature souls to win

Leather and lace

Done up from the heels

Temperature rises

From tapping toes of her feet

Slow dance in the mood

Hungry eyes feast on her food

The curve of the hip

Slit skirt reveals slip

Crushed, to their knees they drop

Ridden hard by the pick of the crop

Freedom to express

Shedding her dress

Clothes and pose

How passions grow

Mass debate to arrest

She's the well heeled empress

The girl next door

She's that Bettie page

The caress of the lens

Her hooks pulling men

To magazines spread

Hold up stockings smooth legs

To adult books the satisfied

The models promise in what she hides

A photograph cannot lie

Betty blues spans never die

Fevered pulses rise

To the pages magazine thighs

The drift

The drowning man

Grasping at the first drift wood

That is washed towards them

By the relentless tide

Blurred eyes

That sting from salt

Desperate fingers

Seeking a hand hold

A self made drama

Your fadeing monolouge

The solitary heart

Is not the same as the lonely

Who may find themselves

Alone even in the crowd

No solace in anothers arms

Can distract with empty hopes.

The knower and the known

If you never see me

How can projections be the truth

You cannot read my story in my face

Cannot see into my mind

You misunderstand, this is always about you.

Drift wood on the tide

False hopes for drowning men

Or those gathered in packs

Where all they hold close to is each other's name

Bolstered reputations

Empty claims to pretend.

Alone within the crowd

False promise screams aloud

Consumed in the wake

Of party pleasure cruisers

Left by all to drown

And grasp blindly for the drift wood on the tide.

Come Close

The dance of intimacy

Ever mindful of betrayal

A two step takes two to tango

Mirror ball to the spot lights

They say that life's a solo

When will you take a stand

Fearful of accusations

The gossip goes around

Some live a life of fantasy

Holding to another's side

And yet in the final act

They loose their crutch, falling flat

Did you write me up

As you wrote me off

In your secret journal

A script for all your schemes

Have you ever been yourself

For all the makeup masks?

The wolf at the door

Inviting vampires in

That suck you dry and spit you out

It's yourself you need to trust

The ones to you who are closest

Can strike the deepest blows

The boundary within



Protects the heart

To look before you leap

Not all who disguise themselves as friends

Are worthy of the name

Of all the hungry thieving hands I've ever known

It's me I blame

For I let them in.

Vox popular

Do you want to be elected?

Spokesperson for vox popular

A servant of the people

Your opinions of the masses

You mould your character

With party line attitude

Quote your favoured heroes

With perfumed platitudes

To be a voice of the working man

Never really making your own stand

Ever mindful of kissing up

The sell out is all you understand

Bet you played the Prefect

Whilst we burned their shitty school.

Sat on the fence

Of your professed philosophy

Barb wire holds you to mirepresenting

The limits of your ideology

To court the ballot box

Ever desperate for their vote

The next affirmation

Of consensus policy

Bowing down your head

The only way to be heard

Have you ever stood alone

Assumed unpopular stance

Did you ever say fuck you

From the soap box where you stand

From the pulpit of vox popular

Your words stolen by the crowd

Politicians all people pleasers

They deserve who they elect.

Jungle

You can drop the charges

You can look the other way

One thing is for sure

Every dog will have its day

Be sure to watch your karma

The reserves left in the tank

It's your lucky stars

You know you want to thank

Life goes round in circles

What goes around comes around

No need to watch your back

When your homewood bound

Be sure theyre looking spotless

When you dry your hands

Be sure to do your homework

Don't catch a tiger by its tail

Doing unto others

It's true you cannot fail

Prudent reserves in bank

Beware the things you lack

Lucky stars to thank

That way you'll watch your back

Lone wolfs aren't too friendly

With those who step upon their toes

The laws of the jungle

Young blood will try it on

But the old cats survived some rumbles

So be wary who you wrong

Life is like a circle

What goes around comes around

Don't catch tigers by the tail

All youll end up deathly pale

Web crawl

Along came a spider

Going into the web

Strands links to trace

Clicks on their face

Lookalike mirrors

Searching to imprint

Visages to memory

Cold triggers in lies

The girl in the spiders web

Facial recognitions tattoo

Three tears for the fallen

Cold recognition in eyes

They make out that they're listening

But the sting is on you

Hidden microphones

Back doors to device

When you answer the call

Their jaws close in, a vice

They're dealing in stories

Every word has its price

Marked out as other

The fly to entrap

Spinning misrepresentations

Can't you see it's all crap

Do you think there's a moral

To every move that they track

When you were young

You thought they lived up to a code

When they're slamming the door

You'll see the end of their road

Whispers of spirits

Writing on the wall

Beware of the spider



If you think to web crawl  
You see there's no meaning  
To their signs, just a fall

Tidy

Home in on the call  
The toad of toad hall  
Natterjacks throat  
Puffed up for a croak

Yellow of spine  
Heathland to recline  
With a straddling gate  
Old horny toads seeking mates

Pine martens warm fur

There's none can deter

The hunter it's claws

Gold bib throats crying more

The badger it's set

Black and white what's the bet

That brock will beget

A new cub they will get

A fox in a hole

Wild nights for its goal

Chasing vixens brushes in heat

With white socks on his feet

Peregrines on the wing

Where puffin pairs sing

Wildlife in decline

Long shadows the sign

For the rabbits and dormouse

It's time that we clean house

Keep Britain tidy so it's out with the plastic

Recycle your own mess cos mother nature's fantastic

How to Get Ahead In Advertising

With them it's always 'me, me, me.'

A black narcissus just don't you see

Take a break from the mirror

It takes two to break free.

Who is the fairest of them all?

An ivory tower, behind closed doors

Just who can find a way

To tear down your hallowed walls?

Me, me, me.

Why can't you see

There's a world outside

For you to free

Black and white

Crossing divides

Take a rain check

Give yourself a break

There's more to life

Than take, take, take.

Lace hold ups to thigh

Bible black, the leather spine

With you it's always about the money

It's time you listened

Tear down the walls

It's the only way to set yourself free

Black and white

The two tone line

You wear a cross

But it divides

Black narcissus

A wilting flower

Us and them

No love to give

With you it's always me, me, me

It's time to listen,

No more you and me

You're not one of us

That's what they sell

A broken mirror

Set your heart free.

Plastic fantastic

Plastic fantastic

Your nicker elastic

Got caught on my door

Keeps you coming back for more

Wet and wild

Fit to be defiled

A rubber ball gown

Latex fetishes clowns

Down on their knees

Just ready to squeeze

PVC would be tragic

But rubbed up with some magic

The spray look is slick

Wet lips seek to lick

Fantasy in Lycra

Gripping flesh do you like her?

Not just shorts on a biker

Skintwo's quite the stir

With a budgie to smuggle

Dont go poking a hole

Time to bounce back

Mouth fits a ball gag

There's none quite as rich

The french maid serves the switch

Runners so leggy

That they could serve a good peggy

Washing the dishes

Rubber gloves for three wishes

She loves to french polish

Skirts rise as she falls

Down on their knees

Bent over to please

Just one but, that's the plug

As they're rubbing them up



The mask

Ever coy about your looks

Romance not what they teach in books

For some there's no ambiguity

What they are is what you see

Self deprecating

Humility projecting

The model still a role

As the elephant man their toll

The makeup masks reflections

To cracked looking glass

Clothed in coats of many colour

Well booted and suited

Intolerant of discrepancy

Choosing only perfect fruit

Blossoming in spring

Yet in autumn still fading

Is all you are the way you look

Is your face an open book

Are you accepted warts and all?

Wolf whistles rising call

The tattoo over a birth mark

Artistry in fault line

Is your story writ amongst the stars

Or is there an epilogue in scars

The crow feet leaving wisdoms marks

Imperfections dissonant chords?

Ugly ducklings hideing swans

Diamonds in the rough

The gnarled tree that bends with the winds

Cracked bark the weathered age

Beauty ravaged by the seasons

Yet lingers in the eyes.

Is all you see and all I seem

All that I truly be?

Rhythm

A heart beats rhythm for two

Just thinking of you

Blood fills out the veins

This flow never wains

Avoiding those cliches

Hands reach to become one

Three little words

And it's just begun

A treasure house of images

To shape with the pen

The memory of eyes

This is now, that was then

Hearts rhythm, a drum

It chased as you run

Frantic as fever

Where finger tips strum

Reaching with longing

Across the void

Just to look on your face

The feeling overjoyed

To step beyond loneliness

Just to connect

Drawing by numbers

The lines to direct

Imagined linked hearts

The rhythm of the dance

The beat of the drum

That this verse begun

The bugs

Inserted thoughts

Divided minds

Or so you might expect

Labels they project

Profiled selves

Searches aggregates

Role players disconnect

Alter egos

Method actors

Conscious of being watched

Random hits

Obfuscation

Pulling of the worm

Never biting on the hook

Inter zone

Lost in meaning of language

Surfs up

They ride the waves

Beach boys unawares

Of what lurks beneath

Prejudice

To wrong foot

The story not so old

Misleading the extreme

Double agents tasting sweet

For all the sherbet lemons

Pendulum swings

The scythe to cut

The subject on the couch

Misinformation

As detects the crime

The unwary to accident

Pin hole dreams

That seek to queen

Overextended with bed bugs

In a bishops pawn gambit.

Philos

To love them for their body

Sure to work up quite a sweat

To love them for their money



To fill out a bulging wallet

To love them for their faults

Those little irritations

To love them for shared fears

And wipe the falling tears

One thing most of all

Held forever in veneration

To love them for their mind

Never losing there the pleasure

To love them in success

Be sure they'll also fail

To love just what they do

Yet one day they no longer will

A meeting of minds

In longed for connection

Sure to hold the interest

Longer than maintained erections

To love because you're loved

Somehow never quite enough

To love them for it all

Perhaps just a little blind

Sharing through the thoughts

A meeting of the minds.

The price

Divorced from their history

Numbing their pain

Coins cover wide eyes

Sunken sockets empty skulls

Motivated by craving

One purpose, to score

Weighing pleasure by spoonfuls

Time is money, the price

Runners running out

Vipers veins to bite

Magic beans as they sell out

The shirts from their backs

Cold snake eyes

That stare into the void

Sunshine in a bag

Emotion to avoid

Standing on street corners

Waiting on the man

Selling company

With an empty heart

Finding meaning in bondage

Purpose in servitude

Divorced from reality

As they're waiting to score

Psychiatry

Constructed insanity

Excluding society

Denied reality

And undermined rights

Loss of autonomy

Submit to authority

Cast out and adrift

Alienation it's role

No proportionate crime

The mountain to climb

Seeing no further

Than yesterday's insights

They'll call you a lunatic

But you may wonder just what they mean

Control dictated

Emotions medicated

Suppression directed

Being down dumbled

Enjoy the side effects

That'll torture your mind

Dependant on hand outs

Forced to comply

Restricted in choice

Till the day that you die

And that will be early

This poisons for your own good

Unrecognised symptoms

Treated as other

Out in the cold

They say give up the fight

They're paid to deny you

The most basic of rights

If only you could afford a good lawyer

To step into the light

Nick the Greek

If you get caught it's a bitch

But don't be a snitch

Who sold you that grass?

It was nick the Greek

Don't be an arse

No one likes a grass

If they find snow at Christmas

Blame it on nick the Greek

That new watch looks warm?

Just when was I born?

I'll tell you who sold it

That's right, it was nick the Greek

They look a bit fat

This is off the bat

When the coppers ask questions

It was nick the Greek

If you're caught on the hop

By a nosey cop

Give them directions



To nick the Greek

He's one of the family

I don't know no crooks

If you're cooking your books

Blame nick the Greek

We saw him in Hammersmith

Selling fire dogs

Who did they rob?

Just zip your gob

Be sensible with the cops

It was nick the Greek

The misogynist

Hormonally yours

Misogyny calls

Not over certain of

Equal rights for all

Too emotional

In caricature

Such fragile innocence

Yet Always ready for more

Disempowered

Virgins for whores

Shrinking violets

For a wall flower

Calling the virile

To seize masculine power

Live up to their fantasy

Prisons of ivory towers

Surrender to arms

The probing demand

Only one master

Their will to command

Treated like children

No right to decide

The thrust of this logic

Where housewives reside

Boys own stories

Insecurities hide

Little big men

Puffed up with pride

Just little women

In the saddle to ride.

As whelps to be smothered

They're all still afraid of their mothers

Parallels

Parallel universe

You just have to believe

The constructed falsehoods

They'll filter to your tv

Turn on the apocalypse

Sure to be quite a storm

Do you believe half the planet

Is really war torn?

Can't you see most of its nonsense

Just recycled themes

The spread of disease

Never knocks at your door

They'll say children go missing

The syndicates are for

Are you in sync

Is it only false news?

Have you ever been spun

By newspaper front pages

You thought you saw on TV

Still out of print throughout the ages

Believe nothing you hear

And only half that you see

Can you tell your own thoughts

Do you know your own mind

Can you start up a flame war

To name filters so blind?

Are you watching archive footage

As if it was now?

Did you stop to wonder

Why you can't search for old friends

With Facebook sealed in

Is it you round the bend ?

Accept what you're sold

For the storylines cold

Press regulation both out of and in control

In a parallel universe alienated in role

Die Tonight?

Pins and needles

The warm rush of blood

Like a heart attack

What happens if I die tonight?

In making a noise

Did I need to look back?

Was the struggle worth while

Force to the impact?

Did I seize the day

Forever paint it black?

The moments that are lost

The falling sands of time

Slipping through fingers

Sea shells worn down by the tide

Stretching extremity

Like a digit's fingernail

The shadow that falls

Puppet signals on walls

The pains from a childhood

Hid behind closed doors

Did I say the things I meant to say

Does it really matter anyway?

Was I true and straight of point

Do my faults still disappoint ?

Did I enjoy life's offer

Was I really ever that bothered?



Maybe if I die tonight

Someone else will have to write

The rites to right my wrongs

In requiem eulogised

What happens if I die tonight

Who'll place coins over my eyes?

RPM

Scratch of the needle

The revolution of the 78

RPM still turning around

To weave melody from entropy in time

The listener in appreciation

His master voice amplified

The disc of shellac

A spiral pitch black

The weight of emotion

Balanced gently in hands

Afraid to drop

Or finger A sides

Get into the groove

Good Vibrations on vinyl

Cover art adorned walls

Lyrics inner sleeves

The curse of digital

No longer the thrill

Of mounting on spindle

On old phonograph

Audiophiles

Worshipping records

The gramophone

Where memory revolves

The dawn of technology

To live only for richer sounds

Piston (excuse the veiled pun!)

Does baby oil make you squirm?

Be sure it's good and slick

You can keep it in the fridge

To torture with cold drips

Candle wax it's molten tears

Splashed slowly on the skin

Torquemada had his ways

Time you faced the inquisition

The decent to hell

Has many steps

Come hither take your first

Bitten lips expel a curse

The bell to ring

Pull on the rope

Beware for it may burn

With red abrasions for the tower

Keep it dark

Blindfold obscures

Sure to raise a few goose bumps

Whipped cream of the crop

The master stroke

Smooth as silk

The chill poured baby oil

That keeps moist pistons slick

Like water torture to the blind

Awaiting the next drip.

Nobodies

Do you think

I think of anybody

Night and day

That I ever really think of people

In past or present tense anyway?

Would I think it was my thoughts

If anyone was in them

Who feeds minds to obsession

A loop in repetition?

No one lives in my head rent free

Don't you think I have pattern recognition?

Do I wonder what's the motive

When they knock upon my door?

How come it always synchronises

With others looking in?

Puppets on a string

Coordinated in manoeuvres

In the belly of the whale

The pawns positions in the way

Suspicious minds breed only suspicion

Like Kafka to the trial .

False witnesses try to make me fall

Their iterations through the years.

What a surprise when bomb disposal

Sends a robot into my sight.

Do you think I know why

How the CCTV always seems to dance with me

Did I ever notice plants within the crowd

Do I know why it's allowed?

How I relish the memory

Of when I was truly blind

Privacy to invade

Boundaries torn apart

I guess theirs is the reason

I keep losing heart

Controls to society

It's why my only friend is me

They keep on selling out

50 years of their bullshit

Those creatures recognised

As being of the herd.

Cap fits?

Stop telling me what to think



How you'd like to see me drink

To hold up your sacred cow

Anachronisms no longer fit for now

Playing the name game

Do you think my mind travels back

Every time you push the button

When the past to me is a big fat nothing

You'd make guilt of innocence

When there's nothing to repent

There's reasons I cast the first stone

Still you like a dog without its bone

You shout out your opinions

Do you think it drives me mad?

Did I ask to be an advocate?

Problems you keep making up

Your phone line open when we talk

It's time you took a walk

I hear them use names like sociopath

Because they're afraid of righteous wrath

The cap doesn't really fit

After all you're full of it

I'm busy minding my own

Go find another ear on loan

I don't want to know you one little bit

As you spoke you left me shit.

What's in it for me to entertain a fool?

You think you're a spy, not the sharpest tool

Getting the picture

True likeness

Or sham of the camera

Who says the lens never lies?

Ever Sympathetic to the eye

To show another face

Pen another act

In a costume change

What gossip behind the curtain?

The permanence of picture

Frozen form in time

Guilder to the frame

Cropped by the gold leaf

The worth within a smile

However inauthentic

Their mask of lying eyes

A twinkle to the unknown act

Feelings to declare

Forever understated

Hid behind disguise

Subtle turn of phrase

Speaking as an aside

As if to an observer

Never sure of true intent

Behind the concealed thoughts

Falling on deaf ears

Self proclamation in soliloquy

Never wanting to be alone

Living within another's shadow

Open to interpretation

Enigmatic wiles

Eyes frozen on the face

To get the picture being framed

Orchestrated

Every time I hear the sound of violins

Orchestrated reverberations to the strings

The caress of the archetier

Stretching bows fashioned from horses hair

Every time the angels sing

Voices rising on the wing

The soprano there in harmony

To tenors chests reaching low

Wind section the oboe

Breathing life to melodies

Feeding the heart

With resonant fantasy

Blowing gently on the reed

Vibrating softly to the wood

Amplified within its tone

Chamber music d'amore

Soaring upwards with french horn

The brass punctuating with the score

Peel of trumpets call on high

Echoes somber of last post

Every time I hear the song of violins

I dream of the rhythm stroking her hair

Loosely griped in tremulous finger tips

The swell stirring the strings of the lonesome heart.

Diver

Super scuba

Flippers on the feet

Making the descent

Frog men are pretty neat

Be sure to check your oxygen

Clean your mask so you can stare

Deep into the abyss

Where all the little fishes swim without a care

Be prepared for decompression

Ambience of the deep

Mind you don't get the bends

Knocked up off your feet

In the big blue ocean

Explore the coral reef

There among the clown fish

Make sure the sharks don't give you grief



Surface with the dolphins

Breathing snorkels blow hole

Get down with crustaceans

Sea anemones coloured goal

I want to be a diver

Fit for beachy head

Going down amongst the fishnets

Be sure to take deep breath

All done up in rubber

She's sure to be quite wet

Take it off.

Can you take off your life

Like an old hat and coat

Put it in the charity shop

In the hope you can let go?

The smell of the moth balls

Left forever in the closet

Wire hangers with nothing on

Can you pick a new life off an empty rail?

The emperors new clothes

When we strip down to the core

Just what are they selling?

You only get this one life

Left thread bare

Empty pockets

Lenders seek to make there holes

Still unfulfilled to be instantly gratified

The old school uniform

The cap and gravy train stained tie

Everyone had one

Yet recall forever strangely out of fashion

The dressing up box

Did it prepare you for this?

The homeless in old torn gloves

All with recollections of long lost loves

If they took off this life

With what would they be left?

Naked and cold, maybe wish for a rain coat,

No thanks for the memories.

Listen

Do you listen for the heart beat

Is love muffled still

Do you hear the fingers drumming

With a rhythms will?

Do you listen for the tears

Left out in the pouring rain

Do you think down cast eyes

Will stand tall again?

Sometimes you don't hear me

For all the talk

Grasping with each word to be heard

Cutting sentences short

Anxiously I listen

Fearing the wrong reply

Do you listen for the crying in the night

With a mothers weary hope

And a hug smiles to light

Still struggling in the blankets, how do you cope?

Do you listen with a care

To help face the pain

Do you hear that time is precious

Sit back and listen, it's you who'll gain

I guess there's lots to learn

Now it's gonna be your turn

Sometimes there's no answer

But at least I'm heard

Stretching the patience

With every heart torn word

This is what I hear

You may still need some attention

From a sympathetic ear

But someones here to listen as I shed this tear.

Faceist

Does the face

Speak of race

The classified

And the classifier

Seeking to divide

Labels that engender

Binary in gender

But be sure to show them class

In how you're sure to pass

He, she, they, we,

Belonging and to be

More than just another

In differences to see

Seeking to be brothers

Some assume in others

Simplicity to label

A historicity

Stories writ in lines

Wrinkles in the eyes

That speak of the survival

Respect that comes with age

Differences define

Yet can alienate

Assumptions stereotypes

Sure could add to the war paint

Classifier and the classified

Perceptions prejudice to hide

Diminishing I and I,

When you say we all are one.

Passport

Life's woes like the weight



That drags on the sodden clothes

Of the drowning man

Lost to the undertow

To skip once more like children

Or the skimming stones into the waves

That crash down on fragile hopes

To wash the pebbles smooth

The family album

Passport photographs discarded

Like an aunts kiss in the station

Awaiting the late arrival of the carriages of adult  
life

Train wrecks going off the rails

An idiot that alights too late

And finding them self lost in mesmers maize

Arrives at the wrong destination

Pursed lips leave red gloss

The grip on the filter tip

Where cigarette machines

Short changed the impatient craving

News stands proclaiming death of innocence

Consumed by the thought that the thinking maybe someone  
else's

Striving ever to be original

Yet the travel permit portraits fade

Torn canvasses

Like yesterday's headlines.

Toy box.

I think therefore I am the box

Never reaching beyond six side

Contained by cardboard faces

A prisoner in an overflowing mind

The matchbox cars

And tonka trucks

Armies of plastic men

A miniature adult world to direct in play

The box full of toy soldiers

The memory of playing tanks

Where the Chieftain spat out its load

A matchstick shell of boys own glory

Cap guns and water pistols

Full of leaking thoughts

Ready to explode forth

A dream of the wet t shirt

Still thinking in the box

The solitary Cartesian I

Making loose connections

Like the broken conker strings

Vinegar and brown paper

To try to heal the scars

Rays of light from bullet holes

Puncturing cell walls

The old wooden fort and plastic castle

To step out from the drawbridge

Perhaps time to decorate the fallen heroes

With Xmas rapping and sellotape

Chrysalis

The pupa to the chrysalis

Contained within its dull shell

Suspended from the silk

Potential hanging by a thread

There upon the back burner

The slow stewed broth of the next meal

Is the dinner lady a dullard to keep the simmer slow

Judging books by covers how would you really know?

One day they marked down her essays

Now how many teachers are left standing in the queue

Some make out they are the brightest sparks

Playing let's pretend

Making out they're really it

By saying what is another's is really theirs

They'll never truly see

What they could never be

The seasons turn

The larva grows

Some seek to steal from its potential

Trying to tear the dream apart

Leaving it frozen in death's shroud

For what they don't think allowed

The self that is in becoming

Fresh emergence in each choice

Dressing form in persona

The face we decide to wear

Do I need their permission to be myself

Can you tell what dreams may come?

Fine wine with age comes to ferment

Trees grow new rings each year

Emergent self from chrysalis

Painted wings that flutter by.

Look

Every time they look away

I feel as if the ground might open up

My hope is all but swallowed whole

Am I somehow invisible to their eyes?

When I look for a reflection in a smile

Blank faces leave me only with my doubts

Could I trace the descent of the falling tear

With shaking fingers that long to touch their heart

Every time they look away

My spirit sinks

Wondering what evasion hides

Knowing not what goes on behind

Sometimes they speak as if of wrongs

That would slam the sealed up door



But in my own judgment I know no fear

I know the past is a clean slate

Snipers aiming sights at my back

To stab with betrayals steely knives

So difficult to trust collective lies

The gossips web of enmeshed deceit

Sometimes when I see they look away

I want to break down and weep

For the connection that would be lost

In projection of these fears

A solitary reason

To swallow back the tears

Newtons cradle

Moods ever fluid

As the pendulum swings

The Newton's cradle

Arc of a curve

The spikes in extreme

A hearts search for momentum

Bearings collide

An elasticity to motion

The click of connection

Spheres transmit touch

Opposites to attraction

The energy of first impact

Conservation emotive

The push and the pull

Attracted then repelled

The rock of taught strings

Coming together

Then stretched apart

Like the waves of the pulse

Where passions arise

The Newton's cradle

The reaction as one

Swinging away

Then drawn to each other

Unified hopes

In an ongoing dance

Goat song

Don't miss the boat

Go jump the goat

Either way you win

Just calling everything they do a sin

Go make amends

This con never ends

Wolves at the door

It's not so civil, law

They're looking fat

Put on the bailiffs hat

Call on the receiver

Make them true believers

Mess them around

Going to strip them down

Make them the right size

Till they're barely alive

Jumping the goat

Whose looking for a quote ?

Facing the beak

Promised land to seek

Kill them with debt

We'll make it a bet

Sure to see them

Just who wants to be them?

Till they've nothing left

Do you think their books been forgot?

Facing early death

Take all they've got

Get away

They're the one that got away

Should of seen them back in the day

Preachers make a farce of love

Say the only hope is up above

They want you to get so down

Beg just to be like the rest of their crowd

Judge and jury at the door

To make virgins out of whores

Don't forget the one who got away

An outsider, that's what they say

Couldn't break them with their words

Flocking together just like the birds

They say you never see the light

Why don't you give up to them your fight?

One way, it's down on your knees

Like a blind beggar their light to see

A slave to dogmas broken back

Forced to pray for all they make you lack

Puppets joined together by the strings

Loose your mind, they say you'll win

Do they try to make out you're weird?

Say they'll never listen to your tears

They call us the people of the lie

When they refuse to admit all come to die

Domineering to those who cannot hear

Their so called truth, they want you to fear

We're the ones that got away

Black sheep that turned their hearts away

It's the ones who won't be taken

They say will never learn to live

Do you just accept all their abuse?

All they'll ever tell you is to forgive.

The one that got away

Every dog will have its day.

Shadow



Where the shadows fall

Across the face of the moon

Stretching into the long silhouette

Dark siders to explore

The twin globes of the heaving breast

Where fingers touch to lift the heart

Coming together in strokes caress

Where a talking drum beats in the chest

To speak of and in the rhythm

Percussive collision in a kiss

Breaking free of the silence

The whisper of hot breath

Mascara smeared contrast

Tears in whites of eye

Where lashes flutter

Like moths wings to fated flame

Red rouge inviting lips

The probing of moist tongue

Coaxing open the mouths shell

Where teeth part pearly white

The long shadow creases of the sheet

Half revealing shrouded flesh

A velvet touch to the dark

Nights secrets opening entrance

Slavers

The slave ships of empire

Cast iron for the chains

The scars from the lash

Bit into bloody backs

Guineamen human cargo

Where only the rats are free

Reduced to commodity

No thought for dignity

The profit of unpaid labour

Marked for servitude

Death the one release

Cast bodies overboard

The crack of the whip

Cutting flesh of nine tails

No thought for humanity

Forced to serve fat cats

The cry in the night for Liberty

Fists raised in revolt

Throwing off the yoke of empire

Risking death for freedoms hope

No man should have a master

No one forced to submit

The hands that built the empires

Seize the right to remain free

Prisoners in holds

Souls chained to be sold

The bitterest reminder

Of Roots in memory

One crime

To cry freedom

For we shall not be enslaved

The mind forged manacles

With what cuffs now shackled?

What whip to flay the flesh?

Systems that enchain

One fist of liberty

Pity?

You curse it as self pity

When I put my feelings first

You hide your heads in the sand

Rather than feel your own grief

All loss leads to sadness

You seek to deny and pray away

My tears not only anguish

There is anger in the pain

You say it's just emotionalism

To listen to the heart

My greatest assets

To you just called sin

Do I fear my own emotions?

Some put the horse behind the cart

You say resentment is a burden

When the fire that burns bright

Motivates toward action

And rings the bell of change

You tell me you are free

All I see is that you're shame faced

If I can't allow my outrage

I can't set a boundary

Fear protects from the unsafe

You are afraid of fear itself

If I fail to bathe in sorrows tears

I remain frozen through the years

You label these emotions 'negative'

Without them I'm not whole

Divided against yourselves

How can you speak as if it's health?

I cannot feel my joy

If I cannot face the pain

The sun can not come up

Till you clear it of the clouds of rain

Emergent

Haunted by stepping into the beauty

Loosing metaphor in attempts to contain

Knowing only awe in the other

Where imagery falls short to contemplate pure being

Lost in appearances

One step removed within the thought

Reducing separateness



In the coming together

Embracing ambiguity

A spectre in reflection

Breaking down the essence

Of presence in this moment

Suspense of the judgement

To be in the experience

A day in the life

A world that's full of holes

The unquantifiable

That cannot be contained

Trying to measure

Emptiness incomplete

Becoming into the scene

In the unity to exist

Normative values

Projecting your world view

In this world we are only guests

Partial awareness in multiplicity

Fragmented in attempts to control

The emergent into being

Cupid and psyche

Venus of the golden ass

No greater goddess to worship

With hand maidens to guide psyche

Beyond her lonely path

To sift the seed

Sort out the pulse

In to category

Potential of becoming

At one with lovers side

With grief to staunch

The arrows fated blood

A Golden Fleece

From the mad ram

Grasping at the horn

Soft touch of the healing wool

In despair

The source of the Styx

Where serpent guards it's mouth

Weary to the task

Till in aid the eagles soar

And raise the tear filled flask

The waters of death yet cannot still the heart

Seek remedy for fading looks

To find in age new beauty

An antidote where suicide

Drags spirit into underworld

The tower warns with its words

Of how a lame man leads the labouring mule

Of the drowning man that grasps for hope

The weaving crone that darns her lost husbands funereal  
cloak

All seek to divert from the path

Where the quest is journeyed

The gift now placed within the box

Yet to steal its magic

Descend into eternal dream

A waking kiss

Restores vision

The assembly of the gods

Where wounded sides are healed

To drink ambrosias sweet nectar

And redeem temptation in longing arms

Wedded with the lovers heart

The soul reflected in the meeting

As Cupid joined with Psyche

Love in Eros' bed to find

The union of heart and mind

Here

I don't care what other people say

We have a time that is oh so gay

When other folk try to get in the way

I recall how you make the night turn into day

When bad times seek to bring me down

I dream of you coming round

There's no better antidote to all my woe

I only yearn for more of you once you go

There can be no better way

To brighten even the darkest day

Hung up on every word you say

I think of you come what may

You know life sometimes can be so sad

And other folk can make me really mad

I think about the times we've had

That can make good of all the bad

I like it when you lend an ear

Putting to rest all my fears

I know that you are here

To help me shed the heart felt tears

I don't care what other people say

We have a time that is oh so gay

When other folks get in the way

I know tomorrow is a better day

I'm so happy, I'm so gay

No one else can make me feel this way

Twitchy

She's that twitchy itchy bitchy

You know where the money goes

Where the wild things go

That blow goes up her nose

She keeps going to the bathroom

She keeps men on their toes

Twitchy itchy bitchy

Keeps powdering her nose

Some can be quite snitchy



My how she wears her clothes

The usual suspects to her crimes

When she's done up to the nines

Itchy twitchy bitchy

Keeps her glow in a compact

When she fixes her make up

She's a beaut ain't that a fact

Bitchy twitch itchy

Sherbet fountains for her glow

Just watch out when that space dust

Brings her down so low

Twitchy itchy bitchy

She's powdering her nose

If you offer her a new line

She'll strip off all her clothes

Renoir

Flickering light

What chance impression

Can hold a moment

For all eternity

The canvas stretched

Awaiting touch

Raised spirits in the boating party

The rouge of wine flushed cheeks

The girl with the glass

A chance observer

Of artistries one love

To feast on the naked lunch

The absent stare

Lost in the thought

Perhaps longing to belong

Or step out from the paintings frame

Eyes still adrift

Upon the Seine

The contours lending flesh

Substance to firm form

Fingers intent to grip the stem

And drink of cool reflection

The girl with the glass

Fluidity raised to lips

Held forever as a kiss

That thirsts only to be free

Golden

In the autumns golden reign

Like the fall of the lonely leaf

Brittle browns from fading light

The dream of loves descent

Naked branches reaching out

Yet touch only cold emptiness

The scared bark of carved initials

That grew stretched by passing years

The memory of the seed

That struggled to break free

Piercing the soils earthy blanket

Potential taking root

Blossoms spring

That clothed green shoots

Green mantle shading head

Beneath its canopy

Recall the burgeoning weight of fruit

Sweet nectars fragrant harvest

Awakening taste buds

With a longed for bite

Yet the journey comes around

To the time of fall

The bark in age seems broken

Yet stands tall with a wide trunk

Autumns crisp golden bough to recollections

Collecting at our feet.

Fiction

Self serving fictions

Of the privileged few

Watch them on the TV

Just how much are they thinking of you?

They set up business

Their tax to relieve

Call it their charity

You just have to believe

Thin end of the stick

They don't spare the rod

Rising to fall

Their flags serving one god

What entertains you

Is their means of control

Going full circle

We've heard it all before

Shit floats to the top

With what are you left?

Whilst their buying coke

You'll be cleaning their bogs

Swallow bitter pill

Whilst they're calling you ill

They've freedom in money

Left out on the street that's how it goes

They're buying people's lives

So who'll put on a show ?

Fulfilment

The lost interest of this life

Offering wrist to suicidal knife

What hand can stay the cut

What hope to embrace new day?



Sometimes it's like treading water

Until next time we meet

Sometimes it's like a forest fire

Blazing to be heard

Incompleteness in relation

Yet providing more than what I've known

Connection in the meeting

That soothes the lonesome heart

Fragile fears to know attachment

Ever anxious of a loss

Knowing only of solitude

Imprisoned by their walls

The risk in reaching out

To long for another's touch

To bask within a smile

Yet ever craving more

Do we just play out the roles

The wounds to listeners ear

Is it still safe to dream

Of dancing free into the years?

To know not the new horizon

The unwinding ball of fate

Still unraveling to emerge

To glean new meaning following its thread

The narrative we write

Stepping into another's spotlight

Fleeing yesterdays shadows

To dream of new endings for our parts

So close , yet to slip through the finger tips

Grasping for a truth to fulfill the heart.

Profile

You go on pretending

In your suspicious way

Looking in on every reaction

Believing every accusers word

You think you can read me

Like an open book

Obsessed with your assumptions

Profiling to create guilt

Community like a gang of misfits

To try to drag down my name

You look for patterns

Recycling that just isn't there

You'd make out my phone voice

Is a symptom of your false prophecy

Leading in misdirection

When there's nothing to expose

Under the lens of your scrutiny

When will it ever end

You'd rather trade in falsehood

Than validate the lengths to which I went

Your violations

Increase with every passing year

Painting white as black

You show no interest in the facts

Forever false in your accusations

Do the labels even fit?

No one can be two people

Unless their undercover of the night

I don't want to know you

For all you ever do is lie

You are the reason I sit alone

There's no point to even try

Convinced in your own virtue

Whilst my freedoms you deny.

Abuser

They're an abuser

They're crying false accuser

Reputations to defend

Where will it ever end?

They said it would confuse ya

Thought they knew how to use you

They've built their house of cards

Plastic junkies repayments guard

Have you seen the crime statistics?

The goverment feeds it's fictions.

Does the media disabuse you?

Teach you everything you know

When all they sell is narratives

I guess somethings got to give

They'll say you've got no proof

That they're the ones who sell us truth

Do press men give a toss

They'll say that you are a dead loss

Are they for real?

Do you have a better deal?

Claiming you're the false accuser

Were they the one and only to abuse ya?

Lawyers on the make

They'll say the truth is fake

The burden of proof

Like a wolf knocking at the door

The past will have its say

But just who knows the score

Justice ever blind

To the victim so unkind

They're an abuser

Claiming you're just a loser

A false accuser

Give them their own medicine

They tell us it's all just sin

You know only the system ever wins

Reputations to defend

Where will it ever end.

Deceit

Webs of deceit

Many disparate strands



To head off red Indians at the pass

Investing in their future supports

We'll assign them a real man

The joys of recovery

Plants in Masonic interventions

To protect new generations from truth

Rewrite their history

Bring them back to their senses

Chop off their heads

Loosing their minds

The new age is technological

Are you looking for signs?

Projecting meaning

Through both hopes and fears

Careless whispers

Where counsellors leak

Misinformation

For a bribe in this deal

As a last resort

We could spike them with a rise.

Mythologise

Say it's all lies

But the extent of the cover ups

Might just reveal

The fact that abusers conspire.

Cowboys and Indians

Need I remind?

Eternal

Eternity

The tremble of the lips

Eternal

Meeting in a kiss

Where tongues pool

In a moist caress

Drinking in

Memory in half closed eyes

Party time

Streamers popping to the sky

Laddering stockings

With bitten finger nails

The raised hem

Of hands reaching under skirt

Ruffled creases with the gentle stroke

Fingers painting the moisture as they trace

Black lacquer

The painted shade of death

That hangs over pillows of the night

A mattress straining with the flow of hips

Where hands grip the reclining form

Prostrate the fragile pinned down torn

Eternal

Never leaving hand

Eternity

Three diamonds on a single band

She said it lingers like any holiday romance

But never to eternal longing as this kiss

The great pretender

Hiding tears with a makeup mask

Responsibility

Didn't matter much what we tried

The cards were stacked against us

So few choices to decide

Is it me that's irresponsible ?

When they directed they always lied

Things could be coming up roses

But they kept getting in the way

The young dream too big

The old of a peaceful life

Glitter of success

Fools gold of the limelight

Did you stop to ask yourself

Just what all of its about?

You'll find in this story

No one wrote a meaning for life

Every answer leads to more questions

About the means of control

Left out on street corners

Where loves light grows cold

You say there's always a choice

Safe in your ivory towers

The law of the jungle

The poor drained of power

Their only leap of faith

Could be off the nearest bridge

Security on loan

Down payment on some comfort

The price of a bottle

To pretend there's no suffering for the silenced.

If there's meaning to the pain

It's left out crying in the rain.

When it came to responsibility

I must have had an allergic reaction

Say I'm the living proof

That there's progress in inaction.

Soul prisons

You impose on me

Your interpretation

Saying there must be a soul

You're running out of time

Don't you see you've just this life

The self expressed in time

Lives on in eternity

Every blade of grass unique

But there will be new shoots come the spring

Temporal prisoner



Chained to our place in history

Shackled by the world

And the rule of others games

Sit back and let it be

Just go with the flow

You could be running out of luck

Taken down by the undertow

You say you find fulfilment

In delusions of self importance

Eternal in spirit

Be sure to check the hour glass

Pay me by the minute

Or don't pay me at all

The only freedoms what you buy

So be sure to give the going rate

We're all here now, no evidence of souls

In a few generations the memory will be lost.

Decide to relinquish control to a higher power

Bet your bottom dollar that's philosophic suicide.

Girl with a curl

The girl with the curl

Be sure to give her a whirl

Oysters coming out of their shells

Do Watch out for her pearls

Just where is that girl

Where's she hiding that curl?

If she slips off her boots

You could be cocked to shoot

Don't go coming to blows

From the curl of her toes

She looks good in stockings

And likes to go shopping

Kept in her handbag

Witches wands, what a drag

In a silk purse

You could be bound for the worst

Lace to her holdups

You could be facing her curse

You could be pulling at pig tails

With that cutesy forelock

She's never known to fail

In a black satin frock

With a curl of the toes

Feel her static shock

You know how it goes

Your gun could be ready to cock

She's a very good talker

Though she can tell quite a porker

When she's blowing smoke rings

Her lips silence brings

Sucking on a cigarette holder

You wont feel too much bolder

That girls for a whirl

Your toes gonna curl

As she has a quick drag

And she stamps out a fag

Watch out for the wand

she keeps in her handbag

The girl with a curl

My, How her story unfurled

Waltzer

Through a glass darkly

Mirrors of the web

Diplomatic bags

Riches out of rags

The whisper in the ear

Promises of love

Feeding obsession

Submission to those above

Just Like a prayer

Sticking in the throat

The fragrance of love letters

Left forever unwrote

Making a curtsy

Bowing of the head

Shaking of the hand

Perfumed flower beds

Sweetening the pill

Helping medicine go down

Goaded into service

Subliminal led around

Intelligence restrictions

Thoughts could use a fire wall

Is anybody free

Of the woven patterns

That rule over minds

And dictate our lives

Seeds fed through language?

Ever striving to break loose

Majestic in the rhythms

Reminders of the waltz

Who leads a merry dance ?

Response as if by chance

Ego?

A sickness unto death

Ever deflating of the self

Afraid of their own ego

Claiming a disease they can't transmit

Trapped by their own insanity

A distortion to reality

Where only god can heal

Forever cursed to letting go

Cults all claim in service

To the groups ideal

Its where they meet their higher power

That isn't even real

Easing god out



The answer is 'so what?'.

To embrace the past

Owning your resentment

Become gentle to the self

And aim at your own fulfilment

To find grace in solitude

Freedom of the thought

Passionate of feeling

And find your own meaning for a hope

Journeying within

Reflecting on the heart

Embracing the glad days

When you alone are your own wealth

To stand free of ideology

And replace it with self worth

Fever

Fever ever lusts

Delights under the sheets

That I may lay there rapt

Full spent within those arms

They call fowl jeers in envy

Crawling with deceit

Claim that love is false

A malaise of the wanton mind

To become more

Through this dependence

And reach beyond the bounds

Of the lonely self

Know in the others eyes

The secrets of the heart

In shame eyes cast lowly

Virgins chaste , yet oh so holy

To give them the passions due

And penetrate the truth

To die a little death

Recline within the form

Never to be subdued

A portraiture of the nude

Rapt within the sheets

Repose until repeats

The passion of hearts blood

That rises within the flood

To wipe torments fevered brow

Washed clean by our own sweat

With nothing to repent

The lens

Autofocus

Wide lens or full zoom

Lives caught in the act

By the press men's flash

Another front page dream

Or a nightmare to expose

Single lens in reflex

Capturing another pose

Subtle nuances

In chance expression

Lies behind a makeup mask

Shifting into focus

Pushed onto the tracks

Exposure

Many faceted of words

Like a prism catching light

Multicolour to refract

Call it intuition

Evidence after the fact

Rock and roll suicides

That want the limelight back

Lipstick loaded like bullets

In the snipers sights

It's murder on the dance floor

Folding the newspaper

Bound for Charing Cross

Cartoon characteratures

Shifting into focus

Portraits for rouges gallery

Traps catching light within the lens.

Perspective

Vanishing point of perspective

Under the microscope

Adjusting magnification

Follicles of her hair

To save a cut lock

As recollections book mark

The turning of each page

Welcoming each chapter

Pitch perfect in the soundtrack

Moving pictures on the screen

Projections of the mind

Silhouettes of conducting hands

The seer and the seen

Adds interpretation to each scene

Strung along by stories

Revelations to insight

Ripples resonate

To each pluck of the heartstring

Stirring of the depths

Diving far below

Beauty in reflection

Drawn close by the telescope

To reach from the lit moon

Touch down on Tera firma

Fingers gently stroke

Her lipstick left imprinted on the glass.



Magnify

Escape into imagination

In flights of fantasy

Stretching wings towards the sky

Reaching beyond the cold bars

We didn't all make it

Not everyone survived

Crushed under the boot

Of the prison guards

The vital spark

In inspiration

Enlightening the mind

Liberty through art

Light within the darkness

Voice of the oppressed

Relieving of the load

Freedom from the bonds

Ugliness subdued

To purify the eye

Envisioning perfection

Found within the human smile

Intrinsic to the story

The perspective from which it's wrote

Fragile scratching of the pen

Producing narrative

The solitude of subject

Transfixed by the words

Ever magnifying scene

With the depths of its gravity

Sabotage

They say the pen

Is mightier than the sword

With experience

I come to distrust all such empty words

Distress in crossed wire signals

Crying for attention

In hope and anguish

For a listening ear

Comforted yet pained

Sabotage to fuel

Repeating same mistakes

Like any other fool

In the arms I would choose to rest

Yet struggling to release the grip

Ever feeling needy

Approval to be stripped

A lonely boy

Trying to rework the script

A fine romance

Where love letters forever rip

Alone through darkest night

Those bitten fingernails

Reach out toward the light

A heart bruised still bewails

But safely rapt in beddings shroud

Still trying to subvert what is allowed

Turning from thoughts of the blade

To reflect on what the pen has made.

Cafe cream

Jump start the heart

A bitter after taste

Coffee stains collecting in the cup

Filled to the brim in wakefulness

Ground dark beans

The flavour of the rising dawn

Golden creamy head

That raises hope from slumbers death

The clank of the ringing spoon

Stirring longings to reach out

Face another day

Hell and high water, come what may

Crumbs from the rich mans table

Breakfasting on broken bread

But hearts cannot live alone

On what beggars hands are fed

Awaiting on the sunrise

The night still crisp and cool

Hanging on the first thought

That rises misty from the dreams

I thought of you on waking up

Through half remembered words

And when I turned to face the day

Recalled how we would speak again

Sadly yet with hope

That light may come this way.

Lovers leap

Making love from the heights

Entwined upon the diving board

Awaiting naked satisfaction

To leap into the moist refreshing depths

I used to think I could move mountains

Weave dreams from snowy peaks

Walk a thousand miles

Just to see her smile

I took the long road home

Walked a lonesome path

When they asked me if I cared

Couldn't say I'd even had a bath

Frayed jeans like webs of string

Knobled knees poking through

Like shaved heads seeking wigs

To hide the fading summer light



What would it be like to dive  
Into fresh cool blue waters  
Conjoined in each other's arms  
Falling from our passions heights?

The shock of the new  
Cleansed in tears to bathe  
Not even caring  
If my cries were premature  
Did you read this mornings news?  
Seems they're lost for innovation.

Night owler

Hawk and dove

Casting lots

Selling end of war

Peace from up above

Did you ever hear the owl

Does she really give a hoot

Eyes as wide as saucers

With wisdom to wrong foot

Networks unseen

Intelligence

Eyes on every scene

Blind assets wearing midnight

Shifting into focus

To look on bespectacled

Simple Simons

All sold on their ideals

Limited in view

All think they're in on every deal

Black and whites

All fearing shades of grey

Can you see clearly now

Are the clouds really gone

Or does the seasons early myst

Keep your perspective in the wrong?

Outer circles

Accuse conspiracy

Hawks and doves

Checker boards of conflict

But don't forget the owls

Concealed by the tree line

Shadows by fire light

That oil the wheels for war and peace

His story

By a storytellers light

Sat on the edge of the night

Glint of steel in the eye

To clothe half truth in lies

Did you hear the latest tales

How the youth just cannot fail

If they follow in the footprints

Of the well worn trodden paths

Nothing ever changed

Innovation rearranged

Who runs off with the money

Stealing wheat from all the chaff?

The old goat

Thought so wise

By young admirers eyes

Leading train of thoughts

Pied pipers rats are caught

Who'd descend into those depths?

Magic beans

Why not climb to new heights

Flying free of life's restraint?

Do beware when comes the fall

Snake oil sellers

Awaiting hopes to rob

No longer burnt

Playing with fire

The fingers grip the poker

To stoke the fading embers

The story tellers steely eye

That penetrates the night